



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

Note: Annual Membership List is included with this *Una Voce*.

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CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON –

This year's Christmas Luncheon will be held on **Sunday 1 December at the Killara Golf Club**, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara (Sydney, NSW.) Keep an eye on the **PNGAA Forum: Notebook** for further information which will also be in the September *Una Voce* with the booking form. We hope to see as many there as possible so put the date in your diary NOW!!

**PNGAA WEBSITE -
MEMBERS ACCESS HAS CHANGED**
Please see page 12 for details

Did you know that members can search and retrieve from archived *Una Voces*, 1978 to present? - now available ONLINE.



VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS

The annual spring visit to the Blue Mountains: **Thursday 3 October**. George and Edna Oakes at Woodford are kindly welcoming us back again this year. Full details in September issue.

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***for latest news, information and discussion, please visit the forum at:

www.pngaa.net

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**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF
THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA
ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC**

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 1386, Mona Vale NSW 1660.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: editor@pngaa.net By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$30. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

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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 include your initials and surname, and membership number if known (abbreviated to MN....) Also add 'SUBS' if space permits.

If you could also notify us by email

(admin@pngaa.net) that would be helpful.

When you update your email address please also send a test message to: admin@pngaa.net

Please also include your membership number.

Also, if you have a 'limit' on your mail box, it would help if you would please clear it at regular intervals.

Thank you to all those who do remember to send on their change of email address. This ensures you get timely notice of any breaking 'news'.

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MINUTES OF THE 62nd ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE PNGAA

HELD AT THE KILLARA GOLF CLUB, SYDNEY, ON 28 April 2013

Meeting opened at 11.40 am

Members Present (as per Attendance Book): Frazer Harry, Joe Nitsche, Phil Ainsworth, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Nick Booth, Andrea Williams, Julianne Allcorn, Pamela Foley, Pat Bradley, Stuart Inder, George Oakes, Edna Oakes, Harry West, John O'Dea, Ross Johnson, J. Lynne James, Paul Munro, Roy Ranney, Joan Stobo, Janet Dykgraaff, Barbara Groenewegen, John Groenewegen, Kevin O'Connor, Oscar Oberholzer, Elizabeth Thurston, Patricia Poircuitte, Jan Kleinig, John Kleinig, Patrick Bourke, Rita Uechtritz, Denis Chow, Susan Chow, Miles McKenna, Anne Collins, Margaret Shakeshaft, Mary Pulsford, Barbara Jennings, Ann Bartlett, Nancy Johnston, Rebecca Hopper

1. Apologies: Dennis Doyle, Gima Crowdy, Kieran Nelson, Keith Wall, Deveni Temu, John Mills, Amanda Warhurst

2. Confirmation of Minutes of 61st AGM – *Moved R Johnson, seconded G Oakes, that these Minutes be confirmed – Carried*

3. Business Arising from the Minutes: Nil

4. A/President's Report: The report was received with acclamation (reprinted at the end of these Minutes) – *Moved A Williams, seconded P Munro, that the report be accepted. Carried*

5. Treasurer's Report and adoption of Audited Financial Statements: N Booth presented the financial report for the year ended 31 December 2012. This included statements covering Income & Expenditure, Assets & Liabilities and the Auditor's Report. *Moved N Booth, seconded R Johnson, that the Financial Report as presented be accepted – Carried*

6. Certificate required by Section 27 (1) (b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 2009: R Johnson *moved* that the meeting authorise Andrea Williams, a/President, and Nick Booth, Treasurer, to sign the documents required by the Department of Fair Trading concerning incorporated organisations. *Seconded G Oakes – Carried*

7. Appointment of Public Officer for 2013-14: P Munro accepted the nomination to take on this role. *Moved R Johnson, seconded G Oakes that this appointment be confirmed - Carried*

8. Correspondence: M Bassett said that numerous letters had been despatched relating to matters described in the acting President's Report. The rest of the correspondence was of a routine nature and had been dealt with by the Management Committee.

9. Election of Honorary Auditor: Len Bailey, who has been our Hon. Auditor for many years, has kindly offered himself for re-election. *Moved A Williams, seconded S Inder, that this appointment be confirmed – Carried*

10. Management Committee of the PNGAA for 2013-2014: There were 10 nominations for 10 positions so a ballot was not necessary. The new Committee was announced as follows: President – Andrea Williams; Secretary – Amanda Warhurst; Treasurer – Nick Booth; Editor – Keith Wall; Committee Members – Phil Ainsworth, Juli Allcorn, Giminama Crowdy, Frazer Harry, Paul Munro, Deveni Temu.

General discussion: Nick Booth noted that at last year's AGM it was suggested that we might find a more suitable venue for our Luncheons. The Epping Club had been suggested as a venue however it had inadequate parking; therefore he felt we should remain where we are. Harry West also spoke in favour of remaining with the present venue which most members favoured.

Andrea Williams thanked retiring committee members, Marie Clifton-Bassett and Pamela Foley, for their many years of dedicated work on behalf of the PNGAA. Their commitment and contribution was greatly appreciated by members.

The meeting closed at approx. 12.10 pm.

62nd AGM– PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Ladies and Gentlemen –

Welcome to the 62nd Annual General Meeting of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia.

This AGM and Luncheon has traditionally been held the Sunday after, or closest to, ANZAC Day so it is an appropriate time to remember and pay tribute to all those who fought in Papua New Guinea during WWI and WWII.

Just this week the Government response was announced to the Report of the ANZAC Centenary Advisory Board on a program of initiatives to commemorate the ANZAC Centenary. Recommendation No 1 says that the Anzac Centenary commemoration will be built around two uniting themes including:

'Rabaul to Return, which will recognise Australia's experience in the First World War, from the little known first military engagement in New Guinea, through Gallipoli and the conflicts in the Middle East and Europe, to the under-recognised efforts and challenges involved in the return home of our servicemen and servicewomen and their re-engagement with civilian life;'

Besides paying tribute to it, how can WE interpret the meaning of ANZAC Day today? – it is in a shared community spirit – something the PNGAA can be very proud of.

The PNGAA now has nearly 1600 members and I am delighted to welcome some of our new Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society members here today (*and I thank Patrick Bourke for alerting me to the Government's response mentioned earlier about the ANZAC Centenary.*)

This year is an election year for the PNGAA Management Committee and two of our popular and long serving volunteers will be stepping down from it but, I am pleased to say, continuing in various roles to assist. Pamela Foley, who has previously held the roles of Deputy President, Secretary and Committee member, is stepping down after 32 years. It was Pamela who twisted my arm to come on to this committee! Marie Clifton-Bassett has had various roles for over 18 years – Marie has taken on Secretarial and administration duties in recent years but, prior to that, was Editor of *Una Voce* for nearly seven years. I know how daunting it was to take on the editorship from her at the end of 2003. Both ladies have been tireless and generous in their work for the PNGAA and continue to give, for which we are very grateful. We humbly extend an enormous thank you to both.

We are fortunate that Amanda Warhurst has agreed to become our new Secretary, that Keith Wall from Cairns has agreed to take on the editing of *Una Voce*. Frazer Harry, from Albury Wodonga, is joining our committee. He is also chair of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru committee.

Social occasions and our quarterly journal, *Una Voce*, have been integral to the popularity of the Association. You are encouraged to attend, to bring along friends, and to contribute entertaining and informative articles to *Una Voce*.

Juli Allcorn's energy and creativity in organising our functions is widely appreciated!

The Management Committee has enjoyed having input from committee members in various states over recent years. In an attempt to make this a little easier the PNGAA now has a teleconference facility which enables our interstate committee members to participate in meetings without the added cost of travel.

We are delighted that our quest to have regional groups, with activities to benefit more members, is starting to take further shape. George and Edna Oakes continue to open their home in the Blue Mountains each year for a casual and friendly gathering. Graham Taylor and Jan Kleinig organised another successful lunch in South Australia last October. Recently Murray Day, in Perth, offered to gather members in Western Australia together and the initial gathering is scheduled for 24 May.

Discussions continue with others who have offered to help out in this regard – we thank those who have offered and look forward to hearing from more of our members.

After the dedication of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial in Canberra on 1st July 2012, it was decided to integrate that Society with the PNGAA, to operate as a sub-committee of the PNGAA Management Committee with functions in conformity with the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society objectives - for example, for historical research and for educational and training purposes related to the New Guinea Islands which were affected by the events of the Rabaul and Montevideo

Maru tragedies in 1942, using the substantial balance of funds received from RMMS for these purposes.

The proposal to integrate the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society with the PNGAA has now been confirmed via a Memorandum of Understanding. The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society was initiated within the PNGAA Management Committee

in late 2008 under Keith Jackson and subsequently operated as a separate identity. Phil Ainsworth eventually replaced Keith as President of the Society and both contributed enormously to its extraordinary success. Now that its major goal has been achieved it is appropriate to integrate it with the PNGAA as a sub-committee to manage new and ongoing objectives. A separate account will be maintained for the transferred assets.

The Society has held an annual function in Canberra the last three years and will hold another on 29 and 30 June this year. Everyone is welcome.

Earlier this year it was decided that our treasurer, Nick Booth, would take on the additional roles being carried out by the Lindfield Executive Centre for the past two years. Whilst a business centre has provided valuable stability, it was felt that the Association needed to revisit the methodology and processes in some areas to ensure a tighter ship. In time the Management Committee may decide to revisit the services of a business centre to assist with the smooth continuation of services and to relieve the voluntary workload.

The functionality of the search and retrieval facility on the website has been made more interactive, relieving the workload on committee members. I thank Nick Booth and Ross Johnson for their vigilance in enabling this accessibility to members.

I also thank them both for the enormous time and effort put in to the financial affairs of the Association and I am pleased to confirm that the finances are in sound shape. I know that both Nick and I have been grateful for Ross' generous and continued support this year. Len Bailey's assistance is also appreciated. For a number of years, behind the scenes, Jeff Baldwin's contribution to the accounts has also been highly valued.

Social media is becoming more accepted as a means of communication and therefore a Facebook group has been opened - I thank member Kieran Nelson for his time and energetic assistance with this. It is exciting to see it grow with more and more people using it regularly.

During the year the Management Committee decided to send letters to all national Australian newspapers to remind them of our ongoing interest in PNG contemporary news. It also believes that corporate partners may assist our network in progressing the many civil links between Australia and PNG. If you can assist we would appreciate it. Members of firms doing business with PNG are encouraged to become involved in our Association.

Paul Munro has been of great assistance on the Management Committee in many roles including approaches to various organisations when this is needed. Often the time spent is not visible but highly valuable. At our last Management Committee meeting yesterday Paul was nominated as Public Officer, replacing Marie Clifton-Bassett.

Dr Peter Cahill has again put in an extraordinary contribution in documenting the many donations from our members to the PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library at the University of Queensland. The PNGAA Collection is their fastest growing collection. During the year meetings were held in Brisbane with the Manager of Fryer Library with a view to progressing digitisation of the collection, however this is not progressing as quickly as we would like. Early discussions of an online exhibition

founded with the cost. It has been clarified that Fryer could not undertake any digitising of material from the PNGAA Collection until Fryer's 2013 Insurance valuation is completed in September or October 2013. In the meantime Fryer is happy to undertake one-off projects.

Another sub-committee, The Digitisation of Material Relating to Papua New Guinea's History, is being established to investigate the scope and seek Government support for a digitisation project that would enable material documenting PNG's history to be made accessible to researchers in PNG and Australia. Various factors have delayed the start of this however we expect it to commence later in the year.

At the same time, and following an approach from the Management Committee to the Australian Minister for Foreign Affairs, it was decided to create a database of cemeteries and historical sites in PNG based on input from our members. Paul Johnson has agreed to collate this so please contact him with any information.

As mentioned in the March *Una Voce* several successful events have taken place – the Christmas Luncheon in Sydney with Dame Carol Kidu as guest speaker was a tremendous and very joyful occasion with great spirit. It was wonderful to see many faces present, some of whom we hadn't seen in some years. Many came from interstate bumping our numbers to just under 200 present.

A dinner was arranged in Brisbane in late January with Justice Logan speaking about his experiences with the PNG judiciary. Sean Dorney was our inimitable Master of Ceremonies recounting some of his vast and extraordinary PNG experiences. The next day members were privileged to be given a personal tour of the PNG Exhibition within the 20th Asia Pacific Triennial of Contemporary Art at the Gallery of Modern Art in Brisbane. This has resulted in other talks and visits. The exhibition was outstanding.

We are grateful to those who regularly support the work of committee members behind the scenes and are integral to the smooth running of the Association – to Ross Johnson and Ann Graham a huge thank you. There are several who have willingly assisted with *Una Voce* over the years – my special thanks to Stuart Inder, to Harry West, Ross Johnson, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Jim Toner, Jeff Baldwin and Liz Thurston for their many years supporting me in my role as Editor. I am delighted that others are now volunteering to assist too.

I feel privileged to have been supported in my roles on the Management Committee, as Acting President and also Editor, by a competent and hard working group of volunteers and I thank them all – Marie Clifton-Bassett, Nick Booth, Juli Ross Allcorn, Paul Munro, Phil Ainsworth, Gima Crowdy, Deveni Temu and Pamela Foley.

Following on Harry West's vision and the work commenced by Keith Jackson, who initiated the change in the PNGAA Constitution, we have been able to successfully implement some new programs. This augurs well for the Association proving that the change in direction was timely and proper. The introduction of new members to the Management Committee will assure our future.

Andrea Williams

PNGAA MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE 2013-2014

President: Andrea WILLIAMS (nee Coote)

In 2012 Andrea had the combined role of Acting President of the PNGAA and Publisher and Editor of *Una Voce*, a role she had held since 2004. She was a member of the team which included an extensive review of PNGAA's Constitution in 2009.

In late 2008 Andrea had a founding role in establishing what rapidly grew into the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society. The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial was subsequently dedicated at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra in 2012.



Andrea has a long family connection with PNG spanning four generations - her grandparents moved to PNG in 1918 and two of her three children were born whilst living there.

Growing up in the Witu Islands and then Rabaul, Andrea spent several years working in the airline industry in Sydney before returning to Rabaul in 1979 and managing a travel agency there until early 1985. Andrea returned to Australia in 1988 after living in Lae and Port Moresby. Enjoying several return visits, Andrea walked the Kokoda Track in 2005 and has visited Rabaul since for the PNG National Game fishing

Titles, for the 70th Anniversary of WWII commemoration in Rabaul in 2012 and for a family holiday.

Andrea has been involved with many community based activities concerned with education, sport and the environment and enjoys social occasions with family and friends.

Committee Members PNGAA 2013-14 (continued)

Secretary: AMANDA WARHURST

Born in Sydney in 1961 and the youngest of four daughters of Darryl and Norma Warhurst. After being home schooled by her mother to the age of 12 returned to Australia to attend school in Armidale and then onto Sydney for the completion of her Higher School education. Amanda is currently in Retail Shopping Centre



Management and has been for the past 33 years and is based in a large Regional Shopping Centre in the Northwest of Sydney. Amanda also lives in the North West District of Sydney, and has a daughter and 2 granddaughters. Apart from family, Amanda enjoys being involved with work and local community events and strives to make these events a success and to contribute as much as time permits.

Amanda's parents resided in PNG for over 30 years and during this time managed plantations primarily in Kavieng/East New Britain and Bougainville before returning to Australia in 1984. During this time Amanda grew up living amongst the local population and integrated with the local community. Many valuable friendships were grounded and values set during the important growing up years in PNG hence the great interest in being involved with the PNGAA to ensure that the history and friendships are continued and to help encourage the existing generations maintain a lasting history.

Amanda is looking forward to being involved and supporting the future of the Association and rekindling old friendships and generating new PNGAA members.

Treasurer and PNGAA.net Webmaster: NICK BOOTH

Nick spent his childhood in London, leaving in 1962 when his father was appointed the first Director of the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service in PNG. After three months in Port Moresby, he was sent off to Brisbane for his final year of school, and returned to PNG only briefly during school or university vacations.



After dropping out of university and spending seven years as a partner in a printing business in Brisbane, he was appointed Publications Officer at the University of New England and spent the rest of his working life in higher education administration, ending in a senior position in the Planning area of UTS.

His association with the PNGAA started in 2008, when he was asked to take over the management of the web site, which has since more than doubled in size. He became Treasurer though making an incautions offer to take on the position.

Committee: JULIANNE ROSS ALLCORN (PNGAA Events Coordinator)
L.I.S.T.D., Diploma in Colour & Design, Diploma in Visual Arts
ARTIST and ART TEACHER

Born in Rabaul, PNG, 1960 to Barbara and Ross Jennings.

Spent my childhood growing up and enjoying the richness of developing an



imagination where TV was not part of life. The joy of discovering the wealth of colour on both land and in the sea will always be an inspiration for me.

Boarded at Wenona North Sydney and studied Art at The Shillito Design School, School of Visual Arts, and classical ballet at The Australian Academy of Ballet

Now resides in Roseville, Sydney.

Teaches art at John Colet School, Belrose and privately in her studio at Roseville and at Strathfield Picture Framers, Enfield. I have been privileged to be part of the dynamic team that is the PNGAA and look forward to creating some exciting events.

Committee: FRAZER HARRY

I'm very happy to be part of the PNGAA Management Committee, getting to know a wonderful group of people who all share a common interest. In the last few years I've been involved with the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, which partly stems from my family involvement with Rabaul and ENB.

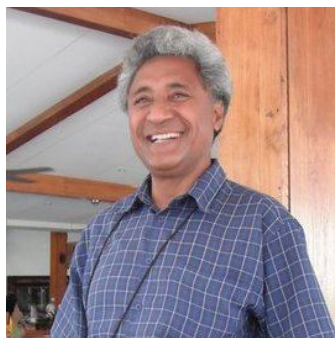


My father, Bill Harry, was a member of the 2/22 Battalion based in Rabaul in 1942, and post-war remained involved with the country with work for a time, and through the RSL and associated projects afterwards. My mother Ruth was a teacher at Malabunga, just out of Rabaul, in the late '60s.

Through my childhood we often returned to Rabaul for extended holidays, and now I try to do the same with my young family. Friendships and associations grow, connections are made, here we are! We still have a bit to do on the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru side of things, finalizing what that 'group' will be focusing on from here, which will be interesting and I'm sure worth-while.

I currently live in Albury Wodonga with my young family, working in the local region.

Committee: DEVENI TEMU



Deveni, from Kapari Viriolo villages of Marshall Lagoon, Central Province, was University Librarian, Matheson Library of the PNG University of Technology, Lae from 1988 to mid-1993. June 1993 he was Chief Librarian of the Noumea based South Pacific Commission library, now renamed Pacific Community. After six delightful years in New Caledonia, Deveni and his family moved to Canberra in mid-1999. He is currently the Pacific Librarian and Information Access Coordinator at the Australian National University. Deveni speaks Aroma, Hula, Motu, Tok Pisin and some Roro.

Committee: PAUL MUNRO LLB (Syd)



Paul was a lawyer with the Public Solicitor's Office in Port Moresby and Rabaul from 1961-1966; and Industrial Advocate for the PNG PSA in Port Moresby 1966-1968. He travelled extensively around PNG, for the most part as defence counsel in prosecutions of indigenes for indictable offences. He appeared with Bob Hawke for the PSA in the Local Officers case in 1966-7.

He returned to Australia in 1968. His later career included legal practice in Melbourne and Sydney; periods of service as a national public sector union official, and as a member of the ACTU Executive. He was a member of the 1974-1976 Coombs Royal Commission on Australian Government Administration, and later of the Administrative Review Council. From 1986 to 2004, as Justice Munro, he was a member of the Australian Industrial Relations Commission (the AIRC). Since retiring from the AIRC, Paul has been Patron of the NSW Industrial Relations Society and is a member of the Executive of the Australian Institute of Employment Rights. He has been a member of PNGAA since about 1998, and joined the Committee in 2010. He lives in Sydney with his wife Jane; they have one son.

Committee: PHIL AINSWORTH



Phil, from Brisbane, was appointed to the TPNG public Service in 1960 as a cartographer with the Forestry Dept in Port Moresby. After completing his Economics Degree he worked as an Economist in the National Planning Office. Phil and his family returned to Brisbane in 1981.

He is currently foundation Managing Director of King & Co Property Consultants, a specialist industrial agency. He also has other business interests.

He was called up for National Service in 1955 and was commissioned just prior to his appointment to TPNG. He transferred to PNGVR attaining the rank of Captain before transferring to the Reserve of Officers in 1968.

Phil married Joan Decker in 1960 and their three daughters, Catherine, Barbara and Dianne were born in TPNG. Dianne was killed in the 1997 Thredbo tragedy and Joan died early 2012.

Phil was a founding member of the NGVR/PNGVR Association and became President after the death of Harry Green, a position he presently retains.

Phil became involved in the budding Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society and became President in early 2011, a position he will relinquish when the Society is disbanded this year. He has been a committee member of the PNGAA since 2010.

Committee: Giminama CROWDEY



Gima is from Paramana and Irupara villages in Central Province. I have been living in Sydney and the Central Coast for the last 13 years. I am also involved with the Sydney PNG Wantok club that has contact with the wider PNG community in NSW. I used to play netball for Papua New Guinea, and am still heavily involved in the sport as a coach and player (veteran!) both in Sydney and PNG. I am privileged to be involved with the PNGAA as a committee member.

Tingting tasol 



From the editor:

Welcome to the June 2013 edition of Una Voce.

I am most honoured to have been confirmed as the editor at the recent AGM, and as such, I am no longer acting. I am most encouraged by receiving many emails of support, and hope that I can keep up the expectations of our members. After thinking you have done all there is to do in editing such a journal, every time I check, I find more areas that can be improved upon.

One howler slipped through in the March edition. It was ably picked out by an astute reader who pointed out that one cannot travel by boat to Telefomin (UV Mar 2013 Pp49). After I checked the original copy and on what date it was written, I found that it was not written on April Fool's day. There is certainly no navigable river in the region, and there was no obvious typographical error.

How did it happen? Was I just trying to see who was alert? None of the above was the final verdict. One just needs to be more vigilant.

I have had some difficult editorial decisions to make and unfortunately have had to move some content to the September issue. The content of submitted articles is very high and there are many stories being presented and await to be told.

The rate of change in Papua New Guineas political, business and social news is always most vibrant, and certainly not as negative as the doomsayers will have you believe. I have included a story (courtesy of Malum Nalu) in this issue relating to a most extraordinary achievement of the Narara family, in the highly technical and professionally demanding area of modern international aviation.

Hopefully the stories that have a positive impact on modern day PNG can provide motivation for the next generations and thereby overtake the negatives.

Remember that what you think and remember as being ordinary and not worth a mention now, is really the futures history. It is still all history, whether recent or past, and is waiting to be eagerly read by someone else. If your article is not in this edition, it will be in the next.

Looking ahead to the September Una Voce; in the pipeline, is the continuation of John Robbins "Early days of flying" stories, some incredible narratives from John Stuntz, and others like them that do not deserve to be trimmed down in size. Some will be presented over several issues.

There are also some stories from the pages of the legal history of PNG, that may steer and influence future legal decisions, on issues that are current today.

I have an article that nears completion relating to the major grounding of the large coastal freighter Waigani Express.

That accident had the potential to destroy the reefs, marine life and coastal villages from Milne Bay to the Gulf province. Lessons from the relatively recent past that have yet to be learnt.

New password for members' area on web site

The PNGAA web site has an area reserved for members, containing all the past issues of *Una Voce*, together with some material that the contributors asked should be restricted to members.

From 1 July, the password for this area on the PNGAA web site will be changed. The information needed to gain access to this area will be:

User Name: **pngaa**
Password: **keepout**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Myra Macey (Nee Kennedy) writes -

The *Australia Day* weekend was a PNG one for us in Hobart. In the Weekend Australian we read that Prof. Ian Maddocks was *Senior of the year* and that Sir Barry Holloway had died and was to be buried in Kimberley, Tasmania.

On Sunday afternoon, relaxed in scruffy attire I answered the doorbell to a surprise greeting from Sir Moi Avei and Lady Ravu escorted by Launceston ex-kiap Arthur Smedley. On Saturday they had attended Barry's funeral, and being Moi's first visit to Tasmania he was determined, with Arthur's help, to visit us. A line from an old song is appropriate – *If I knew you were coming I'd've baked a cake* - (as well as a bit of dusting and sprucing up), but Moi wanted it to be a surprise and it sure was! I managed to produce refreshments but what mattered was trying to catch up in a couple of hours, on almost 40 years of *do you remember ... and what happened to so and so...*, while Ravu recorded it all on her i-pad, so that back in Boera village the Avei clan would join us in those precious reminiscences. They had a late afternoon plane to catch so I accompanied them to the airport to get more time with them.

During the 1960s, Moi's family were my neighbours on Gemo Island, his father Avei Ua being my colleague and Senior Medical Orderly at the hospital. Moi was pursuing his education in Queensland and the Gemo community was proud of his achievements. Gemo closed in 1974 and I followed his career with interest but we had not met since Rod and I left PNG in 1982. We have corresponded since 2009, when Moi was helpful in promoting my book in PNG, - *Gemo, and Memories of a Happy Island in the Sun*.

Tassie had quite an influx of PNG visitors that weekend. Joe Holloway took some Highlanders to visit Rick and Lynn Giddings our Premier's parents. Two weeks ago while driving north we diverted through the tiny hamlet of Kimberley and paid our respects to Barry's freshly dug grave beside his parents.

Wilhelm Speldewinde writes -

My apologies to start with an enquiry but, has a decision been made to cease sending Members an electronic copy of *Una Voce* if they already receive a "paper version"? Under Andrea's reign I used to receive both an electronic and paper copy. The latter to go into my personal archives to savour at a later date and the electronic version to send on to friends exhorting them to join the Association – with some success in the past. The paper version of *Una Voce* arrived a couple of weeks ago but, to date, no electronic version yet. Is it possible to receive an electronic version at your convenience? *Ed: We are updating the database for members who wish to receive Una Voce in electronic format. If you have not received a copy, or wish to receive a copy by email, please advise me at editor@pngaa.net*

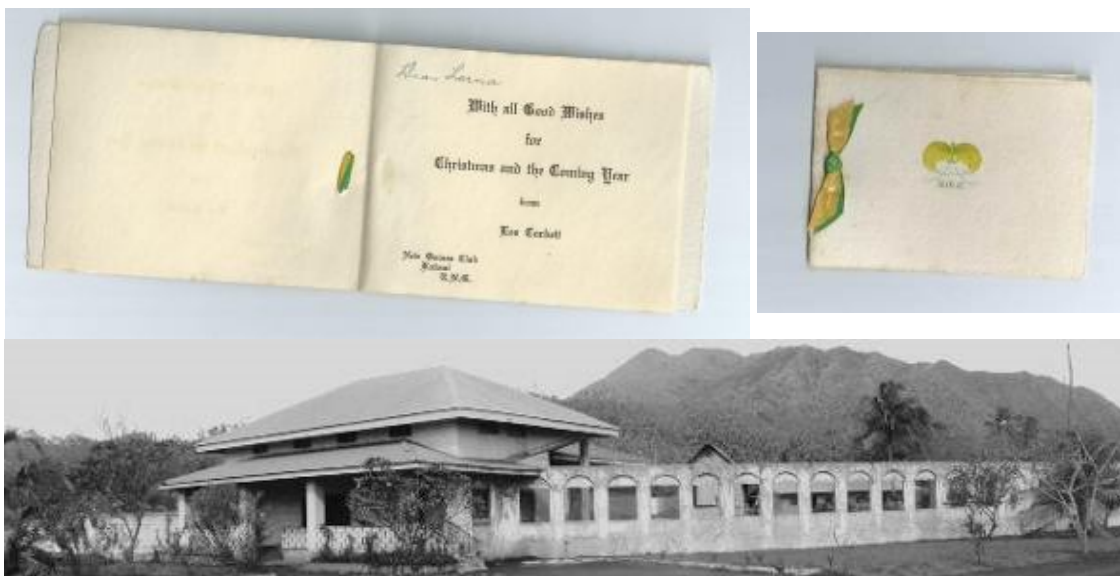
Colleen Neville writes -

In November eight of my family flew to Alotau in Milne Bay and with 50 other guests sailed to Doini Island for my son Robert and Catherine's wedding. Being married on the jetty beautifully decorated with tropical flowers and surrounded by turquoise waters was quite magical. After a few days of fun the family flew to Mendi to deliver seven bags of toys baby jumpers, beanies and blankets which friends and family and I had knitted for Mendi and Tari hospitals. We also visited Sister Gaudentia's HIV Aids Clinic at the Catholic Mission in Mendi. After Sunday Mass there was a memorial service for Ron at his graveside at Kiburu Lodge owned by Frances Awesa who has a well-deserved Portfolio in the Government. He has been a family friend since he was a child and he and Rita have named their baby Colleen. Dozens of dear old Meris sat on the ground and sang songs for Ron in their local language. Ron's resting place is beside a man-made lake and so beautiful as the early morning sun shines through the mist over the lake.



Terry Needham writes

I have been handed an old Xmas card (Rabaul New Guinea Club) sent by Mr Les Corbett (manager of a large store in Rabaul) to a Lorna (who is the mother of a friend of mine). It must be old as it has TNG on it (maybe early 1950's).

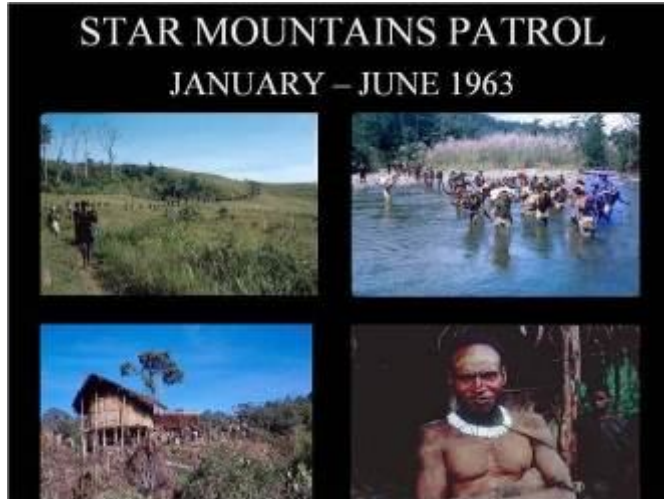


Rabaul New Guinea Club photo courtesy Rabaul Historical Society

John Groenewald (Hermanus, South Africa) writes

I have recently found your website by doing an internet search for Des Fitzer who led the Star Mountains Patrol in 1963. Sadly I found that Des had passed away in 2006.

I am the surveyor who was seconded from the Dept. of National Mapping to



accompany Des and Ross Henderson on that patrol. The reason for sending this mail is to enquire whether your organisation would be interested in copies from a day-by-day diary I kept on the patrol and a series of photographs I took covering the experiences we had. These are digitised images I made from the original slides and comprise about 131MB of data. I attach a few examples most of which include Des.

I am from South Africa and went to work on the Snowy Mountains Scheme in 1961 transferred to Natmap in 1963 and returned to South Africa in 1964. Here I have been in private practice as a land surveyor and will retire at the end of this month when I turn 75.

Should you have any contact details for Ross Henderson or Des's son Peter (who I see wrote the obituary) please let me have them.

Ed: John has kindly forwarded his compiled data to PNGAA collection. Attached are some of his photographs.



Departing Kiunga



D. Fitzer, R. Henderson, J. Groenewald

Help Wanted

Glenda Schofield is seeking to purchase a copy of book entitled "*Our Time but not Our Place*" Published in 1993 ISBN 0-522-84563-0 Glenda has tried all the normal internet search resources and has had no success. She can be contacted on 0266895248 or email jsc43219@bigpond.net.au

THE DRUM MAJOR

By Chips Mackellar

I would like to add to the valedictory of Des Fitzer, delivered in the September 2006 edition of *Una Voce*, by his son Peter, who mentioned that in his final year at Kings School, Des was Drum Major of the Kings School Cadet Corps Band.

Peter would never have seen his father in this capacity, because at that time of course, Peter had not then yet been born. But to his contemporaries at Kings School amongst whom I was privileged to be one, Des is still remembered as its most famous Drum Major.

What made him famous was his incredible agility with the drum major's mace. Traditionally, in all marching bands, the mace is used to signal orders, a very necessary form of communication when verbal orders cannot be heard by the band above the sound of its music. Between signals though, the mace is carried as a sort of swagger stick, sometimes with varying degrees of flamboyance.

To this day, the Scots College Pipes and Drums are a most impressive sight during Sydney Anzac Day parades, with four Drum Majors in line abreast swinging their maces in unison, but when Des Fitzer was the Kings School Drum Major, he added to the marching band scene a new dimension which has not been seen since then. He learned to toss the mace in a manner never used in the British tradition but sometimes seen with American style marching bands. How he learned to do this, we will never know but Des could toss the mace into the air, where it would fly end over end in a graceful arc.

Of course, while the mace was in the air, the marching band kept marching. So the trick was not only to toss the mace upwards, but also to project it forward to where the marching band would be when the mace descended, and to catch it then and there, several yards ahead from where it had been launched into the air. Des could do this without missing a stride. The Corps Commander at Kings put up with these antics on the Kings School parade ground, but although no one had ever seen Des miss a catch, he was forbidden to perform this routine in public, lest the mace fall into the crowd and hurt someone, or horror of all horrors, it fall to the pavement and be damaged.

But when leading the Kings School band on Anzac Day 1951, Des could not resist the urge, and in front of thousands of people lining the streets in Sydney, he tossed the mace. The band marched on with its drum major temporarily without a mace, because it was twirling end over end, high above his head. The crowd was amazed, with many ooohs and aaahs and gasps of disbelief and bursts of loud applause when Des caught the mace without missing a step. Des repeated this performance throughout this march; a miracle which his Kings School contemporaries remember to this day, and forever after, amongst these contemporaries, Des was always referred to as "The Drum Major."

The diligence and skill with which Des handled the mace accompanied him in his long and distinguished career in Papua New Guinea. He served there for 42 years, retiring in 1996 and only then because of ill health. So farewell Des Fitzer OBE, the last Australian District Commissioner in Papua New Guinea, the last Australian Departmental head, and Kings School's most famous Drum Major. ■

Website Walkabout:

- For a copy of the 7NEWS report on the passing of Matt Foley, go to web address <http://au.news.yahoo.com/video/queensland/watch/63a9addb-c7e1-330b-8aae-b7439637382b/world-war-ii-hero-passes-away/>
- From Peter Milburn: **A new memorial to honour World War II veterans who fought along the Kokoda Track has been unveiled in Melbourne's Dandenong Ranges.**



A special wreath-laying ceremony was held at the Kokoda Memorial Wall this morning honouring the 624 Australian troops who died in the initial onslaught, as well as the Papua New Guinean guides who supported the troops.

Victoria's Environment Minister Ryan Smith says it is important to honour the people who served on the Kokoda campaign, and that the story is shared for generations to come.

"There's been a lot of work go into this and the soldiers and battalions associations have put a lot of work in in conjunction with Parks Victoria," Mr Smith said.

"I think there'll be a lot of emotion about what it means to them, but also a real sense of achievement that they're able to tell this story for all Australians and people who visit that park.

"It's such a popular park that it's a great opportunity for people to come as they be with their families or do their fitness campaigns, to also get a sense of the contributions that these Australian soldiers made."

See the ABC news article at <http://www.abc.net.au/news/2013-04-21/kokoda-troops-honoured-by-new-memorial/4641838?section=vic>

- Application Forms [police-overseas-service-medal-application-2013-02.ashx](http://www.afp.gov.au/about-the-afp/honours/~media/afp/pdf/p/police-overseas-service-medal-application-2013-02.ashx):

<http://www.afp.gov.au/about-the-afp/honours/~media/afp/pdf/p/police-overseas-service-medal-application-2013-02.ashx>

- [police-overseas-service-medal-information-guide.ashx](http://www.afp.gov.au/about-the-afp/honours/~media/afp/pdf/p/police-overseas-service-medal-information-guide.ashx):

<http://www.afp.gov.au/about-the-afp/honours/~media/afp/pdf/p/police-overseas-service-medal-information-guide.ashx>

PNG...IN THE NEWS



Australian Governor General, Her Excellency Quentin Bryce visited Papua New Guinea during April 2013, and is pictured here with Susie McGrade of Rabaul Hotel, 23 April 2013 in East New Britain.

► **Police upbeat on modernisation**

Source: The National, Monday 08th April, 2013

NEWS that the Royal Papua New Guinea Police Constabulary is embarking on a modernisation programme is surely a boost in confidence for all concerned and law-abiding citizens of this country. This initiative is something that the government of the day must see through. For far too long, safety and peace in our communities have been held at ransom by criminal elements and our under-manned, ill-equipped police force has fought an increasingly difficult battle to uphold order and the rule of law on our streets, highways and villages.

The force will receive an extra K267 million over the next five years to implement the programme. At a three-day unveiling in Port Moresby, attended by Prime Minister Peter O'Neill accompanied by Police Minister Nixon Duban, men and women in blue had a rare opportunity to showcase to the public the different aspects in their fight against crime and how the modernisation of the force will improve the lives of the people they serve and protect.

"We have a unique opportunity to correct past mistakes on the back of our economic boom," O'Neill said.

He was pleased with the government's investment in police weapons, vehicles and uniforms.

He urged police officers to serve the people and make PNG a better nation.

"Our people will start having confidence in the police for the security of our country," O'Neill said.

Every facet of the police force should be looked at in the programme and given funding that is in keeping with its function and load on a daily and annual basis. Perhaps the area that needs to be looked into foremost is the welfare and recruitment of police personnel. Often, police officers in stations around the country are expected to carry out their duties while managing on a barely adequate funding. One of the most common responses to the police's inability to patrol and respond effectively to situations within a precinct has to do with the lack of fuel for vehicles, manpower and equipment. If our police stations can be headed by the best managers who have the well-trained staff and the best possible logistics and equipment available, then the crime rate in our cities and towns will be kept in check. This in turn will cause investors' confidence to grow. And since we are in a so-called economic boom, the amount of foreign investment not just in terms of business but also in the number of visitors to this country will rise. Currently, PNG is rated as one of the most dangerous countries to visit.

This is not because we are necessarily more violent or in the grips of widespread civil disorder, but simply because we cannot police ourselves effectively. Put simply, our police officers cannot manage the instances of crime or deter those that commit crimes to a level that is deemed competent by citizens, let alone those in other countries. This modernisation programme is not only a step in the right direction but also it has been a long time coming. Allocating funds will not solve all the force's problems. There must be real efforts from the police hierarchy and the government to push these changes through.

Now is the time to practise "discipline" – a word so often accorded to the force. We need a better trained, better equipped and better managed police force to bring law and order issues under control.

That is what we think is the underlying idea behind the initiative.

Info from: <http://www.thenational.com.pg/?q=node/47893>

NARARA FAMILY MAKES PNG AVIATION HISTORY

By Malum Nalu

When the wheels of the Etihad Airways Airbus A330 Flight 055 lifted off the ground in Abu Dhabi bound for Brussels on March 30, 2013, another milestone in Papua New Guinea aviation history was made.

At the controls of Flight 055 was Captain Granger Narara, of Dobu Island, Milne Bay, and his co-pilot was none other than his oldest son, Nigel Narara.

This is the first time that a PNG father and son team was in control of an international airliner and a great achievement for PNG aviation and the Narara family.

Granger's younger brother, Captain Tico Narara, is the first Papua New Guinean in command of the Airbus A380, the biggest commercial airliner in the world, for Emirates Airlines.

Nigel first went to Dubai in the United Arab Emirates as a seven-year-old child in 1991, when his father left Air Niugini to work with Emirates Airlines as an A310 captain. Nigel completed all his primary and secondary education in the UAE and went on to Embry Riddle Aeronautical College in Prescott, Arizona, USA in 2001 to do a degree in aeronautical science, until the events of Sept 11, 2001 put an end to those dreams. He then transferred to the Royal Queensland Aero Club at Archerfield in Brisbane in 2003 where he completed his commercial pilot's license and instrument rating. He started his flying career with Airlines PNG, where he worked from 2004 – 2006, flying the Twin Otter based in Port Moresby and Kairik. In 2007, Nigel was able to secure a job as a cadet first officer with Air Arabia, a low



Proud moment...Captain Granger Narara and his co-pilot, oldest son Nigel Narara, inside the Etihad Airways Airbus A330 cockpit before flying from Abu Dhabi to Brussels on March 30.-Picture courtesy of GRANGER NARARA

cost airline based in the UAE, flying the Airbus A320 on a regional network, until Aug 2012 when he was employed by Etihad as a first officer on the Airbus A330.

"This is the highlight of my 36 year flying career, being able to fly with my son", Narara said.

"An achievement like this is a great way to tell the world that PNG can and does produce some of the best aviators in the world, something that we as a nation can all be proud of. This success is also being replicated in many other top notch professions, notably in the international oil and mining sector where the number of PNG professionals around the planet is increasing. We can be very proud that as a small nation we are able to produce pilots, engineers, oil and gas operators and many other professionals that can stand up and be counted amongst the best in the world."

Nigel said: "I have always wanted to fly with Dad; he wasn't as hard a captain as I thought he would be."

His mother, Regie, said: "Nigel was destined to be a pilot since he was a baby and has always dreamt of flying with his father, so this is a dream come true".

Nigel's two-year-old son Kingston, the next generation of Narara flyers, was also there to greet his dad and *bubu* (grandfather).

PNG Historical sites, cemeteries and memorials

— Please refer December 2012 Una Voce p16 and March 2013 Una Voce p6

The PNGAA would like to establish a photographic and factual register (database) of identified historical sites, cemeteries and memorials - together with identification of any potential local government or Provincial Government authority that may be a stakeholder. This register will initially be made available on the PNGAA website.

If you can assist with photos or information please contact PNGAA member, Paul Johnson on email: johnsonpa@optusnet.com.au

Westpac and Burns Philp ties are historical

THERE was an event of some historical significance that took place in Port Moresby a few months ago, with the occupation of the restored Burns Philp building by Westpac Bank. The historical interest relates to the fact that it was Burns Philp in 1910 that encouraged the bank, then known as the Bank of New South Wales, to open a branch of the bank in Port Moresby, which the bank did in Douglas Street, Port Moresby on 10 May 1910, thus becoming the first bank in Papua New Guinea. It is also interesting to note that in the absence of a bank, Burns Philp decided to issue its own currency, in five and one pound notes, as it was not unusual at that time (the early 1900's) for large organisations to do this. In those early days, miners, traders and government officials all looked to Burns Philp as the main source of credit especially as there were no banks. This is a reminder that in the early 1900's, Burns Philp and the Bank of New South Wales, now Westpac, were partners in the commercial development of Papua New Guinea.

Source : Post Courier Photo courtesy John Urquhart



NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY

From Jim Toner

The fact that following the PNG general election of 2012 the victors in 95% of the seats had been challenged by losing candidates was mentioned in the December issue. Consideration of their petitions has been the responsibility of a single Judge and unsurprisingly he admits to being stressed. In April he said that going around the country for five months examining all these disputes had not been easy. He added "Judges are not robots...." No, indeed.

Them were the days. Goroka had a rugby league ground alongside its Club and Bill Brown tells us that back in 1953/54 the Gillies brothers and young Danny Leahy were already the hard core of its team (the adjective being well chosen). Behind them were the unlikely – to most of us - figures of Paul Healey at half-back, Ian Downs at five-eighth with Fred Kaad and Bill Brown as centres. Frightening.

In the March issue I mentioned Dr Albert Foreman, a physician now resident in Darwin, who had both an unusual pre-medicine background and much experience in PNG. The same goes for Dr Barry KIRBY. A NSW Northern Rivers farm boy he was educated at a Brisbane college but his first job was in Sydney as a trainee accountant. He gave that away to become a carpenter like his father and earns a place in these Notes because he eventually set up a building business in Alice Springs. When that collapsed he applied for a job in Menyamya. As one would?

Kirby spent four years amongst the Kukukuku building (for AusAID) a High School and boarding houses for students. In 1990 prompted by what he had seen of health services in the PNG bush he decided to study for a medical degree and did that at universities in Sydney, Brisbane, and UPNG Moresby. Finally in 2002 he commenced practice as a rural obstetrics specialist and now, aged 62, he is based at Alotau but sails around Milne Bay province doing what he can for expectant island women. Not too many 'Career Change' stories can compare with his.

News of the appalling fate (set alight) of a 20 yrs old woman accused of sorcery in Mt. Hagen flashed around the world during February. The fact that mobile phones were instantly produced by witnesses in order to take photos of the crime would have amazed only us *Iapuns* who once lived in the Highlands.

On a similar violent topic technological advances enable anyone to see a collection of pictures of women in PNG hospitals maltreated by spouses and strangers. For members with the stomach to view them click on

www.fotoevidence.com/BookAward-Detail/346

Col MADDEN, a 1967-68 ASOPA chalkie, and his wife Esther from Tufi, also a teacher, are residents of Palmerston NT and were looking forward to a visit from their daughter Damana over the Anzac Day weekend. She is a computer-whiz working in Canberra and has just returned from London having been selected by Microsoft, her employer, for hi-tech training in part with the BBC. She does visit her maternal relatives in the Northern Province but will have much to tell her Northern Territory family about that trip to London.

PNGAA 2012 ADELAIDE REUNION

Graham Taylor and Jan Kleinig

On Sunday 28 October 2012 seventy South Australian members and friends attended their 12th annual reunion lunch. The venue was The Public Schools Club in Adelaide and our Master-of-Ceremonies was the irrepressible **Graham Taylor**.

Special guests included **Gosewijn van Beek**, an anthropologist / retired university professor from Holland who had undertaken research in the Nomad River area in the late 1970's. Gosewijn was visiting Adelaide to oversee the registration of a collection of Bedamuni (Biami) artefacts he has given to the SA Museum; **Bryan Ebert**, District Medical Officer in Manus during the 1950's; and **John Oberdorf**, visiting from Canberra to catch up with his Treasury 'mates' at the reunion. John was born in PNG and started with Treasury (his first job in PNG) where he worked until Independence.

A/President PNGAA, Andrea Williams' welcoming message was warmly received.

Our speakers at the 2012 reunion were ex-Patrol Officer **David Showell** and ex-teacher **Brian Lock**. They recalled their origins in South Australia and spoke to the theme *'Renmark to Papua New Guinea and return!'*

Before introducing David and Brian, **Peter Thomas** spoke briefly about his recent trip to Oro (Northern) Province; a return after 40 years. He enthusiastically praised the work of OCDP in assisting the community at Hohorita. Peter also gave the vote-of-thanks emphasising how enjoyable and rewarding it was to hear how others lived in PNG, and the subsequent challenges any of us encountered, on return to Australia.

David and Brian were both from the Riverland in South Australia, and now after very diverse careers in PNG live again in that same region and are long-time friends.

Brian Lock – Teaching in PNG

Brian Lock talked about how he and his wife, Christine, had not planned a long stay as teachers in TPNG, but ended up staying 34 years and returning to South Australia in 2003. His first appointment was to a school in Rabaul then to Wewak and followed by Arawa in Bougainville, and Milne Bay. Brian's last posting was a return to Rabaul where he finished as Principal of Malaguna Technical High School.

One of the most memorable experiences was the twin volcanic eruptions during 1994 in Rabaul. Brian then went on to quote from the diary of his late wife, Christine.

"About 2.50am Sunday 18 September 1994 a large guria shook Rabaul. It measured 5.3 on the Richter Scale and was centred off the end of the runway at the airport near Tavurvur Volcano. Gurias of various strengths continued throughout the day.

By midnight the gurias were almost continuous and the light aircraft began taking off from the airport. At about 3.30am (Monday, 19 September) police informed us that all was still at stage 2 level but close to stage 3 (stage 4 is run like mad!). It was suggested that seeing there was no transport available to shift the students we should begin walking to the nearest evacuation point.

On the road from Rabaul town to Vuvu High School there was a continuous stream of people carrying whatever they could. We were then told to continue along the road to Livuan (approximately another 15km). It was while waiting at Livuan that we noticed a huge black cloud rising from Rabaul and presumed correctly that Tavurvur had erupted. There were about 150 students still with us, no teachers - all had vanished. We decided to continue along the North Coast Road to George Brown High School where we had lived and taught in 1992/3.

When we arrived at GBHS students were on assembly in preparation for the beginning of the day. A large mushroom shaped cloud was noticed. It became darker and then began raining mud. Cars were soon coated with wet pumice as were others not under shelter.

After three frightening hours the sky began to get lighter. The whole area was covered with 10-20cm of pumice and all the lush green grass was gone. The trees were also coated with pumice and many branches had fallen because of the weight.

The devastation of Rabaul town was horrendous with many areas completely wiped out and under 3-4 metres of volcanic ash. Many looters were soon in the town scavenging through houses, businesses and even pulling down power lines to sell as scrap metal. This was all while the volcanoes were still erupting.

There was some very violent activity at times but fortunately this did not warrant evacuation from the school, which had opened again in February 1995."

David Showell- Patrolling in TPNG

"In late 1967 at age 20, I applied for a CPO position in TPNG and by mid-1968 I was at Nipa sub district out of Mendi. I became the *liklik kiap* with my ADC being Allan McNeill. It was a great post, lots of people, a couple of patrol posts, Poroma and Margarima, a road system that was pretty rough, but navigable and a days' drive to Mendi.

My next posting was to Bougainville. The West coast was very different. I was posted to Kunua Patrol Post. There were not many people, it was very isolated and there was access only by boat. It was a two speed economy and life style. I was later sent to Kieta Sub District Office, which was good and Arawa was just being built.

Eventually my work revolved around Bougainville Copper. Some terrible things happened. Bulldozers disappeared over the side of the road and there were suicides and accidents. We did not quite know our authority – it was all very blurred and difficult. It was not a happy time at Panguna. We all knew eventually there would be a huge backlash against Bougainville Copper, but nobody listened.

I made a request to return to the Highlands and got Chimbu and later took leave and my final posting was to where I began at Nipa sub district.

A lot of kiaps found it very difficult to settle back to life in Australia. Suddenly, you were a nobody. We did have big heads, and when people asked what we did it was pretty difficult to describe, and then they most probably did not believe us. I did a degree in Park and Wildlife (NATRES), managed a Fauna and Reptile Park at Whyalla, and then returned to my home town, Renmark, and became a fruit or should I say wine grape grower.

Our work was a mixture of political, social and economic development. We had pretty limited training and achieved some amazing things, which would certainly not be possible today. I believe we were respected, the villagers wanted development and in the Highlands you had the work force to carry out some amazing tasks in most inhospitable country. We had very few constraints on what we could do. We worked pretty hard and most of us worked side by side with the locals.

I had a great ten years, in some ways the best years of my life."

Now a popular feature at our reunion is the 'Panel of Authors'. This year, three SA PNGAA members spoke about their recently published / reprinted books:

Yours Sincerely Tom by Margaret L Henderson

La-Sisi Malangan Canoe by Harold Gallasch and Neil McLeod

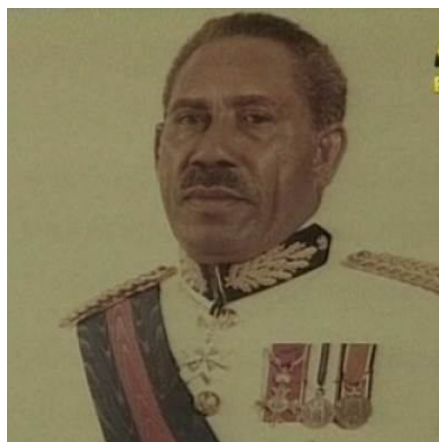
Singsings, Sutures & Sorcery by Anthony J Radford

Ian Maddocks' book '***Pari Hanua***' was also available for purchase.

A fundraiser with prizes of books donated by authors Anthony Radford and Margaret Henderson and a colourful PNG souvenir t-shirt from Jim Moore attracted strong support. The luncheon ended with Graham Taylor's snapshot of some interesting aspects of Papua New Guinea affairs in 2012.

PNG's second GG dies: Sir Tore Lokoloko

Sir Tore LOKOLOKO GCL, GCMG, GCVO, OBE (21 September 1930 – 13 March 2013) was the second Governor-General of Papua New Guinea, from 1977 to 1983



Sir Tore, was born in Iokea in the Gulf Province. He attended the London Missionary School in Iokea and was later a pioneer student at Sogeri High School. He worked as a clerk with the Papua New Guinea Co-Operative Societies and later became the assistant registrar.

Sir Tore entered politics in 1972 as member for Kerema and served as Deputy Spokesman of the then Administrative Executive Council. He also served as Ministerial assistant for Health and Agriculture during the early stages of the development of the ministerial government. In 1977, Sir Tore, who was a member of the United Party in the Opposition, was nominated by Prime

Minister Sir Michael Somare to be the second Governor-General, following the resignation of (late) Sir John Guise who was the first Governor-General at Independence in 1975.

Sir Tore was knighted by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II herself during her 1977 Silver Jubilee Royal Visit to Papua New Guinea. He was also bestowed the highest honour in the Royal Victorian Order, that of Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, GCVO. Sir Tore is the only recipient of this award in Papua New Guinea. Sir Tore served as the vice regal from 1977 to 1983. He and his wife Lady Lokoloko represented PNG at the wedding of Prince Charles and Diana Spencer in England in 1981.

When his term expired, Sir Tore was appointed director of several boards of corporate institutions.

Sir Tore is survived by his beloved wife Lady Lalahaia, 11 children, 48 grand children

and 51 great grand children.. Governor-General Sir Michael Ogio was saddened that PNG has lost a great leader in Sir Tore. "The late Sir Tore believed in, and was a staunch advocate of national unity in the pre-independence era. "He served our nation with distinction as a politician and later as the second Governor-General.

"Sir Tore was awarded the highest honour in the Royal Victorian Order by Her Majesty the Queen and this honour is only awarded any member of the royal family and viceroys.

Prime Minister Peter O'Neill expressed heartfelt sorrow at the passing of one of the nation's pre-eminent statesmen and former Governor-General Sir Tore Lokoloko. He said the late Sir Tore was an exemplary senior citizen and lived a well respected and quiet life in retirement after holding office as PNG's Second Governor-General. "Our nation has lost one of our foremost founding fathers," Mr O'Neill said.

Excerpts from the Post Courier, with thanks.

MATT FOLEY

Matt Foley was one of the two remaining former Australian coastwatchers who served in Papua New Guinea during World War II has died. He was 91.

Foley lived in Rabaul, in East New Britain Province, from 1947 until 2005, when he left for the Gold Coast after a long battle with Malaria.

In 1943, aged 18, the Ballarat-born signalman stepped off a submarine at New Britain's Cape Orford to begin his service monitoring Japanese ships in the Pacific. After a nine-month stretch in the New Britain bush, Foley was almost captured when, expecting to be picked up by an American patrol boat in March 1944, accidentally signalled a Japanese craft to come to shore. "That was a terrible night," Foley told AAP in 2005.

At the time he was leading a group of friendly islanders carrying silk supply-drop parachutes which were to be returned to Australia "to save money for the government". When the Japanese vessel was about 500 metres from shore, Foley asked an islander who spoke some Japanese to call out that they were only local villagers fishing. "They accepted that and they turned around and went on their way. About half an hour later along came the PT boat. It was the closest I had been to being captured in my life," he said. He returned to Melbourne to be mustered out in 1946.

But he'd started a love affair with Rabaul. "He loved Rabaul, he loved the people. Everybody liked him," his son, Philip, told AAP. "He had so many stories."

During the war he was part of a team that rescued downed Australian airman William Townsend - who in 1967 would become air vice marshal of the Australian Airforce.

In the years before Papua New Guinea achieved independence from Australia, Foley was president, trainer and a jockey at the Rabaul Amateur turf club.



He was also devoted to the Returned Service League, serving as president and life member of the Rabaul RSL. He was on the Rabaul Town Advisory Council and a mainstay of the local Catholic church.

Rabaul Historical Society spokesperson Susie McGrade said Foley devoted his life to the town. "He used to drive his nurses crazy because it was all he'd talk about," Ms McGrade said. "He was a legend in Rabaul, he was a legend amongst the Returned Service League."

Foley met his wife, Margaret, in Rabaul in 1947. She'd left Sydney on a cruise ship with the dream of going to Hollywood to start a career as an actress with Columbia Pictures. Instead she met Matt Foley.

The couple opened and ran a transport business, New Britain Transport, before Margaret's death following a battle with cancer in 1969. Foley never remarried. For 30 years he ran a series of cocoa and copra plantations, working for 10 years beside his son, Philip. After a prolonged fight with malaria, Foley left Rabaul in 2003 for the Gold Coast to get treatment. It would be almost 10 years before he would return home to Rabaul.

In September last year he went back to take part in services marking the 70th anniversary of the war and the sinking of the Montevideo Maru. "He came up five days before the service to catch up with friends," Ms McGrade said. "He was so tired at the end he couldn't deliver the oration but it was good he came one last time."

Matt Foley died at the Gold Coast Hospital from complications following a massive stroke. He is survived by his son Philip and daughter Linda.

Maxwell Hayes remembers: *Ever the comedian, I saw him [Matt Foley] in Melbourne three or so years ago when he was staying with his sister. Remembering that I was once booking his clapped out WW2 vehicles for numerous faults some 50 years ago as a young copper, I jokingly said, "Matt, I have come to arrest you". His reply was "About bloody time" and we shook hands.*

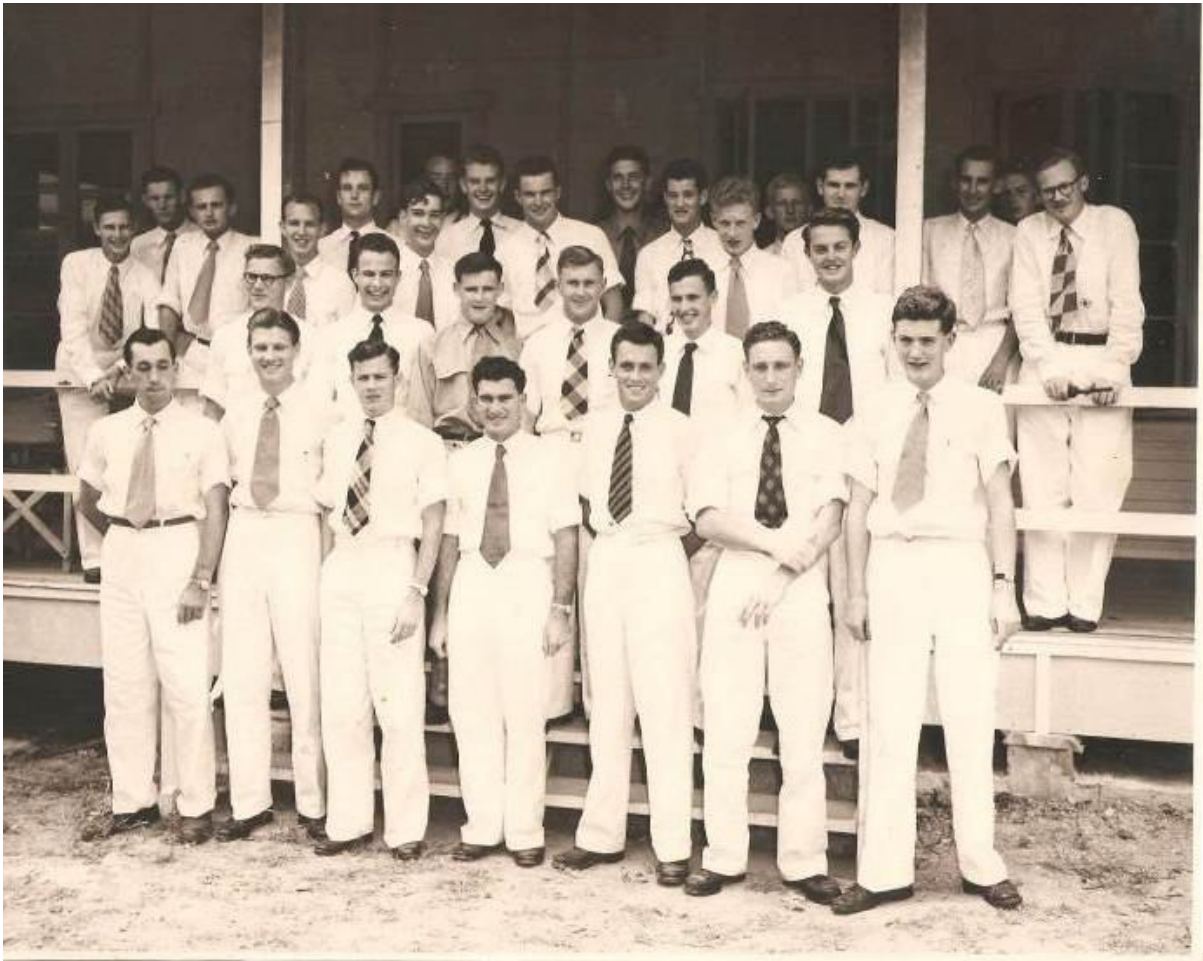
New Australian High Commissioner to PNG

In February Foreign Minister Bob Carr announced that Ms Deborah Stokes would be Australia's next High Commissioner to Papua New Guinea, commencing in March 2013 and replacing Ian Kemish.

Ms Stokes is a senior career officer with the Dept of Foreign Affairs and Trade and was most recently head of the Department's International Organisations and Legal Division. She has previously served as Australia's Ambassador to Austria and Permanent Representative to the United Nations in Vienna, and as Deputy Head of Mission at the Australian Embassy in Tokyo. Ms Stokes earlier held positions at the Australian Embassy in Yangon and with the United Nations Development Programme in New York. She has also held senior positions in AusAID. Ms Stokes holds a Bachelor of Arts (Honours) from the University of Adelaide and a Master of Philosophy from the University of Cambridge.

Australia is Papua New Guinea's largest aid donor, providing \$491.7 million in development assistance in 2012/13. Two way trade is worth more than \$7bn a year with Australian investment in PNG exceeding \$16bn.

CPO Course of 1953



Back Geoff Grey, John Wearne, Johnny Johnson, John Walsh, Gerry Jensen-Muir, Malcolm (Chips) MacKellar, Bob Cleland, Bruce Teague, Bruce Bowman (?), Mal Lang, Dave Goodger, Barry Holloway, Jim McLennan, Daryl Penhale, Gerry Hibberd, John Wolsey, Barry Ryan.

Middle: Col Gifford, Ray Morris, John Harris, John Cochrane, David Hook, Bill McGrath.

Front: Bill Hunter (?), Gordon Brown, John Hayes, John Beath, John Colman, Frank Davies, Robin Calcutt.

Absent: Jack Battersby, Jack Mater, Adrian Jackson, Jim (?? who resigned in POM and went to APC as a medical assistant).

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RETURN TO NEW IRELAND

By Leen van Lien

In 1963 I qualified as a health inspector but did not get a job until a year later with the NSW Government. As a newly appointed officer I had to go through an office bound "learning the ropes" period which was boring.

In 1965 a colleague referred an advertisement to me calling for health inspectors in PNG. A couple of weeks later my wife and I, with a little book on Pidgin in my pocket, were on our way as I had scored the job in New Ireland on secondment for two years. After brief stop-overs in Port Moresby and Rabaul we arrived in Kavieng. The first sight on the airport was a fairly complete Japanese Zero plane which I believe finished up in the good old U.S of A.

It wasn't too difficult to get to like New Ireland and its inhabitants. It was a quiet place with little traffic. As far as the job was concerned there were big challenges for a person recently qualified in environmental and public health. I did not attend the ASOPA orientation course as they were in a hurry to get me on the job. My assistant and crew were willing (most of the time) and the villagers pleasant and cooperative, after some motivation, to get involved in village projects. The town residents were an interesting lot and I could tell many a juicy tale but I won't. In any case they were nice people and easy to get on with (most of the time). I did however get into trouble with the bureaucracy from time to time. All-in-all Kavieng was a nice place where one could walk about in safety.

I went on many health patrols and also attended many council meetings usually without conflict. and sometimes with good results. We dealt with waste disposal, water supplies, village hygiene and of course diseases. Malaria was a big problem but we did have an effective mosquito control programme. Unfortunately DDT was found to be an environmental chemical hazard and was abandoned a few years later severely limiting the mosquito control methods.

I was never sorry for the decision to have accepted the job in Kavieng as it was the most rewarding and challenging job I ever had. I liked it that much that I actually went back in 1969 for another two years in Daru and Bougainville but that is another story.

When Heron Airlines recently put on an air tour of PNG it included a one day stop-over (two nights) in Kavieng we jumped at the chance to join. The whirlwind tour took in quite a few places and it was interesting to see the situation after some 40 years absence. This fantastic country offers beautiful scenery with a wealth of unusual things and uniquely interesting people. Unfortunately there are some difficult and disturbing issues which do affect its standard of health care and tourism and that is a shame.

The brief visit to Kavieng was a huge success and I think the highlight of the tour. But then to be fair I am biased. The first impression wasn't much different from our first visit all those years ago. The place was quiet, little traffic and compared with the other towns we visited quite the cleanest. It also felt perfectly safe. The 60km of road that we travelled on was good. Due to unforeseen circumstances the tour arrangements for the visit had somewhat fallen apart. The people however were friendly and eager to be helpful, and an interesting day was organised. The accommodation was good with good meals provided.

New Ireland is in fact quite an interesting place which offers great diving and fishing but it has also an amazing history which includes cannibalism, blackbirding, missionaries and the colourful Baron Boluminsky who worked for the administration during the German period. This was followed by the Australian period from 1918, then the WW2 Japanese occupation, the subsequent return to the Australians in 1945 and finally Independence in 1975.

There were two Australian WW1 soldiers who were stationed on New Ireland and died due to accidents shortly after the end of WW1. They are buried right next to the German Baron. Kavieng has quite a few reminders of the Pacific war with wrecks and remains of structures which once were parts of water supply systems, underground power generators and a Japanese naval gun.

There was even a more recent plane "parked" in the middle of town, a Cessna "Skymaster" 337 with a faded American registration number.

Anyway, check the Internet and "Lonely Planet" for more complete information.

Unfortunately there are serious health problems with diseases such as malaria, TB and HIV aids. New Ireland is the subject of an "Australian Doctors International" Project. They provide a number of doctors who donate their time for no pay and spend some months at the Kavieng Hospital and on patrol. In return they get to deal with diseases and adverse conditions they would not normally encounter. Total population of the New Ireland District is in excess of 165 000. There are aid-posts and there is a Catholic Mission at Lemakot some 60 km from Kavieng. At short notice a visit was arranged to Lemakot Health Centre which provides health services to some 20 000 people.

During WW 2 and into 1960s the Mission also ran a leper colony which was situated on the water front where all the passing ships could be observed. The Mother Superior told me that for the first part of the war the Japanese left the colony alone as they were not keen to get too close to the lepers. At one stage they must have decided that it was a risk that the shipping movements could be reported to the enemy. A warning from a friendly source was received at the mission that the Japanese were going to move the colony to another location, virtually as POWs. The friendly source also had a plan that involved evacuating the nuns by an American PT boat whilst the lepers were going to be collected by their relatives and taken back to their respective villages. The event went as planned and when the Japanese arrived to move the lot they found an empty camp.

Anyway back to the diseases. The doctors can treat the diseases but that must be followed up by public health action and this requires trained local people which must be rewarded. There is obviously inadequate funding. "Australian Doctors International" depends entirely on donations which can be made to support a particular project e.g. New Ireland.

The postal address is PO Box 954, Manly NSW 1655.

The visit to the Lemakot Health Centre was a big success as it demonstrated the problems with providing health care in PNG. Matron received only 5000 kina (approx. \$ 2500) per month to run the place. Power was only available 2 hours per day. The old treadle sewing machine used to do all the sewing repairs was of no use as the old leather belt had broken. A replacement was not available. The good news is that I found a new belt in Sydney and it should have been fitted by now. After the

inspection tour members donated spontaneously a considerable amount of money which was gratefully received.

As I mentioned previously New Ireland is known as an attraction for divers and fishing. Many other interesting aspects, including a better understanding of health care problems, are not on the general tour itineraries. Best of all it is in a friendly and safe environment, provided you take your malaria pills. The area has an interesting past, but I would like it to have a healthier and a more prosperous future. So here is a hint for tour operators and generous people: "Give New Ireland a go" .

LIFE AFTER PNG – MARGARET CLANCY

By Marie Clifton-Bassett

What people do after a career in PNG is always interesting. Members may not know of the second career of Margaret Clancy whose husband, Des, was a popular kiap with an outstanding record. The family left PNG just after Independence and settled in Perth. Des then took up a position with the WA Government initiating a system of regional government for that State. All the while, Margaret continued in her role as a French teacher.

When Margaret was teaching French in Perth schools, she found there was no available literature for beginner students - so she decided to make her own books. Other teachers persuaded her to approach a small publishing group of two sisters and their brother who agreed to take them on. Since then (five years ago) the business has grown greatly and the publishing company is doing very well. The books comprise a set of five small books introducing a family, the Picard family – it includes parents, children, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, friends and pets, ages, names, numbers, colours and greetings. These are the only foreign language books for this age group available in Australia. There is now demand for a set of books at a higher level; Margaret has just completed these, and the sets will be available to schools later in the year.

The books have been translated into eleven languages – English, French, German, Italian, Modern Greek, Spanish, Indonesian, Chinese Pinyin, Chinese Simplified Version, Japanese Hiragana, and Japanese Romaji; the names of people and pets differ in each translation so as to be relevant to the target language. The books are illustrated by Kerry Jordinson who with her great sense of humor is the perfect illustrator for a set of children's books. The sets of language books are sold to schools (and even universities) throughout Australia.

There are also books of plays for beginners and intermediate students in several languages with English translations. The plays are mostly based on well-known fairy tales. Margaret said that during the school year the children would put on an Assembly play every fortnight which greatly brightened up the Assembly.

Perhaps PNG's legacy was that it taught self-reliance - if you couldn't buy the dress you wanted, you got out the sewing machine, or if there were no shops to buy delicacies, you made them yourself. The same goes for beginner French books!

NONDUGL - HALLSTROM LIVESTOCK STATION

By John Browne

Robert Harrison's recent contributions ("Where my hat has been" – in two parts, December 2012 and March 2013) brought memories flooding back of my time at Nondugl and PNG.

My encounter with TPNG began in 1955 when I was studying Agricultural Science in Perth at the University of WA. After two years as a student finances were at low ebb and I it was suggested I apply for a cadetship with the Dept. of Territories. I did this and was accepted, and for the first time in my life I was on a rather handsome living allowance (compared to most of my fellow students anyway – I was the one who could afford to run a car, even if it was only small, second hand and cheap). The agriculture course took four years, so at the end of 1956 I was due to take up duties with DASF in PNG. However my uni results were good enough to catch the eye of someone there and I was invited to remain to do an Honours year, majoring in Animal Nutrition. I duly got in touch with Canberra asking if they could extend my cadetship for a further year. They said they would be in touch, but in the meantime I should proceed to Port Moresby to become familiar with the place and system.

In December 1956, after a long and bumpy DC4 flight from Sydney, I was met by Barry Osborne, then Animal Husbandry Officer (and to be my future boss), and introduced to Jim Marley, the Chief of Animal Industry (within DASF). Both thought the idea of me returning to complete my post graduate Honours degree was just what they needed as there was a complete absence of animal nutrition experience at that time. Jim said he would follow it up with Canberra. So for the next three months I was able to explore the places where Animal Industry operated – Lae/Erap, Kerevat, Madang, Goroka, Kila and the 8-Mile (just off the western end of Jacksons Airport). I don't know why I didn't get to Nondugl or Baiyer River, but I just went to where I was sent.

At one stage while in Konedobu I remember being summoned to the office of Larry Dwyer who was Director of DASF at the time and a long time Territorian and extremely well liked and respected. There were deaths occurring in cattle at Bisianumu probably due to poisoning from a plant. He felt that it would be a good introduction for me to the local herbage to investigate this. I duly met up with Mac Jamieson the local stock inspector (who was to become a life-long friend) and we spent a couple of days wandering through the area gathering likely plants – then back to Konedobu where Larry spent time with me identifying the collection. By the way, Larry Dwyer retired about a year later, so I guess that Frank Henderson, who succeeded him, was just filling in when Robert Harrison arrived in 1954.

I was due back at university in March, but by the end of February Canberra had still not responded to Jim Marley's promptings. So he decided, presumably with the blessing of Larry Dwyer, that it was OK and I was issued with a travel warrant to travel back to Perth. However there were no seats on aircraft available for about a month. I now had a room at the 8-Mile Station where Barry Osborne had a house. Each morning when the southern plane came in he would run me down to the air terminal in the hope of a cancellation or no-show. This went on for about a week until I was successful. I had a pleasant trip to Sydney seated next to Paul Hasluck, Minister for Territories at the time, and a fellow Western Australian. The DC4 had

been replaced by the much more comfortable Super Constellation aircraft during the 3 months since my arrival.

Fast forward 10 months, and I had successfully completed my post-graduate year at the University of WA and was back in Port Moresby in January 1958. Things had changed! Both Jim Marley and Barry Osborne had departed abruptly, and Jim Anderson a vet who had only been in PNG for about 3 years after graduation, had been moved into the job of (acting) Chief of Animal Industry. He was fairly obviously snowed under, and promptly dispatched me to Nondugl with the instruction to sort out why the sheep there were not doing well.

I was met at Nondugl by Frank Ballagh and his wife Val. He was caretaker of the station while Frank Pemble-Smith (the manager) and his family were on leave. Ballagh obviously had little experience with livestock while Pemble-Smith was very experienced and already had several years running the place after taking over from Ned Blood, who set the place up in about 1950. Officially the station was known as the Hallstrom Livestock Station, set up at the instigation of Sir Edward Hallstrom who contributed capital and organised the sheep to stock the place. Theoretically it was run by the Hallstrom Livestock Trust, but in practice it was part of the Animal Industry Division of the DASf. Barry Osborne was the first secretary of the Trust and was influential in the establishment of the place. Robert Harrison commented that he was manager for a time, but this was only while Pemble-Smith was on leave (Osborne was in fact Pemble-Smith's boss). I spent the first month or two familiarizing myself with the place and what was going on there, until the return of the Pemble-Smiths when it was time to start putting all the professional knowledge I had supposedly accumulated over the previous five years into practice. It was then I started to realize that I was on my own, without colleagues to discuss problems and ideas. Fortunately I discovered that the local Stock Inspector, Artu Hantsoo (don't know if that spelling is correct), based at Banz, was in fact a well-credentialed professional with a Veterinary Science degree from an Estonian university. His qualifications were not recognized in Australia (and presumably he felt it was too late to re-qualify – he was in his 60s) so he opted for a quiet life in a government job in a fairly idyllic location with few livestock to keep him busy. He took an interest in me and was able to help me put a lot of my theoretical knowledge to practical use.

By the time I arrived at Nondugl Minj was the administrative centre for the eastern end of the Wahgi valley. It had a population of about 20 Australians, plus surrounding coffee growers. Banz was a bit closer and on the same side of the river as Nondugl, but the suspension bridge (mentioned by Robert Harrison) meant that it was neglected because of the good airstrip at Minj which was also becoming the social centre for the area. There was usually some sort of gathering there every week-end with coffee planters from both sides of the river as well as the local admin and business people – a happy and close community in an isolated situation.

Back at Nondugl I took on the job of the daily radio contact with Mt.Hagen to get telegrams and other messages from the outside world, and with the Weather Bureau and Dept. of Civil Aviation to provide weather and airstrip reports, for both of which I was totally untrained . I read all the instructions and just hoped I had it right. I was never queried on a weather report – the weather was pretty much the same every day, with sunny days followed by an inch or so of rain each evening. I

was very much aware that the Nondugl airstrip, a long piece of grassed area which was mowed occasionally, was adequate but not the best in the world particularly for larger aircraft such as the usual DC3 or the 3 engined Junkers of Gibbes Sepik Airways, so I made sure that I inspected the area every day by driving along the length of it either in the Land Rover or on motorbike. Sometimes it got pretty sloppy so I would recommend closure. I was guided by the comments of the aircraft pilots on this. After I had been there a year or so I was meeting the weekly DC3 service when a pilot I knew asked me about the length of the strip – he felt it was always a bit of a problem getting off with a full load, and sometimes landing when it was a bit greasy. I only knew what I had been told but promised to measure it which I did with the result that the length was quite a bit shorter than that shown in the DCA manual. I inadvertently had the Nondugl strip closed to DC3 aircraft!

Life was good at Nondugl. I was living in a one room house about a mile from the main homestead area – it was a woven bamboo walled/thatched roof cottage but very comfortable. There was a good tennis court in the main home area and Frank Pemble-Smith was a keen player so we used the court several times a week after work. Evenings were spent reading or trying to get a signal on my Phillips shortwave radio. I had a kelpie dog for company, bequeathed to me by Barry Osborne. The zoo (actually a holding area for native birds and animals which might be exported – mainly to Taronga Zoo in Sydney) attracted regular tourists and other interested people who mainly flew in from Goroka. The arrangement was the plane, usually a Cessna from TAL, would buzz the house and whoever was around would go to the airstrip and take the tourists to the sanctuary. I met many interesting people this way. It was perhaps the only opportunity in the world to see an assortment of birds of paradise (and other PNG creatures) close up. Fred Shaw-Mayer, who was 'old' at that time, had personally built and oversaw the sanctuary. He was perhaps the world expert on birds of paradise and other New Guinea fauna, and had been working in the country since the 1930s. He was a real gentleman, and could recount his time working with Errol Flynn pre-war. Robert Harrison also mentioned Father Dunne, an American who ran the Catholic Mission – a real character. Sir Edward Hallstrom would visit from Sydney at least once a year to spend a few days on the place. He was easy to get on with and asked a lot of questions. If there was a problem which was taking a bit of fixing with Port Moresby, a word in his ear seemed to get results. And he willingly provided me with an excellent reference when I eventually left PNG.

The focus of my work there was the sheep. But despite the best intentions the climate was really the limiting factor. The Romney Marsh breed was hardy and could handle the wet conditions, but the native vegetation was not conducive to a healthy animal, being too coarse and quick growing for the animals to handle. Careful management, such as mowing to keep pastures short and a bit of supplementation, as well as strict parasite control could result in healthy animals. But the intention had been to introduce sheep to the locals with the aim of a cottage industry in wool growing and weaving. There didn't seem to be any way that could be reasonably simply achieved, at that time anyway. And the occasional reduction in numbers of the flock seemed to indicate that the locals had discovered that mutton was just as tasty as pork without the hang-ups of a ritual killing involved (I don't think we ever actually proved that there was anything other than an occasional opportunistic theft happening). On the other hand, cattle did well in the area. There were a few milking cows and milk was supplied to Minj daily – a

can containing a few gallons was transported by donkey to the Wahgi River and sent across by a 'flying fox' arrangement from where it was retrieved and carried on to Minj.

I went on leave after the usual 21 months (with probably very little to show for my endeavours) and on my return was posted to Head Office at Konedobu where I shared an office with Mac Jamieson. Among my duties there was Secretary of the Hallstrom Livestock Trust (maintaining my interest in Nondugl). An interesting sideline was that Animal Industry acted as collection point for snakes which were used for the collection of venom used by the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories for the production of anti-venin. To this end a local would occasionally turn up on the path outside the office clutching a sack and uttering the feared words "sinake masta". I (or preferably someone else) had to then get him to open the bag and then very quickly identify and estimate the size of the creature. It's amazing how quickly this can be done when it is known there is probably an extremely venomous, and presumably angry, Taipan or Papuan Black at the bottom of the bag. (The collector was paid by the type of snake and its length – I think it was about 10/- a foot).

After a year in Port Moresby, in spite of the great social life there, I decided that a career of paperwork was not for me so I resigned and went south early in 1961, ending a particularly happy and rewarding part of my life. I still have many friends from that exciting time.

A HAPPY WARTIME MEMORY OF KABAKAUL

By Frazer Harry

There is something attractive about the idea of enjoying a cold beer at the end of a hot tropical day, particularly if it's with a group of great mates, with a view of palm trees, and calm water softly lapping on the beach in front as the sun prepares to set. In 1941, a small group of Australian soldiers of the 2/22 Battalion was camped at Kabakaul, on the grassy foreshore, just to the side and back from the stone pier. They were members of the Intelligence section, and were doing "compass and chain" surveying of the area, in the months before the Japanese landing at Rabaul in January 1942. My father, Bill Harry, was one of the soldiers, and used to enjoy telling this story about his time at Kabakaul.

The area at Kabakaul where they were camped was part of a coconut plantation at that time, and the plantation owners allowed the soldiers to take over a small grassy area to set up camp. The main plantation house was just 50 meters or so to the west, or Kokopo side, of the area where the men bivouacked. The plantation owners were the Coopers – part of the well-known Coopers brewing family from South Australia. Apparently there was a son in South Australia who, while not necessarily the "black sheep" of the family, decided some years before the war that he wanted to get away from the family business, and the city routine, to seek adventure. He came to PNG, wound up in Rabaul, liked the area and lifestyle, and, probably with some financial support from the family back home, went into running plantations. And only naturally, he made sure there was a good supply of Coopers Beer shipped to him on a regular basis.

The group of soldiers got to know the family, and it soon became the daily norm that as the men finished up their days surveying, and relaxed back at camp, a houseboy would walk across from the plantation house with a serving tray, carrying several long-neck bottles of cold Coopers Beer – one bottle per man. You can imagine the situation – these men must have thought they were on to a pretty good sort of a lurk here! At this stage my father, Bill, was a teetotaler. The other 6 or so men, however, were most definitely not. They decided there was no point in confusing matters by trying to explain that Bill didn't drink, and so it continued that there would be the usual 7 bottles brought over each

evening.

This meant that each evening one lucky fellow had the luxury of a second bottle! I'm sure they all kept a close eye on when their turn was

coming for that extra beer, and And I don't



Intelligence Section Battalion Headquarters 1941 in Australia

Back Row left to right: L/Cpl Frank Kirkpatrick, Pte Bill Harry, Pte Ern Gribble

Front row: Cpl Willis Crocker, Pte Allan Ferguson, Pte Don Walker, Sgt Richard (Dick) Spinner

Bill must have been a very popular member of that group! think they would have tried to change dad's drinking habits in a hurry!

After the war Bill slightly relaxed his attitude to alcohol, and while never a big drinker by any means, he enjoyed the odd beer, especially at the end of a hot day. Of course, his favourite drop was Coopers. However, of that small group of men camped at Kabakaul over that period in 1941, Bill was the only one to survive the war.

None of the others made it home. I'd occasionally wonder about how dad dealt with memories like this, and there was obviously a great sense of sadness and loss he'd feel, which would never leave him. But stories like this one, which the rest of our family and friends would refer to as "The Coopers Beer Story", were always told with a great smile and a laugh from dad, and that sparkle in his eyes! Dad died a couple of years ago now, but whenever I see a Coopers Beer it reminds me of this story, and dad, and that group of happy, carefree young men having a great time together at Kabakaul.

A PORTRAIT OF MARIA VON TRAPP

By Alan Ross

Those who read Mary Mennis's interesting article on Maria Von Trapp (Una Voce March 2013) might like to view a closer photograph of Maria.

During the 190s my wife Helen struck up a warm relationship with Maria. Maria visited our home in Boroko, Port Moresby, several times for afternoon tea or lunch. At the time Maria was running a home for orphaned children in Hohola, a suburb of Port Moresby. It was her final vocation as a lay missionary before she returned to the Von Trapp residence in the American State of Vermont. Prior to her sojourn in Port



Moresby, Maria spent some time in Milne Bay Province working at several catholic mission stations. She was accompanied by one of her half-sisters and a half-brother. Maria informed us that during her Milne Bay days, her step-mother Baroness Von Trapp (played by Julie Andrews in the film "*The Sound of Music*"), paid them a visit.

Maria Von Trapp (R) with Helen in our Boroko Garden

"*The Sound of Music*" that was produced in 1965, is without question the most popular Hollywood movie of all time. Naturally Helen and I discussed the film with Maria. It is based on real-life of the Von Trapp family, however sections of the movie depart from reality, as was pointed out by Mary Mennis.

As an illustration, the father (the Baron) did not line up his children like soldiers for inspection; he was by far a gentle man. If anyone tended to be somewhat strict, it was the Baroness. Never the less she sang "*Do Re Mi*" with the children, and sang magnificently from the mountain tops, which brought the hills alive with music. Truly, a magnificent musical.

The films ending, with the Von Trapp family fleeing southwards on foot to safety as the Nazis arrive at their residence in Salzburg, made for a dramatic finale, but is a far cry from what actually took place.

Maria told us that the beginning of World War 2 found her family on a ship in either Stockholm or Oslo; they were returning from a concert tour of the USA. The Baron, who was no friend of the Nazis, sat out the war outside of Germany. In any case, a long trek south from Austria would have had the Von Trapps arriving in either Italy or Yugoslavia which were hardly safe havens at the time.

Despite the fame (and one would think fortune too, from film royalties) which came her way, Maria remained a humble and unspoiled person dedicated to assisting others less privileged than she. It was a delight to have known her.

THE DIDIMAN, THE BED SLEEVE AND A DRY NIGHT

By: Chris Warrillow

In March, 1965 I was posted to Erave, Southern Highlands District (the SHD).

Former Kiap and by then businessman and Member of the House of Assembly, Ron Neville, had a coffee plantation there. Earlier enthusiastic kiaps had also encouraged villagers to grow coffee. However there had been no follow-up and, with a world-wide glut, Canberra ordered the SHD not to encourage coffee as a cash crop. TPNG was already over-quota due to production (mainly expatriate) from other Highlands' Districts – all in the U.N. Trust Territory of course!

For 'last Papua', not overseen by the UN – too bad! But we field officers were not known for our compliance with orders received via Konedobu, especially if resulting from some event in Brazil or elsewhere.

Village plantations were overgrown and the coffee trees had deteriorated due to lack of pruning and shade. Produce had to be carried in for hours and then somehow got to a buyer. A solution was to get Neville's "Coecon" plantation Manager to buy it. However, top quality and a commission were demanded!

I could demand a fairer purchase price from (no commission to) Coecon as I controlled what back-loading went onto Government charters. Light aircraft flew in tons of essential supplies from Hagen – rice, wheatmeal, tinned fish and canned meat etc. for staff and prisoners; building materials; fuel for the tractor, generator, motorcycle and kerosene 'fridges. Naturally there was also my 'freezer' and other essentials (beer and Negrita), purchased over the radio from Burns Philp Country Orders.

Each fortnight I ensured that a Treasury Debit Note was raised against Coecon charging a penny farthing (1.25d!) a pound (0.454kg) for coffee sent to Hagen. So, for a few 'forgotten' Debit Notes Coecon would offer a fair price for 'native coffee'.

However, quality beans were a problem. I could offer guidance in regard to processing cherry in *garamut*-type vats and drying the parchment. But, I needed expert advice to determine how best to get village plantations back into shape and also the many nurseries put to good use with their gone-wild seedlings needing to be salvaged and planted out under proper shade.

Noel Cavanaugh had replaced Chris Day as ADC Kagua (my Sub-District Headquarters). One afternoon Noel informed me over the District radio sched. that an Agricultural Extension Officer, posted to Kagua's DASf experimental station, was available for patrol work – could I use him? Could I what! I asked Noel to ensure that the newcomer brought his own

eating utensils, toiletry, towel, sheets and a pillow and sufficient for an evening meal and breakfast, and "please issue him enough equipment to survive one night in the bush for his walk from Kagua to Erave". There was no need to carry additional supplies from Kagua – my camping equipment (pots and pans; shower bucket; folding table; an extra chair etc.) was adequate. I also had sufficient canned food etc. and he could reimburse me (cash). But, give him a bed-sleeve and a bucket for water for his overnight camp at Tiribi, half way between Kagua and Erave - an 8 to 10 hour walk.

Leaving the Kagua road-head late one morning the new chum duly walked into my office well before lunch time the following day. He didn't look too worse for wear as a first-timer. He responded to my welcome with a somewhat pukka-sahib accent (he was a British Kenyan). I enquired about his walk and fairly spartan over-night camp.

His main complaint was that the rest house (*Haus Kiap*) was not furnished and he found the limbon floor rather hard to sleep on! Another discomfort was that it didn't rain and so the "canvas sleeve" he strung up to form a descending V-shape into the bucket did not collect any water, thus it was a fairly dry, thirsty night!

Our patrol (to the Samberigi Valley) commenced a day later and he was soon to learn, from my Police and other locals, how to set up a canvas *bedseil* and that some village kid, given a couple of buckets, would fill them up with water from the nearest spring or creek in return for a silver thrupence. ■

RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU NEWS

Annual Canberra Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Functions Luncheon – 29 June, 2013 and Memorial Service 30 June, 2013

The 2013 Annual luncheon will be held at the Mercure Hotel in Canberra on Saturday 29 June, 2013, followed by a Service at our Memorial at the Australian War Memorial on Sunday 30 June, 2013. Details planned are attached for your information.

Over the last couple of years, these luncheons have been a great opportunity for family members to get together and share memories, photos, etc. and we hope that you will be able to join us this year.

We are very fortunate this year to have **Dr Marian May** as our guest speaker.

SATURDAY 29 June 2013

Luncheon 12.00 p.m. – 4.00 p.m. (Drinks will be available from a cash bar)

Venue: Mercure Hotel, Corner of Ainslie and Limestone Avenue Braddon ACT

COST of lunch and including morning tea on Sunday is \$60/person -
Payment will confirm booking.

Payment can be made to the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society as follows:

Electronically to: PNGAA: CBA, Wynyard BSB 062 009 A/C No. 00907724

By Mail: Cheque/Bank Draft/Postal Order – Payments made out to PNGAA, PO Box 1757, Tuggeranong ACT 2901.

Please include your name and the words '**MvM**' for this deposit. Also, please notify the deposit by email to: Nick Booth: treasurer@pngaa.net

SUNDAY 30 June 2013 –

Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial Service

Australian War Memorial, Canberra ACT – 9.30 a.m. for a 9.45 a.m. Service at the Montevideo Memorial (weather permitting). Light refreshments will be served following the Service in the Courtyard Gallery at the AWM.

The Mercure Hotel is offering a discount on accommodation for Members of the Society - \$155/night for singles, including breakfast and \$169/night for two, including breakfast.

RSVP by 7 June 2013 - For acceptances or further information please contact Marg Curtis at: Ph: 03 59744403/0418 323555 E: marg.curtis@hsv.com.au PO Box 178, Mt Martha Victoria 3934



Hell and High Fever by David Selby - On Brisbane 612 ABC Radio on *Mornings with Steve Austin* 18 April 2013, Ian Townsend, from the Radio National's Background Briefing program, told Steve about the book that changed his mind in regard to WWII in New Guinea: *Hell and High Fever* by David Selby. Members may be interested in the review at:

http://www.pngaa.net/Books/books_mar10.htm#Selby

Copies Available from: ralbert@albertmusic.com or by post: Robert Albert, GPO Box 4899, Sydney NSW 2001

Governor General, HE Quentin Bryce, in Rabaul / Kokopo



The Governor General was in PNG over the Anzac Day period, and visited East New Britain. Unfortunately she was unable to get to 'Old' Rabaul, where there is a memorial to the Montevideo Maru on the foreshore, the site where the ship was berthed when the prisoners were loaded in 1942. However, she did make it to Bita Paka cemetery, where she was able to lay a wreath at the memorial there, for those lost in the sinking. Among other things, she was also able to visit some



local children at their school in Kokopo.

RABAU and MONTEVIDEO MARU UPDATE by Frazer Harry

Things have moved along since the last Una Voce and news on the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group's activities.

Firstly, the integration of the Society into the PNGAA is on track. There have been a few queries about fees and membership arrangements but hopefully we have them sorted out. Please get in touch with us if there are any problems. The last Una Voce had details of the transfer process for memberships. It's been the general consensus that the integration is good for both organisations in that there is a bit of 'new blood', and a continuation of the interests of all members of both the PNGAA and the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru groups.

Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group members should have received an email or letter about the annual get together for the anniversary on June 29 and 30, 2013. Please contact Marg Curtis (E: marg.curtis@hsv.com.au) if you haven't received it! We look forward to seeing as many as possible in Canberra at the Mercure Hotel for lunch on the Saturday, and the AWM for a short service on the Sunday morning. It should be a good occasion, and while not as big as last year's wonderful and moving events it's still important that those who have a connection can get together and share it, and keep the memories and stories going. Marg Curtis has been organising a lot of the details, and also thanks to Rebecca Mills and Don Hook who have been our main people on the ground in Canberra!

This year's Anzac Day saw the Australian Governor General Quentin Bryce visit East New Britain. One of the things we tried to achieve, following her dedication of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial at the AWM last July, was to arrange

for her to visit 'old' Rabaul town and the harbour-side site of the Montevideo Maru Memorial in Rabaul - where the ship was loaded with prisoners before its fateful journey. Unfortunately this wasn't possible, due to logistics of the trip, but the Governor General was able to visit Bitu Paka and the memorial there. Her office was kind enough to send a letter to us, thanking us for our interest, and their disappointment that they could not get to all the places they wanted to.

It raised the issue of awareness about the two historical locations in Rabaul – when visitors go to Rabaul they are not always aware that there is the 'old' town on the harbour, and 'New Rabaul' formerly Kokopo, located closer to the airport. They are about three quarters of an hour apart. With 'old' Rabaul now gradually rebuilding after the volcanic eruptions of 1994 which continued for many years, there is plenty to see in both areas.

Some of the areas the RMvM group are looking at at the moment include:

- possibilities for a 'civilian' Memorial for the Montevideo Maru, possibly in Rabaul beside the existing memorials, or maybe at the cemetery at Bitu Paka.
- financial assistance to John Schindler's DVD 'Some Came Home'
- educational 'packs' to be distributed to schools or Educational Depts in PNG and Australia
- other possibilities

I hope that in the next newsletter we have some more detail and concrete information for you on these items.

The Annual 2/22nd Battalion reunion is to be held this year at Traawool, in Victoria, on the 28th July 2013. This is held on the site where the battalion was formed, which is a lovely setting in the valley, by the Traawool Valley Vineyard, and just opposite the Goulburn River. There have been good numbers turning up in recent years, and hopefully this year is the same.

Spreading the Word by Carole Worthy

We have achieved, by the mammoth effort of those involved, our goal of establishing a Memorial at the Australian War Memorial to honour not only those who fell at the hands of the Japanese during and after the invasion of Rabaul in 1942, but also those who, against all odds, managed to find their way home again.

The Government of the day, including the Defence Force, have since acknowledged their part in and expressed regret for the tragic consequences of that invasion. Families have found comfort and solace in the gathering together of those survivors, family members and friends who shared the great personal loss of so many of our comrades and soldiers.

But we can't stop there.

Another goal is to promote awareness in the Australian public of the place that this wartime event holds in our history, an important place, previously an almost unknown part of our history. Even the families of those who were directly affected knew precious little about what happened: why their loved ones had never returned. But now that story is beginning to unfold.

It's up to us, the ones who had a direct connection with those who suffered the fall of Rabaul and the loss of the *Montevideo Maru*, to continue efforts that will ensure

that these events do have a place in our known history, and, as soon as possible, in our schools' history curriculum.

We have lists, compiled by Patrick Bourke, of a number of resources available that schools could use, including some very well written books and the DVD's produced recently. I have been fortunate in securing a 30-minute session at the Queensland History Teachers' Association Conference which meets on June 22, 2013, to tell our story and promote our resources. Joining me is John Holland, who is the Curator of the PNG Volunteer Rifles Ex-members' Association's Museum. He will talk about the Museum as a potential excursion venue for history students.

History Teachers all over Australia have a conference every year to provide a forum for discussion and for exchange of information relative to the teaching of history. These provide a perfect opportunity for us to share information with them.

Conferences still on the agenda for this year are:

- Victoria (Moorabbin): 25-26th July. Closing date for applications was March 22, but could be worth a try for this year, otherwise next year. This is an important one to approach with so many of the 2/22nd coming from Victoria.
- NSW (University of Sydney): 26-27th July. Program already full, but there is an opening for short presentations on the Saturday afternoon, to sign up on the day!!
- WA (tba): 3rd August... Time to get in here.

Conferences to try for next year:

- SA- was in February this year, so need to watch for early next year.
- National Conference (I think in Canberra) was April this year, so similar time next year.
- NT- 25th May this year, so similar time next year. This one is called 'NT History Professional Development Day'
- Vic & NSW- if we miss them this year.

Please consider whether you could take an active role in spreading the word. We have the resources documented, and Patrick and myself would help in whatever way we could, if you feel the call to act in your area. When my presentation plan is complete, I am happy to share it with anyone who is interested.

Patrick Burke writes:

Recently I found the publication *THE ARMIDALE SCHOOL (TAS) AND SECOND WORLD WAR 1939-45 : A PROFILE OF THOSE 49 OLD BOYS AND 2 MASTERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES* which was compiled by Ian M Johnstone B.A., LLB. in May 1987 on the internet.

At the end of last month I wrote to the Headmaster of The Armidale School , Mr Murray Guest , as two of the school's old boys, Brian Hartigan and Colin Pring , died on the Montevideo Maru. Also , one of their old boys , James Burke , died on another hell ship. I included information about the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial in the grounds of the Australian War Memorial & the AWM exhibit on the Montevideo Maru and the Tol Plantation Massacre as well as a list of educational resource material.

Today I received a very nice letter from Murray Guest thanking me for this information as he was unaware of the memorial and exhibit at the Australian War Memorial. Last week he and Grant Harris, the school's recently retired Deputy Headmaster, Cadet Commander and instigator of the school's war museum as well as the school's Year 10 students visited the AWM as part of their excursion to Canberra. The boys were informed of the story of the Montevideo Maru and the Old Boys who were lost on this Japanese prisoner transport ship as the group gathered around the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial. He included a photo of the TAS students and teachers taken in front of the memorial. They also visited the Montevideo Maru exhibit in the AWM and picked up two DVDs related to the MvM and Rabaul that were available at the AWM. These DVDs are now in the school's library and will be used by their history department.

When schools such as TAS have a close connection to Rabaul and the Montevideo Maru there is probably more interest in this part of Australian history.

I am very pleased that the connection between TAS and this part of the Second World War has been strengthened.

Note: Brian Robert Hartigan (ex-student of TAS) was David Selby's driver. There is a photo of David and Brian on the AWM Roll of Honour for Brian Robert Hartigan.

ANOTHER AIRPLANE MYSTERY By Bob Piper **VH-URH Genairco Seaplane (c/n Tugan 1)**



Clearly both these shots, from the Hood Aviation collection, via the State Library of New South Wales were taken on the same occasion - namely that of the shipping of the Genairco to Rabaul in April 1934 aboard the SS Macdhui. The seaplane had been built by Tugan Aircraft at Mascot and was the last Genairco biplane to be built, and specifically for Rabaul Airways, Ltd of Rabaul, New Guinea.

A year later, (April, 1935) when its Certificate of Registration came up for renewal it was allowed to lapse for some reason and the aircraft was stricken from the register. Its final fate is, therefore, unknown.

Can any reader shed some light on the fate of this rare and unique aircraft, and what happened to Rabaul Airways Ltd.? Replies to Bob Piper mars55@tpg.com.au

MOUNT LAMINGTON

By DES MARTIN

On Sunday morning twenty first of January 1951 I was relaxing in the single men's quarters Lae in what was then the Territory of Papua and New Guinea (TPNG). Actually I was posted to the Finschhafen sub district and had flown to Lae with prisoners due to face the Supreme Court which was visiting Lae during the week.

Late in the morning I was approached by a native police orderly with a message to report to the District Commissioner (DC) Mr H.R (Horrie) Niall, the senior administrative officer in charge of the Morobe District in New Guinea. When I arrived I found another Patrol Officer Bob Blaikie, still a friend after all these years, also present.

Bob who was aged 23 at the time represented all that was best in a Patrol Officer; highly intelligent, tough minded, good sense of humor and adaptable to any situation that might arise. Like me he is one of the old vintage of Patrol Officers who faced the odd arrow and spear during our careers. In the late 1950's we caught up again when we both served on different stations in the Milne Bay District.

I guess the Lamington experience bonded us together living alongside each other in rather squalid conditions for two plus weeks with apprehension that we might be blown away any day in one of the continual volcanic eruptions taking place while we were based at Popondetta and from where we could see the volcano continually erupting on a more or less daily basis.

As I recall DC Niall told us that he had been advised by departmental headquarters in Port Moresby that his counterpart, Mr C.F. Cowley, the DC based at Higaturu in the Northern District located in Papua some 275 Kilometres distant had been talking to Port Moresby on the wireless link when transmission failed about 10.00am.

Although there was no historical records of volcanic activity in the area, Mount Lamington had started to erupt some week or so previously, causing earth tremors, explosions of ash and generally unsettling the local people and government officials and their families posted at Higaturu.

The earth tremors, and noise from minor volcanic outbursts and lack of sleep had upset some of the European staff to the extent that a number of wives and children had been sent to Port Moresby to obtain respite.

Gas emissions from the volcano and landslides were noted from Monday the 15th January and an initial ash eruption on Thursday the 18th. In radio discussions reporting on the situation DC Cowley advised Port Moresby that there was no cause for alarm.

As the then Administrator J.K. Murray was travelling in other parts of TPNG the Chief Justice FB ("Monte") Phillips was the Acting Administrator in Port Moresby. Judge Phillips had been Chief Justice of New Guinea pre-WW2 and being based in Rabaul had experienced the volcanic eruption there in 1937.

On Friday the 19th he flew to Popondetta about 20km from Higaturu. People at Higaturu could actually see eruption cloud rising from Lamington but Phillips concluded that the volcanic pressure was being relieved quite safely, based on his experience in Rabaul and concluded that there was no immediate danger to human life.

For many years there had been a professional vulcanologist seconded from the then Commonwealth Bureau of Mineral Resources – BMR (now Geoscience Australia) based in Rabaul. At this time the incumbent was the late Mr GA (Tony) Taylor.

It is not quite clear as to his exact whereabouts during the week prior to the cataclysmic eruption on the 21st January. He may have been in Bougainville examining volcanic activity there but in any case was back in Rabaul on the 21st.

Tony Taylor who was awarded the George Cross for his efforts in the aftermath of the eruption died of a heart attack in 1972 after inspecting the volcano on Manam Island.

It seems that it was only in Rabaul that Tony Taylor became aware of the situation at Higaturu. Why he was not contacted by the TPNG authorities earlier is still not known. It may have been simple oversight with the Administration, represented by Judge Phillips having given the all clear, there was no need to involve Tony Taylor, or it may have been the case that he was just overlooked.

Actually there is some doubt that he was officially advised of the problem at Higaturu but that it was just mentioned casually by someone in passing while he was in Rabaul.

There is no evidence that anyone in the area could foresee what was to happen on the twenty first of January. DC Cowley's comments above and Judge Phillips reassurances suggested that what was occurring was a passing phase and that the volcanic activity would eventually diminish except for the occasional outburst.

My recollection is that at the time we saw DC Niall we believed that the volcano had probably erupted to the extent that it had interfered with the wireless transmission between the DC at Higaturu Mr C.F. Cowley and Port Moresby and that some assistance might be needed to help out local staff with medical assistance and foodstuffs.

To this end DC Niall organized a Dr Sverklis and a red haired nurse "Rusty" McLean to accompany Bob Blaikie and me on the government trawler *MV Huon* to Cape Killerton the coastal gateway to Popondetta and Higaturu. We also took with us a small detachment of armed native police to cope with any policing duties that may arise.

I might add that all Field Staff, like DC Niall and Bob and I held commissioned rank in the Field Constabulary of the Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary which gave us command authority over the native police.

We spent all day Sunday loading supplies and with DC Niall aboard we sailed from Lae in the late afternoon with the objective to provide what assistance was needed.

The trip on the trawler was really something. It was a beautiful starry night with dead calm seas and all in all a pleasant time chatting with DC Niall and the others aboard. As neither Bob nor I thought we would be away for more than a couple of days we had only a change of clothes and minimum personal gear. We had no idea of the devastation or lethality caused by the major eruption.

We arrived at Cape Killerton the gateway to Popondetta and points inland about 0500 Monday 22nd January and with the assistance of local coastal people unloaded our supplies. We were met by two trucks covered with what looked like solidified grey cement which turned out to be volcanic ash or pumice solidified by rain.

There was a small shed nearby housing a number of people who had clearly come from the devastated area and who were suffering badly from severe burns and shock. As we travelled towards Popondetta in the trucks we came upon a Jeep towing a trailer containing the body of the Anglican priest Fr. Denis Taylor who had died from burns received during the eruption.

We continued on to Popondetta where a temporary headquarters was set up under the house occupied by a Jack Scurrah the local manager of a Buntings general store. Dr Sverklis set up his temporary medical centre under the house and Bob Blaikie and I camped on the floor of a nearby house. We were the first government officials to arrive in the area.

On Monday afternoon the administrator, senior officials from Port Moresby and Tony Taylor finally arrived; the latter having had difficulties getting a flight out of Rabaul. Things were somewhat chaotic while a command headquarters was set up.

DC Niall returned to Lae by air from Popondetta that afternoon and Nurse Mclean a day or so later.

The then Director of District Services and Native Affairs, Mr Ivan Champion took charge of proceedings. On Tuesday Bob was sent to Cape Killerton to make preliminary arrangements for setting up an evacuation centre for natives whose lives and food producing areas had been disrupted by the eruption. After he returned we worked together for the next couple of weeks.

At this juncture we really had no idea of the extent of the devastation or the death toll. When the cataclysmic eruption occurred it was similar to the explosion of the atomic devices at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Eruptive material comprising pulverized ash was ejected upwards to about forty thousand feet.

At the same time masses of similar material hundreds of feet high rolled out of the caldera in all directions travelling at about eighty to one hundred kilometres an hour destroying everything in an area about eighteen by ten kilometres. Nothing survived in this area. All vegetation i.e. tropical rain forest, (jungle so called) native villages, human and animal life was obliterated. The area appeared like a grey desert.

Thousands were killed including the thirty or so government officials at Higaturu and DC Cowley. If you were in the area you died. If you were on the perimeter of the devastated area trying to outrun the superheated pumice ash you died. If you made it just outside the perimeter you lived.

Given that TPNG is located in the tropics decomposition sets in quickly and thousands of rotting corpses were scattered throughout the area mostly covered in ash. Many hundreds more were spread out along the road from Higaturu where they had been attending church services on the Sunday morning. All were face down with legs and arms in a running position when the superheated ash caught up with them. A couple of hundred more bodies were huddled together in a church. Large numbers of the bodies had split open with intestines spilling out. The stench was appalling.

Although it was impossible to carry out post mortem examinations it is generally believed that death was caused by inhalation of the superheated ash which had rolled over those trying to flee the area.

The Volcano was of a type known as a "glowing cloud" or *nuee ardent* or *Pelean* type. The first such recorded was at Mount Pele in Martinique c1900 which killed many thousand people where the superheated detritus spilled over as it did at Higaturu. Technical details of that outburst were sent to Tony Taylor from BMR so he could read up on the background to the event.

The volcano was continually erupting and ejecting material and although no more damage could occur in the area already obliterated the devastated area was still extremely dangerous. At this time Tony Taylor had no technical equipment and used a glass of water as a means of measuring the strength of the eruptions.

Spare keys for the safe in the government office at Higaturu were sent from Port Moresby and I was tasked by Ivan Champion to clear the road by burying the dead and proceeding to the district office to recover any moneys or documents from the safe.

Together with another administration officer from (I think) the Public Works Department and a squad of native police I set off to Higaturu. Initially we tried to shovel bodies off the road into drainage ditches with four of us working together using shovels to do so.

The masses of bodies along the road actually made it difficult to move around without stepping on one. In those days the native police had bare feet and what with ruptured bodies and exuding body fluids the police were slipping and sliding about while we were trying to shovel them into roadside ditches. In retrospect it really was the stuff of nightmares.

Disregarding the impact on the police which was bad enough it soon became apparent that it was an impossible task and I cancelled the exercise and we returned to the base at Popondetta and reported to Ivan Champion.

It was decided to let nature take its course given the thousands of bodies scattered throughout the devastated area. But it was also the case that anyone venturing there could be caught there by outbursts from the volcano which was continually erupting.

The area was legally restricted to prevent anyone other than officials from entering.

Bob and I were the only two Patrol Officers permanently at the command post remaining there on duty for just under three weeks. Other Field Staff were pulled in from various government outstations and passed through Popondetta on their way to assist in setting

up temporary camps in other locations away from the area as Bob had done at Cape Killerton. Cont. over...

On a small number of occasions Bob and I accompanied Tony Taylor into the devastated area and a couple of times when the volcano decided to erupt we departed at speed to outrun the ejected material.

Feral pigs and hungry dogs had started to move into the devastated area feeding on decomposing corpses and while in the area with Tony Taylor I fired shots from my revolver to disperse these animals.

Bob and I seemed to work from daylight to dark and suffered from lack of sleep because of the continual rumbling and outbursts from the volcano which we could actually see during daylight and also at night when fiery outbursts occurred. Washing facilities were minimal and we were grubby and continually tired.

Neither of us had more than one change of clothes i.e. shorts, shirts and underwear and after a few days our clothing seemed to have absorbed the stench pervading the area.

There was also the apprehension that the volcano would suffer a further cataclysmic eruption which would engulf us all with no chance of outrunning such an event. Indeed on a couple of occasions when radio communications broke down because of atmospheric conditions it was thought that we had all been wiped out.

By the end of our stay Bob and I were both worn out and in today's parlance suffering from PTSD. Things had settled down and the command centre was operating well. Tony Taylor had received seismic equipment and was carrying out daily foot and jeep inspections and over flights of the area.

After being at Popondetta for just under three weeks we were relieved on the instructions of the Administrator who was aware that we had had enough. Those of us in the initial relief party had completed our task and others took over to continue the work of rehabilitation and recovery.

Bob and I flew out to Port Moresby with the armed police who had accompanied us there on the 21st January and from there on a DC3 back to Lae. We must have looked a sight to other passengers. Both of us were armed and looked pretty grubby, dirty and dusty but nobody seemed to notice or maybe they were too scared to comment.

Given the times there was no routine of counselling for PTSD or indeed any recognition of our work. We just returned to our Patrol Officer duties, me patrolling out of Finschhafen and Bob back to Lae.

Tony Taylor wrote a definitive technical report on the eruption and as we had become quite friendly living under similar circumstances for a couple of weeks he sent me a copy. He wrote on the inside cover:-

*"Des,
You had firsthand experience of
The human side of this catastrophe
I am sure you will find some interest
In the technical side of studying this
unpleasant specimen.*

*With best wishes
Tony"*

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF CROWN PROSECUTOR 1973

Some of the members of the staff of the Office of the Chief Crown Prosecutor, Department of Law, PNG. December 1973
Outside the old Supreme Court in Douglas Street, Port Moresby



Photo courtesy Clive Wall

L to R : Peter Donigi ; Stan Cory; Len Roberts-Smith; Peter Waight ;Clive Wall; Kevin Egan; John Warry; John Greville-Smith (Chief Crown Prosecutor)

DIWAI BILONG MISSIS KWIN

By: Keith Wall

A few years after Independence, I was teaching at the Civil Aviation Agency Training College (CATC) at Taldora (Six Mile) in Port Moresby. A group of young men and women were about to graduate as Radio Technical Officers after a concentrated four years of training. They would soon be appointed to positions at various airports throughout Papua New Guinea. Their postings would be determined by the Engineering Section of the Civil Aviation Agency. The selection criteria included overall technical grading, Province of origin and a current driving licence.

Driving licence? Nobody had thought of that during their training, and there was certainly no funding allocation for driver education. A quick check with the only commercial driver training company revealed that a hefty budget would be needed and

the estimated minimum time required was an average three months of one on one instruction. These guys had only three weeks until their graduation.

The newly appointed principal of CATC Mr Oliver Ambo, made the observation that 'this is a technical training college, and surely we can teach people how to drive, and just call it other duties as directed'. The CATC Driving School started off with the Education Support Staff preparing a classroom lecture series, whilst we on the technical staff were left to sort out the nuts and bolts of training competent drivers.

Just down the road was the Jacksons Airport terminal car park, all neatly painted with lines and parking spaces, just like streets and intersections. In the afternoons of most days, the car park was empty and there was no traffic or other obstacles to hit. It was just perfect for learner drivers before letting them loose on Port Moresby roads.

The CAA Airports Branch loaned us a Leyland Mini Moke as it was the only vehicle that was available. The Moke is essentially a motorised platform with two fixed chairs. It had no roof or doors and was not overly powerful. The lack of doors was seen to be



an asset according to one of the unwilling instructors, as it would be easy to jump out of in the case of an emergency. On its negative side, the Moke had tiny foot pedals that were closely spaced, and a gear stick that needed stirring to find the correct gear. The canary yellow vehicle was also highly visible to all other road users. A couple of pieces of black plastic insulation tape in the shape of a capital 'L' on the front of the bonnet finished the transformation to a legal

driver training vehicle.

My allocated trainee was a powerfully built young man who had very short legs. When sitting in the driver chair, he could not reach the foot pedals, and the seat was not adjustable. A couple of seat cushions were borrowed from the CATC staff tea room. He could now reach the pedals but still not see over the steering wheel. Another two cushions under him and we were ready to go.

I drove down to the airport car park and then stopped and we set the chair for him to start. After a few kangaroo hop starts, he got the general feel, and we slowly started to do laps of the car park. My feeling of angst was slowly dissipating, until I spotted the building afternoon crowd that was gathering at the balcony of the adjacent Gateway Hotel. I was spotted by a few mates and the yahoos and calls started to build. I kept a straight face and directed my charge to turn right at the next intersection and pull into the first marked car park space. The parking space he happened to choose had a tree in the front that was surrounded by treated pine logs. It was the only tree in the entire car park.

'O.K. now, gently select reverse gear and slowly move out'. He looked at me with a rather questioning look on his face. We hadn't 'done reverse gear' yet. The lads on the balcony were yahoos louder. 'O.K., the diagram is on the gear stick knob, and when

you find it check over your shoulder (there was no rear vision mirror) and slowly let out the clutch' The vehicle gave a small movement but didn't go anywhere. 'O.K. give it a little more accelerator'. And the tiny engine screamed, and he was still watching over his shoulder as the vehicle launched forward. Up and over the log barrier we went, and the tree disappeared. I grabbed for the hand brake but it didn't work. He managed to turn off the engine and we both climbed out amid loud clapping and cheering from the balcony mob.

Out in front of the vehicle were the last visible parts of tree top. There was a small brass plaque attached to a metal spike that was now a little further up the car park. It read "*This tree was planted by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, March 1977*". We had to lift the Moke down off the tree. The tree would not stand up again, so we hid it near the car park fence. I drove back to the college and not a word was said.

Two weeks later, the graduands were bussed to Four Mile Police Traffic Section followed by myself driving the Moke. Three hours later ten proud young people arrived back at CATC with a new piece of paper that proclaimed them all as legal drivers. Three weeks was all that it took and the only casualty was the diwai bilong Missis Kwin. (The Queen's Tree)

My trainee was posted to the Navigation Aids maintenance section of CAA at Jacksons Airport. In the first week of his posting, he was directed to drive a Toyota Landcruiser to Kabuna Mission on the Tapini road. A terrifying road with very steep ridges and drop offs on either side. I saw him a few weeks later and was given a cheerful V-for-Victory sign.

When I left CATC several years later, there were still two chairs with no cushions.

A SATURDAY AFTERNOON BOWLING AT BULOLO

By Paul Oates

While stationed at Wau as the Patrol Officer in late 1972, over Christmas my fiancé came to visit. She worked for a short while as a casual at the New Guinea Gold Mining (NGG) General Store while I was on patrol.

A mate who worked for NGG was going on leave asked if could I mind his old VW Beetle until he and his family returned from down south. We could use the car he said as long as we were aware of its shortcomings.

Now having a private vehicle was infinitely preferable to the Station Honda 90 motorcycle that we weren't supposed to ride anyway on non-government business. I therefore jumped at the opportunity.

The shortcomings of this bloke's old Beetle were a flat battery, due to a defunct generator that obviously couldn't recharge the battery. That meant roll starting the car every time you wanted to use it. That was no problem however as the township of Wau had many small hills around and the road outside my SOQ (Single Officers Quarters) was fairly flat. To push start the old VW was therefore not that bad and decidedly worth the effort.

The car's brakes however were a bit 'squishy' and had to be pumped vigorously in order to work. There was no way you could stop if it was in gear although one of the gears was a bit tricky to get properly engaged. Fortunately, the hand brake seemed to work OK and doubled as the brakes. The exhaust system was a trifle religious (holey)

as well and you had to be careful about where you accelerated or people in town might get an idea they had suddenly entered a war zone.

During the evening socials at the Wau Bowling Club, we met the daughter of a local expat coffee planter and her partner who was staying with her family. About our age, we got on quite well and one Saturday, I suggested we drive down to Bulolo and have a game of bowls as visitors from Wau often did.

During my first trip to the Bulolo Bowls Club I was introduced to the extremely genteel yet somewhat quaint custom of having a refreshing drink at the completion of each 'end'. At the time, my preferred tipple was Meri Buka (Rhum Negrita) and coke. Given there are, (I think), about 24 ends in a game of bowls, this ritual may have had some small bearing on the condition of my memory when I was driven home that evening.

The gravel road between Wau and Bulolo was something those who have never driven it will probably have difficulty in imagining. There is possibly not much by way of comparison to today's metropolitan standards.

Leaving Wau township, you turned away from the end of the road that ran past the bottom of the airstrip and the sign warning that 'Landing Aircraft have Right of Way'.

At a number of intervals along the road, there were tracks leading off the side of the road. Each had a circular sign made of the cut out end of a 44 gallon (200 litre) metal drum and nailed to a post. Each sign read: "ITAMBU" (It is forbidden) and had a red hand painted on it. One assumed it was to stop people exploring what was further along the track.

Having passed 'Misi Booth' (named after a pre-war gold miner Mrs Booth) and the last one of the various official gold mining communities, the road then progressed down through the Wau Gorge. The Wau Gorge was a series of hairpin bends where on one side there was the sheer stone wall of the chasm and on the other side, the gorge descended to the swift flowing Bulolo River below. The road was just wide enough for two vehicles to pass one another.

Exiting out of the Gorge, you drove down towards Mumeng and Lae and past a huge, old rusting gold dredge and the mullock heaps from the alluvial pre-war mining days. You then took the Bulolo turn off on the left.

Driving through the Bulolo township we finally reached the Bulolo Bowls Club.

After a very pleasant afternoon bowling and fortunately not consuming as many drinks as on the previous occasion, we left to drive home in the gathering gloom of a fast disappearing sunset.



One of the Bulolo gold dredges operating in better days

Arriving at the Gorge, we had proceeded half way along when we met a McCardle's timber jinker, right on a hairpin bend. The jinker was coming the other way in a hurry and fully loaded with Klinki pine logs.



An example of what the timber jinker looked like.

Five things all happened at once.

I steered up against the rock wall trod on the clutch madly pumped the brakes while pulling the handbrake on. The car stopped, the headlights went out. The truck just narrowly missed us as it careered around on the outside bend in a cloud of dust. There was no way the local driver could have stopped even if he had wanted to and he just continued on his way.

We were suddenly alone in the middle of Wau Gorge and in total darkness, there being no moon that night. Needless to say, we hadn't thought to bring a torch. The other chap had a suggestion. He'd stand on the lip of the gorge with a lighted cigarette and frantically wave it backwards and forwards so that I could hopefully see where he was. The girls could then help me push the car and when rolling, hopefully I could leap in and roll start it before we both disappeared over the edge. Given the shape of the road and the slight incline, we had but one chance of success. Backing up the old Beetle, to the opposite side of the road, the girls and I started to push it towards the glowing end of the cigarette. Luck was on our side as I was able to jump in and kick the old car into life. Once started and the engine revved, we had headlights again. Thankfully we arrived back in Wau without further ado.

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The Kokoda College will be a state-of-the-art training facility based in Kou-Kou village (Kokoda) in Papua New Guinea. The College will train urgently needed elementary teachers, primary teachers and community health workers for PNG and will train enough of these professionals to meet the needs of the entire Kokoda Track catchment area within its first three years of operations. Construction is planned for the second half of 2013 and the College will open its doors in February 2014. The website has information for those wishing to get involved — a donation to help us build and run the college... or register your interest if you are keen to join our volunteer teams to help build it. See: www.kokodacollege.com

Patrick Lindsay writes: Tereno Pty Ltd of Ulladulla on the NSW south coast, has started pre-fabricating the initial seven core college buildings. They'll be packed in seven containers - like giant Ikea flatpacks — and delivered to the college site at Kou Kou village, a 10 minute walk from Kokoda plateau.

Our teams of volunteers will construct the buildings on site, starting in October.

WAR-TIME RELIC - USAF P47 THUNDERBOLT

By: Peter Worsley

In early 1963 I was a Patrol Officer based in Lae and carried out patrols both along the coast and also into the Wain and Naba areas in the mountains to the north of Lae. The highest mountain in that area, Mt Bangeta at a little over 13,500ft, lies on the northern edge of the Naba. At that time Patrol Officers acted as agents for the various war grave commissions, locating the remains of those killed during World War II. The appropriate commission would then be advised. Because of this, during patrols it was standard practice during the evening discussions with the local village people to ask questions regarding the war. It had impacted on some areas much more than others. In 1963 the Naba was a fairly remote and isolated area, quite high up the side of the mountains and seldom visited. Most of the villages had experienced little involvement with the war.

During one patrol I asked the elders of one village if there had been any fighting in or near their village. There hadn't been, but then someone remembered a plane that had crashed a considerable distance further up the mountain. This jolted the memory of others, and the story was told. A single-engine aircraft had appeared from the north, and having just cleared the mountains had suddenly burst into flames and crashed. I was told that there were no other planes around, and of course there was no anti-aircraft fire in that remote place. I can only presume that it had been damaged by enemy action and, leaking fuel, had caught fire during its endeavours to get back to Port Moresby. They could, of course, give me no idea of a date for the incident.

The people had gone up to the crash site, found the fire had gone out and that the pilot was dead. They left him and the plane and returned to the village. The war between foreigners was no concern of theirs. I asked them if they would take me to the site, and the following day we left early in the morning.



It took almost the whole day to find the wreck, pushing through the thick bush. Initially all that could be seen were a couple of bits of aluminium scattered among the undergrowth. After clearing some of the trees, more could be seen. It was obvious that on hitting the ground the plane had buried most of its length and over the years the rain had washed dirt in to fill the hole. Sticking up above the ground were the tail and the wing tips, with a scattering of aluminium and windscreen bits lying around.

The remains were of a US Air Force Republic P47 Thunderbolt, a very large American single-engine fighter. The aircraft's number could just be made out on the tailfin. By this time it was getting late, and there was no time, nor did we have the tools to dig for the remains of the pilot, buried some distance down in the cockpit.

However, lying on the ground half buried in the mud and forest litter was an American dog-tag. This had the name James D. (?) Carter, the numbers 0382948 T41 42, and presumably the



next of kin's name, Mrs S.F. Blair, Cooper, Tex. There were also the letters O and P, probably his blood group and Protestant or Presbyterian. We arrived back at the village after dark, tired, sore and scratched. Time restraints meant that I could not return to the crash the next day, and all I could do was report the matter in my Patrol Report when I arrived back in Lae. I presume that the US War Graves Commission was duly notified, and recovery made of the pilot.

DR BARRY KIRBY

Ex-Builder's labour of love in PNG

Courtesy of Keith Jacksons ASOPA Typepad and JO CHANDLER | The Australian
IT WAS MIDNIGHT and Barry Kirby had been at the wheel for almost seven hours, nudging his 4WD 200km down a goat-track of bog, fog and yawning ravines in some of Papua New Guinea's most inhospitable back country, when he experienced his epiphany.



Later, friends would gently suggest he was overthinking a garden-variety midlife crisis. He was a prime candidate - 40, a loner, a searcher; a carpenter by trade and adventurer by nature, nearing the end of a defining four-year posting in a lost corner of PNG.

"People would talk about 'change of life' and other stupid things," says Kirby, ever the plain-spoken Australian tradie. "But I kept getting these messages."

That night on the road in 1990 he was hauling building materials back to the village of Menyamya, where he'd lived for the past four years, when his headlights fell on what looked like a hessian sack. Kirby climbed out of the cabin to investigate and found a woman curled under a cloak of beaten bark. People appeared on the roadside, drawn out of the rainforest by the Toyota's lights.

Language doesn't necessarily translate from one valley to the next in PNG, but Kirby learnt that the woman had been cast out as a witch. She had two dead husbands. She also had chronic diarrhoea and, on later reflection, very likely HIV-AIDS.

Kirby asked the villagers to help him bundle her into the passenger seat. The smell was beyond bad. "She was sitting there and I'm driving along - I couldn't talk her language, she couldn't talk mine," Kirby recalls. "She had lovely white teeth, I remember." She huddled deep in the folds of her bark *malo*. At the health centre Kirby looked for the doctor, but he was away. So he put the woman to bed, fetched some water and tracked down someone who promised to watch over her. "I went back to see her in the morning and she was dead," Kirby says. "You walk away and you think, 'F..k. That's preventable. She died because no one went to see her and put a line in'."

He made a decision that night - or rather, he yielded to a mad, nagging notion he'd been slapping away like a bothersome fly throughout his time in Menyamya, and where he'd too often witnessed the grief from PNG's understaffed and failing health network. "I sort of gave up fighting this feeling, just gave in."

Barry Kirby, a Northern Rivers farm boy who had never been much of a student, would become a doctor.

On a good day, Dr Barry Kirby wakes to benign conditions on Milne Bay, beyond the easternmost tip of mainland PNG. In flat water he can coax 33 knots from the outboard of his borrowed banana boat as he commutes the luminous avenues between palm-fringed Pacific islands. It looks for all the world like paradise, but he knows better. He will be met by gatherings of heavily pregnant women waiting in the shade of tumbledown health clinics, fanning themselves with copies of their *Buk Bilong Ol Meri*, the precious record of their antenatal visits.

On the best days he might deliver a baby into the arms of a healthy mother. After a difficult labour, he's as exultant as she is exhausted. On the worst days he treks up to a village hidden in the jungle to find the sister, mother or husband of a woman who has died in childbirth, and will add her story to his overflowing archive of similar sorrows.

His crossings into this hidden landscape, where all that separates birth and death is luck, obsess and distress him. It's why he's making a special trip to Normanby Island, one of the larger rocks in the archipelago where he conducts his medical rounds. There's another story waiting for him to collect before the forest swallows it up and the lessons are lost.

With the boat moored in a shallow cove, we wade over the litter of bleached and broken coral to unload supplies of drugs and equipment for the clinic. Dr Barry is in foreman

mode. He has the tradesman's swagger of capability as he strides around the health centre at Sehulea station. For the moment his hard won doctoring credentials are less useful than his old tools.

He's trying to fix the plumbing, because there's no water coming down from the tanks up on the hill and the single solar-powered light in the delivery room is on the blink. Water is the priority.

The nurses are well accustomed to birthing babies by lamplight, but as the ordinarily unflappable resident midwife Sister Dorcas John laments, they can do nothing without a clean water supply. Two women who have made the journey to the clinic from their villages several hours' walk away wait patiently on the veranda, though it provides little relief from the midday heat.

Kirby strips off his sweaty clothes, washes in a shallow dish of precious water and emerges from Sister Dorcas' little house in crisp collared shirt and shorts, transformation completed by the stethoscope draped around his neck. The doctor is in.

His first patient, Clara, is ripe to bursting and a week overdue, assuming her dates are right. He stretches a tape measure over the mountain of her belly, drops his head and listens intently to the baby's heartbeat. He closes his eyes and gently travels his hands. The baby's head is still floating high, not engaged as it should be by now for imminent delivery. It's her second baby, but there's no record of whether the first was also late, or even when it was born. "How many Christmas' since the first baby?" he asks. Two.

"Is your husband here?" Yes, he's around. Kirby tells Clara she must stay close to the clinic, not go home to her village. If the baby hasn't budged by morning she'll ride back with us in the boat to Alotau, four hours away on the mainland, where he'll admit her to the provincial hospital.

Next patient is Malika. She's not due for a couple of weeks but her tiny frame staggers under an even more spectacular belly. Kirby goes through his routine again, feeling for clues. "Is there a lot of kicking, lots of movement?" She nods vigorously. This time around "it's gotta be twins", Kirby concludes, but without an ultrasound he can't be 100 per cent.

His questions trip more alarms. Malika's husband has a history of violence towards her and has left her for another woman. She's marooned in his village, so she won't have much, if any, help when her time comes. He tells her to send word to summon her mother from her garden in the island's interior.

Malika will certainly be coming back with us to Alotau and she will need a guardian to look after her at the hospital. The boat's beginning to look a little crowded on the return trip.

If all goes to plan, Kirby won't be relying on the weary outboard to service his far-flung country practice much longer. He's finalising a deal to buy a seaplane, which he will pilot himself once he has finished updating his licence - the relic of another previous life.

Milne Bay is about to get its own "flying doctor", specialising in on-call emergency obstetrics retrievals, a first for PNG. The seaplane rescue service is the centrepiece of ambitious, largely self-funded experiment trialling strategies that have emerged from Kirby's own research - his painstaking collection and analysis of the stories of dead women - and which he hopes will claw back the death toll of PNG's escalating maternal health emergency.

"There are moments," he reflects later, nursing a beer on the deck of the Alotau boatshed he calls home, "when I've got my head up a perineum, stitching it up, and I look back and think, 'How the hell did I get here?'"

Young Barry Kirby never much enjoyed city life or schoolrooms, and pined for weekends out on the family farm. He scraped through St Laurence's in Brisbane, a middle-rung Catholic boys' college, then got a job as a trainee accountant on the seventh floor of the BP building in Sydney ("how boring was that").

He lasted less than 12 months before following his father Frank's footsteps and getting an apprenticeship, finding satisfaction in craftsmanship and freedom in the unfettered life of a journeyman carpenter.

He was also taking his father's lead when he signed up for the job in PNG. Frank Kirby had served with an Australian artillery unit that fought an ugly campaign to dislodge the Japanese from Shaggy Ridge, near Madang. He rarely spoke of the war, but many times he told his son of the warmth of the people of PNG and the wild splendour of its landscape.

Kirby discovered these for himself when, after his building business in Alice Springs went bust, he took the job in Menyamya to build a high school and student boarding house with Australian aid money.

He immersed himself in a community where men decorated themselves with cassowary bones, women wore grass skirts, and bows and arrows were carried in earnest. The history books recount many blood-curdling tales of white men's encounters with the local Kukukuku tribe - infamously fierce warriors. "Magnificent people - once you get to know them," Kirby says.

By 1990, the school project was almost complete and Kirby was mulling over whether to accept an offer to stick around or return to Australia when he found the dying woman in his headlights and his destiny became clear. It took him 12 years and the sale of all he possessed to pay his way through medicine - the long way, via the University of Technology Sydney, Griffith University and the University of PNG. He was 52 and had \$50 to his name when he emerged as a rural obstetrics specialist.

It was during his final phase of training at Alotau Hospital in 2002, working 24/7 on local wages of \$250 a week, that a plan started to form. After a further three years' preparation for exams, Kirby qualified for Australian registration and started to pick up locum work in the bush and lucrative short contracts overseas, stashing away his earnings and pursuing his last academic requirement for rural obstetrics practice - a research project digging deep into some of the casualties of PNG's maternal mortality crisis.

Women die during or soon after childbirth at a rate of 733 per 100,000 births in PNG - a rate that has doubled in a recent decade. (In Australia, the figure is about eight, unless you are Aboriginal, when it is about 21.)

Analysis of World Bank and PNG Demographic Health Survey data puts the lifetime risk of dying from pregnancy in PNG at one in 28, compared to one in 10,000 in Australia, says Professor Glen Mola, head of obstetrics and gynaecology at the University of PNG. Mostly, mothers bleed to death for want of basic medical attention. Kirby's research told how, where and who, honouring the casualties with identity.

I came across Kirby's work in 2010 while researching news stories on the woeful fallout of PNG's collapsing health system. Mola had forwarded the investigation his then postgraduate student had compiled tracking the deaths of 31 mothers in Milne Bay province. The report was intriguing - and not just for the surprising provenance of its author. It contained an excruciating litany of case studies, true tales animating the well-worn statistics.

Take the story of Lispa, Case #26, and the valiant efforts of her husband Isaac to save her. Isaac raced over a mountain to borrow a dinghy and beg fuel to ferry Lispa to help after the umbilical cord broke while delivering their fifth child.

"Placenta is too hard for me to push out," she told Isaac's sister. She was bleeding badly by the time they reached the remote aid post - only to find the health worker had no drugs or equipment. She suckled her baby until she died.

Kirby's tone showed little regard for the conventions of the dispassionate, distanced, disembodied academic voice. He put himself squarely in the picture, explaining the travails of access across wild seas and jungle, realities that would have to be tackled if health services were ever to improve. He prefaced the report with a dedication to "the brave Milne Bay women who have given up their lives for the sake of giving life".

Of PNG's 200,000-plus births a year, more than 120,000 are unsupervised. As Professor Mola tells it, these women deliver in the bush or their villages "on a dirt floor, with no skilled attendants, no equipment, and no capacity to get somewhere if something happens, and many die".

Despite years of talk and promises, little has happened to improve a health system that one former PNG health minister described as "bloody useless". With Kirby gearing up to trial his crazy brave ideas at half a dozen remote island sites, I wrote him a note, eventually wangling an invitation to come and see what he was doing.

We ride into Alotau in the doctor's battered Land Cruiser, half a million miles on the clock, avoiding dogs and chickens, pigs and potholes, and women carting babies, food and wood. He crunches the gears as we crawl up the winding avenues. His routine is to ride his bike up here most mornings; at 62, there's a lot to do before he gets "too decrepit".

We pass simple, tidy shacks draped with long lines of flapping laundry, frangipanis sprinkled with pale blossom and broad African tulip trees, boughs blazing with crimson spikes. We slow at a vantage point above the turquoise bowl of the bay. The sea and sunshine have nurtured happier and gentler cultures around this idyllic coast than some of the more punishing landscapes of the interior.

Nonetheless life is hard in Milne Bay. Cash is scarce since copra (dried coconut flesh) prices crashed and depleted stocks forced the closure of the lucrative *beche-de-mer* (sea slug) harvest. Women bear the brunt of it. At local markets they might earn just 10 cents for a hand of bananas or a pawpaw.

One of the things women told Kirby, when he surveyed them about why many didn't come into the health centres, was that they couldn't afford the 5-10 kina (\$2.25-\$4.50) fees. So he's lobbying provincial authorities to scrap the charge and in the meantime subsidising it for mothers at his trial sites.

They also told him they were embarrassed they had no clean clothes for their newborns and no soap to wash them with. Hence the busy enterprise we find when Kirby pulls up at his boatshed. Four local helpers are loading dozens of plastic baby baths filled with tiny singlets and plastic pants, nappies and towels, talc and baby oil, mosquito nets and bright loincloths. Midwives distribute these "baby bundles", worth about 60 kina (\$27) each, as a reward to women who come in from their villages - sometimes many hours' walk away - to deliver their babies at the health centres.

It's proving a powerful lure. In the six months they've been offered at his sites, supervised deliveries have risen sharply and deaths have fallen away. More than 600 bundles have gone out. Sehulea health centre used to average 60 to 70 supervised births a year, but there have been more than 90 in the six months since the bundles have been distributed.

Other initiatives include extra staff training, drug supplies, equipment and a bonus for health workers - 20 kina (\$9) for every baby above the previous year's average. The incentives payment is based on a successful program in Cambodia that Mola was keen to see trialled in PNG.

(He's supported it with funding through "Send Hope Not Flowers", an initiative of Australian obstetricians who encourage their patients to ask for donations in lieu of congratulatory bouquets.)

In a context where health workers are overburdened and unsupported, some are also notoriously cranky and rough with their patients. The "baby bonus" encourages them to refine their bedside manner.

The next phase will be a radio network to the far flung aid posts and the seaplane rescues. Kirby has founded a fledgling charity to run it, tentatively called The Hands of Rescue Foundation. His role model is another maverick medico, the late Fred Hollows.

Kirby cheerfully admits he's fixated. There's room for little else in his life. He was married once, to the first girl he ever asked on a date, but it didn't last long. Other romances, and the opportunity for children of his own, were sacrificed first to Menyamy and later to pursuit of his medical degree, which absorbed most of his time and all his money and passion.

"Once you have the knowledge, how can you walk away? You've witnessed it. You have to do something about it. You won't be happy with yourself unless you do."

He doesn't subscribe to much of the Catholic orthodoxy of his upbringing but the baggage is harder to shake. Kirby was raised in a household where faith and social justice were

central to identity and conscience, and the search for meaning - vocationally and spiritually - remains a powerful motivator.

Along with, perhaps, a dash of redemption. "I've got some skeletons in my closet," he declares. "Some of them I don't want to say anything about. I've been an arsehole at times. No risk about that." That conversation is closed.

We trek up into Normanby Island's lush hinterland, following the vague contours of a jungle path past clusters of huts and cooking fires. Kirby sets a cracking pace; I'm trailing, drenched in sweat.

The last time he was on Normanby, about three months back, Kirby was interviewing the families of two women who had died in childbirth when the meeting was interrupted with news that there had just been another death, not far up the track. He found Catherine Pindo with "the most peaceful look on her face," Kirby recalls. "Almost beatific." With her clan gathering and wailing, this was no time to ask questions.

We've come back to find out why she died. She was 23. Her sister Marita is waiting at the abandoned hut where Kirby last saw Catherine laid out on the floor. Marita is nursing Catherine's sleeping son, John Bosco, named for the 19th century Italian priest who founded the Salesian order. The missionaries did their work thoroughly in these parts. We sit in the shade of a hut decorated with icons of the Virgin Mary to talk to Marita and a cousin, Flora, who was also present when Catherine died.

Kirby settles with his notepad and pen, launching into his practised posthumous ritual, a kind of verbal autopsy. Did Catherine go to school? Yes, to grade nine. Was this her first baby? Yes. Her husband, Ronald, was he a good husband? Yes. Did he beat her? No, never. Did he take her to the health clinic for check-ups? Yes. Who helped the baby come out? Our mother.

Questions and answers go back and forth in *Tok-Pisin* and *Tok-Ples* (local language) and English. There are 82 of them on Kirby's standard checklist.

Flora describes Catherine's last moments. The labour was long, a day and a night, but she had seemed well the morning after her son finally arrived. Then she went down to the river to toilet, and when she returned she said she was dizzy and hot. She lay down and there was froth at her nose and mouth.

"She said, 'Mummy, you tell Marita to feed the baby'," Flora says. "She said, 'I'm going to leave you'. And then she said thank you to the Lord. And then she died." For long moments the doctor's pen is still and his head is bowed over his notebook. The only sound is the wavelike cicada chorus echoing through the forest. Kirby composes himself, coughs and finds his voice.

It's not clear why Catherine died. What Kirby learns is that, three days before it happened, she had been to Sehulea and attended a clinic. The nurse urged her to stay close by because the baby was due, but someone - it's not clear if it was Catherine or Ronald - insisted they needed to go home to collect a few things, four hours' hard walk away. It's a familiar story.

"Catherine walked back to her village and went into labour on the Saturday. She died on Sunday. She was already at term," he tells the nurses at Sehulea when he gathers them together for a meeting that night.

"We are professionals. We know a walk like that could bring on the labour. We need to be strong. We need to say to mothers, 'No, you can't go, for yourself and your baby you must stay here. Let the husband go, if he must'."

In the morning we board the banana boat in the already sweltering dawn. Clara won't be coming - her baby has dropped into position. She will be safe in Sister Dorcas' hands. Kirby puts a cannula into Malika's arm, in case her babies attempt to come out early during the trip and he needs to quickly insert a drip.

The motor roars and we power into the blue, heading back to the mainland, carrying Catherine's story, Malika and her mother, and the next generation of Milne Bay women - twin girls - who will be safely delivered in Alotau Hospital a few days later.

For more information and to donate: www.sendhope.org

DONATIONS TO PNGAA COLLECTION JUNE 2013

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 The PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library can be accessed at: <http://www.library.uq.edu.au/fryer/ms/uqfl387.pdf>

Ken Connolly: Ampex 7 inch recording tape: Part 3 – A claim for service increment for transport drivers; Part 4 – A claim for salaries, overtime allowances (for Local and Overseas [Officers] re Health Inspectors) other than Extension Officers; one unidentified tape in clear plastic container to be checked. Photographs: native miner holding gold bearing ore; Arona Valley site of the Upper Ramu hydro scheme; Kainantu golf course; "crash education residence" Agarabi Council area; Kainantu exhibit 1962 Goroka Show; sketch map of Azana area enclosing photos – preparing for patrol Wonenara airstrip (1) ditto (2) setting out on patrol from Wonenara patrol post (EHD), 1963; government interpreter and Kukukukus; typical Kukukuku housing Wonenara area; view of Wonenara patrol post with PO's house and police quarters; group of Kukukukus wearing pigs' tusks and cowrie shell head bands; Kukukuku tree burial site Wonenara area; view south from Wonenara patrol post of mist-shrouded valleys and mountains; Kukukuku interpreter; patrol with Kukukukus on ridge; Kukukuku burial site Wonenara; [another] tree burial site; closer view of tree burial; investigation patrol of PO Geoff Booth and Sup[erintenden]t Murray McNaught plodding through kunai; Kukukukus with Supt McNaught; Kukukuku country; ditto showing valleys and mountains; Sgt Gomene RP&NG Constabulary; Sgt Gomene on patrol; view of valley with buildings bottom left and Supt McNaught and party lower right; ditto from another angle; banana tree in kunai; ridge showing clearing for gardens; Kukukuku burial site with con-stantle; same closer up; constable standing on ridge; mist over garden. Douglas Ng: photo of self as Lieutenant leading the PNGVR contingent in the 2012 Anzac Day march, Brisbane.

Peter du Cloux: two photos of [merchant] Wong You, one of Mrs du Cloux and friend with Wong You before his trade store, Buka Passage Chinatown (lodged in Fryer Library e-space); Matupi island from (?Toma) plateau; Tavorvur erupting (?1997). Stan (MBE) & Agnes Carswell: preliminary family tree of Lee Tam Tuck (Ah Tam) and descendants;

Membership badges for Popondetta Bowling Club, Lae Bowls club, Goroka Sports Club, Public Service Association of Papua New Guinea. Paul C. Johnson: 2 memory sticks with PDF files of pre-WW1 books - Early Technology, Early Wireless – Telegraphy & Naval: German Empire; German New Guinea. Laurie Le Fevre: TPNG Driving Permit no.413; notice of appointment as Assistant Presiding Officer (Mt Hagen) for the 1964 House of Assembly Election; motor-cycle licence no.60975; motor vehicle licence no. B82490.

Patricia Le Fevre: motor vehicle licence no. 82412. Bill McGrath (Pacific Book House, Broadbeach): two copies of Kundi Dan (Dan Leahy's life among the Highlanders of PNG); Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Society Memorial News no.? August 2011, no.41 August 2012; PNG Attitude no.146 April 2010, 147 May 2010; Una Voce (expanded bound copy) no.4 December 2011; bound material comprising Australian Imperial Forces routine orders 6 Mar 41 (photocopy) embarkation orders 8-14 Mar 41: "B", "C", "HQ" Coy members; personnel known to be on Sth. Coast, New Britain; Lark Force members lost on Montevideo Maru (MM) Wednesday 1 July 1942; nominal [roll] of all civilians on torpedoed MM same date; Lark Force members killed in action/missing, presumed dead 22/23 Jan 42; Lark Force members who died while escaping Japanese or as POWs Rabaul 1942; soldiers executed by Japanese Gasmata 080342; soldiers executed by Japanese at Tol plantation (New Britain)040242; escapees on MV Lakatoi and Laurabada; listing of main Japanese invasion units; two letters dealing with POWs; statement of Sgt Frank Septimus Smith of Japanese occupation of Rabaul 220242. Karl Baumann (Germany): photocopy of article Luluai Tokinkin of German New Guinea at the Trade & Colonial Exhibition, Berlin with faded photographs of canoes, [New Britain] fish traps, and a Tabu house on stilts from Seleo island, mainland New Guinea; German record of last post [letters] from German New Guinea 1914; movements of the MV Siar with photo of ship and crew in 1910. English record translated by Anon. and Google; copy of letter 13th April 1920 from Kurt Kuhn, manager of (German) New Guinea Company, Rabaul, to The Commissioner for Lands, Rabaul, concerning building a Rundhaus (Round House) as a holiday house at the foot of Mt Varzin on Toma plateau overlooking Rabaul;

CD The Parkinson Family, Queen Emma and relations in New Guinea 1878-1930. ©Karl Baumann. A comprehensive biography of Queen Emma at Ralum (Herbertshohe/Kokopo) and mini-biographies of other part-Samoan families in the Gazelle Peninsula (mainly) pre-1914, with a wonderful collection of photographs of places and people and maps from private collections (many previously unpublished). First published 2003. Rita Albiez: photographs: group of Chinese schoolgirls 1950s (Nellie R?, Rachael Seeto, Janet Lam, Peggy Lam; Nancy Seeto); post WW2 street scene Rabaul; 2 copies of gathering of Methodist Chinese, Rabaul; children of Methodist Overseas Chinese School, Rabaul, 195?; Sister Golden and "Cookie" Mui Kwai, Asiatic Hospital, Rabaul ca. ca.1950s; Fr Ted Harris (right) and Major Bill Owen, Company Commander 2/22 Battalion; two photos of Tavurvur erupting (?1997); inside Tavurvur; city centre after 1997 Tavurvur eruption. Continuation of March listing cut short by floods and power failures, Brisbane: Mary Young: copied sheets of recipes prepared for village Women's Club schools (Gulf District); Cooking – booklet no.7 in the Women's Club Badge Scheme published by Department of Information and Extension Services [Konedobu], 1964; Coconut Recipes [borrowed from Malayan Agri-Horticultural Association], 1947 used in promotional material by the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries, Konedobu. Peter Cahill: Rabaul Public [Chinese] School (formerly Goong Lap) Anthem (school song) handwritten in Hiragana characters; photographs of Lee

Tam Tuk (or Tuck) and Tan Chin Wee (T.C. Wee) used by Rev. Neville Threlfall in his Mangroves, Coconuts and Frangipani ; photograph approx. 42x15cm of teaching staff, students and school Council and/or Board members (most identified) of Rabaul Public Chinese School before rough corrugated/flat iron structure of school 1950s; photocopy of page from Sydney Sun 12th October 1990 of first official hanging in Rabaul during the Australian Military Administration when Leong Wah was hanged on 16th October 1916 for the murder of Lee Fong; photocopy of article in Bank Notes by manager V.C.S. King: Banking under extreme difficulties – vicissitudes of the staff of Commonwealth Bank, Rabaul, during the 1937 eruption of Tavurvur volcano; also includes brief summary on establishing the branch 15th April 1916; CD of Chinese in Rabaul which includes: letter of appreciation from Thomas Mow (Mow Yuk Kwan aka Mow Sin Sung), Chairman of Matupi Farm Chinatown Council to Lieut. (subsequently Major) J. MacGregor Dowsett, in charge of settling Chinese into Matupi Farm 1945/1946, with signatures of residents; map of Rabaul 1942; panorama of Rabaul from Greet Harbour (Matupi island) to Methodist Mission station at Raluana; collection of China-town/Chinese related photographs of Rabaul: Ah Tam's shipyard (ples Atam) at Malaguna; Chinese returning home after 1937 eruptions of Tavurvur and Vulcan volcanoes; pork-seller's cart; Chinatown end of Casuarina Avenue showing Alois Akun building; Methodist Chinese students and teacher Thomas Mow on beach picnics; officers and volunteers of the Chinese Ambulance Auxiliary Division (CAAD) recruited in 1939 to assist in repulsing Japanese; surrender of Imperial Japanese Army Rabaul, September 1945; Japanese POWs post-war road maintenance under Australian Army guidance; large photograph of students (most identified) of the Sacred Heart (formerly Yang Ching) Catholic School Rabaul 1951/1952 with nuns and priests; S.S. Sumatra (designed to carry forty passengers) used to transport 200 expropriated Germans from Wewak to Hollandia ca.1920; Central Avenue (later Dowsett Street, then Ah Chee Avenue) in Matupi Farm Chinatown 1945/1946 showing kunai grass shanties built as "temporary" accommodation for Chinese; Pacific Islands Monthly cumulative indices August 1930 – July 1955 prepared by Jim Burton, Brisbane; booklet Handcrafts of Papua New Guinea – New Guinea Islands, Department of Commerce, Port Moresby, post 1975; Papua New Guinea Reader with items by Bill Garner, John Kasaipwalova, Helen Barnes, John Waiko, Heinz Schutte – no publication details; Careers for girls: a book of information for parents prepared by the Women's Contact Club of Port Moresby. Department of Information & Extension Services, Port Moresby, 1968; Niugini Lives. Pacific Writers Series, General Editor Ulli Beier. Jacaranda Press, Brisbane, 1974; Kivung. Special Publication Number One, May, 1975. Tok Pisin I go we? Proceedings of a Conference held at the University of Papua New Guinea, Port Moresby, 18-21 September 1973. Published by S[ummer] I[nstitute] of L[inguistics] Printing Department, Ukarumpa, EHD, 1975; Programs and Performances 1975-1976, October 1975. National Planning Committee of the Central Planning Office, Port Moresby, Government Printer 1975; Dyeline map of Town of Samarai, Milinch Loani, Fourmil Samarai. Oct[ober] 1963; Raskols – The Gangs of Papua New Guinea* by Stephen Dupont, 2011; plastic shopping bag with business

descriptions of Chin H. Meen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Tabari Place, Port Moresby. Leslie Russell: memory stick of 273 photographs taken by Colin Pennycook, ECB (Paddy) Watts and Albert Lee: mainly of Wau and Bulolo early 1930s showing Wau township, re-assembling dredges flown in by Junkers aircraft, building materials including steel I (eye) beams, picture theatre, recreation hall, swimming pool, tennis courts, Burns Philp store, Kukukukus visiting Wau, sluicing for gold, excavating river beds by steam shovel, aircraft flying, on Wau airstrip, being serviced/rebuilt, Jack Lang's "twin", labour line "kickcross" (soccer) match, Kukukukus in bark cloaks, cedar logs on Athey wagons, etc. – too many to include here so a full listing will be prepared and placed with the memory stick. Barry Bond: (courtesy Mrs J. Bond) photographs (1) Chimbu Coffee Society (CBS) members; (2) members with Barry Bond, (3) coffee bean sorting; (4) 1lb parchment makes $\frac{3}{4}$ lb green bean and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb waste; view of CBS factory and ancillary buildings; grading dried beans; bagged beans awaiting shipment; external drying tables; collecting share[holder] contributions; Special "Kundiawa News" Chimbu Survey 1964-65 (a Who's Who and What's What survey of the Chimbu District); Barry H. Bond The Kundiawa Coffee Society; Black & White magazine vol.2 no.1 December 1968, Final Issue July-August 1969 (each with Gordon Tripp cartoons); Our News vol.12 no.9 5th May 1970. Helen M. Trigg: (courtesy Bob Cleland): memory stick and album of thirty-nine photos of Wau and Bulolo goldfields and Rabaul taken by her father, John (Jack) Carter ca.1932 while locum dentist in Wau (?employed by New Guinea Goldfields); New Britain woven cane fish trap; Wau 1932 a group of Dukduks; two Tubuans in white-cowrie-shell decorated masks; men in feather coronets, pearl-shell breast-plates, tapa waist-cloths and shin and ankle feather circlets; logging and hand-sawing klinkii pine in the Wau valley; Wau aerodrome with build-ings and aircraft; an article with photos of Guinea Airways' Junkers G31go VH-UOW; two photos of opening ceremony for re-constructed dredge (?No.1); surface mining; bags of dried copra being carried along a bridge to two small schooners; photos of Sheds No.1 & 2 of W.R. Carpenter & Co. Ltd., tram lines and quality of buildings suggest Carpenters' wharf at Toboi, Simpsonhafen (Rabaul); scene in Botanic Garden, Rabaul; Barawon road linking Rabaul and Kokopo; Malaguna Road, Rabaul; Mango Avenue (main street of Rabaul); young girls in coconut plantation (?Kokopo area). Marjorie Head: plastic shopping bag with service details from Port Moresby of Luk Poy Wai Trading Co., Ltd., Koki (known affectionately to his customers as Luke Warm Pie). John Groenwegen: (surveyor seconded from the Dept. National Mapping, Canberra to accompany the Star Mountains patrol 1963), copies of his daily diary, and 100 photos (now digitised) taken during the patrol. Full listing in the September Una Voce.

*\$59.90 from mcgrath@pacificbookhouse.com.au. Has few words: the photos do the talking.

BOOK NEWS

Twixt Semites and swastikas: Temlett Conibeer's greatest challenge by ACT Marke ISBN 9780646577005 First published by Frogmouth Press 2012 Soft cover, 278 pp Cost: \$35 incl p&p within Australia Email: frogmouth07@live.com.au

With fresh leads on alleged Nazi war criminals in South American not eventuating, Mossad turn their attention to PNG and find rich pickings, with disastrous consequences for Temlett Conibeer. Temlett is a field worker based at Lae in the sixties, who becomes involved with a very attractive but rather eccentric young woman, a medical graduate from East Germany, who mysteriously disappears. She is quickly followed by another, from Tasmania, to whom he is tricked into offering accommodation and who knows no-one in the Territory, yet is murdered soon after arrival. Temlett is immediately suspected and eventually convicted of her murder. It appears he faces a long jail term, until the reappearance of the German girl, Lena Adler, who breaks him out of prison and reveals her real identity and purpose in the Territory. There follows a covert and hazardous trek across much of the centre of New Guinea by Temlett and Lena, sleeping rough without food or baggage and meeting bush characters, peril and adventure in a desperate attempt to clear his name. When the real murderer is located, Temlett find that his living nightmare is just about to begin.

Review by Chris Warrillow

Andrew Marke's third book is a must-read for those who, like me, enjoyed his two earlier publications. Those who have not already savoured Marke's earlier writings will be tempted to do so after reading his latest *warts and all*, sometimes humorous, account of the saga that develops for his *alter ego* - Temlett Conibeer - as he moves around the jungles (urban and bush) of the former TPNG, now dubbed in tourist brochures as "Like every place you've never been".

Many of us remember PNG with great fondness. The author's descriptions of walking the terrain, and of the flora and fauna encountered in the bush, will evoke memories. Although the *locals* do not play a big role in the story, memories will be refreshed by descriptions of limited encounters with co-workers in the office and interaction with domestic staff that often lived with their families in our backyard *boi haus*.

First time readers of Marke will recall some of the repetitious banter between the members of social clubs frequented by expatriates in the then TPNG – readers of the earlier books may be bored! Former field officers may recall, with some nostalgia, the loneliness and privations of the bush and the sometimes lack of privacy due to circumstances not everyone has encountered.

The fiction is given verisimilitude due to its unfolding in the "Land of the Unexpected" and brief encounters with life in rural Tasmania.

(For a more detailed review Members may visit the PNGAA website.)

Iris Pederick and Phillip Pope (Eds) *A Seeker in Papua The Journal of a Young Missionary May 1923-January 1926*. Geelong, 2012.

ISBN 978 0 646 58245 0 Available from Iris Pederick, 31 Sydenham Street Manifold Heights Victoria 3218. It costs \$65 incl postage.

John Kissack Arnold was a Methodist minister for three years in the Papuan islands, initially at the Methodist head station of Salamo on Fergusson Island, returning after marriage for a further two. These Journals cover only the first three years. At the end there are half a dozen pages of photographs of his wife Hilda Arnold in Papua before her ill health forced them to retire in 1928. Jack Arnold filled a multiplicity of roles – school teacher and preacher, paramedic and dispenser of medicines, translator, and observer of culture.

Originally a Victorian government school teacher before he left for Salamo, Arnold was a good all-rounder, mixing well with government officials, traders and staff members from Samoa and Fiji. Because Arnold identified with non-mission Australians including the planter Neil Anderson, unsuspecting traders on Samarai Island took him as one of their own:

A trader named Dallen came up and said to us
'By----- Samarai is full of -----missionaries!'
I winked at Anderson and he grinned in pure joy.
'Why, the ----- are getting everywhere' he added.
An Anglican minister passed us. 'There's another
d----- devil dodger! Wherever do the -----come
from!... Where do you stay, I haven't seen you about?'
'I come from Salamo', I replied. And in sheer joy this
rough wriggled and made a face of surprise, while
Anderson and I had to laugh outright.

(Pp110-11)

The Journals are lightened by some wry humour: 'Cashin preached... He didn't do too well. He told us that Napoleon went to St Helena in the *Victory*, and the Crusaders left England on the *Mayflower*'. (p.119).

There are also some shrewd comments on the foibles of the Reverend M.K.Gilmour, long-time District chairman. Son of an Anglican rectory, Gilmour became a kind of Methodist 'episcopal autocrat' who did not find it easy to delegate.

Jack Arnold was a fine photographer, and some 100 of his best photographs are superbly presented by Phillip Pope the co –editor, with Iris Pederick, Arnold's elder daughter, compiling the notes. There are also many line illustrations, maps, and other prints.

A Seeker in Papua is highly recommended.

David Wetherell

The writer is a grand nephew of J.W.Dixon, Arnold's friend and fellow Methodist minister in the Papuan islands.

DVD MOVIE REVIEWS

THOUGHTS ON 'WALK INTO PARADISE' from Lou Gromadzki of Nusa Island Retreat (out from Kavieng, New Ireland)

We value the feedback Lou Gromadzki has given us. He purchased the DVD while in Australia and asked if he could show it to some of the people who stayed at Nusa Island. As they were not charging a fee to view it, this was fine. Lou's comments inspired us and we wanted to share them with readers so we approached Lou for permission. His second email provided some more feedback and we are sharing excerpts from both emails here.

'A great movie with some memorable moments. Amazing how some things have not changed:

malaria still a major issue, in particular the cerebral strain as mentioned in the movie;

Steve's comment when told that they were taking someone else on the trip - made even worse when the Gender Thing came into play. But it was also nice to see that Steve mentioned later in the movie that the Doctor had earned her right to participate and that she eventually had a big role to play when it came to the group's survival;

the scene on the boat when the Doctor was sunbaking in her shorts and it was advised that she change into something more appropriate (?) which is still a relevant issue these days with regards to what to wear, in particular once one gets out more into the villages. We go through this issue of cultural sensitivities all the time even in our region which has been exposed to tourism for some time now.

I thought it was great near the end when the party was under attack and one life was lost, that Steve told his party to fire over people's heads and not kill any of the villagers - I guess that would have been a sensitive issue for the Administration back then.

I loved the scenery and location shots and imagine it must have been a huge effort putting all that together with so many people involved, and I really liked the part where the women were hired to paddle the canoes - the paddling technique was brilliant - and of course that pure raw Australian accent, and Chips Rafferty ... what a larger than life character.'

Lou concluded by saying that he couldn't wait to see how visitors to Nusa responded to it. Here are his later comments: 'For some, it's really about awareness and enhancing the PNG experience, and for others a flashback to a time gone by. After watching the movie on a few more occasions, the other thing noted was the comment when Chips' character was in the office prior to departing on his journey where he questions the extra three people tagging along and says 'Which Brand this time? Divinity ... Birds and bugs ...?' and the answer being Malarial Research, United Nations. That is so relevant in PNG today. In today's environment one could add 'Consultants' to that. There is a running comment over here about consulting which goes, 'If you're not part of the solution, there's good money to be made in prolonging the problem'Hmm.

But one also has to keep in mind the comments made by Fred Kaad in his interview, i.e. that one should not compare the days when the film was made to the

present time. His comment about what he got out of the movie - that his children got to see him walk - I found really moving, and I liked his mention of the constabulary of the day and how they were portrayed, and that he found them very loyal and a magnificent group. One can see and feel that he had a great love for the country, his experiences and the people. What an interesting man.

Feedback from visitors to Nusa has been great. A lot of people who come to Nusa have actually had a family member who fought in the war in PNG or worked in the country, so there is that connection. It's also great to watch the film here in PNG, in the tropics, as one seems to be a little closer to the whole feel of the movie and of course some of our National staff find it very entertaining and enjoy seeing the country, scenery and people back then ... all in all, a very positive reaction. I would like to mention also that it's not just surfers who stay at Nusa but we also see a variety of professionals coming through, e.g. National Fisheries, Moresby Expats and their families, divers and travellers, so the film has been seen by quite a variety of people.'

REUNIONS

Upcoming reunions are listed in that section of the PNGAA Bulletin Board and should be referred to regularly to be kept up to date. The Facebook page group "PNG Reunions" also is a great source for reunion news and contacts for various PNG interest groups.

Date	Event	Location	Time	Additional Information
June 2013	Murray International Graduating Year 1988 25 Years Reunion	Brisbane, Qld		For further information and expressions of interest contact Natalie Nielsen through the PNG Reunions Group.
Monday 16 September 2013	PNG Independence Day	Check with the local PNG community for celebrations planned in your area.		
Saturday 5 October 2013	Port Moresby High School Reunion	Irish Club Brisbane	6.30pm	Details and bookings available through this website. http://pmhsreunion2013.com.au
Saturday 12 October 2013	Rabaul High School 1960-1980 Reunion	Mercure Hotel, Brisbane, Qld		For further information and expressions of interest contact Sophie Watson by email at rabaul1959@gmail.com providing details of the years past students were there.
October 2013	Kavieng Reunion Annual Picnic Day	Decker Park, Brighton, Qld	10.00am	Food is brought and shared by those participating.

Invitation to a Kiap Reunion

Sunday, 10 November, 2013.

Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina - Sunshine Coast, Queensland.

This Invitation is extended to all Kiaps, their families and their friends.

The Kawana Waters Hotel is located on Nicklin Way, near Kawana Waters Shopping Centre, on the main road between Mooloolaba and Caloundra. A large parking area is available at the hotel.

The venue outlook is over water to an extensive marina and has a covered outdoor deck area linked to an indoor bar/lounge with adequate dining and seating facilities available for our use. Last time we catered for 309.

There is a good restaurant/bistro adjoining our area where as with previous reunions you will be able to order your own meals and sit with whom you choose. The restaurant will be open from 11.30 am to 8.30 pm. Since we will be sharing the restaurant facilities of this popular establishment with the regular Sunday clientele, the Hotel's Function Co-ordinator has requested that we provide an approximate figure of attendees by the 16 October, 2013. So do let us know of your intention to attend or otherwise.

Drinks available at bar prices and these bars will be open from 11 am to 10pm.

Informality will continue to be the order of the day. **No speeches**, everyone is too busy catching up with friends. This format has proven popular so we will stick with it.

The Kawana Waters Hotel has sixteen motel style rooms available which we have tentatively booked for the nights of Saturday, 9 November and Sunday, 11 November, 2013. If you require a booking please phone the hotel on 07. 54446699 and mention that you are part of the "Kiap Reunion" group to secure a unit. It is the case of first in etc. but we know the rooms were found to be very much in demand at all our previous reunions.

Other accommodation for those needing it may be available at :

Kyamba Court Motel, 94 Brisbane Road, Mooloolaba,	Ph. 07. 54440202.
Mooloolaba Motel, 46 Brisbane Road, Mooloolaba,	Ph. 07. 54442988.
Motel Mediterranean, 197 Brisbane Road, Mooloolaba,	Ph. 07. 54444499.
Mantra Sirocco, 59-75 The Esplanade, Mooloolaba	Ph. 07 .54576000.
River Esplanade Motel, 98 River Esplanade, Mooloolaba,	Ph. 07. 54443855.
Twin Pines Motel, 36 Brisbane Road, Mooloolaba,	Ph. 07. 54442522

Breakfast on the Monday morning seemed another popular gathering and this will be arranged again. It is held at Bellissimo's Restaurant on the Esplanade at Mooloolaba overlooking the beach and is near the Mooloolaba Surf Club.

We ask that you spread the word and pass on this invitation to those you feel would enjoy the day. Our address list is up to date but we believe not all Kiaps are listed and some addresses may not be current. Please mention the reunion to all of the Kiaps you know as unfortunately we could miss some.

Really looking forward to seeing you all again. There will be a small entrance fee of a 'Gold Coin' to cover costs of mail etc.

Please ring, mail or email Denys/Helen or Bob/Heather confirming your intention to attend the reunion. Apologies will also be noted and recorded.

Denys/Helen Faithful
Home Ph. 07. 54444484
denysfaithful@hotmail.com
46 Tawarri Cres., Mooloolaba
Qld. 4557

Bob/Heather Fayle
Home Ph. 07. 54447446
bobheatherfayle@yahoo.com.au
31 Moondarra Cres., Mooloolaba
Qld. 4557

50 year reunion

Members of the 26 August 1963 Cadet Patrol Officer's course is planned to be held in conjunction with the Biannual Kiap Reunion to be held at the Kawana Hotel, Sunshine Coast on Sunday 10 November 2013.

It is envisaged we come together on Friday 9 for a social occasion, have the Saturday for recovery and a look around and then meet up with old mates at the Kiap Reunion next day.

Information regarding accommodation is available on the website www.exkiap.net in an editor's post of 6 March under the heading "Reunions & Social Functions".

John Brady and Col Young are co-ordinating the event and would like course members to contact them on either j.mbrady@hotmail.com (ph. 0754457169) or Col Young at colyoung@bigpond.net.au (ph. 0754457582).



Photo exhibition by Torsten Blackwood: *The Taste of Paradise*

29 May 2013 – 9 June 2013

Global Gallery

5 Comber Street

Paddington (Sydney)

Ph: 02-93605728

PEKING TO PARIS CAR RALLY – John Bell

I am navigator and co-driver of a 1930 Model A Ford in the 2013 Peking to Paris car rally, commencing in Beijing on 28 May this year, finishing hopefully in Paris on 29 June. Whilst I know that a car rally across 12,000ks of the northern hemisphere has nothing to do with the PNGAA, perhaps that a PNGAA member is involved may be of interest in Una Voce. 100 cars each with a crew of two, are registered for the trip, which goes through China, Mongolia, Russia, the Ukraine, Slovakia, Austria, Switzerland and France. A second PNGAA member (Carol!) is doing the Trans-Siberian train at about the same time, arriving in Moscow in time to fly to Paris for the rally finish.

I am running a blogsite which I hope to maintain during the rally – with probable hiccups doubtless caused by internet difficulties en route – and I wonder if any members of the association would be interested in following it. If so, the site is www.johnbellbooks.wordpress.com under the banner "Peking to Paris – 2 old men, 1 older car, 12000kms".. It can be accessed direct, or via a button on the home page of my website www.johnbellbooks.com

ABRIDGED AUDITED ANNUAL ACCOUNTS
For year ended 31 December 2012

1. Statement of Income and Expenditure

2011 (\$)	INCOME		2012 (\$)
2,254		Donations	2,265
9,534		Functions (gross receipts)	14,096
2,231		Interest	2,819
34,582		Membership subscriptions	34,442
1,339		Book and DVD sales (net)	584
49,940		TOTAL INCOME	54,206
	EXPENDITURE		
6,947		Administration expenses	4,115
-		Caring Committee	50
753		Depreciation	116
9,244		Functions (expenditure)	13,469
855		Income Tax	712
-		Membership listing	887
8,770		Secretarial services	8,568
886		Storage	2,166
130		Subscriptions	130
17,309		Una Voce: printing and distribution	17,107
541		Web site	958
-		Write off of "Tales of PNG" book	368
45,435		TOTAL EXPENDITURE	48,646
4,505		SURPLUS TRANSFERRED TO MEMBERS' FUNDS	5,560

2. Statement of Assets and Liabilities as at 31 December 2012

2011 (\$)	Current assets		2012 (\$)
70,986		Cash and cash equivalent	82,191
528		Accounts receivable	-
6,795		Inventories	5,483
116		Office equipment (written down value)	-
78,425		TOTAL ASSETS	87,674
	Current liabilities		
350		Provision for audit	350
855		Provision for Income Tax	713
528		Accounts receivable	-
-		Trade creditors	3,448
22,226		Subscriptions in advance (next 12 months)	23,712
	Non-current liabilities		
11,957		Subscriptions in advance (more than next 12 months)	10,855
35,916		TOTAL LIABILITIES	39,078
43,037		NET ASSETS	48,597
	Represented by:		
28,230		General reserve	31,997
10,302		Historical preservation reserve	11,041
4,505		Net surplus for year	5,559
43,037		TOTAL MEMBER FUNDS	48,597

The full financial statement together with Auditor's Report, as presented to the Annual General Meeting, will be provided to members by the Treasurer on request.

VALE

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

Leslie Roy Stanley AUSTIN (10 December 2012, aged 81)

Leslie was born in Toowoomba on 29th November 1931, the youngest child of Leslie and Edith Austin. The family later moved to Brisbane where Les attended St James School in Fortitude Valley. On leaving school he was employed by Jeffress Brothers, an Engineering Firm at Northgate, as an apprentice fitter and turner.

When Les was 18 he met Joyce Gibson. This meeting was to lead to a partnership of almost 60 years. They married on 7th February 1953, and moved to New Guinea where Les was employed by the Commonwealth Department of Works. He later transferred to the Forestry Department in Kerevat, later to Lae and later still to Port Moresby.

In 1974 the family returned to Queensland and settled at Margate on the Redcliffe Peninsula, but later moved to Burpengary. Les successfully completed a Greenkeepers Course and was employed by the Redcliffe Golf Club until his retirement in 1998. Les was a Life Member of the Golf Course Superintendent's Association of Queensland, and in 2004 he received a "Golf Course Superintendent's Association of Queensland Industrial Recognition" award.

After Les retired, he and Joyce moved to Rothwell, but for some 10 years he had poor health due to a debilitating illness. Les passed away in the Redcliffe Hospital on 10th December 2012. He is survived by Joyce and children Dianne, David, Debbie and Brad and 6 grandchildren.

Joyce Austin

Don BARNES (11 march 2013, aged 91 years)

Don was born in BUTTE South Australia. He attained his Pharmacy Degree at the University of South Australia. He served in ANGAU during the war, mainly in the Kokoda area. He worked with Captain Vernon in the army hospital, with much of his time spent looking after the 'carriers' and local army recruits.

After the war, he returned to PNG Health Department in 1946, followed in 1947 by his wife Joan.

They were stationed at Gaima on the Fly River in Papua and then at Morobe in New Guinea.

The need for a pharmacist found Don serving the next 27 years in charge of Base Medical Stores in Lae. They returned to Adelaide in 1976 to be close to their two sons, Ray and Terry. A thumb nail sketch of a quiet "old school" gentleman.

Joan, Ray and Terry Barnes

Barbara June BURNS (29 November 2012, aged 87 years)

Last November saw the passing of Barbara Burns, who had lived for 28 years in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. Barbara was born in Adelaide in 1925, the youngest of four children of Thomas and Eveline Tolhurst, her father being a leading Adelaide stockbroker. She attended Unley High School.

She was 20 when the war in the Pacific ended, and the Australian newspapers were full of job advertisements for vacant positions in the new Administration for the post-war restructuring of the government and infrastructure of the Territory. The day after she turned 21, her father accompanied Barbara in applying for a position of stenographer/secretary. After passing a rigorous interview process, she was accepted. She found herself on her way to Port Moresby in April 1946. She intended this to be the first stage of a round-the-world working adventure.

The trip north from Adelaide was strenuous; by extended train trips to Townsville, then via flying boat and a converted wartime US Army DC3 to arrive in hot and steamy Port Moresby. Barbara was posted to the Treasury Department. The 1946 Government Offices occupied an ex-wartime Army base, and the Treasury Dept. girls were accommodated in ex-WWII Army nurses' quarters. Barbara's contract was for 21 months' duty and 3 months' leave, renewable every two years. Just before going on leave after her first term she met a young Australian police officer Bill Burns, from Sydney, who had seen military service in Papua New Guinea as an Officer in the Papuan Infantry Battalion and then transferred into the new Administration as a Patrol Officer. He had subsequently transferred to the new Royal Papua and New Guinea Territory Constabulary as an Inspector. In April 1949 they were married at St Mary's Church in Port Moresby (now demolished, replaced by the Cathedral). Conditions in Papua in the 1940s were primitive – friends and her older sister Pat supplied the dresses, catering, decorations, flowers, cakes, etc.

Bill was initially posted to the Police Station at Finschhafen and then to the Police Training Base at Bisiatabu, near Sogeri in the foothills of the Owen Stanley Mountains. Soon after this, Bill was appointed to establish a new Police Training Depot at Goroka, in the Eastern Highlands. This move to the green and temperate highlands after three years on the sweltering coast was relished by Barbara. The expatriate population numbered about 30 people, mostly Administration workers, missionaries and coffee planters, many of whom were to become lifelong friends. Barbara referred to Goroka as a "paradise" and loved her 11 years there. Barbara's four children were all born during this time; Barbara having to fly to Port Moresby for the first one (Vivien) and then having the next three at home (Stephen) or in the new 4-bed European Hospital (Dennis and Michael). In 1960 the family moved to Wau for 13 months.

In 1961 Bill was promoted to Superintendent at Police Headquarters Konedobu and thus a return to Port Moresby was required. Barbara was employed throughout the 1960s and early 1970s in the Papuan offices of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, as secretary and P.A. to the General Manager. In 1964 the family moved to Bomana, in the bush outside Port Moresby, as Bill was appointed as the inaugural Commandant of the new Police Officers Training Depot. In 1967 the family moved back to Ela Makana Street in Port Moresby as Bill was appointed Head of the Reserve Police Force of PNG. The family then moved to Rabaul in 1968 for three memorable years as Bill was promoted to take charge of the New Guinea Islands Division. In 1971 they moved back to live at Boroko, Port Moresby, as Bill again returned to Police Headquarters at Konedobu.

In April 1974 Barbara and Bill finally left the Territory with much regret and wonderful memories and moved to Caringbah, in Sydney. She and Bill lived in Caringbah for 18 years and for much of that time were also redeveloping and managing a small beef cattle and wheat property near Merriwa, in the Upper Hunter Valley. For a few years in the late 1970s Barbara was employed at the ABC's Head Office in Sydney. Bill passed away in late 1988; Barbara, aged 63, kept busy travelling around the world and being heavily involved in PROBUS and the War Widows' Guild for over 20 years. She moved to Monterey on Botany Bay in 1992, where she spent the last 20 years of her life; an undaunted explorer of life, independent and strong-minded to the end.

Steve Burns

Elizabeth Mary DEMORIER (07 November 2012, aged 85)

Elizabeth passed away at Alamanda Hospital Gold Coast.

Tony Demorier

Matt FOLEY (02 April 2013, aged 91 years) See Eulogy from SMH on page 16

Bill GITTINS. (03 May 2012, aged 84 years)

Formerly of Wewak, PNG.

Passed away peacefully at home at Bli Bli QLD

Dearly loved husband of Tai and loving father of Tina, Bede and Ken.

Joseph Roy HICKS (28 March 2013, aged years)

Joe first went to PNG in August 1960 as a Cadet Patrol Officer. He served in the Morobe District and the Western Highlands District, and attended the 1963 Long Course at ASOPA.

He commenced studying Law by correspondence around 1964 and left PNG in 1967 to continue his Law Studies at The University of Queensland whilst working as an Articled Clerk at a large Brisbane Law Firm.

He obtained his LLB in the early 1970's and continued work as a Solicitor in several other Brisbane Law Firms as well as a year with an Ex-kiap Barrister and Solicitor Jim Hunter in Bowen, North Queensland.

After returning to Brisbane he then commenced work as a Legal Officer with the Pine Rivers Shire Council, but was forced into an early retirement after suffering from a debilitating illness which resulted in his spending the rest of his life in a wheelchair.

Joe spent his final years in a Unit at Bribie Island.

Bruce Dunn

Jane HOOK (31 January 2013, aged 76)

Jane Bowhill, a 23-year-old Londoner, sailed to Australia in 1959 as a 'Ten-pound POM' to work as a teacher with the NSW Department of Education. On board the *Fairsky* she met journalist Don Hook who was returning home after a 12-month stint on British newspapers. She also met Mal Lang, a *kiap* returning from long leave in Europe. Jane accepted Mal's invitation to visit PNG in the forthcoming Christmas school holidays. While there she met and became a friend of the ballerina Elaine Fifield. At the time, Elaine was living with Les Farley on a coffee and rubber plantation at Cape Rodney.

In December 1962 Don and Jane married in Sydney and after a very brief honeymoon they flew to Port Moresby where Don joined the ABC's PNG Service (9PA). Jane started work almost immediately at Boroko East School and went on to teach at other A and T syllabus schools in Port Moresby. Two children – Catherine (1963) and James (1965) – were born at the Taurama Hospital.

In 1967, the family moved to Singapore where Don was based as the ABC's South East Asia correspondent and Jane was employed at The Tanglin School. A third child, David, was born in Singapore in 1968.

In 1970 the family moved again, this time to Delhi where Don was South Asia correspondent and Jane taught at an international school until they returned to Australia in 1973.

The homecoming was brief. Within a few months Don was appointed to head the ABC's new PNG bureau that was created following the handover of the ABC to the PNG National Broadcasting Commission (NBC) at self-government in November 1973.

Jane was at Ela beach school before moving to the police college at Bomana where she taught English to recruits and courtroom skills to officers until December 1978.

Don left the ABC in 1980 to join the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, serving five years in Singapore, two years in Bangkok and retired to Canberra in 1989. Jane

kept teaching, either fulltime or as a relief teacher, until July 2012. In all, she taught in six countries over a period of 56 years. She was regarded as a gifted teacher, especially in the area of special needs.

Many teachers, including PNG colleagues Bob & Mary Webb, John & Margaret Rumens, & Beverly Rodgers, attended her funeral on 11 February at Saint John the Baptist Anglican Church in Canberra.

Jane is survived by her husband, three children and three grandchildren.

Don Hook

Elaine Margaret KIMMORLEY (nee Jones) (19 March 2013, aged 91)

Elaine was born in Sydney on the 14th of July, 1921. She received a scholarship to attend Sydney Girls High School where she studied for a while and then moved to Lismore to live with her aunts, who were both teachers at Lismore High School, and to continue her education.

During WW11 she trained as a nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. In 1946 she sailed to Papua. She nursed at Moresby and then on Manus Island. Whilst on Manus she met Corbett (Kim) Kimmorley and they were married in Madang in 1953 and had their honeymoon in Wabag. Together they travelled around the territory and she nursed at Manus, Rabaul and Port Moresby and in that time they both met and made lasting and endearing friendships with a great number of people whom many, unfortunately, are no longer with us today.

Margaret was born in Rabaul in 1955 and William was born in 1958 on Sohano Island in Bougainville. Apart from when the children were really small, Elaine always worked in nursing. Even when she and Corbett retired to Mount Riverview in the Blue Mountains, Elaine still continued with nursing. She did a Diploma of Community Health Nursing in the mid-seventies and was in charge of the Community Health Nursing Clinics in Western Sydney until the early eighties.

Like many of their contemporaries in the PNG Administration they were transferred to different areas. Elaine was always cheerful and never complained about their living conditions, late supply ships or being left alone while Corbett was out on patrol, often for weeks at a time.

Elaine had a love for travel and adventure and had travelled extensively through Europe, China, India and the Pacific Islands. She played tennis until her mid-eighties and was active in the local community.

A few years after Corbett died (1995) Elaine moved to Banora Point to be closer to Will and Margaret. She resided at the Banora Point Retirement Village till deteriorating health saw her move into low care at Heritage Lodge, Murwillumbah, and for the last two years of her life she was in high care after suffering several strokes and heart attacks.

Even though her faculties had faded quite considerably in the last year or so she still had her sense of humour. Recently Will asked her, "mum, do you remember who I am?" she replied, "Who could forget." She will never be forgotten either. She lived through a fascinating period of history and like so many women of her era in Papua New Guinea, worked selflessly and tirelessly in often dangerous conditions. Both Will and Margaret are very proud of her achievements.

Elaine is survived by her daughter Margaret, son William, grandchildren Jennie Diefenbach (nee Coombs), Robert Coombs, Rebecca and Sam Kimmorley. Elaine also has one surviving great grandson, Noah Diefenbach and two great granddaughters, Isabella Diefenbach and Asha Clarke (both deceased).

William Kimmorley

Jan (Johannes) Molders – (no dates)

Born Rotterdam, Holland. Marine Engineer and Mechanic, ex-Army. Jan arrived in Port Moresby approximately 1949 and moved to Rabaul about 1951.

He obtained land on Malaguna Road and built a business consisting of a mechanical workshop and Toboi Post Office. Jan tendered for and obtained two Taxi Plates and added a small store to serve Malaguna No. 1 Village and others living in the vicinity. Some years later Jan sold the businesses and became a Customs Officer.

He then moved back to Port Moresby and remained in the Customs Officer position for about 12 years. After 'going finish' he later returned to Port Moresby to work a term for another Company. Jan passed away on the Sunshine Coast after a long illness. He is survived by Jenny who is now blind.

Nance Rae Oakley (04 December 2012)

Nance passed away on the Gold Coast after a short illness. Nance's late husband, Phil Oakley, was Qantas Chief Pilot in Moresby and Lae, 1947-60
Chris Oakley

Greta Clarice RYAN (11 May 2013, aged 81 years)

Greta served in education and DASF 1959-71

Erica Ryan

Pat MURRAY nee Stanfield (7 May 2013, aged 90 years)

Pat first went to New Ireland in 1927, later marrying Peter Kennedy Murray (well known on New Ireland) and raising her family there.

She endured an horrific evacuation from New Ireland in late 1941. A letter to her brother telling about it was later returned to her was reproduced on page 50 of the September 2010 Una Voce: <http://www.pngaa.net/Members/J2010-03.pdf>

Susanne WEBB nee Donald (16/2/2013, aged 70 years)

Sue, along with her parents (Toby and Barry) and siblings (Chris, Wendy and Elizabeth) went to PNG in 1950 from the Glasshouse Mountains to first, Pondo plantation, and then, in 1953, to Wangaramut plantation, eight miles out of Rabaul.

Here Sue attended the Rabaul Primary School and then to boarding school in Sydney to St. Gabriel's School, Waverley.

David Webb courted Sue in Rabaul and they were married in Sydney on the 27th of May 1961. David has always been in journalism, mainly with the Murdoch Press group and so with his advancement within the press. They first lived in Sydney, then Adelaide and finally in Perth, where David was the Managing Director of the Sunday Times.

Sue had many great friends, as demonstrated in the attendance at her funeral. With her volunteering activities, participating in many charities, societies, clubs etc.

Sadly Sue leaves a loving husband, David, her son Chris and daughters Robyn (with Mark), Vicki (with Chris) and Jacqueline (with Peter), along with seven beautiful grandchildren, all of whom miss a lovely lady, mother, wife and grandmother.

She will be sadly missed by everyone.

Chris Donald

Beverley WREN (nee HANCOCK) (23 February 2013, aged 71)

Beverley passed away at Ballina, after suffering a stroke. Beverley was the widow of David Wren who died in November 1995, with an obituary published in the 'Una Voce' March 1996 edition.

Our Welcome to New Members will appear in the September 2013 Una Voce.
