



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
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Print Post Approved PP224987/00025

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No. 3, 1994 - September

Dear Member,

This issue of the Newsletter is divided into two parts as follows:

- (1) The Newsletter itself with pages numbered *2*, *3*, *4*, etc.
- (2) AGM Minutes etc. with pages numbered 2, 3, 4, etc.

This is to enable members to lift out the AGM Minutes, Financial Statements etc., should they wish to file them separately.

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

It is suggested that the following be prominently displayed in your diary and on your calendar and you firm up your arrangements now, so that you and your ex-PNG friends are able to attend our

1994 Christmas Luncheon on Sunday 4 December 1994 at the Mandarin Club corner Pitt & Goulburn Streets Sydney

The cost will still be \$20.00 per head, which has not changed now for a number of years, and includes a banquet style meal. A large Council Car Park is on the next corner, only 100 metres away, where charges are very reasonable, and the Club is not far from Town Hall, Central and Museum Railway Stations. Full details will be included in the next issue of *Una Voce* which you will receive mid-November.

VISIT TO BLUE MOUNTAINS

There will be a visit to the mountains on Thursday, 20 October 1994 and at this time of the year it is very pleasant, not too hot or too cold. For those interested in beautiful gardens all the azaleas and rhododendrons will be in full bloom. But a few hours in the fresh mountain air alone is worth the trip! Lunch will be at the Grandview Hotel, Wentworth Falls.

For those with Senior Cards the fare by rail is still \$2.00 return and the train leaves Central Station at 9.02 am. However, check with the Railways the week before to ascertain whether there has been a change due to track work, the Railways information telephone number is 131500 irrespective from where you call. Those interested please contact Pamela Foley (02) 428 2078, Harry West (02) 4188793 or Ken Gorringer (047) 57 1488.

ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP

Our Secretary has noted that some applications for membership have been received from married couples who apparently expected joint or dual membership.

Members are advised that our Constitution only provides for single membership, however, the spouse of a member is welcome to share in Association activities, but does not receive a Newsletter unless a separate membership fee is paid, nor is he/she entitled to vote at meetings.

There are, in fact, numerous cases where both husband and wife are members of the Association and each receives a copy of the Newsletter and each is entitled to vote at meetings.

SPOUSE ELIGIBILITY FOR SUPER

We have received a number of enquiries about the eligibility of widows (and de facto spouses) to receive a superannuation pension after the death of a superannuant.

Generally the widow's pension is roughly two thirds (67% of the super-annuation pension being paid at the time of death.

Payment of a pension to the widow is not automatic. In fact, Com-Super does not maintain records about spouses. So, upon the death of the superannuant, an application must be made for a widow's pension and eligibility has to be established.

We cannot over-emphasise how important it is that someone notify ComSuper immediately after the death and organise an application for a pension by the widow. Otherwise it can lead to the widow being considerably over-paid (and then have to give it back) or be left for some time without a continuing pension coming in.

On the death of the superannuant, the widow can be eligible for a pension provided:

- she was married to the superannuant at the time of death;
- the marriage began before retirement or began after retirement but before the superannuation pensioner reached age 60; or if neither of those conditions was met, the marriage had continued for at least five years up to the time of death.

There are provisions for a pension to be paid to a person who was previously married to and living with the superannuation pensioner but not at the time of death. In this case the Commissioner must be satisfied that the person was wholly or substantially dependent upon the superannuation pensioner at the time of death.

Broadly speaking, "marital relationship" for the purpose of the PNG superannuation scheme means a permanent and bona fide domestic relationship as husband and wife (whether legally married or not) and:

- They had been living as husband and wife for at least three years continuously immediately before the death; or
- They had been living as husband and wife for less than three years continuously up to the time of death and the Commissioner is convinced that the existence of a permanent and bona fide domestic relationship is supported by certain types of evidence.

If the surviving spouse subsequently remarries, the pension continues to be paid, however, details of the remarriage should be provided to ComSuper.

MADANG REUNION

The annual Madang/PNG get together this year at Bribie Island Qld will be on 13 November 1994. Anyone requiring details please contact Mrs. Isobel Pert, Tel. 074 47 3967.

EX-PNG RESIDENTS IN MELBOURNE

by Maxwell Hayes

As there appear to be quite a number of members resident in and around Melbourne (masochists they may be for living in this financially embarrassed and climatically disadvantaged state), it might be that they wish to partake of some social events with an active PNG group in Melbourne.

I speak of the PNG Australia Assoc., which has a social event almost every month, a Ball once a year, and an annual charter/group PNG flight in December, etc. The group largely consists of expats who married locally there and hence can keep in touch with local events in PNG. For example, in February we all had an informal spit roast with Pius Wingti and entourage.

The group has contact with PNG nationals studying here, and hosts some from time to time.

Anyone interested should phone Brian Thomas, 879 1101, (B.H. 603 3811) or Mary Parker, 320 9313 (B.H. 329 7941), all Melbourne telephone numbers.

PASSPORTS TO PNG etc.

The following is the text of a letter which our President recently received from the Director, Passport Operations, of the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade. It is provided for the information of members.

"I refer to your Association's newsletter, I am afraid I am not aware of the actual issue date, where on page 11 Mr. Geoff Masters' (Bribie Island) article referred to the possible use of Documents of Identity or Certificates of Identity in lieu of Australian passports. I am writing to you and members of your association to inform you of the criteria which needs to be met before these types of travel documents may be issued and to alert you to their limited value in international travel.

"Pursuant to Passports Regulation 10 (1) (a) a Document of Identity may be issued "in a case where the issue of an Australian passport is unnecessary or undesirable". By way of background many foreign countries do not recognise the type of document and may not permit entry of the bearer of a Document of Identity. However those that do, are aware generally because of the wording of our Regulations the restrictive purpose of the document. A Document of Identity is not a widely used document and nor should it be regarded as a substitute for an Australian passport which in contrast offers the bearer unrestricted travel with immediate consular protection and provides prima facie evidence of Australian citizenship and identity.

"A Certificate of Identity may only be issued to stateless persons or to non Australian citizens. Its issue also is subject to confirmation from the consular representative of the person's claimed nationality that they are unable to obtain a national passport. It is the responsibility of the bearer should they hold permanent resident status in Australia and should they wish to return to Australia to obtain a return visa endorsement in a Certificate of Identity. This endorsement may be obtained for a fee from the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs.

"Both these travel documents do not request the competent authorities to afford the bearer protection and freedom of passage and all lawful aid and protection while within their Territorial jurisdiction. This aspect is very important should there be a need for consular assistance whilst overseas, thus Australian citizens should always travel on an Australian passport.

"I hope that the above will be of interest to you. If you or your members have any queries we would be happy to assist. Our toll-free information service number is 131232."

PAPUA NEW GUINEA SUPERANNUATION SCHEME

Pension commencements and cessations, 1992-93

	Pensions at 1.7.92	Commencements	Cessations	Pensions at 30.6.93
Males				
Early retirement	77	0	4	73
Maximum age	151	0	9	142
Invalidity	61	0	0	61
Females				
Early retirement	12	0	0	12
Maximum age	22	0	1	21
Invalidity	4	0	0	4
Widows	225	8	10	223
Children and full-time students	10	0	3	7
Total	562	8	27	543

Four invalidity pensions totalling \$87,172 remained suspended throughout the year under the provisions of sections 51 and 51AA of the *Superannuation (Papua New Guinea) Ordinance 1951*, on account of the pensioners' re-employment.

Total expenditure on pensions during the year amounted to \$155,907,162. The estimated liability for the year ending 30 June 1994 in respect of the 543 pensions in force at 30 June 1993 is \$16,098,047. This figure includes the pension increases that became payable on the first pension payday in July 1993. The following Table allocates these amounts according to pension type.

Pension expenditure, 1991-93, and estimated liability, 1993-94.

	Expenditure 1992-93 \$	Estimated liability 1993-94 \$
Males		
Early retirement	2 678 602	2 710 745
Maximum age	4 393 590	4 446 313
Invalidity	2 686 562	2 718 801
Females		
Early retirement	252 575	255 606
Maximum age	564 444	571 217
Invalidity	104 156	105 406
Widows	5 169 694	5 231 730
Children and full-time students	57 539	558 229
Total	15 907 162	16 098 047

PAPUA SUPERANNUATION SCHEME AND NEW GUINEA SUPERANNUATION SCHEME

Papua Scheme: expenditure, 1992-93, and estimated liability, 1993-94

	Expenditure 1992-93 \$	No. of pensions at 30.6.93 No.	Estimated liability 1993-94 \$
Males	22 236	2	22 503
Females	0	0	0
Total	22 236	2	22 503

New Guinea Scheme: expenditure, 1992-93, and estimated liability, 1993-94

	Expenditure 1992-93 \$	No. of pensions at 30.6.93 No.	Estimated liability 1993-94 \$
Males	37 599	3	36 868
Females	407 589	26	412 480
Total	445 188	29	449 348

HELP WANTED

In October 1966 I gave birth to a son in Rabaul. I was a 17 year old expatriate Australian and the baby's father was a Chinese visiting from Sydney named David who played drums in a band.

For various reasons, applicable at the time, I felt forced to give my baby up for adoption - a decision that caused enormous pain. It was my hope that a mistake would become a special gift.

The baby was collected from the Nonga Base Hospital by an Australian couple who did not live in Rabaul.

It is my understanding that the adoption did not proceed through the usual official channels but was instead arranged by the Anglican priest possibly in conjunction with a solicitor.

My son has never lived in my home but he has always lived in my heart and the passage of the years has not eased the grief and pain or the longing to again hold him and tell him I love him.

I have reason to believe that my son has tried to locate and contact his birth mother and that he attended a university in Melbourne.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of my son and his family would you please let him know he has an additional family that also loves him and would like to share in his life and have him share theirs.

My answering phone will record any message on (07) 883 2224 or alternatively contact Josie McSkinning, Social Worker, on (02) 361 0033 or 008 024 256.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Gwenda Chant Logan.

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Mr. Philip D. Franklin has been appointed by The Hon Gareth Evans, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, as Honorary Consul of Australia with residence at Lae and jurisdiction throughout Morobe Province. The appointment has been approved by His Excellency Sir Wiwa Korowi, Governor General of Papua New Guinea.

Mr. Franklin, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D.P. Franklin, formerly of DASF and DPI, commenced his career in PNG at the Forestry College, Bulolo in 1977, where he rose to become acting Senior Lecturer. But he saw the challenge of a role in the private sector and joined Highland Products Ltd. at Zenag, the company owned by Mick Leahy. Later Philip was appointed the PNG Manager for Reckitt and Coleman and voted President of the Lae Chamber of Commerce. Last year he was appointed to the PNG Investment Promotion Board. His various roles keep him busy together with his wife and three children.

Harry WEST and Freddie KAAD recently went North to escape the cold - the temperatures didn't rise much but they did find a warm and much appreciated welcome from many friends.

They called on Geoff Burfoot, out of Murwillumbah, and admired the work he was doing improving his small holding. His interest in herbs will finally pay dividends next year. Best of all was his cooking, a superb meal with five Asian dishes as the main course.

At Southport they met a large group which is reported elsewhere.

In Brisbane, Marcus Bartholomew Orken, looking every inch the Irish country gentleman, in cap, tie and Donegal Tweed jacket, had arranged an ambush in the Irish Club with the assistance inter alia of Col O'Loughlen, Ken Hanrahan, John Dagge and Max Allwood. Later, under the influence of Guinness Lolly Water, they went shopping in the Myer Centre. Harry got lost in the maze and was found looking in a lingerie shop while Freddie had bought a book of raffle tickets which he still believes will win him a car. Next morning, a visit to the Renoir Exhibition at the Art Gallery awoke them from their cultural slumber. They also saw Jim Middleton, ex Parks & Gardens, Rabaul, who is in Security there.

Then to the south bank, the old Expo site, where they had a fish lunch, drinks and plenty of talk with Ron and Ronnie Galloway, John and Leslie Jamieson, John Joseph and Marjorie Murphy, Fred and Mary Reitano and Harry's son David.

However, most of their time was spent at Sunshine Beach, next to Noosa, with Bill and Margaret Kelly. From there they saw Jim and Jan Sinclair, Jack and Lucy Small, Reis and Dorrie Healy, Ron and Josette Storer over from Adelaide, and Syd and Beth Nielsen.

They also went to Eumundi Markets where they spent all their money and then went on to see Ted and Trish Higgins at their impressive stud near Maleny.

A visit was also paid to Harry and Betty Roach's home, beautifully sited overlooking a lake and their horses and cattle. Then to Betty's Menswear Store at Cooroy.

Freddie wanted to fish, so Harry obliged by taking them 40 kms along Laguna Beach. Plenty of fish in the waves but the south east wind meant that they could not get a line out to them, so Harry turned geologist and showed them the unusual and beautiful coloured sands.

On another day, Harry and Morrie Hammersley took them out on a small river boat suitable for Freddie's wheelchair, but again no fish (but they should have been there last week when they were all biting!). Some barbecued fish and steak and a glass or three made up for that, thanks to Harry.

They tried unsuccessfully to contact other friends, but shortage of time and need to return earlier than planned, meant that they unfortunately could not see everyone they would have liked.

(Continued next page)

HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

Alex ZWECK of Henty NSW has a few remarks about the last Newsletter as follows: "George Anderson is right, beer did eventually become available to the troops through the canteen services, I am not sure when exactly and the ration was 2 bottles per week. But Mr Baskett is wrong, when the Japs bombed Milne Bay there was no beer in the canteen; I have this from a chap who was there at the time, he lives right here in Henty.

"I don't know where Geoff Masters got his information regarding the Document of Identity being acceptable for travel to PNG and New Zealand. I travelled to PNG last May and had to have both a passport and a visa. I recently made enquiries on behalf of some friends intending to visit New Zealand and was told that a passport is still required. I would be interested to hear from Geoff on the matter."

(Alex, unfortunately, that is not possible, but the position has been officially clarified in the article titled "PASSPORTS TO PNG etc.", elsewhere in this issue. Ed.)

Vin and Rita SMITH of Robina Qld report a very pleasant gathering at the Southport Golf Club when Harry West and Freddie Kaad stopped off recently during their trip north. Vin reports: "Before the gathering at Southport, which had been kindly arranged by Bob Cole, I picked up Freddie from his stepmother's unit and we went to visit an old friend, Lady Dorothy Gunther. Not only was Dorothy in bubbling good health, and so obviously pleased to see Freddie, but she proved again that her morning tea skills and culinary art with the chicken and watercress sandwiches had not diminished. Her lovely retirement home at Robina Village was a great place of comfort for Freddie to rest up for an hour or two and exchange news with Dot, before going on to our rendezvous with Harry and the Gold Coast guys and dolls at southport.

When we got there, we still managed to beat Harry by some thirty minutes, Harry later told us that the last time he visited Southport Golf Club it was with Bill Kelly in 1946!! Anyhow, assembled there for the great reminiscing were Jack and Rae Worcester, Bill Weise, Thelma Cox (Leabeater) and husband Vince, Norm Mullins, Ian Downs, Bobby and Nan Bunting, Royce Webb, Bob Cole, Maurie Pears (who kindly and thoughtfully presented two volumes 1 and 2 of "To Find a Path", the colourful history of the PNG Defence Force up to Independence), Craig Kirke and son Malcolm up from Sydney, Cliff Batt, Elaine Bruce, Alex Edwards, Royce Webb and Eric Flower. GREAT WAS THE REJOICING THEREOF, and everyone, including the Gold Coasters who had not seen each other for ages, had a happy and boisterous time. All too soon it was time for Freddie to join Harry West's vehicle and head off."

Jim and Betty GILLMAN of Clontarf Qld report that daughter, Elizabeth, recently visited them from Canberra and son, Anthony, was back in Brisbane, after his first tour in Mt. Hagen, where he was returning after a few weeks holiday.

Anthony, on his way back home, spent a day in Port Moresby looking up his old haunts and "he was most upset when he saw our old house on the corner of Angau Drive and Lokua Avenue. It is painted a horrible yellow. Our beautiful lawn and hedge are gone and the 'boi haus' is now used as a doctor's surgery. He was also appalled at the dirt in Moresby and Hagen. His flying has taken him all round Hagen and he has taken some wonderful photography. He works for HEVI-LIFT Helicopters."

Delphine CROMBIE of Toorak Vic, although getting on in years, still lives in her own house and loves to hear from old PNG friends, her telephone number is 03 826 8961.

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HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

Lal THOMAS of Cleveland Qld, widow of the late Mike Thomas, recently moved house after ten years and she vows and declares that she is going to tidy her cupboards and get rid of rubbish every three months from now on. She reports that she is just five minutes from the water and the best part is that she has hardly any garden. She would love to catch up with anyone passing through.

Lyn and Harry DOORN of Paphos in Cyprus are to be congratulated on becoming grandparents to Patrick Robert, their first one, on 26 June 1994 in USA. Needless to say they are very excited!

Col and Fay WHEATLEY of Brisbane report: "It was quite marvellous in Normanby, lots of laughs and also lots of lumps in throats. The French were incredible in their welcome, all smiling, waving, wanting to shake vets' hands, notices, large and small 'Welcome to our liberators', and then of course there were the gendarmes, jumping up and down in one spot, trying to cope with monumental traffic jams." They were then off to London, Devon and Cornwall and said that so far the weather had been OK!

Graham COLLETT of Glenn Innes NSW reports: "Farming continues to be a challenge with a very dry autumn making this a long hard winter. I have taken up golf again and enjoy playing the game with my 14 year old son, Peter, who seems to have a lot of golf ability."

Lorraine YELLAND of Broadbeach Waters Qld reports that 13 September 1995 will be the 50th Anniversary of the surrender of Wewak and she was wondering if anything had been planned for the event. She mentioned that for the 25th Anniversary, lots of things had happened, but then they still lived in PNG.

(If anyone knows of this or any other anniversary being planned would they please let me have details and I will write them up in the next or subsequent issues of the Newsletter. Ed.)

June MYNARD, who has recently moved from Southport to Toowoomba Qld, writes: "I do enjoy reading the Newsletter and noting where people are these days, as we are extremely scattered all over. I do hope the Association will last for many more years."

(June, we all hope so, but some of us are getting a little long in the tooth and so far there has been no sign of any of the younger generation wanting to help out. I would hate to report the average age of our Executive and Committee which I am sure would be well into the 70's. Ed.)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Jim TONER (Northern Territory)

After clocking up thirty years in PNG, Norm OLIVER recently became one of the many wantoks to settle in Darwin thus leaving a significant gap at the bar of the Aviat Club, Moresby. Norm joined Crown Law at Madang in 1964 but spent the bulk of his service in Moresby with the Land Titles Commission, latterly an arm of the Attorney-General's Department. Norm confesses to a modicum of culture shock on his return, understandable from someone who left Australia during the reign of R.G. Menzies.

It is reported that Des FITZER is now a house-husband waving his wife off to work at the Parliament, Waigani, each morning. And with Vin SMITH rumoured to be retiring, this must surely be the end of the Raj?

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NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS (continued)

Unlike the new arrival above-mentioned, Frank **ALCORTA** has enjoyed two decades in Darwin. He was a patrol officer in the Madang and W. Sepik districts 1968-73 and one of his enduring memories is of a solo patrol from Aitape to Daru lasting sixty-four days. On arriving at Darwin, Frank lectured in History/Politics at the Community College, forerunner of the NT University, before becoming a speech writer for Paul Everingham, then Chief Minister of the NT. Subsequently he joined the NT News and is now its political correspondent and editorialist. Once a Basque, always a Basque, they say but Frank insists he is hamamas tru to be a Territorian.

Bob **WELSH** is back from a working visit to PNG where he met old friends from Native Affairs. At Goroka he stayed with Tony **PRYKE**, who was o.i.c Tufi some twenty years ago, but having qualified now has a legal practice in that relatively quiet town. At somewhat more unruly Mt. Hagen, Bob ran into Chief Inspector Paul **VAN STAVEREN** at the Police Station. Paul was a patrol officer at Kunua in 1972 but after a period South he returned to take a commission in the RPNGC.

Finally I pass on Norm Oliver's comment that the three safest nights to be out on the streets of Port Moresby coincide with State of Origin matches. The population, Rugby League obsessed, is glued to the tube and one may dance naked around Tabari Place without a single spectator.

PNG RUGBY LEAGUE REUNION

by Joe Nitsche

The Papua New Guinea Rugby League Reunion, for players, officials and supporters, held on the 20th May, 1994, at Sea World on the Gold Coast, was a great success with over 450 patrons attending from near and far.

There were many special guests, like the PNG Prime Minister, Paia Wingti, plus a few of his followers, and also the Minister for Mines and Mineral Resources Sir John Kaputin, a great player in the 1960s.

The Prime Minister addressed the guests, as did the current President of the PNGRL Joe Kevame and the past President Sir James Jacobi.

The organisers and planners of the function are to be congratulated as it was very well organised to cater for such a large crowd.

During the night many an old friendship and acquaintance was renewed, as so many people had not seen each other for such a long time. Some of the people in the crowd were Danny, Fred and Paddy Leahy, Ed Collins, Col Aitkins, Jack Turner, Ben Shillings, Terry Lee, Bill Dyer, Brian King (Lord Mayor of Leeton), Jack Meta of PNGRL, Benais Sabumei also an ex President, Gordon Dick, John Scott, John Norman, Lloyd Robson, Maurice Wilson, Bill Nicholson, Les Gillies, Jeff Wall, Mrs Hooley (ex Hagen), Tom Abberton and many, many more. Let's hope, there will be another reunion soon (I am sure an excuse can be found) as it was a great get together.

A KIAP REVISITS P.N.G.

by Alex Zweck

I had a fortnight in PNG during May, visiting Port Moresby, Mt. Hagen, the Sepik River, Tari and surrounds, and Madang. Did not spend much time in Moresby, now a large city said to have a population of 200,000. It has some fine buildings and some not so fine with rough roads or streets. There is a lot of barbed wire and I could not recognise any old sites. All buildings gone from Ela Beach except the canteen erected by Steamies when I was chairman of the Trust. Hanuabada looks the same, but it is also not very clean.

Mt. Hagen was not recognisable with a population now of 36,000. However it is a much cleaner town than Moresby, with a very good market daily, first quality fruit and veges and well patronised. Has a law and order problem, the hotel is fenced in and has a 24 hour security guard.

The old Sepik river much the same as when I patrolled there years ago, plenty of mossies and life in the villages unchanged. There are crocodile farms where the puk puks are kept in captivity until they reach regulation size for sale of skins, and this seems to be the only source of income. Flew from Mr. Hagen to a strip on the Karawari. The pilot a young man, Tim Elliott, told me he flew for Denis Buchanan. Travelled the Sepik aboard the Sepik Star, a very comfortable large ship and a slight improvement on canoes and ex-Army workboats. Was fortunate in that we went to the villages and I was able to talk to the locals in Pidgin. Found two ex Policemen who were with me at Angoram, I left there in April 1955, also an ex BGD labourer who said I signed his contract and all remembered me. Also met the Catholic Priest at Timbunke, a red headed Irishman who has been there for 18 years. Heard news of some of the priests I knew, some have died, some retired and some not known. Bishop Leo Arkfeldt recently celebrated 50 years of priesthood and lives in retirement in Wewak.

Tari now quite a big place, the old house which was occupied by the A.D.Os is still there and looks good. It is now occupied by the District Co-ordinating Officer but what he does is not clear. Had a few photos taken when I was there, two included interpreters, one since died the other still around. Great interest from the locals and I was surrounded by dozens on the strip at Tari. There is gas at Komo, a former patrol post, and a power house which supplies power for the Porgera mine some 90 k's away. Now a road through to Mendi, Hagen etc. through the Tari gap.

Law and order is a problem and the police seem to do little. Saw the body of a young man being carried along the road just out of Tari killed in tribal fighting. I was told nothing would be done by police, they will not leave the main roads. Similar situation apparently exists in Hagen and Chimbu. Saw ruins of a village recently burnt down in a bit of a fight and it seems not only traditional weapons are used, but also firearms.

Was told on a number of occasions that the Kiaps are sadly missed and the people feel neglected. No one visits them in the villages and although there are schools and Aid Posts, the latter are usually short of medicines.

However, I guess as Kiaps we would find many changes, perhaps less on the Sepik, where there seems to be not much in the way of crime and certainly no fighting. There are lots of new roads, Pagwi to Maprik and thence Wewak, Timbunke Wewak and also Angoram Wewak.

Madang now a town of some 24,000 people and not a bad place, fairly clean with some good buildings. We stayed at a plantation modified for accommodation, Malaolo Lodge, 47 ks from Madang on the road to Bogia. That is as far as the road goes, Bogia I mean. Also went out into the villages round Madang.

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A KIAP REVISITS P.N.G. (continued)

Managed to contact an old friend from Tari days, Father Paul of the Capuchin Mission now at Mendi, as I was able to direct dial from the Lodge to Mendi, a good connection on a par with our STD service. Paul and I yacked away for about half an hour and I have since received a couple of letters from him. Mendi now a town of 6,000 people. He told a story I think worth repeating: a priest was returning to Mendi in a small truck, he had delivered some building materials to a village, when he was stopped, just out of Mendi, by an armed group who ordered him out of the truck and said they would return it in 5 minutes or so, which they did. In the meantime they had gone into Mendi and held up a store.

In Tari at the market I was warned by a young lady not to carry my wallet in my hip pocket as the young men and boys had a habit of slitting the pocket with a razor blade and removing the wallet. I recall having had a similar warning in Europe.

The people have come a long way since independence, but unfortunately law and order will remain a problem. There also seems to be an amount of corruption, from the Central Government to the Provincial and down the line. There was an item in the local paper stating that the govt was considering re-introducing the Kiap system but I guess that would be a bit difficult.

I was impressed particularly by the advancement of the women, there is a feminist movement in the country and I saw reports of same in the local press. The young ladies who are flight attendants both on the internal and international flights compare favourably with any of those I have seen on other airlines. To see a young lady from Tari and another from Mendi as receptionists in the Hagen Hotel working a computer was really something.

Really enjoyed my journey back, it was great to get to the people in the villages and talk to them of old times and of course life as it is now. Also it was great to know that the word Kiap means a lot still to the folk, particularly the older people.

A NEW MEMBER RETURNS TO PNG

David and Gwenda ELLIS of Hurstville Grove NSW, on the Cunard Crown Monarch in June this year, made a nostalgic visit back to Rabaul (also Honiara, Madang and Milne Bay). David, to whom we give a very warm welcome as a new member, reported:

"It was nice to see the place again, despite the changes, we were delighted to find our house (which was near the old - now gone - Residency) was in better shape than we'd been told to expect; it was nice and tidy and the gardens were even clipped and trimmed. We met the occupants (with NBC) and had a pleasant trip down memory lane with them.

Sad to see Coastwatchers Reserve in the condition it is, after all the hours we put in with Lions to make it so nice. The plaques have been pinched off the actual memorial, the barbecue has been filched and even the concrete benches are gone. And the kunai has taken over virtually the rest. Sad.....

Journeyed out to Kulau Lodge for a memory/nostalgic lunch there; its 20 years since we sold out, but its just as great as ever. Remarkably, William, one of the waiters we trained all those years ago, was still there, as was Marcel, who I remember teaching how to make his first mixed drinks!"

David was with the ABC News in Port Moresby on several relieving stints in 1959/60, was transferred to Rabaul in '61 to open the New Guinea Islands News Service, and stayed there until 1970.

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A NEW MEMBER RETURNS TO PNG (continued)

Gwenda transferred to Moresby in '60 from ABC head office in Sydney, met David and they subsequently married. She then worked with Don Clarke in Clarke's Pharmacy and later set up RTC World Travel with Aileen Maguire in Rabaul.

For a time they had a third interest in Kulau Lodge with Brian Connelly and Phil Lefevre and sold out to the former around 1974. David and Phil Lefevre also ran Islands Newsbeat Magazine for a couple of years before David left for Australia in '70.

Whilst in Rabaul, David was Rear-Commodore of the Yacht Club, member of the RSL and also Lions, and Gwenda was a member of the Golf Club. David reports: "we visited all of them on our day in Rabaul; sad to see the New Guinea Club burnt out (an electrical fault), and RSL is down to 120 members. The Yacht Club, like the others, now trades only 4pm to about 10pm.... what happened to the days when I was looking for stories and could always be assured of getting a 'contact' propping up the bar for a 'heart starter'?"

David also provided the following list of those who lived or served in PNG and were aboard Cunard Crown Monarch for New Guinea Cruise in June:

Gordon Dexter	14/32 AIF	Waitavella	Now Victoria
Tom Macaulay	2/25 Bn	Nadzab/Ramu	Now Q'land
Fergus McDougall	Military Hospital	Sogeri	Now Q'land
Douglas Abbot	Member	ROAPNG	
John Jeffrey	3rd Batt.	2nd/6th Kokoda	Now Sydney
Ernest Wansbrough	13th Aus	Small Ships Rabaul	Now Sydney
Lindsay Thomson	RAE	B'ville/Rabaul	Now Q'land
Ray Doust	ComBank	Rabaul 56-58	Now West Aus
Philip Jamieson	His grandfather was Bougainville Coastwatcher and his father was in Rabaul. He was born there. Now Canberra.		
Jim Burrowes	Coastwatcher Fergusson Island, Madang, Baining. Now Vic. (Jim's twin brother was shot down over Rabaul and killed, his elder brother in Army died aboard Montevideo Maru.		
Alan Kernahan	ComBank	Rabaul 58-59, Kavieng 59-60.	Now Sydney.
Denis Reynolds	Comworks	Rabaul 58-60.	Now Victoria.
Marilyn Kay	Father was planter Madang pre-war, later Manager Colyer Watson Madang/Rabaul. She was born in Madang. Now Q'land.		
Tim Chen	Last in Rabaul 1937, sold bicycles there! Now Sydney.		

There were also several Americans on board who had served in PNG and Guadalcanal.

HELP WANTED

It would be very much appreciated if anyone, knowing the whereabouts of the following, would inform our Secretary or the Editor:

Mrs. Ellen Emmanuel
Last known address)
5 Couldrey Street)
BARDON QLD 4065)

Mrs. Roslyn Hammon, aged 81 years, who is a superannuant but whose current address is unknown.

BOOK REVIEWS AND BOOK NEWS

ISLAND IN THE SKY by R. B. Shaw. Tropicana Press, 1992, Reprinted 1994.

Review by Bob Pulsford.

Island in the Sky, is a novel of Planes, Salvage and Adventure in a compelling mixture. Doug Parrish gave me this book to review. Such was its style that I could not get anything else done till I had read it from cover to cover! It was like going back on a visit to PNG and becoming involved in a whole train of the exciting life there, without actually leaving home!! *Island in the Sky* has been privately published, but there is nothing amateurish about the writing and production of this suspenseful and gripping paper back. It involves the reader in a search for Dutch gold coins and ingots, lost on its way from Java to Australia, as the Dutch were attempting to save their funds as they retreated, during WW2.

Shaw spent sixteen years in PNG as an Aircraft Engineer and during that time worked on the salvage of some thirty crashed aircraft, often in hazardous mountain areas. When possible he retrieved the machines and if not, he took out what he could for spare parts. He brings many things together in the forging of this yarn. He is an experienced aircraft engineer intimately involved with flying in Papua New Guinea. His investigative work took him into all sorts of terrain and involved him with a wide variety of village people often in remote mountainous regions where, at times, he met cooperation from the people and at others deviousness. He has a native wit and is a first class story teller. With all these talents he has woven together a yarn so credible and exciting that the reader is left with the vivid illusion that this is written history ... that it all actually happened!

(Copies of the book are obtainable from; R. B. Shaw, Tropicana Press, PO Box 385, Padstow, NSW, Australia 2211. Price: \$15.00, Post Paid, sent to this address)

Garry Trompf (Editor), *Islands and Enclaves: Nationalisms and Separatist Pressures in Island and Littoral Contexts*. Sterling Publishers Private Limited, New Delhi, 1993. (Hardback, pp 394, Price, including postage \$20, from Prof. G. Trompf, School of Studies in Religion, University of Sydney, NSW, 2006. Phone (02) 692 3650)

Comments by Bob Pulsford.

This book consists of sixteen papers, and is divided into four areas. The fourth presents six papers on the Pacific. They are: by Ron Crocombe: "The Pacific in General"; by John Connell: "Melanesia in General"; by Willington Jojoga Opeba: "The Papuan Fighters Republican Army"; by Gabriel Lafitte: "Nations within Nations - The Obscure Revolt of Bougainville against Papua New Guinea"; by Beverley Blaskett: "West Papua (Irian Jaya) - Resistance Movement as a Nationalist Force: A Brief History of OPM"; by Martin Tsamenyi and Nyanekeh Blay: "West Papua (Irian Jaya) - West Papuan Self-Determination and International Law".

It is not my intention to give a full review of this book in *Una Voce*, but aim only to draw to the attention of those interested in socio-political struggle, this scholarly and fascinating collection.

BOOKS REVIEWS AND BOOK NEWS (continued)

RABAU 1942 by Douglas Aplin

Published by 2/22 Battalion A.I.F. Lark Force Association,
Melbourne, Australia. ISBN 1 875150 02 1.

"The tragic story of the 2/22 Australian Army Infantry Battalion AIF, the men and women of Lark Force, including units of the RAN, RAAF, New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, 1st Independent Company, etc., and New Guinea residents who were all caught up in the calamity following the January 1942 Japanese invasion of the New Guinea Islands."

Second printing (1994) of the First Edition 1980. The First Edition which had a brief run of only 1000 copies has been out of print for a number of years and is much sought after by Militaria collectors. This Second printing of the First Edition has been produced in a heavy card cover edition on art paper in the original format complete incorporating the original pictorial dust jacket cover.

This book is available from Pacific Book House, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, Gold Coast, Queensland 4218. Phone [075] 390 446, Fax [075] 384 114, at a retail price of \$25, plus \$6 postage for one or more copies anywhere in Australia.

The following is an extract from the book's introduction:

Rabaul 1942 -- a tragic memory.

This volume is intended to cover every man and woman in Lark Force, the RAAF, the 1st Independent Company, and the Rabaul NGVR.

The contents have so carefully been brought together as a memorial to all whom the fates decided to "Call Home" before the ill-fated campaign was even modestly begun. It is not sought to level criticism for the disaster, or spell out what might have been, open old wounds or in any way revive the tragedy of 1942 in New Britain.

One historian notes: 'without reinforcement of considerable air and naval strength the existing defences could not hope to be more than a delaying factor in the face of a determined and continued Japanese advance in strength.' It was such that the Rabaul Force was regarded by the Australian Chiefs of Staff. A senior Dutch Admiral also wrote, 'although my opinion was not asked - an island has to be defended first of all by navy and air force. A small garrison can never hold an island.'

Against the background of other information it is of interest that there were over 1700 servicemen in the Rabaul/Kavieng area; and some 300 civilians, who were not afforded the facilities of evacuation, though ships came into Rabaul up to the eve of the actual invasion.

These pages portray the deep-seated, unflagging determination of men under seemingly never-ending difficulties to pursue their soldierly duty to escape, calling attention not only to the lack of every need in supply and equipment to withstand invasion, but to the circumstances which followed -- individuals struggled against a predominantly yellow and black population; unable to make almost any move in self-protection as was the case in Europe -- the net was slowly but irrevocably closing as support was withdrawn by the natives in an effort at self-preservation.

The ingenuity shown in the various escape stories is not tellingly apparent, but for a fortunate few, their 'star' led them to a safe port within 72 hours -- while others took up to 14 months to complete a never-to-be-forgotten escape to safety.

(Continued next page)

BOOK REVIEWS AND BOOK NEWS (continued)

This work is not to compliment one man or small number of men, but to show that all involved played their part -- the size of the part mattered little, but that the trust and confidence of one's companions was paramount.

Names used in one or other of the chapters is purely so that all may recognise their place in the whole and then only for the normal needs of identification -- not to place credit disproportionately, for as one escapee so rightly expressed it 'all needed each other'.

And still, there is always a rider.

Rabaul, for air support, had the RAAF No. 24 Squadron, using Wirraway trainers as fighters -- while not logistically part of Lark Force, the crews will ever be remembered for their magnificent display of courage in the face of overwhelming superiority, both in numbers and aircraft.

Researcher.

Douglas Arthur Aplin, born 1910, in Bristol, England came to Australia at a very early age.

After spending time in several pre-war CMF units, he enlisted in the AIF in 1940, and was posted to the 2/22 Battalion that same year, served in Rabaul and later escaped via New Ireland reaching Australia some six months later.

He is married, with one son, a sea captain; and has now retired to Safety Bay, south of Freemantle.

HELP WANTED

Jim Sinclair, after he has completed his current project on the history of the coffee industry in PNG, has been commissioned to produce a book on the history of Lae and the Morobe District. He expects to commence work on this in March/April next year.

He states that it will be the real history, going back to the very beginning and he would be glad to hear from anyone who might have something to contribute. He is particularly anxious to get hold of old photographs, details of pioneers etc.

Whilst there is no great hurry, Jim would like to give people as much notice as possible, that he will be doing this book.

Jim's address is:

James Sinclair
5 Yoomba Crescent
ALEXANDRA HEADLAND QLD 4572
TEL/FAX 074 43 6597

A HEALTH WARNING TO SENIOR MEMBERS AND OTHERS

by Geoff Masters

Well you nearly lost another member a couple of weeks ago and the circumstances of the matter may be of interest to other members like myself.

It all started on Monday 26th June when I wandered up to the local shop for a carton of milk. A slight chest pain was noted during the walk which disappeared when I arrived back and sat down. No further problems until around midnight on Tues/Wed 28/29th, when chest pain was severe but a couple of panadol allowed me to sleep until 2am. The pain then became so bad that I allowed Eileen to phone ambulance, which arrived within 5 mins and confirmed a massive heart attack. They proceeded to administer morphine whilst readying me for transport to Heidelberg Repat where I arrived about 15/20 mins later. I was immediately placed in Intensive Care until the next a.m. when I was transferred to the coronary care unit and placed in the hands of a number of no doubt excellent heart specialists who proceeded to inject various drugs to stabilise me.

All seemed to be going well when I suffered a second heart attack, this time rear right, first one was front left, and on top of this I managed some sort of a wog on the lung. By weekend things did not look good, I understand my heart rate had dropped to 13 and the doctors suggested that my family be advised and should be with me. Eileen phoned them and daughter Trudy and son Victor came down quickly.

Possibly seeing them made all the difference for within 8 hours I'd started to pick up, but it was touch and go if you believe the doctors. I spent over a week in the C.C.U. and another week in the coronary general ward. I was discharged yesterday with enough pills to sink a row boat, 20 per day makes one wonder.

Discussions with doctors indicate that had it happened on Bribie Is. I would not have survived the trip to hospital, for in these cases time between the attack and start of stabilisation should not be longer than 15/20 minutes. Its one hour from Bribie to the nearest hospital, so this has caused me to think about moving to be nearer a hospital and, of course, given my age and other factors I've doubts on how much longer I will retain a driving licence, so it would also be wise to be near a shopping complex.

From all this you will gather than any of us over 65 should make sure that we are within close proximity of hospital facilities, just in case. The old story of course, I never thought it would happen to me, but I should have had some idea, as I had a heart pacer fitted some two years ago.

Perhaps I was not seeing the proper medical people who could advise me about the problems, but they certainly went to great lengths to tell me and advise me in the Repat, and for the first time in my life I was entitled to transport to and from hospital.

Well there it is, Doug, hospital staff tell me I made a remarkable recovery and I hope it will continue. Incidentally my hovering between life and death apparently occurred around the time Cecil Abel passed away - so I assume there was not enough room for us both at the same time.

(The above is an extract from a letter Geoff wrote to me on 16 July 1994 and he hoped that I would relate what happened to him as a warning to others of similar age. He believed that in the past he had omitted to take his health seriously enough and perhaps his story would cause others to be a lot more careful about their health.

I received Geoff's letter on 18 July 1994 and the next day I received word that he had passed away. It is with great regret that I record Geoff's passing in this issue of the Newsletter as he was a person whose heart was still to a large degree in PNG, particularly the Milne Bay area. He was also by far my most prolific correspondent and helped me to keep in touch with PNG affairs. His assistance will be sorely missed. Ed.)

SS PRUTH - THE MORESBY WRECK

by Bob Piper
(Defence Public Relations)

Mystery has always surrounded a rusting old shipwreck lying on the reef off Port Moresby, in Papua New Guinea. Some rumours had her as a World War I German commerce raider which ran aground. However, she was British built and owned but still has an amazing story to tell. Her true name was *SS PRUTH* and like so many great heroines in history she was to become more famous in death than life. This was especially in regard to the development of skip bombing by Allied aircraft.

PRUTH was launched in 1916 from the yard of J.L. Thompson and Sons, at Sunderland, in the north east of Britain. It is believed her name was derived from that of an Irish river. The vessel was constructed for the Hain Shipping Company which was later absorbed by the present P & O Line. A "steel screw schooner" as she was officially listed, the ship was some four hundred feet long and displaced 4700 tons when fully laden.

A cargo of galvanised iron, barbed wire, automobiles and oil was aboard the steamship when she began her final journey from San Francisco in November 1923. Samarai, on the eastern tip of Papua, was the last port of call where *PRUTH* stopped to load copra. At Moresby it was planned to onload more.

The evening of 30 December 1923 was gusty with squalls from the south east as the ship edged along the reef towards Basilisk Passage, Moresby's main entrance to the harbour. Hudson, the vessel's captain, constantly consulted his charts as he cautiously steamed close in and parallel to the coast. Suddenly a strong gust of wind struck *PRUTH*'s slab sides and, before it could be corrected at the wheel house, the steamship ponderously swung aground on Nateaara Reef.

At first the position did not appear too serious and the captain and crew thought the grounding was only going to be a temporary embarrassment. However, that night a heavy south east swell began straining the vessel and pushing her further up the reef. Anchors were run out in an attempt to check the drift and lightening of cargo (off loading in small boats) to raise the *PRUTH* higher out of the water, commenced the following day.

Lloyds of London, the marine insurers, received wireless messages on both the 1st and 2nd of January 1924 from Port Moresby. The latter read: "British steamer Pruth still aground. Anticipate refloating high tide (January 4) providing weather favourable." Marine authorities at Port Moresby offered to give assistance but Captain Hudson felt that he could still move off under his own power, with a favourable tide.

The refloat attempt of 4 January was unsuccessful and the ship's master rejected an offer by a large steamer to approach and assist, claiming the risk was too great. No doubt this decision by Hudson was influenced by the possible big salvage claim the would be rescuer might later lodge, if successful. Hudson requested as an alternative a tug from his Brisbane agents. Ten days later the *CORINGA* arrived with diver and salvage gear.

A temporary wharf, in the meantime, had been hastily erected on nearby Manubada (Motu for big bird) Island and a dump made there for drums of fuel. Some nine hundred tons was off loaded in this manner. A small schooner, *LOTUS* while assisting with operations caught fire and was completely gutted. Tragically, one of the Papuan crewmen suffered severe burns and later died.

Captain Hudson, due to further unfavourable weather, began desperately jettisoning cargo and fuel coal on 19 January. Anything to quickly lighten the load, lift the vessel and float clear. Both number one and five holds were now leaking but with the pumps operating the crew were able to keep the

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SS PRUTH - THE MORESBY WRECK (continued)

inflowing sea under control. The ship was "hogged" (caught in the centre and sagging at each end) near the engine room and cross bunkers.

PRUTH's fate was sealed four days later. Continuing adverse conditions had by now driven her six hundred feet further onto the reef. The position was hopeless. Lloyd's, as the insurance brokers, were notified by the owners: "We have abandoned her."

In the 1920s the *SS PRUTH* had another life - this time as a prop in a Hollywood movie. Two men from the movie mecca, George Dromgold and James Shackelford, made a film in the Moresby area which required a wreck with a large hole in the side through which a whale boat or native war canoe could enter. The *PRUTH* was made to order for the scene and was filmed amidst scenes of wild excitement of racing war canoes and simulated attacks on the hero's cutter. A local ketch, the *Veimaui*, skippered by Captain Ted Clay, was also hired by the Hollywood crew to assist in the production. Dromgold and Shackelford later produced a book on their Papuan film adventure titled Two Lugs on a Luger.

During the 1930s the *PRUTH* remained firmly manacled off Moresby's Ela Beach. Old time residents still reminisce on memorable parties and dances which were held on her decks in those years. To locals, visitors and tourists in transit she became known as "The Moresby Wreck".

Also during the 1930s a Mr G.A. Stewart, of nearby Napa Napa marine slipway, was to purchase the old ship's salvage rights. Japanese metal dealers nearly purchased *Pruth* in 1940 for scrap. Prime Minister Menzies was personally informed of the intended sale by the then Administrator and intervened on the Australian Department of Defence's advice.

Steel propeller shafting, fifteen inches thick, from the stranded wreck went to Australia in 1941, amongst 200 tons of other scrap metal, aboard another famous vessel named *MACDHUI* (sunk inside Moresby Harbour in 1942 by Japanese bombers). Though a reef derelict the stripped, rusty old *PRUTH* had not outlived her usefulness. She was soon to serve a special purpose in military aviation history and the approaching Pacific conflict.

The old ship was battered with bombs, strafed with cannons and riddled with machine gun fire. General George Kenney of the American Army's 5th Air Force was to later write about his September 1942 experience with the *PRUTH*:

"So I spent the morning with Bill Benn, playing skip bombing on the old wreck on the reef outside Port Moresby Harbour. The lads were doing quite well. A nice looking lad named Captain Ken McCullar was especially good. He tested ten shots and put six of them up against the wreck. At 200 mph, altitude 200 feet, and releasing about 300 yards away, the bomb skipped along like a stone and bumped nicely into the side of the ship. Sometimes, if the aircraft was too low or flying too fast at the time of release, the bombs would bounce clean over the vessel."

Kenney and General Ken Walker were to visit the *PRUTH* again in November 1942. This time by launch and rowing boat. Both leaders were in disagreement over the use of instantaneous or 1/10 of a second delayed fuses in their bombs dropped against shipping. On reaching the old wreck they observed that the instantaneous were the most effective against the vessel's rusty old sides. Even near misses had cut holes two to four feet in diameter. Walker, who earlier had strongly advocated delayed fuses, lost his bet to Kenney and as a consequence he rowed the dinghy back to deep water and the attending motor boat. (General Walker lost his life two months later, 5 January 1942, in a B-17 Flying Fortress daylight bombing raid over Rabaul).

At least four Allied aircraft came to grief while practising attacks against the *PRUTH*. Our Australian air force lost a Boston bomber (A28-12) in November 1942 and a Beaufighter (A19-73) in May 1943. The Americans lost two

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SS PRUTH - THE MORESBY WRECK (continued)

B-25 Mitchell bombers, both of which hit the vessel's mast, in February 1943.

In 1941 the tall funnel of the *PRUTH* had begun to lean over. Australian and American servicemen during the war were treated to an exciting newsreel showing American aircraft strafing and bombing a "Japanese" ship. The commentator went on at great length, but there was a certain "....lean to the funnel of the vessel, a pale area of reef all round and no movement of the ship." These three things marked it as the *PRUTH* to the old Moresby hands. Still, morale was low in those days, so perhaps the means justified the end.

The rest became history. Skills developed by the Allied airmen against *PRUTH* later proved a resounding success in such actions as the Battle of the Bismarck Sea. Convoys were broken, warships destroyed and armies without food or equipment. The Allied drive back through the islands was to continue for another three years, much of its speed due to a rusty, forlorn old hulk which nobody ever thought would be of use again.

The last enemy air raid on Port Moresby, the 113th, was at 0345 a.m. on 20 September 1943. There were only two enemy bombers. In a poetic gesture, one of the aircraft, probably in error, aimed a stick of bombs at the *PRUTH*. They missed. Perhaps a fitting farewell to a grand old lady that had contributed so much to thwart their plans.

In 1983 the *PRUTH* was back in the news again. Three local fishermen had their dinghy swamped, near Nateara Reef, in the early hours of the morning. They swam to the wreck and sheltered in it for two days and a night until spotted by a searching aircraft.

Parts of the *PRUTH* may still be seen on Nateara Reef, especially at low tide. Its bell is in the National Museum at Port Moresby. It is hoped that an appropriate plaque will be mounted at nearby Ela Beach, in the not too distant future, in memory of the Moresby Wreck and the Australian and American air crew who lost their lives while training against her.

LORNA RYLAN LEWIN

by James Sinclair

Lorna Lewin was a most surprising person. She was a strong-willed, intelligent little lady with firm opinions on most things. Her energetic, sometimes faintly belligerent manner hid a heart of gold. Those who knew her will not be surprised to hear that in her earlier life, Lorna was a far from conventional person.

Lorna was born Lorna Cribb on 20 March, 1915. She was educated at the Presbyterian Ladies College in East Melbourne. Her father died when she was 2 years old and Lorna lived with her mother after she left school. "I was a very restless sort of person," she told me last April. "I wanted to travel, it was the only thing I had any thought of. As soon as I left college I went to work and saved enough money to go overseas."

Lorna took passage on the old *Morton Bay* and made the first of what were to be many trips during the course of her life. She went to England and the Continent. She was only 21, and single ladies of good class generally did not travel on their own in those days. She stayed away for almost a year. Right up until the end of the 1930s Lorna travelled the world, working in between each trip to finance the next. "I couldn't settle down," she told me. "I was a career person, all I thought of was a career." World War II put a stop to Lorna's wanderings but in 1945 she was off again, taking a troopship across

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LORNA RYLAN LEWIN (continued)

to New Zealand where she stayed until 1948. She was by this time an accomplished secretary/typist and she readily found employment as she wanted it.

Returning to Australia Lorna worked as a cook, just as a change, before finding herself in Cairns, where she stayed for 2 years. She was by this time 35, and had never given any serious thought to marriage. "No man seemed to be able to give me what I had," she once said. "I had more money working for my own living than any man could give me." But things were about to change. In 1950 Lorna decided to visit New Guinea, one of the few places in the world that she had not seen. She worked at the Togoba Hansenide Colony in the Western Highlands for a time and then joined the Islands trading firm of Burns Philp NG Ltd, at Lae. She went into the merchandising department, which supplied groceries and the various necessities of life to people working out in the bush, on the outstations. Of her own volition she opened a special mail-order department.

My wife and I were then stationed at Finchhafen and it was through the mail-order department that we first came to know Lorna. She was famous throughout the outstations. Nothing was too much trouble for Lorna. If a young mother was in desperate need of things for a baby, Lorna would find them. If BPs did not stock them then she would search around Lae until she found a supplier. There were no limits to her service. Her cheerful, chirpy voice on the outstation radio accepting an order, was as good as a tonic. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of people got to know Lorna through her voice without ever meeting her in diminutive person.

While working at Lae Lorna met Charles Lewin, whom she was to marry. Charlie was a Territorian true, a bit of a rough diamond, member of a family that had lived on Samarai Island, in Papua, for many years. Charlie was a schooner master by profession. "I remember thinking, I couldn't possibly marry that man," Lorna once told me. "He wasn't from my world at all! But I gradually grew to like him, because he was so decent".

Lorna and Charlie were married in 1962. By this time Charlie had left the sea - he had been injured during the war - and was working for Government Stores in Lae. Jan and I found ourselves living next door to Lorna and Charles in 1966-68 and we became firm friends. I had a small fishing boat, and every weekend Charlie and I would go across to Salamaua and fish in the deep waters off the tip of the peninsula for big red bass. He always caught the biggest ones.

Lorna and Charles were hard workers, and frugal in their habits. They saved their money and when they left PNG in 1971 they built a beautiful home on a hilltop overlooking the Bli Bli valley. After 4 years they decided to move to Eumundi where they built their second home. They lived there happily until Charlie's death, on 25 August, 1989. Charlie was in poor health during his last years and had to give up the fishing that had been his special interest.

After Charlie died Lorna resumed her travels, often taking young girls - friends or relatives - with her as companions, paying all their costs. She kept this up until her own failing health forced her to stay at home.

"So my whole life has been a wonderful life of travelling," Lorna recalled recently. "I'd still travel if my legs would take me, but they won't. I have some wonderful neighbours here and they look after me."

Charles and Lorna had no children, which always seemed to me to be a terrible waste, for they would have made good parents. Not long before Charlie's death they decided to endow some beds in Cooroy Hospital, and afterwards Lorna endowed more. She passed away on 4 April 1994 aged 79 years and has left her estate to the Royal Flying Doctor Service, and the Hospital.

Lorna has gone, but her generosity to those less fortunate to her lives on. We will always remember her bright, cheerful spirit, and her courage during her last days.

HERBERTSHOHE IN 1914

by K.W. Humphreys



The illustrated envelope (cover) was sold at auction last October for \$1,320. It is a classic philatelic example from the early days of the British Military Occupation of German New Guinea by the volunteer Australian Naval & Military Expeditionary Force (ANMEF). The British Secretary of State had cabled the Australian Governor General in August 1914 requesting him to arrange for the Commonwealth to capture the German wireless station at Bita Paka, SE of Herbertshohe (Kokopo from 1916).

The ANMEF sailed from Sydney on 19 August in the chartered P&O Branch Liner BERRIMA and the Union Jack was subsequently hoisted at Rabaul on 13 September. The military concentrated at Rabaul and the naval element of the ANMEF was based at Herbertshohe.

No Commonwealth postage stamps such as the Kangaroo & Map series or the King George Fifth stamps were initially issued to the ANMEF. Thus the early mail home from Rabaul bore the endorsement "No Stamps Available/On Active Service". The recipient then had to pay the missing postage of one penny to the postman: a penny being the Australian and Empire basic letter rate. However the Germans had not destroyed their Deutch Neu Guinea stamps and these were confiscated by the ANMEF. There being precedents in the Anglo/Boer War for utilising enemy postal stock, the ANMEF surcharged the German stamps to sterling values and sold them to the troops from 17 October.

To add insult to injury, the Royal initial letters G.R.I (George Rex Imperator) were also printed on the stamps. Film buffs will recall that in the 1935 film Sanders of the River, Paul Robeson, as a chief and Sandy's friend, wore a medallion with G.R.I. stamped on it. The application of G.R.I. to stamps in Rabaul followed a similar surcharging of German Samoa Stamps in Apia by the New Zealand Samoan Advance Force. The interpreter of German for Admiral Patey on HMAS AUSTRALIA was present at the Apia occupation and he subsequently became the ANMEF's Government Printer.

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HERBERTSHOHE IN 1914 (continued)

But, as most adults were stamp collectors in 1914, the first GRI stamps were quickly sold out. Naval HQ in Melbourne was then requested to send up Commonwealth stamps. As Federal Departments used kangaroo and KGV stamps perforated OS (On Service), such OS stamps were sent to Rabaul. The cover bears 2 x 1/2d, 1 x 1d and 1 x 2d: all OS, as seen on the corner stamp. The other OS did not photocopy. The earliest date known for OS stamps to be at Herbertshohe is 9 November.

The cover is backstamped at Sydney on 14 December 1914, so it came down on the Burns Philp MORINDA which had departed Rabaul on 30 November. As the Germans destroyed their steel postmarkers, the ANMEF had to make up temporary undated stamp cancellers such as the straight line Herbertshohe rubber hand-stamp seen on the OS stamps.

The sender of the cover was S.A. Peach of Naval No. 3 Company, Royal Australian Naval Reserve: ANMEF Service No. 144. There are three Peach covers recorded. The Rabaul troops were paid on 14 November, so the Navy at Herbertshohe would have been paid some days after that. German currency was ANMEF legal tender in 1914 so Peach would have been paid with German notes (one Mark = one Shilling). Few Australian notes were in circulation. Naval rating pay was six Marks a day.

Thus the registered cover most probably contained German notes which were quite acceptable to Sydney Banks. It could have contained GRI stamps as a strong demand was developing world wide for provisional war issues, but there were few GRI available at the military post office in November. The OS perfinned stamps had no philatelic value.

MEMBERS GONE MISSING

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the following members please notify the Secretary:

Mr. J. Best
Hawkesbury Retirement Village
Chapel Street
RICHMOND NSW 2753

Mr. B. F. Costello
7 Parkside Street
CLEVELAND QLD 4163

Mr. K. Blaskett
Sullivans Road
RSD STRATHFIELDSAYE VIC 3551

The addresses given are their last known addresses from which copies of the Newsletter have been returned.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA PURSUIT

Prof. Colin De'Ath

Of all the English language literary forms, story telling or narrative seems to be the simplest. However, this is a deceit, as I discovered when I sat down to write the following. Even though I was a "player" in this true story, I was plagued by whether to stick to action or to include much detail for members of my Korean audience who know virtually nothing about Papua New Guinea. I'm afraid I took the latter course at the risk of interfering with the rapid flow of the story. Another worry was simplifying the grammar and vocabulary so as not to "lose" my erstwhile readers. As we know, one of the joys of reading action narrative is being able to race along with the story. Too much detail and convoluted grammar inhibit this process. So, in the following, please bear with me if the narrative is not "storyish" enough for your liking.

When I was a callow youth, I went from the country of my birth to Papua New Guinea. There, I became field officer in the Australian colonial government. My duties included all kinds of things associated with administering a district. I had to look after public works, census, justice, finance and such like.

One day, while "administering" in my office in the District Office at a small town called Kerema, a report came in that a feisty Kukukuku, as they were then known, had killed an opponent but refused to turn himself in to the government despite orders to do so from the village officials. To back up the officials, it was therefore necessary for myself and a detachment of police to go into the jungle to find him.

We packed all of our patrol gear into strong, waterproof, metal carrying boxes. Villagers from a nearby coastal village were hired as carriers, despite their fears of inland sorcery and treachery. Our supplies included rice, canned meat, curry, toilet gear, plastic sheeting for the heavy, daily rains, pressure lamps, insecticides, strong clothing, tents, medicine for malaria, snake bites etc. and guns and ammunition. We set out after lunch on a small government boat. The coastal air was still and fetidly hot. Up channels lined with mangroves we chugged. These muddy channels were inhabited by crocodiles, barramundi (large fish), sharks and large catfish with razor-sharp spines on their backs. Sometimes the boat's propeller would get fouled by river debris and one of us would have to dive down and clear it... not a popular task! I was accompanied by seven policemen and 20 village carriers.

When we reached the swampy lowland jungles, we found trees 50 metres high. Undergrowth was sometimes dense and fecund with wild life. This wildlife included ostrichlike cassowaries who could kill men and dogs with a slash from the long spurs on their "heels", two metre long lizards, wild pigs, turkey sized gouria pigeons, numerous deadly snakes (death adders, taipans, black and brown snakes), birds of paradise, horn-bills, brightly coloured parrots, tree-climbing opossums, wild turkeys, numerous nasty insects such as ants by the million, hornets, skinbiting and burrowing mites, mosquitoes, fire flies, hand-sized furry spiders, and plants in an unimaginable profusion, e.g. 3,000 varieties of orchids. As there was no winter, wild life never stopped growing and decaying.

For two days we made our way through richly clothed, but swampy, landscape. At nights we were forced to camp out or stay at a miserable hamlet maintained by sago-eating lowlanders. At first the houses, built of thatch, were quite large and occupied by large, extended families. As we

(continued next page)

PAPUA NEW GUINEA PURSUIT *(continued)*

got to more hilly, drier areas, we started to encounter small Kukukuku houses. These people were nomadic and moved frequently to get food from hunting animals with bows and arrows and traps and from gathering wild plants. From the little land they did cultivate, they got sweet potatoes, yams and taro. Their other weapons included axes and spears. They wore little clothing in the tropical heat of the day. At night they wore bark cloaks to sleep in. Their few body ornaments were made from fibres, carved bones and shells. They didn't have the glorious costumes of other Papua New Guinea tribes. When strangers such as ourselves arrived, the women and children ran into the jungle. Some had never seen white people.

As we walked into the mountains, I felt very sorry for the carriers of our gear. They were coastal, of a different tribe, and traditional enemies of the feared Kukukukus. They were afraid of Kukukuku killings and sorcery, especially at night. At this time evil spirits arrived and magic was potent.

On the third day of walking and crossing rivers fed by the daily, heavy afternoon rains, we reached the hamlet of the man who had brought news of the killing. We left much of our gear and carriers there so that we had more mobility in chasing the murderer. My police loaded their rifles with lethal ammunition and we set off with Kukukuku guides. These people knew every inch of the jungle: they were experts in natural history and forest lore. The small trails, on which they chose to follow the killer, were tortuous, steep and frequently blocked by thorny and sharp plants. These blockages were hacked away with large machetes (knives). For half a day we walked to the hamlet of the fugitive and his clan. When we were close, we were warned to be silent and the guides went ahead to reconnoitre. However he had flown with his extended family and others. Our guides looked carefully at the ashes of his dead fire and at nearby scraps of food. They quickly determined that he had fled two days ago. Too bad.

Again we proceeded. This time the tracks were even worse. We had to scale high, slippery cataracts and go through tortuous limestone (karstic) landscape. Our guides, fortunately, were such good bushmen that they could look at bruised plants and at the colour of the bruises and tell exactly how long previously a man (or large animal) had passed that way. Additionally, they could tell from the direction in which leaves were bent, which way the human had gone. From the footprints in the mud of the tracks they could tell exactly who it was who had used the trail!

That night, utterly exhausted, we slept out. The mosquitoes were abominable and the thousands of ants made our sleeping almost impossible. Then there was the problem of everything, especially firewood, being wet from the afternoon rains. A nearby stream had risen two metres as water from distant mountains, and afternoon rains, reached us. It was noisy as pebbles were pushed along by the flood. We were too tired to guard against wild pigs, snakes, crocodiles and the murderer that night.

Next morning early, we were again stiffly on the road. Worse than ever terrain faced us. About 5 p.m. our guides suddenly cautioned us to be quiet. Apparently they could smell smoke even though I could not. Their sense of smell was so sensitive that they could smell it 500 metres from the source. We moved ahead slowly and quietly. Eventually, from a ridge, we could see a miserable lean-to built of branches, on the next ridge. We decided to wait until nightfall before moving in. We would wait until they were asleep before our strike. At dusk we moved tensely toward the ridge. On the trail our guides suddenly halted us. Right ahead there was a deep hunting pit. I could see nothing because the top of the pit was covered by saplings and soil. The guides told us that on the bottom of the two metre deep pit there were dozens of sharpened bamboo spears planted. These could kill any man or heavy animal that walked along our trail! A pleasant welcoming gesture! There were also sharpened bamboos in the grass bordering the trail.

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PAPUA NEW GUINEA PURSUIT (continued)

Further still, along the track, was a raised platform about three metres high. On the top of the platform was the dead body of a human bound into a fetal seating position. It was the custom of the Kukukukus to allow bodies to decompose in such a way, or in the cool mountains, to take them into their houses and dry them out next to cooking fires. The skins of the fire-dried, loved deceased became strong, leathery and had a high gloss. Either way, the smell of the drying/decomposing bodies was dreadful. After being treated thus for three or four months or longer the bones and the dried-out skins of the mountain people would be taken to the tops of mountains where they would be stored in small caves. In some caves there were large piles of skeletons. Later in my career I was to be photographed holding these gruesome relics. However, I refused to sleep in their houses with these loved ones, not because of a fear of their spirits, but because of the smell. It was so potent that it even got into my hair and moustache on some occasions - ugh!

But back to the matter at hand. We were by now within a short distance of the murderer's camp. The occupants were steaming their food, sago, sago grubs, greens and sweet potatoes in bamboo tubes over wood fires. Their dogs whined for food and the babies cried plaintively for their mothers' milk-giving breasts. These same breasts were sometimes shared by valued domestic piglets!

It seemed to take ages for the food to get cooked and consumed. Their fires glowed ominously in the dark. The shrill cacophony of singing insects and birds had gradually died away. A nearby dead tree glowed with phosphorescent green fungus. Fireflies settled in their thousands on certain small trees, lighting them up like Christmas trees.

But what of our own welfare? By this time we were scratched, insect-bitten, hungry, impatient and inwardly cursing our uncomfortable vigil. Biting ants, centipedes, mites and dead leaves made it almost impossible to be silent. But silent we were. It was now too far into the pursuit to let our prey escape.

About 10 p.m. the scruffy group, including the dogs, finally slept. We could no longer easily smell their fires or the scent of their wild tobacco smoking. The children too had stopped whimpering.

The moon was high and big when I whispered to the police to move in with me. The plan was for us to encircle the camp and, at a given signal from me, to rush the crude sleeping areas. The first part of the plan worked well. We all reached the edge of the camp without detection. But then disaster struck. Even though the police had been told not to use their 303 Lee Enfield rifles unless their lives were in danger, one stupid young policeman fired. Pande-monium broke loose. There was sudden panic in the camp. Night-blackened bodies rushed everywhere. It was impossible to tell the sought from the seekers. The lean-to structures collapsed and fell on to live embers and caught fire. Dogs barked, police cursed and women shrieked. Suddenly a long cloak-covered figure dashed by me along the ridge. I immediately followed him. Part way along the ridge he flung himself downward. I then launched myself from the ridge top and landed on his shoulders in a rugby football-like tackle. We collapsed in a struggling heap. My revolver became detached and lost in the melee. And we continued to roll by spurts downward among the rocks. Finally our fall was stopped by a large tree. My quarry bit and clawed me. I clung to him like a frenetic lover.

Finally, I secured one of his arms long enough to push it up behind his back in a Half Nelson wrestling hold. The more he bit and scratched me the more I applied pressure to his arm. But we were both exhausted and too weak to rise. I called weakly for help but the police were too busy rounding up the others to hear me. Eventually one of them arrived and helped me back to the camp. As luck would have it, the man I had tackled

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PAPUA NEW GUINEA PURSUIT (continued)

was the murderer. Our Kukukuku guides who wanted revenge on this man were delighted. Because of this, we would not only have to guard our prisoner so that he didn't escape but also to stop him being killed by the relatives of his victim, our guides! We were a motley group sleeping out that night. Our prisoner and witnesses were not easy to sleep with as they seldom saw the need to wash. Also, their hair smelled heavily of tobacco and the smoke from numerous fires. The night was uncomfortable for many reasons but we were mildly contented because we had accomplished our goal. There would be no more chasing through that rough terrain.

Our trip back was not too bad. We were starting to get our "bush legs" and our loads were much lightened because much of the food had been consumed. Of course we also lived off the land, to some extent, and, on the way back, had time to do some good hunting. Our favourite game foods were pigeons, scrub turkeys and a certain kind of lizard. However, in the long run, nothing can compensate one for the vicissitudes of the jungle - the sicknesses and the living difficulties. Many years later I was to get a lowland jungle disease which nearly killed me. Not even a top hospital in Sydney, Australia, could identify it. Despite its giant majesty, dynamism, its richness in living sounds and great visual beauty the jungle is remorseless. There are not hot and cold seasons, only wet and slightly less wet periods! The length of the days and nights is equal all year. Because the competition among organisms is unremitting and NEVER ceases, life cycles are short and the smell of decay is always pervasive. A tree can grow half a meter in a day but in a few years that tree will be dead, often strangled by large creeping plants or killed by plant diseases. Competition and predation run wild in such an environment. Human diseases also run riot. Within a day, large sores can develop and skin fungi can soon make one's skin a scaly mess. But over time I grew to love that ecologically complex environment. Never mind, as I've already said, that I later nearly died from some deadly disease, perhaps carried by one of the insects which carry so many deadly parasites.

Back at District HQ our prisoner received two years in gaol. The length of the sentence had not a great deal to do with the gravity of the crime. Other considerations were also important. For example he could be fattened up with good food. He could receive good medical treatment to get rid of all his parasites such as malaria. But above all, we could "civilize" him. Perhaps we could break the vicious cycle of pay-back killing in which he and his tribe were always involved. Perhaps we could convince him that he should give his children, most of whom had already died, better food, medical attention and education for the modern world which would eventually, and inevitably, reach his isolated people. Perhaps we could persuade him that sorcery was an evil influence and should be dropped. Who knows....? There were a number of Kukukukus like him in gaol and, thanks to the "munificence" of the Australian colonial administration, perhaps they would benefit. Certainly the gaol was run in an easy-going manner. There were no large fences and, during the day time inmates went about their tasks unsupervised except for some repeat murderers, one of whom tried to kill me with an axe - but that's another story!

If my health had not subsequently taken such a battering I would still be there, but I wouldn't be chasing murderers! My two adopted orphans frequently write and I visit them. Somehow, over time, we have managed to bridge the gap between our respective cultures. For them the wild and torrid days, like those in this story, have passed. But they will never be forgotten....

VALE

With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends. On behalf of the Association the Committee extends our sincerest sympathy to their families.

Bishop John E. COHILL (13 June 94, aged 87 years)

A Society of the Divine Word missionary who spent most of his priestly career in Papua New Guinea.

At the funeral Bishop Francis, also a Divine Word member, said Bishop Cohill was "a missionary's missionary" who worked in some of the most difficult places in New Guinea.

"Bishop Cohill's mission was to establish the church in its totality, and that meant the training of native young men and women for priesthood and religious life. John Cohill was the model for all of the Divine Word missionaries," Bishop Francis said. "He shall always remain for me the ideal of what a religious, a priest and a bishop should strive to become."

Newark Archbishop Theodore McCarrick said Bishop Cohill "travelled generously and courageously...to proclaim the good news of our Lord. We are all very proud of his work and his example."

Bishop Cohill entered Divine Word Seminary in Duxbury, Mass. U.S.A. at the age of 14. After ordination as a priest in 1936, he was assigned to China, where he taught at Fu Jen Catholic University and did pastoral work in Shantung and Honan provinces. In 1944 he became an auxiliary chaplain in the U.S. Army, serving with military personnel headed to New Guinea. He was one of 20 missionaries, dubbed "gunless heroes", who were sent to replace other missionaries killed during World War II.

In 1966, 22 years after arriving in New Guinea, he was elected major superior of some 200 Divine Word missionaries assigned to New Guinea. Later that year, Pope Paul VI named him the first Bishop of the Diocese of Goroka, in the highlands of the Pacific island nation. He was ordained bishop by Newark Archbishop Thomas A. Boland at Sacred Heart Cathedral, after which he returned to New Guinea until his retirement at age 75 in 1981.

During his retirement in the Newark Archdiocese, Bishop Cohill assisted at Masses and other services. He is survived by a sister, Margaret McGurgan of Elizabeth, seven nieces and a nephew.

Mrs. Edna Lucy (Kaye) JONES (22 May 94, aged 84 years)

Kaye attended school at Hornsby High and trained as a nurse at the Camperdown Children's Hospital.

She joined the army during W.W.II and was subsequently posted to the 2/5th A.G.H. at Port Moresby, where she met the man who was to become her husband, John Herbert Jones, known to his friends as Bert.

Post W.W.II, Bert was for a time Director, Department of District Services and Native Affairs, then represented PNG at the Trusteeship Council for some ten years; after which he was responsible for interviewing recruits from Australia and overseas for senior positions in the PNG Administration.

Bert passed away 8 November 1977 and in later years Kaye resided at Balgowlah, a suburb on the North Shore of Sydney, until her death.

Kaye is survived by her daughters True and Myfangavy and stepsons Ken, Dennis and Graham.

Rev. Thomas McGRAIL (10 February 94, aged 78 years)

Joined the PNG Administration in May 1956 and was Chief Interpreter when he retired 3 March 1969. (No further details available)

Mr. Albert Barrington NICHOLS (23 July 94, aged 81 years)

Bert Nichils was born in London on 16 May 1913. He started his working life as a butcher boy, later becoming a photoengraver for the London Daily Express. He then completed an Apprenticeship as a Signwriter and Painter.

He married his wife, Daisy, in 1936, joined the London Fire Brigade during W.W.II and migrated with family to Brisbane in 1951.

He went to Papua New Guinea in 1952 as signwriter and painter with the PNG Public Works Department in Port Moresby. Here he joined the Rover Scouts and rose to become District Commissioner.

Bert also became a Freemason and took his turn as Worshipful Master of Port Moresby Lodge. He continued with his interest in Freemasonry with the Burleigh Daylight Lodge during his retirement.

He retired as a Works Supervisor in 1969, returning to Brisbane Gold Coast, where he remained until moving to Mt Coolom in February 1993.

He was an avid cyclist in his early days, riding all over the south of England, often terrifying Daisy who accompanied him on the tandem.

Having a lovely baritone voice, he liked to take part in amateur musicals and always sang at social functions when invited.

At the age of 57 he took up golf and continued to play until a few years ago.

Bert is survived by wife Daisy, son Rodney, daughter-in-law Linette, granddaughter Simone and grandsons Jolyon, Jonathon and Christopher.

Mr. Charles MITCHELL (10 June 94, aged 97 years)

Charles Mitchell, of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission, first went to Efogi in 1927 with his wife Evelyn. The journey took eight days and at night they slept under overhanging rocks. Mrs Evelyn Mitchell was the first white woman to have climbed the Kokoda trail as far as Efogi. After two years there without seeing another white person they were asked to set up a mission station at Vilirupu on the Marshall Lagoon. Their first home was a canvas spread over a ridge pole. Ministering to the marine village meant on many occasions standing in deep mud. However in time they were able to build a mission school, church, dormitories, mission house, and dispensary from native materials. The Mission station named Korela was well laid out and maintained, and was much admired by missionaries of other denominations. The Governor of Papua, Sir Hubert Murray, was a regular visitor - spending time for a rest at Korela.

War came in 1941 and the women and children were evacuated from Port Moresby. Charles, along with other missionaries and ministers managed to leave the Territory on the mission vessel Diari and reach the mainland via Thursday Island, eluding the enemy.

Charles, after twelve months in Berri on the Murray River in South Australia, was called by the military to return to Port Moresby as a Warrant Officer where his knowledge of the Papuan language and coastal geography was out to good use until the war ended.

After the war he returned as President of the Papuan S.D.A Mission and those who worked under his guidance recognised him as a calm, capable and cheerful leader. He was known as 'Laughing Charlie' and C.E.M. - Charlie Easy Mitchell. He was respected for his work and skill as a Master seaman.

He was retired in 1956 for health reasons and lived in Wahroonga, NSW, where Evelyn pre-deceased him by three years. He died at the Sydney Adventist hospital in Wahroonga.

Mr. William Sterling SPOTTISWOODE (30 July 94, aged 86 years)

Went to PNG initially with Department of Works in 1953 and was Senior Mechanical Engineer with PNG Electricity Commission when he retired 21 April 1967. Survived by wife, Edna Mary. (No further details available)

Mr. Geoffrey Thomas MASTERS (18 July 94, aged 70 years)

Geoff Masters was farewelled on 20th August 1994 by a large group of his friends at a memorial service conducted by Father John Gallagher, whose own life had paralleled Geoff's in many ways. Father John knew Geoff from early cinema and later Channel Nine days. Other Cinema Pioneers and Channel Nine friends were present, as well as Matt Dwyer, ex-War Graves Commission, who knew Geoff from his work on the Milne Bay Memorials and "Return Visits" to PNG.

Members of our Association present were Pam Franklin and Heather Saville, and the "Milne Bay Mob": Anne and John Reilly (Education), Helen, Mark and Ian Reardon (Agriculture), also Bruce Dymock (Development Bank), and Frank Lowrie (Macair).

Geoff was born in 1923 and grew up in the Albert Park area of Melbourne. His attraction to Papua New Guinea developed from his wartime experiences as a projectionist in Lae and Finschhafen, and later working at the Papuan Theatre. He built the Alotau Cinema at the time when Government Administration in Milne Bay moved from Samarai to the mainland (1969). Geoff and wife Mary's participation in the life of Alotau was remembered; (especially when we regrouped at the Munda Hotel across the park from the Church where the service was held.)

Our sympathies were given to Geoff's daughter Trudy, (who organised the memorial service), and son Victor; they were asked to forward our condolences to the rest of the family.

Geoff is survived by his wife Mary Ellen, daughters, Mary Ann, Joan, Trudy and Karen and son, Victor.

(Notes: John Reilly was headmaster at Alotau Polar-stream Primary school, and taught Trudy and Mark. Frank Lowrie was next door neighbour to the Cinema, and with Ian Reardon acted as projectionists to give Geoff and Mary the chance to take a holiday from Alotau.)

Matt Dwyer is the father-in-law to John and Anne's daughters and, until the Memorial Service, John was not aware of Matt's association with Geoff. Father Gallagher read from Geoff's biography, and Ian Reardon mentioned Geoff's many contributions to *Una Voce*.

Trudy Simpson - nee Masters - is attempting to arrange, with the assistance of Bishop Des Moore, Milne Bay Diocese, to have Geoff's ashes scattered over Milne Bay.

Ian Reardon represented the Association at the Service and supplied the above report. Ed.)

Mr. Donald Gordon TURNER (13 May 94, aged 77 years)

Joined the PNG Public Works Department in 1962 and retired as a Foreman Artesian on 29 November 1970. (No further information available.)

Mr. John Joseph HARVEY (22 July 94, aged 75 years)

Joined PNG Administration November 1957 and retired as Health Extension Officer 16 April 1974. (No further details available)

Mr. Charles Eric BLANCH (12 July 94, aged 77 years)

Joined PNG Administration May 1957 and retired 28 March 1972 as Senior Stores Supervisor, Department of Home Affairs. (No further details available)

Mrs. Josephine Teresa EWART (15 November 93)

Widow of Norman Angus Ewart who was a Malarial Control Officer with the PNG Public Health Department from June 1957 to 31 October 1965 and passed away 10 December 1982. (No further details available)

Sir Cecil Abel (25 June 94, aged 92 years)

Relatives, friends, colleagues and acquaintances on Friday, 1st July, bid their last farewell to the body of Sir Cecil Abel in Port Moresby.

About 200 people who knew the late statesman, among them Sir Michael Somare, Sir Julius Chan, Chris Haiveta, Sir John Kaputin, Sir Alkan Tololo, Gabriel Dusava, John Giheno and Bernard Narokobi, paid tribute to Sir Cecil at the Boroko United Church before the body was flown to Alotau then to Kwato Island where it was finally buried.

Sir Cecil died at Wesley Hospital in Brisbane where he had earlier gone to undergo a four hour operation to remove a brain tumor.

Sir Michael, while delivering the eulogy, said the late Sir Cecil was a living institution in the country and that his life was a big part of changes that have occurred in the evolution of PNG.

"Sir Cecil loved this country very much, and his vision was to see the country and the people freed from the yoke of colonialism," Sir Michael said of the man who was his mentor. "He was a man of very high principles and impregnable Christian virtues. He was a man who despised violence, greed and a man who championed the cause of the underdog and the underprivileged.

"He was humble, loved his family and was the epitome of kindness. Sir Cecil was one of my dearest friends, mentor, confidante, who was a scholar, soldier and statesman. I have enjoyed the privileges of having been singled out as objects of Sir Cecil's grooming sessions," said Sir Michael.

Sir Cecil was born on Kwato Island in Milne Bay province on February 1, 1903 to Charles and Beatrice Abel, pioneer missionaries who had come from England to British New Guinea in 1890. He was taught by his mother at Kwato and then did his matriculation at Sydney's Northshore Grammar School before going to Cambridge University in England where he obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree and a Diploma in Anthropology.

He took over after the death of his father as managing director of Kwato Extension Association, the pioneer work established by his parents in 1918.

He served in the Army during World War II and in 1951 married Semi Andrew (who died in 1989), a school teacher from Logea Island in Milne Bay province. The young family moved to Port Moresby for Sir Cecil to take up a teaching post at the then Administrative College. It was there that Sir Cecil met and taught Sir Michael Somare, Sir Joseph Nombri and other now prominent people. He was a co-founder of the Bully Beef Club, a forerunner of the Pangu Pati, and he was instrumental in moulding future leaders and together they began pushing for independence. He was also behind the moulding of the PNG national constitution.

Sir Cecil is survived by daughters Mea Mallard (married and living in Brisbane) and Fiona Kamouda (also married and living in France), and son Andrew.

(Extracts from the PNG Post-Courier, Monday, July 4, 1994.)

Mr. John Keith DOWLING (26 August 94, aged 74 years)

John joined the PNG Department of District Services and Native Affairs immediately after W.W.II and was for a time stationed at Kokopo and then Jacquinot Bay in New Britain. After a period of service he resigned from the Administration and subsequently became a very successful and prosperous business man in Rabaul. When he ultimately retired to Australia he was for a time Chairman of the Board of Burns Philp.

Survived by wife Joan, son Stephen and daughter Suzie.

Mr. Anthony LEAHY (13 June 94)

Tony joined the PNG Department of Customs in the 50's and was Collector of Customs at Port Moresby when he retired in the 70's.

He is survived by his wife, June, daughter Carole and sons Rodney and Stephen.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MR. M.B. ALLWOOD	168 ORIEL ST.	ASCOT	QLD 4165
MRS.M. BLAKE	19 YABBA ST.	BRISBANE	QLD 4007
MR. L.J. CARROLL	3 ASHER ST.	RANDWICK	NSW 2034
MR. E.D. CLARKE	5/14 DRONE ST,	CLAYFIELD	QLD 4011
MR. E.D. COLLINS	M/S 1575,	MALANDA	QLD 4885
MR. J. DAGGE	109 ELLINGTON ST.	TARRAGINDI	QLD 4121
MR. D. ELLIS	110 MORSHEAD DRIVE,	HURSTVILLE GROVE	NSW 2220
MR. R.W. FLYNN	LOT 76 LAMEROUGH PDE, GOLDEN BEACH	CALOUNDRA	QLD 4551
MR. W.W. GRAHAM	"PINE RIDGE",	LOWER LONGLEY	TAS 7109
MR. R.B. GRIEVE	3 ENGEL AVE,	EASTWOOD	NSW 2122
MR. F. HAYNES	P.O. BOX 597,	PORT MORESBY,	NCD PNG
MR. P.J. LEAHY	26 ROSEWALL PLACE,	MORAYFIELD	QLD 4506
DR. D.C. LEWIS	144 KELVIN GROVE RD,	KELVIN GROVE	QLD 4059
MRS.E. McNAUGHT	72/354-360 ROSS RIVER RD.	CRANBROOK	QLD 4814
MRS.R.E. METCALFE-DAVIES,	22 RAILWAY PARADE	HAZELBROOK	NSW 2779
MR. P.F. O'HARE	39 COULDREY ST.	RAINWORTH	QLD 4065
MR. J.C. OWEN-TURNER,	P O BOX 48	GAYNDAL	QLD 4625
MR. G. SISARICH	31 MOUNTAIN AVE,	MOUNT BEAUTY	VIC 3699
MR. W.H. SPENCER	18 MACBETH PLACE,	SUNNYBANK HILLS	QLD 4109
MRS.D. SPENCER	18 MACBETH PLACE,	SUNNYBANK HILLS	QLD 4109

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MR. R.S. CRIMSHAW	UNIT 40 THE PALMS, 10 MELODY COURT,	WARANA	QLD 4575
MR. K.W. DYER	60/9 SALFORD ST.,	VICTORIA POINT	QLD 4165
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MRS.E. SOWERBY	OZANAM VILLAS, 20 MATILDA ST.	BURLEIGH HEADS	QLD 4220
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MRS. L. WINTLE	C/- MR.R.J.CLARK,		
	3 BAREENA DRIVE,	BALGOWLAH HEIGHTS	NSW 2093

I should be able to include most of the articles, I still have on hand, in the December issue of the Newsletter.

It would be very much appreciated if members would volunteer to be our correspondents in the ACT, in Victoria, in Western Australia, on the Sunshine Coast and on the Gold Coast. Fortunately we still have correspondents in Brisbane and Darwin. Come on folks, lend a hand!!

My very best wishes to you all and let's hope we all get rain soon.

Doug Parrish
Doug Parrish
Editor