



# 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

*The President and  
Committee wish all  
members a very Merry  
Christmas  
And a happy 2012*



## In This Issue

The **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON**  
Will be held on  
**Sunday 04 December**  
**At the Killara Golf Club**  
**556 Pacific Hwy Killara (Sydney) NSW**  
**RSVP: 18 November 2011**

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

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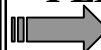
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will send a Xmas Gift Voucher.

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**PLEASE NOTE: DATE of 2012**



**AGM and LUNCHEON  
Sunday 29 April 2012**

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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.

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No receipts are given for subscriptions as it would add to our postage expenses.

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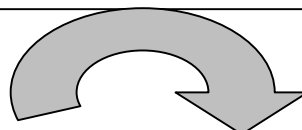
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In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce* we aim to publish a wide range of topics from different times and places. Unfortunately due to postage we do have a page restriction and we therefore encourage both short articles (200-500 words approximately) as well as longer ones from 500-1500 words (approximately), in addition to an installment series.

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



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

BSB: 062 009 Account No: 0090 7724

Please ensure you include your Membership Number. If you could notify our Treasurer at E: [treasurer@pngaa.net](mailto:treasurer@pngaa.net) it would be appreciated. Thank you.

### **Wondering what to give somebody for Xmas?**

#### **Our DVD – Walk Into Paradise**

Please use order form on separate yellow insert  
For further information please contact:

Marie Clifton-Bassett PO Box 1386 MONA VALE NSW 1660, Phone: 02-9999 4490 or  
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**CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON – Sunday, 4 December 2011**  
**COMMEMORATING the 70TH ANNIVERSARY**  
**of the Evacuation of Women and Children from PNG**  
**in December 1941**  
**Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara NSW**  
**11.30am onwards**  
**RSVP 18 November 2011**

The Christmas Lunch is booked for Sunday December 4th, again at the **Killara Golf Club in Sydney**. Members, together with family and friends, are all welcome.

If you have any memorabilia and/or photos to share it would be appreciated. Please let us know so that we can plan the displays. Could you please put photos on a labelled disc and send them in beforehand so they can be collated to be shown at the luncheon.

Shared memories is a way of passing history down and helps us to remember special friends and times.

*We are delighted that Fiona Schubert will be our guest singer once again.*

The cost is \$52.50 per person and needs to be **paid in advance, by 18 November 2011**. This does not include liquor or soft drinks which will be available from a **cash-only bar**. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with Killara Golf Club. ***Anyone with special dietary requests? Please let us know so we can arrange something suitable.***

Seating is for tables of 10. If you wish to be seated with family or friends please advise on the order form OR feel free to make up your own table of 10.

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

Alternatively please let us know if you would like transport from Lindfield station which has lifts and a ramp - please phone Harry West on 9418 8793 regarding transport. Public transport information can be obtained on # 131500.

For those driving – free on-site parking is available. And to remind you, look for the red and yellow balloons at the entrance immediately after Fiddens Wharf Road on the Pacific Highway as you travel north. Entry to Killara Golf Club is *immediately* after the Noodle Blast.

We are seeking donations for the usual Christmas raffle/silent auction so if any member has a suitable contribution and would like to help please contact Juli Allcorn on Tel: (h) 9416 1430 (m) 0405 625 912 or email: [juliallcorn@gmail.com](mailto:juliallcorn@gmail.com)

For any queries, please also telephone Juli (details above).

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

**Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow ‘Treasurer’s Corner’ insert and return as soon as possible or by 18 November 2011.**

## **Hon PETER O'NEILL – New PRIME MINISTER OF PNG**

Peter O'Neill, from the Southern Highlands Province, has recently replaced Sir Michael Somare as Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea. Trained as an accountant, the 46-year-old has an Australian father, a former *kiap*, and a mother from Pangia. He grew up in his mother's village and, as a result, understands the conditions of life for people in remote areas; he also speaks three local languages as well as English and *Tok Pisin*. At the age of 15, Peter joined his father, who at that time was a magistrate in Goroka. He decided to study accountancy at the University of PNG, then joined the international firm of Coopers and Lybrand. In 1988 he sold his trading business in Goroka and was subsequently appointed executive chairman of the PNG Banking Corporation, now the successful Bank of the South Pacific.

In 2002 Peter O'Neill won the Ialibu-Pangia seat for the People's Solidarity Party, which later merged with the People's National Congress, and became party leader. He has stated: *'I went into politics out of a sense of frustration at the way decisions were being made and a sense of obligation to my father's efforts to bring some level of government services to my area.'* He quickly became a minister, although he found that government operated in a very different way from the business world. However, his party left the governing coalition in 2004 on the grounds that Sir Michael Somare's bid to extend the 'period of grace' within which a no confidence motion may not be moved was undemocratic. O'Neill was Leader of the Opposition until the 2007 general election, after which he returned to the government coalition as a minister. He finally obtained the senior post of Treasurer, but was demoted to the Works portfolio when Sam Abal was appointed Acting Prime Minister due to Sir Michael's illness.

After Abal's reshuffle, O'Neill opened discussions with the Opposition in an attempt to form a credible and unified government to contest the 2012 election. In August 2011 he succeeded in forming a new government, although a court challenge could still disrupt it. With 33 in his Cabinet, plus another 11 Vice Ministers, he already has 80% of the votes he needs to pass legislation and, in contrast to the previous government, he is always available for consultation with his Ministers. Aware of the short time available before the next election, Peter O'Neill's government is concentrating on a few key areas, with education and health given top priority. Already, bills have been introduced to make education free up to Grade 10 and to ensure that at least one woman MP is elected from each province, which will result in at least 22 women in the next parliament. The Prime Minister has made it clear that his government does not wish to discourage foreign investors in the mining and hydrocarbon industries. He has also promised to tackle corruption and improve governance. The business community and research institutes are optimistic that Peter O'Neill's background as a successful businessman will enable him to exploit PNG's economic boom for the benefit of the people, thus avoiding the social unrest which could destabilise the country. He is ambitious, but also intelligent, courteous and thoughtful, with the sense of timing essential to a politician. His mixed team includes young and talented as well as older and experienced members, and he appears to have every chance of leading PNG on a course of overdue modernisation. For full article, see:

*With thanks to Rowan Callick's article: 'Somare's successor: Can new Prime Minister Peter O'Neill succeed?' and the The Australian 16 Sep 2011.*

<http://www.theaustralian.com.au/news/features/highlander-with-big-shoes-to-fill/story-e6frg6z6-1226138245402>

## **PNG MATCHES AUSTRALIAN GRANT FOR MEMORIAL**

Papua New Guinea's Prime Minister Hon Peter O'Neill has announced a \$100,000 donation towards the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial.

Mr O'Neill arrived in Canberra on his first formal visit to Australia on 11 October 2011 for the Aust-PNG Joint Ministerial Forum. He was officially welcomed at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, where his first engagement was to lay a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier in the Hall of Memories. He then inspected the site of the memorial and announced the generous donation to the more than fifty relatives and friends who were present.

Also attending were Mr O'Neill's wife, Ms Lynda Babao, His Excellency Mr Charles Lepani, High Commissioner of Papua New Guinea, Dr Katherine Lepani, His Excellency Mr Ian Kemish, High Commissioner of Australia to Papua New Guinea and Major-General Steve Gower, Director of the Australian War Memorial.

The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society has been working for nearly three years to establish a memorial in Canberra to commemorate those who died in the New Guinea islands and with the sinking of the Japanese prison ship *Montevideo Maru* on 1 July 1942.

In announcing the donation Mr O'Neill said:

'I thank you for the commitment you have shown in ensuring that we remember those who lost their lives in this tragic event. I also want to take this opportunity to thank the Australian War Memorial for allowing the memorial to be established on its grounds.'

It was both a momentous and memorable event for members of the Society who are grateful for the compassion of the PNG people. This tremendous gesture acknowledges that the relationship and history between the two countries is valued and respected.

The Society appreciates efforts by the new Prime Minister of PNG, Hon Peter O'Neill, and High Commissioner of Papua New Guinea, His Excellency Mr Charles Lepani in facilitating this generous tribute, furthering the friendship and cooperation between the countries and ensuring that the memorial will be constructed in time for the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the tragedy on 1 July 2012.

PNGAA member Betty Muller, 90, of Canberra, who was evacuated just prior to the Japanese invasion of Rabaul, braved the strong winds to be present at the memorial site on this special occasion. Betty lost her father Cyril Gascoigne, 15 year old brother Ivor and her uncle, Harry Adams.

'They were all civilians. I don't know the details of how they were captured because nobody has been able to tell us,' she said.

'It was the worst tragedy in the war for Australia and [many] people just don't know about it.'

Mr Phil Ainsworth, President of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, acknowledged the significance of the gesture to Australia and to the Society.

'The installation and dedication of a national memorial on July 1, 2012, the 70th anniversary of the sinking of the ship, will be a national physical point of reference to commemorate their loss,' he said. ■

## NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

In Darwin the PNG-Australia Social and Cultural Group has achieved the necessary generational change from veterans to younger members within its Committee. They arranged a vibrant PNG Independence Day celebration at the Filipino Club and an abundance of children participated. The 'Ramapops' band was brought up from Canberra to entertain and they, mostly PNG Defence Force personnel on courses, had fun with the hugely expensive hi-tech sound and recording equipment beloved of the Filipinos.

In September Robert BLAIKIE, 1947 vintage kiap, flew to Darwin and investigated Kakadu before taking the Ghan on the long train ride to Adelaide where he visited Ron STORER, Treasury mandarin. On the way back to Queensland he called in at Sydney to lunch with Fred KAAD. His timing was good because the old gentleman had just spent ten days in hospital following a fall. At the age of 91 not a good trick but he was, Robert says, upbeat as usual. On the only day Robert was free to meet up again with fellow kiap Dave PERMEZEL, that long term resident of Darwin had to go into hospital for melanoma surgery. Which is how things are these days with us *lapuns*.

In my own travelling days going overland to England rewarded me with hepatitis but whether the murky waters of Pakistan or Persia was responsible I know not. Prostrate in a London hospital ward and far from happy a specialist consultant appeared at my bedside with six student doctors in tow clutching their notebooks. However as soon as he learned that I had come from the Southern Highlands he dismissed all concern with my ailment and eagerly cross-examined me about the oil exploration going on at Lake Kutubu. He was the owner of shares in the Australian Petroleum Company and keen to get hot news of his investment but I was unable to tell him much other than that oil in bamboo tubes was still being carried up to the Mendi valley for decorative use in ceremonies. I was reminded of this when I read that a drill had just been sunk 3850 metres into the ground at Kutubu. Junior kiaps and *liklik doktas* posted to that lonely station in the past would scarcely believe it. But my specialist must now be past caring.

Another statistic to provoke a blink was news that 1000 people still live on Matupit island despite the overlay of volcanic ash from nearby Tavurvur. A number of its villagers have been resettled on land in the Warangoi but seemingly the proximity of the volcano and ruined Rabaul has not disturbed the remainder. ■



### NGVR/PNGVR Museum, Wacol

Interested in PNG history? Have a few hours spare and live in the Brisbane area? The PNGVR Museum at Wacol would welcome your assistance.

Curator of this museum and PNGAA member, John Holland, would be happy to hear from you. John opens the Museum on demand but is constantly developing displays and preserving this impressive PNG historical collection for the future.

If you can help please phone John on: 07-3375 5484/0449 504 058

# Commemorative Cruise to Papua New Guinea

Darren  
Jew

"During this exotic voyage I dine by the light of a spluttering volcano, explore kaleidoscope reefs so rich in coral that some have yet to be catalogued, sip cocktails at the mouth of a tropical fjord system and constantly marvel at this primitive-meets-modern land."

**Kendall Hill, *The Australian***

## Islands of Smiles

2 to 14 April 2012

This voyage is ideal for families looking for adventure! Focusing on the natural and cultural highlights all the way from Alotau to the Sepik River and back, we explore remote islands, pristine beaches, have the opportunity to snorkel and dive in the colourful coral reefs, and witness the diverse array of colourful customs through sing sings, complex rituals and spectacular costumes.

## Lost in Paradise – Our Fallen Heroes

14 to 26 April 2012

To commemorate the 70th anniversary of Australia's entry into the Pacific War and Papua New Guinea's entry into World War II, this special commemorative voyage will shine a light on the courage and tragedy of Australia's unsung heroes – The Lark Force – in the Battle of Rabaul, and the ensuing loss of lives, both troops and civilians, on the

*Montevideo Maru.*

Prices start from AUD\$5,690 per person, quad share.

Visit [www.auroraexpeditons.com.au](http://www.auroraexpeditons.com.au), call 1800 637 688  
or email [info@auroraexpeditons.com.au](mailto:info@auroraexpeditons.com.au)



## PNG IN THE NEWS

► **The Australian High Commissioner in Port Moresby, His Excellency Ian Kemish, announced in August that two new visa application centres** will be opened in Port Moresby and Lae in late September or early October. The Port Moresby centre was opened 26 September and is located in the Steamship head office building. With visa lodgement hours between 8.30am-4.30pm weekdays and phone lines open to handle questions until 7pm weekdays, the changes should result in faster processing of applications. Other service improvements will include SMS alert service, internet kiosks, photocopying and the issuing of passport photographs. Further information:

[http://www.png.embassy.gov.au/pmsb/110829\\_MR.html](http://www.png.embassy.gov.au/pmsb/110829_MR.html)

► **Australia and Papua New Guinea have agreed to introduce a reciprocal Work and Holiday (Subclass 462) visa arrangement**, allowing young people to enjoy an extended time in either country. Australian Minister for Immigration and Citizenship Chris Bowen and PNG's Minister for Foreign Affairs and Immigration, Ano Pala, signed a Memorandum of Understanding at the annual Australian-PNG ministerial forum in Canberra.

Under the agreement, Australian and PNG travellers who are aged between 18 and 30 will now be able to work and holiday in the other country for up to 12 months. The visa requires an applicant to have the support of their government, hold or be studying towards tertiary qualifications and to speak functional English. Ministers agreed there would be an annual limit of 100 Work and Holiday visas for both countries.

See:

<http://www.visabureau.com/australia/australian-work-and-holiday-visa.aspx>

'This agreement provides a unique opportunity for young adults from partner countries to immerse themselves in a new and different cultural experience,' Mr Bowen said.

'Work and holiday agreements foster people-to-people links, wider economic ties and continued dialogue between governments. The forum itself reinforces our historical strong relationship with PNG, which is based on shared interests, greater economic cooperation, on-going development assistance, and growing trade and investment links between the two countries.'

PNG was the latest country to sign a reciprocal work and holiday visa agreement with Australia, joining a number of other countries including Bangladesh, Chile, Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand, Turkey and the United States.

Information from:

<http://www.thenational.com.pg/?q=node/24181> and  
[http://www.foreignminister.gov.au/releases/2011/kr\\_mr\\_111012a.html](http://www.foreignminister.gov.au/releases/2011/kr_mr_111012a.html)

► **Congratulations to the Ralum Club at Kokopo** which is celebrating its 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary this November 2011. Dick Doyle has forwarded a copy of the preliminary proposal for the club made at a General Meeting on 2 November 1961.

► **The 20th Australia-Papua New Guinea Ministerial Forum** was held at Parliament House in Canberra on 12 October 2011.

See: [http://www.foreignminister.gov.au/releases/2011/kr\\_mr\\_111012a.html](http://www.foreignminister.gov.au/releases/2011/kr_mr_111012a.html)

► **Business leaders involved in trade and commerce between Papuan New Guinea and Australia** have welcomed the decision to allow them to make a bigger contribution to the annual ministerial summit.

Each year the ministers from both countries hold an annual meeting, and this year it was held in Canberra ahead of the meeting between PNG Prime Minister Peter O'Neill and Prime Minister Julia Gillard.

It was decided that business leaders and senior trade officials from both countries will make up a new committee to facilitate dealings between the two countries. With PNG looking to earn significant wealth from its LNG deposits, sovereign wealth, and building the capacity of the government to handle it, are still matters of concern.

This week's meeting was also the first chance the Australia Papua New Guinea Business Council has had to talk with PNG's new leaders.

From: <http://www.radioaustralia.net.au/pacbeat/stories/201110/s3338602.htm>

► **One of the most secluded areas in Papua New Guinea** will be readily accessible to Australian travellers at the start of 2012, with the opening of the first resort at the Conflict Islands on the island of Panasesa. Consisting of 22 pristine, untouched islands, the Conflict Islands group is located in the Lower Milne Bay area and boasts world-renowned diving and fishing experiences. Accommodation consists of six traditional double occupancy timber bungalows with beachfront balconies and modern comforts such as air-conditioning. Previously not open to the public, this island resort was developed as a private hideaway for the owner and is now being opened up to a limited number of guests who want a personalised holiday away from the hustle and bustle of daily life.

For more information visit **www.conflictislands.com** or call +61 (0) 406 831 638.

► **Papua New Guinea's Prime Minister Peter O'Neill** made his first official Australian visit recently at the invitation of Prime Minister Julia Gillard. The visit coincided with the three-day annual PNG-Australia Joint Ministerial Forum from October 11-13.

Mr O'Neill's Canberra visit began with a wreath-laying ceremony and a walk around the Australian War Memorial. Following this he inspected the site of the proposed Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial before announcing a donation of \$100,000 towards the memorial to the more than 50 family and friends present. Mr O'Neill then planted a tree at the arboretum to mark his first official visit to Canberra.

Bilateral talks were held between Prime Ministers Gillard and O'Neill after which Mr O'Neill presented a special lecture 'Revitalising PNG-Australia Relations' at ANU.

### ► **UPNG has world class lab**

World class sampling, analysis and testing of any chemical compounds, matter (solid) or air can now be carried out onshore at the chemistry laboratory of the University of Papua New Guinea once all new state-of-the art equipment is installed by end of November 2011.

Information from Post Courier 13 October 2011

### ► **3000 walkers joined Sir Paulias Matane** on his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday on Wednesday 21-09-2011 climbing to the top of Mt. Varzin or Vunakokor.

Sir Paulas writes:

‘The main purposes for the walk/climb were that for me, as an 80 year old man, who is still strong, healthy and fit, to easily climb to the top of the mountain, was an indication that many of you can do it despite your advanced age. My main messages to each and every one of us in ENBP, NGI Region, PNG and the world are: Each of us has only one life. We must look after it by doing these: eat the right kinds of food like fresh vegetables from our gardens, fruits like bananas and pawpaws, drink plenty of fresh water, do some physical exercises, think positively about life....no anger, jealousy, make sure you forgive others for the wrongs they may do to you, follow strictly the Christian ways of life, love one another as you love yourself. In other words, live positive lives. Slow down and even stop drinking too much alcohol.’

Sir Paulias thanked local businesses for supporting the walk with donations - Mr and Mrs John and Sandra Lau of Tropicana; Owen Anesbury and his Kokopo staff of Coca Cola Ltd; Anderson Foodland; Brian Bell Ltd; Pacific Industries; Papindo Supermarket; Spirit of Kokopo and Hertz International. Many local government, business and church leaders joined in the walk.

### ► **Solomon Airlines approval to fly into PNG**

SOLOMON Airlines announced in a statement yesterday that CASA-Papua New Guinea (Civil Aviation Safety Authority-PNG) has approved its operating licence to fly into PNG.

Solomon Airlines had their FAOC (Foreign Air Operators Certificate) application approved, which means they can commence flights between the Solomon Islands capital of Honiara and Port Moresby.

The airline’s spokesperson indicated that it plans to commence services from November 14.

The airline is hopeful that one of the additional benefits will be connections from Port Moresby through to Port Vila in Vanuatu and Nadi in Fiji on the same day.

“There have been no flights connecting Port Moresby to Port Vila for many years and this will now be possible by changing aircraft to a connecting Air Pacific aircraft under a Solomon Airlines flight from Honiara to Vila in a seamless immediate connection at Honiara on the same day,” it said.

Information from Post Courier 13 Oct 2011

► **The Post PNG Philatelic Bureau**, in its quest to produce innovative products have incorporated the fragrance of the pineapple, a favourite fruit in PNG, to postage stamps.

[http://www.postpng.com.pg/philatelic\\_files/stamp\\_issue\\_files/fragrance\\_2011.html](http://www.postpng.com.pg/philatelic_files/stamp_issue_files/fragrance_2011.html)

**The appointment of a new Prime Minister in PNG to replace Sir Michael Somare (*Una Voce*, Sept 2011) has seen the government enlivened with a determined move against corruption. The following reports are from a Port Moresby correspondent.**

**PNG'S O'Neill vows full-out war against corruption**

Prime Minister Peter O'Neill has given fellow Papua New Guineans a blunt but powerful Independence Day message deploring that the country's wealth has been squandered instead of blessing its people. In a no holds barred speech, O'Neill said that his government will conduct a massive clean-up on the corruption involved in the abuse and misuse of the country's wealth. O'Neill was speaking on the dawn of the Independence Day celebrations. *'We have simply squandered wealth we have been blessed with. This has happened because control of the nation's wealth was concentrated in the hands of a powerful and reckless few. A massive clean-up exercise is underway that will include exposing corrupt practices and prosecuting those involved,'* he said. He added that his government has established an investigative team to probe abuses and the disappearance of millions of kina of PNG's development fund for 2011 in the first quarter of the year.

**PNG health officials suspended.** Two high ranking health officials were suspended in October as the Government sanctioned Investigation Task Force Sweep turns its attention to the Department of Health. The officers were served their suspension notices while they were attending a meeting. Their suspension was part of the government's crackdown on corruption in the public service. Investigation Task-Force Sweep Chairman, Sam Koim, announced that the scope of their investigations was expanded to include the Department of Health.

**Leader of the National Alliance confirmed.** A court in October ruled that Kandep Member of Parliament and Finance and Treasury Minister Don Polye is the rightful leader of the National Alliance (NA) party. The decision by Justice Royale Thompson put to rest the question of leadership of the largest party in parliament, currently evenly divided in the government and opposition benches. Polye had gone to court in July to seek redress after he and 20 other NA members were expelled by the party's national executive. Thompson ruled in his favor, granting the stay order he sought against NA executive's expulsion decision. A happy Polye said, *'I am glad this matter is finally resolved. I now want to assure the party's membership in parliament and supporters throughout the country that the NA is intact. I invite the party executive to accept the court decision. I also invite members of the party in the opposition to join us in government. There is no time for childish bickering and one-upmanship. The general election is just around the corner and we intend to make a big impact as the largest party in parliament.'*

**Transnational highway project back on track**

The Papua New Guinea government has breathed some life into the off-and-on construction of the Transnational Highway from Jimi, in the Western Highlands, to Madang with the injection of 20 million kina [US\$8.8 million] into the project. The National Government, in its Supplementary Budget,

allocated the money for work to begin immediately on the project, which is being spearheaded by the PNG Defence Force Engineer Battalion, based out of Igam Barracks in Lae. The project started in the Western Highlands province and is proceeding down towards the Ramu plains in the Middle Ramu area, through to the Transgogol area and further to Madang town. Work is expected to begin on the Madang side of the border and link up the road.

**Billions unaccounted for under Somare** Millions of kina were lost through poor investment decisions when former minister Arthur Somare single-handedly controlled the State Enterprises ministry. A report by the Minister for Public Enterprises Sir Mekere Morauta revealed that huge sums of money were lost while some were unaccounted for, which need to be investigated. The report recommended major corrective measures to rectify the rot in the department and allow the entities to be run effectively and not as separate entities run by the minister and the managing director, as had been done over the past nine years. Public Service Minister Bart Philemon said the Independent Public Business Corporation (IPBC) was run as a second treasury, controlled by Somare and managing director Glenn Blake, a friend of the Somare family who was paid AU\$700,000. *'We cannot continue with these crony syndromes if the people need to benefit,'* he said. He said two separate dividends of 85 million kina and 72 million kina had been paid by the son to the father but there were no records to show that.

**Mechanical failure suspected in PNG air tragedy.** An official with the PNG Ministry of Civil Aviation said a mechanical fault appeared to be the most likely cause of the October plane crash of an Airlines PNG Dash-8 aircraft about 30 km south of Madang, which killed 28 of the 30 people on board. It was the worst air disaster in PNG's history. Investigators from Australia's Air Transport Safety Bureau were assisting the PNG Accident Investigation Commission to establish why the Airlines PNG Dash-8 aircraft crashed about 30 km south of Madang town. The plane's black box voice recorder was recovered and sent to Australia for analysis, but no more details were available when *Una Voce* went to press. Most of the passengers were incinerated when the plane caught fire after the crash, and there were difficulties in identifying them. Meanwhile as a result of the tragedy, PNG Prime Minister Peter O'Neill said that an announcement he made only a few weeks earlier that the National Executive Council had approved in principle the merger of Air Niugini and Airlines PNG was now cancelled. The merger would not go ahead. The new airline, with Air Niugini being the major shareholder, would have operated one of the largest fleet of aircraft in the South Pacific to better cover an extensive range of international and domestic destinations.

**Vanuatu, PNG plan trade talks.** PNG and Vanuatu have agreed to enter into talks about striking up a new trade agreement. Vanuatu's Ambassador to the European Union, Roy Mickey-Joy, is co-ordinating the talks. He said his country can benefit from PNG's experience and leadership in industries such as natural gas and fishing. Vanuatu and Papua New Guinea, along with the Solomon Islands and Fiji, are members of the Melanesian Spearhead Group, whose object is to enhance Melanesian economic and political security.

**Somare family claims huge reimbursements.** The PNG government had to fork out 2.5 million kina to pay for minders and visitors for Grand Chief Sir Michael Somare while he was hospitalized in Singapore. The Department of Prime Minister and National Executive Council, paid the money, There was a strict ban on visitors to Sir Michael while he was in Singapore. Details of the expenses incurred and paid for by the Department of Prime Minister and National Executive Council show that Betha Somare, daughter of Sir Michael, incurred the highest with 192,583.14 kina, while Ms. eke Ua Karingal, Sir Michael's personal assistant, spent 191,224.81 kina. Next on the list was Lady Veronica Somare who spent 171,825.34 kina . Other payments were made to Richard Gogo, who spent 143,200.09 kina and a brother of Sir Michael, Paul Somare, with 76,350.60 kina.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

► **Rob Parer writes:** I could not believe when I opened the Courier Mail Friday 19<sup>th</sup> Aug and saw on page 9 the photo and article 'Decorated Long Tan Veterans receiving long denied awards' - and no mention of Frank Alcorta. I sent him an e-mail yesterday and typically all he said was 'Such is life' as did Ned Kelly I think. I came to know and respect him when he was a teacher at Aitape High School 1992/4 and lost touch for 37 years after his epic across PNG. How do we get him what he justly deserves? Maybe some of the 1000 PNGAA members could help! If you would like to, please contact me on:  
[vparer@aapt.net.au](mailto:vparer@aapt.net.au) Ph: 07-3379 6214

► **Peter Worsley writes:**  
Further to the photo of the Cadet Patrol Officers which appeared in *Una Voce* No 3 September 2011, p44. I received a few replies (mail, email and phone) and can now put a name to most.

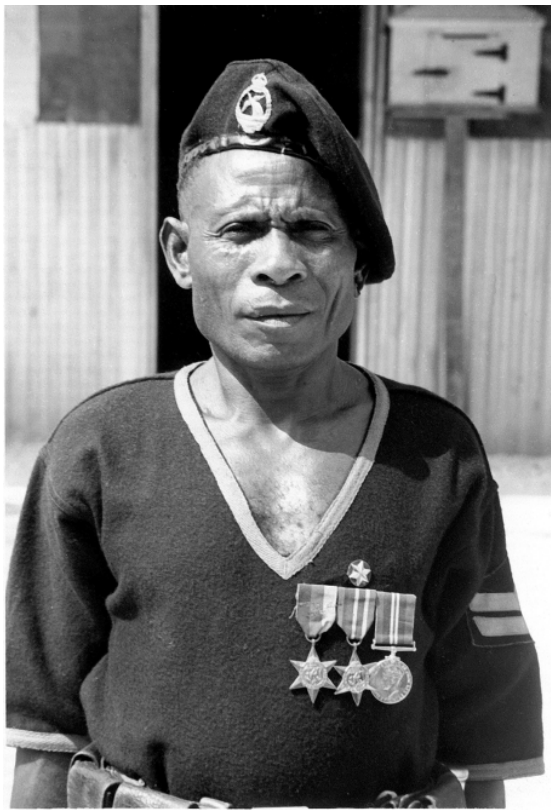
*Back row from left:* David Bradley OR David Loh OR Trevor Downes (I know it isn't Trevor Downes because I knew him well, I think it may be John Bradbury who had red hair and was nicknamed 'Blue'); Ian Reid; Dave Parker; unknown.

*Middle row* (the 3 on the right) Bob Willis; Jim Field; Julius Chan.

*Front row from left:* Dave Emery; Dick Allmark; Pat Russell; John Stobart; Colin Chambers; possibly Lloyd Nolan or a New Zealander who went to Bougainville. There was also a suggestion that the second from right in the front row might be George Bailey. I'm inclined towards the Colin Chambers suggestion.

My thanks to those who answered the question.

I am attaching two photos of one of the finest policemen that I served with, No. 5059B **Senior Constable Zowa.** Cont over...



He was from Sio on the north coast of the Morobe District, and was with me at Kalalo from 1963 to early 1965. In 1964 he received his second 10-year Service Star. The photo of him in traditional dress was taken during a sing-sing held on the patrol post.



Other ex-PNG officers may have known him - he certainly stood out despite his short stature. I would be interested to hear anything from others who may have known him.

### **Ray Seymour writes:**

I was pleased to read Richard Jones thoughts on the Rugby League in the *Una Voce* 2011, No1 March edition. I have further information from my time in Port Moresby.

I arrived in POM early 1972, I played one or two games for Paga Reserves before taking up the whistle and became a referee. The game was then dominated by Australian players, most names I have forgotten. By the time I left the names like Steve Malum, Dekot Koki, Linus Geni, Tara Gau, John Wagambie, Heni Nou, Guba John and the ABC's Sean Dorney were on everybody's lips. I refereed several intra-zone, inter-zone and National matches around the Nation, including the Pacific Cup final in New Zealand. The game was thriving. The inaugural Pacific Cup was held in POM with teams from Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, Northern Territory, NZ Maori's and the Kumuls.

I was the inaugural President of the PNG Rugby League Referee's Association. Names like Len Pascoe, Alan Straube, Paul Morea, Matt Tigalai, Matt Vira-kama, Grant Peate, Warren Bryan, Taumaku Momoru and Ray Stewart, were some of the men who did their very best week in and week out. We hosted the likes of Jack Danzey, Col Pierce, Greg Hartley.

In my day, Jim Jacobi was the President of the Port Moresby Rugby League, then came Danny Mea, Brian King and Hudson Arok. I was the Secretary for my last two years in country where the committee and members saw the growth of the game reach high levels. The national competition was won by the Southern Zone, basically a combined POM team.

The formation of the Papua New Guinea Rugby League into a truly National body took place whilst I was in PNG. Again Jim Jacobi was the President, Kevin Murphy, Bob Cutmore, Ben Sabumi, and several others whose names have slipped my memory bank all contributed to its early success. The national body successfully gained a lucrative sponsorship with San Miguel brewery which saw sponsorship Kina being used for sports development. The 'Kumuls' became a reality with trips to France, England and New Zealand, they hosted several teams such as BARLA, the French team, and of course the Kangaroos.

The crowning point was hosting the Rugby League World Board meeting with Kevin Humphries as President and Bill Fallowfield as Secretary. Other guests of the National body were Frank Stanton, Steve Mortimer, Ken Arthurson and a myriad of other world known leaders in the sporting field.

The Pt Moresby game was reported in all forms of the media. The Post Courier paper was prominent and Roger Hau-ofa from the PNGBC made sure radio coverage was available for every occasion. The game supported several clubs such as Paga, Magani, Brothers, Hanuabada Hawks, Kone Tigers, West's (Gulf), Tarangau and DCA, and others I have forgotten and I again apologise for this lapse. Every match was well supported and the finals saw many a spectacular game with high scores the norm: defence was a word, not a reality.

All in all, when I left PNG late in 1981, Rugby League was 'the greatest game of all'.

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## WEBSITE WALKABOUT

### **Peter Milburn writes:**

Mike Lean who was in Erero, Gona, Dogura and Sasembuta in the 60's and now resides at Woodgate Beach in Queensland has sent details of an interesting website, 'Australian Museum', Sydney, that features some glass plate negatives and prints photographed by Anglican Lay missionary, Percy Money during his residence at Collingwood Bay, Oro Province 1901 to 1910. Truly amazing that these photos are over 100 years old.

You can download the Museum site (see below) and you may have to navigate a little and most photos you can enlarge.

[Search - Australian Museum](#)

Glass plate negatives and prints photographed by the lay missionary Percy J Money during his residence in Collingwood Bay, **Oro Province, Papua New Guinea** ... [australianmuseum.com/Search?keyword=money&page=1](http://australianmuseum.com/Search?keyword=money&page=1)

\* \* \*

**Early photos of the 'The Lady Lettie' VH-UIW Junkers W.33 floatplane operated by Ray Parer in prewar New Guinea**

<http://www.edcoatescollection.com/ac1/austu/VH-UIW.html>

\* \* \*

**For those on Facebook the O'Neill- Namah government has a Facebook page – see:**

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/ONeill-Namah-Government/113589398738797>

**Reg Yates undertook a reconnaissance of the Rabaul to Tol** trek in August 2011 with the aim of planning a trek to coincide with the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary ceremonies marking the loss of Lark Force personnel at Rabaul and as prisoners on the *Montevideo Maru*. Further information and notes from that reconnaissance trek can be found at:

<http://www.kokodahistorical.com.au/images/rabaul.pdf>

\* \* \*

**Film Showing The Us Attack On Rabaul, 1945:**

<http://www.britishpathe.com/record.php?id=23293>

Description: Battle for Rabaul. Various shots of task force at sea, of Liberator bombers over Rabaul, of bombs being dropped onto jungle areas and of U.S. warships off the coast laying down a barrage over New Britain.

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**PRIDE OF OUR NATION MEMORIAL, HONIARA**

On 7 August 2011 the Solomon Scouts & Coastwatchers Trust (SSCT) unveiled the 'Pride of Our Nation' monument facing the main harbour at Point Cruz, Honiara.

The memorial honours the sacrifice and bravery of the Solomon Island Coastwatchers and Scouts during World War II, reminding locals and visitors of the important role they played in the war - and hopes to inspire Solomon Islanders today.

Local businessman and project-manager of the trust, Bruce Saunders, said, 'The monument will be one which Scouts and their families can be proud.'

The monument takes the form of life-sized figures of three Coastwatchers and Scouts and will be visible to all ships coming in and out of the main port in Honiara. This archetypal scene that took place countless times during World War II is by celebrated Solomon's sculptor Frank Haikiu Sr.

The Solomon Islander's arm, hand and fingers are straight and stretched to their limits, his body stance and stern face a testament to focus and fierce determination. Leaning forward, counter-balanced in part by a bush-knife in his other hand, he points out to sea at something distant, but unmistakably menacing. The Allied officer at his side, in uniform and with a rifle slung across his back, peers through binoculars to where his eyes are being directed. At their feet, a squatting radio operator calls in the position of the Japanese – the Coastwatchers and Solomon Scouts in action.

Solomon Islands Ministry of Education has agreed to sponsor a scholarship for a Solomon Islander, Anna Annie Kwai, to pursue graduate studies on the Coastwatchers and Solomons Scouts. When completed and published, Annie's work will add to the public's knowledge and be incorporated into the curriculum taught in Solomon Islands schools via a booklet and a documentary on DVD...So ensuring that the heroic accomplishments of the Coastwatchers and Scouts, and what can be done when the people of the Solomon's come together, will be fittingly remembered.

As Sir Peter Kenilorea, the Speaker of Parliament, and a member of the Coastwatchers Memorial Trust says:

'The memorial, the curriculum, the scholarship, it will all create a sense of living history, especially for the young people. This effort can help them understand and appreciate that their fathers and grandfathers have done great things.'

*Information drawn from "Pride of our Nation", a 4 page pull-out from the Solomon Islands daily newspaper, 10 July 2011*

## NATIONAL LITERARY CONTEST MOVES INTO SECOND YEAR

BY KEITH JACKSON

AS THE NATIONAL writing competition, The Crocodile Prize, moves into its second year, its administration has been broadened and prize money nearly tripled to K25,000.

The contest was initiated by ex-kiap Phil Fitzpatrick and me last year to revive opportunities for Papua New Guinean writers to gain recognition and be able to publish their work.

After a modest and uncertain - albeit successful - start, the goal is now to embed the prize and its associated activities as a permanent part of the literary landscape in Papua New Guinea.

The prize gained momentum this year when the *Post-Courier* newspaper and the Australian High Commission threw their weight behind it.

In its first year some 80 writers produced about 400 short stories, poems and essays, the best of which were published in a 180-page Crocodile Prize Anthology.

To coincide with Independence Day 2011, an awards ceremony was held at the Australian High Commission in Port Moresby, preceded by a day-long workshop for emerging writers.

“The Australian High Commission was pleased to assist facilitate the program in 2011 and is committed to continuing similar support in the future,” High Commissioner to Papua New Guinea Ian Kemish says.

“The Crocodile Prize is designed to develop and nurture Papua New Guinea's rich national literature, an important component in the social and cultural development of any country.”

PNG Trade Minister, Charles Abel, has urged the corporate sector to get behind the awards and “support this important contribution to our national culture.”

“We need a more vibrant PNG literature, and the government of which I’m a member is committed to this objective,” he said.

“The inaugural year of the Crocodile Prize was a remarkable success, and this national literary contest is already achieving its primary goal of encouraging Papua New Guinean writers.”

In 2012 the prize (now known as the Sir Vincent Eri Awards) has five categories:

Russell Soaba Award for Short Stories

Sean Dorney Award for Essays (Journalism)

John Kasaipwalova Award for Poetry

Dame Carol Kidu Award for Women’s Literature

Sir Paulias Matane Award for Lifetime Literary Achievement

A Steering Group has also been established to oversee the development of the prize. The members of the Steering Group are:

Amanda Donigi - Managing Editor, Pacific Islands Publishing

Blaise Nangoi - Editor-in-Chief, PNG Post-Courier      *Cont over...*

David Kitchnoge – Analyst at Deloitte Australia

Jimmy Drekore - Analytical Chemist at Lihir Gold Ltd

John Evans - Manager, UPNG Bookshop

Keith Jackson AM - Publisher & Editor of *PNG Attitude*

Mari Ellingson - Director-General of the Office of Tourism, Arts & Culture

Patrick Levo - Features Editor, PNG Post-Courier

Phil Fitzpatrick – Director of South Pacific Social Solutions

Russell Soaba - Senior Lecturer in English, UPNG

Ruth Moiam - Public Diplomacy Coordinator, Australian High Commission

You can find out more about the awards here –

[http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa\\_people/the-crocodile-prize/](http://asopa.typepad.com/asopa_people/the-crocodile-prize/) ▪

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### **NOT FOR THE FAINT HEARTED BY John Kleinig**

The Oro Community Development Project was launched in February 2008 following the devastation caused in the province by Cyclone Guba some months earlier. The project was incorporated in mid 2008 as a not-for-profit, non government group that relies on the generosity of individuals and businesses. The PNGAA Great Charity Raffle at Christmas of that year helped the project move forward with a hefty \$9,500 donation.

In the province, we selected two primary schools where our energies have been directed at health, food production and education. At the moment we are concentrating our activities on Hohorita Primary School, twenty-five minutes along the Kokoda Road from Popondetta. Since 2009, we have taken 8 teams to the province. Made up of young professionals from Australia, each visit lasts between 7-10 days and involves doctors, usually paediatric and emergency specialists, and primary and secondary teachers.

The most immediate focus has been the general health of the school children, the staff and the nearby community. Those needing emergency attention are transported directly to Popondetta Hospital using the OCDP vehicle. As part of the health programme, the relationship we have developed with Popondetta General Hospital has meant that over \$300,000 of medical equipment has been donated in the last twelve months.

Four water tanks have been installed in the school with a further three planned in the near future. Another 9,000 litre tank is ready for installation in nearby Hohorita village. With health education an important aspect of the curriculum, clean water is a vital component of the message.

The school farm now includes a large food garden with different varieties of plants being continually added and a commercially viable chicken and duck-breeding program. The school has established links with the University of Natural Resources and Environment (previously Vudal) campus in Popondetta and field days for the school staff have been held on food security and livestock production.

The integration of all these aspects is making the school more resilient and able to function as they would like, with systems they can realistically manage. OCDP can be contacted at [ocdp@bigpond.com](mailto:ocdp@bigpond.com) or 0467 491 829 ▪

**THE STREET CHILDREN OF LAE -  
and PLANS TO HELP THEM**  
**From a paper by Fr Arnold Schmitt CMM, Parish Priest, Lae**

Lae has a population of over 200,000 and is growing by an estimated 6-7% annually. Its street children are mostly boys – they come either from remote rural areas in the Highlands or from urban settlements (slums). The majority of street children roam the settlements and go into town occasionally, looking for a change, some excitement, some money or some food. However, some go into town regularly to collect bottles and cans which they sell for food for themselves or their families – they mostly return to the settlements in the evening, but some start sleeping in the streets. From about the age of 13 or 14 these children begin to feel ashamed of their status, so they give up selling bottles and cans, and often become street vendors and/or get involved in armed hold-ups, break and enter, pick-pocketing etc.

Street vendors are mostly 14-20 years old, many of them from the Highlands. They either sleep in the streets or in and under houses where they are tolerated. They are constantly harassed by police and security personnel who take their money and trade goods, and beat them. (*Note – street selling is often prohibited by town by-laws.*) Most of these boys eventually become involved in criminal activities and end up in prison. Often they consume alcohol or marihuana which is very cheap in PNG.

The girls among the street children are hidden in so far as they don't roam the city streets. Girls as young as 12 are drawn into prostitution often because of poverty. The NGO 'Save the Children' works with this group of children.

For over five years Fr Schmitt has assisted the various groups of street children at his office or home by providing food and cold water (there is no free drinking water in Lae), medicines, dressing of cuts and sores, payment of fees to health centres or the hospital, counselling, assisting in repatriation, school fees, literacy programmes, legal help and bail, and '3 Kina Contracts' (lunch money and bus fares to former street children for each school day). Over the years the number of children/youth needing help has increased to around 100 per day.

The Catholic Diocese of Lae has plans underway for a Day Care Centre, along with suitable paid staff and volunteers, to take over the work Fr Schmitt has been doing in the past. This will enable the Diocese to provide better care for the street children with all their different backgrounds and needs. The Diocese has made a small house available in the grounds of the Cathedral, and has plans in hand to enlarge this. As far as Fr Schmitt knows, this Day Care Centre will be the first of its kind in the whole of PNG. The Centre is due to open in January 2012 – it will have a Board to oversee its operations and it is anticipated its members will be community representatives, NGOs and the Church.

Fr Schmitt would be very grateful for any financial assistance you may be able to offer the Centre. Please contact him directly if you require any further information, or would like to make a donation.

His address is: Fr Arnold Schmitt CMM, PO Box 3, Lae 411, Papua New Guinea  
Phone 472 3025, Fax 472 3075, email [st\\_m\\_lae@online.net.pg](mailto:st_m_lae@online.net.pg)

## COMMUNICATIONS – RADIO CODES

### CHRIS WARRILLOW

Reading Paul Oates' article 'The Daily Radio Sked' (UV Sept. '11) rekindled memories of Christmas, 1968.

I was in Kieta, Bougainville. After many months in the bush, (incidentally equipped with an A510 radio), escorting CRA geologists out of Panguna to such places as Mainoki; Atamo and Karaulto (where, most likely, untested gold and copper riches still remain in CRA's extant *Prospecting Authorities* Nos. 1 to 7 – now renamed *Exploration Licences*)) I was appointed acting Assistant District Commissioner (a/ADC).

The formal preparations for my duties, immediately prior to the incumbent proceeding on leave, culminated in the signing of the Handover/Takeover Certificate. It was a procedure with which I was reasonably familiar having gone through the process as in-coming and/or out-going officer-in-charge of other stations earlier in my career. At least here there were no Treasury, Commonwealth Bank or Post Office agencies involved. These had been taken over by relevant full-time staff as Kieta town grew rapidly over the preceding months. The police (RPNGC) and prison (Corrective Institution or CIS) also had their own full-time officers.

Listed on the Certificate were the contents of the office safe – the usual documents and 'accountable forms', and details of the petty cash, stamp advance, .38 Smith & Wesson revolver, Lee Enfield Mk. V .303 rifle (pad-locked to a wall support), and ammunition for both. However also included, in addition to the familiar Department of District Administration (DDA) code mentioned by Oates, were the 'Playfair Code' and an accompanying old document titled 'The Coast Watching Guide'.

Time was short and there were more pressing matters to attend to than having such esoteric historical 'leftovers' fully explained to me. What use was all that Royal Australian Navy information going to be to me with our major concerns being landowners, CRA and the proposed mine?

In any case, my temporary elevation to *nambawan kiap* of the Kieta Sub-District was scheduled to last only three months and I had no reason to believe that there was any threat of an imminent invasion! I had no cause to worry over the possibility of at least a couple of my many duties, that of *Coast Watcher* and that of *Receiver of Wrecks*, taking up much of my time.

The World Bank funded telecommunication revolution in PNG commenced in late 1968. So at that time Kieta still lacked a reliable connection to the rapidly developing mainland network which relied greatly on mountain-top line-of-sight repeater stations.

The town did enjoy a 'normal' telephone service through the Post Office and its attached telephone exchange. However STD and ISD connections to the outside world were introduced later with, initially, (the then) 'state-of-the-art' tropo-scatter technology.

'Radio traffic' was of course also handled through the Post Office. Whether it was by radio link to Rabaul, or some other new-fangled system such as telex, I knew not. Thus it was that, mid-afternoon on Christmas Eve, the Postmistress rang my

office and informed me that an “urgent” telegram had been received from Canberra.

‘Would (I) care to come and collect it before (she) closed down for the two day holiday?’

I drove around to the nearby Post Office and was handed a sealed envelope (the standard P&T type used to deliver yellow-slips upon which telegrams were typed or, on small out-stations, often merely hand-written). Through the envelope’s transparent *window frame* the (tele?-printed) words ‘DISTROFF KIETA’ on red paper (used for urgent signals) was all that could be read. The lady responsible for handling Her Majesty’s Royal Mail confided ‘It’s in code too’.

Back in my office I soon found that the telegram was indeed in code – but not the familiar DDA code. Indeed, it was from Naval HQ and thus, I concluded, encrypted in Playfair. Open the safe - out with the manual! Come on – less than an hour to go until the planned six minutes past four departure time for the Kieta Club (unlike these days in PNG we didn’t finish at noon on holiday eves!).

It was after 4pm when I finally cracked it – ‘*Merry Christmas to you and your staff STOP Wishing you all a prosperous 1969 STOP ...*’

Only four words to go. Time for beer at last!! Another couple of minutes, and:

A thousand curses! ... ‘*Acknowledge in code immediately*’.

Some wag in RAN HQ Canberra seemed to think it amusing to keep us on our toes and test the alertness, or otherwise, of its far-flung outpost.

Damn! Back to the manual and eventually, in Playfair code, I completed an outwards (*urgent*) telegram form:

‘*Your message acknowledged STOP Same to you STOP Distroff Kieta*’.

For a moment I wondered if a similar inward-telegram was somewhere in limbo addressed to DISCOM SOHANO and maybe I should update Canberra’s intelligence with information that District Commissioner Des Ashton (incidentally RAN ret.) had recently abandoned the former District HQ on Sohano Island in Buka Passage and relocated to Kieta.

No! Precious drinking time was slipping by. I would brief the DC later.

Grabbing five dollars worth of stamps from the advance for payment I returned to the now closed Post Office.

The dutiful Postmistress, whom I’d telephoned to wait for me, opened up her premises to send my telegram on its way shortly before 5pm. No doubt some *duty officer* in RANHQ in the ACT, on double-time, would decode it in less than a minute that same evening, shred it and chortle.

‘Nothing too serious I hope?’ the Postmistress asked. I thanked her for her trouble and wished her a Merry Christmas with re-assurances that, although it was classified information (wink ... nod), all was well and there was no need to do other than celebrate the festive season.

For her troubles I offered to shout her and her husband a Christmas drink if they cared to join me at the Club. ■

## **MORE AUSTRALIAN POLICING AID TO PNG by Don Hook**

Australia will increase its support for the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary but there will be no front-line policing by the Australians.

It was made clear at a meeting of prime ministers in Canberra last week that no Australian police would be on the beat in PNG like they were in the failed Howard Government deployment in 2005.

The PNG Supreme Court ruled that such a deployment was unconstitutional and the 115-strong Australian police contingent was flown home.

Under what's termed the next phase of the PNG-Australia Policing Partnership, AFP officers will work in senior strategic roles. No numbers were mentioned and final details will be determined in further talks between the two governments.

Australia also will provide a range of training and support services to improve the capabilities of the PNG police.

Australia's Prime Minister Julia Gillard agreed to give help needed for next year's parliamentary elections in PNG. This will include planning, police communications, command and control mechanisms, and the training of PNG police officers.

Ms Gillard congratulated PNG on the impending first ever deployments by the PNGDF to a United Nations peacekeeping mission. Australia has provided training to PNGDF members who will serve in South Sudan and in Darfur. ▪

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## **SANGUMA NESCAFE by David Fopp**

It was the mid-70s and the conference was being held in a village on the shores of Hansa Bay. The topic was how to encourage villagers to take a more active role in the life of their village school. There were 20 of us plus two Australian cinematographers who were recording the event. We were billeted with the villagers.

In the evenings we sat about discussing a wide range of topics, as the fire-flies flittered about. One evening one of the cinematographers asked:

'If you had enough fireflies, would it be possible to read with their light?' No-one had any idea.

About a kilometre further around the Bay was another village with a well-worn path connecting the two. Either side of the path was cleared, with coconut trees growing. About 40-50m to one side was the seashore, and about the same distance on the other side was stubby re-growth.

One evening as we sat talking three teenage girls raced in, screaming in terror. They had been returning from the neighbouring village when a spirit floated out of the scrub, about a metre above the ground. It approached them. They fled.

About five minutes later the two cinematographers walked in accompanied by three 10-12 year old boys. One of the boys was carrying on his head a large Nescafe bottle – which contained ten fireflies, all sparkling!

*Note:* They did not emit enough light to enable reading. ▪

## **NARI/LOWLANDS AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTAL STATION (LAES) KEREVAT DESTROYED BY FIRE.**

*The following item comes from NARI Nius (PNG National Agricultural Research Institute), Volume 14, Issue 2 – with thanks.*

The T-shaped office complex at Keravat believed to be built in 1928\* was destroyed by fire on the evening of Monday 11 April 2011.

Most staff had finished work and were at home, while five staff were still working in and around the office. The fire started from the food crop section (Agro-wing) and blazed through the conference room, then to the library and to the other three wings of the building. Early attempts by staff to stop the fire using available water hoses, fire extinguishers and tractor trans-ported water containers from the nearby creek were in vain.

The Kokopo Fire Brigade was called, but could not make it due to mechanical faults with their truck. However, staff, their families and neighbours were able to save some chairs, tables, computers, etc., from certain sections of the building which were considered safe.

By 9:30pm the building that housed the administration, food crops, entomology (mikania/fruit fly/taro commercialisation projects), pathology, livestock, galip nut development and processing projects, drought project, library, conference room and canteen were reduced to ashes. That was one of the saddest moments for all IRC staff, who witnessed the demise of one of the countries historical buildings which symbolised agricultural development in PNG.

The loss is estimated to be in millions. However the loss of information and intellectual resources cannot be expressed in monetary terms and is certainly invaluable and irreplaceable.

The cause of the fire is not yet established and all concerned authorities including Police, Fire Services, PNG Power and Health are working to establish this.

*Ofara Petilani*

\*Note: The building dates from the late 1940s not from 1928 when LAES was established – Dr Mike Bourke

† Peter Bailey comments: The insect collection, largely the labors of the late JJ Szent-Ivany, was housed in the laboratory block. Its loss represents a significant setback to PNG agriculture and to tropical entomology in general. For entomologists, a collection of properly identified insects is essential for research and extension on pest and beneficial insects in PNG crops. The collection will take decades to replace. ■

Michael Gough writes: *'I was recently given this paper cutting by a cousin of mine featuring my Father's association with PNG. My father, George Gough, was OIC Bomana Corrective Institution Port Moresby and this paper cutting tells this story.'*

*The article was in the Brisbane Telegraph, Tuesday 10 January 1961, written by Staff reporter Glyn May*

### **MODEL JAIL IN JUNGLE**

Port Moresby: Out on the fringe of the jungle is a monument to one man's dream...a Shangri-La in a wild land of conflict. To the dark man it is the start of a new life. To at least one white man it is life itself.

This is the Bomana Corrective Institution, cradled in the tortuous valleys of the Little Owen Stanley's, a mere 16 miles from the heart of Port Moresby.

Primitive in some ways it is. But on jail rehabilitation standards it's in the atom age.

At Bomana a man's past is forgotten and his future foretold. Here, quietly and patiently, erring native civilians – from the barbaric tribal murderer to the petty thief – are taught the European way of life. And all this under the supervision of tall, dedicated George Gough, an Ipswich citizen by birth and a Brisbaneite by adoption.

To Mr Gough, 53, father of five children and now a devoted territorian, goes the credit of the miracle of Bomana. His story starts in 1936, when he came to New Guinea to relieve in Government posts for three months – and stayed. Soon after his arrival he heard of the Government plan to establish a jail at Bomana, he went to extraordinary lengths to have the closing date for applications extended so he could arrange for an interview, and got the job. He found later that he was the only applicant.

Finishing his brief relieving term, he moved out to the new site. He took with him a tent, a handful of native-jail labour, and a rifle. Around him was the jungle – untamed and inhospitable.

'It was tough in those days' he says. 'By comparison we now have the place as comfortable as a first-class hotel.

'I used to start dinner by walking outside the tent and shooting down a wild pig.'

Originally Bomana was to have been a subsidiary of Koki jail. But under the guiding hands and persuasive tongue of George Gough it became a prison farm and later (since 1936) a corrective institution. They had even changed the name. At present, according to Mr Gough, it is the best of its kind inside or outside Australia.

It covers 450 acres on the banks of the swift-flowing Laloki River, and has an average 'guest list' of 150 natives. This figure is increased this week with the jailing of sentenced members of the Pacific Islands Regiment.

Bomana has a citrus grove, a timber mill, a flourishing cultured fish project, a 100-cattle dairy farm, a tank-making shop, a brick-making plant (its present stock is 750,000 bricks), a hospital, 180 acres under cultivation for crops and vegetables and a mechanical repair shop for the five tractors.

Modern brick married quarters have been built for the 14 families of the native guards, and reconstruction of the single men's quarters also is planned. Each native family has its own quarter-acre garden. At Bomana everything has been built or installed by the prisoners – a term for use only in 'uncivilised' countries. Here, killer, sex fiend, burglar, and basher are 'detainees.'

As proof of its corrective success, Bomana has a fine record. It has had only one escape in 12 months – and getting out of Bomana is as tough as getting off an Edward Street bus. Only 10 acres are high fenced, and it has only four cells – mostly deserted.

George Gough proudly pointed out his star boarder, a battle scarred tribesman once known as 'The Moresby Typhoon.' He had wrecked just about everything in sight and finished up with an 11 –year sentence on 14 convictions.

'At first he was just about unapproachable,' said Mr Gough. 'Now he works out in the open, is my leading hand in the tank-making shop, and is as gentle as a baby.'

Detainees at Bomana work a five and a half day week from 7am to noon and from 1-4.30pm. They eat at an open air communal mess, and are locked in their wire gridded austere 32-man huts at 5.30pm. They sleep on single beds with a mattress and blanket. Juveniles and sex offenders are segregated.

Bomana unofficially costs nothing to run. It supplies materials for many administrative departments and fresh vegetables for the Port Moresby hospital. There are only three European officials there and 68 native guards – only two of them armed. Bomana is also a white man's prison, but at present it has only three occupants. Long term offenders are sent to Long Bay. And so, modestly, Bomana progresses; fighting its own economic battles, ignoring the line of red tape stretching from 2000 miles south, and achieving a service unique in Australian jail history. ■

The Fryer Library at the University of Queensland collects archival material on PNG (photographs, documents, maps and patrol reports). Dr Peter Cahill coordinates this – please contact him on phone 07-3371 4794 or email: [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net)

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# LIFE ON THE BENCH IN PNG

By Justice Graham Ellis

*With thanks the New South Wales Bar Association*

*This article was first printed in **Bar News**, Winter 2010.*

*Part 1 of 2*

After appearing in a case in Port Moresby in 1985, I found myself travelling there over the next few years to assist with seminars to train local lawyers. In 1989, when a judge who had been stabbed a few months before decided not to renew his contract, I was approached by the Chief Justice to fill that vacancy. Upon arrival in January 1990, at a time when the law and order situation was so serious that 9pm to 6am curfews were imposed in major towns, I found I was based in Rabaul, with responsibility for the New Guinea Islands region. As a result, I spent the first three weeks in the month sitting as a judge of the National Court (the senior trial court) in Manus, Kavieng, Rabaul, Kimbe or Buka in the Bougainville region. The last week in the month was normally spent in Port Moresby, sitting as one of three (or sometimes five) judges of the Supreme Court (the senior appellate court). Sitting in the Bougainville region during what became known as the Bougainville crisis involved a number of challenging tasks, including deciding cases involving some members of the armed forces while other members of the armed forces were 'test-firing' their weapons into the ground behind me (to give me a hint how to decide the case).

August 1991 saw the eradication of criminal list backlogs from the entire New Guinea Islands region. A system was implemented in Rabaul whereby anyone committed for trial by the District Court would appear in the National Court the following Monday. If the case involved a plea, it was finalised straightaway. If the matter was proceeding to trial, a trial date was allocated and the trial was conducted within the following month. It was a surprise to find that, under such a system, the law and order problem virtually disappeared and Rabaul at that time became the only major town which did not have a 9pm to 6am curfew.

Dealing with criminal gangs led to some interesting moments although some light relief was provided when a gang leader charged with one count of wilful murder, four counts of armed robbery and six counts of pack rape was given a life sentence for rape. Not realising I had imposed the first ever life sentence for rape in the history of PNG, I found the national newspaper's weekend edition had a



prominent headline 'First life sentence for rapist' and, not having a photograph of the accused, they put my photo underneath the headline!

*L-R: Ellis J with Kariko J, Sawong J, Kawi J*

September 1991 brought its share of excitement when I was appointed to chair a Leadership Tribunal when the then deputy prime minister was charged with 86 charges of corruption. To cut a long story short, the outcome was

that the positions of Deputy Prime Minister and Governor-General both became vacant.

*...members of the armed forces were 'test firing' their weapons into the ground behind me to give me a hint how to decide the case.*

Late in 2008, following two years of negotiations between governments, I found myself back in PNG working in the Office of Solicitor General. There were three problems I was requested to address: the standard of the local lawyers in the office, corrupt settlements (which a commission of inquiry revealed to have involved hundreds of millions of Kina over the previous three to five years) and a backlog of about 10,000 cases involving claims against the state. When I arrived, in November 2008, the Solicitor-General and his deputy had been terminated based on their involvement with what was said to have been a corrupt settlement. In February 2009, when they were re-appointed, I found myself instructed to work from home and by June I was flying home to Australia as the attorney-general did not want me there anymore. I should add that in May this year that corrupt settlement was approved for payment and, shortly after that, the prime minister recently demanded and received the resignation of the attorney-general who approved that settlement. However, my return to Australia was short-lived.

In September 2009 the Chief Justice of Papua New Guinea (please pronounce it Pa-pua and not Pap-ua), Sir Salamo Injia, asked me to return to the bench almost 20 years after I was first sworn in. The position in PNG is that a newly appointed judge is sworn in by the Governor-General and the welcome ceremony is conducted later. On 26 February 2010, five months after I arrived, I was officially welcomed. It was interesting to listen to the welcome speech of the attorney general who caused me to be sent home eight months before.

Upon arrival in September 2009 I was sent to places where there were backlogs: Wewak in October, Kavieng in November and Porgera in December. The current position is that there are about 20 judges. Only three of us are non-citizens and the other two have worked in PNG for many years. About half the judges are based in provincial locations. Judges would prefer to serve in Waigani, the government centre in Port Moresby. No-one wanted to serve in Enga Province which had attracted a reputation as being the 'wild west' of PNG. When the Chief Justice indicated he was thinking of sending me to Enga I beat him to it by volunteering to go there.

Accordingly, since February 2010 I have been based in Wabag. Getting to Wabag involves a one hour flight from Port Moresby to Mount Hagen then driving, with a police escort vehicle, for two to three hours west along a deteriorating road to Wabag. Since there are limited places to shop in Wabag, it is necessary to make the occasional shopping trip to Mount Hagen on Saturday mornings. An added difficulty is that the power blackouts are frequent and sometimes lengthy. At home, blackouts means the food in the refrigerator is likely to spoil. At work, blackouts mean that the recording equipment will not work so I have to revert to the system which applied when I was here 20 years ago and write everything by hand so that a transcript can be typed in the event of an appeal.

There should be about 20 staff at the National Court in Wabag. There are about

15. About 10 of them are security guards. In the registry there are two people doing the work of five. The current court building replaced a building that was burnt down. Wherever I go in Wabag I am supposed to be accompanied by a police escort vehicle. For the first two months I thought the police escort vehicle was a covert operation but then I found out that the police escort vehicle was off the road, being repaired! It transpired that, instead of the message being the resident judge is important because he has a police escort and that Wabag is dangerous because the resident judge needs a police escort, the message became that the resident judge is not scared of the criminals and he does not need a police escort because Wabag is now safe.

A police mobile squad, the local equivalent of a SWAT team, is based in Wabag. Sometimes we call them in to 'keep the peace' while a dangerous criminal is being tried.. Other times their appearance without notice, patrolling in their blue camouflage uniform and carrying assault rifles outside the court, suggests a dangerous criminal is being tried. In addition to the court security staff, the mobile squad and my police escort, I have two security guards at home.

The judge based in Wabag, the capital of Enga Province, also looks after the Porgera circuit. I can clearly recall reading an article in the SMH's *Weekend Magazine* a year or two ago about Porgera and feeling sorry for the poor judge who had to sort that mess out. Little did I realise that would be me! Porgera, now a gold-mining town, is a three hour drive west of Wabag. In both locations, the criminal list is dominated by murder charges with an occasional aggravated rape. That reflects that the law and order situation had become so difficult that the police were concentrating on murder to the exclusion of other offences. You do not want me to give examples of the kind of conduct revealed by the evidence in murder trials. Perhaps it is sufficient to indicate that there was one accused who had seven charges pending: five charges of wilful murder, one charge of attempted murder and one charge of wilful damage arising from when he shot at the local police station with his M16.

The accused is usually charged with either wilful murder (killing with intent to kill), murder (killing with intention to cause grievous bodily harm or killing in the course of committing another crime) and manslaughter (unintentional killing). The maximum penalty for manslaughter and murder is life imprisonment: for wilful murder it is the death penalty. There have been a number of people sentenced to death since the death penalty was re-introduced in 1991. However, that penalty has yet to be carried out and after close to 20 years it must be questioned whether it ever will be. There is a guideline Supreme Court judgment for sentencing in cases of manslaughter, murder and wilful murder which gives four categories for each offence. The suggested starting point for a Category 1 manslaughter case is imprisonment for between 8 and 12 years. Easily the most common kind of case in that category would be what is known locally as a 'spleen death': a husband kicks his wife, she has an enlarged spleen due to malaria, her spleen is ruptured and she bleeds to death. At the other end of the scale is Category 4 wilful murder. You can guess what the suggested penalty is for such a case. I almost had such a case recently. At close to midnight I found a Supreme Court case which suggested that the offender fell within Category 3, not Category 4. The next day, when I announced the sentence of life imprisonment, the

offender dropped to his knees and said a quick prayer then said 'Thank you' to me before departing for the cells.

Reducing backlogs means list a criminal trial every day. I have had two weeks with a wilful murder trial every day. As there are no juries in PNG, it is necessary to conduct the trial, reach a verdict and, if the verdict is guilty, consider what sentence should be imposed. Having done this job before, albeit 20 years ago, I am usually able to deliver a same day oral judgment or, since I do my own typing, a next day written judgment. The normal sittings hours are 9.30 to 12 noon, with no morning tea adjournment, and 1.30pm to 4.00pm, with no afternoon tea adjournment. I use the time between 9.00am and 9.30am and between 1.00pm and 1.30pm to hear pleas of guilty and to deliver judgments. As a result, I tend to average up to two cases per day, given the occasional case where the prosecution does not proceed, such as a rape case where the complainant has since married the accused!

Government office hours in PNG are 7.45am to 4.06pm (please don't ask me why 4.06pm). My day usually starts at 6.00am with admin work between 7.30am and 9.00am. I usually go home shortly after 4.00pm (so my driver can take my housekeeper home) and then start typing up my summary of the day's evidence in order to be able to finalise the judgments ready for delivery the next morning. The day usually ends between 10.00pm and midnight, depending on such things as whether there is a blackout. There is not a vacant moment in any day for those three weeks of National Court sittings.

At the completion of those three weeks, there is 6.00am start for a drive to Mount Hagen to catch a plane to Port Moresby. That hour on the plane is my R&R. Upon arrival in Port Moresby I collect my appeal books for 'Supreme Court week'. My record was to have sat on 10 Supreme Court appeals in five days last November but, when I was sent to Kokopo recently, there were 21 appeals listed over four days. When stacked on the floor, the appeal books came just above my knee. They were delivered at 6.00pm Sunday night and the cases started at 9.30 the next morning. I managed to sit on 20 of those 21 appeals. Only one of those appeals did not proceed and I was pleased to be able to deliver an oral judgment in each of the remaining 19 appeals, thereby keeping my record of no reserved judgments intact.

When I arrived in Wabag, there were 202 cases in the civil list and I had only been given three weeks in April for civil sittings. The question was how to address that backlog. I decided to 'shake the list and see what falls out' by giving prosecutor and the defence lawyer a day off to prepare for criminal matters and conducting a call-over of the entire civil list on one day: 17 February 2010. That revealed about 20 matters which had either been settled or were discontinued. A 'Summary Determination List' on 19 March removed another 20 or so. More than 40 cases were heard and finalised in April. As there are 40 pending appeals from the District Court, they have been listed for between 9.00am and 9.30am and 1.00pm to 1.30pm in June, two in the morning and two in the afternoon, so as not to interrupt the flow of criminal cases. Hence, the good news is that by 30 June 2010 only about 80 of the 202 civil cases will remain. The bad news is that 30 or so cases have been commenced this year so the list will only be down to about 110 by the end of June when I take three weeks' break. Since 30 of those 110 cases arise from motor vehicle accidents, and half of the plaintiffs are passengers from the same bus accident, those matters have been listed for a week in August. Thus, by 31 August the list should be back down to a more acceptable 80 cases. Civil cases vary. There are a lot of claims for damages arising from police raids (police

officers go into a village, burn houses, shoot pigs and destroy crops), a number of claims by owners or former owners of customary land and a variety of other disputes.

So far as the criminal list backlogs are concerned, as a result of three weeks spent in Porgera in May, there are no cases pending in Porgera with the result that anyone committed to stand trial in the National Court from now on will have his or her case heard the next time a judge is in town. In Wabag, the criminal list backlog should be eliminated by the end of June.

As was the case when I was based in Rabaul, the elimination of criminal list backlogs in Wabag and Porgera has had a favourable effect on the law and order situation. People no longer bring their bush knives into town, there have been no fights in Wabag town this year and no drunken people on the streets of Wabag. Accordingly, the work here is rewarding despite being demanding, difficult and not without danger. In contrast to the heat of Port Moresby, Wabag is a much cooler climate, being more than 2,000 metres above sea level, and Porgera is close to 3,000 metres above sea level. The biggest contrast, however, is when I return to Australia, normally every fourth weekend, to remind my wonderful wife and adorable son what I look like. Living and working in a developing country makes me appreciate many things Australians take for granted. Happily, there is a direct flight from Port Moresby to Sydney so I can leave Port Moresby at 2.00pm on Friday and be back by 1.00pm Monday. *Part 2 will be continued* ■

### **TENFM STANTHORPE**

PNGAA member Marianna Harris advises that Tenfm radio, based in the Stanthorpe region, is now being broadcast via live streaming on the internet for anyone curious to listen to the Saturday programs.

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On Saturdays Brandyn Harris is on at 10am for two hours and Marianna is doing voice stories from 12 noon to 2pm, starting after the hourly news.

Marianna has recently read 'When Nun's Wore Soldiers Trousers' by Pat Studdy-Clift...about a group of nuns (and priests) who had to escape from the Japanese during WW2 in Papua New Guinea.

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## **KIKORI AND THE LNG BOOM: Communications and frustrations CHRIS WARRILLOW**

Construction, by Exxon/Mobil, of the sixteen billion dollar Papua New Guinea Liquefied Natural Gas (PNG LNG) Project is well advanced, with first shipments due in 2014. The *core* gas reserves are trapped deep under the 3000 metre altitude Hides Range near Tari in the SHP. The first discovery well was drilled by BP in 1987. This nine trillion cubic feet (9TCF), or greater, resource will also be supplemented by *gas-caps* from past oil discoveries – mainly the Kutubu fields which are in rapid decline after 19 years of production.

Incidentally Hides gas has, since the opening of the Porgera mine in 1990, supplied nearly all of the energy required to operate that mine. It drives the power generators that produce the electricity that is transmitted by cables and pylons across the Tari Basin thence over the main *cordillera* to Porgera.

However those gas reserves are smaller than others which will be connected to Hides as it is depleted in the years to come. Included in these will be the gas discoveries of nearby Angore (BP, 1989) and in future years Juha (Gulf Oil [subsequently taken over by Chevron], 1981) and P'nyang (Chevron, 1990). The latter two are in the Western Province.

Both BP and Chevron have long since left after selling their PNG interests to Oil Search Limited. The latter retains its interest in the project as too does Santos.

A third and fourth Province are also involved in the project – Gulf and Central. The gas will travel by pipeline 300kms to the coast and thence 400kms under-sea to a processing plant near Port Moresby, but just outside the NCD. There it will be liquefied for shipment to overseas markets.

The Hides gas will first be stripped of liquids and then the *dry* gas will go via the long-established but up-graded Kutubu facilities. The gas pipeline will then closely follow the existing oil pipeline route as far as Kopi on the Kikori River. Kopi is four kilometers downstream from the 1950s APC oil-exploration camp of Middletown. The oil pipeline continues to near Kikori, thence under the Kikori River and out to the Kumul Platform in the Gulf of Papua. There the oil is loaded onto large tankers.

The gas pipeline will however first head south-west from Kopi to the Omati River and then be laid under that river bed and out to sea and across the Gulf of Papua.

Large barges are frequently being towed through the delta from Pai'a Inlet, where loads of pipe are transferred from overseas ships, to and thence up the Kikori River to Kopi. There the pipe is unloaded and transported over-land to be connected (welded) piece by piece to join other sections being laid, in both directions, along other stretches of the route.

To detail the social and economic impact all this activity is having on PNG as a whole, and on the SHP and around Port Moresby in particular, would require most of the pages of Una Voce. I will thus here touch briefly only on PNG's Cinderella province of Gulf.

In Kerema, the Gulf Province's seat of government and administrative headquarters, few know or appear to care what is happening at Kikori some 175 kilometres to the north-west. In and around the District Headquarters of Kikori, where this 16 billion dollar project's pipeline passes nearby on its way from the

SHP to Moresby, life goes on as it has since before Independence. Little has changed for the good since I first visited in 1974.

The old District (formerly Sub-District) Office has long gone as too has its late-1970s replacement. In 2010 a new District Office and a new Treasury Office (complete with satellite dish on its roof) were built but are yet to be occupied – not that there is any office furniture or equipment! Due to a dispute over payment to the contractors both buildings remain locked up and are deteriorating rapidly due to the harsh wet tropical climate and inevitable vandalism. Mould is growing on the walls and ceilings as the only air to circulate is through the numerous gaps of missing louver blades.

With no office to work in, various Government Department staffs have long since retreated to Kerema and even Moresby (*government in exile?*). The few Public Servants who are from Kikori either ‘work’ from their homes on the station or are back in their villages.

Back in the 1950s and 60s Catalina and Sea Otter amphibious aircraft provided a regular air service to Kikori. By the time they became obsolete the airstrip was in-place to receive conventional aircraft. However, it used to be closed regularly because of the wet conditions. In the early 70s some of the marsden matting salvaged from an old Jackson’s runway, to make way for upgrading to 747 Jumbo standard, was shipped to Kikori to be laid and so provide an all-weather-’strip.

Until last year there were often three or four flights a day connecting Kikori with all Gulf stations east to Moresby and, once or twice a week to and from Balimo and Daru to the west. There were also occasional flights to and from Highlands’ centres such as Mendi, Hagen and Goroka.

Late last year an Airlines PNG (APNG) Twin Otter ran off the side of the ’strip whilst attempting take-off. Despite the fact pilot error may have been the cause APNG ceased flying into Kikori, claiming that the route was uneconomical and the ’strip unsafe. For a while Hevilift flew into the town, two or three times a week, subject to loading. However, it too has since cancelled its service.

It is sometimes possible to hire one of the few other very small charter-operators’ aircraft to fly into Kikori for an inflated price but, since November 2010, there are no more RPTs (scheduled passenger services).

The marsden matting is lifting due to lack of maintenance and more than one aircraft has suffered tyre-damage, even a puncture. My access on two visits this year has been by way of Air Niugini to Mount Hagen, thence by chartered aircraft to a private logging airstrip on the Sirebi River bank. This ’strip too is unreliable, often submerged during the wet season. From there it is then an hour by outboard motor to Kikori – longer against the flow on the return upstream journey. Such trips will consume 25 liters of fuel an hour using a 40HP motor.

In mid-2011 *zoom* (outboard motor fuel) cost K30 a gallon (\$3.35 a litre) at the two trade stores in Kikori and the cost rises as one proceeds upstream. Village trade stores near Middletown, if they have any available, charge K35 a gallon (\$3.90 a litre). At the Samberigi shanty-squatter-settlements around the Kaiam crossing the asking price is K50 a gallon (\$5.55 per litre).

The oil and gas companies don’t give a hoot – they have their own private ’strip at Gobe, halfway between Kikori and Kutubu. From there workers are ’*choppered* to Kopi and various construction camps.

Were one able to secure a seat on a charter-flight from Moresby to Kikori (or return), it will cost K850 (\$355) each way. One-way fares from the logging camp

cost K980 and from Gobe K1200. At the time of writing Virgin Australia was offering Sydney-Port Moresby fares for \$329!

The Kikori town roads (a couple of kilometers connecting the airstrip to town and High School) are a mess. The road to Kopi and beyond (constructed because of the oil pipeline) is often flooded during the wet season. All it serves to do is give easier access for Southern Highlanders (mainly from Samberigi, near where it terminates) to expand into the Gulf Province and claim land-rights.

There is no regular shipping to Kikori. Vessels owned and operated by the two local trade stores service their own needs.

Despite appalling communications (air, sea and land transport-wise) and a tenuous supply chain, a Government Secondary School (Grades 9 and 10) and a mission-run hospital manage to operate.

So, what else has the 21<sup>st</sup> Century and a multi-billion dollar project brought to Kikori?

Well, no thanks to Government's Telekom and its BMobile service (which is not available outside major centres), but thanks to private enterprise, nearly everyone seems to have a mobile 'phone! This is courtesy of the Irish company Digicel which is revolutionizing rural telecommunications throughout PNG.

At least Kikori remains relatively peaceful. This is not so in the SHP, especially closer to Hides. The effects of modern mobile telephones on tribal fighting, and landowner-dealings with government and developers are another story!

Exxon/Mobil's patience and endurance will be tested over the next three years of construction and even more so over the several decades of production should the project succeed! If it does succeed PNG will have a world-class gas export system, at no cost to its government coffers, but returning hundreds of millions in taxes, royalties and other benefits each year. However, judged on past resource developments it will not benefit the rural dwellers. They seemed doomed to remain locked into the near-subsistence economy of their grandparents.

But the cost in PNG lives may well eventually number in the hundreds as landownership disputes escalate. This will be especially so if current plans by politicians for the State to divest itself of the ownership of minerals and petroleum resources and vest such ownership with the so-called landowners is approved by Parliament.

*Dedicated to Nancy Johnston – a true pioneer of the Gulf* .

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## **FIRST CIVILIANS ARRIVE BACK IN RABAUL AFTER WORLD WAR II (Mid-November 1946)**

*This December 2011 marks the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary since evacuations prior to WWII. It was to be five years before those evacuated were able to return to rebuild new homes and new lives.*

*Gladys Baker was one of those civilians. In a letter dated 24 November 1946 to Rhoda Coote she writes:*

‘Well, my dear, here I am at was once a home – it was rather heartbreaking to come ashore and see the wreckage but that was partly lessened by the efforts of old Kataka and Airuga – they had tried to make a garden. But let me tell you about the last few days in Rabaul – it was so hot and oppressive with dust everywhere – mozzies very bad and sandflies even worse. On Friday afternoon I was told a ship going to Witu would sail at daylight Sunday. I then rushed around like a lunatic only to find most of my cargo was in No 6 Hatch on the *Reynella* and they couldn’t unload No 6 Hatch until the ship was moved up to the temporary wharf...

We left Rabaul and went to Put Put – spent the day there and I had two meals with Frank and Jack Gilmore (jnr). Needless to say I just couldn’t sleep when I found we were near *Langu* – at 2am we were directly off the home anchorage – could see the fires my boys had lighted on the foreshore. I just stayed on the Bridge. At 5.30am we came into the anchorage and dear old Kataka came out per canoe to greet me. He burst out crying and just said ‘Oh Sinabada – u kam bak finis’ [sic]. Needless to say I blubbered too.

Believe Harold Coldham was disgusted because I shook hands with Kataka. I felt like kissing the dear old chap, he looked so old and thin and he had done so much for me. He hid my Lalique bowl and figure and also a crystal decanter in the bush. The bowl is cracked a little from bomb blast but he saved it for me. The Kombi lot did all the damage to my home and stole everything so those swine have a hell of a lot to pay back even if I use a gun to get even.

We have lived on Pidgeons – fowls and a few tins and fruit salad ever since we arrived as we are cooking on the open fire out behind the trade store – so can’t make bread or use the oven until I get the flue for the stove which is in Rabaul. Water has been our main worry as the Production Control Board failed to put the tank I purchased and 10 drums to hold water on the ship – so the first day we had a bucket of water begged from the ship – the second my boys found a tiny spring and since then we have had a few buckets a day. We bathe in the sea. Today it rained so I rigged up a tent fly to catch water – also stood in the rain and had a soap bath out in the open (my shorts and shirt still on) washed my hair – but the rain didn’t last even though it is still blowing a NW gale.

Now – shame on me – on Wednesday I went down with a hellish dose of fever. Tried to keep going and finally had to give in – but I am [again] still on the job. The natives here are in a bad way re health especially the kiddies – several cases of whooping cough, hundreds of huge TUs, a lot of VD. I’ve started my hospital and have given many hours work so far but I can’t cope with the work so I’ve written to Bruce Sinclair requesting a medical patrol to help me clear up the worst of the cases.

I forgot to mention the plantation. It's been cleaned once but even now there are bush trees higher than the palms with a tangled mass of vine overall – a real mess. It makes me very depressed and I wonder if ever I will get it cleaned up. Tomorrow I have 80 working on cleaning up, building etc to enable me to get on to copra production in the near future...[but] even if I could persuade them to work for me for six months I couldn't afford to keep them unless I employed more to cut a hell of a lot of copra.

I have had potatoes, fruit, eggs, crayfish and fowls brought in – in fact almost everything I mention I'd like – so I feel honoured as I hear Mr Hann couldn't even buy a pineapple. I intend writing and telling Mr Parker what I think of BPs Rabaul. The labour do not work and are really useless – they are like the Army QM. If one asks for something, even before you finish speaking they just say 'We haven't got it' and at times one can see it on the shelf. Well dear I am very weary so must away to bed,

Fond love from – Glad

*Note: Sadly, Gladys died 4-5 weeks after writing this letter and was buried in the front garden of her home at Langu Plantation, Witu Islands.*



L-R: Harold Colpham, Capt Jim Duncan, Tex Roberts, Mrs Greenwood, Mrs Una Adams, Pat Stanfield, Mrs Grose, Drummond Thompson, Jack Allan, Oscar Rondahl, Jimmy Joyce, Gladys Baker, Vic Pennefather

*With thanks to Peter Coote*

## HELP WANTED

**Gladys Jago has, for many years, been compiling a history of artwork by her late husband, Rob Jago.** She would be delighted to hear from anyone who possesses work done by him. If possible she would appreciate a photo of the painting, the name, year and where it was purchased. Gladys can be contacted at: 'Belmore', 41 Pacific Highway, Ullmarra NSW 2462 or Ph: 02-6644-5555

\* \* \*

**Dr Peter Cahill is interested in the derivation of the term 'ten to one jacket'** which ANMEF members and the officers of the New Guinea military administrations (to 1942) wore in NG for day and formal occasions. Photos appear to show the jacket to be made of white drill and buttoned from waist to chin with (presumably) brass buttons.

Dr Cahill is also interested in locating George Wearne who was a magistrate in the Eastern Highlands (?Kainantu).

If you can assist please contact Dr Cahill at: 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly QLD 4069 Ph: 07- 3371 4794 E: [p.cahill@uqconnect.net](mailto:p.cahill@uqconnect.net)

\* \* \*

**Jane Cush is curating a show in October 2012, with approximately six photographers**, including Stephen Dupont, Sean Davey, Ben Bohane and David Hempenstall, who have all worked in PNG, Solomon Islands, Bougainville, Kiribati and New Zealand. They are relatively well known contemporary artists who spend a lot of time in PNG. Jane is also interested in speaking with members **about loan of display material for the exhibition** – items such as artefacts and other objects which might enhance the visitor experience. These could be acknowledged.

**Any information on Douglas Pratt**, an artist who worked in PNG in the 60s, would also be appreciated by Jane. She would like anecdotal information about his time spent in Rabaul for a PhD. If you can help please contact Jane as follows: Jane Cush, Director, Goulburn Regional Art Gallery

p: 0248234443

e: [jane.cush@goulburn.nsw.gov.au](mailto:jane.cush@goulburn.nsw.gov.au)

Chair Visual Arts Reference Committee, M&GNSW

Public Officer Regional & Public Galleries NSW,

Civic Centre, Bourke Street, Goulburn NSW

Tel. 02 4823 4503/494 Web address: [www.grag.com.au](http://www.grag.com.au)

\* \* \*

**Ben Page would appreciate being put in touch with Janice McCluskey (nee Longmore)**, daughter of Hec and Jean Longmore, of Madang. If you are able to assist perhaps you could ask Janice if it is suitable to pass her contact number on to Ben or perhaps she could contact him at: Ben Page, Working Dog Centre, Box 242, Wilmington SA 5485.

Telephone 08 8667 5484

Email: [benpage@workingdogcentre.com](mailto:benpage@workingdogcentre.com)

\* \* \*

**Vin and Rita Smith would like to contact Max Pember** who was best man at their wedding – if anyone can supply his contact details or provide ours to Max, it would be greatly appreciated. Please contact Rita Smith at Email: [reetvin310@bigpond.com](mailto:reetvin310@bigpond.com) Ph.: 07-5572 2293 or write to: 12 Bribie Ct, Mermaid Waters, QLD 4218

In your September *Una Voce*, (Help Wanted page 36), was a request from Mr Chris Murphy of Melbourne looking for a past copy of an Air Niugini Paradise magazine from 1978 or 1979 that covered Polocrosse in PNG. In amongst my collection of Paradise magazines I happened to find the article he wanted - in the January 1979 edition. I phoned Chris up at his work number and he was obviously delighted about it. I posted it down to him at no cost as it is one way of helping out another 'resident' of PNG from *taim bipo*. The 'Help Wanted' section of *Una Voce* obviously works. Charles Betteridge

Just to let you know, thanks to *Una Voce*, I was successful in obtaining a copy of the Paradise issue that I was after from Charles Betteridge and also received great advice as to other possible sources from Chris Warrillow and John Quinn.

\* \* \*

Chris Murphy

**Malcolm Davidson** would appreciate information about **Ruth Carter 1914-2006 please. Ruth was a librarian at PNG library during the 40s and 50s.** If you can help please contact Malcolm at 42 Hardy Terrace, East Ivanhoe, Victoria 3079 Ph: 03 94994699 Email: [oceanic@bigpond.net.au](mailto:oceanic@bigpond.net.au)

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**Dr Mike Bourke hopes to help restock the LAES library which was burnt down by fire in April.** Papers and books relevant to PNG lowland agriculture are welcome. If any *Una Voce* readers have spare copies of books which they wish to donate, Dr Bourke will organize them to be sorted and posted to Keravat. Besides papers and books on PNG lowland agriculture, general books on PNG, novels on PNG and other light reading for staff is helpful. Please contact Dr Bourke by email first with a list of possible items to be donated: PO Box 492, Bungendore, NSW 2621 A/H Ph: 02 6238 1163 Email: [mike.bourke@anu.edu.au](mailto:mike.bourke@anu.edu.au)

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**The Royal Commonwealth Society Jubilee Time Capsule** project is collecting stories from around the Commonwealth about a memorable day between 6 Feb 1952 (when the Queen came to the throne) and 5 Feb 2012 (her Diamond Jubilee). This is a unique way to mark the 2012 Diamond Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II and her 60<sup>th</sup> year as Head of the Commonwealth. There is interest in stories from PNG. Further information at: <http://www.jubileetimecapsule.org/> or contact: Louise Ewington, Email: [louiseewington@pngcp.com](mailto:louiseewington@pngcp.com)

## BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS

**IT STRIKES ME: Collected essays 1994-2010 by Peter Ryan** ISBN 9780980677843 (hbk); 314pp, includes Index, First published 2011 Cost: \$44.95. Published by and available from Quadrant Books, 2/5 Rosebery Place, Balmain NSW 2041 Ph: 02 9818 1155 Fax: 02 8580 4664

Peter Ryan, author of several books including the World War II memoir *Fear Drive My Feet* has recently published *It Strikes Me*, a selection of 55 essays from *Quadrant* magazine. Having written a 'column' for *Quadrant* over the last 18 years the collection features a wide range of topics. With the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversaries of WWII upon us the opening essay, reflecting on the atom bomb over Hiroshima and the war against Japan, stirs the senses. In his inimitable style Peter does not shirk from the facts and, having experienced the full gamut

of emotion, he has every right. In this essay he is compassionate but crisp. In others there is humour and gentle whimsy. He speaks about courage, about rearranging 'heroes corner' - an alcove in his study devoted to the special people in his life. There's a 'biography' on Bonny, his quiet old saddle pony. The Anzac Day 'Reflections at Bomana' is a moving tribute to the 'honoured dead' but it is also a tribute to the Australia/Papua New Guinea relationship. Several of the essays are directed wholly to PNG but references pop up throughout. Peter made 27 separate visits there after the War and was General Editor of the *Encyclopaedia of P & NG*.

Written with great clarity and cogency, the essays have a casual, often cheerful, easy tone. However Peter, with his sharp wit, needs no introduction.

*Publisher's Note:*

'Peter Ryan has long been one of Australia's favourite writers of essays and newspaper columns. His classic World War II memoir, *Fear Drive My Feet*, has been an enduring bestseller, in print almost continuously for more than fifty years. The fifty-five essays in this collection may justly be called 'a late picking'. They range from several moving reflections on the war against Japan in 1941-45 to tales of domestic and farm life, such as the story of his old saddle pony Bonny. Along the way he recalls books, writers and statesmen from whom he has learnt most.

These essays from *Quadrant* magazine reflect the writer's worldly knowledge accumulated from his variety of employments - including publisher of Australia's leading university press, soldier, bush timber worker and advertising man. Lately turned eighty-eight, his pen shows no signs of flagging.'

Please look for the review in the March 2012 *Una Voce* but, in the meantime, add it to your Christmas list!

<p><b>MY LIFE ON KARKAR by John Middleton with James Sinclair</b> ISBN: 978186333320, 367 pages b&amp;w &amp; col photos + maps Published 2011 by Crawford House, PO Box 50, Belair SA 5052 \$39.95 + \$11.00 postage</p>
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This is a tale about the intriguing and interesting Middleton family told by its present senior member, Sir John Middleton. It is a chronicle of the ups and downs of the Middletons and their habitat, Karkar Island. All started by Max, John's father, last century and continuing with his children and grandchildren. Sir John's easy conversational style of writing coloured with the obvious amusement he has with the antics of human behaviour gives the reader rare insights into PNG's colonial and post-colonial life. Much of the book is documented oral history. And the remarks and comments by James Sinclair create a historical framework that puts the lives of the Middletons in focus in a continually changing social and political situation in Papua New Guinea.

William Maxwell Middleton, known as Max, created the plantation empire on Karkar and it has more or less survived in spite of war, political and social changes. John, his son, extended the family's influence beyond the confines of Karkar Island to the larger sphere of an emerging independent PNG. He's received the accolades of a grateful nation. But this book isn't just a social history but an amusing read written by a gifted raconteur with a twinkle in his eye. Highly recommended!

David Wall

## BOOK NEWS and REVIEWS (Cont)

**MEDICINE BEYOND KOKODA** by **Dr Clive Auricht** First published 2011; Printed and bound in South Australia; 222pp colour photos Cost: \$25 plus \$5 p&p Available from Dr C Auricht at 8 Wigley Drive, McLaren Vale SA 5171 Ph: 08-8323 8316 E: [aurichtco@bigpond.com](mailto:aurichtco@bigpond.com)

A series of anecdotal stories about the life and work of a young Australian doctor in the mountains and tropical plains to the north and north-west of Kokoda. At age 25 the author had administrative responsibility for all health services in the district with a population of 40,000, including running the 100-bed District Hospital inland at Saiho. The stories also reveal the practice of Medicine in the 1950's and 60's

**LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE: My Childhood 1929-1947** by **Thomas Joseph Leahy** (Vol 1)

ISBN 978-0-646-55970-4, 150pp A4 size incl 30 b&w and colour photographs, Published 2011 Toowoomba, Cost \$25 plus \$5 p&p

**LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE: 1947-1985 New Guinea and Corowa** by **Thomas Joseph Leahy** (Vol II) ISBN 978-0-646-56378-7, A4 size, 412 pp, 90 b&w and colour photographs, Published 2011 Toowoomba, Cost: \$50 plus \$5 p&p

Both volumes available from the author T Leahy Address: 15a Archibald St, Dalby Ph: 07-4669 7083 E: [markhamtom2@bigpond.com.au](mailto:markhamtom2@bigpond.com.au)

In 1947 two teenage lads arrived in PNG from the family farm outside Dalby. Tom and his brother Danny are wide-eyed and ready for whatever adventures their exotic life can bring and there will be plenty. Tom vividly describes the growth during the early years before PNG Independence and, as a member of Parliament elected as leader of the Cabinet 1968-1972, he provides a unique inside review of politics in the years of change and an irreplaceable historical record of the time. Tom's love of this land and its people shines through as he chronicles the years on his beloved Maralumie farm in the Markham Valley near Nadzab, Lae.

**GRAVEYARD OF FLYING MEN: The New Guinea Years** by **Bryan McCook** – Published 2010 Prepared by Scott McCook, 120 pp, Available online at: <http://www.blurb.com/bookstore/detail/1467007> Cost: A\$ 51.35

The adventures of Captain Bryan McCook who amassed some 25,000 flying hours in an assortment of 'flying machines'. It is in black page/white font format with photographs; a choice of soft or hard cover, mailing and cost. It is a good easy read. Further information available from: Scott McCook Email: [scott.nd.mccook@gmail.com](mailto:scott.nd.mccook@gmail.com)

## REUNIONS

Just when you thought it was all over.....

The last of the fortieth anniversaries of the **Port Moresby AFL Club** premierships has passed and opened up the way for the fiftieths. The first of these will be conducted in Tasmania 16<sup>th</sup> to 19<sup>th</sup> March, 2012. Cont over...

Those who were in Moresby during the 50s and beyond know of the close ties which developed between the “Demons” and The Colts Cricket Club. Also remembered are a lot of the good times which occurred in and around the shared club facilities (burnt down in recent years).

The link has survived fifty years and members of both associations will gather to share the March event. Kerry and Graeme Tilyard are co-ordinating the weekend and have a long list of suggestions for those who want to spend more than a weekend in Tassy.

For full details, contact Kerry on 03 6248 6540.

‘Rules’ supporters of fifty years ago will remember Brian Sherwood who also doubled up as a fullback for one of the ‘Sniff’ sides in Moresby. Sad to report his death mid September.

Henry Bodman

\* \* \*

### **PORT MORESBY HIGH SCHOOL REUNION – 24 April, 2012 – 26 April, 2012, Kangaroo Valley, NSW.**

A group of teachers who were on the staff of the PMHS in the early 1970’s are organising a reunion as detailed above. Any interested parties are most welcome to be part of the get-together.

The proposed venue is the Kangaroo Valley Tourist Park, 5 Moss Vale Road, Kangaroo Valley, NSW, 2577. Tel: 02 4465 1310.

No accommodation has been reserved; this will be the responsibility of anyone who wishes to attend. There are alternate accommodation sites available nearby.

For further details please contact:

Bob Ginbey on 08 9457 3955, [bgin@dodo.com.au](mailto:bgin@dodo.com.au)

Ian Mackellar on 02 02 9451 9157, [ymackellar@hotmail.com](mailto:ymackellar@hotmail.com) or

Hugh Maher on 02 6254 9382, [spyke@grapevine.com.au](mailto:spyke@grapevine.com.au).

### **Visit to the Blue Mountains**

Thank you to George and Edna Oakes who again welcomed a group to their home at Woodford in the Blue Mountains on Thursday 6 October.

### **TALES OF OLD PAPUA: Dick Armstrong’s second-hand shop JR Bird, Cooktown, North Queensland**

In the early 50’s Dick Armstrong had a second-hand shop in Cuthbertson Street, Port Moresby, next door to the Police Court.

I remember wandering in one morning and looking around.

‘Dick! How much is the Thompson sub machine gun here?’

‘You can have it for 15 quid Birdie!’

‘What about this Owen Gun, Dick?’

‘Fifteen quid again Birdie and I’ll chuck in this sugar bag of ammunition.’ ‘I’ll take them both Dick – and what about this Colt Police Positive 38 revolver?’

‘That’s 3 pounds Birdie.’

‘OK Dick – I’ll take that too.’

I loaded everything in the sugar bag with the sub machine gun barrels poking out of the top of the sugar bag; went out to my utility and drove off.

Feeling a bit thirsty I decided to pop into the ‘Snake Pit’ bar for a cold beer. Not wishing to leave the weapons in the vehicle I carried the bag into the pub bar and placed them under the small round table and got a beer and sat down. After a beer or two I gathered up my weapons and drove home to my flat above the store in Hanuabada and put the guns into my cupboard.

I had those weapons for some 10 years, occasionally firing the automatic weapons. At one time in Vailala, travelling along a small creek adjoining the Vailala River I saw a large crocodile sleeping on the grassy bank above the waterway. Noting its position carefully I prepared the Owen Gun to fully loaded before returning and, upon approaching the crocodile, aimed carefully and emptied the whole magazine into the croc. It reared up on its hind legs as the Owen Gun lifted in kickback which ensured the animal received most of the shots. It then slithered into the river underneath my boat and disappeared. Next day, despite a concentrated effort on the part of several local lads armed with long spears, no sign of the croc could be found. Presumably its body had been carried away with the current.

I think I threw the Thompson away into the surf at Vailala. The Owen Gun I put into an oil bath and cannot remember what then became of it. The revolver I had for years afterwards, carrying it on patrols in the Rigo back-country and on an expedition up the Lakekamu River searching for gold. It also went on a trip up past Everill Steep Junction on a trip to the upper Nomad River with a company in search of alluvial gold in the mid sixties.

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## **JIMI RIVER MEMORIES By Peter Skinner**

Tabibuga in the Jimi River was one of the more far flung patrol posts in Western Highlands District while my father Ian Skinner was DC during the mid-to-late 1950s and while most of the time the Jimi was relatively peaceful, occasionally tribal fighting erupted. At one stage there was an attack on a patrol with a few fatalities among the attacking tribesmen.

At about the same time of that attack, there had been a few other disturbances so my father figured a visit to the area by the *Namba Wan kiap* (the DC) was called for. In addition to reading the riot act to the locals, it would also show support for the efforts of patrol officer Barry Griffin who was based at Tabibuga and he could inspect progress around the patrol post.

Among other projects at Tabibuga was an airstrip being carved out of the bush but it was a long way from completion so walking in was the only way of getting there. From memory, Tabibuga was about three days walk in from near Kinjibi, not far from Banz, and about the same out to Tremearne, where Bobby Gibbes had a plantation.

So, when Dad announced he was going to take a patrol into the Jimi—to ‘wave the flag’, as he put it—my older brother David, who was home on holidays from boarding school, and I begged to be taken along. Also, my father wanted to show the Jimi Valley people the film that had been made by David

Attenborough in their area so a projector and generator to run it and a screen were also to be carried in. By that time, August 1957 if my memory serves me, law and order had been re-established. There were still areas in the Jimi officially designated as 'uncontrolled' but for all practical purposes this would be a safe patrol. Well, that's what Dad told our mother, Marie, who was not too keen on seeing her sons, aged 11 and 16, wandering into a very primitive part of the world, even with an armed escort.

From the moment we left the Wahgi Valley it seemed a constant uphill slog as we climbed over the mountains, through what I believe is the Banz Gap, and then down into the Jimi Valley to Tabibuga. The line of carriers sang and yodelled, with great excitement and enthusiasm as we set out, less so as the terrain became steeper; the police escorting the patrol made the climb seem effortless, as did the locals—young and old—who we encountered along the way. They all smiled and wanted to shake hands and as I was probably the smallest white person they had seen in their area, I was a special focus of interest. When the carriers reached the boundary of their tribal area they were paid off in shillings and sticks of tobacco and bid us farewell and returned home, and a new line was taken on.

Government rest houses—*Haus Kiaps*—at overnight locations en route provided comfortable accommodation—if bare dirt floor and grass thatch roof and canvas stretchers fit that description—and we always had hot bucket showers to rinse off under at the end of each day. My father had a motto that has always stayed with me: 'only a fool is uncomfortable in the bush'. So, while our accommodation was not exactly five-star Hilton style, we were warm, dry, and comfortable. Besides which, at the end of a day's walk up some pretty steep grades, it was not hard falling to sleep. Although it probably was not necessary, an all-night police guard was posted at each *Haus Kiap*. When I queried one of the police about this he said something along the lines of: '*Em hia ples bilong bushkanaka tru. Mipela polisboi mas lukautim yupela na kiap.*' (This is a wild place and the police have to look after all of you and the DC.) To an 11-year-old boy, it didn't get much better than that.

My most vivid memory of the walk into Tabibuga centred on almost ruining the official reception and *singsing* Barry Griffin had organised to welcome *the namba wan kiap* into the Jimi River. Barry was one of my favourite people, in fact I regarded him as almost family, and I was keen to see him. So, when we got closer to Tabibuga I asked if I could run ahead of the patrol. As I trotted around a final bend the small group of huts at the patrol post came into view. Almost immediately there was a thunderous burst of yodelling voices and what seemed to be hundreds of locals, their feet stamping and *kundus* thundering, headed my way. I was quite impressed. Then I saw Barry, accompanied by a few policemen, charging down the hill heading off the mob. They managed to stem the tide and after a few minutes herded the crowd back up the hill.

Apparently, the plan was to stage a massed charge welcome as soon as the patrol, presumably with the *Namba Wan Kiap* at the front, came into view. My early arrival almost upstaged the DC's arrival to Tabibuga. Not long after, the patrol came into sight, the locals staged their enthusiastic welcome and the *Namba Wan Kiap* strode into the Jimi River patrol post with all the appropriate pomp and ceremony.

While we were there supplies were dropped in to the site of the airstrip and that generated great excitement. Barry Griffin told David and me to stand behind some tree stumps just in case a bag of rice or some other object didn't hit the target spot. Fortunately, the pilot was right on target and during the course of several runs accurately unloaded all the cargo so we didn't have to find out if a tree stump was strong enough to withstand the impact of a rice bag.

David and I were keen to do some hunting—for pigeons or kokomo (all good for the pot)—so with a police escort and a few hangers-on, plus a couple of excellent local guides, we walked a few miles north east and down to the Jimi River. Our hunting was reasonably successful as we did get a few *balus* (pigeons) but I missed a kokomo because I stupidly decided to use a .22 instead of the 12-gauge shotgun. While at the river we walked across a bamboo, cane and wood bridge—a typical highlands suspension bridge—to the northern side and we later were told by Barry Griffin that technically we had crossed into uncontrolled territory, but he wouldn't press charges!

The walk out of the Jimi was more tropical and picturesque than the route in—giant butterflies, the screeching of cockatoos and parrots, and the machine-gun like noise of various unseen Bird of Paradise come to mind. We also encountered what looked like the site of a bomb blast—massive trees splintered like matchwood, the victims of a thunderstorm and lightning, possibly the day before, according to our carriers who were from the area.

Another memory was of thousands of small bee-like insects that obviously loved the taste of salt. They almost drove us mad by crawling into our eyes and around our necks in their search for perspiration—of which there was plenty. A more pleasant memory was walking through a cool grove of pine trees, the delightful temperature complemented by having a soft path of pine needles to walk on; so soft that we were able to walk almost silently

Another distinct memory was standing on final ridge looking down into the Wahgi Valley before we began the descent to Tremearne. The valley looked so picturesque and manicured by comparison with the country we were emerging from. Of course, such comparisons are relative—an Englishman probably would have viewed the Wahgi Valley as wild country in contrast to his more refined English countryside.

A few weeks later, David and I, our *haus boi* Olon (a Madang) and a Hagen boy who was a friend of mine, Den Kingal, with a single policeman as our armed escort, returned to the Lower Jimi Valley for a week or so of exploring and hunting. We went in from Tremearne and set up our main camp beside a tributary of the Jimi from where we hunted, mainly for pigeon. While we got a few birds, the most successful hunter was a local who, armed with a bow, shot a huge python and a goanna which he shared with us. We, and the carriers who had decided to camp with us, ate like lords and while I was a bit tentative at first, by the end of the evening was tucking into the white reptile meat, roasted over our campfire, with gusto. In retrospect, two young white kids in a very remote and primitive bush setting alone with our local companions, probably was a bit unusual. For David and me, it seemed pretty normal and it's obvious to me now that we really didn't appreciate just how privileged we were. ■

## RICHARD KYLE GAULT by Ros Gault

Richard Kyle Gault (known to all in PNG as 'Dick' Gault) was born at 'Ardmeen', 146 Belair Road, Hawthorn (Lower Mitcham), South Australia to Dr Arthur Kyle Gault ('Kyle') and Ruth Marjorie Hawker. He was the eldest of three children, having 2 sisters, Yolande and Averil. Both his grandfathers were Doctors of Medicine (Grandfather Walter Hawker practicing for a week then having to take up his share of the Bungaree Station pastoral estate, 'Anama') and he lived in the home that included his grandfather and fathers' medical practice in the North Wing, five acres of gardens, a tennis court, milking cow, chickens and horse stables. Dick attended the private prep school in Adelaide, Queens College and was a boarder of Saint Peter's College for his primary and secondary schooling.



In his early teens, Dick's parents divorced. The social stigma of such an event in the early 1930's, in a small close community was profound, as was the emotional effect of a split life. His father, Kyle, was a workaholic doctor, whom he loved dearly and he spent time with him on his patient rounds, preparing medication, making pills and in a little spare time, sailing on his father's yacht. At his father's home he was dearly loved by and loved his nanny, Nellie Slocombe and cook, Dot Applebee. In boarding school holidays he also spent time with his mother and sisters, either at 'Derrymor', his grandfather Walter Hawkers' summer home in the Adelaide Hills or at 'Anama', the sheep station near Clare.

After finishing school, he worked briefly for Austral Elevator Company in Adelaide and showing good aptitude with the machinery, was offered a training course in England. This was not to be due to the war breaking out.

The involvement of Australia in WWII saw Dick enlist at the age of 18 in the RAAF on the 20<sup>th</sup> May 1941 and he was proud of the fact that his number was 39424 (low in the series issued, representing early enlistment). Dick served his country for just short of six years (discharging at age 23 on the 26<sup>th</sup> February 1946) at air force bases at Laverton, Point Cook, Pt Pirie, Hamilton, Geraldton, Kalgoorlie, Pearce, at 'Yannarie Station', far northern WA, conducting armament instruction, bombing and air gunnery training, repair and salvage. He also served overseas as a Leading Aircraftsman in 61 Operational Base Unit, performing Japanese air surveillance at Tarakan and Morotai (Indonesia, then Dutch territory<sup>1</sup>) and Tawi Tawi Island (Philippines). It will come as no surprise to anyone that his family knew very little of Dick's war service and were told by him as children/teenagers that he had served as a 'cook'. They knew this wasn't true, because he didn't care for cooking and 'couldn't boil water without burning it'!

Upon discharging in Brisbane off the US 'Stamford Victory' from Tarakan, Dick spent some time buying and selling war surplus including trucks and boats in Queensland and Northern Territory.

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<sup>1</sup> Dick, in amazement, received a few Guilders a month from Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherland for defending her territory!

In his travels he heard that there was work in the Territory of Papua New Guinea (TPNG) and so hopped on the first ship carrying civilians heading to TPNG. Here began an adventurous and rewarding 45-46 years of Dick's life. In Manus he worked for the US Vanil Corporation, supervising the loading of war equipment being returned to the US. At one stage, he salvaged war surplus barges etc in Manus and sold them at a profit. With his RAAF experience and life-long interest in aircraft, Dick also had a job as Manager of Mandated Airlines, based in Lae.

Before long he headed to Rabaul on the island of New Britain and started a number of entrepreneurial vocations, including a construction/building company (building the Shell Co. Managers' house, houses in Bay Road, the family home on the plantation and in town etc.), and leasing and operating the plantation "Toriu" where he even had a trade store and sewed up 'lap laps' for sale! Dick also worked for Burns Philip stevedoring for a shilling a day! All Dick's skills were self-taught or gathered on the job.



At about this point in time he met and fell in love with Joyce Beryl Barry. Dick had bid for and won a contract to construct a large freezer for Anderson's butchery where Joyce was the Manager. Needless to say, Joycie was the 'absolute love of Dick's life', completing his circle of happiness. She was his North, his South, his East and his West. They married in Sydney in December 1955 having the wedding reception at Alan and Jenny Andersons' home 'Warana'. Returning to Rabaul they lived initially in Bay Road in one of the houses Dick built, then bought 'Warenvula' Plantation from Mrs Bignell (of the hotel fame), cleared the bush to build a house and plant cocoa and coconuts. *Warenvula* was approximately an hours drive from Rabaul and half an hour from Kokopo, on the lower reaches of the Warengoi River and overlooked the sea of the St George's Channel. Joyce was renowned for her charity work, magnificent garden and spectacular entertaining. Dick and Joyce's three children Richard, Rosalind and Roland were all born at Vunapope Hospital in Kokopo with Dr Hubert Lunger in attendance and the family lived a fantastic life on the plantation, until a kerosene refrigerator malfunctioned and burnt the house down in 1973.

In an unconfirmed sequence of events, Dick built/operated a desiccated coconut factory at Rapopo that also produced coir fibre mattress material. He financed a team of men escaping the ravages of war in Yugoslavia (Bruno Tasic, Emile and Steve) as crocodile shooters. He traded crocodile skins, troccus and green snail shells (for buttons) so successfully to Paris and Japan that he opened a trading office in Tokyo in the early 1960's. Dick continued to buy and sell scrap metal (WWII surplus) under licence for over 30 years.

The sedate life of the planter was not for Dick and with his keen interest in machinery he went into the heavy equipment contracting, saw milling, timber exporting and veneer manufacturing businesses. In 1966 he purchased two Japanese 120' fishing boats to start a tuna fishing business. This venture didn't get off the ground, but the boats were put to good transport use in the logging business. The New Britain Queen (named after Joyce) went up on a reef off Cape Lambert one wild stormy night with Ian MacDougall at the helm. The last time

the New Britain Princess was seen, a tourist visiting Rabaul sighted a wreck on a beach at G&M Slipway and identified it as a WWII wreck! Sometime in the 60's Dick expanded into Bougainville, opening a sawmill on Aropa Plantation and soft drink factory in Kieta, and owned a block of residential units on the foreshore of Kieta. Dick also imported balsa seed from Ecuador (planting a stand of trees on *Warenvula* and shared seed with DAL Kerevat) and was instrumental in (inadvertently) starting the now booming balsa business in PNG.

From the 1970's to his departure from PNG upon the sale of his business interests in 1993, Dick's core business was sawmilling and export logging. Prior to PNG's independence, the uncertainty created by the Australian Government and the UN for foreigners wanting to remain in the country saw Dick pursue a sawmilling venture in Fiji and for many years a 'family home' that we never lived in, existed in Suva. When TPNG gained independence, both Dick and Joyce were amongst the first naturalised citizens, considering PNG 'home'. They had no assets outside the country. Over the years some business ventures failed, there were tough times and good times. But, Dick would soldier on; come what may, putting in the hard yards to provide for his family.

In business, Dick was a self-propelled, sole operator, what he would call a 'self-starter'. He admired and encouraged entrepreneurial spirit. He was one of the hardest working men in the islands. His day would start at 5.00am (and earlier) and end at 6.00pm, six days a week covering thousands of kilometres a year from home to the sawmill, town and the plantation (an hours' car journey each way), sometimes 2 and 3 times a day. Half a Sunday was generally billing and correspondence day. How mobile phones would have changed that! Dick had no formal training in business procedures and many could testify to machinery being operated on the 'smell of an oily rag' and to within an inch of its life, and beyond! Who could ever forget that sight of a single cab vehicle moving along the Kokopo Road that was barely distinguishable as a vehicle because it was so laden down with sawn timber from the Warengoi sawmill for the sales yard in Rabaul!

Dick was proudly an elected member of the Committees' of the peak timber bodies of Papua New Guinea, The Forest Industries Association and the Forest industry Council in the 1970's and early 1980's, at a time when the industry was well regulated. He represented PNG on several trade missions internationally. His knowledge of the forest species of PNG was extensive. And he sustainably logged the same valley for his Warengoi sawmill (which is still known today by the locals as 'Dick's place') for over 30 years.

Dick was brought up to be a 'perfect gentleman', still thanking the nurses for their care the day before he passed away, despite hardly being able to speak. Dick had a community spirit serving on the timber industry boards, Rabaul Town Council for a term, providing machinery/labour gratis to create school and club playgrounds and free timber/material for many charitable causes.

Dick was selfless (never spent a cent on himself), kind and worked for and loved his family, including providing the best education for his children, he could. He treasured his friendships, and although he didn't have time for many close friends in PNG, with his 'retirement' to Australia, formed and maintained many special affinities.

Dick's health was remarkable. Between 2008 – 2009 Dick spent only a few nights in hospital. 2010 was not such a good year. The breathlessness increased markedly and on the 26<sup>th</sup> May Dick returned from pruning lantana off the driveway (having walked a kilometre) and preceded to have what we can only assume was a TIA (stroke). A short visit to Murwillumbah hospital for 11 days in December to get assessed for oxygen assistance and the treatment of a urinary tract infection was over on the 22<sup>nd</sup> December and Dick spent Christmas and his last days at home in his bed surrounded by the family who loved him and whom he loved (at least the ones who made it across the causeway before we were landlocked once again!).

Dick would want me to thank once again from the bottom of his heart, all those who touched his life.

Richard Kyle Gault (Snr)/Dick was Number 1 and One in a Trillion. ■

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## **SOME FLYING MEMORIES BY GEORGE OAKES**

It was February, 1954, and I was at Goroka airport with two other Cadet Patrol Officers, Max Allwood and Neil McNamara and we were about to board a Norseman for a flight to Mt. Hagen then on to Mendi. Only one of us could sit up with the pilot, Bobby Gibbes and I was allowed to because of my past flying experience.

In March 1952, I did National Service in the RAAF firstly at Richmond, NSW. I was lucky to be selected to do pilot training. Six of us were sent to Williamtown near Newcastle. We did our training on Tiger Moths at the old Broadmeadow field. Flying in Tiger Moths was quite an experience – no steering wheel (only a joystick), no canopy, no brakes, no radio and very few instruments and it was started by spinning the propeller by hand – however, as we were in the RAAF we had to wear a parachute. The Broadmeadow field was about 500m in diameter and mostly surrounded by a water ditch and power poles which when you were landing you had to be spot on to just clear the power lines in order to stop before you got to the drain on the other side. I believe the Broadmeadow field is now all houses. We all got solo after about 8 hours and did most of our solo flying over the swamps. Sometimes there were 4 of us flying over the swamps at the same time. We made a rule amongst ourselves that when you approached the swamps from the airfield if you were on your own you wagged your wings – if you flew straight in we knew there was an instructor with you. You would be surprised what we got up to when there was no instructor in the area. It was a real experience for us 18 year olds.

So back in Goroka I got to sit with Bobby Gibbes up in the front of the Norseman. When we flew in a gap in the mountains into the Wahgi Valley I could even see the eyes of the birds sitting in the trees only metres away from us. The trip to Mendi was a real eye opener to me of flying in PNG conditions.

Later in 1954, I went with Bob Cole on a patrol from Erave to Lake Kutubu then up to the Nipa area then back to Mendi. Bob Cole and some of our patrol gear and policemen flew on the first flight into Erave and I flew on the second flight with pilot Adrian Nesbitt. After we took off from Mendi we could see the cloud building up over the Kagua and Samberigi Valleys and Adrian became a little worried.

Anyway, we flew on over the cloud and Adrian and I looked for a break in the clouds in order to get down to the Erave airstrip. We finally got a break almost above Erave. Adrian side slipped the Norseman through the break and we steeply approached the strip. Adrian straightened up only a short distance before the strip and we touched it about 150m from the start then bounced in the air coming down again over half way along the strip. We travelled fairly fast to the end of the strip where there was quite a drop then Adrian spun the plane with the right wing nearly touching the ground and headed back up the strip before we stopped. Both Adrian and I were very relieved. We could see Bob Cole, Bill Brand the Patrol Officer at Erave and CPO Jack Battersby running along the side of the strip thinking no doubt that we would crash over the end of the strip. We unloaded the aircraft and Adrian took off climbing rapidly to get above the cloud for his flight back to Mt. Hagen. It did not hit me until later how close we were to a bad accident.

In early 1955, I was flying in a Norseman from Ialibu to Mendi with Peter Manser the pilot. It was a nice, clear day and after we had taken off, Peter put the Norseman on 'George' the automatic pilot and pulled out a book and started reading. I was having a good look around the valleys which appeared so different from the air. I said to Peter, 'Where are we going?', and he pointed to a big landslide in the distance and went back to his book. I looked around and could see another big landslide more towards Mendi and asked Peter if we should be going towards this second landslide. Peter looked up, looked around and then suddenly turned the Norseman towards the second landslide. No doubt, we would have got to Mendi eventually if we continued towards the first landslide! Oh, the joys of flying in the Highlands.

In 1957, I spent about 6 months supervising the construction of Nuku airstrip for a new Patrol Post in the Sepik District. I was bush camping at Nuku and got one break in Wewak after 3 months. Before I went to Nuku I was able to arrange with MAF pilots to airdrop to me about 2kgs of fresh meat when they did their fortnightly flight to Green River. The Cessna, or was it an Auster, when it arrived over Nuku would circle around about 30m. above the ground, fairly tightly, and then throw out the package of meat to an area where no people were standing then wave and keep going to Green River. Sometimes the package which had been loosely packed in a bag, landed in one piece while other times it would break open and meat would go everywhere and people would hunt around and pick up the bits of meat. Then a big meal of meat was cooked. The rest of the meat had also to be cooked quickly because of the heat – I did not have a frig. I found if the meat was not eaten within 24 hours it would go off. I did not have a cooler like my parents had in New Ireland before the war consisting of a hanging open box with wet bags over it.

After the meat was all eaten it was back to tins! It was always a special day for the people when the plane came over.

In about 1961,



when I was the Patrol Officer at Pomio, on the south coast of New Britain, we would go over to Palmalmal to meet the DC3 on its flight from Lae to Rabaul every fortnight. On one occasion the plane landed and had over 20 passengers on board. After the pilot had organised people getting off and on and unloading cargo for us they all boarded the plane to go to Rabaul. The pilot went to start the motor – nothing happened – the battery was flat. The pilot got out and asked if we had a long rope which the plantation manager at Palmalmal soon found. The pilot then twisted the end of the rope around one of the propellers like starting a top then got back in the plane and when he gave the signal about a dozen of us pulled hard on the rope – nothing happened. We then attached the end of the rope to the tractor and the tractor driver waited for the signal from the pilot and then drove as fast as possible away from the plane – the engine started to everyone's relief. Once the pilot got one engine going it was no problem to start the second. He was then able to take off for Rabaul. The pilot told us he had a party in Lae he wanted to attend. We people on the ground heaved a mighty sigh of relief as we did not know how we could look after over 20 passengers for the night if the pilot had to wait for another battery to be delivered. The pilot said no photos please, however, several months later I was sent some photos of what had happened. I had not realised a DC3 could be started this way.



In early 1975, we flew to Rabaul for the centenary of the Methodist Church in the New Guinea Islands. Edna's parents and my parents had been Methodist missionaries before the war.

After the function was all over we went to the Rabaul airport to get planes to take us home, in our case, to Port Moresby. There were lots of people from Australia and they were put on the regular passenger DC3's while those from Lae and Port Moresby were put on a cargo DC3. We boarded our plane and sat in the canvas fold up seats along the side of the plane – the centre section was for cargo, however, on this trip there was none. On our way to Lae we travelled through heavy rain for sometime. We had not realised that the roof of the plane was full of holes so in no time we all had our umbrellas up keeping the rain off us. It was quite a sight looking down inside the plane seeing the passengers with their umbrellas up.

Probably the greatest thrill I had regarding flying in New Guinea was when the first plane landed on the airstrip I was constructing at Nuku. The Cessna came through the gap and landed easily on the new airstrip and out jumped the pilot, Bishop Arkfeld, the District Officer, Fred Kaad and an airport inspector. The airport was immediately opened to small aircraft and after the fill had settled and some more drains had been put in I was told it would be opened to larger aircraft.

Anything to do with flying in Papua New Guinea is always an experience and sometimes dangerous. It has been an experience I will never forget. ■

## **MEMORIES OF THE 50'S IN THE MOROBE DISTRICT.**

**Leo Butler**

The 1950's in the Morobe District was a time of major growth. The construction of the Markham Bridge at Markham Point was undertaken by Hornibrooks Constructions Ltd and became a major contributor to growth. Director General of Works, Dr Loder, and the initial Regional Works Officer, Tom Passmore, later relieved by Geoff Griffiths, were involved in achieving completion of the bridge. This bridge enabled the closure of the slow and expensive barge journey between Milfordhaven and Labu.

A protracted and bitter battle ensued between the proponents of the bridge at Kirkland's crossing near Nadzab and those who proposed that the Bridge should be at Markham Point.

During this time Mick Leahy, a respected pioneer and explorer and a member of the Morobe DAC, was so disillusioned with the final decision that he resigned from the DAC.

With the opening of the huge Commonwealth New Guinea Timbers (CNGT) plywood Mill at Bulolo, the bridge was vital. This mill was opened by Territory Minister Paul Hasluck in January 1954.

Bulolo Gold Dredging Directors AW Austin and Lars Bergstrand were on the Board, with E M Hewitt and G Gummon representing the Government.

The opening of the Plywood Mill was another project that contributed to the end of the gold era in Bulolo. The great dredges were coming to an end of their commercial life.

Contributing to the development of the timber industry the Queensland timber firm Murdock and Murphy formed a company, South Pacific Lumber, and took up a lease in the Trans-Busu Area between the Bumbu and Bunga Rivers.

Murdock and Murphy took over Keith Noblet's Markham Development Coy's small sawmill.

Problems experienced with the Busu River caused difficulties with the sawmillers timber jinkers. Not to be outdone, Murdock and Murphy decided to bridge the Busu. Eventually these enterprising guys constructed a sound bridge across the Busu, much to everyone's amazement.

South Pacific Lumber then built storage facilities at Voco Point.

The new Hotel Cecil constructed on the site of the pre-war Cecil realised Mrs Flora Stewart's dream to re-establish a modern hotel in Lae. She was a pioneer of hotels in PNG having successfully built and operated hotels in Samarai, Wau and Lae.

Max Minahan was Mrs Stewarts designer and overseer and also a lifetime friend - and together they achieved the construction of the new Hotel Cecil.

Horrie Niall DC was, no doubt, of assistance in obtaining the necessary approvals and progressing these to building stage as he was a great believer in the rapid development of the Morobe District.

He was also a driving force in seeing Lae and the Morobe District become a hub for progress in the surrounding area.

The Hotel Cecil's 'Bamboo Bar' was a very popular 'watering hole' for many local identities of Lae and the district. One could enjoy a nice cool beer whilst listening to the many colourful pre-war and current stories of this tight community.

Mrs Stewart's daughter, Ela, married Jim Birrell, and Flora later married Leo Bowman – both were closely involved with the management of the Hotel Cecil. As well, Dorothy Stewart, a relative of Mrs Stewart also assisted.

Another development at that time was the eventual construction of a new hospital overlooking the flat which was completed in 1956.

Dr John Gunther, Director of Public Health, was involved as was District Medical Officer Dr HB Bruce.

A further development in Lae in the early 1950's saw Vacuum Oil (Mobil) build the first Bulk Petroleum Terminal in PNG.

The terminal was designed to service both the Morobe district and the towns of Madang, Wewak, Rabaul, Kavieng, Manus and Samarai.

The 16000 ton Tanker '*Lisford*' arrived at the Milfordhaven Wharf and discharged its cargo through a pipeline cut through the bush to the bulk storage tanks of the new installation in Air Corps Road.

Managers for Vacuum in those days were Charlie Heavey, Don Williams, and later Leo Bowman.

John Cooke, a pre-war veteran and a PNG Volunteer Rifles member, worked as an aviation refueller at the Lae airstrip.

Jim Huxley and wife Lee were residents of Lae and Jim ran the local newspaper. Jim was another pre-war veteran who served in the PNG Volunteer Rifles.

The Chinese community also contributed a substantial amount to the business and cultural affairs of Lae during the 50's and 60's and beyond.

Other notable personalities who were involved in the 1950's development of Lae and Morobe District were:

Arthur Ewing, Bret Bretag, Duncan Patterson, Jim Knight, John Hughes, Eric Wilson, Jim Jacobsen, George Spurrier, George Whittaker, Carl Jacobson, Bertie Heath, Bob Emery plus the Mayos brothers.

Bob Bunting, Lee Ashton and Keith Noblett were prominent in establishing and promoting the development of Lae and the district.

Andree Millar and husband, John, came down from Bulolo and were instrumental in the Botanical Gardens re-birth.

Tom Hilliard, Jack Rice and Kevin Hilliard were transport operators along with Keith Bradford and wife Alma. Keith took over the firm Lucas and Ducrow.

This is only the tip of the iceberg in relation to people who were involved but it was a period of rapid growth which continued on into the 1970's and beyond.

▪

# HOW TO COOK SCRAMBLED EGGS

Maxwell Hayes

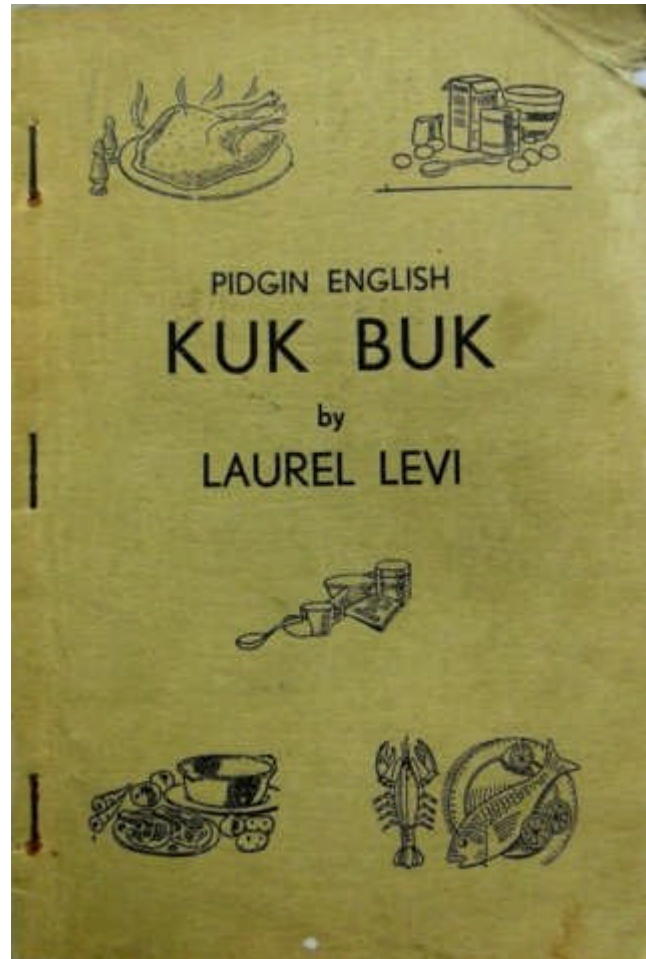
I never thought that I would be writing about a simple little cook book. But here I am and this is a little gem. On clearing out my library I came across a long forgotten pidgin guide for preparation of every-day food and delicacies suitable for the cook *bois* (sometimes *meris*) whom, in a long ago distant era, we used to employ.

I think that we probably paid about 2/6d for 'A *Kuk Buk in Pidgin*' by Laurel LEVI, published by the Methodist Mission Press, Mango Avenue, Rabaul TNG in 1964.

Laurel Roma and Ronald Herman Levi, were planters at Myuna Plantation, Kokopo. Ron, a RAAF pilot officer between 1940 and 1949 unfortunately did not live much longer, died somewhat prematurely at the age of 57 on 29 October 1965 and was buried in the European Cemetery. Laurel was connected with the Girl Guides and the forward to the book is written by the President of the Girl Guides Association, Vera Foldi, wife of John Rollo Foldi, the then District Commissioner.

My copy, much thumbled and stained, was an aid for our cook *boi*, a rotund elderly Namatanai villager named Butt who obviously liked his food. Butt's big regret in life was that the missionaries in New Ireland had outlawed cannibalism. After decimal currency came in in 1966, he came to us and asked if the old yellow coins buried in his village, Sohun, would still be of some value or whether they would throw them away. We then knew absolutely nothing about the earlier German Neu-guinea Compagnie gold 10 and 20 marks and told him to leave them buried. Oh, that we were bereft of the value of these gold coins, now exceedingly rare with a 10 mark coin selling at an auction for over \$20,000. When I get the time, I am going back to Sohun with a metal detector.

This little book of about 5" x 7", has a pale green cover and consists of 112 pages. Included are full page adverts from businesses we used to know; Rabaul Sports and Music Store; Elvee Trading Coy; Shell; Croyden and Viggers; Rabaul Photographic; Burns Philp and Co. Ltd; Rabaul Pharmacies (John Mills); New Guinea Coy Ltd; ED Clarke Chemist; Hennessy's Bakery; Rabaul Trading Coy Ltd; Andersons; Town Transport; Pings and Coy Ltd; Paradise Bakery; James Chung & Coy Ltd; New Britain Carriers Ltd; Kwong Chongs; AA Hopper and Coy; and Gabriel Achun and Coy Ltd.



Contents are listed under *Kai Long Monitaim* ( Breakfast); *Kai Kai Bilong Belo* (luncheon dishes); *Sos* (sauces); *Pis*; (fish); *Abus Nau Kokoruk* (meat and poultry); *Kumu na Seiyor* (vegetables); *Swit Kai* (sweets); *Keks na Biskit* (cakes and biscuits); *Diring, Kol na Hat* (drinks, cold and hot). There is also a *Skeil nau Mesa* (weights and measures); *Taim Long Kukim Abus* (timetable for cooking meats); and other directions. There is also a very comprehensive dictionary of English into *pidgin*.

Now turning to the recipes. *Kiau na Susu* (Scrambled eggs); *3 kiau, 1 kap susu, pepa na sol* (3 eggs, 1 cup milk pepper and salt). *Brukim kiau long sosipen, potim susu, na tanim wantain, putim, liklik pepa na sol, tanim wantain moa, kuk im long sosipen, tanim oltaim long pok, long taim i strong, tekewei wara long im, wok im tupela tos na putim kiau antap*. That should be quite clear to readers and I will not translate.

Then follows menus for bacon and eggs (*Paraim Kiau Na Pig*); how to take away the shell from boiled eggs (*Pesin Long Tekewai Skin Long Kiau*), and many other recipes for other foods and preparation.

In the 15 page English to *Pidgin* dictionary I found some words new to me, bacon (*pig igat sol*); berry (*pikinini bilong diwai*); colander (*besin I gat plenty hul longen*); double saucepan (*wanpela I sindaun insaet long arapela*); egg beater (*wiliwil long tanim susu*); stemmed glass (*galas igat wanpela leg*); octopus (*wurita*); and refreshed my memory of many other pidgin words long forgotten.

I have no idea as to how many copies of this very commendable book were printed but this wonderful little book, no doubt, took pride of place in many kitchens, being the first ever such of which I am aware. ■

## LETTER IN AN UNKNOWN HAND

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

When my late mother went into hostel care in 2006, my sister and I sorted through her belongings prior to her house being sold. Among her papers was a letter, written on both sides of lined paper with, in one corner, a sketch of palm trees over tropical water. It was signed - Paul Hideo Katayama and dated February 1947.

When asked, my mother explained that her older sister had left Australia at the end of the war for Rabaul where she married an army engineer who had decided to settle there. The occupying forces at the time had in their charge various POWS, including Katayama. My aunt had been given the letter by a member of the forces and as it had no military content, had sent it to my mother in Sydney, the idea being that my mother should try to sell it to a newspaper and then use the money to fly up to Rabaul to see my aunt.

Even then, my mother must have had second thoughts, and being reminded of it again, the question arose as to what to do with it now. I advised against trying to sell it at auction because she didn't need the money, but I was reluctant to send it to the Australian War Memorial thinking it might disappear forever in a filing cabinet somewhere. My third option, which appealed the most, was to try and

return the letter to Katayama's family; his wife, if I could trace her, or else a sibling, to provide them with some closure.

Soon after, I began hearing reports that Katayama was something of a cult figure in Japan, there had been a documentary on him and the AWM library had books on him in their catalogue.

Here is the transcript of his letter:

WCC Rabaul  
New Guinea  
21 Jan 1947

Dear Sir:

Allow me to write a letter so abruptly from an utter stranger like me. The reason why I have made up my mind to write this letter to you is simply because of my earnest desire to have you know my exceeding joy that I have discovered 'something new' for which my soul has been so thirsty these many months after this long and cruel war.

In other words, the whole story which Kurokawa told me about his happiness at your camp has lighted a candle within my heart. His stay has also deeply moved many of us Japanese and thrown us a great flood of light.

Frankly speaking, the conception of the Japanese here towards Australians have been much prejudiced by our extremely limited association with your people, for the very behaviour and act of the Australians have decisively built up our mould of idea about your people. I have frequently told Kurokawa that he will certainly see the best type of Australians whom he can meet anywhere in Australia. I am very pleased to know that my promise has at last proved true to him.

In this sense I share my present joy with Kurokawa in that he has also found 'something new' that released him from oppression of heart, from bitterness in the weariness of his imprisonment.

My present prayer in condemned cell is for the early coming of the day when we may serve one another in love - a love which is patient, and knows no jealousy, never haughty, never, never selfish.

I trust your generous remarks and kindness you have shown to Kurokawa and Kagayama will help the Japanese here build a new life of love in which 'the ills of this present time may disappear and the glad day of brotherhood and mutual service may dawn.

I shall be very happy if you would know my joy that you have won not only attention, but respect and reverence among us.

Thanking you from the bottom of my heart for the spirit of love you have shown Kurokawa and the cup of strength you have made to the comfortless and forlorn.

Yours faithfully,  
Paul Hideo Katayama  
Navy Lieutenant,  
Imperial Japanese Navy Reserve

To. Fr. M.G. O'Donnell  
Co Chinese Army  
(AIF) Rabaul,  
New Guinea

PS

I shall soon pass away in a couple of month. So I hope you will keep my letter and my name within you until the time of my departure, for it is not lawful to write a letter in this way according to the prison regulation. But as a matter of fact, I can't help expressing my thankfulness to you.

**Record of Military Court lists him as:**

Sub-Lt 1st Cl. KATAYAMA, Hideo (NB: in his letter, he signs himself Paul Hideo Katayama but Paul could have been a baptismal name).

Born c. 1917, he was a 27 year old cipher clerk in 1944 with no combat experience. Charged with Ensigns Toyogi Takahashi and Shigeo Nemuro of executing (beheading) the crew of a Hudson bomber, which had come down near Ambon on 27 March 1944. The crew being: Squadron Leader John Scott, Flying Officer Donald King, and Flight Sergeants Robert Maxwell and Keith Wright.

Katayama and his parents, who were killed in the bombing of Hiroshima, were Christians. He was demobilized in Tokyo and became the adopted son of Reverend Harada, a Methodist Minister for the Evangelisation of Japan.

He married Yuri, a Japanese dancer, and they were expecting their first child. He surrendered to authorities after seeing his name on a newspaper list of those wanted for war crimes, after consulting his aunt, Mrs Winifred Yamagouchi. An English woman, married to his uncle, a Japanese diplomat, she assured him that by giving himself up he could rely on being dealt with fairly.

Katayama was the senior officer at the time but his defence was he was obeying superior orders from naval staff Captain Kawaski and the victims had been given a 'temporary' court martial presided over by Baron Commander Masimitsu Takasaki. Takasaki was a Cambridge graduate who spoke flawless English. He was subsequently acquitted and the blame then shifted onto the junior officers.

Katayama was executed by firing squad on 22 October, 1947.

In the film *BLOOD OATH* directed by *Stephen Wallace* and based on the war crimes trials on Morotai, Katayama was called Lt Tanaka and was played by the actor, Toshi Shioya.

I wrote to the Japanese Embassy in Canberra, being fortunate in having a son-in-law who could translate the letter into Japanese for me. The Embassy was unable to help, but suggested I contact the Japanese Consulate in Sydney, which I did. I showed them the letter together with some background information and explained how I came by it. They said not to get my hopes up, as it was highly unlikely they would be able to trace any relatives and Katayama's wife may have remarried, or died. So I was delighted when shortly after, a field officer rang to say they had traced Katayama's younger brother to an address in Tokyo.

So I wrote and sent the letter, but before doing so, I made two coloured photocopies. One I presented to the Australian War Memorial, and the other I kept - in memory of my mother, my aunt, past attitudes and a POW I never met.

# MEMORIES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS – CELEBRATING THE 50<sup>TH</sup> GATHERING 3 June 2011



## **Standing:**

Don Fraser - PNG  
Peter De Cloux - PNG  
Jim Sinclair – Guest Speaker - PNG  
Vic Riddel - Australia  
Betty Lockley – Fiji - Vanuatu  
Ian Lockley – Fiji - Vanuatu  
Ken Roberts - Fiji  
Barry Smith - PNG  
Bob Cleland - PNG  
Bill ‘Ningi’ Sellars - Fiji  
Leontine Stephens Morris – Vanuatu  
Henry Martell - PNG  
Lynn Downie - PNG  
Sally Cooper – PNG - Solomons  
John Holland - PNG  
Doreen Macgowan - PNG  
Jenny Davidson - PNG  
Eric Cooper – PNG - Solomons  
Glynn Strange- Kiribati - Solomons  
Joe Mulders - Vanuatu  
Roger Strange – Australia  
(Name TBA)  
Kath Mulders - Vanuatu  
Jan Rebecchi – Australia

## **Seated:**

Pat Toole - PNG  
Pat Riddel - PNG  
Margaret Lawson - PNG  
Jan Sinclair - PNG  
Diana Martell - PNG  
Rob Parer - PNG  
Muriel Larner - PNG  
Joan Burton – Vanuatu – Fiji - PNG  
*Front:*  
Jim Burton – Fiji – Vanuatu - PNG  
Sean Dorney - PNG  
Ken Sellars - PNG  
Don Wright - Fiji  
Dr Peter Cahill - PNG

## *Not in the photo:*

Denis Baldwick - PNG  
Robert Blaikie - PNG  
Clare Chiverall - PNG

Attendance: 40

Group meets on the first Friday of the month at Toowong Library, 9-12nn  
Further information available from Jim Burton Email - [burtonjf@bigpond.com](mailto:burtonjf@bigpond.com)  
Telephone – 07-3376 3356 (leave a message if necessary)

# **MEMORIES OF WEWAK, VANIMO AND THE AUSTER CRASH of 1953**

**By Peter Skinner**

Whenever I hear the words Vanimo, Auster or John McInerney, I have almost instant recall to Wewak, March 1953, and being told by my distraught mother, Marie, that the single-engine Auster owned and piloted by Dr. John McInerney, medical officer, had crashed into the sea off Vanimo. McInerney had been killed and my father, Ian, at that time an ADO, was alive but badly injured. Also injured in the crash was ADO George Wearne.

Although the accident happened on a Sunday, March 1, I remember being called home from Wewak primary school and my mother told me what had happened.

News of the crash was also relayed to my older brother David, who was at boarding school in Southport, Queensland. He also remembers the moment well, being called into the study of the Junior School headmaster, Ivor Cribb, late at night to hear the grim news. Neither of us knows who contacted Mr. Cribb.

In Wewak, arrangements were made for me to stay with the family of Tom Leabeater, a kiap who lived near us, while my mother flew to Lae, where my father was to spend several weeks in hospital. During that period I had my own brush with the hereafter, but more about that further on.

While fatal air crashes were not unusual in New Guinea, virtually anyone who has ever lived there for any length of time will have known people who died in crashes. The death of John McInerney shocked the expatriate community. As I understand it, he had been the principal of a small family-operated flying doctor service in Australia but after a falling out with his business partners upped stakes and moved to New Guinea where he was medical officer, Wewak. He became something of a legend through his exploits in the little Auster J/5 Adventurer, registration VH-KSY, and was a popular New Guinea identity—one of those characters that seemed to dot the expat landscape in those early years in TP&NG.

Minister for Territories, Paul Hasluck, on hearing of the accident, praised McInerney as ‘a man who put his mission of healing above all other considerations and was held in high regard in his districts because of his readiness to respond to all calls.’

I remember McInerney being at our place quite often, one of the more memorable times being when he brought his three dogs with him, against my father’s advice who pointed out that our dog, Sam, a German Shepherd-Japanese Red Dog cross, was territorial and would probably start a brawl with Mac’s dogs. That’s exactly what happened. Sam was a bloodstained mess by the time it was over, but still standing and quite proud of himself. McInerney’s dogs were seriously mauled and had to be taken home in a Jeep. As far as I know, it didn’t cause a Skinner-McInerney rift.

It was during those years in Wewak that my father taught David and me to body surf at a beach that John McInerney often flew over. On one occasion he commented that if our father could see the sharks that frequently cruised up and

down just outside the surf line—and the occasional pukpuk—he probably wouldn't be so keen on taking his young sons into the surf. We continued with our body surfing and the sharks and crocs didn't bother us.

And while I don't remember ever actually flying with McInerney in the Auster—flying in small aircraft was reasonably routine and thus usually not memorable—my brother David recalls that he, along with both our parents, had at some time or other flown with McInerney, so it's quite possible I had too.

The British-built Auster was a three-seat high wing monoplane introduced in the late 1940s and its various models were used for a variety of military and civilian purposes. It was a popular and proven aircraft. The plane had a linear tube metal fuselage which was fabric covered and was powered by a 130 hp engine with a maximum speed of about 125mph, a cruising speed of 106 mph, and a range of about 200 miles. And Auster is apparently the Latin name for “warm southerly wind”.

I wish my father had written his account of Vanimo crash but, and mainly at my insistence, he told me about it quite a few times so I did get to know what happened, albeit from his perspective. Quite recently I have had contact with Graham Taylor who was a patrol officer in Vanimo at the time. Graham saw the plane crash into the harbour, sent out a Mayday call, and was involved with search and rescue efforts and the recovery of McInerney's body. His account of the accident and other circumstances jell with what my father told me.

Over the years I have read several accounts of the event, including one that said George Wearne was in the cockpit and my father in the rear of the plane. Another recounted that while McInerney was killed the others escaped with minor injuries. While I don't know the extent of George Wearne's injuries, I do know my father had three vertebrae cracked, came within millimeters of being crippled, and suffered chronic back pain for many years thereafter. As for the locations of the passengers—when the wreckage was recovered, the instrument panel had two large dents in it from the impact of two heads: McInerney's and my father's. Wearne, who had been sitting in the back, apparently was thrown out the side of the plane or had managed to scramble out a door.

Wreckage was taken to Wewak for examination and some months after the crash, my father showed me the window that he had escaped through—it looked very small, even to me. And after the DCA investigation into the crash was completed, he was offered the plane's instrument panel with its two prominent dents as a souvenir. He declined. In addition to his injuries, my father also lost two souvenirs from World War II—prized, very high quality German binoculars “obtained” from a German tank commander at El Alamein in North Africa and a wristwatch given to him by a downed American airman during his Coastwatching stint on New Britain in 1943-44.

### **The day of the fatal crash**

As Graham Taylor describes it, Vanimo is like a giant crab claw with a big harbour that is open to the north around a semi-circular bay. The Catholic Mission was on the western point of the claw and the Administration/PIR buildings on eastern. The airstrip was also on the eastern claw, a short isthmus with water at both ends—the harbour shore to the west and the open beach to Aitape eastwards.

On the morning of Saturday, February 28, McInerney and my father had flown to Vanimo, stayed the night with Graham and then, with George Wearne, took off for Wewak at about 10:30AM, Sunday, March 1. Graham recalls that Wearne was sitting atop his patrol box which, probably unknown to the pilot, contained a large quantity of books that Wearne had been using for a course he was doing. Consequently, that patrol box would have been far heavier than normal. And as Graham also recalls: "There was also the small matter of a large typewriter and a bag of sweet potato jammed behind the cockpit cabin sitting near the tail on one of the lateral aluminium frames, both of which would have contributed to a change in centre of gravity." In short, the little Auster was seriously and unevenly overloaded.

Graham told me the Auster had two doors and two seats—one on the left side for the pilot and one next to it, on the right, for the passenger. "The third space, where Wearne sat, was really just a small space behind the two front seats so that's why he was sitting unstrapped on a metal patrol box. There was a very small external access door in the fuselage midway along the pilot's side of the aircraft which served as a small compact cargo space for smallish bits of lightweight freight, like a mailbag. It didn't have a back on it so to speak, so anything put in that space could easily slide backwards along the linear structural tubes down the fuselage towards the tail and potentially destroy the centre of gravity of the aircraft. That is what happened because the bag of sweet potatoes and the old typewriter slid down and became stuck back near the tail," he said.

And, as later discovered, another vital factor was involved.

Unknown to Graham Taylor and the small group of people at the airstrip on that Sunday morning, John McInerney's young life, he was 37, was about to end before their very eyes. "I cranked the prop of Mac's Auster, waved them goodbye, and watched them career down the strip heading westwards across the harbour towards the Catholic Mission. Not far out—and at about 500 or so feet—Mac banked suddenly to complete a 180 degree turn to fly back over the airstrip (probably at zero feet!) and head off eastwards, back to Aitape and Wewak. Alas, in the middle of the turn the Auster stalled and plunged headlong into the water. "

Overloading was a principal contributory factor and, as Graham points out, Department of Civil Aviation crash inspectors also found a hornet's nest blocking the Pitot tube, a small and vital part that indicates airspeed. "So with no indicated airspeed, Mac was guessing his speed when over the harbour and turning 180 degrees," he said.

"Horried, I and others, including police and labourers, ran down to sandy beach on the western edge of the bay. We could see the tail of the Auster poking up out of the water a few hundred yards off the beach. Some natives launched a canoe, paddled out, picked up Ian and George and brought them back to the beach where I administered first aid.

"They were semi-conscious when we asked where Mac was. One (it was probably Ian Skinner) said Mac had surfaced, swum a few strokes, and then disappeared. We went out in a number of canoes, paddled around the crash site but could not see him. Later when the plane was pulled out of the water onto the beach we saw that the pilot's door was open, the seat belt undone, and there was a big indentation in the instrument panel and cowling where his head must have struck, " said Graham.

On board the Auster, the final few seconds of the ill-fated flight were, in my father's words like a slow motion scene. He told me he could feel the plane struggling to stay aloft, McInerney was wrestling with the controls and trying to turn the plane. What from the airstrip looked like a turn for a fly over was probably McInerney's futile attempt to get back to the airstrip and land. As it stalled and plunged into the sea, Dad told me that his last words to McInerney before impact were, 'S--t, we're going in!' He also told me that expletive was not to be repeated, but I don't think he would mind now.

Both of them wore seat belts but not shoulder harnesses and slammed into the instrument panel—thus the dents later found in the panel. My father was knocked unconscious and on coming to started trying to open the door, but as the impact was on his side of the plane, the door was jammed. Initially he was quite frantic, bordering on panic, but he said he calmed down, opened the window and squeezed through and got to the surface where he was able to hold onto the tail plane. He had a bad cut on his forehead and blood was partially blinding him but he had not swallowed or inhaled any water. Wearne, who was not a good swimmer—in fact, my father said he didn't think George could swim—was struggling on the surface.

McInerney came to the surface, conscious and able to make eye contact with my father who reached out to grab him but lost his grip on the tail plane and went under. When he resurfaced, and cleared his eyes, McInerney was gone. At that time my father tried to take his shoes off so he could swim better but excruciating pain went through him when he tried to bend—not surprising, as he had three fractured vertebrae as discovered much later in Australia. A native in a canoe was first on the scene but he refused to dive to look for McInerney, but he did paddle to Wearne and kept him afloat. And not long after other canoes arrived on the scene and took them to the beach.

Graham Taylor had sent out Mayday alert. “Oddly enough an off-duty DCA bloke in Townsville heard my call and raised the alarm. Some planes came in late in the afternoon and ferried Ian and George out. I went up with a Catholic Mission plane, a small Cessna that was the first light plane to come in after my Mayday call, and we flew up and down the harbour looking for Mac but with no luck. I think it was the next day or the following, either Monday or the Tuesday, when natives on shore spotted a body floating in the harbour. They brought it in. I took charge of it and laid him out on a table in the haus-wind at the airstrip. He was obviously dead and already decomposing. He had what appeared to be a massive fracture of his frontal skull/lobe,” said Graham.

My father told me that an autopsy revealed that John McInerney had drowned but he could not have survived his head injuries.

Graham concedes that some of the details of the tragic accident and the sequence of events thereafter are hazy in his memory. What he has not forgotten is the temporary coffin made from tea chests for John McInerney and the loading of that coffin onto a plane bound for Wewak. “We had to juggle the sawn-off coffin into the plane. I was lifting up at the lower end and as the boys lifted it higher I was drenched with fluid from Mac's decomposing body. It lingered on me for days—maybe weeks—notwithstanding scrubbing with Dettol. I have not forgotten that, and never will.”

### **Another Skinner mishap**

While my father was in Lae hospital and my mother was down there with him, I

had my own brush with serious injury or worse, actually one of several while growing up in New Guinea. Mrs. Leabeater, with whom I was staying at the time, asked me to relay a message to their haus meri who had set off on a walk with the Leabeater children. So, I hopped on my bike, a present for my seventh birthday some five months previously, and was belting along at a great rate.

A Mr. Gribble, who was slowly reversing a Jeep while talking to a group of road workers, accelerated just before I went behind his vehicle. My decision to swerve around the Jeep was not smart but I did attempt to ring the bell on the handle bar—but the top had been tightened. So, instead of a loud, shrill jangle, all that sounded was a muted, dull whirring. Obviously, Mr. Gribble didn't have a chance of hearing that faint sound.

I was a novice bike rider and was stupid to try to outrace a reversing vehicle. So, while Mr. Gribble undoubtedly was very upset about things, it was entirely my fault. My bike and I went under the Jeep, and I can still see quite vividly a rear wheel going over my stomach. Fearing the Jeep would keep moving, I pulled my legs under the vehicle and curled up into a ball to avoid the front wheels. On hearing, and feeling, the impact, Gribble had immediately stopped. By that time I was screaming my head off and he looked down to see parts a bike protruding from under the Jeep. I was lucky on several counts. I was a skinny little kid, it was a gravel road, the rear of the Jeep was relatively light, and the narrow wheel went over my stomach between my rib cage and my pelvis.

So, apart from gravel rash, a badly dinged bike, and one helluva fright, I was okay. Thorough examination, probably by Dr. Roth, showed that I was relatively unscathed. Mr. Gribble repaired my bike—no mean feat considering its crumpled shape from the prang—and all turned out well. I am not sure who broke the news to my parents in Lae but no doubt my mother probably asked herself: "What's next?"

A witness to my mishap was Marinus (Rinus) Zuydam, a well-known pilot who was later killed along with First Officer Brian Badger in the crash of a DH Otter on a ridge south of Togoba on November 2, 1961. Rinus couldn't believe I survived. He was sure that as the Jeep went over me, the Skinner family was going to be one fewer. A year or so later, when we were stationed in Lae, the Zuydams' dog was killed by a car that crushed its rib cage. Soon after, Rinus and his wife, Mary, were at our place for dinner and he made the sobering comment that if the wheel of that Jeep in Wewak had run over my rib cage, I wouldn't be at the dinner table.

No doubt most parents of kids who grew up in New Guinea have their own memories of childhood accidents caused by kids being kids, or of dealing with tropical illnesses and other inconveniences. However, when I think about it, my mother had more than her fair share of such things, what with a kiap and soldier/Coastwatcher husband and two sons who always seemed to be getting in and out of scrapes of some sort or another. It was quite amazing how she not only kept her sense of humour through it all, but also staved off premature greying. As for my father; well, he had survived more near-misses in times of war and peace than your average bloke, so it probably all seemed par for the course for him.

**(Note:** The author thanks the following for their assistance with this article: Graham Taylor, Bob Blaikie, Jim Sinclair, and Bob Bates. If any *Una Voce* reader has additional information about this incident, Peter Skinner can be reached at [prsskinner@bigpond.com](mailto:prsskinner@bigpond.com)). ■

## **BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON PRE WAR PAPUA and NEW GUINEA IDENTITIES By Philip Selth \***

**Jack Eric Daymond** was born in Launceston on 26 April 1904. He was an active sportsman, and played senior grade with the Launceston Football Club and pennant cricket with the Esk Cricket Club.

At the time a clerk in Melbourne, (he had previously been an articled clerk in Launceston), Daymond was appointed a Cadet on 16 May 1927. He was initially stationed at Nakanai in West New Britain, and then at Talasea. In June 1932 Daymond went through a marriage ceremony in Melbourne with Kathleen Ellen McGlade, although after his death it was found that at the time McGlade had still been married to Lawrence Ramsay; her divorce had not been finalised. (Mrs Daymond eventually was given an act of grace payment equivalent to a widow's superannuation entitlement.)

In May 1933 ADO George Ellis forwarded to the Director of Native Services Acting ADO Daymond's report of his initial patrol of the Gasmata district made in March-April 1933. Ellis told the Director that he was sure that under Daymond Gasmata would 'progress in leaps and bounds' and that 'the natives will have much to thank' Daymond in future years. Mr Daymond is keen, and given a chance in Gasmata I feel sure you will be agreeably surprised of his organising abilities'.

At the time of the Japanese landing Daymond was the ADO in charge of the Gasmata District. At Talasea on the north coast was Assistant District Officer Keith McCarthy. Both McCarthy and Daymond had made contact with Port Moresby when Rabaul ceased to answer their signals after the Japanese landed on the morning of 23 January 1942. The Japanese had not landed at Gasmata but Eric Mitchell, a Patrol Officer at Gasmata, had reported to Australia the presence of their ships offshore. The Australian radio service broadcast the message to the world. This tragic stupidity caused the Japanese to promptly land at Gasmata and on 9 February 1942 captured Daymond, Medical Assistant Richard Thomas ('Dickie') Squires, and a few days later Mitchell. The three government officers were taken to Rabaul; they are believed to have died on the *Montevideo Maru* on 1 July 1942.

**Frederick William Mantle** was born in 1884 in Magdeburg, Germany, son of a British consul. He claimed to have had the 'advantage of a University education' at Heidelberg. He went to sea as a midshipman in 1902 and obtained his first certificate in 1906, when he entered service with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. He was a junior officer of the P & O Company 1906-1916, resigning with the rank of Chief Officer and holding a Master Mariners certificate. He then joined the Army as a Lieutenant with the Royal Engineers. In 1917 he was Officer Commanding munition convoys between England and France. During 1918-1919 he was Port Officer at Naramar (Basra Mesopotamia) River Survey and Buoyage Service on the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. In 1919 Mantle was Embarkation Staff Captain at Amara. Regarded as a 'capable, energetic and reliable officer', Captain Mantle 'performed excellent service' during the 1920 'Great Iraqi Revolution' when he was stationed in the Lower Euphrates.

On demobilisation, Mantle joined the Australian Commonwealth Line, but in July 1924 applied for appointment as a District Officer in New Guinea. He wrote in his letter of application of 10 July 1924 to the Secretary, Department of Home and Territories, that he 'had considerable experience in administrative matters as well as experience in dealing with natives both Arab and Indian'. He had 'frequently worked in conjunction with the Political Service and consequently gained an insight into the ruling of natives and the working of the tribal laws'. He spoke and wrote German 'fluently' and had 'a good command' of French and Hindustani. When on leave in London in 1919 he had passed the Civil Service examination for the Consular Service but, so he wrote in his application, 'owing to the enormous number of candidates, most of them of high military rank', he had failed to obtain an appointment.

Mantle visited the Department and was told there was no suitable vacant position in New Guinea, although someone wrote on Mantle's file that he 'deserves a permanent appointment'. Mantle wrote again in 1924 pressing his case for an appointment. In 1925 he somehow managed to meet with Senator Pearce, Minister for Home and Territories, with a letter of introduction from William Watt, Speaker of the House of Representative, asking that Mantle be interviewed for a position on the New Guinea staff. In August 1925 Hubert Murray met with Mantle in Melbourne and recommended him for appointment as a Deputy District Officer. He was appointed as of 17 September 1925. His wife Dorothy (Phil) and their young daughter and son remained in England until mid 1926 when they joined him in New Guinea.

In 1927, when Keith McCarthy arrived in Rabaul, Mantle was the ADO, 'and he looked the part. His thick grey hair well set off his good looks and distinguished bearing', but what impressed McCarthy was the monocle he wore on a black cord. 'When Mantle screwed it into his eye he spoke with a voice that went well with a monocle. "Delighted to meet you McCarthy", he said. "Later I will introduce you to the club, where my vast experience will be available to you while we drink. You will have the opportunity of paying for the drinks"'. He spoke German 'even better than he did English'. McCarthy wisely declined to play bridge or poker with Mantle. McCarthy, looking at Mantle's 'white duck magnificence', asked about clothes, for he had no tropical kit. "Certainly", said Mantle, and he rang a bell. "I will send you to Ah Teck. He is very good and does not dun you with bills. Not that anyone pays his tailor"'.

Mantle served as ADO and DO in various parts of the Territory, including Gasmata, Kavieng, Namatanai, Manus Ireland and Aitape.

In 1938, having completed the course at the University of Sydney then undertaken by all Cadets, the newly promoted Patrol Officer John Murphy, was posted to Rabaul under the supervision of District Officer Freddie Mantle, who assigned him to establish a Police Post at Arung Bay in Passimanua on the south-west coast of New Britain, 'where the Kowlongs inland were causing a bit of trouble' Murphy noted in his memoirs that 'Freddie was an ex British Navy Officer, with two pretty daughters, Sheila and Robyn. He was a gregarious bloke but considered that Patrol Officers had to rough it to render themselves worthy of their later rank of Assistant District Officer and District Officer. Most Sunday mornings the Field Staff turned up at Freddie's place for a bit of socialising. I didn't drink in those days so I can't recall if any liquor was served. I don't think

any of us young Patrol Officers and Cadets, except [John] McLeod, grogged on much as a rule. All of us tried to sit next to Sheila.'

When war came Mantle, District Officer Grade 2, was a Magistrate at Rabaul having returned there from leave in November 1941. Dorothy and their children remained in Sydney because of the unsettled position at that time. Mantle died on the *Montevideo Maru* on 1 July 1942. Dorothy died in Sydney on 22 November 1982.

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Philip Selth is writing a biography of John Joseph Murphy (1914-1997). He would appreciate any help members may be able to give him to improve the mini-biographies above. Philip can be contacted at P.O. Box 1682, Lane Cove, NSW, 1595 or by email: [pselth@nswbar.asn.au](mailto:pselth@nswbar.asn.au)

<b>VALE - With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends</b>
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**Craig Andrew John SYMONS** (2 September 2011, aged 86 years)

Craig was with DDA, Dept District Affairs, from 1946-1974 commencing as a Patrol Officer and progressing to District Commissioner. The family lived in a variety of locations in PNG: Goroka, Minj, Pogera River, Madang, Bogia, Emira, Kavieng, Namatanai, Samarai, and Pt Moresby.

Craig attended the ASOPA Long Course in 1954/55.

Returning to Sydney in 1974 Craig became a lecturer at the International Training Institute, Mosman, from 1975 to 1992. Craig's wife Lynn predeceased him in 2005. Craig is survived by son Paul.

**Archibald Alexander DICKSON** (22 July 2011, aged 84 years)

Arch was born in Hurstville NSW and later trained as an automotive mechanic.

In 1952 he moved to Port Moresby to work for the Australian Petroleum Oil Company, assigned to a seismograph survey party operating in the delta area of Papua. On completing a two year contract Arch returned to Australia and joined a road construction company working in Central QLD. In 1956 he returned to PNG to manage a rubber plantation in the foothills of the Owen Stanley Range – 60 miles from Pt Moresby and three hours by road. As the only European in the area Arch had a contract to log timber and build roads. The labour force for the plantation, which included a small rubber factory, arrived from the New Guinea Highlands 30 at a time and were replaced after one year by the next 30. The house staff were Papuans. Arch also managed a small first aid post and had a medical certificate to give injections and diagnose and treat simple ailments. No electricity, no telephone and only monthly visits to Pt Moresby caused a move after four years. Arch worked as a motor mechanic in Pt Moresby and, in 1962, joined the PNG Administration working for the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries. As an agricultural mechanic Arch serviced equipment throughout Papua. He was promoted to regional mechanical officer (Papua) with an office in Pt Moresby. When the position of senior mechanical equipment officer for the whole of PNG became vacant Arch applied and was accepted.

Arch was an Associate Member of the Boroko RSL Club and a foundation member of the Bowling Club (he claimed never to have played a game). He joined the Freemason's Lodge in Pt Moresby.

Arch's work involved a lot of travel. He met his future wife, a nursing sister from Nonga Base Hospital, on a Lae to Pt Moresby flight. Arch and Joanne were married in Brisbane in 1972 and returned to live in Pt Moresby. The family relocated to Australia in 1975. Arch was offered and accepted a position of Head of the Development Engineering section of the PNG Dept of Primary Industries so the family returned to Pt Moresby in 1977. The work was interesting and Arch loved it. The family left PNG in 1980 and in 1981 settled in Kapunda, Sth Australia. Arch worked as a forklift mechanic for Kaiser Stuhl and then Penfolds in the Barossa Valley. He retired in 1992. He had an extensive workshop and became known locally as a 'Mr Fixit'. Arch was a foundation member and past President of the Probus Club of Kapunda. He was also a volunteer for meals to the aged.

Arch's health deteriorated and he was admitted to a nursing home in October 2009. He died suddenly on Friday 22 July 2011. Arch is survived by his wife, Joanne, children Paul and Sue, and one granddaughter. Joanne Dickson

### **Richard (Dick) Kyle GAULT** (3<sup>rd</sup> January 2011, aged 88 years)

See article page 44

Dick grew up in South Australia. He enlisted at age 18 with the RAAF on 20 May 1941 serving at air-force bases within Australia and performing Japanese air surveillance at Tarakan and Morotai (Indonesia, then Dutch territory) and Tawi Tawi Island (Philippines). After WWII he spent some time buying and selling war surplus eventually heading to Rabaul with the first group of civilians and starting a number of entrepreneurial vocations. He met and married Joyce Barry and bought '*Warenvula*' Plantation which was approximately an hour's drive from Rabaul and half an hour from Kokopo, on the lower reaches of the Warengoi River, overlooking the sea of the St George's Channel. Their three children, Richard, Roland and Ros were all born in Kokopo and enjoyed life on the plantation until a kerosene refrigerator burnt the house down in 1973. He built and operated a desiccated coconut factory at *Rapopo*, he financed a team of crocodile shooters trading crocodile skins, troccus and green snail shells (for buttons) but with his interest in machinery he went into the heavy equipment contracting, saw milling, timber exporting and veneer manufacturing businesses. He purchased two Japanese 120' fishing boats to start a tuna fishing business; he opened a sawmill (at Aropa) and soft drink factory in Kieta on the island of Bougainville. He also imported balsa seed from Ecuador and was instrumental in (inadvertently) starting the now booming balsa business in PNG.

From the 1970's to his departure from PNG upon the sale of his business interests in 1993, Dick's core business was sawmilling and export logging. When TPNG gained independence, both Joyce and Dick were amongst the first naturalised citizens, considering PNG 'home'. They had no assets outside the country. Dick was an elected member of the Committees of the peak timber bodies of Papua New Guinea, the Forest Industries Association and the Forest Industry Council in the 1970's and early 1980's, at a time when the industry was well regulated. He represented PNG on several trade missions internationally. His knowledge of the forest species of PNG was extensive. Throughout his life there were many laughs. He was proud of his family and treasured his friendships. He is survived by Richard, Ros and Roly.

Ros Gault

**Jeanette Rosslyn (Rossi) BARRAND, nee Thomas** (4 May 2011 aged 70 years)

Rossi was born in 1940 in Rabaul, the daughter of Theodore 'Mick' and Doris Thomas of *Rainau* in the close knit Kokopo plantation community. She started school at Ravenswood at the age of eight and she enjoyed her years boarding there, making lifelong friendships and succeeding academically. Following her graduation in 1957, Rossi travelled the world with her parents for six months. She accompanied her father in his overseas investigation of suitable cocoa strains for cultivation in New Britain. This began a passion for overseas travel, which she enjoyed throughout her life. Rossi completed a Bachelor of Arts at Sydney Uni, followed years later by a Dip Ed. This was the backdrop to her love for theatre, drama, language teaching and especially, a fondness for Shakespeare. Rossi's first marriage to Alastair Fitter was in 1963 and lasted for seven years. They lived in WA and then Tasmania. One of the jobs she was most proud of was being a Child Welfare Officer in Tasmania. In 1967 Rossi returned to Sydney, where she began work in the financial field. Rossi remarried in 1972 to Peter Barrand, an accomplished sportsman, and they had a wonderful married life for twenty years, living first in Kirribilli then Lindfield. Their first daughter, Lesley was born in 1975 and Anna followed in 1982. Shortly after this, Rossi's health took a turn for the worse with the onset of Lupus. This resulted in a long journey, battling many and varied health concerns for the remainder of her years during which Rossi showed enormous fighting spirit; tenacity and bravery as she faced one obstacle after another. She was sustained by her faith and enjoyed great fellowship at her church, teaching Scripture for a number of years.

People remember Rossi for her smile which captivated and cheered so many. She was always involved in many social activities, such as theatre-going, dinner with friends, playing bridge at the Queen's Club, not to mention her propensity for collecting animals and other things living and inanimate. Rossi referred to the family home as 'the menagerie' due to the array of pets, domestic and wild, that frequented the place. Rossi appreciated the beauty in small trinkets and treasures, perhaps a feather, a flower, or a shell from the beach. As one friend so aptly put it, Rossi was "...an ornament to our lives", with her sparkle and quirky sense of humour. She brought much joy into the lives of her family and friends which will be treasured forever. Rossi is survived by Lesley and Anna and her four grandchildren.

Dennis Doyle

**Kevin Robert (Doc) DOHERTY** (11 May 2011, aged 84 years)

Kevin was born on New Year's Day 1927 in Gordonvale just South of Cairns. After a carpentry apprenticeship in Cairns Kevin went to the then TP&NG in 1951, initially to Port Moresby and then on to Rabaul. He then moved to Talasea, Hoskins, Gasmata, Kandrian, eventually Kimbe. He then moved on to Bougainville: to Kieta, Toniva and Buka in a Senior Supervisor capacity. He spent some time in New Ireland and a little in Manus but generally commuted by ship and govt trawler and pinnacle to coastal locations. Kevin was transferred to Kavieng in around 1970 where he became a Senior Works Supervisor Carpenter in charge of many projects in Kavieng, Namatanai, Konos with a well-trained workforce comprising Tolai, Manus, Sepik, WNB, NIP and Buka workers.

Kevin also relieved in various senior District and Regional roles as Engineer, Provincial Manager and notably was Acting Provincial Manager 1986/87 in Lae, (Morobe) for some time between his other substantive management supervisory roles. If there were any hard decisions to make, Kevin was pushed by his superiors

into the role - he demanded and got building and other works to specified standards without exception. He gave the various stages of PNG development good value for money, was very well respected by everyone and a lot of his buildings still stand today.

Kevin was shot in a night robbery that went wrong in Lae. He lived for 33 years with shotgun pellets from this event in his lungs till his death. He retired from DWS in 1988, and momentarily moved back to Cairns but then he joined Willings and Partners to build an education complex in the West Sepik. He settled permanently at Cairns in April 1990. He still went back to Bialla to relieve someone for six weeks in late 1990.

Kevin was a keen yachting. While an apprentice in Cairns he built a skiff and sailed in regattas. He won several trophies in PNG yachting. His early Cairns history involved him in WW2 Cairns Harbour Defence. As a Cadet Naval Volunteer he would lower and raise submarine nets at the entrance to Cairns Harbour.

Kevin was a very keen club person, he had life membership of the Rabaul New Guinea Club, Rabaul RSL, Rabaul Yacht Club etc. He kept his various memberships going and he was a very honest person in all of his work, private and retired life. Kevin never married but will be sadly missed by all of those who knew him well.

Jim Van Der Kamp

**Dennis Leslie (Des) LARGE** (19 July 2011, aged 86 years)

Des was born in Brisbane and, during the war, served in the RAAF as a Leading Aircraftman. After the war, Des and his father were offered jobs in Port Moresby to help rebuild the town and they were among the first boatload of civilians to go back to the Territory, arriving between Christmas and New Year 1945. Des worked with John Stubbs & Sons in his trade of carpenter in 1946-47. His father started his own building construction company and Des went to work for his father at first as a carpenter; then as foreman and then as manager until 1955. At that time, they were working at the Bomana War Cemetery building the Rotunda and Memorial Gate and replacing the old wooden crosses with the standard stone headstones of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. Late 1947, Des met Betty Heape— she was 19 years old and working at Steamships Trading Company as a typist. Des and Betty married at St John's Church in Jan. 1948. They had three children all born at the old European Hospital, Port Moresby. Des took an active interest in the revival of post war scouting in PNG and was appointed as Rover Scout Leader of 6<sup>th</sup> Papua Group in Jan. 1951. He became Assistant District Commissioner for Rover Scouts mid 1954 and his involvement continued until the late 1960's. Betty was also involved in the Girl Guides. Des was a foundation member of Port Moresby Rifle Club in 1950 and remained an active member of the club for over 25 years. He was Captain of the Club for 15 years until his departure from PNG, when he was awarded Life Membership. Des was a member of the Commonwealth Games Committee of PNG from 1962 - 64 to get PNG recognised as an independent competing nation for future Commonwealth and Olympic Games. He was initiated into Freemasonry in June 1952 and was a founding member and master of the Port Moresby Lodge, of which he was a Life Member. Freemasonry was a big part of his life for the past 59 years.

After his father's return to Qld, Des eventually joined the Dept of Education as a Technical Instructor in 1961 and for the next 6-7 years, he was Teacher-in-Charge /Headmaster at various Vocational Training Centres. He moved to the Iduabada

Technical College in 1967 and worked as Officer-in-Charge of the Building Section until he left PNG. Des and Betty left Papua New Guinea after almost 30 years in May 1975 to settle in Caloundra, Qld. Des became involved in both the Caloundra RSL and the Services Club where he held executive positions for several years. After Betty died in Dec 2001, Des continued to live at home until a fall. He moved to Eden in Glasshouse Country in Beerwah early 2007 where he lived very happily for 4½ years. In January last year, he fell and broke his hip and gradually his mobility decreased. Des is survived by his children, Valerie, Shirley and Alan, 5 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren. He will be very sadly missed by his family and friends.

Valerie Thornton

**Frank George HOETER MBE ED JP** (1 August 2011, aged 88 years)

Frank was born in Tutwillia, Pago Pago, American Samoa in 1923, arriving in Australia in 1935. He attended Sydney Grammar School and, at 18 years of age he enlisted in the AIF. After WW2 he joined the NSW Police Service, was seconded to the Commonwealth Police Service at Canberra and later appointed as a Sub-Inspector in the Royal Papuan Constabulary and New Guinea Police Force (RPC & NGPF) in 1949. This became the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC) from which he retired in 1975 as Chief Superintendent. He served widely throughout PNG including service as Commandant of the Police College at Bomana. He joined the International Police Assoc in 1969, later being awarded Honorary Life membership. He remained a member until his death. He settled in Hervey Bay where he founded a chapter of the International Police Force. In his busy retirement he also served as the Deputy Director of the Wide Bay Emergency Service. Rotary and the RSL also provided a path of expression for Frank.

Frank served for over 20 years in the PNGVR. During World War 2 he served in several units including the 57<sup>th</sup> Special Wireless Group and the 8<sup>th</sup> Lines of Communication Provost Company. After discharge from the AIF in 1946 he enlisted in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Battalion CMF at Canberra. He joined the PNGVR on 15 May 1951 at Lae in A Company as a Private Recruit (this rank seemed strange given he was a Veteran). Frank was commissioned as a Lieutenant in 1953 and was promoted to Major in 1962. He was appointed Battalion Second in Command in the same year and relinquished that position when he was appointed as a United Nations Observer to Kashmir in March 1963. During his service in PNGVR he served as OIC B Company Rabaul, C Company in the Western Highlands and D Company at Wewak before retiring from the PNGVR in 1972. Frank received his MBE primarily for his service to the PNGVR. With Peter Harbeck he raised the Madang Platoon and was responsible for raising the Samarai Detachment. Frank is survived by Ruth, daughter Zandreen and her two children.

Bob Harvey-Hall

**Peter Ross WALKER** (25 January 2011 aged 76 years)

Peter was born at Ingham, Queensland. At age 18 he joined the Australian Army and served during the Malayan Campaign and with 2 Royal Australian Regiment in Korea. He served with the Commonwealth Police Force 6.5.1954 - 29.7.1960; with the Queensland Police Force 10.2. 1964 - 1.10.1967. He was appointed to RPNGC 16.11.1967 and served in Port Moresby, Daru, Mt Hagen and finally at Rabaul where he was one of the investigating officers in the Jack Emanuel murder. On the expiry of his contract a few days after Independence on 24.9.1975 he separated at rank of Inspector. After PNG, he bought a taxi licence, became the publican at Cunnamulla and later worked for James

Hardy. He died after a long illness at Everton Park QLD on 25.01.2011 and is survived by Marion and three children. MR Hayes

**Patricia Adelaide JONES** (18 June 2011, aged 83 years)

Patricia and Frank spent time at various locations in PNG, one of which was Wewak, where their first child Carolyn was born on 17 November 1957. On the 16 July 1960 Suzanne was born in Sydney. The family spent some time in Rabaul but the most vivid memories are from time in Port Moresby. Both girls attended Ela Beach Primary School. During these years Patricia worked part time as a legal secretary, but always putting family first. Frank had served with ANGAU, returning post-war to the field service. He became Land Titles Commissioner in Port Moresby in 1970. The family returned to Sydney in late 1972 after which Patricia worked at ASOPA for a number of years. Pat was a lady of great strength, kindness, integrity, compassion, honesty and love and will be greatly missed.

Suzanne Wood

**Delia Margaret NELSON** (15 August 2011 aged 95)

Delia Nelson, born Delia Daley in Melbourne, travelled to TPNG with her first baby Teresa, in December 1946 to join her husband Harold Nelson. Harold was employed by the Public Health Department as a Medical Assistant in 1946 at Goilala following his discharge from the Army Medical Corps.

Together they made their homes in subsequent postings. Their first son, Kieran, was born during their time in Maprik, then followed Lumi and Kavieng and the birth of their second son Damian. They lived in Sohano during the 50's and Wewak during the 60's where Harold was responsible for the Aid Post Training School, followed by postings to Mt Hagen and Kainantu to take up hospital administration positions. A similar position in Goroka at District level followed in the early 70's from which position he retired in 1974.

In their retirement they initially lived on Queensland's Gold Coast but later moved to the Brisbane bayside suburb of Manly in 1981, where Delia lost her beloved husband Harold in 1996. With a strong desire to remain in her own home and good physical health she has lived alone for the last 15 years with the support of family and aged care services. She is survived by her three children, eleven grandchildren, and eight great grandchildren.

Keiran Nelson

**John (JENS) SMITH** (30 August 2011) – further details next issue

**Bette MACARTNEY** (9 September 2011, aged 83 years)

**Joe MUCKSING** (15 August 2011)

Ever the quiet Gentleman. A Sepik Legend.

Joseph Mucksing a highly respected legend of the West & East Sepik Provinces passed away at the Raihu Hospital Aitape surrounded by some of his loving family. He had many offspring by three wives and they are spread throughout Australia and Papua New Guinea. Joe was born at Ali Island in 1936 and his father a Malaysian Wolung passed away during the War. His mother Maggie remarried to Pat Mucksing and they lived at Wirui Catholic Mission, Wewak and Pat was one of the best mechanics around.

Maggie came and stayed with us when the Aitape Hotel had it's opening in 1971. A delightful lady and in her young days very beautiful. She was of mixed parentage Wuvulu Island and Dane.

She was given a hard time during the War and told us she had to jump into an Aitape East Coast River to save her daughter Ann after one of the villagers had thrown her in. Joe worked for Collier Watson Ltd in Madang in the 1950s and later Burns Philp Ltd at Wewak. After hours he had his own band and was a very popular person around town.

About 1970 he went to Vanimo and ran a store there and eventually he purchased a store from John Allen at Aitape and settled there permanently.

I have known Joe for over 50 years and found him to be an honest, humble, kind, trusting true gentleman.

Unfortunately, by nature, a very trusting person and many people played on this and so he never made a fortune and I know many of the most important people of the Province who never repaid his kindness.

He was a most loyal friend and I salute the memory of one of the finest sons of East & West Sepik.

Robert L Parer

**Christopher John Thomas NORMOYLE**

(2 September 2011 aged 81 years)

Chris was a Patrol Officer with service dating from 11 April 1949.

**Marie Colbron CONROY** (6 September 2011, aged 83 years)

Marie Colbron was born to Marie (nee Brettell) and Wallace Colbron on the 21 Sept 1927 in Sydney. Her love of the seaside commenced from an early age while living at Bondi with her parents and her younger sisters Shirley and Ruth. Marie attended Sydney Girls High, completing the leaving certificate in the mid 40's. On finishing school Marie's first job was in the Solomon Islands working as a governess for a family. On returning to Australia, she enrolled in a BA at Sydney Uni as a night student while working in the Agricultural Science laboratories at Sydney University during the day. It was through her boss at Sydney Uni that she met her future husband Bill (WL) Conroy who was then working in the new Australia Territory of Papua New Guinea as a Patrol Officer and providing occasional lectures at ASOPA. Marie then enrolled at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital to study general nursing in 1949. It was during this time that the budding romance between Marie and Bill was established relying on mail and occasional trips to Sydney by Bill to undertake their courtship. Marie completed three years of her studies towards becoming a Registered Nurse when she married. At the time, married women were not permitted to continue their studies in nursing so Marie left nursing for her new life with Bill.

Marie and Bill married in March 1952 and moved to Port Moresby to live where they raised their family. Their first home was a paper house on a large block of land at Konedobu. Later a new house was built on the same block. Before and after children, Marie and Bill were part of the social life of Port Moresby going to various balls and dances. Marie took an active interest in the welfare of local women and supported activities at the missions at Hanuabada and Bomana and, through the donation of some jewellery, invested in the development of the mothers and babies clinic run by the Sacred Heart sisters at Badili. Marie also taught a number of the nuns to learn to drive and would recount the experience of being driven down Paga Hill toward the water at break-neck speed wondering if there would be survivors.

Marie, six weeks after the birth of her firstborn twins, toured the PNG archipelago on the *Bulolo* with her mother. Marie and Bill also took the young family on other trips including to Rabaul, Wau, and Goroka. On each of these trips Bill took the opportunity to meet the far-flung staff from DASF as well as plantation owners, managers and local staff. There were many picnics to the Laloki and Brown Rivers and Rouna Falls as well as to beaches such as Idlers Bay.

Marie was a member of the CWA and was the brains behind the design of a new school uniform that was better suited to the tropics which was created by Mrs Rolfe for St Joseph's Primary School in Port Moresby.

Marie and Bill retired to Avalon in Sydney in 1978, always maintaining an active interest in the welfare of the people of PNG through contact with various missions and making donations.

A funeral mass was held for Marie at Avalon on the 13<sup>th</sup> September, the first anniversary of Bill's death. Marie is survived by her children: Stella, Susan, Linda, Lawrence and Christopher, four grandchildren, seven great grandchildren and her sisters Shirley Hilyard, Ruth Tilmouth and sister in law Eileen Mason.

Susan Conroy

**William Brian SHERWOOD** (17<sup>th</sup> September 2011, aged 76 years)

Those who knew Brian in his 'New Guinea days', and many did, wondered at his obvious energy, drive and general zest for life....and what a life it was.

Life started for Brian in Shang-hai and then three and a half years interment in the Japanese Lunghua Interment Camp. (For those who might like more detail on this period read JG Ballard's best seller or watch Steven Spielberg's 'Empire of the Sun'. - Ballard was Brian's neighbour in the camp.)

Primary school was conducted in Shang hai travelling down the river on the ferry with his Chinese nanny. His secondary years were spent in boarding facilities in Guildford Grammar College in Perth where he bore bullying until his sporting prowess became obvious. In his last year he was appointed a Prefect of the school.

At age 21, he travelled to England; he squandered a largish amount of money (left to him by his grandmother) and he was forced to apply that initiative and imagination which was to stand him in such good stead in his New Guinea days – and beyond. He also met a South African femme doing her nursing training and spent most of the next fifty years convincing her she had accepted a fine offer.

An adventurous trip back to Perth convinced him that Perth was too quiet and he succumbed to an advertisement for a position with the Department of Health in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, then back to Moresby as a clerk with Health and off to Madang with Treasury. Once again the yo-yo took him back to Moresby with Taxation.

Those who knew Brian from the sporting aspect of his time in PNG could have chosen from Australian Rules (Moresby Demons), Rugby League(Hawks) and cricket (with someone and against Bob Hawke) and gambling (until Marina called a halt).

Marina also states 'Brian hated dishonesty and cheats. He loved an argument whether the topic be political, racial, religious or anything else likely to be contentious.'

Leaving PNG in 1968 the family settled on the Gold Coast after another stint in Western Australia. His love for the Brisbane Bears (and later Brisbane Lions) began on the Gold Coast and was a major part of life for him until his death in Bundaberg in September of this year.

*Compiled by Henry Bodman from notes supplied by Marina Sherwood*

## **WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS**

Mr J M PRIOR	12 Nonda Court	KARAMA NT 0812
Mr W SADLO	49/72 Glendower Street	GILEAD NSW 2560
Mr J R BIRD	PO Box 96	COOKTOWN QLD 4895
Mr D PARTRIDGE	Postnet 20 Loftus Street	SYDNEY NSW 2000
Miss B A CALCUTT	29 Saltwater Court	MULAMBIN WATERS QLD 4703
Ms A BORZI OA	PO Box 6179	KANGAROO VALLEY NSW 2577
Ms P A EARL	73 Fitzroy Street	TOWNSVILLE QLD 4814
Mr G ELLIS	17 Bangalow Street	ETTALONG BEACH NSW 2257
Mr A MIKUS	11 Bonnie View Avenue	HAZELBROOK NSW 2779
Mr R W SEYMOUR	PO Box 462	QUEANBEYAN NSW 2620
Mrs J BARNES	36 Campbellville Circuit	PELICAN WATERS QLD 4551
Mr W K REINHARDT	8 Elaine Street	BRACKENRIDGE QLD 4017
Ms J S CONRADI	PO Box 828	WAHROONGA NSW 2076
Mrs E ROBERTS	43D Chisholm Avenue	AVALON NSW 2107
Mrs S WOOD	75 The Chase Road	TURRAMURRA NSW 2074

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS – TO:**

Mrs M MADDEN	Aged Care Centre 730 Moggill Road	CHAPEL HILL QLD 4069
Mr R D DOYLE	20 Daisy Street	NORTH BALGOWLAH NSW 2093
Mr F E HAVILAND	17 Jedda Place	MONA VALE NSW 2103
Mrs J G LEAHY	Room 206, Lansdowne Gardens	
	11 Manns Avenue	NEUTRAL BAY NSW 2089
Mr & Mrs J A HAMILTON	Villa 207, Palm Lakes Resort	
	97-127 Hogg Street	CRANLEY QLD 4350
Mr J PASQUARELLI	C/- Curtain Bros PO Box 7488	GARBUTT QLD 4814
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Mrs G J JACKMAN	PO Box 605	GOODWOOD SA 5034
Ms D F GUY	1007/2 Springfield Avenue	POTTS POINT NSW 2011
Rev N A THRELFALL	Unit 91, Nareen Gardens	
	19 Bias Avenue	BATEAU BAY NSW 2261
Mr R F CANTLAY	PO Box 131 Trinity Beach	CAIRNS QLD 4879
Rev P R DILLON	30 Kangaroo Close	NICHOLLS ACT 2913

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.....

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I will attend the Christmas Luncheon and will have as my guests:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

If possible, I would like to be seated with \_\_\_\_\_

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Please feel free to make up your own table of 10.

For further details see page 3 of *Una Voce*.

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