



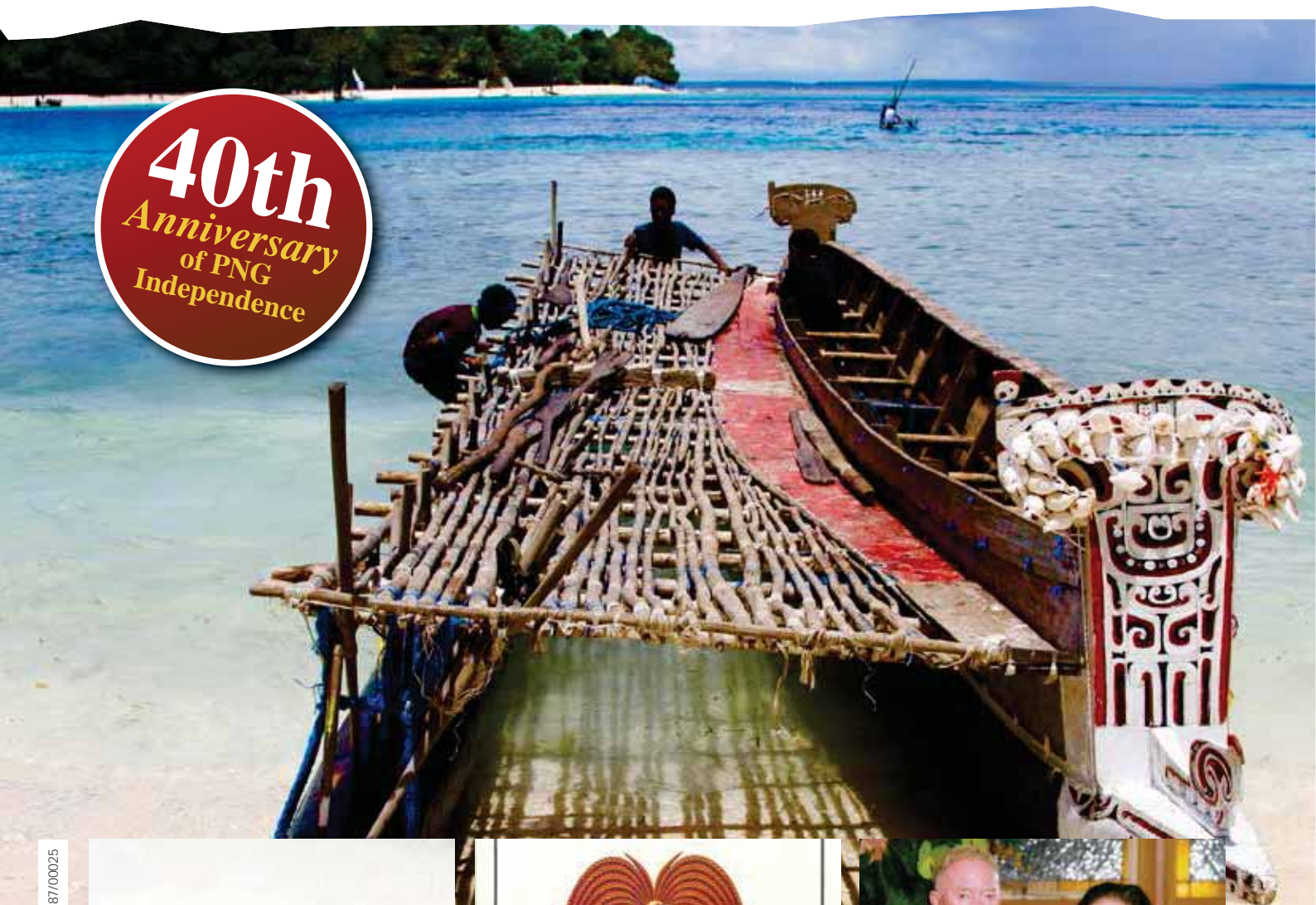
Journal of the
Papua New Guinea
Association of
Australia Inc.

Una Voce

2015, No 3 – September

Patrons: Major General the Honourable Michael Jeffery, AC, AO (Mil), CVO, MC (Retd), Mr Fred Kaad OBE

40th
Anniversary
of PNG
Independence



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70th anniversary of
Wewak surrender



40th anniversary
Independence



Harry West



Patrons: Major General the Honourable Michael Jeffery, AC, AO(Mil), CVO, MC (Retd) Mr Fred Kaad, OBE

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription is \$30. The membership year corresponds with the calendar year. An application form is available from the Secretary at the address below or on our website.

Receipts are not given for subscriptions as it would add to our postage costs.

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

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Please ensure you include your Membership Number. It would be appreciated if you could also notify the Treasurer by email. Thank you!

Deadline for submissions to December issue of Una Voce: 2 October 2015

To access the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library go to:
<http://www.library.uq.edu.au/fryer/ms/uqfl387.pdf>

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President's Update

September 2015

Congratulations to Papua New Guinea as it celebrates the 40th anniversary of Independence on 16 September 2015!

It's had a spectacular start with a breathtaking opening followed by the hugely successful 2015 Pacific Games from July 4 – 18, 2015.

Three thousand athletes from 23 neighbouring Pacific nations, including Australia and New Zealand converged upon Port Moresby in 'an adrenaline-charged sporting exchange of 28 varied sports and disciplines'.

We especially congratulate former PNGAA Committee member, Gima Crowdy, whose efforts as Assistant Coach for the PNG Netball team earned the team a Silver Medal.

PNG won the total medal tally with 217 medals. Australia took 47 medals. Kieran Nelson kindly kept our Facebook friends updated with ceremonies and events able to be viewed online.

On a sadder note, Harry West OAM passed away on 12 July 2015. He was nearly 93. Former President of the PNGAA and a good friend and wise counsel to many, he will be greatly missed.

Harry was in the first long course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) at Mosman in 1947. Also attending that course was David Marsh, who also had PNG's best interests at heart and who was the Chairman of the organising committee for PNG Independence in 1975. David Marsh passed away on 19 May 2015.

The contribution of Australians like Harry West and David

Marsh to Papua New Guinea is something that is not readily recognised in Australia. The Police Overseas Service Medal for Kiaps went some way towards this but it shouldn't stop there. There was administrative, agricultural, educational and medical excellence in the men and women from Australia who served in Papua New Guinea - and the contribution by all those Australians, and including the civilians and missionaries, who helped to peacefully transition PNG into an independent nation should be better known in Australia.

Whilst the main event happened in Pt Moresby on 16 September 1975, let's not forget there were 18 other centres where Australians were organising Papua New Guinea Independence handovers. In Rabaul there was a three day event involving much organisation, including 5000 school children! Australians can remember, with pride, this tremendous achievement and the ongoing and lifelong bonds of friendship which it created. It is what draws us together today.

The new look Una Voce received a great many bouquets which was heartening. And, yes, a couple of constructive comments which are always welcome. It is exciting to see this issue come together and I am delighted with the generally very positive feedback. Thank you to Dianne Guy and Greg Leech for their tremendous efforts.

The launch and screening of KIAP: Stories Behind the Medal was held on Sunday 14 June 2015 and was a delightful afternoon enjoyed by all those who attended. We appreciated those who travelled



interstate, including from Northern Territory, Queensland and ACT. Film Director, Greg Harris, spoke about his journey in making the film. The audience was also treated to a special Q&A with ex-Kiaps and their wives, Ross and Pat Johnson, Quentin and Jan Anthony and Mark Lynch which complimented the afternoon beautifully. With many thanks to members of the PNGAA Management Committee for their assistance 'behind the bar' and 'in the kitchen' and to caterer Donna Moor of DVM Solutions. Keep an eye out for a date in Brisbane soon!

I attended an event at the Queensland State Library which focussed on its latest exhibition 'Distant Lines, Queensland Voice of the First World War'. It is quite astonishing and well worth a visit. I had a surprise, though, when the first item I saw displayed was our member Charles Betteridge's father's WWI camera. Charles had discovered the camera by accident in a box with a false bottom only a few years ago. Knowing about the PNGAA Collection at the Fryer Library, University of QLD, he approached Dr Peter Cahill for advice on a suitable repository... and there it was on display!

Inside this issue are many fascinating articles and we

hope you enjoy them. The 2015 Croc Prize had a record number of entries this year – 827! Our congratulations go to the winners of the various sections of the 2015 Croc Prize. Awards are being presented in Kundiawa, PNG, on 18 and 19 September and the 2015 Anthology will be available to purchase.

Much work continues with planning the new website and I thank Roy Ranney for the time and skill he brings to this. Our Event Coordinator, Julianne Ross Allcorn, is also busy with plans for the 40th Anniversary PNGAA Art Show to be held in September. We look forward to this exciting exhibition.

Linda Manning is organising a PNG 40th Independence lunch in Perth in September. Thank you to Linda Manning for the beautiful front and inside front cover photos. A lunch will also be held in the beautiful Spinnaker Room at Ballina RSL on 25 October and I encourage you to gather your northern NSW/QLD friends (or take a break on the NSW north coast!) and start getting your acceptances in now! And there is the annual PNGAA Adelaide Reunion as well as the PNGAA annual Christmas Luncheon on Sunday 6 December in Sydney. We look forward to seeing you.

As you can see there is always something happening!

Corrections

Patrick Bourke writes:

A few points re two articles that appear under my name in the June 2015 issue:

Leslie Hore's WWI Pictures (page 23). I originally supplied the information that this is a follow up to the Graves of Gallipoli Survivors at Kavieng article by Jim Ridges, Una Voce, March 2015 (pages 58-59).

A Game to be Played: The Great War and Australian Football in Sydney. I originally supplied the information that the book was written by Paul Macpherson and Ian Granland. In the Book News and Reviews section of Una Voce the authors were given as Ian Blackley and Lesley Bryson. The other information is correct. From the editor: on page 41 of the June 2015 issue there should be no apostrophe in Rothmans.

Letters



Thank you to all those who wrote in to comment on the new look Una Voce. There are far too many comments to include them all, so here are a few extracts.

Congratulations to all involved for their great efforts -- now, if you can only attract younger, especially PNG contributors??

Your new-look Una Voce Journal is a superb presentation. May they all continue to be like this.

Always full of interesting and useful information; thank you. However, we are disappointed by the change. We see no gain in the larger format and whether colour is really useful is debatable.

Fantastic new look and congratulations! I like the format, colour and font size which allows easy reading for I would suggest a lot of other members around my age! Moreover the colour option will attract further responses from members to contribute and allow their most colourful PNG photos to be displayed! This journal will become a collectors item!

Congratulations on the new colour Una Voce. It is a great source of information that we appreciate very much.

Coming soon to the website:

70th anniversary of Wewak surrender

40th anniversary Independence

www.pngaa.net

▶ WHAT'S ON?

6 Dec

Annual PNGAA Christmas Luncheon

Lunch— Sunday 6 December – see details on back page. Gather your friends and get your RSVP in on the enclosed Treasurer's Corner

12 Sept

PNGAA 40th Anniversary Art Exhibition

Celebrating Papua New Guinea's 40th anniversary of Independence this exhibition will showcase both historical pieces and contemporary artworks. Open to everyone.

Opening: 2pm Saturday, 12 September 2015

RSVP by 9 September 2015 to Julianne Ross Allcorn (details below)

Venue: Space 145, Glebe, (Sydney) NSW

Dates: Saturday 12 – Sunday 27 September 2015

Times: 10.30-4.30 Mon-Fri 10-5 Sat Sun

Entry forms due by: 7 August 2015 (the exhibition is open to everyone so let your creative friends know!)

For further information about conditions of entry and selection process please contact: Julianne Ross Allcorn 0466 521313 / juliallcorn@gmail.com or

check the PNGAA website at: www.pngaa.net

16 Sept

PERTH

PNGAA gathering to celebrate 40th Anniversary of PNG's Independence 1975-2015

PNG Anniversary of Independence Lunch - 16 September 2015

\$25 head

Royal Australian Air Force Association Club

Bull Creek Drive off Leach Highway

Wednesday 16 September 2015 from 11.30am

RSVP: Linda 94342628

(after 4 September)

lindam121@bigpond.com

25 Oct

Adelaide Reunion

15th Annual PNGAA Adelaide reunion lunch

Sunday 25 October 2015 12 noon

Public Schools Club, East Terrace, Adelaide

For further information: Peter Thomas pjthomas@ihug.com.au or Jan Kleinig janis.kleinig@bigpond.com

6 Oct

1 Dec

GOLD COAST

PNG Lunches

The luncheons will be held at the Southport Golf Club at 12.30 pm on: Tuesday 6 October

Tuesday 1 December

We need advanced warning of numbers intending to attend. RSVP a week in advance to:

Tony Williams: booch1@bigpond.net.au

Aug

CANBERRA

Sepik River Art

The National Gallery of Australia is having a major exhibition of Sepik River Art opening in August 2015.

BALLINA

25 Oct

PNGAA Ballina Gathering – everyone welcome

Join PNGAA members and friends for lunch in the Spinnakers Room (on the waterfront) at the Ballina RSL Club.

Date: Sunday 25 October 2015

Time: 11.30 to 2.30pm

Cost: \$45 (purchase drinks from cash bar)

RSVP: 25 August 2015

Information: Charles

Betteridge: 02 6628 2064 / charlesbetteridge@hotmail.com

Payment on acceptance

to PNGAA: PO Box 453, Roseville NSW 2069 or by Electronic Funds Transfer (EFT) to: BSB: 062 009 Account: 0090 7724 Commonwealth Bank Please use yellow Treasurer's Corner enclosed with this issue. If paying by EFT please email membership@pngaa.net to advise payment and your name and contact details. Andrea

SYDNEY

July

Matilda

With the new Australian production of Matilda starting at the Sydney Lyric Theatre in late July, 2015, I can assist in obtaining excellent House Seats for various performances (depending on availability). John C Goad, Stage Door, Sydney Lyric Theatre, 02 9509 3601 (5pm-10.00pm Tuesday - Sunday).

MELBOURNE

19 Sept

PNG Independence celebration

PNG Australia Association Inc Victoria presents the 40th PNG Independence celebration.

Date: Saturday 19 September

Venue: St Ignatius Catholic Church Hall, 326 Church Street, Richmond

Time: 7pm to 12 midnight

Entry fees: Non Member Adults \$40, Children 5-17 years \$10, Family \$85, Members Adults \$30, Children 5-17 years \$5, Family \$65

Performance: A floor show of traditional dance and performance from PNG and possibly from West Papua (TBA)

Menu Two course meal, including dessert

Lucky door prize of a gift voucher from Spirit of Tasmania valid for two years plus raffles for SP cartons and many more.

For ticket sales, please contact:

Teresa Cox / Hety Koregai

Lewis Prai Wellip - Student Rep - PNGSAV – 0469 803849

Theresa Kaia Evans / Sean Awaita

Authorised by Lewis Prai Wellip - President-PNGAA, Melbourne, AU

28 Aug

*BRISBANE***Get Together**

Brisbane generally has a couple of informal get togethers each year at various venues on the North and South sides of the river giving as many people as possible the opportunity to catch up with old friends and make new ones who shared their PNG experience.

The next one is a collaborative effort by Jennifer Johnston Susan Hertrick and Lynne Cowper at: The Belvedere Hotel

Woody Point, Redcliffe, Qld at 12.00 noon Friday 28 August for lunch

Both restaurant and cafe meals are available from menus which can be viewed on the website. <http://www.belvederehotel.com.au/>

CANBERRA

15 Sept

Kiap DVD

As part of the 40th Anniversary of PNG Independence, the PNG High Commissioner, His Excellency Charles Lepani, will be hosting several events in Canberra, including the Canberra Launch of the film:

KIAP: Stories Behind the Medal

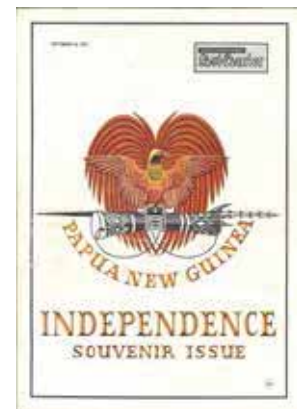
Date: Tuesday 15 September 2015

Time: 10:00 am

Venue: National Film and Sound Archive Theatre, 1 McCoy Circuit, Acton ACT. As a member of PNGAA, if you would like to attend this special event, please email: president@pngaa.net or 3rdsec@pngcanberra.org

PNG at 40 – Political Stability

On the night leading into Papua New Guinea's Independence Day, I went to a house on Touaguba Hill to drink SP and watch the flares being fired into the sky over Port Moresby's Fairfax Harbour.



I was with Albert Asbury, the then News Editor of the PNG National Broadcasting Commission, and Bob Lawrence, who, like me and Albert, had been seconded from the ABC to work in the NBC Newsroom.

And we listened to Sir John Guise, PNG's first Governor General, speaking on the NBC at one minute past midnight. "Papua New Guinea is now independent. The Constitution of the Independent State of Papua New Guinea under which all power rests with the people is now in effect. We have at this point in time broken with our colonial past and we now stand as an independent nation in our own right."

It hardly seems like 40 years ago!

I have been commissioned by the Lowy Institute to write a paper on PNG and Australia 40 years on which will come out shortly as a

Penguin Lowy paperback. So I went up to PNG in March and spoke to various people about their thoughts on how the country had fared.

"Forty years after Independence not many countries have kept their democratic system like we have done in Papua New Guinea," Grand Chief Sir Michael Somare told me. "We have kept a Westminster system and modified it to our liking. We worked on our Constitution and it is like a Bible to us. And today the Constitution is respected."

Sir Julius Chan said he felt the period at the beginning was probably the most exciting time. "I don't know how they describe stability but I would say that we have been stable," he said. "By any comparison to any developing country – and that is the only guide really – I think we have done pretty well."

Sir Mekere Morauta, who was the Secretary for Finance at Independence, said that the economic policy foundations were laid strongly. "I remember hearing from Sir John Crawford who was a very important man in Australia and in PNG commenting that he was very impressed by the processes and structures, the economic and social foundations of policy," Sir Mekere said. "His question was, 'Can you sustain it?' It was a very impressive start from his international experience and he was very happy. But the problem was, 'Could we keep it going?'"

Sir Mekere is concerned that what he calls the "institutions of State" are no longer as robust as there were at the beginning. "The police, the Defence Force, the judiciary, the public service, the Attorney General, all of those things they should be stronger."

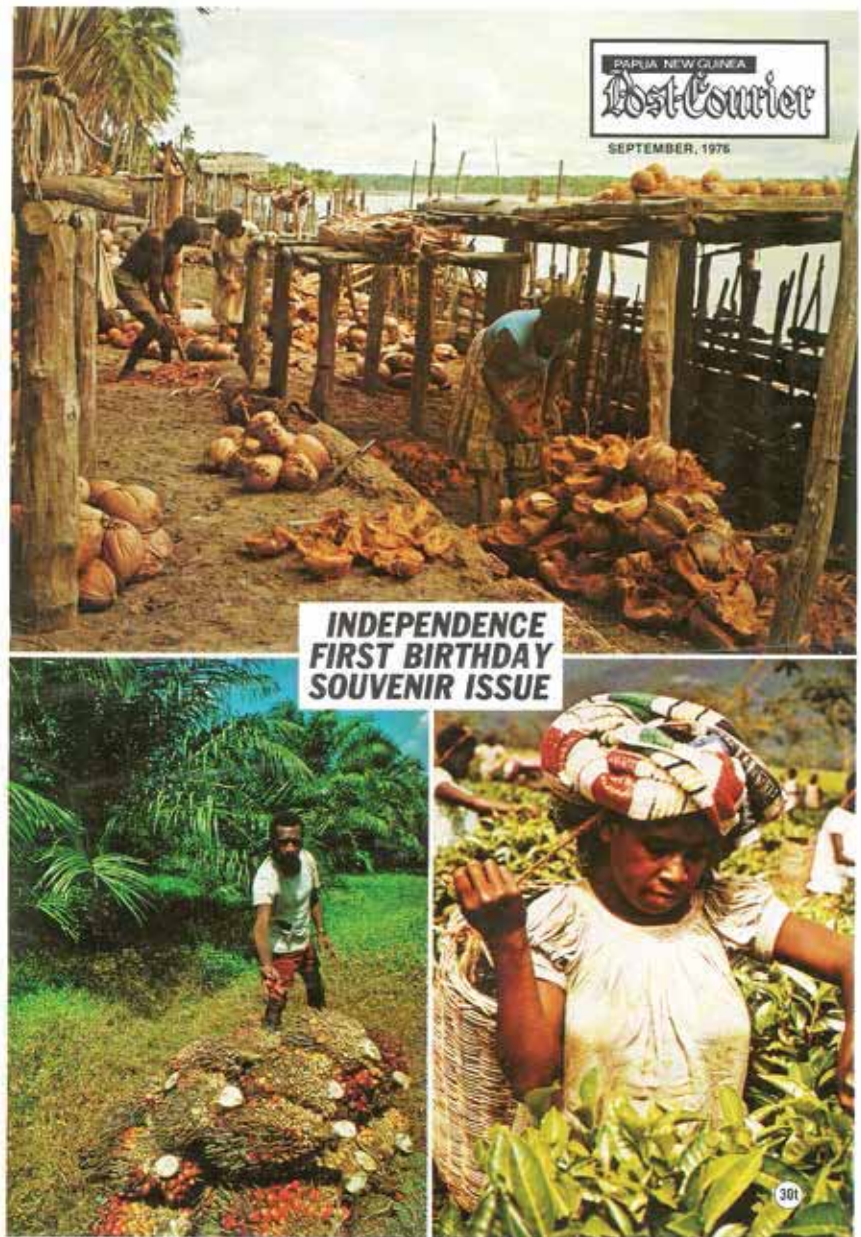
The current Prime Minister, Peter O'Neill, has benefited from one of the reforms that Morauta managed to implement during his tenure as Prime Minister from 1999 to 2002 – the Organic Law on the Integrity of Political Parties and Candidates.

Prior to that, PNG never had a government complete a single term. Elections were held every five years – in 1977, 1982, 1987, 1992 and 1997 – but Votes of No Confidence also led to changes of government mid-term in 1980, 1985, 1988, 1994 and 1999.

So what is really remarkable about PNG since the turn of the century is the relative political stability it has had. Since 2002, while Australia has chopped and changed Prime Ministers every few years – from John Howard to Kevin Rudd to Julia Gillard to Rudd again and then to Tony Abbott – Papua New Guinea has had only two PMs – Sir Michael Somare and Peter O'Neill.

That would seem to indicate pretty impressive political stability, two Prime Ministers in 13 years compared with Australia's five. It reminds me of the humorous quip that Somare made in November, 1975, when Gough Whitlam was sacked by Australia's Governor General, Sir John Kerr, plunging Australia into a constitutional crisis. Whitlam had been in Port Moresby only two months earlier witnessing Papua New Guinea's transition from being an Australian colony to independent nationhood. 'We've just let them go,' Somare said, 'and look what a mess they are in already!'

Of course, PNG has had its fair share of constitutional crises. The transition from Somare to O'Neill led to one when the PNG Supreme Court ruled that Somare

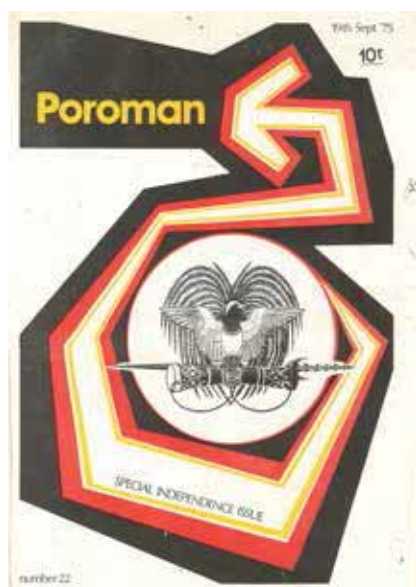


had not been replaced by O'Neill in the constitutionally correct way. This was despite the fact that when O'Neill took over, Somare was incapable of carrying out his duties because he was in hospital in Singapore and his family had announced his resignation some months earlier on the grounds of health.

Somare recovered, returned to PNG and, following the Supreme Court ruling, tried to assume control again. So Papua

New Guinea had, for a brief time, two Prime Ministers, two Police Commissioners and two Commanders of the Defence Force. But, despite the potential for mayhem, none eventuated. O'Neill continued governing, an election was due and was held (in 2012) and he secured the numbers to form a new government.

At functions marking the start of PNG's first major LNG project, which is now so important to the economy, ExxonMobil officials



praised the ‘political stability’ that had helped it come on stream ahead of schedule.

The Registrar of the body set up under the Organic Law, the Integrity of Political Parties and Candidates Commission, Alphonse Gelu, says a second reform Morauta instituted – changing the voting system from First-Past-The-Post to a Limited Preferential System – also has helped stability. “Those measures helped to create more certainty in PNG politics,” he says. “Prior to that things were just all over the place.”

“We enjoyed stability,” Gelu says, “because we were able to impose restrictions upon Members switching political parties. It put a stop to that.” However, it has led to another typical PNG political adaptation. Some parties began to have MPs on both sides of the House. “So although it forbade MPs from deserting a political party,” Gelu says, “it did not prevent political parties from being in both the Government and the Opposition ... Yes, we had this high level of political stability in that the Prime Minister continued in office but with my mandate as

the Registrar of Political Parties and their integrity I was very concerned.”

Gelu’s Commission also received a set-back in 2010 when the PNG Supreme Court ruled that its power to discipline Members of Parliament who switched political parties was unconstitutional because it interfered with the rights of Parliamentarians. Gelu says his Political Integrity Commission is still enforcing other parts of the law governing the conduct of political parties. “The only section ruled out was that which attempted to restrict Members jumping from one party to another.” He has the power to deregister political parties that have no physical location for the party headquarters or that fail to produce annual financial returns. He has put thirty-two parties on notice that they might be deregistered.

The Commission also acted against a few parties that never spent any money on campaigning. “In the run up to the 2012 election there were 46 political parties,” Gelu says. “Of those 46, four decided not to endorse any candidates. But after the seats were declared those four came out in the press asking the Members who were elected to come and join them. I was very, very angry. I wanted to just go ahead and deregister them straight away. But the Law does not allow me to do that. There is a process I have to follow. So I told those four, ‘You form a party to contest elections and put your policies to the people not just wait until it is over and then collect a few Independents. No, you can’t do that!’”

Prime Minister Peter O’Neill has proved himself to be a master tactician in this new political landscape in PNG. He acknowledges that the Integrity

of Political Parties legislation has ‘played a key role’ in reducing political instability. ‘The party system is still weak,’ he says, ‘but it is maturing.’ His Peoples National Congress (PNC) party outperformed all others in the 2012 elections and since then he has gone from strength to strength.

Political parties in PNG these days are partly funded from the public purse. The Political Parties Integrity Commission is in charge of distributing those funds. “Currently it is K10,000 (about \$A5,000) per Member,” Gelu says. “So, for one Member you get K10,000 every year. The PNC, the Prime Minister’s party, last year had thirty-two Members who were elected in 2012 in their party so we provided K320,000 of funds to it last year. Now they are claiming to have 56 Members so this year the PNC will get K560,000.”

The Limited Preferential Voting system that came into force in the 2007 elections has ensured that anybody elected can no longer rely on just their core clan support. Under the First-Past-The-Post system previously in place some Members won with as little as seven percent of the vote. With Limited Preferential voting the elector marks the ballot paper with their first, second and third choices as to who they want elected. Your clan member may have no chance at all but now you can make your vote still count by putting somebody you actually think would make a better MP second or third.

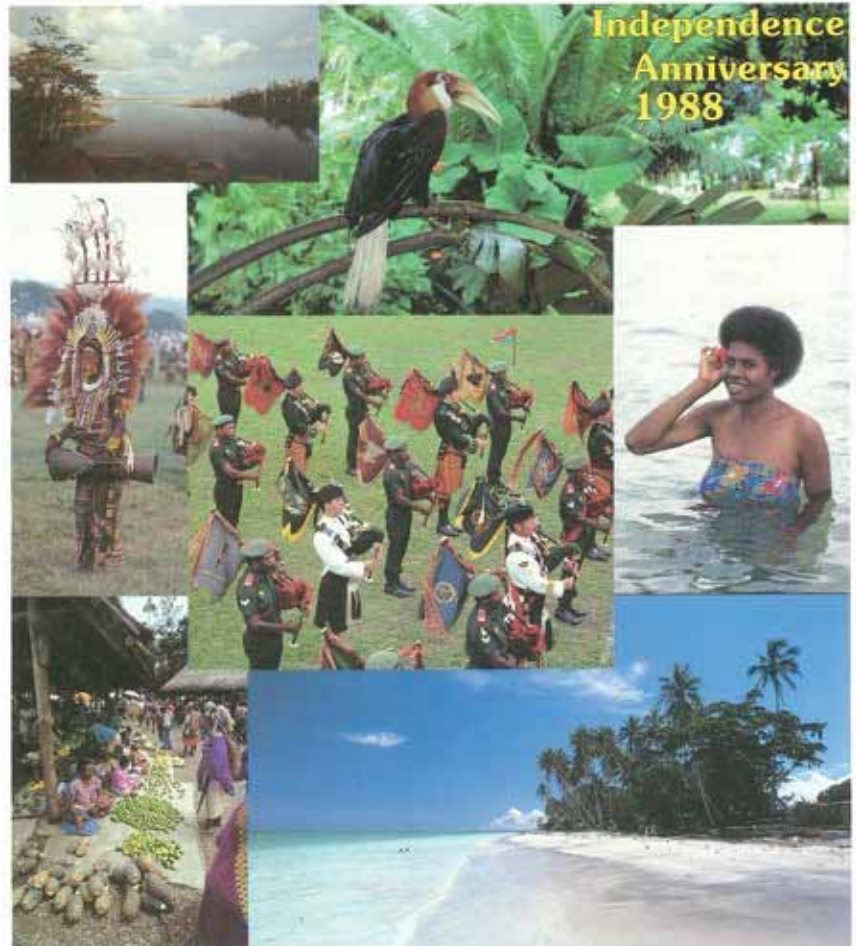
It has also helped reduce election violence. The 2002 election is generally regarded as having been PNG’s worst ever with at least 20 people killed. The Electoral Commissioner even refused to declare results in six electorates.

He ruled that in those seats (which were in two Highlands Provinces - Southern Highlands and Enga) the election had failed 'due to disruptions caused by disgruntled candidates and supporters'.

The success of Limited Preferential Voting in ensuring that those elected actually have significant community support beyond their own tribal group is clear from the 2012 election results. In 2012, only 37 of the 111 Members elected would have won under the previous system. The 37 who would have won under both voting systems were leading after the first preferences but in the other seventy-four seats the leading candidates on first preferences were overtaken.

Another contributing factor to the stability is the huge amount of money that is now provided to each electorate. These days each Member gets K15 million (\$A7.5 million) a year – K10 million from what is called the District Services Improvement Program (DSIP) and K5 million that is supposed to be for investment in local health and education. A Cabinet decision in 2012 directed that the DSIP "be spent in the following proportions": 30% on Infrastructure; 20% on Health Services; 20% on Education; 10% on Law and Justice Services; 10% on Economic Sector Support; and 10% on Administration.

Prime Minister Peter O'Neill contends that this spending in the Member's electorates is transforming Papua New Guinea bringing development to areas that have not been serviced for years. However, the PNG Auditor General found major problems with how the DSIP funds were being spent in an audit of 22 of the 89 Districts in 2012/13. In those 22 electorates: more than K116 million (A\$58



m) was spent on projects where expenditure was "unsupported" or the projects were "incomplete (or) abandoned"; over K39 million was spent on "non DSIP related expenditure"; "vehicles and heavy equipment with limited application towards DSIP objectives" were bought at a cost of more than K58 million; and there was a "significant underspend on water supply and sanitation, law and justice, rural communication and electrification, and health".

The Auditor General concluded that there had been "limited value

from the DSIP funds granted when measured against the original investment criteria"; that there was a "pervasive breakdown in the DSIP governance framework"; and that "better processes of accountability" were needed "including the application of penalties for non-compliance."

But the attention of MPs now seems to be more devoted to organising the spending of these funds and less towards trying to engineer a toppling of the Government.

Sean Dorney

A Didiman's Diary

A good while ago I said to the Editor of Una Voce, 'there are always stories of Kiaps in our magazine, rarely news of Didimen'. Her prompt response was, 'that's your problem!' I said I would remedy that situation.

I had completed a Diploma in Agriculture at Hawkesbury Agricultural College, Richmond, NSW in 1955; a short stint as a labourer with the Mosman Municipal Council; National Service Intake 2/56, Ingleburn NSW followed. Completing National Service was a pre-requisite for an entry permit to the Territory of Papua New Guinea. All new recruits were required to complete a short induction course at the School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) at Mosman in NSW. There were a couple of employment options after gaining my Diploma, as a Jackaroo in North West Queensland or, as an Assistant Agricultural Officer in Papua New Guinea.

19 August 1956 -- Wearing a long sleeved white shirt, shorts and long white socks; farewell to family at mascot and on board the Qantas DC4 Skymaster – 'Bird of Paradise' Route. I have the menu cards in the attractive folder from that flight. Qantas economy class passengers had never been treated better.

My mother, bless her, kept the first of the letters I wrote, from day one and I will be using extracts from them in italics - with some editing - in my next contribution.

20 August 1956 -- Dear Mum and Dad, Here I am safe and sound after a wonderful trip. The flight was exceptionally smooth and everyone in very high spirits. We arrived at Port Moresby at 7.30 am – cloudless and hot! with a fresh sea breeze.

Arrival at Jacksonfield has been well described by new recruits; a scene less tropical would be hard to imagine, so unlike the tropical landscape expected. The approach though, was fascinating; the coral reef and the very visible aircraft and wartime wrecks in the clear waters below. Twenty years old with all but empty pockets. I don't remember any emotions. It was an extraordinary awakening, having never travelled overseas or experienced any other nations or their cultures.

21 August -- Truly, I don't know where to start. Everything has been so fascinating, strange and amazing; with everything happening at once, it seems as if weeks have passed. We were met at the airport by an administration representative who outlined our programs for the next four days; tours, slides, lectures, etc. We were driven to the hostel, about two and a half miles out of town,

next to government house and on a hillside with a beautiful view overlooking the harbor. The hostel looked all right from the outside, freshly painted, big glass louvre windows covered with mosquito proof netting. As we pulled up our luggage was taken out of the vehicle by some local boys, who started up to the building. I nervously entered the hostel to be met by 10, happy chattering natives pointing the way to go. I followed them and ended up in room B3. I could not believe my eyes. The room 'one man' and the whole place brand spanking new – fluorescent lighting, innerspring mattress, washbasin and the whole of the front of the room built in cupboards, writing desk and drawers, chairs, two power points, shaving cabinet and mirror, etc. You would have to see it to believe it. As I walked out, there in the passageway was a built in refrigerator supplying ice cold water – honestly it is fantastic!

With other recruits and after a few drinks and the purchase of cigarettes – Two shillings- for 20 on the plane and six shillings and six pence at the store here for a tin of 50, we shared a taxi out to the mess which is about half a mile from the hostel. Walked in and again stood

amazed. All cane furniture; no less than five refrigerators and native boys in white lap-laps waiting by the tables. We sat down and ordered dinner. Two helpings of crumbed cutlets, beans, potato and cabbage; a plate of peaches, ice cream and all the trimmings – even better than National Service! The rest of the day was spent in general discussion.

23 August -- Today we had a trip to Sogeri; saw rubber, coffee, cocoa, sugarcane etc. A very interesting day which also turned out to be exciting as the road is just the width of two vehicles, cut out of the mountainside for 2000ft and at one place has a sheer drop of 1000ft. As we approached a corner at about 15 mph I said to the native driver 'hey no quick time go along slow' (in my best Pidgin English!). He replied 'no Tabauda, me go along slow more chance meetum more car.' (Heh, don't go quick, go slow... No Master, if we go slow we will meet more cars.) We just held our breath on the way up and prayed on the way down!

By this time two of us had acquired a houseboy named 'Geer'. When we got back that afternoon, there, laid out on the bed were perfectly ironed, folded starched shirts, socks turned in and rolled up, underclothes in the drawer, bed made, wash basin clean – it was fantastic – and our shoes cleaned. Certainly does beat National Service. Cost one pound for a six day week – phew! I will airmail one straight away. As far as we could make out 'Geer' is from a mission; honest, clean living and efficient.

24 August -- This day was spent with various government officials and we met our 'chief' – Mr Bill Conroy and he told us where we would be stationed, answered all

our questions and we had a very pleasant talk. Mr Conroy gave us our districts postings. Lin Green is going to Kalo, a mixed farming area and experiment station about 50 miles south east of Moresby as assistant manager. Mick Belfield is going to Popondetta. Both Lin and Mick are new recruits. I felt very fortunate in receiving my posting - to Goroka in the Eastern Highlands District.

My first impressions in Port Moresby were the Koki markets, perhaps the best introduction to the lifestyle; the food; the colour; the relaxed laid back day to day way of life. Throughout my years in PNG there was one constant; the sensory, earthly smell of the villages, the native food and the people.

Another, very favourable impression, is the members of the Papuan New Guinea constabulary. Always, immaculately turned out, they are courteous and helpful. During one of the first, dark, evenings I had an interesting 'brush' with the law. Noticing a telephone (the old Bakelite handset) sitting on a shelf in a compound and accessible, it occurred to me it might be possible to ring home! As I reached for the handset an 'invisible' form said 'yu laik mekim wanem masta?' (What do you want masta?) I was somewhat shocked. The 'form' took shape; a black, very black, Buka sergeant of police. It was pointless endeavouring to explain. Pidgin English was not part of my vocabulary and English was not his. We said 'goodnight' and I retreated back to where I should have been!

25 August -- The Mandated airlines DC3 cargo charter to Goroka was due to leave at 7.30. (This was to be my first experience of 'strip sitting'

and by no means the last in the land of 'wait awhile'.) The aircraft turned up about two o'clock. Cargo was unloaded and the plane reloaded. Several other passengers boarded with me. I made myself comfortable on a crate of lettuce! The plane was to include Kainantu on its route. The pilot explained, being so late, we would fly straight to Goroka as it would be a bit hard to land on a grass plateau with no landing lights! The trip was quite comfortable despite the lettuce crate and I went straight to the hotel – the only one and really first class at four pounds per day including meals.

A stunning introduction to the Eastern Highlands as we flew low into the Bena Bena valley. The timber clad mountains around and above us; the green of the valley; the Bena Bena river glistening in the evening light, lazy smoke from the villages clinging to the mountain sides as we approached Goroka. Later, when on patrol in the Bismarck Range, I would watch fascinated from native villages as aircraft flew along the Bena Bena and Wahgi valleys, 2000ft below.

Had a goodnight's sleep and after breakfast (we work on Saturday mornings) Jim Barrie, the District Agricultural Officer, picked me up, drove me to the office about a mile away and he talked about what I could be doing for the next 21 months. All very interesting and I'm sure I will enjoy it all.

Goroka is probably the most beautiful spot in Papua New Guinea. An amazing town; centred on a coffee industry and an airport - which virtually runs through the centre of the town. It has a population of 400 but nevertheless there are golf, tennis, football, cricket, badminton, table tennis

clubs as well as a social and sports club. A swimming pool completes the sporting facilities. The airport handles about 40 planes a day from Tiger Moths to DC3s.

The town itself is situated on a plateau 5000 ft above sea level and surrounded by a horseshoe of mountains. Mt Wilhelm, the highest and over 17,000 ft, at times has snow on the summit. Despite the height above sea level, the climate at Goroka is first class. Day temperatures are about 75-78 degrees with little or no humidity. The nights are sometimes very cold and log fires are needed. The weather is very consistent and from November to May it rains about 3 pm every day and again during the night.

Now something of your own interest: the gardens. They are the most perfect example of gardens I have ever seen, the whole town being based on a garden pattern;

beautiful couch lawns immaculately kept; low hedges; all kinds of garden shrubs and trees and not one dividing fence in the whole town.

There are all types of flowers, dahlias, gladioli, pansies, gerbera etc. The plants are picture perfect, the soil being particularly fertile and plenty of water and native labour.

If you are wondering why I have dotted some ts and crossed the odd i, it is because the lighting plant here requires new brushes and periodically the lights flick and die for about 30 seconds and then burst back into light. The town is supplied by hydro power.

When the film 'Walk into Paradise' comes on in Sydney please see it as it was filmed on the old airstrip at Goroka and it will give you a good idea of the landform and the natives who are no different in dress and make up than in a

normal sing-sing or native dance today. In the part when they rush down the airstrip to 'attack', I am told there were 26,000 natives all told in that scene. One can well imagine this with the population of the Eastern Highlands District is over a quarter of a million and in the Goroka District one hundred and fifteen thousand!

A requirement of the Department was to keep a Field Officers Journal (FOJ) on a daily basis, the original pages being forwarded to Head Office monthly. I have my Journals covering nearly 10 years. On completion of a patrol a detailed report was required. These gave comprehensive oversight of the work undertaken, the area visited, the people, their agriculture and their economic development.

With the Editors' forbearance the story will continue in the next edition of Una Voce.

David Montgomery

PNG Award to Maxwell Hayes

Max was awarded the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Medal 1952-2012. The citation was for services to the Constabulary, in particular the history of the Commissioned Officers during the post-war period, 1945-1975.

Max joined the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary as a direct entry at commissioned officer rank of Sub-Inspector in 1959 following his service in the Royal Australian Air Force. During his 15 years in the force, he served widely in Papua New Guinea and

held a variety of positions before he was retrenched at the rank of acting Superintendent in 1974 during the Australian Government's transition to PNG Independence in 1975. Contemporaneously with his service in RPNGC, he was a member of 'B' Company, Rabaul for about two years but resigned when Superintendent Jack Carroll required him to spend more time on police duties.



For many years he has researched the history of his force from 1888 until the Constabulary centenary in 1988. Prior to 1968 RPNGC was one of only three Queen's 'Royal' police forces in the western world being granted the Royal Warrant in August 1939.

A Reunion 50 years in the making...

1963-1964 Cadet Education Officers 50 year Reunion, Canberra, ACT 24-25 October 2014

In stark contrast to the 1962-1963 Cadet Education Officers (aka The Reunion Junkies), the first official reunion of the 1963-1964 CEOs has been held.

Thirteen of the 38 who attended the Passing Out Ceremony at the Cinema Hall of the Balmoral Naval Depot on 30 October 1964, together with six spouses and two (very welcome) ring-ins met at the Yowani Country Club in Lyneham, Canberra.

Fortunately name tags were provided because everybody had changed so much.

There were cocktails, which became a prelude for the evening meal, on the Friday night and lunch and dinner on the Saturday. After a bit

of confusion, we met for lunch on Saturday at Jimmy's Place in Dickson. An enjoyable meal at Yowani on Saturday night gave us the opportunities to discuss our doings over the last 50 years and reflect on the importance of those years at ASOPA.

In attendance were: Mary Sullivan (nee Chee), Maxine Mundell (nee Grainger), Faye Owner (nee Neilsen), Adrian Black, Bob and Liz Burlington, Bob and Helen Creelman, Peter and Vera Croker, Neil and Barbara Harvey, Leyland and Marilla Minter, Peter Plummer, Murray Russell, John and Joan Segal, Mick and Wendy Wilson. The ring-ins were Ian McLean (1962-1963) and Rex Thomas (1964-1965).

Apologies were received from Janet Baker (nee Lucas), Sue Hall (nee Noblet), Janine Paterson (nee Outram), Betty Yip (nee Tsa), Vera Ralfe (nee Zander), Peter Brigg and Mike Owner.

A minute's silence was observed in memory of our 10 deceased colleagues.

We were given an assignment to produce a description of life before, at and after ASOPA for presentation in writing or verbally at the Saturday night dinner. It was a most enjoyable couple of days. Those 50 years vanished as we remembered, reminisced and relived those two years spent at Middle Head and it is hoped that all those assignments can be put into some printed form.

Efforts continue to locate the rest of our group.

Rumour has it that we may not wait another 50 years before getting together again. And some of us are even working on our post-retirement plans.



Back Row: Murray Russell, John Segal, Leyland Minter, Adrian Black, Wendy Wilson, Mick Wilson

Middle Row: Peter Plummer, Mary Chee, Joan Segal, Marilla Minter, Bob Creelman, Peter Croker, Bob Burlington, Liz Burlington

Front Row: Barbara Harvey, Neil Harvey, Maxine Grainger, Faye Neilsen, Helen Creelman, Vera Croker

My Expatriate Life

This is the first part of Diane Bayne's account of her life as an expatriate. It covers her time in Port Moresby and Lae. Watch out for further instalments in future editions of Una Voce.

Part 1

When visiting Bangkok I've wondered what it would be like to live there. The sensations of colour, smell, movement and noise are so overpowering, as is the humidity and heat. It's contrasted by the gentle politeness of the quietly spoken Thai people. I'm sure expatriate living in Bangkok would be unique to Bangkok but, as is the way with expatriate living, it would mean adjusting, learning, accepting and rethinking attitudes as well as lifestyle.

My first expatriate experience was in 1974 in Papua New Guinea. In those days the Department of Education, in South Australia, ruled that if you were a married woman and six months pregnant, you had to resign. At that time my income abruptly stopped. For my husband, a pilot, full time flying jobs were limited in Australia but positions were available in Papua New Guinea. We had struggled along and now had a baby. That was it. There was a job on offer so off we went without a second thought.

I wasn't prepared. I'd never been out of South Australia apart from Melbourne and I'd never experienced the tropics. I remember stepping off the aeroplane into what felt like a furnace. I'd never felt that drenching humidity before. But my husband was there to meet me and it was so good to see him. He'd been in Port Moresby for a month ahead of me, training on the aeroplane

and learning about the job. He was thrilled to be fully employed and flying in an interesting country like Papua New Guinea. As we drove through the streets of Port Moresby, I saw crowds of Papua New Guineans walking by the side of the road, women with belongings piled on their heads and/or babies on their backs and the men with lesser loads. I was shocked at what I saw as poverty and particularly shocked at seeing so many spitting blood from their mouths! But no, this was 'betel nut' I was told. Chewed with lime, it gave a heightened, slightly altered state of mind and when they spat it out it was bright red.

We eventually arrived at the company accommodation. It was an upstairs, very Spartan three bedroomed apartment with louvered windows, overlooking other buildings and lush, green vegetation which was a real contrast to dry Adelaide. There were brilliant huge flowers I'd never seen before. There was no air conditioning but there were fans whirring around on the ceilings, giving relief to the humid air. My eight month old daughter was hot and red faced even though I'd taken off most of her clothing and given her water. I'll never forget those first few hours after my arrival.

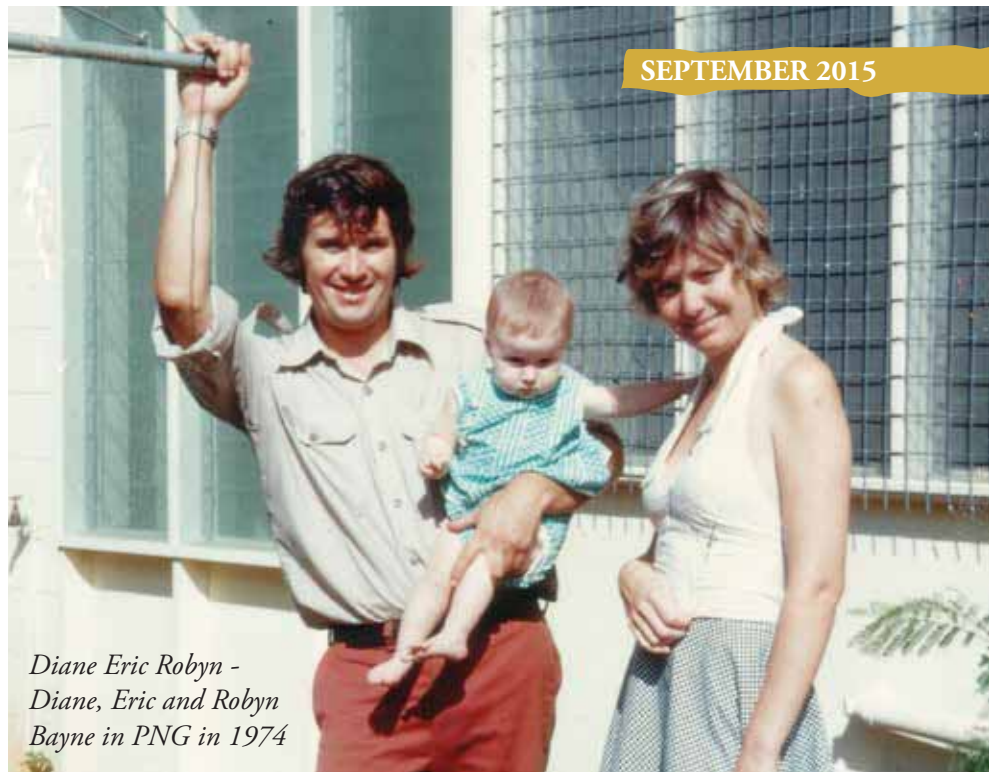
After a few days my daughter and I started to adapt to this new climate. It was a strange experience seeing the Papua New Guinean people speaking differently and walking in crowds everywhere. But it was lonely. I missed my extended family,

my friends, my lifestyle and the familiarity of home. My husband was away nearly every day flying aeroplanes. I knew no one. I couldn't drive. I had to wait for my husband to come home if I needed to get to the supermarket. There was security wire over the windows. I looked after my baby girl who seemed fine but I was not prepared for this culture shock. Slowly I got to know people, other wives living nearby, how to get to the shops and how to do things in this strange tropical country.

I look back and see it was quite daunting for me although I remember feeling an acceptance and excitement about my new situation too. I was a naïve country girl although I'd lived in the city. No one in my family had ever been overseas. In fact, in those days most people didn't travel much. Wealthy people took overseas holidays and students went on working holidays to the UK and maybe Europe but I hadn't actually known of anyone who had left Australia to live in a different country. So this experience for me, in the early seventies, was initially like being foisted onto a different planet. It opened up a new world which also helped me understand my husband and his family. He was born in Malaysia. His Scottish parents had lived there most of their lives where his father had been a rubber planter. Eric and his sisters were sent 'home' to Britain to boarding school before coming to Australia. He had a very different upbringing compared to mine.

Expatriate living had been a foreign concept to me but through living it, I was now starting to develop an understanding. I decided I liked the tropics. There was an extraordinarily intense beauty about it and I felt healthy and alive. But then, after barely settling in to Port Moresby, we moved to Lae in the Morobe Province.

In Lae we lived in a small compound flat, next door to a supermarket and a cinema. Next to our front door was a beautifully sweet smelling frangipani tree with a shiny green tree frog sitting in it. There were lots of people around the streets constantly knocking on our door looking for work. We were told to keep everything locked and safety chained. There were other young pilots, all single, living in our compound and they would gravitate to each other's flats, talk flying and party. It was pretty noisy. Our neighbour regularly woke us up with Bob Marley's 'No Woman No Cry' at full volume (I hear that song now and it's so poignant; I'm right back there). They'd often come to our flat for a beer and talk flying with Eric. They all had one thing in common; an absolute obsession with flying aeroplanes. It was here that I was initiated into the social life of an aviation wife in PNG. To pilots there was no other topic of conversation. It was all about aeroplanes, more aeroplanes, airstrips, weather, flying stories, flying 'hours' and the ever present 'seniority list'. Wives and girlfriends listened and some of the stories were interesting but after an hour or so at any one time, it could become boring. We turned to each other. We were mostly Australian, one who was English and there was a South African family with two children, one about our daughter's age. We all came from different



*Diane Eric Robyn -
Diane, Eric and Robyn
Bayne in PNG in 1974*

places and we were all young, in our twenties, drawn together through our pilot partners. Our stories and backgrounds were all different and diverse. My world was opening up.

With Eric away a lot, he decided to electrify the windows with a power supply equal to a cattle fence for added security, something that would be highly illegal in Australia. We would turn on the electrified windows and doors most of the time and we often heard screaming and shouting as someone got 'zapped' trying to break in, usually late at night. One day I put some tomatoes on the louvered windows in the kitchen to ripen. I retrieved them a couple of days later, forgetting that I'd turned on the electricity. I got 'zapped' but I remembered after that!

I enjoyed Lae. It wasn't quite as big as Port Moresby but it was greener and everywhere the growth was quite dense and lush. Banana palms seemed to grow freely. The road to the Lae airport, in those days was adjacent to the town and it was an avenue of massive flame trees. They were spectacular. I saw some huge spiders sometimes but the biggest problem was mosquitos and I put a

mosquito net around my daughter's bed. I played tennis and bought a sewing machine. Eventually I succumbed and employed a "house girl". Other women and wives convinced me saying, "You should," and "It will free you up". It felt odd at first. No one had ever done my housework for me. My house girl came every day, washed floors and dishes, dusted, washed and ironed. Her three young children played in the garden. One, a baby, slept naked in a 'billum', a woven bag, hung up in a tree. She'd go out every now and then, hose him down for coolness and cleanliness and breast feed. Then she'd come in, clean my baby's bath, wash and sterilise the baby bottles and wash my nappies. We only communicated via my limited Pidgin English and I would sometimes catch her looking at me. Maybe she was confused with my white women's complex ways of baby care, compared to her simple, common sense approach. It's things like this that are important. Makes you think and reflect about your own accepted values and ways of doing things. That's part of the reason why expatriate life is a worthwhile experience.

Diane Bayne



The PNG Crest and Flag

The story of the crest and flag commenced during the life of the first House of Assembly when the Select Committee on Constitutional Development under the Chairmanship of the late Dr. John Guise called upon the people and schools throughout PNG for submissions about their country's flag. Hundreds of entries were submitted which, due to time restraints, were handed over to the Second Select Committee of Constitutional Development under the Chairmanship of the late Paulus Arek.

Armed with this information the Committee in October 1970 had its executive staff analyse these designs to find the most suitable colours and symbols for a crest and flag. They found the popular colours were gold, green and blue and the symbols - birds, drums, spears and stars.

This information was passed to Mr. Holman, an artist with the Dept of Information and Extension Services, for him to design a crest and flag using these colours and symbols. The committee ran with Mr. Holman's designs, a tricolour flag in green, gold and blue with the Southern Cross and a white bird of paradise superimposed. The design was shown to the House of Assembly on 17 November 1970.

Paulus Arek told the House:

The Committee will also seek the people's views on a flag and a crest. The flag and crest do not represent the ideas of one single person but rather have been designed taking into account the overwhelmingly popular colours, designs and ideas submitted by the people to your Committee.

Mr Speaker, with your approval I would like to show members



of the House of Assembly the flag and crest the Committee proposes to show to the people. In relation to the flag:

The BLUE represents the islands of our country and the sea, which surrounds them. The Cross lies above our whole country and guides our people in their travel on land and sea.

The GOLD represents the coastal areas of our country, its past and future mineral wealth and unity.

The GREEN represents the mainland and highland areas of our country and a Bird of Paradise, our unique bird, is

turned towards the islands to represent one unified country.

Mr Speaker, your Committee proposes to make an extensive tour of the Territory in January and February 1971. The people will be shortly notified when the Committee will be visiting their areas and will be provided with sufficient time to think about and prepare answers to the Committee's proposals, the main ones of which I have outlined in this statement.

The Committee divided into two groups to tour the country in Jan/Feb 1971. As Deputy Chairman of the Select Committee I led one of the groups. The people universally accepted the crest although there was some parochial discussion about the design of the spear and drum.

However, the people were quite outspoken when shown the proposed design for the flag. Mostly they regarded the design as a mechanically contrived outcome designed by the Select Committee and not produced by a real person. It lacked warmth and charisma. Our group visited Yule Island on 12 February 1971. At the Yule Island meeting a schoolgirl, Susan Karike, a pupil of the Catholic Mission School, gave me a revamped design of the proposed flag drawn on a page taken from an exercise book. It had instant appeal and I immediately thought, 'This is the flag'.

Susan replaced the tricolour by making the lower segment of the flag black with the stars of the Southern Cross in white. The top segment was red with the stylised bird of paradise in gold. Susan described the colours as those most commonly used

by the people in their traditional ceremonies.

The Committee next met in Port Moresby on 1 March to consider the findings from its fact finding tour and finalise its report. Both groups found that that the proposed flag was not acceptable to the people as the flag for a future independent PNG and decided to recommend one of the alternatives submitted to the committee during its tour.

The choice was narrowed down to two designs. Susan's design I had already presented to the meeting. The other, somewhat larger, from a New Ireland group, was submitted by Mr. Wally Lussick¹. The Committee adjourned that evening without having come to a decision. I felt a little despondent, as I needed more than a page from an exercise book to do full justice to Susan's design. That evening Ross Johnson² took the initiative and had his wife, Pat, put Susan's design onto a piece of cloth slightly larger than a tea towel. When this was shown to the Committee next day a consensus was soon reached. Ross and Pat's flag gave support to my presentation and the committee accepted Susan's design.

The report was presented to and adopted by the House on 4 March 1971. It said this about the crest and flag:

"50. The crest suggested by your Committee is acceptable to the majority of the people. Many groups particularly in the New Guinea Islands region, submitted that some object representing their particular area be represented on the crest but it would not be practicable to include a representation from all

areas on the crest. As there was widespread support for the crest as it stands, your Committee recommends that it be adopted."

"51. The Committee suggested a flag for the country and showed it to the people on its recent tour. Your Committee received numerous representations to either alter the suggested flag or replace it. Because of the wide variety of views about the colour and design of the suggested flag, your Committee has decided to choose one of the submissions made to it on its recent tour."

"52. The Committee has chosen a design submitted by a young Papuan girl named Susan Karike. In her submission to the Committee Susan described the colours of the flag as being the colours most commonly used by our people in their traditional ceremonies. The Committee recommends that this flag be adopted as the flag for Niugini"

Evan Evans Pty Ltd of Melbourne supplied the first Papua New Guinea flag. I offered it to Dr. John Guise, Speaker of the House, to fly at the House of Assembly. He gracefully refused the offer as he thought it was premature. Mr. Les Johnson, the Administrator flew this flag in front of his office in Konedobu. It was the first PNG flag to be flown in the country.

I visited PNG in August 2003 and noted the respect shown to their flag. This reinforced that the decision we made was the correct one.

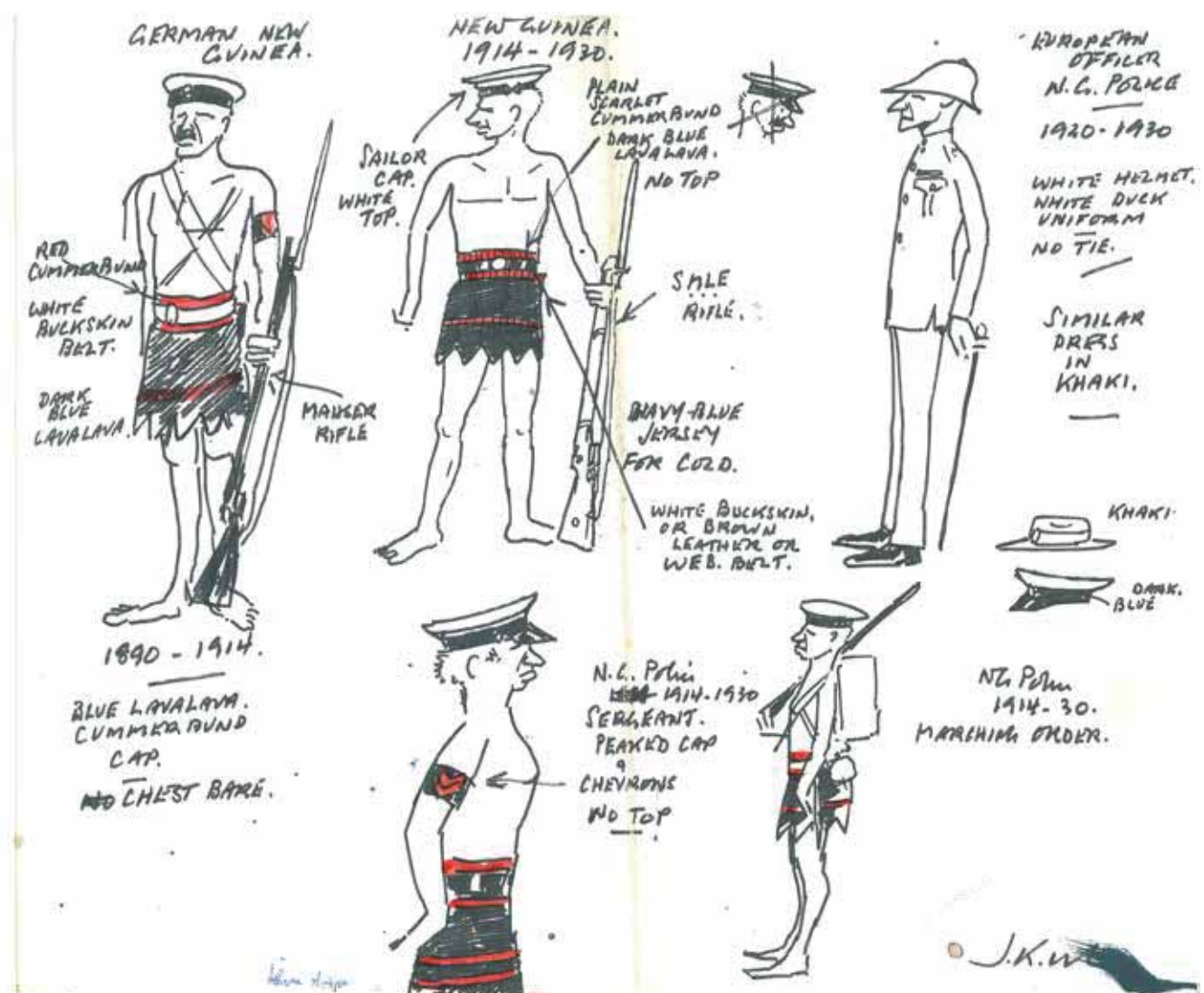
Geoff Littler

Official Member, The Second House of Assembly, Territory of Papua New Guinea

¹ The Regional Member for New Ireland
² Deputy Executive Officer of the Select Committee

McCarthy Drawings

Swiss citizen, Zurich resident, former PNG resident and PNGAA member Kurt Pfund had tears in his eyes as he packed the pen and ink drawings by JK (Keith) McCarthy. Kurt treasured those drawing, but he wanted to secure them a home for the future. They were given to him personally by McCarthy, probably between 1968 and 1971. Pfund could not remember the date or circumstance of the gift; he and McCarthy both painted, they were both writers, they were friends, and they discussed their common interests, particularly in the three retirement years that McCarthy enjoyed in Port Moresby, before going finish in 1971.

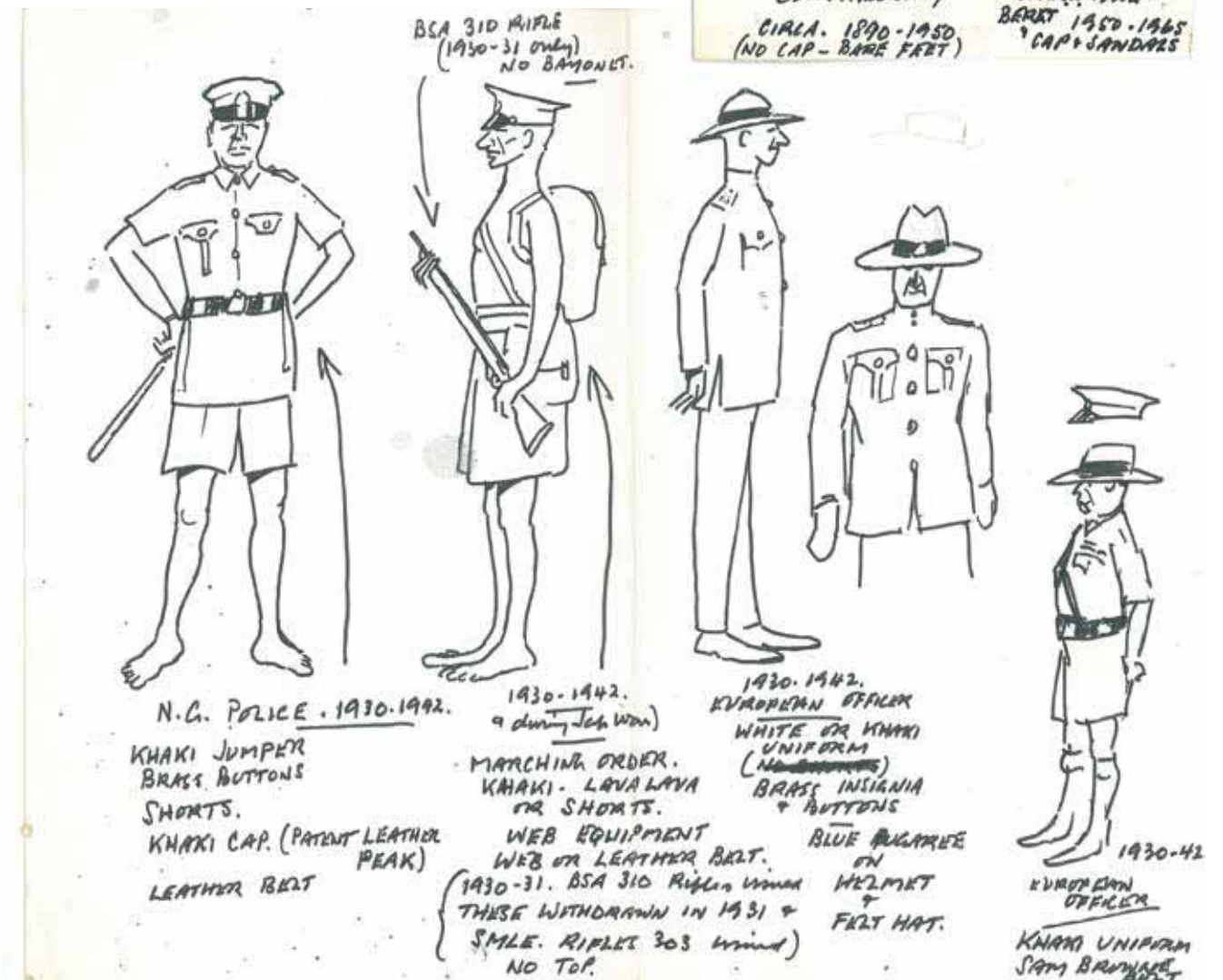
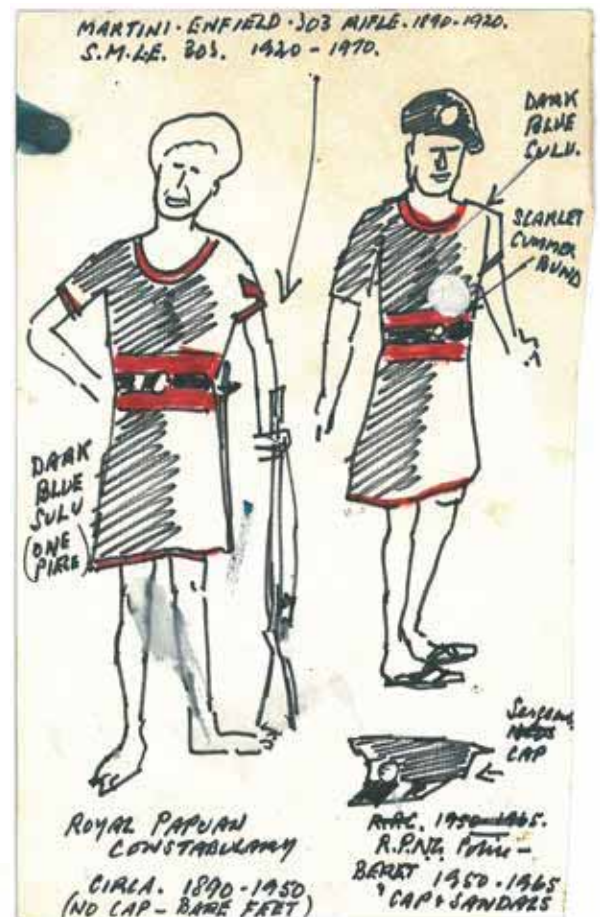


Pfund painted and wrote about legends. McCarthy was a legend in his own life time: a Patrol Officer in 1926, severely wounded by arrows in the leg and stomach in a Kukukuku attack in 1933, awarded an MBE (Mil) in 1943 for his role in the evacuation of civilians from Rabaul, then 'M' Force, 'Z' Force and ANGAU. Post-war he was District Commissioner and Departmental Head in 1960, C.B.E. in 1963. The list goes on¹.

Some vagaries in the detail of the drawings may suggest the circumstance of their creation. Perhaps they were confected, spontaneously from memory, to illustrate a lubricated, after-dinner discussion? Despite the flaws², these drawings add to the memorabilia of a great man.

Bill Brown

1. H. N. Nelson, McCarthy, John Keith (1905–1976), Australian Dictionary of Biography, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University, <http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/mccarthy-john-keith-10910/text19375>
2. In the post-war series the RP&NG Constabulary is called the RPNG Police - the ampersand is missing. The arrow indicating the dark blue sulu points to the jersey, not the sulu. Berets, caps and sandals are attributed to 1950 – 1965, but berets did not become part of the uniform until 1955. Sandals were issued to the Coronation Contingent but were not part of the regular uniform and the new uniform of blue shirt, shorts, socks, beret, with black belt and boots was issued in 1965.



Wewak Campaign and 70th Anniversary of the Japanese Surrender at Wewak

Final Japanese Surrender In PNG

The final Japanese surrender in PNG came one month after VP-Day on 15 August 1945. It marked the end of the war against Japan in the Pacific and the end of World War II.

However, as celebrations reverberated around the world, isolated groups of Japanese continued fighting in PNG. In the Aitape-Wewak region, General Adachi of the Japanese XVIII Army had vowed to fight to the end. It was not until 13 September, almost a month after VP-Day, that he surrendered to Major General HCH Robertson, of the Australian 6th Division, at a ceremony at Cape Wom, near Wewak.

By then General Adachi's once proud army of 100,000 men had been reduced to about 13,000. His men died on the battlefield, from disease and from starvation. Earlier the Japanese had defended Wewak with utmost heroism. At the end, fighting from caves in the cliffs, many Japanese refused to surrender and were sealed beneath by explosive charges set off at the entrances.

Several hundred 6th Division troops were present at the Cape Wom surrender ceremony when General Adachi was ordered to hand over his sword. He appeared very taken aback before taking two paces to the rear, stopping for a few moments, then handing his sword to General Robertson. General Adachi was escorted to the surrender table

by two Australian Army military policemen, each about 6ft 6ins tall.

After the war, General Adachi was convicted of war crimes and sentenced to life imprisonment. He committed suicide in 1947 after writing a letter which was described as 'a moving document of soldierly loyalty and an eloquent condemnation of the futility of war'.

The Aitape-Wewak campaign along with the campaigns on Bougainville and New Britain came in for considerable criticism from both Australian and Japanese officers, who found it difficult to understand why such aggressive actions should be fought as the war was ending.

Senior Australian officers, including General VAH Sturdee and Brigadier HH Hammer, referred to the 'military futility' of the campaigns. Japanese staff officers on Bougainville believed the campaigns were 'absolutely pointless', and that world prestige gained by Australia would not compensate for the loss of life and equipment. On the other hand, it was argued that the campaigns were justified as

there was an obligation to liberate the people of PNG as quickly as possible from Japanese rule. In many areas Japanese occupation was creating terrible privation.

The military historian, Peter Ryan, writing in the Encyclopaedia of Papua New Guinea, says there is sufficient evidence to say that it is likely (though perhaps not wholly certain), that these campaigns were fought because General Blamey wanted to continue in command of a large army in the field, and because John Curtin, the then Prime Minister and certain members of his Cabinet, believed that a continued active fighting role would strengthen their position in the coming peace treaty negotiations.

Also, both Blamey and Curtin were at least partly under the influence of a small but persuasive group of Australian intellectuals who foresaw, or thought they foresaw, a wider and more powerful Australian presence in the Pacific in the coming peace.

Don Hook



Japanese surrender

70th Anniversary – Cape Wom

This year, 2015, is the 70th Anniversary of the end of World WarII. It was a war that stunned the world in its ferocity and swiftness, and there was not a living soul on this earth that was not affected by it in one way or another.

Having lived in Papua New Guinea for thirty years from 1960 to 1990 and with subsequent visits to PNG and the Pacific Islands from 1993 to 2003 I had the chance to visit a number of places where fierce land battles took place and to talk to people who fought in the New Guinea campaigns: Europeans, Japanese and islanders.

One of the most interesting meetings I ever had was with Edward Kenna at a reunion of the 2/4th Battalion at the Ballina RSL Club in northern NSW on Friday 21 October, 1994. Edward Kenna was awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery in May 1945 where he confronted a Japanese heavy machine gun post on Mission Ridge behind Wewak and disposed of the gunners by firing his .303 rifle at them while bullets from the Japanese gun came precariously close to him. His actions saved the lives of the rest of his company. Using copies of battle maps I actually stood on the spot where this action took place on Mission Ridge.

Edward Kenna died in Geelong, Victoria, on Wednesday 8 July 2009, aged 90 years and two days. He was the last Australian to receive the supreme award for gallantry in World WarII. A State funeral was held for Mr Kenna in St Patrick's Cathedral in Melbourne on 16 July 2009.

During my time in Wewak between 1974 and 1979 my interests in the



Borum airstrip, Wewak, under allied attack, 16 October 1944



Borum airstrip, 1975



Aerial view of Wewak Point, July 1987

New Guinea campaigns became very strong and I spent several years looking over documents, speaking to people who were actually involved in the war, and visiting numerous places around PNG and in particular around the East and West Sepik Provinces where actual battles took place between the Allied Forces and Forces of the Japanese Imperial Army.

While researching all of this I looked at both sides of the conflict, for the Japanese lost far more men than the Allies did. While in Wewak I became a member of the Rotary Club in August 1974 and I was the Club's President from November 1974 to November 1979 when my family and I were transferred to Mount Hagen with Ela Motors. Through Rotary, I was able to find and talk to the many Papua New Guinean people who were directly involved in the war as well as clergy from the Catholic Mission Headquarters in Wirui in Wewak.

I was also involved in the Japan/PNG Goodwill Society formed in the late 1960s to help Japanese, Australian and PNG ex-servicemen who returned to Wewak to visit old wartime battle areas and to help locate lost graves.

To look at Wewak today, compared with the 1940s, is quite an eye opener. There is hardly anything left from WW2 as most of the wartime wreckage no longer exists except for a few Japanese heavy anti-aircraft gun emplacements up on Mission Ridge and a few bomb craters around Boram airstrip.

World WarII in the Pacific - the Closing Days

As World WarII in New Guinea progressed, the noose around the Japanese was tightening further.

By March 1944 the Americans were in possession of the Admiralty Islands and Madang, where the Japanese were strongly based, could no longer be supplied. At last General Adachi decided to move his headquarters and garrison troops, the 41st Division, up the coast to Hansa Bay. The 20th Division was to make a single trek all the way to Wewak. It had to be a jungle trek because of the Allies' effective control of the sea. Adachi wanted to have Wewak reinforced because he believed this would be America's next target. This is exactly what General McArthur wanted Adachi to believe. In fact he intended to bypass Wewak and go straight to Hollandia. So, to keep the Japanese Commander's attention fixed on Wewak, the Fifth Air Force continued to bombard Wewak with repeated air raids. Empty rubber boats were brought in by submarine and liberally strewn on the waters close to the shore, and reconnaissance planes flew over on ostensible mapping expeditions.

The strategy worked well. The Japanese, even as late as 21 April 1944, put Hollandia at the bottom of the list of possible places where Americans might attack. American landings at Hollandia and Aitape took place on 22 April 1944, with the aim of cutting off the retreat of Adachi's forces and preventing them from linking up with the Japanese forces already present in Hollandia.

The arrival of the Americans at Hollandia signalled the end of many, many months of hardship, fear and anxiety for missionaries held prisoner there. When the Japanese heard of the American invasion they forced the missionaries to go further into the bush. Many of them were too weak to go far. Seeing this, the Japanese



Charles Betteridge's Willys Jeep on beach at Singau Plantation, 1971

officer in command told them they now had to fend for themselves, and the Japanese soldiers disappeared further inland. The problem now was to contact the Americans. Four of the Fathers decided that they would attempt the journey. Every sound they heard might be a Japanese soldier, or an American soldier who might shoot first before he ascertained that they were not Japanese. It was not an easy trek that these four men made. Finally, holding white towels fixed to sticks, they saw an American soldier. Father Bill Hagen hugged the soldier, so great was his joy at seeing a fellow countryman. The Fathers were taken to the Commanding Officer where they told their story, were fed with food some had not seen for years, and then sent back to the other missionaries. All were brought back to the coast on stretchers after being fed, then taken by boat to Finschhafen and thence to Brisbane where they were carefully tended back to health for the rest of the year.

With the American landings at Aitape and Hollandia, the Japanese 18th Army was completely isolated. The Americans were to the west, the Australians were to the east, and all easy lanes were held by the Allies. Adachi attempted to break through

at Aitape and such was the speed of his forced march that he reached the Drinumor River. On the night of July 10 1944, the Americans and the Japanese clashed near the river and Adachi later estimated that he lost 10,000 of his 13,000 men in that phase of the campaign. By 9 August Adachi's weak, exhausted army limped its way back to Wewak. For the next few months the Japanese army rested.

In October 1944 the 6th Division under Major General Stevens began to arrive at Aitape. Adachi soon learned of this and had to come to a quick decision as to his next move. He couldn't escape via the sea and his remaining troops were too exhausted to trek inland and bypass Aitape and Hollandia. The third alternative was to stay and fight and this Adachi chose to do, in spite of knowing that he could not expect any more supplies of troops, food or ammunition to come from Japan. Adachi moved inland and set up his headquarters at Nunbok, close to Mount Turu. It was a better base from which to conduct guerrilla warfare and it had a good supply of food.

Major General Stevens organised a vigorous patrolling system and it wasn't long before these patrols encountered many sick and starving Japanese. So hungry were some of the Japanese that they were driven to eating remains of dead comrades.

On 30 April 1945 General Blamey approved of Major General Stevens' plan for the capture of Wewak. The attack on Wewak began on 10 May 1945, by which time some Japanese forces had been able to slip through the Australian forces encircling Wewak. At 5.55am on 10 May an artillery barrage from Minga started the attack. By 8am Wewak Hill was already in the



Charles Betteridge's Willys Jeep with .30 calibre machine gun, Mt Hagen, 1983



Charles Betteridge's Willys Jeep, Lae, 1985

hands of the Australians and two Australians dead but over 200 Japanese casualties. Mission Hill was the next objective and it was during this campaign that Private Edward Kenna was awarded the Victoria Cross when he captured Japanese machine-gun posts which were preventing the advance of the Australians. One of the roads on top of Wewak Hill is named Kenna VC after him.

On 16 May 1945 Kreer and Boram, near Wewak, were heavily bombed and were taken by nightfall. Cape Moem, 15km east of Wewak was taken on 22 May. The Japanese had previously been prevented from moving east or west, and the taking of Wewak now prevented

any movement north. The intention now was to drive the Japanese south where the 17th Brigade in the Maprik area would complete the encirclement of the enemy troops.

The order 'Cease fire' went out by radio and garamut drum the length and breadth of the Sepik District in the middle of August 1945. Such was the nature of the terrain in this huge area that fighting had continued inland for long after the major coastal areas had been taken. The Japanese Commander, General Adachi, was still at liberty and no one knew the exact location of his headquarters at that time. There was nothing to be done except to wait for his surrender.

The Aftermath of the War

About 8pm on 10 September 1945 three Japanese soldiers and an orderly arrived at the area of the 2/7th Battalion at Kairiru near Maprik. They carried a message from General Adachi. They were soon dispatched back with another message instructing the Japanese Commander to report to the Australians on the 11th. The following day, late in the afternoon, General Adachi arrived, carried in a sedan chair by native bearers. This was necessary because he was a very sick man. Adachi was met by an Australian Officer who ordered him to get out of the chair. He was then escorted by the officer in charge and that night the Japanese party was placed in a barbed wire and sago compound. The following morning they all, including Adachi, marched to Kaboibus under heavy escort. Once they were past the Australian lines Adachi was allowed to get back in his sedan chair because it was clear he was far from well. From Kaboibus Adachi was driven by Jeep to Yamil and then taken to Hayfield airstrip and flown into Wewak by a Douglas plane.

The official surrender of General Adachi and the 18th Army was timed to take place at 10.15am on Thursday morning, 13 September 1945, just three days after the surrender of Rear Admiral Santo and the 27th Japanese Naval Force to Major General Robertson which took place on board the Royal Australian Naval Vessel 'Fairmile' in the Kairiru Strait. The same boardroom table was used for both ceremonies.

The surrender of General Adachi took place at the north end of the Cape Wom Auster airstrip, near Divisional Headquarters. On



either side of the airstrip Australian soldiers were lined up. At 10am the Japanese surrender party arrived in Jeep 58091 and were made to walk down the length of the airstrip under armed escort. For soldiers who watched Adachi and his interpreter walk to the table and sign the document it was a moment of great excitement and great relief. As Adachi reached the table

the Generals saluted and Adachi removed his glove. After signing the documents he handed over his sword and was escorted back to the waiting Jeeps, then he was flown back to Kairiru to organise the capture of the remainder of the Japanese soldiers still in the bush. Later, Adachi was transferred to Rabaul to face war crimes charges.

All the Japanese were shipped over to Muschu Island (about 20km off Wewak) to a POW camp. Eventually there were 10,000 prisoners on the island. Japanese soldiers, under Australian supervision, ran the camp. The prisoners built themselves all kinds of shelter from primitive huts to comfortable cottages. There was a hospital, always full because many of the Japanese soldiers were in a very weak condition after so many years in the bush. According to a report in the 'Sun' newspaper in December 1945, about 40 Japanese POW were dying each week mainly due to their already weakened constitutions being unable to cope with the onslaught of malaria. It was essential to repatriate, as quickly as possible, the prisoners who were not required for war crimes trials in Rabaul. One thousand one hundred prisoners were returned home to Japan on 27 November 1945, sailing in the disarmed cruiser, 'Kashima'. By early March 1946 all other prisoners had left the Wewak area.

On the 12 July 1947 Lt General Hatazo Adachi was sentenced to life imprisonment for war crimes. On 10 September 1947 he committed suicide in his cell in Rabaul leaving a letter which is worth quoting in parts as it paints an interesting picture of the man who was in charge of the 18th Army.

'During the past three years of operations more than 100,000 youthful and promising officers and men were lost and most of them died of malnutrition. When I think of this, I know not what apologies to make to His Majesty the Emperor and I feel that I myself am overwhelmed with shame. I have demanded perseverance far exceeding the limit of man's endurance, of my officers

and men, who were exhausted and emaciated as a result of my successive campaigns and for the want of supplies. However, my officers and men followed my orders in silence without grumbling and, when exhausted, they succumbed to death just like flowers falling in the wind. God knows how I felt when I saw them dying, my bosom was filled with pity for them though it was to their country that they had dedicated their lives. At that time I made up my mind not to set foot on my country's soil again but to remain as a cloud of dirt in the southern seas with the 100,000 officers and men, never if a time should come when I would be able to return in triumph.'

Adachi obviously blamed himself for the appalling death rate but he was unfair to himself. There was very little he could have done to have avoided what did happen except perhaps surrendering at an earlier stage in the war and that was not in the true Japanese tradition.

And what of General Adachi? He was born in Tokyo in 1890 into a family with Samurai traditions. He wrote Tanka and was skilled in calligraphy as well as being an expert in Karate and Kendo. He graduated from the Tokyo Military Academy in 1910 and from the War College in 1922, becoming a member of the Japanese Army General Staff in 1925. He was made a Lieutenant General in November 1942 and took command of the Japanese 18th Army in New Guinea. He had to leave immediately for the war zone and could not attend his wife's funeral.

New Guinea was one of the major battle grounds of World WarII with immense suffering on both sides. Adachi was a brave soldier, but the battles read as a litany of defeats:

Buna, Gona, Salamaua, Wewak, Lae, Hansa Bay, Rabaul and Aitape.

One can only imagine this man's anguish. His wife and daughter had both died after long illnesses. He failed the Emperor. After a lifetime of service all his world had come to nothing.

Note: When those magic words 'Cease Fire' came over the air and the drums and garmuts relayed the news to adjacent and distant villages, the 6th Division HQ staff tried to expedite the formal ceremonies and document signing. On the 17 August 1945 a small HQ party boarded the Fairmile ML 805 and proceeded to Muschu Island (off Wewak) and broadcast to shore with the aid of a loud hailer. A small party of Japanese appeared on shore carrying a white flag. They were brought aboard for instructions and general arrangements. The following day Lieutenant General Adachi was contacted by the 27th Naval Base Force at Kairiru Island but he refused to surrender without direct orders from his superior, Field Marshal Count Terauchi, Southern Army, HQ Singapore. Major General Robertson demanded the surrender of troops on Muschu and Kairiru Islands and thus the documents were duly signed on ML805 on the 10 September 1945. It would appear that the Count in Singapore turned a deaf ear to Adachi.

Sources of material: Archives of the 2 PIR at Moem Barracks, Wewak; Rotary Club of Wewak; wartime photos from Glen Boulton and Wirui Press of Wewak.

Charles Betteridge

Watch out for more of Charles' tribute to the Wewak campaign coming soon to the PNGAA website www.pngaa.net

A tribute by Charles Betteridge coming soon to our website: www.pngaa.net

Inspired by the accidental discovery in 1970 and subsequent purchase of a WWII Jeep, Charles Betteridge's interest in WWII was sparked. He has now written a history commemorating the 70th Anniversary of the Japanese Surrender at Cape Wom, Wewak, Papua New Guinea on 13 September 1945. This will soon be available on our website www.pngaa.net

The article is supported with many not previously seen photographs of the surrender and Charles' own photographs provide an interesting coverage of the then, now and in between times. Charles lived in PNG for 30 years from early 1960 spending over five years in Wewak as Spares Parts Manager for Burns Philp and Ela Motors. Charles' interest in the Pacific War in PNG, supported by his photographic skills, are demonstrated in this presentation.

The background to Wewak's development prior to WWII, the Japanese invasion in December 1942 and its aftermath, the Allies' strategy of isolating the Japanese military force which concentrated there after their losses at Lae and Madang are all described. He also covers the capture of Wewak by the Australians in 1945, culminating in the surrender on 13 September 1945 - a good read for those interested in the Pacific war and an excellent and timely 70th anniversary tribute.

PNGAA Collection, Fryer Library

All listings of donations to the PNGAA Collection, Fryer Library, will be progressively updated on our PNGAA website at: <http://pngaa.net/Fryer/September2015.htm>

If you do not have access to a computer and would like a hard copy please contact the Secretary, PNGAA.

The Committee is currently investigating options to the current arrangement whereby photos and other documents from Members of the PNGAA have been donated to the

Fryer Library at Queensland University. Dr Peter Cahill's collation of this collection is a significant resource and we hope to develop an arrangement whereby the Members will be able to view many of the photos and documents via the Internet.

Photos, and some documents, are a valuable resource for our journal, Una Voce, and also for the PNGAA photo gallery on the website.

If you have photos to donate it would be appreciated

if you could scan a good representation of them at a resolution of 300dpi or greater and send a copy to: Website, PNGAA, PO Box 453, Roseville, NSW 2069.

Alternatively you may be able to upload to Dropbox, or similar, and copy Roy Ranney and Andrea Williams. People, places and dates (approximate is fine) need to be identified. If you have photos but are unable to scan them, please contact either Roy or Andrea (details on page 2 of Una Voce).



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Exploring the PNGAA Website

Are you aware that every issue of the Una Voce Journal is held in digitised format on our website and is available for either viewing or downloading? (There are 140 issues or 6,138 pages.)

Are you also aware that each item of content in every issue has been indexed by Issue number (yyyy/mm-pp), Title, Author and then classified into over 50 categories according to its content? (There are 4,302 individual line items.)

If I have sparked your interest, open your browser and go to www.pngaa.net

Then select the Search tab and let's go exploring!

The first page is basically an introduction which allows you to view the Vale section of the website which, incidentally, provides an insight into the unofficial written history of PNG. The Vales can also be accessed through the Resources tab on the Home page.

The Library and Photo Gallery section, which you can also access through the Resources tab on the Home page, allows non-members or casual browsers to view and search some selected items of general interest using search criteria including keywords (see later).

PNGAA Members, however, can view and or download past issues of Una Voce or search the entire database for items of particular interest by using designated search criteria and/or keywords.

Before actually searching the Una Voce Archives let's have a look at the classification categories.

To view the list of Categories and Topics click on the first click here phrase. You can use any of the categories as a keyword. If you are more than a casual searcher, it would be to your advantage to print a copy (press Ctrl + P) of this page to keep as a reference.

TIP remember the page reference so you can either scroll through the Journal to find the page or type the page number shown in the pdf viewer and press Enter.

Return now to the previous page and go to to search the Una Voce Archives – Click here. If a dialog box asking for a User Name and Password is displayed, enter pngaa as the User Name. The password is on page 8 of the June 2015 Una Voce. Remember that both User Name and Password are case sensitive.

A list of all the issues of Una Voce from December 1978 is displayed. If you know the issue you want, select it from the list. You can also save it to a file or print it out. Note that prior to December 1978, an issue of Una Voce was normally a one or two page Newsletter which only gave details of forthcoming functions and matters affecting superannuation entitlements.

To search for specific items click SEARCH and enter your criteria. Let's say we want to find an item written by Max Hayes. In the Author field type hayes and press Enter or Search. Eighty two matching entries will be shown. Browse through the list and make your selection then click on the Journal reference to download the relevant issue of Una Voce.

Alternatively you may be an Aviation buff. If you enter aviation as a keyword 126 items will be displayed. If you recall an item concerning Samarai but cannot remember its Title or the Author, type samarai as a keyword and you'll find 31 matches.

Ross Johnson

The N.W. Pacific Islands Overprint

Early in my schoolboy days of stamp-collecting I came across Australian stamps overprinted 'N.W. Pacific Islands. This was a puzzler: what islands did Australia ever administer in the North-West Pacific? It took years to unravel the full story.

It begins in 1914, with the outbreak of World War 1. The British Government asked Australia to find and destroy the German Far East Cruiser Squadron, and to seize the German wireless stations in the Pacific. At that time Germany held a large colony under the title of 'German New Guinea', divided into two portions. The 'Old Protectorate' comprised the north-eastern quarter of the island of New Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago (New Britain, New Ireland, Manus and lesser islands) and Bougainville. The 'Island Territory' comprised several Micronesian island groups: the Carolines, the Marianas and the Marshalls, and also Nauru.

The German Cruiser Squadron moved away eastward across the Pacific and did not feature in Australian operations. An Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force landed on New Britain on 11 September 1914 and seized the wireless station at Bitapaka after a sharp battle. The Acting Governor signed a surrender document on 17 September, ending all resistance in German New Guinea.

In the meantime Japan entered the war as an ally of Britain. The British Government requested that the Japanese Navy patrol the waters of the Island Territory until Australia could occupy those islands. The Japanese rushed to occupy a number of the islands, but promised to leave when Australia

was ready to take over. A separate force, called the North- West Pacific Expedition, was prepared in Australia to take over and administer the Micronesian island groups until the end of the war. They took with them a quantity of Australian stamps overprinted 'N.W. Pacific Islands', for use in the islands, which were indeed in the north-west Pacific.

In mid-November the North-West Pacific Expedition was ready to sail for the Island Territory and take over from the Japanese but when the Japanese were advised of this there was an abrupt reversal of the promise to allow the Australian force to occupy the islands. The Japanese were already mining phosphate in the Micronesian islands and were not prepared to leave. In order to keep Japan as an ally, Britain told Australia to keep its forces south of the Equator. Australian forces had already occupied Nauru, which had been administered by Germany as part of the Marshall Islands, and as this island was south of the Equator, the Australian garrison was allowed to remain there.

The NWPE therefore went to Rabaul and its members served with the Australian garrison of



the Old Protectorate. The stamps they carried, with the N.W. Pacific Islands overprint, were put into use there, as there was a need for postage stamps at Rabaul and other centres. The colonial stamps of German New Guinea had previously been overprinted 'G.R.I.' (Georgius Rex Imperator – George King and Emperor) with values in shillings and pence, for use by the Australian occupying force. When these were used up, registration labels were overprinted for use as stamps, and Marshall Islands stamps brought from Nauru were overprinted; but these stocks were also exhausted. The Australian stamps with their N.W. Pacific Islands overprint were therefore very welcome, and orders were sent to Australia for further stocks of the overprints.

The Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force continued to occupy and administer the Old Protectorate portion of German New Guinea until 1921, still using these overprinted stamps. This is a rare example of stamps being overprinted for use in one region but never getting there and being

used in another region. Some of the overprints were also used in yet another area, Woodlark Island where the ANMEF established a wireless station to improve wireless signals between Rabaul and Australia.

The ANMEF's work ended in May 1921, when Australia was granted a Mandate by the League of Nations to administer the portion of German New Guinea south

of the Equator. (Japan received a Mandate to administer the portion north of the Equator, the former Island Territory.) The overprinted stamps continued in use for another four years. Australia provided no money to the civil Administration of the Mandated Territory and the cost of designing stamps for the Territory was deferred until 1925. So the overprint intended for use in Micronesia, 'the North-West Pacific Islands', was never used there but was used instead by the:

British Military Occupation of German New Guinea (south of the Equator) 1915-21

ANMEF personnel operating Woodlark Island Wireless Station, in the Territory of Papua 1916-21

Administration of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea 1921-25.

Neville Threlfall

Invitations / Reunions

Kiap Reunion

Date: Sunday 8 November 2015

Venue: Kawana Waters Hotel, Nicklin Way, Buddina, Sunshine Coast Qld

RSVP: by 16 October 2015 Entry: Gold Coin

Breakfast on Monday morning will be at Bellissimo's Restaurant on the Esplanade at Mooloolaba, overlooking the beach. Please tell all the Kiaps you know.

Please contact Denys/Helen or Bob/Heather to confirm your attendance.

Apologies also noted.

Denis/Helen Faithful: 07 5444 4484 / denysfaithful@hotmail.com

Bob/Heather Fayle: 07 5444 7446 / rjfayle31@gmail.com

Further details – see page 32 of June 2015 Una Voce



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Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial News

Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial News

The 73rd Commemorative Service remembering those lost with the invasion of the New Guinea islands and on the Montevideo Maru was held on Sunday 28 June 2015.

We were grateful to Captain Kenny Delamore for addressing those gathered and to the Australian War Memorial for their support for this service. The sun came out and shone brightly on the memorial. Wreaths and floral tributes were laid on behalf of the PNGAA (by Andrea Williams), the PNGVR (by PNGVR President, Phil Ainsworth) and family members. Amongst those gathered, Helen Jeffery was there to remember her uncle Arthur John George, Service No NX41372; Barbara Herden (McLellan) represented her uncle, George Christopher Harrington NX191465, AA Battery, Rabaul who died at sea on the Montevideo Maru; Fran Lambert was also thrilled, and quite moved, to attend her first service to honour her uncle; Dr Les Drew and family members, including granddaughter Rebecca Mills who kindly assists the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru team, represented Les' brother, Ken Drew; Patrick Bourke represented his great uncle, Lloyd Sibraa. Members of the PNGVR were in attendance with Don Hook reading the Ode.

Following the service, guests gathered for a friendly lunch at the Thai Chiang Rai Restaurant which was greatly enjoyed by those attending.

The annual NGVR/PNGVR Association service for the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru victims including NGVR men, was held in the forecourt of the Brisbane Cenotaph at 10 am Wednesday 1 July 2014. About 25 attended and the guest speaker, the Honourable Stirling Hinchliffe spoke about the sad event and emphasised the long and close relationship between governments and peoples of Queensland and PNG. Phil Ainsworth also spoke in detail about the event (speech will be on www.memorial.org.au for viewing). This was followed by a delightful morning tea in the nearby Rendezvous Hotel. Channel 10 was present and a small segment could have been seen on that night's TV news.

A list of former WWI veterans who died on the Montevideo Maru is on the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru website at: <http://memorial.org.au/Electronic/WW1.htm>

Charles Glynn (Tom) Fogden VX46622

Tom Fogden sent a letter to his fiancée Connie on return to Australia, 17 April 1942, after being lost in the jungles of New Britain for three months. He said:

'You must have thought I had forgotten you this time but I have been in many a tight corner since I last wrote. If I could only have let you all know I was well it wouldn't have been so bad, but there wasn't a way of any sort. Then not having any word from home made it worse still.

I should be home in a few weeks – not sure when but it won't be long, I hope. It has been a thrill to set foot in Australia and will be a greater one to see you. We haven't had all fun and every man including myself has lost over 2 stone in weight. At present we are on marvellous food and hope to put most of it back on so that we



Don Hook at Australian War Memorial



Tom Fogden on right. The chap playing the piano accordion may be Ned Eagle or Egel. If you can identify the others please email admin@memorial.org.au or write to Memorial News, PO Box 453, Roseville 2069

don't look too miserable. We have a few clothes issued to us to keep us going until we get further south where we will be equipped. It feels strange carrying heavy boots after being without them for so long. With some luck we may get about six weeks leave.'

In 1988 Tom's grand-daughter Gabrielle Rose interviewed him for a high school project.

Gabrielle wrote 'Up until this time, I knew that Grandpa had served in the war, but did not know to what degree or where, as it was something he never spoke about. When I asked him if I could interview him, he cooperated, but was mainly only wanting to give me information about the places he had been and who he was with etc. I was really wanting to know what had happened and what he had seen and he was very reluctant to give up this information. I don't know if he ever really spoke to anyone, even Grandma, about the atrocities he witnessed – I believe he took most of it with him to the grave. I taped our conversations and transcribed some of the information.

'Grandpa suffered from terrible nightmares which could be so severe they would result in him falling out of bed and breaking his ribs. I

can't help but wonder how his life may have been different had he not served in the war. Would he have suffered from nightmares? Were the heart problems related to the stress he endured hiding from the enemy in the jungle?

'I wish now that I had asked him more questions – but when I had the opportunity, I was worried that making him talk may lead to more nightmares, or may bring up memories he wanted to bury.

'He was a great man with a quick wit and a generous nature. I proudly call him my grandfather and one of this country's silent heroes.'

Tom said this to Gabrielle:

I enlisted on 13 July 1940 and was discharged on 9 November 1945. I was living at Heywood in Victoria at the time. Most of our training y for five years and four months approx., we were in Australia for 1291 days and outside Australia for 85 days. I came home to Australia in April 1942. We were on the run from the Japs from January to April (1942). We were lost in the jungle for three months and had to fend for ourselves. We got malaria. There were about 200 of us on each coast – North and South – that got out eventually.

Others gave themselves up and those that did were taken by boat (Montevideo Maru), but it was bombed by the Americans. We would not have surrendered – we'd have died before we surrendered. They caught about 150 chaps – a lot were my mates and they tied them together by the thumbs and used them for bayonet practice. We said then that we'd never give up. They did a lot worse than that!

The Japs used bombs which chopped the natives to pieces – cut their legs off etc.

It never got cold in New Guinea. It was very humid and rained a lot. We got under downpipes in a big rain as we were filthy from a nearby volcano – that water was cold, but we never needed great coats. We lived in huts in New Guinea, no roof due to humidity. Carried a book all the time with edible fruits etc., also driver's license.

It was a beautiful place before the war – I wish I'd gone back – coconut palms and jungle. The natives were good to us. All the time we were lost in the jungle, trying to get home, they helped us a lot.

Dr Palmer saved my life. I had dysentery and was too weak to do anything and he boiled down

old tins to get iron and made me drink it. He died not that long ago. Dr Palmer and Major Allen were marvellous to us. They were lost with us. I was thin when I came home. I was six stone and had lost my hair.

We crossed a river one day; had a bit of a meal there of vegetable and pumpkins. We had a little bloke with us. They put him in a double bed with me and he died about 9 o'clock and they left him in there with me all night. Next day Dr Palmer gave me his rubber groundsheet which helped me a lot.

The day we were picked up by boat after being lost in the jungle was very wet and a Jap plane went over but the rain hid us. I think we were very lucky. It wasn't a very big boat and we were fairly crowded. They brought cheese, biscuits, bully beef and we ate until we had stomach pains – we couldn't resist it. Our clothes were tattered and torn and filthy dirty. When we got to Port Moresby, the troops took off their shirts and gave them to us and shaved us.

On 6 August 1945 first bomb dropped Hiroshima – a cruel thing but it stopped a lot more bloodshed. Second one was on 9th at Nagasaki.

150 History Teachers Needed

Project 150 is about giving secondary students the opportunity to learn an Australian perspective of the Pacific in WW2.

History teachers can use the supplement titled *Some Came Home: An Insight into the First Engagement of WWII on Australian Territory*, in the teaching of the national history curriculum. Resources are linked to the Australian curriculum, especially

Years 9 and 10 and include lesson plans, background notes, worksheets, resources and an educational copy of the DVD - *Some Came Home*. For further information see: <http://www.memorial.org.au/Education/index.htm>

In May 2015 Patrick Bourke approached his local member, the Hon Mark Speakman, to assist in gaining greater representation for WWII Pacific history being included in the national History curriculum in our schools. Mr Speakman approached both the NSW Minister of Education, the Hon Adrian Piccoli MP, and the NSW Premier. Mr Paul Hewitt, Executive Director, Curriculum Teaching and Assessment of the Board of Studies Teaching and Educational Standards

NSW (BOSTES), was asked to respond.

In summary it seems that 100 hours of study over Years 9 and 10 remains unchanged. One of the four topics to be studied within this period is a combined study of World Wars I and II. History teachers can choose which parts of WWII they allocate to their allocated hours.

What can you do to help educate our teachers to learn more about this history so that they can use it, and the resources we provide, in their teaching? If you need further information please contact Patrick by email: education@memorial.org.au Ph: 02-9523 2871.

DVD FOR SALE

70th Anniversary Commemorative Events of the Montevideo Maru Memorial covering the dedication service on 1 July 2012

This DVD is a moving tribute featuring all the significant aspects of these historic commemorative events: informative speeches, flypast, the beautiful anthem from Ramale especially composed for the Salvation Army Band for this occasion.

Support the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru group by buying for family or donating to school libraries and for associated groups now.

\$30 (including postage within Australia)

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As the amount is the same as the PNGAA membership fee, please ensure you email: membership@pngaa.net to advise what it is for and your contact details.

Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (AN&MEF) Nurses

The Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (AN&MEF) was a volunteer force of approximately 2,000 men, raised in Australia shortly after the outbreak of the First World War to seize and destroy German wireless stations in German New Guinea in the south-west Pacific.

Nineteen Nurses served with this unit:

Sister Jessie Neilson Burns
Sister Ethel Macquarie Cook
Sister Mary Katharine Curtain
Staff Nurse Elizabeth Agnes Dever
Sister Edith Beck Dickson
Matron May Gibbon
Staff Nurse Elizabeth Henry

Sister Catherine Elizabeth Lethbridge
T/Matron Elizabeth Mosey
Nurse Frances Mary McIntosh
Nurse Isabel Clare McIntosh
Sister Marian Adelaide MacLean
Sister Agnes Bissett Nelson

Sister Winifred Agnes Newell
Sister Annie Harvey Provan
Matron Flora Robertson
Sister Beryl Randall Sampson
Sister Henrietta Emily Williams
Sister Mabel Gladys Wiseman

The Nurses

Like many of the nurses at Rabaul during WWII a number of these AN&MEF nurses came from country NSW and Queensland. As they were civilians their names are not included on war memorials, although a number of them did enlist as army nurses later and were recognised for their war service.

The AN&MEF nurses were eventually granted a Rabaul medal for their service. They were on was the HMAS Grantala, Australia's first hospital ship in WWI. During her short RAN service, HMAS Grantala supported the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force landing at Rabaul and was later recognised with the battle honour 'Rabaul 1914'.

Nurses names and photos are from Jennifer Baker's website, Looking for the Evidence.

Patrick Bourke

For more information and photos go to:
<https://sites.google.com/site/archoevidence/home/www1australianwomen/an-mef-nurses>



Patients and Nurse - Convalescent soldiers at the Military Hospital at Namanula, Rabaul



Nurses - Sisters' quarters at the Military Hospital, Namanula, Rabaul. From left to right:- Sister Catherine Elizabeth Letherbridge of Mitchell, Qld; Sister Agnes Bissett Nelson of Glen Innes, NSW; Sister Marian Adelaide MacLean of Maytown Qld and Matron Flora Robertson of Bathurst NSW.

Once again the PNGAA gets PNG writing into libraries and schools

For the second successive year, the PNGAA is ensuring that Papua New Guineans have the opportunity to read the creative work of their own writers through the PNGAA Publishing Program within the Crocodile Prize national literary awards.

The Crocodile Prize is now in its fifth year and the PNGAA sponsorship enables more than 1,000 anthologies of the best of the year's writing to be distributed freely to libraries and schools throughout PNG.

This year's anthology runs to 400 pages and the published entries were selected from 830 entries from 130 writers and illustrators.

It has been a time-honoured practice of Australian organisations to ship container loads of books to a literature-starved PNG, but the PNGAA Publishing Program allows Papua New Guineans to read their own literature while providing the

best writers with the opportunity of publication.

The PNGAA's sponsorship of \$5,000 is matched by a similar amount from the Crocodile Prize Organisation with the books being despatched directly from the printer to distribution points throughout PNG.

The PNGAA's role in supporting the Crocodile Prize and in getting PNG writing to PNG readers is of seminal importance in developing and maintaining a national literary culture in Papua New Guinea.

There were eight separate awards within the year's Prize, including Ok Tedi Mining's PNG Book of

the Year – which attracted 10 full length book entries and has been won by Baka Bina for his novel, *Man of Calibre*, described by the judges as 'wickedly funny and earthy' and 'reminiscent of the James Joyce novel *Finnegan's Wake*'.

For the first time this year, an accompanying collection of writing for children will be published after a gift of \$15,000 from the Paga Hill Development Company, which also sponsors the Writing for Children Award.

The Crocodile Prize Anthology 2015 is available from Amazon in paperback and digital editions.

Keith Jackson

The 2014 Crocodile Prize Anthology

I was delighted, to receive a copy of the 2014 Crocodile Prize Anthology and wondered what to expect from my memories of a traditional oral and multi-lingual society. The more I read, the more I became enthralled. Congratulations to the PNGAA for underwriting the production of this very worthwhile initiative.

More than half the contributions were from women, indicating access to educational opportunities. The value of education as a whole, the stories of the extraordinary efforts by families to enable access to

education for their children were indeed inspiring. Education is certainly valued in PNG.

Dominant themes in the Contemporary Writing and Poetry sections were the issues of political and police corruption at a national and local level. The lack of development, in particular road maintenance, the dangers in travelling in PMV vehicles, particularly in the Highlands, were a cause of frustration. Poor health services, domestic violence and the influence of Betel-nut (Buai) on the economy, were also discussed.

Some writers, attempted to grapple with changes from a traditional to a western style society. The issue of a so-called 'Melanesian Way' was raised. Did I perceive here the beginnings of a truly national identity in the writing? The 2015 Anthology may provide further development of this concept.

About the 'writing' itself, there was a range of writing styles from simple prose and story-telling to complex and sophisticated analysis of some topics. One writer, was almost philosophical in questioning corruption in PNG today. This

person was one of several, both male and female, who contributed items in every category.

The establishment of the Simbu Writers Association, as an outcome of the Crocodile Prize, is indeed a positive development. I am sure that as this Association grows, it will be a vehicle for positive societal change.

The entries in the Heritage and Children categories were interesting and hopefully, will expand further in future Anthologies. A culture that does not understand or respect its history, will fail to grasp the building blocks of that culture and

thus will live in a cultural vacuum. To this end, Heritage Writing and Children's stories are an essential part of the knowledge and passing on to succeeding generations of 'taim bilong tumbuna'. In this respect it would be both beneficial and appropriate that multiple copies of each year's Anthology, be distributed to every High School and then form the basis for class discussions.

Singling out any specific item for comment, would be unfair. Suffice to say all were interesting, indeed, some were challenging, but always

instructive. In summation, the raw honesty, passion and strength shown by the writings was indeed uplifting and in my opinion gives positive hope for the future.

I urge all readers of Una Voce to support the Crocodile Prize, by purchasing the 2015 Anthology when it becomes available. You will not be disappointed and you will gain an insight into all aspects, both good and bad, facing the contemporary development of PNG today.

Pat Johnson

When life gets tough in January

Hazel Kutkue's story of modern Papua New Guinean family life won the PNG Government Award for Short Stories in this year's Crocodile Prize.

Hazel Kutkue, 20, is a medical student at the University of Papua New Guinea. 'I love writing in my spare time,' she says. 'If I could earn a living in PNG from writing, I would most definitely drop everything and write full time.'

The Papua New Guinean Association of Australia sponsors the Crocodile Prize publishing program which publishes the annual anthology of the best PNG writing. The Crocodile Prize Anthology 2015 is available from Amazon in hard copy and digital formats.

When life gets tough in January

by Hazel Kutkue

Some people have it all; the parents with money, the car and many other

things. For people like me, you live a pretty good life, but with not so much money.

Your mother is a working class lady and earns K1,000 a fortnight. But there is no leftover money because she has seven children.

That's not a bad thing, it's just a little unfortunate when you have to go to university and you also have six younger siblings who go to school.

I am pretty fortunate because of genetics. Let's leave it at that. I was able to grab a place in university. I was offered a scholarship for academic excellence and it all pretty much fell into place.

My mother, a single mum, married four times, received a small loan to pay for my fees and the six younger siblings. My mother is from West Sepik Province. My father from Madang Province.

I have a younger sister Adele who is 17 and a 14 year old brother Dennis whose father was from Central Province. Eric my other 13 year old brother had a father

from Manus. Dawn, 9, Kristy, 6, and Howard, 3, had a father from Popondetta. We are a diverse bunch, but love each other very much.

I studied science at the University of Papua New Guinea for one year. I was hoping to get into the medical school. Well, I was not hoping, I knew I was getting into medical school. I had dreamt of the day that I would be a doctor since I was 7 years old.

It was my grandmother, maternal of course, who put it into my head to be one. Well she is long dead now but for her sake I had shouted into our toilet bowl that I was going to the medical school when I got the news because her ashes from the cremation were mistakenly sent down the toilet by my uncle.

I hope she heard me. Otherwise, I'll have to scream every day until she hears and croaks back from her watery grave.

I got news from my friend Evangeline that we were going into the MB BS program. It was great news, but I was not surprised.

I think my grandmother toyed around with my brain a bit when she died.

Well, I was happy. I screamed a bit. But my mother said I scream a lot, which I do not think is true.

I danced a bit, quietly, but as always my mother said the house had new cracks in the floor from the dancing. I think my mother exaggerates a lot. But my younger sister Adele said the same thing. My brother Dennis grunted in agreement.

The night I got the news, I sat on my bed and started texting my friends going with me into the program. I also texted a boy who had had a crush on me since high school. His name was Geoff. Geoff told me we had to pay a fee of K6,984 to be a boarding student at Taurama Medical School.

When I slowly walked out to the lounge room to inform my mother, she was busy screaming into the phone at another dad or step-dad, whichever it was at the moment.

"Oii, I said the school starts really soon!" Mum screamed, referring to my 17 year old sister "Why can't you send me a lousy K650 for Adele's school fees."

I rolled my eyes. Every January, every year, I swear for miles around you could hear Mum screaming down the phone at the four dads.

A minute later, she was talking again.

"Denn needs school clothes man. Blari you ba lapun na kus-pundaun na kam lo haus blo em behain em ba hard. Send money and you will benefit." This time she was really mad.

She screamed for a good 10 minutes. Then she lifted the phone and flung it against the wall. Typical Mum. Then she turned to me.

"What's going on, pal?" she asked smiling. It is hard to imagine she had been screaming moments ago.

I put on my sweetest smile. I knew she could explode when I told her about my tuition fees and board and lodging fees for medical school. But I was determined she would not explode tonight.

"Mum, I kind of need to tell you something," I started. She cut me short.

"Are you pregnant because you know very well that when you are pregnant you will move into the broom cupboard in the corridor," she said matter of factly.

I rolled my eyes.

"I know, mom, you told me this morning and all the mornings of my life I remember. "If I was pregnant, I'd have moved already so I wouldn't have to tell you. You will know by what you see.

"But this is really important. The fees for my education are K6,984."

I said the last part of my speech as slowly as possible for Mum to hear clearly. She burst out laughing.

"Oh Collin, giaman blo you winim size blo yu. Please, stop this gibberish and tell me the news. I need news, baby," she said not believing me and already I could see she was not paying attention to me.

She was eyeing the dish of fried kaukau on the kitchen table and rubbing her floppy stomach poking through a black top. I could hear her stomach rumbling.

It was a horrible sound. I knew strange sounds never came from my stomach, they just came out another place.

So I walked right up in front of her, so she was staring at my stomach. I stuck the phone with the text message blipping on the screen right under her left eye.

"Do you believe me now, Mum?" I said smiling my sweetest smile again.

It was then she exploded. And she kept exploding for another three hours until she choked on a piece of kaukau and went to bed.

We followed suit, but only after Adele, Dennis and I put on a show imitating Mum when she exploded. Our younger siblings Eric, Dawn, Kristy and Howard collapsed in fits of laughter, only to be reprimanded by a hoarse voice coming from my Mum's bedroom, which did not sound like my mom at all. The piece of kaukau had done a lot of damage.

The next day, my mother got ready for work. She was her old self. She whistled and she screamed at us to get the chores done. We all grumbled and clucked around like chickens.

Eric was planted in front of the TV watching the movies on EMTV. Adele was yanking him by the hair to get up so she could sweep the floor. Howard was hanging on Mum's right leg as she walked around dragging him on the floor. Dawn and Kristy were fighting and Dennis was trying to stop them.

Mum was mumbling under her breath about a miracle happening and one of the dads deciding to cough up some funds. I knew that

would be impossible. Our dads were the ducky types. They ducked and hid whenever we needed them. Full of the usual, empty promises.

I never really cared about their existence. Mum called them 'big time losers'. She warned us not to do the same. But we did anyway and called them losers when she was away at work. When a slip of tongue occurred and she was around, she'd widen her eyes in warning. Then she'd chuckle and say, 'Good work guys'.

I knew my mum had a way of making things work out right. I knew she'd get my school fees paid somehow. But I was not entirely sure. I was hoping my rich uncle, the one who had dumped my grandmother's ashes in the sewer, might slide some cash to Mum.

That was what wantoks do in Papua New Guinea. I was also counting on my CEO uncle, a third cousin of Mums. A bit of a distant relative but still a wantok. I planned to spend the entire night praying for my school fees. I announced it to Adele.

"Adele, I'm going to be praying for my school fees the whole night so you and Kristy and Dawn have to sleep on the couches in the lounge," I told her.

"God never listens to people who go around calling their dads losers," Adele smirked.

"Well then, to make up for that I think I am going to pray for two nights so you have to sleep in the lounge for two nights," I said matter-of-factly.

"Whatever," Adele said lazily, and pushed me off the double bed we shared.

"Hey!" I protested from the floor.

I guess she had a point, but I thought I could make up for that by praying for two years.

That afternoon Mum came home smiling.

"Wad up Mum?" Dennis shouted from the veranda as she walked towards us.

"I got good news, duck," Mum said.

"You don't call me duck, remember? Seriously Mum, do I look like a duck?"

Dennis quacked from the veranda in his squeaky 14 year old voice.

"You sound like one" Dawn said.

Dennis scrunched his face and got ready to shout. We all blocked our ears.

"I do not sound like a duck!" Dennis shouted. "And in a few years when you have hips like Mum's and grow breasts, you'll look like a duck."

Mum lifted a warning finger at Dennis and climbed the stairs. Dawn shrugged and kept tying her underpants to the veranda rail.

I watched Mum. She was happy. I knew she had good news. Mum waltzed with an imaginary man on the veranda. Then she pointed to me.

"You have your full fees paid by Uncle CEO," she beamed.

"What? That's what I was planning to pray for!" I screeched.

"I didn't know you prayed," Mum eyed me.

"Hey, I needed the fees Mum, how could I not pray if that was the last thing I could do."

Did she not know that I always pray when I need something badly? That was selfish but what else can you do? I think everyone does that, well at least people I know. So that means a lot of Papua New Guineans do that.

I looked at Mum sideways; I knew there was always a deal when it was uncle CEO who paid.

"OK, don't look at me that way. The deal is Dennis and Adele and Eric have to clean the CEO's bathroom and toilet every day after school for 10 minutes each," Mum said.

"Mum!" Dennis, Adele and Eric chorused. "He has dysentery every day!"

I flashed my most evil grin at them and rose to hug Mum. They all laughed. I rolled my eyes. They didn't think it was evil at all. It was like looking at a cross-eyed clown.

I was happy. I ran into the bathroom and shouted down the toilet bowl.

I knew tomorrow would take care of itself. After all, I was in Papua New Guinea. It's the land of wantoks. It is where you pool money to pay for bride price. It is where you pool money to compensate people. It is where you mauswara people so they pay your children's school fees.

It is where you get into deals that cause your 17 year old daughter and your 14 and 13 year old sons to clean your third cousin's toilet for 10 minutes every day for a whole year. It is a fair enough world.

What else happens on Manus?

Like most expat officers who visited Manus Island in the 60s I have fond memories of it and its people. Manus for me was glimmering white coronous roads:

- O'Malley DC presiding
- naval presence at Lombrom Base
- a pervading redolence of wartime conflict and wastefully dumped military materiel
- a Manus ocean-going canoe made without Western manufactured item, known to have ranged up to 300 miles offshore
- abundant catches of fish but for me only the head landed after reef sharks intercepted.

Above all I remember some fine, intelligent Manus members of the PNG Constabulary.

Many Australians who share that background, have been dismayed by reports and obscurities about the politically bipartisan recourse to Manus for the Regional Processing Centre for people seeking asylum in Australia. I could be numbered among those least likely to be an apologist for any of the Australian Governments that established or maintained the RPC.

I hope it will not be seen to infringe PNGAA's objects to draw attention to another more welcome facet of news from Manus. Members might be interested in being better informed about some apparently positive developments around Manus.

The information comes from a newsletter Manus i go het. The 12 page, mainly tok-pisin, mini-magazine is issued by the Australian Government. It brings facts, stories and pictures about projects, business, education and infrastructure development

on Manus over 2014 – 15 and prospectively. The most recent copy of the newsletter can be downloaded from:

http://png.embassy.gov.au/files/pmsb/Manus_Newsletter_Editon_7_FINAL.pdf

Topics covered include:

- benefits to education on Manus
- infrastructure development of roads
- bridges and Provincial Police HQ and Police station
- environmental conservation projects and cropping technique training
- community development training and liaison, and
- a Manus Province Sports Plan.

Of course some projects probably complement the function of the RPC. I believe the initiatives also contain good news and hope for a revitalisation of Manus. The following paraphrase (slightly edited) of one story line from the newsletter illustrates one dynamic of the policy and expenditure:

Two hundred Manusians have benefited from business workshops in Manus funded by the Australian Government in 2014–2015. Australia's business workshops have been a hit in Manus. The take out message from the workshops was that anyone can take advantage of the current economic climate in Manus to open a business.

That is exactly what Beverly Jonathan did. Beverly runs an Information Technology service shop and operates from her home in Ward 3, Lorengau town. She sells laptops, printers, print toners and other IT accessories for clients in Lorengau town.



Beverly Jonathan



John Levi

'I started this business after the first business workshop with seed money of K1,500,' says Beverly Jonathan.

'My first sale was encouraging and I decided to continue with what I am doing. I am saving my profits to build a guest house and tourist exhibit on my island situated outside Lorengau.'

John Levi runs a small poultry farming business in the upper ward 3 area in Lorengau. After he attended the first business workshop, he is venturing out of from his poultry farming business to a timber yard and retail canteen.

'The workshop helped me to look at other business opportunities that can complement my poultry farming business. It is amazing to finally realise that there are many other business opportunities available.'

Paul Munro

Courtesy of Manus Newsletter, Edition 7, Australian High Commission, PNG

Vudal and the Mataungans - 1970

During 1970 Gordon Dick served as principal of Vudal Agricultural College. It was a year made difficult by the Mataungan land claims and the militaristic response of the Australian administration. An item in the recent copy of *Una Voce* reminded him of Prime Minister Gorton's visit to Rabaul.

Here is the first of a series of his recollections from that year. The others will be published in subsequent issues.

Part 1

Syd Saville did not hand over the position of Principal to Bruce Boniwell. There was an interregnum of about 18 months. Syd left Vudal in the second half of 1969 to travel on a Churchill Fellowship and subsequently attend Reading University for a year. He handed over to his deputy, Syd Medcalf, a competent educationist and specialist science teacher.

I was on leave in Australia and for family reasons was weighing

up my future. I applied for a position at Gatton Agricultural College. Knowing Saville and Neil Brittain (then Principal of Gatton) were friends, I wrote to Syd for a reference. By return mail Syd replied 'No trouble about a reference, Gordon, but from your letter I wonder if you are aware that you are to replace me?' So the focus of my future shifted.

I arrived at Rabaul late in January 1970. A staff member from the College met me and regaled me with stories of the Mataungans all the way out to the college. The press were carrying an increasing number of stories, many of violence against Papua-New Guinean staff loyal to the colonial Administration. It was easy to go from these incidents to more generalised threats against Europeans and Chinese, and indeed, the experiences with the Mau Mau in Kenya were invoked.

For a minority movement, as it was described, the Mataungans appeared to have widespread

graffiti and signage all along the 30-plus kilometres of road to Vudal. Their special emblem was an enigmatic child's face which I found disconcerting and perhaps evil.

Later at the College I was able to gain a better assessment of the movement and the extent to which the College farm lands were involved in the Mataungan land claims. But there was no denying that there was real fear among staff and we needed to establish contacts and reliable information sources.

The Administration's response to the Mataungans was authoritarian and rapidly became militaristic with hundreds of police, trucks, weapons and resources being rushed to the area (leading the Secretary of the Mataungans to send a telegram to the Secretary of the United Nations asking him to send observers urgently 'to save us from the fate of the Australian Aborigines'.)

Gordon Dick

To be continued



John Kaputin - welcoming John Gorton (Australian Prime Minister) at Matupit Airport 1970 (Photo from the Post Courier)

Help Wanted

German Headquarters and Malaguna Restaurant, Rabaul

Can anyone tell me the location of the pre-1914 Imperial German Headquarters in Rabaul? So far I've been advised it was in the bung end of Casuarina Road. After 1945 its ruin was next to Keith Cummings' Town Taxis on Mango Avenue and possibly on Namanula near Governor Hahl's residence. Any other suggestions?

A photo would make my day!

Also, can anyone tell me where the (presumably) post-1945 Malaguna Restaurant was in Rabaul, and who owned it?

Peter Cahill

p.cahill@uqconnect.net / 07 33714794

Synthetic Pigments in PNG Highlands

Kerry Head is currently researching the use of synthetic pigments in the PNG highlands from the 1950s onwards. She is interested in any of the trade names or the companies/manufacturers of the powder pigments that were distributed by the trade stores, patrol officers, missionaries, etc.

Unfortunately many of the trading companies have become obsolete, so researching their records is very difficult.

Would any readers know the trade names of powder pigments distributed from the 1950s onwards?

Kerry Head

C/- Conservation Department, Art Gallery of NSW,
Gallery Rd, The Domain, Sydney 2000 /
kerry.head@ag.nsw.gov.au

Mr Stanley O'Connor

I am searching for information regarding my grandfather Mr. Stanley O'Connor, a planter, who worked in Samarai, Milne Bay, around 1918. If anyone has information on him I would be delighted to hear from them. Many thanks.

Dinah Halstead

Phone +617 407 573 826 /
halsteaddinah899@gmail.com

Collection of Legends and Stories

From my teaching time in PNG years ago, I collected approximately 170 traditional 'legends' in the three 'coastal' districts where I mainly worked. For example, How the hornbill tricked the cassowary. The average length is approximately 200 words. In more recent years, I have tidied up the English and typed them out. I also have approximately 40 historical stories, for example An early Missionary, WWII Story, etc; and 70 factual accounts of aspects of traditional life such as Catching Fish, Marriage customs, etc.

I have promised them to the PNGAA Collection eventually. Does anyone have suggestions of something useful one could do with at least some of them, before then? I collected them as mementoes of the cultures I worked in, and with a vague idea of 'preserving' such stories. I never intended to publish them or make money out of them. One idea could be to take maybe a quarter of the legends and publish a book, with an artist illustrating each, (or selecting illustrations from my or another's) slide/photo collection). However, I can't finance anything like that and my computer skills are minimal.

Ron Sterland

Newcastle

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Note: If anyone can help Ron and the PNGAA by scanning or OCR-ing these typewritten items to put them in a user friendly format please phone Ron or Andrea Williams 0409 031889

Dorothy Sullivan (nee Hayes)

My aunt Dorothy Sullivan (nee Hayes) worked as a midwife in the Rabaul area sometime after 1955 and before 1960. She passed away in 2008 and I have her collection of photos.

I want to find out more about her time in PNG, but despite all efforts, I haven't been able to establish any more than:

She worked at the Asiatic hospital in Rabaul. She did monthly visits with the doctor to the remote villages at a time when the tribal healers were far more sought after than 'white man medicine'. She had a jewellery box that was given to her by an ex Japanese POW doctor when he finally returned to Japan. This gift was in appreciation for the medical supplies she snuck out of the hospital and gave to him to treat the other ex POWs that remained in an out of town settlement and were not allowed to assimilate with the local population. She spent her non-working hours at the local aero club which was apparently the place to meet and took quite a fancy to a pilot which ended when she returned to Australia.

I'm not sure where to start with my research! I wonder if you'd be able to give me any clues?

Helen Phillips

robertnhelen@gmail.com

History of Oil Search Ltd

My name is Rick Wilkinson and I am a writer living in Portarlington, Victoria.

I am currently writing a history of Oil Search Ltd, commissioned by the company and due for publication early in 2016. At the moment we are in page design and make-up stage and the priority is to obtain photographs to illustrate the text.

I have gathered a significant number of images in this regard, but I am still searching for some key characters in the story.

As you may know, Oil Search in the 1950s through to the 1980s was part of a joint venture company exploring PNG called Australasian Petroleum Company Pty Ltd (APC) which was made up of BP, Mobil and Oil Search.

In particular I am looking for photographs of the following people:

C.E. Saunders – General Manager of APC in Port Moresby from 1938 till the evacuation of the civilian population in 1942.

Noel Osborne – chief geologist of APC in the late 1940s into the 1950s.

Cyril McCubbery – a Port Moresby solicitor who was a director of Oil Search in the 1960s and also Manager of the PNG athletics team competing in the 1966 South Pacific Games in Noumea.

Can anyone help with these or suggest other sources that might bear fruit? I have already been to BP's archives in London and the various newspapers in Australia as well as Oil Search's own archives and the State libraries.

I would be grateful for any input you may have to the project.

Rick Wilkinson

03 5259 3325 / rickwilko@hotmail.net.au

Minj Balls

From Facebook

Anyone remember the Minj balls? They were tremendous. When I lived in Minj, we did all the catering and I had wall to wall guests staying with me. They went 'till dawn, possibly later, and the planes left the airport from about 10am 'till midday.

Pamela Anne Jamieson

Tie

I saw this tie for sale in an op-shop. It had no identification. Perhaps Alr Niugini?. Can any UV reader assist?

Max Hayes

03 98987459 /

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5 Peppermint Grove, Box Hill South VIC 3128



BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS

PNGVR: A History 1950-1973

**by Major Bob Harvey-Hall
RFD,
ED (Retd)**

**Published in 2015 by
Dragonwick Publishing, Park
Ridge, Qld.**

**NGVR/PNGVR Ex-Members'
Association Inc.**

**ISBN: 9780992585532,
Paperback, 398 pages,
illustrations, 1 map, portraits,
facsimiles, includes index, 30
cm**

The New Guinea Volunteer Rifle (NGVR) / Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifle (PNGVR) Association members have some very distinguished and illustrious ancestors. In 1939 at the outbreak of war, the NGVR was raised as a citizens' military/surveillance unit. It comprised kiaps, planters, bankers, traders, miners and perhaps a few adventurous rascals, all with an intimate knowledge of the land and people of New Guinea. The traditions of these men were inculcated in PNGVR, the post war successor unit to NGVR. The Association members were former PNGVR members. When war exploded in the Pacific, Australia made an effort to defend the Territories, with the deployment of token forces mainly at Port Moresby, Rabaul and New Ireland. These were supported by the NGVR, ANGAU and the Coast Watchers. Australia's main military forces had been sent to the Middle East, Africa and Europe to support the Commonwealth war effort against Germany. It is

important to remember that from the commencement of the Japanese invasion in Rabaul to the Kokoda campaign, a period of five months, the rest of Papua and New Guinea was defended by these civilian volunteer forces with minimal support. But that is another story aptly recorded by Ian Downs in *The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles*, Eric Feldt in *Coastwatchers* and Geoff Gray in *ANGAU*.

Bob Harvey-Hall's PNGVR is a massive and erudite history of that Australian CMF Unit from 1950 until its sad disbandment in 1973. It tells, in intimate detail, of the years of struggle of an isolated CMF unit to deal with tribal authorities, local and national governments and the Australian Regular Army. It did so with distinction to become a major force, to grow a national PNG community and with PIR a defence capability. In this task they worked with Government administration, the Australian authorities and the Police.

I was fortunate to be in PNG as a PIR Company Commander from 1961 to 1963 and a Commanding Officer from 1968 to 1970. It was an experience matched only by my service in Korea. The PNGVR were my constant companions and advisors in those periods.

For those of you who have any interest whatsoever in the growth of the Defence Forces in Papua New Guinea I urge you to read this valuable document. I doubt whether a more informative unit history will ever become available. It is unique in the amount of information available and the 10 years of dedication of the author. Congratulations to The PNGVR Association and author Bob. The

book is a grand memorial to your departed comrades.

Colonel Maurie Pears, MC

PNGVR: A History 1951-1973

**Available from: NGVR
& PNGVR Ex-Members
Association, PO Box 885,
Park Ridge QLD 4125**

**Cost: \$50.00 per copy plus
\$20.00 for postage & handling
for any purchase in Australia**

**Note: Overseas purchasers
should include sufficient to
cover the postage costs to
their selected destination. As
a guide the book is A4 size,
2cm thick and weighs 1318
grams**

**Pay by cheque or EFT to:
NGVR & PNGVR Ex-Members
Association, Commonwealth
Bank of Australia BSB:
064006 A/C: 10001126**

**If transferring funds
electronically, please include
your name with your transfer,
then email details of your
order to Phillip Ainsworth:
p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au /
0418 730 348.**

Pictorial History of Papua New Guinea

I recently received my two volume set of Pictorial History of Papua New Guinea compiled by Dianne McInnes. There is one glaring omission in these otherwise excellent volumes, and that is the lack of any mention or photo of naval activities in PNG other than what happened in German New Guinea in 1914.

The Defence Force section in Volume 1 – Pre 1975 is mostly about Army with some Air Force, and the Defence section in Volume 2 – post 1975 is mostly about Air Force with some Army. I can also think of some naval related activities that might have qualified for inclusion in ‘The Moments in Time’ sections of the two volumes. For example, the war crimes trials and other developments on Manus Island towards the end of and post-World War II. A photo of the huge US naval base at Manus and the shipping in Seeadler Harbour might have been included – there’s plenty available on the web and elsewhere.

I was also surprised that there is no mention of the Coastwatchers in the coverage of World War II in Volume 1. Eric Feldt’s book *The Coastwatchers* is not included among the sources for this volume.

I had two long postings with the Navy in PNG – at HMAS Tarangau on Manus from mid-1967 to early 1970, including being in command of HMAS Aitape, the first PNG patrol boat (later HMPGS Aitape), followed by three years in Port Moresby from late 1971 until early late 1974 – so the absence of any coverage of naval activities in these two volumes of PNG’s history is very disappointing.

The Navy is indeed the ‘silent service’ in these two volumes.

Sam Bateman




















For details of this book please refer to Book News and Review on page 31 of the June 2015 issue of *Una Voce*.

I've just received the two volumes of PNG's Pictorial History. I must say I'm amazed with the scope and contents of these books. I'd recommend them to any PNG old hand who wants to have a walk down memory lane with these two volumes of historic photos.

Paul Oates

South Pacific Games

Final South Pacific Games Medal Tally

Country	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Total
 Papua New Guinea	88	69	60	217
 New Caledonia	59	50	56	165
 Tahiti	39	34	40	113
 Fiji	33	44	37	114
 Samoa	17	23	11	51
 Australia	17	19	11	47
 Nauru	7	10	5	22
 Solomon Islands	7	6	15	28
 Tonga	7	1	9	17
 Cook Islands	6	7	16	29
 Guam	3	3	7	13
 Kiribati	3	1	5	9
 American Samoa	3	1	4	8
 Federated States of Micronesia	3	1	0	4
 Vanuatu	2	8	12	22
 Norfolk Island	2	3	2	7
 New Zealand	1	9	10	20
 Wallis and Futuna	1	1	6	8
 Tuvalu	1	0	3	4
 Niue	0	1	1	2
 Palau	0	1	1	2
 Marshall Islands	0	0	5	5
 Northern Mariana Islands	0	0	0	0
 Tokelau	0	0	0	0

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr Michael ALLAN	44 Fort Street, PETERSHAM	NSW	2049
Mrs Cess BIBBY	2a Oakbank Avenue, HIGHTON	VIC	3216
Mr Peter BROADHURST	20 Regan Street, ADAMSTOWN	NSW	2289
Dr Diane Judith CLARK	PO Box 836, NORHT CAIRNS	QLD	4870
Mr Colin COWELL	PO Box 7162, KALEEN	ACT	2612
Mr Hugh DALY	Pound Cottage, Kingston Lisle, OXFORD	UK	OX12 9QL
Dr David J Doulman	341/8 Lachlan Street, WATERLOO	NSW	2017
Mrs Liz Dupree	33 Triton Court, NINGI	QLD	4511
Mr David Lorenz EMERY	Via della Quiete 36, Pistoia, TUSCANY	ITALY	51100
Mr Martin FEARN	2 Angle Cottages, Harberton, Totnes, DEVON	UK	TQ9 7SP
Mr Max HEGGEN	158 Malcolm Street, MANSFIELD	VIC	3722
Mr Kevin KIRK	MS15, COOKTOWN	QLD	4895
Mrs Rainie LANE	52 Heath Street, EAST BRISBANE	QLD	4169
Ms Anne Lanham	PO Box 954, MANLY	NSW	1655
Ms Ann MUNRO nee Stokes	11 Windermere Tower, 27 Harbour Road, HAMILTON	QLD	4007
Ms Helen PHILLIPS	48 Hecklemann Street, CARINA HEIGHTS	QLD	4152
Mr Daniel SIMPSON	204 Prince Edward Pde, SCARBOROUGH	QLD	4020
Mr Robert Neville THATCHER	75 Kundle Creek Lane, BUCCA WAUKA	NSW	2429
Ms Robyn WATTERS	7A Alicia Street, HAMPTON	VIC	3188
Mr Colin Richard WEBB	3 Hixson Ct., MERMAID WATERS	QLD	4218

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mr Tony BUNTING	P.O. Box 6214, GOROKAN	NSW	2263
Mr Terry CULLEN	50 Elliott Road, BANYO	QLD	4014
Archbishop Brian BARNES	Our Lady of Consolation Nursing Home, 32 Evans Road, ROTY HILL	NSW	2766
Mr David CHANDLER	P.O. Box 538, CAMMERAY	NSW	2256
Mr Rod OWENS	Unit 2, 5-15 McGregor Street, MOOROOBOOL	QLD	4870
Mr Jim McGETTIGAN	Unit 29, Hunters Hill Retirement, 43 Gladesville Road, HUNTERS HILL	NSW	2110
Mr Robert RIDDELL	3 Kristine Place, MONA VALE	NSW	2013
Mr Leigh EASTWOOD	Unit 2, 34-36 Skilton Ave, EAST MAITLAND	NSW	2323
Mrs Valmae MILES	3 Tarlington Street, MIDDLE RIDGE	QLD	4350

Obituaries

David Dunn, 4 May 2015, aged 90

David was born in Kempsey NSW in 1924. He was one of the youngest ever graduates from the Australian Forestry School in Canberra. He cut his teeth in the forests of Northern NSW around Urbenville, following in the footsteps of his father who managed forestry coupes around Dorrigo, Orara and Barcoongere. He met our Mum, Sheila Cameron through the Forestry network (her father Mac was a keen researcher). They were married in 1948 and by 1952 Anne and I had arrived.

In 1954 David accepted a job in Papua New Guinea. We lived in Bulolo for three years, at the edge of the rainforest where Dad co-managed an extensive re-forestation program. In 1957 we moved to Port Moresby, but not before we had flown over much of Papua New Guinea in all manner of aircraft. We also visited Rabaul, Manus and Madang by sea. When we left PNG in 1961 he was assistant Director of Forests.

From Port Moresby we moved to Nicaragua where Dad was appointed Project Manager for a UN FAO re-forestation project on the east coast near Puerto Cabezas at Silmasia. Getting there involved a



flight in ex service C47s with dodgy bujillas that backfired on takeoff.

David's work involved many trips to Rome for briefings and he went on to manage other UN FAO projects in Venezuela, Argentina and Sarawak. His career saw that we had the best possible education and a broad experience of the world that very few of our peers could dream of.

David was an accomplished pianist in his day, mastering Chopin, Debussy and Rachmaninoff after some 12 years of tuition. It took a lot of effort on our part to persuade him to play but when he did we were spellbound. He was a keen intellectual, would engage tirelessly on matters of religion and politics without fear or favour but he loved Rugby League and managed the Konedobu Tigers during our years in Port Moresby.

David loved fishing and always cooked the catch. He loved making sandwiches with beetroot, pickled onions and peeled tomato and when we were home on holiday from school would bring us a cuppa in bed. Scrambling eggs were his breakfast specialty. He was a keen photographer and he preserved many precious memories via Voigtlander, Agfa, Bell and Howell, Minolta and Cannon. Mum passed away 12 years ago and now that Dad has gone Anne and I are the oldest family members which is scary!

The photo was taken in the rainforest near the Orinoco River in Venezuela and it captures the strength of character and the passion for his work of a bloke who mastered several languages and ran high level projects under sometimes extremely difficult conditions.

David survived a plane crash in Nicaragua and life challenges that would have defeated a lesser man well before the age of 90.

David is survived by Anne and myself, five grand children and three great grandchildren.

David Dunn

James Leon Guilford Harridge, 2 April 2015, aged 93

James Leon Guilford Harridge, known as Jim, was born in Moorina in north-eastern Tasmania on 24 August 1921. He attended Moorina Primary School and Launceston High School. Always a keen sportsman, he excelled at swimming, cricket and Australian Rules football at school.

At 15 he began work at the Waverly Woollen Mills in Launceston as an office boy. In 1940 he was called up for World War 2. Together with his brother Ted he became a member of the Australian Army Service Corp. During their training they were based in Dubbo and Bathurst, NSW.

Jim served as a driver in the 8th Transport Division (No. 2 Company, 27th Brigade) working mainly in the Malacca area until the Australian, British and other Commonwealth Forces withdrew to Singapore. There he and his unit mates were formed into rifle companies.

Leading up to the fall of Singapore Jim was also a 'runner', running messages from the front line to HQ. Jim became a prisoner of war of the Japanese for three and a half years, including time spent in the infamous Changi POW camp.

After the war, Jim worked for Karanga Gold Sluicing Company in Wau, Papua New Guinea. In April 1951 Jim married June Rice, who was a double certificate nurse at the Wau hospital.

In 1953 Jim went mining gold for a couple of years at Eadie Creek. In 1956, he joined New Guinea Goldfields and in 1958 became a field officer with the Government's Mines Department.

Subsequently he held the roles of clerk, Acting Registrar and latterly Mining Warden for PNG. He criss-crossed PNG by plane, helicopter and boat dealing with mining matters over a vast area that stretched from the border of Dutch New Guinea (now West Papua) to Kavieng to Bougainville and Port Moresby.

After PNG gained independence in 1975 Jim and June moved back to Australia. They lived in Taigum, Brisbane for more than 25 years. During this semi-retirement, Jim had a part-time job with a firm of Brisbane stock brokers.

As a returned soldier he was involved with the ex- POW association, attending monthly meetings and conferences Australia-wide. ANZAC day had great significance for him, marching down Queen Street in Brisbane with his best mates Ted and Eric for many years.

In late 2003 Jim and June moved to Aveo Retirement Village where they lived happily until January this year when they moved to Arcare Endeavour Nursing Home in North Lakes. They were together until Jim passed away peacefully in his sleep, just days off their 64th wedding anniversary.

Harry West 12 July 2015, aged 92

Harry West was not a big man. Harry West was not a small man, but Harry West was a great man. Harry was also a kind man, a thoughtful man, and a generous man.

'Masta Harry' was admired, respected and loved by all those who knew him: black, brown and white.

A letter from the Chief Minister, written in April 1974, epitomised Harry's enormous contribution to Papua New Guinea. Michael Somare, later Sir Michael wrote:

Dear Harry

It is with sincere regret that I learn of your impending retirement because of ill health. I am very conscious of the outstanding role you have played in the progress of our country over the last 28 years, and I realise that a man of your wide experience and understanding would be invaluable to us as this country moves through the independence period.

Independence will bring us problems, but the public services and the people will be able to cope with those problems, due to you, and to others like you, who have given a lifetime of service with this object in view.

I would particularly like to acknowledge your personal role during the difficult times of the Gazelle Peninsula. I know that your knowledge, tact, and understanding helped in no small way to bring out about a peaceful settlement to that extremely tense situation.

I thank you for your sound counsel, always so readily available, and always so necessary to the important decisions in the political field.



Sir Michael concluded his letter to Harry with the wish and hope that Harry could be with him on Independence Day.

Returning to Harry's incredible career: He became a private in the AIF at 19 years of age, and a Lieutenant in ANGAU a few years later. He became a Patrol Officer, an Assistant District Officer, a District Officer, a District Commissioner, the Australian Liaison Officer in Dutch New Guinea, Australia's Special Representative to the Trusteeship Council, and ultimately the Head of our Department.

In the time available, I can only touch on the trivia of that great life.

At the end of 1945, with the war over, but still in ANGAU, he was given a forbidding task, to escort 300 Highlanders home—overland from Lae, on the coast, to Goroka, in the Highlands. The Highlanders were not happy about the 10-day trek that lay ahead of them. They had been promised that they would be flown home. Instead they had to walk, through unknown and hostile Territory, carrying all their food for the journey, and carrying all their possessions.

Harry said he managed to get them all to Goroka with the assistance of Tom Fox, a legendary prospector. He did not mention the trials of that 200 kilometre trek; the unmarked tracks, the innumerable unbridged rivers that had to be crossed by the 300 people entrusted to his care, none of whom who could swim. Nor did he mention



the heat of the Markham Valley grasslands, or the climb up the Highland escarpment, and the long ensuing transit through hostile Territory.

That was his first great trek in the Territory, there would be many others: more notable and more dangerous.

At the end of the war, he took up a new career, one that was very similar to his Army role. He joined the Civil Administration.

His appointment as a Patrol Officer, and the associated roles of magistrate, officer of police, inspector of labour, lick of stamps etc. all had to be notified in the Papua New Guinea Government Gazette. Those formal proclamations were prepared and sent to the Government Printer, where an overzealous official editor made an editorial correction: Harry William West became Henry William West, but only for a short time; until the next Gazette, where the name change was reversed.

I spoke earlier about the more dangerous treks. The unusual thing about them was not the danger, or the wild country that he explored, or the incredible distances he covered. It was Harry's attire. Even though had gingerish hair and a fair skin, he ignored the boiling sun. He dressed in a pair of blue,

sometimes purple, shorts. He did not wear shirts, preferring white sleeveless singlets that exposed his neck, shoulders and arms to the sun. Sporting a floppy cloth hat or a well-worn city-style Akubra on his head, short socks, and boots; he lapped up the sun. Most people would have fried.

As Assistant District Officer at Telefomin, a Post in the middle of New Guinea, just east of the then DNG border, Harry took the first Administrative patrols to the Oksapmin and to the Mianmin. The Mianmin, at that time, were nasty little people who regarded their neighbours as their herds, they culled them, and they ate them. Harry had to pass through the Eliptamin on his way. The Eliptamin people were considered slightly more sociable, and certainly less aggressive than the Mianmin. Just two years later those seemingly friendly Eliptamins simultaneously attacked two other patrols. They murdered the two officers (Szarka and Harris) and two of Harry's former police (Burutori and Purari.) They hacked them to pieces.

Harry was ADO at Kainantu at the time but not unoccupied. Accompanied by Patrol Officer John Coleman, he was exploring the Kukukuku country. He walked from Kainantu in the Eastern Highlands to Menyama, in the Morobe District; a distance of 100 kilometres as the crow flies. West and Coleman probably travelled almost twice that distance, crossing mountain ranges and valleys, searching for, and finding, previously uncontacted people. When they eventually arrived at Menyama, they turned around and retraced their steps. They trudged back to Kainantu.

It was at Kainantu that Harry

displayed his superb organizational skills. He gently nudged the District Commissioner, Ian Downs; into accepting that the route of the proposed road down the escarpment from the Highland's to the Markham valley was in the wrong location. Down's had chosen the route, and one did not argue with Downs, but Harry's new route, located by Lance Corporal Pokia, a Sepik policeman, is still the path followed by the Highlands Highway.

Downs decided to close a Patrol Post in the Goroka Sub-district and move it to a more densely populated area of the Kainantu Sub-district. He got on the radio to discuss the move, and directed that the new post would be at a village called Okapa. (He liked that name - it sounded like Okapi, the name of a small African antelope.)

West knew that the post should be located in the centre of the population, but one did not argue with Downs, especially over the airwaves, so he seemingly capitulated. Harry named the new post Okapa, but he located it in a different spot—where he wanted it, in the centre of the population, at Moke.

But Harry's 10 years in New Britain, as District Officer and District Commissioner at Rabaul, were his greatest challenge. There were racial divisions and there were the unsolvable Colonial land problems. Harry said that in 100 years of white domination the local people had gained little and lost a lot. The Government's move to create a multi-cultural council only made the problems worse. The visits by Opposition leader Gough Whitlam, Prime Minister Gorton, Cabinet members, the Administrator created more problems and major security

concerns for District Commissioner West. It was a “no win” situation. It cost him his health.

Harry West’s contribution to Papua and New Guinea went unrecognised by the Australian Government, and he himself did not support the push for a medal for kiaps. He thought a library, or some appropriately named research facility, might provide more worthwhile recognition.

Harry West and his achievements are, and will always be, a more significant and lasting memorial than any other.

We honour him, and we will not forget.

Bill (W. T.) Brown MBE 21 July 2015

For further information go to the PNGAA website at: <http://www.pngaa.net/Library/HarryWestEulogy.htm> and <http://www.pngaa.net/Library/HarryWestVale.htm>

David Roger Milbourne Marsh, OBE, 19 May 2015, aged 93

David was born on 28 December 1921 at Hurstville to Stella and Roger Milbourne Marsh. He was a younger brother to Shirley and Kay.

Dad was always very proud of his family’s standing in society, Anglican ministers, high ranking government officials, magistrates and all hardworking community minded people. He was proud too that he could trace our family tree directly back to 1380.

The family moved to Lismore in 1923 where his younger sister, Judith was born.

Then on to Byron Bay, he later attended Mullumbimby Secondary School.

Attending Hurlstone Agricultural High in 1935 he achieved his School Leaving Certificate in 1939. Dad worked on George Claspers

dairy farm most holidays for one shilling a week and he went to stay with his Uncle Wal and Auntie Wynn at Northbridge.

In March 1940 Dad sailed to Papua New Guinea on the Macdhui. The trip took about five days to Port Moresby, which then had a European population of only 325. It was a wild and primitive world. After a few days, he flew to Kokoda, to work on Mamba Estate which was owned by his cousin’s husband, Herbert Kienzle. Mamba was to hold a place in our hearts forever. Here he panned for gold and planted the first rubber trees on the plantation. He also brought in the first cattle for the Northern District. The long journey, with the large mob, went around the coast by sea to Buna, then through the swamps and up over the mountains to Mamba.

With the outbreak of World War Two, the government ordered Dad to stay to maintain a sense of normality due to the impending Japanese invasion. Soon afterwards Herbert instructed Dad to take Meryl and Herbert’s fathers to safety. They walked to Buna and travelled by boat to Abau. This arduous journey, with two elderly men, would have taken at least a month.

The Government office was at this time under Martial Law. He joined the Papuan Administrative Unit (later ANGAU) as Patrol Officer in the South Eastern, the Western and the Northern Districts. He first served at Abau under Mr Claude Champion, then Mr W.J. (Bill) Lambden.

During this period he was on patrol duty scouting for Australian and enemy troops, rescuing crashed airmen and in combat. He also built airstrips at Abau, Cape Rodney,

Vale Summary

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

Robert (Bob) Ian Becke	22 June 2015, aged 74
Hector Boyle	
John Brown	29 November 2014
Robert (Bob) Cecil Browne	20 June 2014, aged 82 years
Michael Cockburn	5 June 2015, aged 88
David Dunn	4 May 2015, aged 90
Rita Evelyn Heinrich Fenske	June 11 2015, aged 91
Letitia Margaret Harvery-Hall	5 April 2015, aged 106½
James Leon Guilford Harridge	2 April 2015, aged 93
Roger David Milbourne Marsh, OBE	19 May 2015, aged 93
Fr Barry John May, OAM	20 March 2015, aged 77
Irene O’Brien	17 May 2015
Ann Pearsall	14 May 2015, aged 91
Kevin Graham Russell	9 February 2015, aged 85
Rita Mary Smith	9 July 2015, aged 87
Harry West, OAM	12 July 2015, aged 92



David Marsh, District Commissioner of the Northern District PNG being presented with an Otoh on the occasion of the opening of the Northern District Radio Station, 1972.

Safia, Embessa, Kinjaki, Pongani and, most importantly, Dobuduru which was a major part of the war effort, helping to get the wounded out and supplies in. The unjust hanging of Embogi, at the end of the war, tormented him in his later years. Ultimately he was in charge at Abau and appointed Magistrate for Native Matters.

In 1943 he went to Tufi with its beautiful fjords and mountains. He conducted many patrols and established the Safia Patrol Post. He organised the evacuation of Wanigela – the Uiaku people prior to Mt Goropu erupting and he took over Baniara Station.

After this he was in charge of the Pongani Patrol Post and he was soon posted to the Western District and again conducted extensive patrols.

As Patrol Officer in the Here District Under Provisional Administration, he established Patrol Posts at Gaima, Bamu, Balimo, Rouku, Trans Fly and Lake Murray. Dad carried out intensive pacification and rehabilitation work in these areas and he gained considerable experience in Civil Administration. At Daru he was seconded to the Provisional Administration.

In 1947 he was posted to the Central District where he patrolled the Sogeri area and carried out more rehabilitation work. At this time he completed the No. 6 Short Course, at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) and proudly passed third out of 36. This was followed by the two year, No. 1 Long Course.

In 1950 he was posted to the Central Highlands and opened up uncontrolled territory west of Wabag as Assistant District Officer. This was really wild country.

To us, the best decision of his life was to marry our beautiful Mum, Alison Lambden, at St Marks Church in Port Moresby on 19 May, 1951 – 64 years to the day that he passed away. By then he was the Administrative Officer based at the Department of Native Affairs Headquarters.

On the move again, two years later back to Tufi, as Assistant District Officer, Northern District. He rebuilt the station after the devastating volcano eruption by carrying out developmental work with the people and planting experimental cash crops. While there, Mum was sent to the little island of Samarai where Jill was born on 26 May 1953. Due to

the remoteness he was unable to see Mum or Jill for three months prior to and another three months after her birth, only being able to communicate by mail on the supply boats.

Dad was then posted to the Sepik District as Assistant District Officer, Angoram and Wewak. Here he did initial work towards the establishment of Local Government Councils and provided the necessary road links for their economic developments. Dad was made Acting District Officer Wewak in September 1955. Susan was born on 2 September 1955.

Once again he was posted back to the Central District, I was born in Moresby on 27 November 1957 and he had a year in the Western District as Acting District Commissioner.

For four years in the mid-1960s, as District Commissioner in Mendi in the Southern Highlands there were many achievements and wonderful family fun. He undertook the massive project of building the Hydro Electric Scheme (otherwise known as David's Marsh) which supplied the town well into the seventies; the dazzling limestone airstrip; stocked the rivers, lakes and dams with fish as a food supply.

Dad was responsible for patrol posts at Tari, Nipa, Lake Kutabu, Yalebu, Irave and many others. Our wonderful times in beautiful Mendi included: horses; family picnics; visits to the caves filled with skulls; sing sings and pigs on the spit; the sound of the Highlanders chanting in the evenings; golf games around the town; the ever popular club house; the light planes that came in only once every two weeks with mail and supplies; elegant parties on the lawn; the lowering of the flag in our garden in full military style; the Catholic Capision mission and

their flare for entertaining; exotic tropical flowers; giant cuscus; the lepers who worked in the garden and the two warring cannibal tribes the Pomies and the Somies. It was a world of colour, vibrancy, beauty and challenges.

It was a similar life from 1968 at Popondetta, where Dad as District Commissioner established the Northern District Radio Station and organised the Self Government Celebrations. He also instigated the building of the road to Kokoda and the many bridges to link it all together such as over the Komusi. Our memories include regular trips to Kokoda; swimming with the crocodiles and eels in the Samboga River; playing in the discarded planes grown over in the jungle from the war; the establishment of the International wharf at Oro Bay and the exploding of the ship full of DDT. It was here at Buna that the local Orakiva people awarded him their highest honour, The Otohu. At that time the only other European to receive it had been Prince Charles.

After Self Government we moved to Port Moresby where Dad was Land Title Commissioner. In addition, he was given the honour of the being made the Chairman of the Queen's Tour which created a flurry of Royal and Official engagements and meant spending time on the Royal Yacht Britannia and the Royal aircraft.

Dad's grand farewell was to be the Chairman of the Papua New Guinea Independence Celebrations. He proudly carried out his huge responsibilities in the short time frame of three months. The celebrations were a great success and achievement. Dad was a major force on the committee to establish the Papua New Guinea Constitution.

He was honoured to be presented at this time with the OBE by Prince Charles at Government House, Port Moresby.

Shortly afterwards, in 1976, he had a heart attack and was medically retired. He was not even allowed to return to pack. Dad retired to Freshwater, Sydney.

In the 1980s Dad did contract work for the Papua New Guinea Government and he worked for Herbert Kienzle for arranging the sale of Mamba Estate. He also worked for Ray Lord in the Philippines, in relation to security and negotiating the purchase of a Casino.

He was very honoured to be invited back to Port Moresby for the 25th and 30th Anniversaries of Independence. I have a vivid memory of a cocktail party where Michael Somare saw Dad across the room. He walked toward us with arms in the air, excitedly saying how good it was to see him again.

Dad's beloved Alison passed away in 2012 and not long after this he moved into care, spending his last two years at Kokoda Hostel at War Vets, Narrabeen.

Dad was passionate about Papua New Guinea and its people and was proud to be a part of a vibrant developing nation that he loved so much. He continued to be proudly and passionately involved in the welfare of the country. He often said that he'd never worked a day in his life as he loved his work in Papua New Guinea.

Dad loved to design, repair, maintain, plan and build. This could be seen by many, in his household designs such as the macadamia crusher, through to his plans to supply power to Australia by harnessing the power of the Purari River. Dad was a

twisting Champion and loved his fishing. Although being a vivacious pruner he enjoyed his garden and his orchids. Dad loved to solve a problem and embraced life's challenges!

Dad loved us and always wanted the best for his girls. He was so proud of his 10 grandchildren and four great grandchildren. He was a good provider and always put our welfare above his own. He was a perfectionist, yet unpretentious, and had sound values. He abhorred waste and was always financially cautious. In spite of this he gave us the best opportunities available with an education at Abbotsleigh and continued to support us whenever we needed it. His values reflect his integrity as a man, honesty, politically aware, a lateral thinker, a philosopher, an innovator and initiator. He died as he lived, with grace and dignity. All those in his life have said that it was a privilege to know him. Our time together in the end was peaceful and filled with love, understanding and forgiveness. This is a man who made a difference.

Our father is the only father we ever had and the only father we would ever wish for. As his daughters, we have been truly blessed.

Thank you Dad.

Bamahuta Taubada, oi namu.

*Diane Elizabeth Carter
Jillian Helen Morrison*

Robert (Bob) Cecil Browne, 20 June 2015, aged 82 years

Bob was born on 9 August 1932. He came to PNG in 1956 as a Cadet Patrol Officer and initially served in the Southern Highlands District, then Lake Murray in the Western District (WD). From Lake

Murray Bob and Brian McBride did one of the first patrols into the lower Nomad area in the WD; the Nomad area being the last of the uncontacted areas, lasting until the early 1970s.

Bob was then transferred to Lavongai and later Namatanai in the New Ireland District, being stationed in that District for some years. He later served in Bogia and went finish from Madang District Office soon after 1975.

Bob is survived by Doreen, his three children and nine grandchildren.

Col Young

Letitia Margaret Harvey-Hall, 5 April 2015, aged 106½

Letitia Gill was born in Cloncurry on 1 October 1906 and was educated at the local convent school. On 6 May 1929 she married William John Harvey-Hall, a WW1 veteran. Bill was a motor mechanic who periodically went fossicking for gold. Lettie follow Bill to gold mining sites including the Percyville goldfield on Cape York Peninsular. Their house there was typical for the time: dirt floor and lean to kitchen where she prepared food and made soap while keeping a sharp eye out for snakes.

Periodically she accompanied Bill in the Whippet car to Percyville for supplies. On one of these trips she was bitten by a deadly snake but prompt action by Bill saved her. This was a period of hard yakka but she educated Bob and John.

In 1938 Lettie and Bill went to Tennant Creek where he worked on the emergency landing ground. She once again educated Bob, John and Rod and again it was hard yakka. In 1942 Lettie was living in Charters Towers when Bill was send to Alice Springs as a technician for

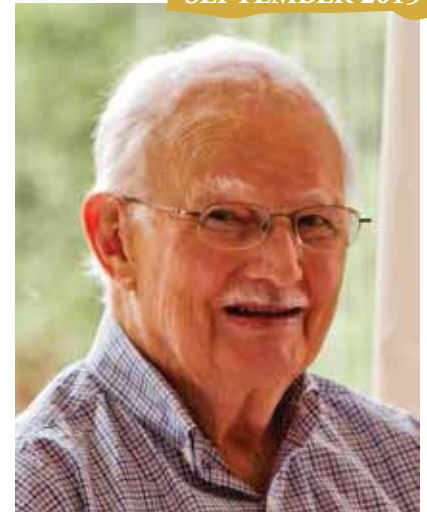
the large new power plant. In 1945, at the completion of Bill's contract, they return to Charters Towers via Cloncurry. By this time they had five sons, Bob, John, Rod, Chris and Gil. In 1946 they flew to Lae where Lettie managed the Morobe Bakery. Her first house was part of General Blamey's war time living quarters on the Butibum River near Charing Cross just outside Lae. They later moved to Rotten Row. Seven years before they retired to Charters Towers Lettie and Bill built a house on Namanula Hill. After Bill died Lettie moved to Townsville and Ayr and then lived out her life with her youngest son, Gil, at Shailer Park. At the age of 105 Lettie received letters of congratulation from the Queen, the Prime Minister, members of parliament and many local dignitaries.

Michael Cockburn, 5 June 2015, aged 87

Former kiap and resident magistrate, Mike Cockburn passed away in Canberra just four days short of his 88th birthday.

Raised in Sydney, Michael first went to PNG at the end on WWII with 8 Movement Control Group. He was stationed in Rabaul where the unit assisted in the demobilisation of Japanese troops.

Returning to Australia in 1946, he tried to settle into civilian life and work. However, he had so enjoyed his brief time in PNG that he decided to return as part of the Australian Government's administration. In 1949 he completed the short course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) with Chris Normoyle, David Steven, Bill Brown, Bob Doughty, David Mercer, Brian Procter, Athol Earle and many others.



Michael arrived in Samarai for his first posting as a cadet patrol officer on 26 January 1950 with Ian Thistlethwaite, Vin Smith and Max Pember. They were met by the then Assistant District Officer, Greg Neilsen. Greg was well known in PNG and a war hero, but more importantly for Mike, Greg had a step-daughter, Margaret Gavin, who had recently returned from school.

Michael and Margaret were married on Australia Day 1952 at Samarai. Then followed postings to Daru, Taskul, Pomio, Rabaul, Maprik and Kavieng. From 1972 to 1975 Michael was the Resident Magistrate for the New Ireland District.

In 1976, Mike and Margaret returned to Australia, settling in Sydney. Mike worked as office manager for Grace Bros in Warringah Mall until he retired. In 1991 Mike and Margaret moved to Stroud, where he became very involved in the restoration of the historic St John's church. Mike continued his involvement in volunteer work after they moved to Canberra in 1999.

Although Mike had been ill for some time he was proud to receive his Police Overseas Service Medal while in hospital, just weeks before he passed away.

Mike is survived by Margaret, their three children and four grandchildren.

**Fr Barry John May,
OAM. Th. Dip. S.S.C.,
J.P., 20 March 2015,
aged 77**

After service in SA Police from 1958 to 1961, Barry joined RPNGC in 1962 and was stationed at Port Moresby. In 1963 he transferred to the Taxation Branch of Treasury in Port Moresby. He returned to South Australia in 1965 and became an Anglican Priest in 1969.

In 1971 he returned to St Martin's Anglican Church at Boroko, leaving in April 1972. He subsequently became an Army Reserve padre in 1978 and in 1992 he was appointed Chaplain to the West Australia Police Force where he was widely known as 'Padre Plod'. He retired as Senior Chaplain in August 2007. He was a keen member of Lions and Rotary, receiving a Paul Harris Fellowship. He is survived by his four children and their families.

Maxwell R Hayes

**Kevin Graham Russell, 9
February 2015, aged 85**

Kevin was born in Cooktown in 1930, the only son of Frank Russell and Eileen Elanore Neill of Cooktown. He left school early and worked on cattle stations in the north. In 1954 he went to work at Mt Isa mines, then went to Bulolo, PNG with his Uncle William (Bill) Neill to work for Bulolo Gold Dredging. Bill and Kevin worked at the Widubosh and lived in the Watut Camp.

In 1955 he and Bill went on a prospecting trip to the Jimmi Valley. He kept a diary but unfortunately it was lost. He often talked about it and I would try to get him to so I could write it down but it didn't happen.

When the Watut camp closed he went to work for Commonwealth

New Guinea Timbers in the bush, as we had a Sawmill and Plymill.

I lived in Bulolo with my parents and sister, Rose and Paddy Watts and Jennifer Watts. In 1960 Kevin and I were married in the Anglican Church. Two of our children, Belinda Lee (1961) and Stephen Graham (1962) were born in Bulolo and our third, Richard Kevin, was born in Lae in 1971.

The children and I moved to Cairns in 1977 and Kevin finished up in 1978. He had a Taxi Truck and a General Store but then went into the Taxi game and stayed till he retired.

Kevin loved his golf and played in many tournaments in PNG and Cairns. He loved fishing and going 'bush' with his mates and was very sad when he couldn't do it anymore.

In January this year Kevin turned 85 and we had been married 55 years.

Kevin leaves Belinda and Michael and Rachel Riley, Richard, Alana, Kyle and Kain Russell, and Stephen's boys Tyson and Dylan. Unfortunately we lost Stephen in 2010.

Rebecca Leslie Russell

**Robert (Bob) Ian Becke,
22 June 2015, aged 74**

Bob was born in Sydney, NSW on 19 May 1941. He went to TPNG in 1960 as a Cadet Patrol Officer and served in the Western, Milne Bay, Sepik and East New Britain Districts.

He left PNG in 1976 and moved to Nowra NSW where he established a family business.

Bob loved racehorses and was the manager and member of a syndicate that raced Tulip Town – a very successful investment. Tulip Town



won a number of big races in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth.

Bob died in Lismore, NSW after a long illness. He is survived by his wife Gail, daughters Amanda and Louise and four grandchildren.

Bruce Dunn

**Rita Evelyn Heinrich
Fenske, June 11 2015,
aged 91**

Born on 14 March 1924, Rita grew up on a farm near Rainbow, Victoria, the third of 14 children. Her parents were Johann and Elvera Heinrich.

As a teenager Rita attended a church function where missionaries gave a talk and slide presentation about New Guinea which led to an early ambition to be a nurse and serve the people of New Guinea. After completing her general and obstetrics training she became a missionary nurse with the Australian Lutheran Mission, arriving in New Guinea in January 1948 at the age of 23.

After two months orientation at the Lutheran Mission Hospital in Buangi near Finshhafen Rita went to Siassi. From there she travelled by boat to Gizarum, Rooke Island (Siassi) and 10km inland to the pre-war station of Awelkon where she began her permanent mission work, staying for almost three years. Most patients had to be treated in villages so Rita travelled around the island by horse, canoe and a lot of walking. Conditions were difficult and mosquitoes rampant. Although medical supplies were limited she treated yaws (painful, tropical infection of the skin), tropical ulcers, whooping cough, ringworm, meningitis, stitched up wounds, performed skin grafts and delivered babies to name just a few examples.

Rita became very close to her nursing companion Irma Mischke (Noller) and they depended on each other a

great deal. Irma wrote these words to Rita, 'I could never have had a better companion than you. I have thanked God often that you were given to me for those years. We were so young and enthusiastic.'

On one occasion they received a patient whose hand was blown to bits as a result of fishing with explosives. To save the man's life it became necessary to amputate at the wrist. Rita had seen an amputation done before so she gave the instructions and anaesthetic while Irma used the scalpel. They were very pleased with the outcome. With no doctor on the island Rita and Irma had no choice but to meet these medical challenges. The MV Umboi (every six weeks) was the only transport to the mainland.

Rita met Art, a mission builder, on a trip to Madang in 1950. She was staying at a guest house in the Supply Centre and the manager Doug Daechsel told Art to 'come and take a look at the new stock.' Art did and they were married at Gelem, Umboi Island (Siassi) on 16 September 1950. Art became a captain with Lutheran Shipping and later became the Manager. They moved to Graged Island, off the coast of Madang, where they lived for 18 years prior to moving to Madang.

Despite no longer being employed as a nurse, Rita continued to volunteer. Our laundry became her dispensary and the occasional baby was delivered on the floor. She removed many fish hooks and treated bites.

Another task on Graged Island was the cleaning the ships. She would take a team of women and clean from top to bottom after each trip. She also took care of staff rations and medical supplies on board and made mattress covers for all the bunks. Over the years she provided breakfast for hundreds of passengers and cooked countless meals for

other visitors passing through. She conducted bible studies and gave sewing lessons to the women in the village, taught religious instruction in schools and taught Sunday school.

When Art and Rita moved from Graged Island to Madang, Rita's medical work continued in the carport of our home. The veranda was used to teach and supervise a team of women who made thousands of life jackets for Lutheran Shipping. They were also sold to other organisations throughout PNG and the proceeds helped to fund social services for the ELC-PNG.

Rita accompanied Art to Singapore and China where he supervised the building of new ships for Lutheran Shipping. She took responsibility for stocking the galleys and purchasing cooking equipment.

January 1990 was a proud day when the Prime Minister of PNG, along with 3,000 people assembled at Lablab (Siassi) to witness the dedication of Lutheran Shipping's newest ship, the MV Rita. The dedication was a tribute to her services to the people of Siassi and the Evangelical Lutheran Church of PNG.

Art and Rita left PNG in February 1989 after serving more than 40 years in the mission field. Art died in January 1992. Rita's heart remained with the people of PNG and she continued to support health services in Madang, supplying hundreds of birth kits to the Lutheran School of Nursing which contributed greatly to the safe birth of many babies in remote villages.

Until she became ill at age 90, Rita continued to volunteer and be of service to those in her church and community. She taught religious instruction in the schools, volunteered at a nursing home, visited the sick, hosted people for meals and accommodation as well serving with Meals on Wheels. The

Soroptimists made her Woman of the Year, saying 'This lady epitomizes the essence of volunteering. She goes about it in a very low key way, a bit like a fairy godmother and without any desire to be noticed for her good works.'

Our family is deeply saddened to have lost our dearly beloved mother, grandmother, mother-in-law and friend who was such a strong force and matriarch to us all. We were truly blessed for her strong Christian witness and she will always remain in our hearts with love and admiration. Despite our grief, we can rejoice knowing she has received her crown of life to eternal glory. These words of Jesus from Matthew 25: 23 now apply to Rita: 'Well done good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of your Master.'

Rita is survived by daughters Arlene, Marilyn and Evelyn and son John.

John Fenske

Ann Pearsall, 14 May 2015, aged 91

My mother, Ann Pearsall died in Bowral, NSW.

Mum first went to Port Moresby in 1946 with my father, Stan Pearsall who had been appointed military ADC to the Administrator, Colonel JK Murray and who subsequently went on to a distinguished career in the PNG Public Service.

Mum and Dad finally retired to Sydney in 1973. Dad passed away in 1989.

Mum was a member of the PNGAA and its forerunner, The Retired Officers' Association since their retirement and always enjoyed reading *Una Voce*.

Chris Pearsall

Rita Mary Smith, 9 July 2015, aged 87.

More information next issue

Christmas LUNCHEON 2015

Sunday 6 December 2015
Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway,
Killara NSW, 11.30am onwards

RSVP:
13 November
2015



The cost is \$60 per person. RSVP and payment is due by 13 November 2015 although it helps with organization if you respond promptly. Drinks will be available from a cash-only bar. Please let us know if you have special dietary requests so we can arrange something suitable.

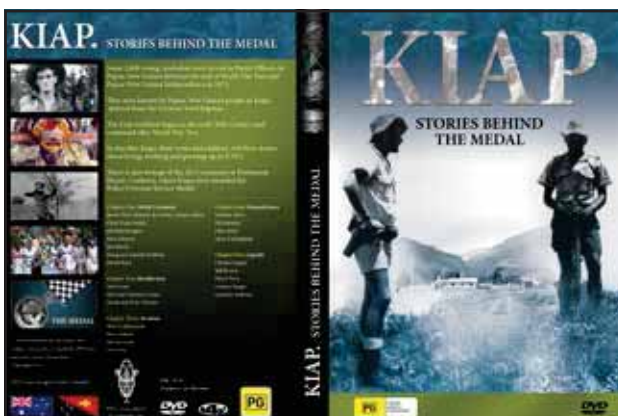
Seating is at tables of 10. If you wish to be seated with family or friends please advise on the order form OR feel free to make up your own table of 10.

If coming by train take the exit on the western side of Killara station. If driving, the entrance is just after Fiddens Wharf Road on the Pacific Highway as you travel north, and immediately after the Noodle Blast Restaurant. Free on-site parking is available.

Our Event Coordinator, Julianne Ross Allcorn, is planning an exciting Silent Auction – if you have an item that could be donated eg jewellery, artworks, beautiful crafts from PNG, books and alcohol, please contact Juli at: juliallcorn@gmail.com / or 02 9416 1430 / 0466 521313.

Please complete the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow 'Treasurer's Corner' insert and return as soon as possible or by 13 November 2015.

Please Note: When transferring funds by EFT to PNGAA – please also email: membership@pngaa.net advising your name, membership number, amount and what the payment is for. Thank you.



KIAP: Stories Behind the Medal DVD – For Sale

Papua New Guinea Association of
Australia and Gum Leaves Productions
Cost for DVD: **\$30** PNGAA members / \$35 for Non Members

HOW TO ORDER?

www.pngaa.net or on enclosed Treasurer's Corner form.

A short excerpt is available here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8C52NlcXD6I>

TREASURER'S CORNER – September 2015
Payments to – PNGAA, PO Box 453, ROSEVILLE, NSW, 2069

If you would like to:

1. Renew your **Membership** of PNGAA;
2. Purchase the **Walk into Paradise** DVD;
3. Purchase the **'Kiap – Stories Behind the Medal'** DVD;
4. Purchase **Montevideo Maru 70th Anniversary** DVD;
5. Attend the PNGAA Regional gathering at Ballina;
6. Exhibit at the PNGAA Art show at Glebe
7. Attend the PNGAA Christmas Luncheon in Sydney

*Please **print** your name and address below and fill out the relevant parts of the order form overleaf.*

Please also check your address label – this tells you when your membership expires and also shows your membership number.

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☐ I would like to receive the Una Voce only by E-mail instead of a hard copy

If you have an e-mail address, or have recently changed it, please let us know as it makes communication with members much quicker and more efficient.

Ballina lunch, 25 October 2015, PNGAA annual Christmas lunch, 6 December 2015, or opening of 2015 PNGAA Art Show.

I will be attending(name of function) and will have the following guests:(print)

If possible, I would like to be seated with:

Please feel free to make up your own table of 10. Please email membership@pngaa.net with further information, including payment details and any vegetarian meals required.

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2016 : \$46 2016/2017 : \$92 2016/2019 : \$138		
Walk Into Paradise DVD		
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Non-Member Price \$30		
'Kiap – Stories Behind the Medal' DVD		
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Non-Member Price \$35		
Montevideo Maru 70th Anniversary DVD Price \$30		
PNGAA Regional Gathering at Ballina - Sunday 25th October - \$45		
PNGAA Art show at Glebe – commencing 2pm 12 September 2015		
Entry Fee per piece: \$20 PNGAA member \$25 PNGAA Non member,		
PNGAA Christmas Luncheon – 6 December 2015 – Killara Golf Club		
Cost per person \$60		
TOTAL COST		

* Members resident outside Australia will pay Australian resident membership fees if they elect to receive *Una Voce* by E-mail rather than by post. See the checkbox overleaf.

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Payment is accepted by cheque, bank draft, money order, MasterCard,

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