



Una Voce News Letter

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

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A Happy Christmas and A Healthy & Prosperous 1996 from The President and Committee

No. 4, 1995 - December

Dear Member,

The Association's Christmas Luncheon will be held at the Mandarin Club on Sunday 3 December 1995 and full details, together with booking slip, are on page 24. Please send your booking slip and cheque to the Secretary at the above address as soon as possible and note that the cost is now \$22.00. It would be very much appreciated if all payments for the Luncheon could be made in advance, otherwise seating cannot be guaranteed because of the numbers now attending. Your early advice also enables our Treasurer and other Committee members to quickly check people off the booking list and give them their name cards.

In the past, some non-smoking members and their friends, particularly those suffering from asthma and similar illnesses, have ceased to attend our luncheons, because they have been seated at the same table as members and friends who are smokers. As a consequence, your Committee has decided to divide the restaurant into two sections, non-smoking and smoking. It would therefore be appreciated if members would clearly indicate their preference in the space provided on the bottom of the booking slip. Members who do not indicate their preference will be classified as non-smokers.

1996 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Please note in your 1996 diary that our 1996 Annual General Meeting will be held on Sunday 28 April 1996. This is to enable out of town members and friends, who are returned service personnel, to attend on the one visit to Sydney, both the AGM and Anzac Day celebrations.

DISCLAIMER

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Having regard for their own particular circumstances, readers should consult the relevant authorities or other advisers with expertise in the particular field. Neither R.O.A.P.N.G. nor the Editor accepts any responsibility for actions taken by readers.

Also, the views expressed by any of the authors of articles included in *Una Voce* are not necessarily those of the Editor or the R.O.A.P.N.G.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The 1996 annual subscription of \$8.00 becomes due and payable on 1 January 1996, unless you have paid in advance.

To ascertain your financial status please check the address label on the envelope containing this issue. At the bottom right hand corner of the address label is the year to which you have paid your subscription/s, i.e. 1995, 1998, 2000 etc. If, on the label, the year shown is 1995, you are only financial to 31 December 1995, and we would appreciate you forwarding your 1996 subscription without delay.

CIVIL HONOURS

It has been drawn to the Committee's attention that some members who have received Honours or Citations are not having these acknowledged.

The Committee has, therefore, agreed that such Honours and Citations will in future be included in the Membership List if a member so desires it. The Honours referred to are CMG, CBE, OBE, MBE, Knighthoods etc. but does not include degrees.

Any member, who does not already have their decorations shown, and would like them to be please advise the Secretary.

COMPENSATION CLAIMS

by T. E. DAW

I am bringing a matter of Compensation Claims to your attention as you may have similar queries in the future.

Early in 1992 the Newsletter printed a decision by the Commonwealth Admin Appeals Tribunal. In March '92 I contacted Comcare regarding a serious accident I had in PNG which left me partially disabled physically and in the wallet. They sent me an application form which was completed and returned and then started four years of unbelievable administrative inefficiency verbally and on paper. On four occasions they denied receiving the application; on three occasions they informed me it had been forwarded to Canberra for investigation, once the departmental head had been changed and the new one knew nothing, twice the officer handling my case was on leave or had been transferred and so on. It really was a classic. However, I have now received their judgement after I referred the matter to my local MP who raised the question very vigorously in the House.

The simple answer is that compensation will only be considered if the person is a Commonwealth Public Servant. Employees of the P.N.G. Public Service will not be considered. I am not really disappointed at the outcome as I expected it, but am flabbergasted at the inefficiency of Comcare at State, and Federal level. Nobody will ever comment adversely on our efficiency in P.N.G. in my hearing again!

HAVE YOU HEARD ???

Neville and Margaret THRELFALL have moved from Wagin, WA, to Berkley Vale on the Central Coast of NSW. Neville's book on the history of Rabaul "Mangroves, Coconuts and Frangipani", is still in the process of publication by Robert Brown and Associates, Brisbane.

RPNGC REUNION - the first gathering of ex officers of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary was held at the Naval Military and Air Force Club in Melbourne on 7 July, 1995 under the auspices of Patrick (Paddy) ERSKINE, a former Deputy Commissioner. Nineteen ex members and spouses attended and enjoyed the meal and reminiscences of former years, supplemented by photographs of when they were younger and had more hair. William THOMSON attended from Echuca, and Bruce INCH came from Wagga Wagga, a trip of 5 hours each way. Others in attendance were: Jim GOULD, Jack MYSTROM, Ron CARTER, Graeme BREMAN, Bob DANIEL, Kelvin MOORE, Ken NEWELL, John FREWEN, Doug HENHAM and Maxwell HAYES. Unable to attend were John RING, Eddy RABL, Owen WILLIAMS, Ron CURRIE, Graeme TWIGG, Peter GIDDINGS, Bill NORTHBY and Bill FILES, largely because they were working as was Bruce PATOM. Pat KANE (PHQ Konedobu) though working managed to get a little time off. It is hoped to meet again more regularly in the future.

Doug FRANKLIN, our Brisbane Correspondent reports: "Philip, my eldest son, plus family were down here recently from Lae attending a surprise birthday party for my 70th birthday. All the family plus twelve of our thirteen grandchildren.

Phil said things are under control in PNG with the World Bank keeping a very watchful eye on Government expenditure. They have their own officers in situ monitoring cash flow etc. There is no doubt that PNG has the resources to become a rich country. It is just a case of getting their act together and this will come over time." (Philip is based in Lae.)

(Doug, very belated but very sincere congratulations on your 70th and our very best wishes for the future from all your friends down here.)

Syd HUME of Bentley NSW is a new member and a big welcome Syd to the fold. On receiving his first copies of *Una Voce*, Syd wrote: "The arrival of the *Una Voce* couldn't have come at a better time as I had old New Guinea friends visiting me, Ray and Elaine BAMFORD, now residing in Perth. I first met the Bamfords in Aitape in 1953, Ray took over from George WEARNE.

I was a member of the 1st Australian Bomb Section and I was on the move constantly, so I had the pleasure of meeting many people throughout the Islands.

Ray, Elaine and I poured over *Una Voce* and "Yes I remember him or her" was a constant remark. But I was saddened to see the names of so many people I knew appearing under "Vale".

Two people I particularly wish to locate are Ken GRAHAM and Frank MARTIN. Both these blokes arrived in Wewak as Cadet Patrol Officers late 1952 or early 1953. Ken served under Harry West at Aitape and Frank under Rupe HAVILAND at Yangoru. Later, both went to posts in the Highlands and I left the mainland for Bougainville and lost touch." (Syd, refer "Help Wanted" notice elsewhere in this issue.)

Joy DISHON of Moorooka Qld advises that she is having a return of the cyclic kidney trouble and degenerative condition, both of which has plagued her for the last few years. Therefore, she will be unable to send Xmas cards again this year. She sends sincere apologies to all her friends and thanks them for the cards they sent last year.

(Joy, our very best wishes for a very rapid improvement in your health.)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Doug FRANKLIN (Brisbane)

Birdsville Races Report:

Bruce Dunn (Have You Heard June '95) proved it is a mistake to believe that some of our members have given up the ghost when it comes to adventure. Imagine forsaking the comfort of suburbia, watching tele from the favourite chair and a good night to all about 9.30 pm. Well there were plenty of starters. How far is Birdsville -- only about 1600 kilometres from Brisbane and good therapy for the pioneering and hungry spirit of old. So it is not surprising that a "patrol" of the following made a rendezvous at Birdsville, Western Queensland, on 1st September '95 for the big weekend. Jack Baker (Bribie Island), Henry Bodman (Brisbane), Ted Egan (Alice Springs), John Hayes (Brisbane), Frank Howard (Merricks North), Dave Moorhouse (Forster), Ian Robertson (Brisbane), Vin Smith (Gold Coast), Bob Turner (Sydney), and Bruce Dunn (Mt. Isa). It was a bit like "Dr. Livingstone I presume" as these fellows found each other in an entertaining rumpus of literally hundreds of light aircraft and thousands of revellers who had come from far and wide. Not surprising in that environment they soon felt a 4XXXX coming on. The weekend was a huge success with the excitement of a bush race course by day and nights of good fun, chewing the rag and fellowship.

Third Ex Kiaps Meeting Brisbane

Following on two successful ex-kiap meetings held at the Irish Club in Brisbane, John Dagge and Peter Andrews assisted by Bob Fayle and Alan Wadsworth organised an even better luncheon meeting at the same venue on Sunday 24th September to commemorate the 20th anniversary of PNG Independence. This time the function was advertised in Una Voce September issue and attracted 130 former PNG residents mainly Kiaps and their spouses and friends.

The cordial atmosphere at this club, with the staff dressed in Irish Green soon had the party going. Some people had not seen each other for 25 years. The pre-lunch conviviality was great with most of the assembled company showing some seniority and carrying it well.

A magnificent smorgasbord lunch was taken at large round tables seating ten at each. Max Orken, acting as Chieftain for the day, invited members to be upstanding with glasses charged and proposed the toast "Papua New Guinea". He had a couple of stories to tell, one about Birds of Paradise in the Markham Valley.

Will Muskens produced a 1966 DDA Staff Posting list and Vin Smith in jovial mood called the assembled company to attention for a Roll Call of that year. This was coupled with plenty of good humour and numerous interjections from the floor. He said there was this officer who always came to work on time and left before time. The DC who did this and the Patrol Officer who did that. The names and places brought back a lot of memories, cheers and counter cheers.

An attendance book for the day was signed by all the guests and from this Doug obtained the following names: Theo ADAMS, R. ALLMARK, Charlie ADAMSON, Max ALLWOOD, Peter & Liz ANDREWS, Jack & Lois BAKER, Chris BALLARD, Peter BARTON-BECKETT, Derek BELL & partner, Bob BLAICKIE, Matt BRADY, Jack BULLOCK & wife, Geoff BURFOOT, Joe & Jan CHAPMAN, Bob COLE, Ken & Val CONNOLLY, Tony COOK, John CORRIGAN, John DAGGE & wife, Dan & Judy DUGGAN, M.J. & R.E. EDGAR, Bill & Loan EDWARDS, David EKINS, Des & Marg FANNING, Bob FAYLE, Dave FORBES & wife, Jack FOWKE, Doug & Pam FRANKLIN, John & Alison FREW, Bob & Pat GREANEY, Godfrey & Wendy GRUBB, Graham & Pat HARDY, John HAYES, J.F. & J.A. HAYES, Tony HAZELWOOD, Rick HILL, Louise HOGG, D.J. & C.P. HOOK,

(Continued next page)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS (continued)

Peter HUNTER, Peter INGRAM, Jack KEENAN & wife, Geoff LAPHORNE, Frank LEIBFRIED, Geoff & Pat LITTLER, Peter LUPTON, Tom & Norma MACINDOE, Howard MASON, B.J. & V. MAUME, Ken McGOWAN, Bill McGRATH, Peter & Barb MCKENZIE, B. & P. McMAHON, Phil MOORE, Will MUSKENS, Colleen NEVILLE, Tom NEWTON, Clive NICHOLLS, J.E. NORTON, Paul & Bev OATES, T. & M. O'DONNELL, Max & Sheila ORKEN, JNL PALMER, Stan & Nancy PEGG, Paul QUINLIVAN, Ian ROBERTSON, Frank SABBEN, Peter & Therese SALMON, Fred SEEFIELD, Joe SHAW, Paul & Wendy SIMPSON, Peter SISLEY, Vin & Rita SMITH, David STENT, Rob & Lorraine STOTT, Mal & Lyn THOMPSON, Alan WADSWORTH & wife, Bruce & Marj WILLIAMS, Noel & Maxine WRIGHT, Tony & Jan WRIGHT.

Former Officers returning to PNG.

In 1993 Mr Gordon Bilney, Minister for Development Co-operation and Pacific Island Affairs, when opening a conference in Brisbane, said there were twelve thousand Australians living and working in Papua New Guinea. He said it was a developing partnership.

We can be proud that an increasing number of former Government Officers are being re-recruited to serve in many professional capacities in PNG. Some have gone up on voluntary Service Club assignments such as the Rotary supported Health Centre at Kokoda recently opened by Mr Keating, and another at Buna. We have previously given lists of former Officers now working in PNG and information to hand confirms a new list of former Officers who are currently working at the following locations:

Bernie Mulcahy	Hides
George Clapp	Hides
Laurie Bragg	Kutubu
Noel Walters	Porgera
Jack Scott	Porgera
Noel Wright	Porgera
Alan Stevens	Porgera
Laurie Martin	Porgera
Grahame Taylor	Enga Province Administrator

The conditions of service are attractive, some doing 20 days on duty followed by 10 days home leave. The accumulated knowledge of such experienced officers is contributing much to the present day needs in Papua New Guinea. Meanwhile, there are advertisements for Australian teachers to go to PNG.

Preos 24 Hour Party

Nothing is done in half measures by Alex and Virginia Preo who enjoy having friends around. So they organised a 24 hour party at their farmlet near Brisbane for the weekend of 16/17 September to celebrate the 20th Anniversary of PNG Independence. On arrival, guests were presented with a replica PNG Independence Medal with red, black and yellow ribbon. The same medal had been given to school children in PNG at Independence in 1975. PNG flags flew at masts around the house. Among the guests were many Popondetta and other old Coasters including Neville and Val Thulborn of the Anglican Church, Carl Mayoh, Harry and Leah Dunstan who said she was becoming interested in teaching jobs being advertised for PNG, Peter and Coral Thompson, Geraldine and Bill Heath, Gwen and Tony Hunt of Montville on the Sunshine Coast, Peter Room, Annabel and Frank Sabben ex Kokoda who were enjoying the publicity being given to their old station, Beverley and Barry Biel, still well au fait with the PNG coffee industry, Judy and Graham Moritz ex DDA Yoma who had flown up from Adelaide - Graham now a much with it

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NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS (continued)

executive putting Pam and Doug Franklin's name and address into his pocket computer. It was at least 15 years since Doug had seen the Moritzs - Judy was CWA President at Popondetta. Then Ross Weber who had flown up from Maryknoll Victoria with his wife. Ross is into breeding pheasants, partridges, quail, guinea fowl and pea fowl. He has everything from fertile eggs, day olds and young adults of the above for sale. Also over 40 varieties of poultry and pigeons. It was good also to catch up with Ross' former wife Sandy and two of their three daughters who had also flown up from Victoria.

Jim TONER (Northern Territory)

In Darwin the Timorese Club was the venue for celebration of the 20th anniversary of PNG Independence. Over 150 were in attendance including the new Chief Minister of the NT. He came good with \$10,000 to assist the local PNG Cultural Group to send its Sanguma dance and drum ensemble to Port Moresby. This is made up from teenage children of expats with indigenous wives and whilst something of a 'coals to Newcastle' arrangement should be great fun for them. And, perhaps, an eye-opener.

Jack BATTERSBY and I don't know when the PNG National Anthem was introduced but we listened to it for the first time at the celebration. We found its verse simplistic and tune melodic, a good choice for teaching to the children of the 19 provinces and giving them something to share. The former kiap has recently retired from NT Government employ and is in process of selling his Darwin house. After that, off to the elephants graveyard (Southern Queensland)?

En route to Spain John RUDD phoned me from Darwin airport to say that he and Elaine were to visit their daughter who teaches there. John was a Produce Inspector with DASf at Rabaul and following transfer to Moresby he met and married the beautiful Elaine, then secretary to Dave Fenbury, Director of the Department of Bits and Pieces. On going South in the early '70s John took up a pineapple plantation in Queensland but Ruddles and Cuddles, as they are known to their friends, are now retired at Buderim.

Blessed with distinctive enunciation, John recorded a number of stories in Pidgin and English for the children's programme on 9PA when the ABC still operated radio in PNG. Judging by the occasional modest cheques which he received well into the '80s child listeners to National radio also became familiar with his mellow tones.

A new version of "The Island of Dr. Moreau" starring Marlon Brando is being filmed at Machans Beach, Cairns. This entails some disruption to the leisurely life of the locals including former Milne Bay kiap Deryck THOMPSON. As vice-president of the Beach Progress Association he found himself negotiating for a donation to compensate for inconvenience. We wait to learn whether he was made an offer he couldn't refuse.

HELP WANTED

Would the person whose phone number ends with ...1259 and who left a message on Harry West's answering machine after attending the last Kiap's luncheon at the Irish Club in Brisbane, please contact Harry again?

HISTORY/MYSTERY

by J.B. Toner

In pursuit of a History degree, former kiap and very mature student Norm Wilson intends to write an essay this year on the subject of Kiaps in the Southern Highlands. I suspect he may encounter one or two mysteries along the way. Consider my unresolved enquiry into what - were I a tabloid journo - might be titled "The Great Ferguson Tractor Heist".

In the Fifties there was no road into Mendi but some motor vehicles were manhandled in. Bruce Hannan who was with PWD at that station 1956-61 (and now lives with wife Viv at Tinaroo Falls FN Qld) says that on one occasion he collected a new Ferguson tractor at Mt. Hagen and proceeded to take it to Mendi. However, the D.C., Mr Ian Skinner, formed the opinion that the tractor belonged to W.H.D. and signalled his P.O. at Tambul, on the S.H.D. border, instructing him to arrest Hannan if he tried to remove the asset from his district

According to Hannan, the D.C. Mendi, Mr. Bob Cole, had arranged for some 300 carriers with police escort to be waiting at the border and, in the face of this, the tractor went straight through.

The retired Police Commissioner has his diaries and records at his Merang home and has been good enough to examine them. Bob Cole does not recall the incident described during his time at Mendi 1954-57. He knows that there was a Ferguson tractor there when he arrived and that it served as a wedding carriage for P.O. Roger Claridge and his bride when they became the first Europeans to marry at Mendi. That was January 1956, the month in which Hannan was posted to Mendi so the tractor dispute must have occurred afterwards. Another Sunshine Coaster, Jan Sinclair, who taught at Mendi throughout 1958 does recall club chatter about the trans-border excitement.

Finally to Des Clancy at Perth who cannot remember the arrival of the Ferguson during his first tour at Mendi 1954-57. He does, however, clearly recall that while passing through Mt. Hagen, the late Ian Skinner wrathfully buttonholed him about the loss. Des insisted that his revered boss, R.R.Cole, was as Caesar's wife and certainly not, to use his expression, "a Fergie-rustler". There the matter was left.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SALVOS

by Doug Franklin

It was 50 years ago the I was in the Royal Australian Navy support force at the Allied landings at Wewak on 11 May 1945. I was 19 years old at the time. There were still estimated to be 1000 Japs at Wewak and 700 on Muschu Island. I was on one of five Fairmile Patrol Boats which blasted the landing beach at Wewak from about 150 yards off shore. This took place for about three quarters of an hour, early in the morning, before the AIF troops, in landing barges, went past us with all gun firing ceased. Not one soldier fell as they ran up the beach. 89 dead Japs were found in and around the beach head.

I went ashore later and was amazed to find a Salvation Army tent at the top of the beach. A 'Salvo' in uniform said to me "Would you like a cup of tea Sir?" I have never forgotten them since.

DOES ANYONE KNOW?

The whereabouts of Bob KUDRYCZ, formerly of the PNG Department of Labour, Rabaul and Port Moresby. If so, would they please telephone (089) 85 4146.

TRIBUTES TO PNG VULCANOLOGISTS

by Neville Threlfall

John Best's article on PNG Vulcanologists in the Newsletter of March 1995 stirred my interest, as during my years in Rabaul I knew the team at the Vulcanological Observatory well, including the late Robin Cooke; in fact, I took part in the funeral services of both Robin Cooke and Elias Ravian, following their deaths on active service at the Karkar volcano.

John Best's term "unsung heroes" prompts me to bring to your readers' attention the tributes which have been paid to those who died on active service as vulcanologists in PNG, and which are on permanent record in two books.

Tony Taylor, of course, received the George Cross for his heroic activities during the eruption of Mount Lamington in January 1951. The citation which accompanied the award, and a short biographical sketch, may be found in Lionel Wigmore's book, "*They Dared Mightily*", the story of Australian winners of the Victoria Cross and George Cross. I attach a copy of the citation.

There was a strong feeling in Rabaul that posthumous civil awards should have been made to Cooke and Ravian following their deaths in 1979; but perhaps nobody made the right approach to higher authorities, for I do not believe any award was made. But fellow-geologists in PNG and Australia combined to produce a memorial volume, which stands as a tribute to their joint memories: "*The Cooke-Ravian Volume of Vulcanological Papers*", published at Port Moresby by the PNG Department of Minerals and Energy in 1981. Edited by Dr. Wally Johnson, of Canberra, the volume contains 25 papers on PNG's volcanoes, some of which Robin Cooke had already written with such a comprehensive survey in mind, and others contributed to make up the collection as a tribute to the two vulcanologists. I attach a copy of the Foreword by Wiwa Korowi, then Minister for Minerals and Energy, in which he pays tribute to Robin Cooke and Elias Ravian. (The book also contains biographical sketches of the two men.)

I agree with John Best that more should be done to recognise the service of the vulcanologists who have served, and continue to service, in PNG; but it is good to recall the tributes which have already been paid.

From the foreword by Wiwa Korowi to: "*The Cooke-Ravian Volume of Vulcanological Papers*":

"...If death by volcanic eruption is a part of our history and pre-history, what then is unusual or different about the loss of two men on Karkar volcano in 1979? One difference for many of us is that we knew the men involved. Cooke and Ravian were widely known amongst the people of Papua New Guinea; Cooke, in particular, was a prominent and respected public figure. To this extent, therefore, the tragedy was to many of us a personal one.

A second difference is that these were not casual spectators of an eruption, but rather a professional team whose objective was to warn others of volcanic hazard. They had taken station on the lip of the inner caldera on Karkar so that they might better monitor activity and provide early warning of any change in behaviour that might threaten the lives of the 23,000 people on the island.

A third difference is that both men were in the prime of life and career, and held promise of great achievement. In a relatively short time Cooke had already done more to document the active volcanoes of Papua New Guinea than had any who went before, and had built the vulcanological service into a strong and effective unit, while Ravian had established a reputation as a proud and skilled observer who revelled in tough conditions.

(Continued next page)

TRIBUTES TO PNG VULCANOLOGISTS (continued)

The memorials that follow in this volume tell more of the men and their achievements. I can only add that our young nation joins in remembrance of two brave men who lost their lives in the line of duty, while seeking to protect the lives of others. We share with their families and friends sympathy and regret for the loss that we have all suffered, and we are grateful for the time they spent with us and for their contribution in terms of example, advancement of knowledge, and service to others. Our tribute to them is recorded in this volume of research papers.

Wiwa Korowi
Minister for Minerals & Energy
Port Moresby, October 1981.

TAYLOR, Mr. George Anthony Morgan

Vulcanologist, Commonwealth Bureau of Mineral Resources
Territory of Papua and New Guinea.

CITATION: Mount Lamington, in Papua, began to erupt on the night of 18th January, 1951. Three days later there was a violent eruption when a large part of the northern side of the mountain was blown away and steam and smoke poured from the gap for a considerable time afterwards. The area of extreme damage extended over a radius of about eight miles, while people near Hikuturu, nine miles from the volcano, were killed by the blast or burned to death. This and subsequent eruptions caused the death of some 4,000 persons, and considerable damage. Dust and ash filled every stream and tank for some miles around, and there was urgent need of food, water and medical supplies. Rescue parties were hampered by suffocating pumic dust and sulphurous fumes, and hot ashes on the ground, and the advance post of relief workers at Popondetta was threatened with destruction by other eruptions during several days following. Further tremors and explosions occurred during February. As late as March 5th a major eruption occurred which threw as far as two miles pieces of volcanic dome, 15ft. by 12ft. by 10ft. and caused a flow of pumice and rocks for a distance of nine miles, the whole being so hot as to set fire to every tree in its path.

For a prolonged period Mr Taylor showed conspicuous courage in the face of great danger. He arrived at Mount Lamington on the day following the main eruption and from that day onwards, over a period of several months he visited the crater by aircraft almost daily, and on many other occasions on foot. On some occasions he stayed at the foot of the volcano throughout the night. During the whole of this period the volcano was never entirely quiet. Several eruptions took place without any warning or any indications from the seismographical data which he had collected. Without regard for his personal safety he entered the danger area again and again, each time at great risk, both in order to ensure the safety of the rescue and working parties and in order to obtain scientific information relating to this type of volcano, about which little was known. His work saved many lives, for as a result of his investigations in the danger zone he was able, when necessary, to warn rehabilitation parties and ensure that they were prevented from entering an area which he so fearlessly entered himself. (*London Gazette*: 22 April 1952.)

CELEBRATIONS MARKING THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF PNG INDEPENDENCE

by Marie Bassett

Our Association held a luncheon on 10 September at the Mandarin Club to mark the above event. As well as enjoying the good company and good food, we were entertained with traditional dancing organised by the Sydney Papua New Guinea Wantok Club. This was a girls only event, with girls from 7 or 8 upwards, and some women, taking part.

Dame Rachel CLELAND attended the luncheon and it was wonderful to see her looking so well.

On Independence Day, 16 September, the PNG community celebrated with a Thanksgiving Mass at 8.00 am, followed by a flag-raising ceremony, then a dinner dance in the evening.

The children played a role in all these events - they gave readings at the Mass, carried the flag at the flag-raising ceremony, assisted with the dinner arrangements and put on a delightful dancing display during the evening (this time the boys were included in the dancing). Everyone, from tiny tots to oldies took part in the after dinner dancing, many dancing in small circles and all thoroughly enjoying themselves.

The Square House at the University of NSW was packed - we had fabulous hall decorations, heaps of traditional and European-style food, and excellent music provided by a band whose lead singer was a Papua New Guinean woman.

The Guest Speaker was Dr. Tony DEKLIN, Lecturer in Constitutional Law at the ANU and a PNG national. During his speech he thanked Australia for all it had done prior to independence and all its financial aid over the last 20 years.

ROAPNG members who attended thoroughly enjoyed being a part of this lively group of people as they celebrated 20 years of independence.

AUSTRALIAN FIRST ARMY

by Brian Corrigan

Commenting on a review of "A SHORT HISTORY OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA" by K.W. Humphreys the question is asked "was there an Australian First Army? Surely that term could only apply to the 1914-18 AIF".

There was indeed a FIRST AUSTRALIAN ARMY in the Second World War. It was raised in 1942 and appeared in the Order of Battle until 1944. Upon its creation by the C. in C. General T.A. Blamey (as he then was) the first G.O.C. was Lieut. General Sir John Laverack, later Governor of Queensland. It had its H.Q. in the Townsville-Esk area of Southern Queensland. Under the operational command of the FIRST AUST. ARMY were the great fighting Divisions of the 2nd A.I.F., the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th and 10th. The FIRST AUST. ARMY was organised into two corps etc, etc.

Further information of the FIRST AUST. ARMY may be found in:

'AUSTRALIA IN THE WAR OF 1939-1945'
SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC AREA FIRST YEAR
Kokoda to Wau, by Dudley McCarthy
Series One ARMY: Volume V.

I hope this may help establish the existence of FIRST AUST. ARMY as a fighting formation in the Second World War.

AN OUTSTATION CHRISTMAS!

by Bob Pulsford

In 1953 I was an Agricultural Extension Officer stationed at Dagua on the North Coast of New Guinea, thirty miles west of Wewak among the Arapesh people. At that time there was no vehicular road to Dagua which was serviced by a small air strip. Five miles further west at But lived a Catholic Priest and ten miles east, Lil and John BUCKLEY, managed a plantation for the Church. These three people, and the school teacher, David POWYS and his wife who were on leave at this time, were our only compatriot neighbours. We had made friends with John and Lil through a lamp signalling link which we had established. On chosen evenings we conversed by morse code. Thus we planned to spend the Christmas days together at Dagua and were looking forward to their impending visit, but it was not to be, Lil became ill and had to go to Wewak. We had stocked up for this festive occasion and were saddened, not only by our friend's illness, but by the prospect of spending Christmas without wantoks. The Good Lord provided substitutes! In this case the D.C. acted on His behalf!

On the morning of Christmas eve, a message arrived on the radio 'sked: "AGRIC DAGUA - Miss VELLACOTT-JONES, news editor of the Port Moresby ABC and Mr. Bob HANCOCK, Secretary of the South Pacific Commission, arriving yours 1100hrs today for four days - DISTROF WEWAK". There was no opportunity to accept or deny this proposition, as it was already eleven am. and I could actually hear the small plane arriving on the air strip about a mile away. Our uninvited guests proved to be charming and, as we had prepared for two visitors for Christmas, we had a truly wonderful time together and made two new friends. But I divert from the aim of this tale.

During the evening meal, while we were relaxing over coffee, Miss Vellacott-Jones remarked that the village was very quiet, I explained the reason: there was to be midnight mass at But and all the people had gone there. "Let us go too!" exclaimed Miss Vellacott-Jones "How far away is it?" When I said it was five miles along a bush track, she replied: "well let us go!"

Mary who was pregnant, could not come. I filled up and lit two kerosene pressure lamps, and fitted my guests with American Army gaiters, to protect them from snake bite. Had not Mary been bitten by a death adder on the night of her arrival at Dagua? The three of us set off on the long dark walk to But. As we approached, it was nearing midnight. We noticed that the people were all huddled in small groups around fires. "Why are you not in the church", I asked the first group. "The Father is cross with us and has put a tambu on the service." As we approached the mission house we passed scores of similarly hushed groups waiting around fires, smoking and chewing betel, while the children slept, curled on the ground.

When I introduced my distinguished visitors to the Priest, and explained that we three were all Protestants, who had come a long way to attend his midnight mass, he called to a lad who ran and rang the Church bell. The people got up and wound their way into the church. Soon the ceremony was under way. It was a truly memorable occasion. Afterwards renewed in strength, we marched back the five miles to Dagua along the narrow, dark bush track, and fell into our beds at about 4 am. But Miss Vellacott-Jones was up with the sparrows preparing a dispatch for the ABC, she explained that on Christmas morning the news barrel at the ABC would be pretty empty and that if she got her story in it would probably hit the National News!

At 9 am on Christmas morning I switched on the communications radio. A very sleepy voice came over the air: " Merry Christmas, if any of you are awake yet this morning! This is Wewak calling out stations, I have no messages, if anyone has messages, come in now please". I was the only station
(Continued next page)

AN OUTSTATION CHRISTMAS (continued)

to reply, I said brightly: "Wewak this is Dagua, Merry Christmas to you too! I have a one hundred word message for you." I cannot print his immediate response, but then he said "go ahead with it Bob." And that night we heard on the ABC National News about the very moving Midnight Mass at But, a remote Mission Station in the Sepik District on the North Coast of Papua New Guinea, attended by the Secretary of the South Pacific Commission and a few friends in the area, together with a large congregation of local people. Later talking to the radio operator in Wewak, he said dryly. "I knew Miss Vellacott-Jones was out there, I feared something like that would happen!" (That is he would have to thoroughly wake himself up and upload that long message in morse to Port Moresby on Christmas morning.)

ACROSS N.G. IN 39 DAYS - PATROL'S LONG TREK

(From "Sydney Sun" newspaper 22.8.57)

PORT MORESBY, Thursday -- An administration patrol has crossed New Guinea from the Fly to the Sepik River following the route of the Champion-Karius expedition, which made the first crossing in 1927.

The patrol was made by Assistant District Officer A.M. Bottrill and Cadet Patrol Officer G.H.J. Pople with eight native police and 39 carriers. It took them 39 days, from Kiunga Station on the Upper Fly, to Telefomin in the Sepik District.

The Director of Native Affairs, Alan Roberts, said the purpose of the patrol had been:

- * To contact scattered tribes between the Fly River and the New Guinea border;
- * To seek a station site in the area;
- * To let the Telefomin people know there was another Government station south of them.

Bottrill said the people were still very primitive and several tribal killings were reported to him. For the first 10 days the patrol travelled up the river in canoes with outboard motors. Then they moved inland through rugged, scarcely inhabited country where there was very little food. Bottrill said the natives lived in small groups with one to 10 communal houses.

East of the Palmer River tribes lived in fear of a people called the Setamans. They said the Setamans had attacked a neighbouring tribe and killed five of them early this year.

During the patrol, Bottrill discovered two mountain lakes at an altitude of 6,000 to 7,000 feet. The patrol had to fight its way across floods and limestone country. Bottrill said some of the country was the worst he had ever encountered. Water at times was very scarce and at one point carriers had to be sent back to the previous camp site for water.

To the north, the patrol moved through moss forests on ridge tops. The Assistant District Officer at Telefomin, Mr. R.T. Neville, reported that the expedition had been a success.

(This is the article which Chris Warrilow refers to in "Have You Heard" page 6 of the June 1995 issue of the Newsletter. (Space did not permit its inclusion at the time.) Members should find it of interest considering the trek planned later this year as reported on page 23 of the March 1995 issue of the Newsletter titled "Canberra Scientist to Retrace Historic Trek". Chris obtained the article from Graham Pople's records. Chris and Graham, we sincerely hope that you will continue to keep in contact in the future. Ed.)

PNG REVISITED - TALASEA & MADANG

by Roma Bates⁽¹⁾

TALASEA

Talasea was our next port and I was agog to see this tiny outpost (in our day) which now figures on a Tourist Cruise Itinerary; up there with the Big Ports.

We arrived very early next morning - the west coast of New Britain and the Father (consort of the Mother in Rabaul) seemed quite close. "Fairstar" stayed a long way off shore - 3/4 hour each way by pinnacle to the shore. Talasea has a most beautiful approach ... lovely harbour, high mountains surrounding, and the lush flora of the tropics rampant - from afar we could see the Catholic Church but little else of habitation.

As we drew near the landing jetty we were delighted to see a very large banner swaying over the jetty bidding us "Welcome to Talasea". The jetty was made of very recently chopped down timber and I heard several passengers bemoaning such beautiful timber being used for a jetty when it should have been for the best furniture and cabinet-makers.

The roadway leading up to the very large sports ground looked as though it had been carved out of the bush a couple of days before.... how they must have worked to get it all ready in time!

The sports ground was thronged with tribes from everywhere and nearby islands who had come over by canoe for the occasion. There were thousands and thousands of people plus the 1200 from the "Fairstar". So many vendors everywhere on the sidelines selling their wares - good carvings and big pieces e.g. a coffee table carved like a crocodile ..K.100; the variety of stuff was fascinating. Off on the side was the "dressing room" for the dancers and this was crowded out with onlookers. On another side was a large shade edifice of coconut fronds with chairs and other seating for visitors, behind which was a lik lik haus..... why didn't I use it to see what they'd done for a "seat", very thoughtless. I gave them full marks for thinking of providing one.

There were many booths set up selling all kinds of food and drink and the fruits of the Talasea area which included an enormous sack of galip nuts. One could buy a "poke" of shelled galips for 1 kina (\$1.43) and I did, but they'd been shelled a day or so and I couldn't get the skin off easily. A "flyer" extolled the superior quality of galip nuts and when chatting up the O.I.C (an American I think) he told me that America is working on machinery that will shell the galips for world markets. He hoped it would soon be a fait accompli to stop the locals chopping down their galip trees for wood chips. I shuddered with horror at such sacrilege.

The ground pulsed to the stamping of the sing sings - two and three and later four all chanting and dancing at the same time. That steady, compelling, mesmerising rhythm ... how I loved it. I always have enjoyed sing sings and I wallowed in the enjoyment of the moment. The throngs of onlookers made it almost impossible to get near enough for full length photos - we're not all tall like Ross who has no problem in this regard! But I persisted. By this time the chanting was at full throttle and Oh! it was great. I was particularly pleased to notice that those participating had not departed from the traditional styles of head-dresses or the materials they used - very few commercial substitutes used - and the sing sings hadn't changed either. My favourites the Siassis, had come over by canoe and they performed nobly and well. So many different sing sings - most were familiar to me.

Do you remember the encircling pair of women who sang as they rhythmically danced around the performing men? They were there too. In the

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PNG REVISITED (continued)

past they were always very plainly decorated if at all, at Talasea they were bilased up with coloured leaves, paint, necklaces (bras!) and were almost as exotic as the men. Even the Tankid leaves "behind" were painted in bright reds, yellows and oranges to lend extra pizazz. The equalising of the sexes?

One demonstration astonished me a huge crowd was gathered round a group of locals, and edging my way in to see what it was, I could hardly believe my eyes to see the group of 3 or 4 men who were demonstrating how they make "poison". This was always held secret and sacred. How the old order changeth... a good thing?

Maybe, but a pity to have this belief stripped of its mystique so publicly. Nevertheless, I - like everyone around me - found it compelling viewing. The men sat in a half circle, the central figure (the Witch Doctor I guess) was in the middle, holding a curved cane with small net bag on its tip - containing relevant belongings of the victim I presume - which he suspended in the smoke of a small fire before him. I was not close enough to hear what he was saying. The enthralled crowd hung on every word.

Meandered off to inspect some of the avenues of curios. One stall had nothing but small carved animals - mostly pigs which David has a weakness for and Lyn bought one for his birthday a few days hence. There were dozens and dozens of these animals and very popular with the tourists.

Looked over the Craft work of the women nearby - some good stuff but mostly not and there was a lot of stuff such as one sees at markets in Oz. One plaque was embroidered Home Sweet Home! A pity they don't concentrate on their own designs and craft, much more interesting. There was a pair of small Duk Duks which took my eye but not my money.

It was a very hot morning and several vendors were selling lollywater, orange and Coke ... yes, Coke is there too! I settled thankfully for a kulau. While there the Americans gave me some brochures on Talasea and to my amazement I read that there are 4 guest houses and 2 hotels in the Talasea area (Kimbe, the administrative centre). There were also a few tours one could do - but no way you would get me from the sing sings, and the atmosphere one could cut with a knife.

Ross went off to see if the old District Office still stood and took a pic of it ... some tourists went off in motor vehicles to inspect villages and the RC church and the war relics at the drome.

Presently the Chief Organizer - I guess the Premier of the Province - with mike in hand, made a welcoming speech and gave some information about Talasea. He said all the right things and of course, in faultless English. Tis great to see how far they have come since 1976.

Time to return to "Fairstar" came too soon. I could have tarried longer but was very happy to see as much as I did. The sing sings were well in the groove for another 12 hours or so and the onlookers were just as deeply enthralled. I am sure they didn't notice the tourists departing.

Everyone enjoyed Talasea, tis not as sophisticated as Rabaul and exuded the charm of the genuine.

MADANG

We approached Madang at dawn. Ross, David and Jack were up on top deck to see the first sign of the area that meant so much to them. David was born there, Ross met and proposed to Patricia there and Jack - Lyn's father - fought there and at Siar, Alexishafen and Bogadjim. They peered ahead in the gloom and eventually could discern a very thin white line ... Coastwatchers' Memorial of course, which is visible 15 miles out at sea. As the ship got

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nearer, we females took up our position with cameras at the ready. What a pity a Motel (named the Coastwatchers' of course) has been built directly behind this impressive memorial - it dilutes the aura of isolation.

Picked up a pilot and slowly "Fairstar" passed Kalibobo Point ... the old Residency is no more but a new one - and better - has been erected on the same site for the Premier of the Province. There is no haus wind on the seashore. Kranket Island on the other side looks just the same. Houses seemed to be the same ones or new ones on the same sites. The hotel has been enlarged with many more buildings and small dongas at harbour side.

Frog Evans' point seems to have blocks of flats, well built on, Lutheran Church at end of an inlet, CWA Cottage well hidden by large trees, the Madang Club next ... Yacht Club ... gaggle of town buildings, before tying up at the new wharf built alongside the old one.

We set off in the two cars - first to the Commonwealth Bank, on the original site - to get some kina. Not happy that exchange rate was even worse than two days before. Tis a much nicer building than before, two storeyed. Again, I was impressed by the efficiency of the local staff, especially the young women in becoming fashionable clothes and hair-dos who ran their lacquered fingernails over the computers and calculators with confident speed. Yes, they have come a long way and I was delighted to see it. Of course they all speak English ... only the older residents and the very young children speak "pidgin", and of course in the villages.

We proceeded to Bates Memorial Oval and took many snaps. I remembered the many cricket matches, football, the annual Agricultural and Horticultural Show, the sing sings and other great occasions which took place on that Oval. The grandstand has gone but the concrete foundations are intact and used as seating by locals enjoying the shade of the GI-NORMOUS ficus trees that were planted when the grandstand was erected. There they stand in their majesty either side of the concrete foundations. At the side is a cairn erected to Jack's Regiment, 5th Australian Division, a platoon & patrol of which defeated a Japanese rearguard and entered Madang on the 24th April, 1944. In present day parlance, this Oval has become a Family Icon with its memories and remnants of its past, during and particularly after the war.

Nearby is the Lightfoot Shopping Arcade with its totem pole outside - Chinatown nearby - and the Bung now sited where the old Government Stores was behind District Office.

We proceeded to the C.W.A. Cottage and Lutheran Church and Silver Bridge area. The C.W.A. has been extended and some small bungalows erected on harbourside, many large trees shade its buildings and it looks lush and well cared for. We decided to have morning tea there - for old time's sake. Chatting to the English girl in charge (only 6 months out of Newcastle-on-Tyne) she told me that although the Committee has tried on many occasions, they haven't been able to persuade the local women to make use of the Cottage, but they are starting some craft afternoons and other interesting kinds of things that should appeal to them in the hope they will join the Association.

Across the road the Lutheran Church looked spick and pan, well cared for - the grass cut! - which is a rarity, and there I stood near the Silver Bridge, gazing to the horizon to discern Kar Kar Island which was barely visible, but despite the haze I took a snap - for auld time's sake. On the waterway in front of me was a ring of native women in their canoes - the first canoes we had seen - laying nets or something to catch fish. A lovely scene, I was in the grip of nostalgia by this time.

We called round to see one of David's school friends, Martin Tsang, who runs a big import and export business in what used to be the Modilon Motors

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PNG REVISITED (continued)

garage, run by Dietar and his brother. He wants "out" and is hoping to sell. Taxes levied on businesses are crippling.

Off we went, passing the German Cemetery looking tidy and headed for the Anglican Church to pay respects to Charlie Bates whose ashes are there. With the family gathered round it was a time of sad remembrance; such a kaleidoscope of memories crowded my mind. Although the church is sadly in need of repair it presents well with its unusual wall behind the altar, and the sanctuary lamp I gave on behalf of the family is still hanging there.

The church is picturesquely sited overlooking two small lakes, one filled with waterlilies. Some women with their delightful children were relaxing in the shade of the big trees and we chatted for a while, taking snaps of the children. An old man came up to David and said he remembered his father; it was a pleasant interlude.

Of course the next visit had to be to Poinciana Street where we lived ... the Duncans on the corner, opposite Elizabeth and Roy Sowerby, Fay Wheatley next to us and Jill and Brian on the other side ... Hansens down the road, Eddishes further on, then Freda Ellis' house on the corner of Coastwatchers' Ave. They look just the same - very much in need of repair and repainting ... and grass cutting. No gardens were as good as they used to be, they just exist.

We paused to take a picture of Elizabeth Sowerby's house. It now has a high fence all round the property, the trees are old and gnarled, and as I stood at the gateway to take a snap for Elizabeth, a large savage Doberman Pincer flew at me and bit me on the thigh. I had a bruise from buttock to knee for weeks. So - things have changed. In the past we had no need for high fences, barbed wire or savage dogs.

Turning into Coastwatchers' Avenue, Rain Trees still line the Avenue although some have been removed to widen the road. Houses seemed to be on the same sites. And there it was in all its beauty and dignity ... tall, slim, impressive ... Coastwatchers' Memorial. It has been recently repainted dazzlingly white in the midday sun, and the circle of concrete on which it stands had been painted bright red. David and I recalled the occasion of its opening when dignitaries of the Army and Navy, with Eric Feldt and many Coastwatchers and townspeople were there to mark the great occasion. Together we read again the plaques set at its base listing the Coastwatchers who had lost their lives, and too the plaques in English and Pidgin giving a short history of the Coastwatchers' contribution to the war effort. We took many snapshots from every angle - eliminating that motel from the scene.

I wondered if it had been repainted to mark the 50th anniversary of the Coral Sea Battle, the Coastwatchers played a very significant part in that battle, giving early warning of Japanese manoeuvres which were invaluable to the Allied forces.

Being near where the Residence used to be, I wandered down to the water's edge to see if the old calaphyllum tree in which Hilary had a tree house was still there, but alas, it had gone - not to be wondered at after 40 years.

Next call was to the Golf Club and Bowling Green; the latter looked neat but not playable; was it ever used, we wondered. Into the clubhouse we trooped and took snaps of the Honour Roll of championships since inception of the Club. David's father heading the list followed by Roy Sowerby and many others who were well known to me ... Jack Page, Tom Deitch ... what memories it stirred, particularly of the Sunday night suppers when the Associates took it in turn to prepare the evening meal for golfers, bowlers and families.

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PNG REVISITED (continued)

What great nights and happy times they were. It is a different Clubhouse to our day ... I remembered the early clubhouse, built on stilts ... and Norma Vicary who tried for years to win a match and often said in despair that the clubhouse would fall down the day she won a competition. Norma did win eventually and the clubhouse DID fall down! Truly, I kid you not.

As we drove along Coronation Drive en route Smugglers' Inn for lunch, I recalled how Charles had a large consignment of casuarina seedlings flown down from Wabag for the Queen's Coronation. All the townspeople were given seedlings and on one particular day we all attended and spaced ourselves along the length of Coronation Drive and planted our seedlings. There it stands 40 years later, but there are a few gaps. The Finisterres that I loved so much looked magnificent in the midday sun.

Smugglers' Inn is a very pleasant spot looking out on to the Finisterres across Astrolabe Bay. Tables under haus winds make for relaxed dining and we quaffed cool drinks while the children tried the waters in the hotel pool. A local man was the manager - had been there since Jon Bastow's time, probably as a table boy. English speaking, of course. The hotel has been added on to with more bedroom wings and a long, native material house stands in the grounds, crammed with native curios of all kinds for sale. We bought a few things. After a protracted lunch - it was so beautiful just sitting there and gazing out to sea, the sun scintillating on the deep blue water, the waving coconuts. I thought of Tom and Jan Stanley who lived opposite and Greg Katahanas nearby.

We went across to the cemetery to pay our respect to our dearly loved friend Roy Sowerby and put a few flowers there. How fraught with memories is Madang, every step of the way - for all of us.

Out past the hospital where Mavis and I used to work ... earlier in the day some local people mentioned that a new hospital had just been built as the "old one" was in need of too much repair. The "old one"? I wondered if they meant the old one near the wharf - which doesn't exist any more. Then I realised it was 30 years since Modilon Hospital was built ... so it is the "old" one now. Adjacent to it is a splendid new two-storeyed white concrete hospital with verandahs across the front - very like Nonga - a gift from the Japanese ... they want the magnificent stands of timber in the Gogol Valley, I couldn't help thinking.

We found our way to Yabob Village hoping to see the women making pots but they don't any more - not on a large scale; the pots are now made at Bilbil. Yabob is a very clean and attractive village of native material houses, the children were delightful and everyone looked healthy and alert. One dear old soul, white of hair, was there and Mavis (who used to visit Yabob with her Infant Welfare Clinic - as did Elizabeth Sowerby before her) chatted her up. Her name was Elizabeth, and yes, she remembered the clinics over the years although she didn't remember Mavis. Mavis was sure this Elizabeth was so named after Elizabeth Sowerby ... her age fitted. Way back in the 50s there was no other "Elizabeth": she was not the first to be named after Elizabeth Sowerby, a few others were too.

Next we made out way to Siar Village, actually intending to visit Siar Plantation where long ago we spent some very pleasant days picnicking or lunching with the Burstons, and Jack had been billeted there during the war. Although I have said very little seems to have changed, the growth of trees etc. over the years tends to confuse one and of course there are no signs or names anywhere to direct one. I didn't recognise Modilon Road past the airstrip. Eventually - by asking someone - we turned into the road to Siar. The plantation is in a shocking state, obviously no-one has been working on

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PNG REVISITED (continued)

it this many a moon - maybe years. It looked sick, overgrown, the cocoa trees gnarled, shrivelled. Jack and Thelma would have cried. However we missed the turnoff to the plantation and ended up at Siar Village. It was clean, attractive native material houses, modern cars, electricity wired in from the main road (I presume every house had a TV), and the people were friendly. Jack was interested to renew acquaintance although he was hard put to recognise any particular spot. The village looked much the same to me - it was always beautiful. Some canoes were pulled up but there were outboard motors too. We looked across to Madang - it seemed so close - and I remembered Rodney and Donald were often ferried by canoe after school in Madang, back to the plantation.

Time was getting on and we had to be back by 5p.m so we turned around and went back to Madang for a last look at Coastwatchers' Avenue, the Elizabeth Sowerby Orchid Garden, hoping to visit it but alas, the gates were locked. We drove along Lal Henderson's road which connects up with the Hotel Madang at harbourside. The native women who had been net-fishing that morning were packing their canoes and preparing to return home. The shadows were lengthening and Oh! nostalgic joy ... that late afternoon golden light bathed the area in glory. It bathed the entire area in gold, right down to the Silver Bridge and across the Rotary Park to the lagoon stretching beyond - reflections were mirrored in its depth ... so beautiful it took one's breath away and I stood, very moved, remembering this very moment of the day in years past. I guess this was my moment of saying "Farewell" to Madang - thinking of the many friends of those years, the happy times and the sad ... and my heart was full ... full.

Impressions of Madang ... the town has many more areas of housing, shops etc. but other than that, very little has really changed - so far as one could see in a few hours. New buildings on the same sites of yore of course, and a lot more "business" stores ... a casual clothes shop had a sign which read: "Kilos Na Baut". Pidgin is very descriptive. Chinatown has some nice stores and the German cemetery on the top corner has had all trees cleared away and is there for all to see.

Madang has a very good Museum on Modilon Road - between Smugglers' Inn and the Hospital. We call in for a few minutes on our way back from Siar, but couldn't really look at its contents as it was "Closing Time." The artefacts, carvings, and other curios of "Time Bipo" are of very good quality indeed. The Curator told us - pointing out a big collection of excellent items, some from Sepik, that they had been collected by a German for a museum in Germany but Port Moresby - seeing their worth - refused permission to export them, much to the disgust of the collector who said he had paid a great deal of money for them. So, his loss was Madang Museum's gain. The Museum is well worth a prolonged visit - it also had photographs of the very early days.

Madang is of course, the most beautiful town in the Territory now and has usurped Rabaul easily.

Back on board "Fairstar" we hung over the rail as we pulled out into midstream - the sun setting the whole area alight in its flow.

Lae, here we come!

(⁽¹⁾ This is the second instalment of Roma's trip back to PNG late last year. The first instalment was in the September 1995 issue and the final instalment will be in the next issue. Ed.)

TALASEA RE-INSTATED

Talasea, the pioneer colonial administrative headquarters of West New Britain in the early 1950s and 60s is expected to come back to life after being abandoned for almost 10 years.

The Talasea station will again become the headquarters of Cape Gloucester, Kove and Bali Vitu areas under the reforms. All administrative functions will be carried out from Talasea, which will have its own treasury office. The assistant district manager for Talasea, Kevin Vitolo told government officials from Kimbe during a visit this week that the renovation on both sides of the building will cost the department K26,000 for materials alone.

Mr Vitolo said: "The building is quite old so it will require a lot of work. The local people of Talasea are happy to see the station come back to life and all efforts have been made to support this program."

The West New Britain provincial government has allocated K40,000 for the renovation work.

Talasea had been the colonial headquarters of West New Britain until 1972, when all administrative duties were transferred to Kimbe.
(The text of an article in the PNG POST-COURIER 21/7/95.)

NEW GUINEA GOLDFIELDS IDENTITIES PRE-INDEPENDENCE.

Austen Peter IRELAND. New Guinea 1931. Born 13-1-06, died 22-9-74.

Austie Ireland was another young Australian with the spirit of adventure getting the better of him in those days so long ago, when any kind of work in Australia was very scarce.

I do not know anything about his life in Australia, but from the day I first met him in Wau we were friends. He was that kind of a man, very hard to resist being friendly, liked by everyone, including his labourers, who on the odd occasion, had to be chastened in the old fashioned way, they still liked him, and would return to Austie after their leave.

The lure of the yellow metal was a fatal attraction to so many people, Austie was one of them. He joined in the hunt determined to become rich in a hurry, and discovered that there was plenty of gold around, but it had a lot of New Guinea mixed up with it, and the days of his riches began to disappear into the future.

An opportunity to work with Jim LEAHY on the building of the road, Wau to Edie Creek presented itself, and as the gold was too thinly distributed to earn an easy living, Austie went into the Road Building business with Jim and his gang, until Adolph Hitler turned the world upside down.

Working in the Wau Hospital were a few lovely young nursing sisters. A friend of mine from Bulolo had fallen for one of them when he fell off his bicycle while riding to Wau, and had to have medical attention to a badly injured knee. Sister Eileen OWENS did the repair work on Bill's knee, and when he returned to Bulolo all he could talk about was this beautiful young nurse, and as soon as he could he was going to Wau to see her again.

Austie had also fallen in love with Eileen, proposed, was accepted, and on the 7th day of August 1937 they were married in the Wau Church of England. A witness to the wedding was Alan MCKAY, a very well known dentist.

That was a big day in Wau, not only for two young people in love, but for their many friends, who, by day's end had stumbled over unseen hillocks and hidden holes in the roads that were not there the day before or the day after the big event.

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AUSTIN PETER IRELAND (*continued*)

And so the marriage began of Austen Peter IRELAND, aged 31 years, and Eileen Edith OWENS, aged 30. In January 1939 a son, Peter, was born in the Wau Hospital.

Austie had taken up ground a mile or two up the Valley, and imported Citrus stock from Queensland. The first Citrus Orchard on the mainland was planted.

In November 1944 a daughter, Diane Maria, was born in Wau.

Waiting for the fruit to grow they established a vegetable garden on a large scale, something to bring in money until the fruit trees produced. If it was good luck or good foresight it matters not, the result was a garden which produced enough vegetables to supply the whole of the Valley, then Lae.

Port Moresby then established what was, I believe, the first *Air Transport of Vegetables*, probably in the world, freighting vegetables to Rabaul and Madang, as well.

He was a good cricketer, swinging a wicked bat, and played golf, or perhaps I should say that "he played at golf" with a handicap in double figures. Like most of us, he enjoyed the relaxation.

Austie had assistance with drivers taking the vegetables in to the Drome. Son Peter at nine years of age used to drive a Jeep and trailer load of vegies into Wau, with a Kerosene case behind him to assist in reaching the pedals. Perhaps another record was created there.

Like most of the young men with a "wee drop" of the Adrenalin in their blood he joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles immediately it was formed, that would have been in late 1939. Then in February 1942 he transferred to the A.I.F., lost his N.G.V.R. number, became a Lieutenant in 1943, and returned to New Guinea on Special Duties with ANGAW, finishing the war on Bougainville in 1946, having been Mentioned in Despatches.

Post War.

When Austie eventually had The Farm running smoothly, he saw an opportunity when the Lease of the Wau Hotel became available. I think it was about 1950 when he took over and ran the Hotel until 1953.

Then another adventure was on the drawing board when he took up some land downstream from Sunshine Gold Mine in the Lower Watut and established a coffee plantation at Sum Sum.

Eileen was not one to sit around and twiddle her thumbs. After the Doe's left and the Gift Store, *Ireland & Doe*, was sold, Eileen bought the Trade Store from Joe BOURKE in about 1953-4.

Austie and Eileen eventually left New Guinea in 1972, and settled in Margate, a suburb of Brisbane, where he passed away in the Princess Alexandra Hospital after a short illness in September 1974. Eileen moved to the Gold Coast and passed away in 1982.

Austie's son Peter returned to New Guinea after he finished school, and became involved in the Vegetable business until 1958, when he started a Bus and trucking business from Wau to Lae.

During the war the Army pushed a road through to the Coast at Labu, then a few years later the Mighty Markham was bridged, and conventional drive vehicles could make the journey without having to use the Barge.

The Irelands left their mark in Wau with the beautiful Citrus Orchard. The last time I saw it, it was a picture. Perhaps like a lot more in that unfortunate country, it could have been neglected.

Vale Austie.

(Wally, in answer to your query, Wau is now a very run down, overgrown and neglected place. Ed.)

TREASURY REUNION

A reunion of the PNG Treasury Officers and spouses was held at the Mountain Heritage Resort, Katoomba, 15-17th September last. The reunion had its origin in the two years prior to PNG Independence when it was realised that with the number of redundancies expected "send-offs" were going to be frequent and expensive.

A group of permanent overseas officers formed the P00's Club and made a fortnightly donation of \$1.00 a head which was used to fund a suitable farewell as members terminated their PNG employment. This worked well and on redundancy each member paid \$200.00 of their termination moneys into a fund which was used to subsidise a reunion in Bali in 1980. Subsequent reunions were held in Tasmania (1982) and Echuca (1988). These reunions were confined to the ex-permanent officers, however this was seen as restricting and no longer appropriate and consequently for the recent get together as many ex Treasury Officers as possible were contacted.

Those attending were:-

N.S.W.	Marie Day John & Joan Segal Bruce & Jill Jones	Max & Caroline Lassen Laurie & Wendy Wilson Clive & Harriet Troy.
Victoria	John & Fran Skinner	
A.C.T.	Jim Keegan Hugh Maher	John Oberdorf
Queensland	Maxine Gallagher Jim & Joy Ritchie	Terry & Jenny Turner Rex & Anne Wiggins
S.A.	Ron & Josette Storer Terry & Pat Ingram	David & Jan Martin
N.T.	Bob Magin	
P.N.G.	David & Nina Emery.	

An enjoyable time was spent at the retreat, despite the fact that the weather was not kind with cloud and fog enveloping Katoomba during the whole of our stay. This did not detract from the spirit of the reunion as we stayed together as a group and caught up with news and happenings of the past 20 years.

David and Jan Martin did an excellent job in arranging everything, the high point of which was the 20th Anniversary of PNG Independence Dinner on the 16th held in the Tower Restaurant decorated with Australian and PNG flags.

With Ron Storer acting as Chairman, former Treasurer Jim Ritchie gave an address on Treasury's role in PNG development and proposed a toast to Treasury and Papua New Guinea.

Terry Turner outlined the history of the reunion and moved the toast to departed workmates, in particular Alby King, who had intended to attend but was tragically killed a few weeks beforehand.

With the help of a mobile phone we were able to share our reunion with Bob Christianson, one of the original organisers of the P00's Club who had not been able to attend because of ill health and was in intensive care in an Adelaide hospital.

The general consensus was that our 5th reunion should be held on 16th September, 2000, and it is intended to contact as many ex Treasury employees as possible in this regard.

Dave Martin will be compiling a list of all interested people and can be contacted:

David Martin
P.O. Box 50
Oakbank, S.A. 5243.

Phone (08) 388 4354.

BOOK NEWS

"HOSTAGES TO FREEDOM: the Fall of Rabaul" by Peter Stone.
Yarram, Vic., Oceans Enterprises, 1995. v, 513pp., illus., bibl. \$86.00.

This is not a history book, yet it concerns itself with history. *Hostages to Freedom - The Fall of Rabaul* documents the turbulent war years of Rabaul, Papua New Guinea, from 1941 to 1945, and the subsequent post-war period of land and sea salvage. Although many books have been written about Rabaul since the Japanese invasion in January 1942, no book has managed to cover the complete picture - the landing of the Australian Lark Force garrison in 1941; the pre-invasion bombing; the invasion and defence of the harbour; the Australian soldiers and civilians on the run; the horrific Tol massacre, and the extraordinary escapes of six hundred soldiers and civilians; the loss of Australian prisoners on the *Montevideo Maru*; the remarkable Bishop Scharmach and the plight of the missionaries; the Japanese occupation of Rabaul and the construction of over three hundred kilometres of tunnels; the bombing and isolation of the Japanese garrison; enemy operations from Rabaul including the Battle of the Bismarck Sea; Indian, American, British, and Australian prisoners of war; the subsequent surrender and occupation by Australian forces; the salvage of shipping by Government and private salvage operators; and the ships and aircraft that remain in the Gazelle Peninsula region.

Editorial Comment.

It is an extraordinary book, Peter Stone has searched archival sources, memories and many bottom drawers to gather written data, photographs, maps and memories to record what happened in Rabaul leading up to, during, and immediately after the Japanese occupation 1942-1945. He has chronicled the inexcusable blunders of the Australian government in not evacuating non-indigenous residents (including Chinese), not fortifying Rabaul as the Japanese did their northern island possessions, and making no provision for the safe withdrawal of the pitifully few Australian troops pitted against the Japanese hordes. He has told delicately and with empathy the sufferings of the races imprisoned by the Japanese, the bravery of the Tolai in assisting Australian coast-watchers and the quiet dignity of missionaries who risked their lives daily to help the sick and the frightened.

This is a book to be savoured, page by page. For anyone who knows Rabaul - or who has lived in former Japanese occupied New Guinea - it is a must.

Hostages to Freedom - The Fall of Rabaul retails for \$86.00, plus \$7.50 postage anywhere in Australia. The publishers have a colour brochure available free of charge. Phone (051) 825 108, fax (051) 825 823, or write to Oceans Enterprises, 303 Commercial Road, YARRAM, VIC 3971.

PACIFIC BOOK HOUSE
17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, Qld 4218
Tel: (07) 5539 0446 Fax (07) 5538 4114
CATALOGUE 29 - MELANESIA
Now available free to members.

Bill & Patricia McGrath also advise that copies of *RABAU 1942* by Douglas Alpin are still available at the special price to members of \$20.00 plus \$7.00 packing and postage.

BOOK REVIEWS (continued)

SHE WALKS TO DEATH by Margaret (Bluett) Tebele.

Now on sale in Australia a Papua New Guinea novel in the Who Dunit style. This excitingly paced, atmospheric novel is set in a society and a time which has vanished - the brief but interesting colonial period in the Highlands. In the book there are a large number of vividly characterised individuals typical of the era.

The novel won second prize in the 1991 National Literature Competition organised by the National Cultural Research Institute of PNG. It has been published in England by Avon Books.

Available at \$18 from the author and Cheques or Credit Card numbers are acceptable:

Margaret Bluett
34 Walsh Street
Edgehill CAIRNS QLD 4870

Margaret Tebele was born in Sydney, Australia, and is a seventh generation Australian. She travelled to New Guinea with her husband and five young children in 1965 and her sixth child was born in Goroka in 1971. The family lived in Papua New Guinea for twenty-eight years and was engaged in various business enterprises. Margaret has been a freelance writer for some years, mainly publishing articles in magazines about her experiences in New Guinea and travels in other countries.

"She Walks to Death" is the author's first novel and is outstandingly evocative of the colonial period as well as being an excitingly paced and vividly characterised murder mystery. Margaret Tebele has taken her place with the best of the late twentieth century colonial writers and this book will be read with great admiration by all connoisseurs of good fiction.

(The above material has been provided by the Author.)

THE ASSOCIATION'S 1995 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

will be held on

SUNDAY 3RD DECEMBER, at 11.45 a.m. for 1 p.m.

at: **THE MANDARIN CLUB**

Cnr. Pitt and Goulburn Streets, Sydney

Cost will be \$22.00 per head - a banquet style meal will be served.

Drinks at Club prices:-

Beer \$7.00 per jug; \$2.50 per can.

Wine \$7.00 per carafe

Soft drink \$6.00 per carafe

Drinks (alcoholic and non-alcoholic) will also be available by the glass.

The Council parking station, corner Goulburn and Castlereagh Streets, will be open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. - charging a flat rate of \$6.00 for the day. The Club is not far from Town Hall, Central and Museum Stations. Anyone needing assistance with transport could please ring Pamela Foley on 428 2078; also tell her if a vegetarian meal is required so that she can advise the Club.

Seating arrangements will receive special attention to help those attending alone or those who feel they may not know many people. If you wish to be seated with your friends please let us know who they are when you make your booking. PLEASE BOOK EARLY! It is most important that we know in advance how many are coming so that we can liaise efficiently with the Club, and not have to pay for meals ordered and not used. If it is necessary for you to cancel, full refund will be made if Treasurer, Mrs. Elma Holmes, is notified on 958 4996 by noon on Friday 1st December. We will have a door prize. This year we plan to have a non-smoking area available to diners, subject to the Club's approval. Please make your cheque payable to ROAPNG and send with the Booking Slip below to The Secretary, ROAPNG, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069, as soon as possible.

LUNCHEON BOOKING

Name..... (Please print Christian and Surname) will attend the luncheon and will be accompanied by:

.....
(Please PRINT Christian and Surname name) (For name cards):

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

The enclosed cheque/money order includes: My luncheon payment \$22.00

► My luncheon guest(s) \$.....

► My Subs to year 19... \$.....

TOTAL \$.....

I would like to be seated in a Non-smoking area...../Smoking area.....

Please indicate your preference by writing "Yes" in one of the spaces provided.

CORBETT WILLIAM KIMMORLEY

by E. G. Hicks OBE

As one whose association with "Kim" (the name by which he was most usually known to all his friends) goes back almost fifty years, I deem it both a privilege and an honour to deliver this eulogy to a man who, throughout all those years, I have always felt proud to call my friend.

With the cessation of hostilities associated with the 1939-1945 War, Kim, like myself, was serving with the Australian Army in New Guinea. Following our demobilisation from the armed forces at the end of 1945 we both joined the PNG Provisional Administration as Patrol Officers with the Department of District Services and Native Affairs, thereby embarking upon uniquely interesting and challenging careers which were to continue a further three decades into the future until Papua New Guinea eventually attained Independence from Australia in 1975, at which time our services to the newly independent nation of Papua New Guinea were no longer required.

As I recall it, for the first 20 years or so of his career as a Field Staff Officer, (that is to say as a Patrol Officer initially, then as an Assistant District Officer, District Officer, and so on up the ladder of responsibility and seniority) with the Department of District Services and Native Affairs, Kim served in a number of Papua New Guinea's many administrative Districts, commencing with the Morobe District in 1946, followed by postings in New Ireland, Manus, Bougainville and New Britain. In 1953, while serving as Assistant District Officer at Lorengau in the Manus District, Kim married Elaine Jones who was at that time the Sister in charge of the Hospital at Lorengau. In 1946, Elaine had been one of the first Australian Nursing Sisters to take up duties in Port Moresby with the post-war civil Administration of Papua New Guinea.

From the Manus District, Kim transferred to Bougainville where, in the latter half of the 1950s, he served as Assistant District Officer at District Headquarters in Kieta. Around 1959/60, by which time he had more than adequately demonstrated a comprehensive appreciation of the many and diverse problems confronting the people of Papua New Guinea as they travelled the difficult road to self-government and eventual Independence, Kim transferred from the Field Staff of the Department of Native Affairs to take up an appointment as Commissioner with the Land Titles Commission.

With approaching Independence, the urgency attaching to the settlement of land ownership disputes throughout the length and breadth of Papua New Guinea increased markedly. Many such disputes were of long standing and bitterly disputed between the parties, so that the judgements of the small complement of Land Titles Commissioners almost invariably called for the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon, in much the same way as did the decision of the Judges of the High Court of Australia in the now famous *Mabo Case* relating to Aboriginal land ownership here in Australia.

Undeterred by such difficulties, however, Kim applied himself to the task of adjudicating disputed titles with commendable skill and diligence; indeed many of the decisions handed down by Corbett William Kimmorley during the decade or so before Papua New Guinea attained Independence would have done much towards the stabilisation of traditional land ownership patterns in many and diverse areas of that country where, since time immemorial, no such stability had ever existed.

The end of Australia's 'colonial' administration of Papua New Guinea brought to a close the careers of hundreds of 'overseas' officers whose role it had been to work with the native people and their institutions in preparing Papua New Guinea for independent nationhood which, it will be recalled, was celebrated 20 years ago this month, on the 16th September 1975.

(Continued next page)

CORBETT WILLIAM KIMMORLEY (*continued*)

It was not until some little time after I had returned to Australia and a premature retirement that I learned that Kim and his family had also retired to the lower Blue Mountains, and I still recall the pleasure I felt to know that there were these old and dear friends from my New Guinea years living not far away, whom I could still visit occasionally and share reminiscences about 'those good old days'.

It was Kim's nature to always be gainfully employed one way or another. He was, over recent years, closely involved with, and supportive of, the Society for Growing Australian Plants at Glenbrook, the Creative Arts Centre, also at Glenbrook, and was an active Friend of the Lewers Gallery, Emu Plains, being himself also a successful painter and sculptor.

Kim also continued to maintain his associations with Papua New Guinea, and was lately engaged in the writing of his memoirs. I am not sure just how far he had progressed with the latter project; however, for history's and his own family's sake, I hope that the wealth of knowledge and experience acquired during his lifetime is on record and has not been lost forever with his passing.

By way of concluding, I recall some remarks made by (the later) Sir Michael Somare, first Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, on the occasion of my own retirement in 1974. He told those present of how, as a small boy, he had been taken by his father (who was the chief of his tribe) into the jungle in order to ensure that he properly learned the art of bushcraft and survival. On one such occasion he enquired of his father why, as they moved through the jungle, he from time to time cut a small 'blaze' on a tree as he passed. To which Somare Sana replied that it was to serve as a 'signpost' by means of which the way back home was clearly marked, so that one should never become lost.

The Prime Minister went on to say that, if he had any regrets in relation to his country's upcoming Independence, the one which probably concerned him most was the fact that, with the retirement of so many Officers of the Australian administration, all those valuable skills which had for so long been directed towards the training and preparation of his people for Self-government were about to be lost. He could have paid me no greater compliment on the eve of my own retirement after more than 32 years working in Papua New Guinea than to say to those present that the District Commissioner, an Australian, whom they had gathered to farewell that night had indeed left his 'blaze' on trees throughout the length and breadth of Papua New Guinea, thereby ensuring that proper direction was provided for his people on into the future.

The analogy made by Sir Michael Somare all those years ago is one which can certainly be applied *equally* to so many of my colleagues who served the emerging nation of Papua New Guinea in a wide variety of fields over the many years of Australia's administration of Papua New Guinea as that country progressed from the stone age to Independent nationhood. Foremost amongst those deserving of such accolade would most certainly be Corbett William Kimmorley, to whom the Papua New Guinea Nation owed much, and to whose life and achievements we are met to pay tribute this day.

It now only remains for me to extend, on your behalf, to Kim's wife Elaine, to daughter Margaret and son William and their families, our heartfelt condolences and sympathy in their sad bereavement, while at the same time giving thanks to God for providing us all with the opportunity of knowing such a man as Kim.

So *Vale old friend*, your memory will stay with us all.

(This Eulogy was delivered at Penrith on 27th September 1995)

EARLY HISTORY OF KAINANTU

by T.G. Aitchison - as I remember it.

My knowledge of the area prior to July, 1933, is somewhat sketchy. The area was first penetrated by miners about 1928. Ned Rowlands, who had been prospecting the middle reaches and tributaries of the Ramu River, was the first European to enter the area and made the first discovery of gold in the Barola Creek area near Mount Munifinka. Between the times of Ned's entry and the establishment of the first Post, a visit was made overland by officers from Madang, including Harold Woodman, Assistant District Officer. The purpose of these casual visits were to examine and register the gold field.

At this time, Ted Ubanks commenced operations, as did Ludwig Schmidt. The first Post was established by Jim Taylor, Assistant District Officer, in 1932 on the banks of the Ramu River, immediately below the site of the present station. During 1932, Keith McCarthy, then a Patrol Officer, spent a short time establishing an air strip near the Ramu River. Charlie Bates, a Patrol Officer, who was with Jim Taylor, was in charge for a short period in 1932 until the arrival of Ian Mack.

Bill Kyle was amongst the group of officers originally involved in establishing the Post. Ian Mack took over the Administration in the latter part of 1932 and in 1933 was killed by natives at Aiamontina, a few miles north of the present station, when trying to make arrests.

Between 1928 and 1932, Alan Roberts, then a Patrol Officer, and Harry Bowning, an Assistant District Officer, visited the fringe of the Gadsup. Harry, a well covered man, was attacked by the local people and shot in the bottom with an arrow while in a prone position - his bottom was in fairly generous proportions.

Bill Kyle took over in mid 1933, immediately after Ian Mack's death, and Charlie Bates was his patrol officer on my arrival in July, 1933 - I was a cadet and they could both have a kick at me.

The Miners:

I recall that at the time of my arrival there were a number of miners prospecting various parts of the area.

There was Jim Delaney near the foot of Mount Munifinka, who was driving a tunnel following a reef, of which he and Ned Rowlands had high hopes. There was Ted Foad, working on the Upper Reaches of the Barola Creek on tribute from Ted Ubanks, who was working a bit lower down. Lax Peadon was working the Ornapinka, as was Lance Peadon on ground given him by Ted Ubank. Ted Ubank spent a lot of time prospecting but later settled and mined the terraces of the Ornapinka below Peadon's claim.

Jack Lorenz and George Chester were mining on a little tributary of the Ornapinka. Reg Dawes was prospecting the gullies of Mount Ifentira with not much success and Robbie Robertson was getting not bad gold from Ifentira Creek, especially after flash floods. Jack Dodd, who was regularly served with out-dated maintenance orders, was on Yonki Creek, together with Latham Hamilton. Scottie Sutherland was mining lower down the Yonki near the Ramu Gorge.

Bill Durrcher was prospecting Taiora Creek terraces and Bob Sturkey, an engineer employed by the Pratten Group, was testing in the same area. Incidentally, Bob's wife, a beautiful blond and a good cook, accompanied him. Lax Peadon had his wife living with him at Ornapinka.

Lea and Sid Ashton, together with Frank McKee, were mining on the Biakira Creek, which they called "Little Edie" after the Edie Creek near Wau. Incidentally, they had made a fortune on the original Edie and spent it on a magnificent holiday in Australia, returning to the Territory broke to the wide

(Continued next page)

...KAINANTU (continued)

but prepared to go again. Their luck stayed with them and they got a lot of good gold from the Biakira. They too did extensive prospecting trips through the Wonenara and Lamari River areas but always returned to the Biakira.

Ben McGrath and Bob Duggan were testing on the Karmamontina on the Purari River side of the Divide. Ned Rowlands was prospecting around the Ramu and pegged claims on the Yonke, which were later registered and worked by Lax Peadon. Lance Peadon, always an entrepreneur, set up a store-cum-pub on the site where BP's store now stands and had Sid Farnham managing it.

The miners and prospectors used to come in at regular intervals for relaxation and lubrication. For their comfort, beds made from copra sacks stretched between two poles were provided. There was no refrigeration but beer was 5/6 a bottle and seldom drunk, rum being the main drink enjoyed by the miners. It was served in enamel pannikins. A table about 30ft in length made from hewn timber nailed onto posts driven into the ground, and two benches, again from hewn timber and nailed on posts, provided seating accommodation.

I recall a poker game lasting some 72 hours being played by some miners, Nason Jones an engineer from Imperial Oil, and Bill Kyle. Nason Jones lost £700, which Bill Kyle took with him on leave some four days later. The miners would wait until they had a two ounce Ruby Champion tin or a Hawthorn four ounce tobacco tin filled with fine gold before visiting the pub, and it was possible to tell how a miner was progressing by the number of these visits.

Sid Farnham was a man more than eight stone and a very nervous disposition. Natives in the area were a bit restless at this particular time and Sid always had an armoury draped around the walls of the pub and store. Scottie Sutherland had brought with him from the coast some fireworks. One night, after everyone had gone to sleep, he lit a packet of crackers and threw them outside Sid's window. The continuous cracking was interpreted by Sid to be continuous rifle shots. He leaped out of bed, but was in such a hurry he was able to put only one leg of his trousers on, grab a rifle and rush outside shouting "They're after us."

By this time Scottie had aroused other miners camped at the pub and there was a roar of laughter as they saw Sid with only one leg of his trousers on and nothing else. Scottie claimed that he just wanted to make sure that Sid in fact undressed before going to bed. The occasion called for another bottle of rum at Scottie's expense to soothe Sid's shattered nerves.

Most of these prospectors and miners have now passed on - as a group of men they were amongst the finest I have met.

The Missionaries:

In 1933 Willie Bergmann of the Lutheran Mission was already established at Kambaidam in the Gadsup area. He and his wife must have been there for some years, as at the end of 1933 I stayed with them and was given a peach grown in their garden as a birthday present.

To Mrs Bergman must go the honour of having been the first European woman settler in the area. Willie Bergmann was a great prospector in the mission field.

Johannes Flierl, Hoffman (he married old Helbig's daughter) and Zimmerman - all Lutheran Ministers - came into the area about the time of my arrival and established a station at Onerunka, some miles to the south of the present Raipinka Lutheran Mission establishment. With them came hundreds of native mission helpers from the Finschhafen area who soon established themselves amongst the villagers.

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...KAINANTU (continued)

One must admire the fortitude and initiative of these early missionaries, even though at times we did not see eye to eye with them.

Pastor A.J.Campbell set up the Seventh-day Adventist Mission near Kainantu in the mid-thirties and was later joined by Pastor Gander.

The Pilots and Air Companies:

Names which come to mind when talking of pilots are Bob Gurney, the best gun and revolver shot in the Territory at the time, Pard Mustar, Grabowsky, Eric Chater, Bertie Heath, Orm Denny and Lee Ross of Guinea Airways; Les Holden and Tommy O'Dea of Holden's Air Transport; Jos Crisp and Dick Mant of W.R.Carpenter's Airways, later called "Mandated Airlines."

Incidentally, Dick Mant used to fly a Fox Moth - I think it was painted red and black - which had previously been flown from Canada to Ireland. There was a varied collection of aircraft, the DH50 and DH61, the Waco, the Moths and Fox Moths, later the Dragons with twin engines, the Stinson, the Junkers with their earlier Jupiter Motors, and later their Hornet engines; the old Fairy and the Fords.

There was, I recall, one Department of Civil Aviation man in the Territory at the time - Dave Ross, stationed at Salamaua.

The original landing ground was at Lapumpa, a ridge near which the present Lutheran Mission headquarters is now situated. Some of the early aircraft had no brakes and depended upon their tail skid to halt them. To get off the Lapumpa airstrip it was necessary in some cases to tie the aircraft by its tail skid to a post stuck in the ground at the top of the strip. When the engine was running full revolutions, the rope was chopped with an axe and the aircraft rolled down the strip gathering speed until it reached the end of the spur, dropping over the edge and picking up flying speed on the way.

I remember one exciting flight with Les Ross from Kainantu to Mount Hagen. About 20 miles from Mount Hagen a petrol pipe burst, throwing petrol all over the cockpit. My job was to try and hold the pipe together with the aid of a sweater for wrapping, so that petrol could get through to the engine until we were able to land at Mount Hagen. We spent the night with Mick Leahy effecting temporary repairs. En route to Kainantu the following morning the petrol pipe again burst and we were forced to land on an abandoned strip at Finintegu in high kunai and pitpit.

Again the pipe was repaired and hundreds of natives who had come to see the aircraft stamped down the pitpit and Kunai, and made huge strips of plaited pitpit to place over the boggy areas. Fortune stayed with us and we were able to return to Kainantu where a search plane was waiting.

There were, incidentally, no radios in any of the aircraft at this time. Air companies depended on weather reports sent them direct over Administration tick-tack radio powered by a generator driven and peddled manually.

There was plenty of pilot enthusiasm during this period and a lot of give and take between the Airways and their customers. I recall Les Ross flying a Stinson aircraft into Kainantu on its first flight to the Highlands. It was the first aircraft in the Territory to have flaps, which were used for landing and take-off, and Rossie was the only one game to use the flaps for the purpose for which they were designed.

It was a lovely little aircraft even by modern standards but one entered it with a feeling of trepidation, as it was expected that the flaps might fly off at any time.

As earlier recorded one of the first two or three Administration officers to enter the area was Harold Woodman. Jim Taylor set up the first

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...KAINANTU (continued)

permanent Administration establishment, which was moved a few months later by Ian Mack, to the lower portion of the present station site.

Jim Taylor, at the time of my arrival at the Upper Ramu Police Post (Kainantu as it was then called) was preparing in Salamaua to join the Leahy brothers at Bena Bena. Incidentally the Leahy brothers entered the Highlands through Lihona Gap above Kaigulan in Markham. Bill Kyle was the Acting Assistant District Officer and Charlie Bates his Patrol Officer.

Bill Kyle was one of the most sympathetic men towards the people I have ever met - they trusted him and were prepared to accept rebuke and punishment from him as the result of any bad behaviour on their part.

In August, 1933, the first census taken in the Highlands was recorded at Kainantu village by Kyle, with myself assisting with the writing-up of the books. The original book contained 426 names. Village officials were appointed and Anorai of Punano was the first village official in the Highlands. He was later Paramount Luluai of the Agarabi area and is now a councillor. At this time he was a tower of strength in the pacification of the area, and assisted patrols, whether they be operating amongst his friends or enemies, in encouraging people to appear for census taking.

It was interesting to see him in conversation with John Guise during the first meeting of the House of Assembly. Anorai was dressed in an un-ironed khaki shirt and shorts wearing a dilapidated army slouch hat and carrying a pair of sandals in his hands, but proudly displaying his Army and loyal service medals when John, immaculately clad in tailored rami, well laundered shirt, together with tie and jacket, was introduced to him. They chatted for a few moments and the pressmen asked "What do you think of the Papuans, Anorai?" He said "I like them now - earlier I did not like them much."

He is still a man of great influence in the Kainantu area. When people in the area misbehaved, patrols would set out for hamlets where offenders were sleeping during the night, arriving just at dawn. The interpreters would call to the people to come out. There would be a rustling in the houses. On some occasions wanted men came out and gave themselves up. More frequently they broke through the grass roof of the house in an attempt to escape into the surrounding pitpit only to find their hamlet surrounded and arrest inevitable. Occasionally there would be a few arrows flying when a wanted man got away.

During 1933 Charlie Bates operated in the Bena Bena area, mostly in an attempt to establish some kind of law and order.

On Kyle's departure, Albert Nurton took over, and with myself as an assistant, he took over responsibility for the exploration and pacification from the Goroka/Chimbu Divide to the Markham Valley. During this period, Ben McGrath, who was prospecting in the Karamamontina, was murdered near his camp by people from adjacent villages.

Nurton was away in the Markham and I was at Kainantu with a few police. McGrath's body was found by Mick and Dan Leahy who had only that day left Kainantu to join Jim Taylor at Bena Bena prior to carrying out the famous Leahy/Taylor exploratory patrol to the west.

Together with eight police, some miners and their boys, I went to McGrath's camp to investigate the murder and to make arrests. Our party was met with very strong resistance during the first day of our visit to the area but a couple of days later some hundreds gathered around and we were able to establish friendlier relations.

Jim Duggan, who had been with McGrath, was found alive but exhausted in an extensive area of pitpit. District Officer Ted Taylor arrived, accompanied by John Black, a cadet of my own group, and an emergency airstrip was established and Tom O'Dea brought the DH50 in with supplies to establish John Black in a camp at what is now known as Finintegu. (Continued next page)

...KAINANTU (*continued*)



Firing party at the burial of Commander Ben McGrath (R.A.N.) who was murdered by the people of the Karmamontina valley in February 1934. His body was found resembling a pin cushion, with dozens of arrows sticking from it, by Mick Leahy and his party.

After my departure in 1934 from Kainantu, George Greathead, another cadet from our group, took my place at Kainantu with Albert Nurton. Between the date of my departure and the return at the end of 1935, after a year at Sydney University, Keogh was in charge of the station after Nurton's departure. During 1936 and part of 1937 when I was officer in charge at Kainantu, an intensive patrolling was undertaken in efforts to establish law and order. Ralph Ormsby was with me during this period, as was Pompey Elliott, later killed in the Sepik.

In association with the Lutheran Mission, in particular, bridle paths were established through the area over a distance of some 300 miles. These bridle paths were later expanded in many cases into present vehicular roads; which were developed and extended by John Black during the war. During the latter years of the war, you could drive from Asaro to Arona in reasonable comfort in a four wheel drive vehicle.

Getting back to my story, after incessant pressures from patrols, the people of the Agarabi and Karmamontina began to arrive at the station in hundreds - men, women and children, the men carrying bows and arrows, shields and leather war emblems. They made huge piles of their weapons and associated regalia, and burnt them, claiming they no longer wished to fight the Administration or each other.

It was common for piles of weapons to exceed 10-12ft in height and be spread over an area of 20-30ft in diameter. The Mission helpers joined the
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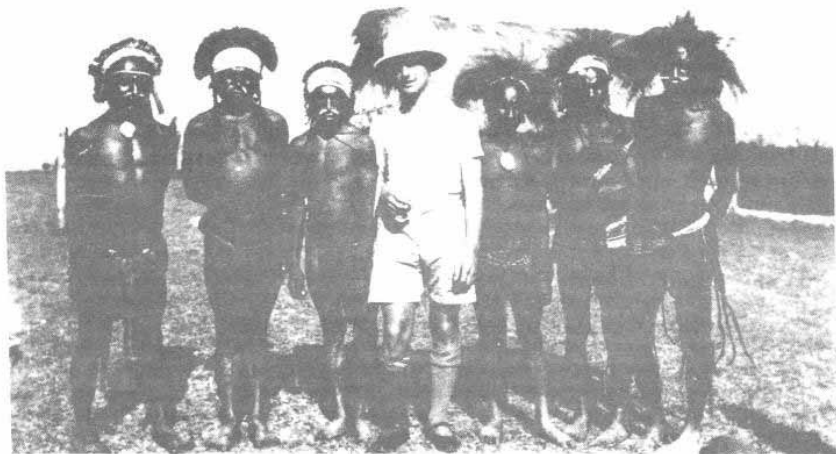
...KAINANTU (*continued*)

people in the exercise of law and order and they were of great assistance in influencing the people to cease fighting and bring their problems to the Administration for settlement.

The people, incidentally, were prepared to accept Administration authority a bit earlier, and when two groups of people, each numbering several hundreds, were fighting and an Administration patrol came close to them and called out to them to stop, they would do so but resume their fight after the patrol had passed through.

This was mostly in the fringe areas and with our resources available - one patrol officer and one cadet to establish law and order from the Markham Valley to the Goroka/Chimbu Divide - it was impracticable to stop all inter-group fighting.

One of the main purposes in opening up the Highlands was to allow miners to win the gold in order that the royalties could swell the Treasury coffers so that our salaries could be paid - there was no Commonwealth Grant to the Trust Territories in those years.



This photo was taken in 1936, on the occasion of a first visit to the Upper Ramu Police Post by men from the upper reaches of the Purari River headwaters. The person in the middle is the writer, Tom Aitchison.

In 1936 two Tolai Administration School Teachers arrived at Kainantu. They were on their way to take up postings at Chimbu. At the time of their arrival some hundreds of people ran onto the air field chanting and waving bows and arrows prior to throwing them into a heap and burning them.

The two teachers were terrified - they hid in a kunai transients' house and only came out on rare occasions over the period they remained at Kainantu prior to going on to Chimbu.

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...KAINANTU (continued)

In 1936 the then Administrator, Sir Walter McNicoll, visited Kainantu and remained there a few days. He agreed to supply deciduous and citrus fruit seedlings with which to experiment. He also agreed that soya bean seeds be supplied together with white maize, and peanuts.

Prior to this I had established blue and red gum trees, grown from seeds brought from Australia. I tried three types of clover, subterranean, black medic and strawberry, which thrived pretty well but I can't recall if they seeded or not. I remember the strawberry flowered.

The citrus fruits were not successful but some citrus are still bearing abundantly. Some of the gum trees - incidentally, Black and Cootamundra wattles, were introduced at the same time with a view to providing people with firewood and are still growing but I understand are not seeding.

The soya bean, the first in the Territory, was successful but great difficulty was experienced in getting the people to process and eat it. The peanuts and maize thrived.

I understand the Seventh-day Adventist Mission have since grown soya beans and are meeting the same difficulty in having them included in the people's diet. It would be a wonderful source of protein.

At this time the Administration was interested in establishing quinine (Cinchona) and the late Larry Dwyer, who was Acting Director of Agriculture at the time, wrote to me asking if land was available for plantings in the Kainantu area.

I informed him that a suitable area for a project would be in the higher timber areas of the present Aiyura agricultural station. Together with Pompey Elliott, I selected and purchased an area of approximately 2,000 acres for the project. At the same time negotiations for 2,000 acres on which Kainantu is now established were commenced.

Bill Brechin was the first Agricultural Officer posted to Kainantu. He established a quinine Nursery, which later produced some 10,000 trees in the gully between the present District Office and Burns Philp store. In this same nursery 10 tea seeds provided by the Department of Agriculture were planted by Bill and myself - five each. Both the quinine and the tea thrived.

Prior to my departure in 1937 the Department of Agriculture were seeking pyrethrum seed and the following year it was firmly established at Aiyura. Unfortunately it was not recognised during the war (after Brechin's death) and was rooted out.

Stud pigs were introduced by the Department of Agriculture at District Services request and turned out to be of assistance in establishing friendly relations with people, both local and from outlying parts.

Shropshire sheep were introduced but were never very successful despite the care Bill Brechin lavished on them. In 1936 we established a cattle dip at Aiyura and insisted on dipping all the cattle in the area and any proposed to be brought in. I received a very curt note from the then Government Secretary, asking what my authority was to dip people's cattle. I was forced to admit that I had no such authority but common sense dictated such action. Bill Brechin strongly supported me. We used an argument that ticks would get in amongst the pig population and disseminate it. This argument we knew was not valid but the Government Secretary accepted it and told the Missions that all their cattle had to be dipped.

The first survey of a road from the Highlands to the Markham Valley was carried out by Pompey Elliott and myself. We examined spurs running from the Arona area down to the Markham and had settled on what was then known as the Arona Gap, as the entrance from the Markham Valley. Bench cuts to commence there to go down to the Marrawassa-Ragitsaria areas. The survey ran from
(Continued next page)

...KAINANTU (continued)

Kainantu, crossing the Ramu River at Anona Village, then to Aiyura Village, thence across the range on to the grass country to the Arona Gap.

The first section of vehicular road established in the Highlands in 1936 is still in use - it runs through the Kainantu station and the original cutting from the creek to the station still remains.

Both the Agarabi and the Karmamontina people now reasonably co-operative, we extended out work as far as Asaro, compiling census as we went.

Jim Taylor and Charlie Bates' earlier influence was of great assistance in these areas.

The Administrator, during one of his visits to Kainantu, had agreed that he would provide an Uncontrolled Area permit for my wife when I had established a suitable residence. Pit-saw teams from prison were set up at Taiera and in six months there was sufficient timber sawn by hand and dressed by hand to build a modest dwelling.

The District Officer provided me with a native carpenter and Bert Beer, Government carpenter at Salamaua, drew up the plans. We set to work and built the house, which still stands at Kainantu, with its open fireplace, plunge bath and wide verandahs. I advised the District Officer that the house was sufficiently advanced to occupy and he in turn advised the Administrator.

On Christmas Eve, 1936, I was advised by radio that an Uncontrolled Area permit had been issued in favour of my wife to be - the first permit granted to an official's wife to live in an Uncontrolled Area.

On March 3, 1937, we were married by the Rev. Johannes Flierl in the original Kainantu District Office at Kainantu, with Bill Brechin and Pompey Elliott as witnesses - the first formal wedding in the Highlands.

There was a great sing sing to celebrate and more than 100 Lutheran Mission helpers and Seventh-day Adventist teachers arrived to express their good wishes.

About this time, Bill Kyle had returned to Chimbu and was passing through Kainantu. He told my wife she would probably wake up with her throat cut one morning. I well remember her being terrified one night because a cow was breathing heavily outside the bedroom window.

Miners used to pay social calls, as did missionaries, and later their wives. It was during this period that the Highlands established itself as one of the places which must be visited, and I cannot recall a day after our first month of marriage when there were not people staying with us - incidentally there were no accommodation warrants in those days. We used to visit the Flierls and Campbells, and the women folk particularly enjoyed these contacts.

Up to the end of 1936, Kainantu and the whole of the Highlands area was administered from Salamaua as part of the Morobe District. At the end of 1946 the Highlands were included in the Madang District.

Arthur Hewing, Medical Assistant at Kainantu during 1936/37, was engaged on a more than full-time job.

We had 35 police carefully selected and a very fine bunch they were. To one, Sergeant Arthur Visser, I owe my life and he was later given the Valour Medal as a result.

For weeks at a time my wife was left on the station alone - excepting of course the visitors, while we were on patrol. The miners and missionaries were always dropping in to ensure that all was well with her.

After leaving Kainantu in 1937 Cedric Croft, later shot down over England, took over and continued with the consolidation.

This briefly is as I remember it. There will, of course, be omissions and a few inaccuracies as my diaries were lost in 1943. I hope the content of this article will be of interest to those who were in the Highlands and in the Kainantu area in particular.

PREAMBLE TO ARTICLE

by Anne McCosker

UNA VOCA (sic) printed, March 1994 issue, without my permission - infringing copyright, a mutilated version of my article 'At Birth I heard The Drums'. This article was taken from *NEW GUINEA WAITS*, Three Articles on New Guinea, I.S.B.N. 0 9502876 5 2. This publication included a short biographical note on my parents and myself, necessary for an understanding of the work, an 'Introduction'; and three articles, 'Reflections'; 'Empire?'; 'At Birth I Heard the Drums'. There are notes for each article. The publication should be read as a whole as there are cross references.

Harry West and I have agreed that a true copy of 'At Birth I Heard The Drums' will be printed in the next two issues of *UNA VOCA* (sic). Aware of the space problem - although not of my making - I have made three cuts in the article. These are clearly marked in the usual way. However as the 'Introduction' starts with these words "These three short articles have been published in the hope that all future historical research on Australian colonial New Guinea will be based on fact", all those interested in New Guinea history should welcome the chance to read the correct version. There are 71 notes in 'At Birth I Heard The Drums'. Again with space in mind I am not asking them to be printed. However it is necessary for an intelligent reading of the article to give a few notes, some given almost as in the original.

NOTES

The poetry extracts are taken from my various books, 'New Britain Birth', *CAMP FIRES*; 'Rombin', 'Rabaul', 'Frangipanni and Daffodil', 'Potter's Clay'; *POTTER'S CLAY*; 'Possession', *BEYOND THE SUNSET*; 'Men of Rabaul', 'New Guinea - My Country'; first published in *NEW GUINEA WAITS*.

MASKED EDEN an unpublished historical accurate account of the colonial period of the Territory of New Guinea. Completed in 1979. It is based on private letters, diaries, short stories, articles and photographs, in the authors possession. Authenticity has been achieved from the many conversations the author had with Old Timers in Australia and New Guinea, as well as her own memories and experiences.

Rombin. He was with my father from the mid 1920's in New Guinea. Several references are made to him in *NEW GUINEA WAITS*. 'Note 33' reads in part "Personal family knowledge of the author, she has photographs showing Rombin with his medals. Quentin Reynolds, 'Seventy Thousand To One', Cassell and Company Ltd. 1947. Eric Feldt, 'The Coast Watchers', p356.

'Note 53' refers in the original published article to the marie dying after child birth. (For uniformity all the Pidgin English in *MASKED EDEN* is as written pre WWII.) Stan McCosker told the author this story in the mid-1960's. It still troubled him - forty years after the event - that he had not been able to save the woman.

As the 'Montevideo Maru' has been much discussed recently, I draw readers notice to my paragraph beginning 'She (Bulbeck) then repeats the myth that all the New Britain men were lost on the 'Montevideo Maru'. This statement of mine has significance if one reads the whole of *NEW GUINEA WAITS*. My father, Stan McCosker, N.G.V.R., later A.N.G.A.U., saw the Japanese land in Rabaul - and escaped. He knew a great deal about the fall of Rabaul and I grew up in this shadow well aware too of the 'Montevideo Maru'. In the early 1970's I collected much material on the subject. I talked to men and women of pre war Rabaul who, like my parents, had returned there after the war. Men like John Gilmore who with Major Bates landed Rabaul 13th September 1945. I corresponded with others including McKechnie. Most important of all I talked with Lulu Miller.

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PREAMBLE... (continued)

I find it ironic that all this current interest in the fall of Rabaul and the 'Montevideo Maru' still ignores me. Nearly 25 years ago I collected most of my material and added it to a life-times awareness of the tragedy. Yet MASKED EDEN containing so much material on the subject, in spite of repeated attempts to have it published and my work recognised - documented in part in NEW GUINEA WAITS - remains unpublished.

NEW GUINEA WAITS is available in the University libraries of Melbourne, QLD., A.N.U., Griffith. It is also in the National and Mitchell Libraries.

AT BIRTH I HEARD THE DRUMS

Comment on *Australian Women in Papua New Guinea* by Chilla Bulbeck.

"At birth I heard the drums, witch doctor shadowed me" - the opening line of my poem 'New Britain Birth'.¹

The opening sentence in Chilla Bulbeck's book *Australian Women in Papua New Guinea* - sub-titled *Colonial Passages 1920-1960* - is "Although a few white women have been born in Papua New Guinea, and indeed spent all or most of their lives there, the great majority lived in the Territory for only a few years." She continues, "For most expatriate women, Papua New Guinea was a passage in their lives, a brief moment,....."²

Perhaps these two quotations are not contradictory. I think, however, they arise from very different mental and spiritual perceptions. Because of my birth in New Guinea and subsequent life, I know of many women - too many to be dismissed as lightly as Chilla Bulbeck does - whose lives were, and sometimes still are, profoundly affected by New Guinea. This is true regardless of whether they were born there or not, or lived there for a very long time or not.

Some women, of course, were not affected by the Islands but these were as tourists compared to the many women to whom New Guinea was physically or emotionally home for five, fifteen, thirty years or more. What made Bulbeck decide to emphasise those women to whom New Guinea meant little thus, in effect, ignoring the many to whom New Guinea meant so much? Are not the latter the women she should have chosen as her source of information on Australian women in New Guinea? Perhaps, then, her opening sentences would have been less misleading.

As it is, Bulbeck seems to have failed to take into account the inner reality active in all humans. Intense involvement in a particular situation can have a greater and longer lasting influence on a person than years of humdrum living.

My life has been greatly influenced by my birth there - "Fire of birthplace equalled fire of blood"³. In one sense it is my country and Rabaul "bright harbour in the stars, my home."⁴ To a lesser or greater extent, I think this is true of all the other Australian women of my generation born in New Guinea.

My mother, Marjorie McCosker, found her life dominated by the Islands from the moment they first touched her in 1927, and they were the main cause of her death at a relatively early age in 1957. Other members of her family were also affected, through her, by New Guinea. Women who have not lived in the Islands since World War II still have New Guinea Club meetings, a bond existing between them of amazing depth.

The New Guinea Islanders were not a servile people of no spirit or character. There was far more interaction between the races than Bulbeck

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AT BIRTH.... (continued)

seems to realise or accept, even though she writes, "For all, it meant an abiding interest in a close neighbour."⁵ Nor does she seem to value the fact that a land can have the power to influence people, not only while they live there, but long after they have left it, although she writes, "Annie Deland will always remember 'that strange morning and evening light.'"⁶

I shall not comment on any statements about Papua. It was, and still is, a foreign country to me. I am a daughter of the Islands of New Guinea. It is also not possible to give an historically accurate picture if both countries, not formally united until 1949, are pushed together.

I shall not comment either on any of the considerable amount of material in the book dealing with other parts of the British Empire. I do wonder, though, why there is so much of this in a book called *Australian Women in Papua New Guinea*.

In her 'Introduction' Bulbeck writes, "In contrast with official histories, the gender axis is central to this book."⁷ Why then has she completely ignored all my published poetry on New Guinea? The first three books have been in major libraries - since 1973 - classified under the heading NEW GUINEA. Does she not think that my voice, the voice of a poet, is of any importance when considering the Australian women of colonial New Guinea?

It seems, too, that she has not interviewed any women of my generation born in New Guinea. According to her 'Biographical Notes' she has talked to only two elderly ladies who were in PNG before World War II.⁸ Women of my generation are living in Brisbane and other capital cities of Australia and there are several ladies in Brisbane, for example, who were in the Islands well before World War II.⁹

If "In contrast with official histories the gender axis is central to this book,"¹⁰ how then can Bulbeck be so confused about the founder woman of New Guinea? Any serious student of New Guinea surely knows that Queen Emma was never called Parkinson. It was her sister's married name.¹¹ How can an academic claiming to be writing about the colonial women of New Guinea - and thus assuming the mantle of an expert on the subject - not get the name of the woman founder of New Britain and thus New Guinea correct? Even all the male historians knew about Emma.

However, this is some improvement on Bulbeck's early paper on New Guinea. In *Staying in Line or Getting out of Place*,¹² Queen Emma is not even mentioned. One can understand the reluctance to mention Queen Emma for to do so makes nonsense of many of her theories regarding women in the Empire.

The determination to see the world from a 'woman's axis' can and does lead to many errors.

"Women accepted the Independence of Papua New Guinea as inevitable and fair, men saw it as a defeat."¹³ Bulbeck's next sentence, part of a quotation from an unfinished thesis, is almost the same as one given in another of her papers - "The consensus among the women of this group was that they could see long before the men that it was time to go."¹⁴

I repeat my answer first given in the 'Notes' of my paper *Empire*?

"I was in New Guinea in 1971 and 1974. The few Old Timers left in the Territory - men and women - were well aware of the true situation and were reacting to the political events in a similar manner. Those who intended leaving - some for various reasons did not - were settling their affairs as quickly as possible."¹⁵

I shall now discuss some of the inaccurate statements - and omissions - Bulbeck makes regarding World War II.

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AT BIRTH.... (continued)

She touches on the trauma of evacuation for the Australian women and their children but she gives misleading and/or one-sided material. For instance, "The administration's plans were to send the civilian population bush during this period."¹⁶ In fact, the Administration suggested all women and children leave the Islands.¹⁷ The McCoskers of Matala Plantation left soon after this advice was given. They were aware of Japanese behaviour in China.¹⁸

The Administration never intended storing food in the bush for the civilians,¹⁹ as Bulbeck suggests. There was not even such a plan for the army.²⁰

Bulbeck mentions the arrival of the women and children in Australia and then, except for a couple of extracts, leaves it at that. Does she not think it important to discuss the life of those Australian women of New Guinea as they struggled to cope in Australia during the war? She ignores them as did the Government of that time. From original material, I have written in detail of this tragic episode in Australian history - in *Masked Eden*²¹.

She then repeats the myth that all the New Britain men were lost on the 'Montevideo Maru'.²²

Hardly anyone of pre-war Rabaul accepted that story. Even those wives who at first believed it were, over the years, to grow increasingly sceptical.²³ Only generations of academics seem to believe it.

I am not sure how to interpret the statement "(Marjorie) discovered that he had been captured when, coming home she picked up the *Courier Mail*. Across the front page was a headline 'Japs claim capture of Australian spy'.²⁴ If John Murphy's name was not mentioned in the paper, is Bulbeck implying that Marjorie Murphy was a gifted clairvoyant who knew it was her husband, (even if Marjorie Murphy had been told John was missing, so were other men), or is she suggesting that John Murphy was the only Australian intelligence officer behind the lines whom the Japs could capture? If the latter, then it is a grave insult to brave men - black and white - who were behind the lines in New Britain.

[.....

.....]

Other sources present a different picture. On 13th September 1945, 'Ramale Day,' an Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit (ANGAU) party headed by Major Bates, and including Lt. John Gilmore, arrived in Rabaul. They freed four civilians - Thomas, Creswick, McKecknie and Ellis. These were the only men of the New Britain civilian population, captured by the Japanese, still alive. By then they were in caves in the Ramale valley with a party of missionaries. Scattered about Rabaul were POW camps of military personnel from many armies - British, Indian, American.²⁷

Was the information given by these elderly ladies not checked?

In the chapter 'War, a Watershed in Race Relations?', Bulbeck seems to have little background knowledge of New Guinea. I give just a few examples. "Australian B4s 'ran away' in defeat".²⁸ Most were killed long before they ran anywhere. Some left, promising the Islanders they would return, which they did. Others like Father Harris were tortured to death, rather than betray white soldiers or leave their flock. A few Old Timers hid in the bush for some months before joining up with the intelligence parties. And some brave men, such as the coast watcher C.L. Page, remained until they were murdered by the Japanese - without giving away information during captivity.²⁹

Soon small groups of Allied Intelligence Bureau (AIB) parties were organised and moving about New Britain - an area ignored by Bulbeck. Old Timers were working with New Guinea men like Rombin/Robin in New Britain, in conditions requiring great degrees of trust. These Australian men were obviously the only ones who knew the local conditions and were thus capable of leading such expeditions.³⁰

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AT BIRTH... (continued)

Bulbeck does correctly state that the Americans gave no recognition to their Papuan 'Joes' after the war.³¹ She does not say, however, that they were also ungrateful to the men and women of the Islands, particularly New Britain, who saved American airmen. It was men like Stan McCosker - an Old Timer - who, without success fought the American government for years as they tried to make them recognise the loyalty and courage of New Guinea men like Rombin. Eventually, in 1948, the Australian government rewarded these New Guineans with medals.

Saimon Gaus might have worked for the Japanese³² but Rombin, also in the Bainings area, was certainly not working for them. He was busy hiding an American airman and generally hood-winking the Japanese. He then led the airman to safety and joined the AIB.³³

As a bridge between comments on World War II and on life before and after the war, I shall ask a question. Why does Bulbeck not explore any of the tragic consequences for the Australian women caused by the death of so many of the men of Rabaul? She writes, "Records of women's experiences in Papua New Guinea are largely absent from the official narrative"³⁴ yet she herself has almost entirely ignored their suffering.

It is not possible to understand post-war New Guinea unless one understands what happened in January 1942. Does she not think that was as important a factor in post-war New Guinea as any intervention of American troops? So many women lost husbands, brothers, sons. And the women of my generation lost their fathers.

MEN OF RABAU

On the 23rd January 1942 Rabaul, the capital of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea, was invaded by the Japanese. The town and surrounding area held more than a thousand European men, mostly over military age, a few European women and an army garrison. At least three-quarters were captured and killed by the Japanese. The actual manner of many murders still remains a mystery. On the fiftieth anniversary of this invasion, I placed flowers at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey.

Fifty years fade into stone
That crafted arch by arch
Lead to an altar.
Time is silenced, distance inched
Spheres meet in vaulted order.

Rabaul so loved
Is blooded.
Men run like ants
As ants are killed,
Sight splintered.

A sea of blue is red
I kneel now beside poppies
That guard a grave.
'Unknown soldier,'
Yet my parents knew those men betrayed.³⁵

I shall now consider a few of the misleading or inaccurate and/or contradictory statements which I have taken at random from various chapters of *Australian Women in Papua New Guinea*.

Bulbeck quotes Doris Groves as writing, "before the Second World War very few white residents knew much about native village life."³⁶ I seem to
(Continued next page)

AT BIRTH... (continued)

have had great luck in my parents and their friends. Stan and Marjorie McCosker were both writing articles about native life on the Witus in the early 1930s. Walford King had managed to obtain a long description in the 1920s of the 1878 eruption in Rabaul from Tomaran, an old man from Matupi. Noel Barry, my sister's godfather, translated into English Richard Parkinson's book, *Dreissig Jahre in der Sudsee* ('Thirty Years in the South Seas'), a task that included checking the various statements made by Parkinson regarding the native peoples.³⁷

Like everywhere else in the world, some people were interested in their fellow men and women, others not.

Take another statement she makes - "Thus white society in New Guinea developed a code against manual labour, work fit 'only for blacks'".³⁸ However, earlier, Daphne Brigland is quoted as saying, "If you are a plantation manager you are everything."³⁹

Is Bulbeck suggesting that Daphne Brigland was talking only about post-war New Guinea and that life on a plantation was not like this pre-war - that planters did none of the work Daphne Brigland describes. If they did not, then who did the work? Stan McCosker always worked manually on his plantations.⁴⁰ However, Bulbeck then says that the people pre-war worked beside their employees on the plantations.⁴¹

What is the point of this roundabout tale? People living on the land always do more manual work, either on their own or with employees, than those in a town for no other reason than there is much more manual work to be done. However, in New Guinea as elsewhere pre-war, European men frequently worked on their cars, both in town and on the plantations; cars in that environment needed a great deal of maintenance, especially pre-war!⁴²

One can only wonder why Bulbeck bothered to interview even a few Old Timers or read any original documents after reading the statement, "Although the accounts gathered in this book do not tell tales of economic exploitation or physical violence, such exchanges clearly marred much of colonial life."⁴³ How does the student cope with such statements? Only someone like myself, an historian, with a personal knowledge of colonial New Guinea, can distinguish fact from fiction. Yet, I presume this book is to be considered a reliable source of information on colonial New Guinea.

I give two more examples of confused and misleading statements. First, she quotes Pat Murray as saying, "every blasted bob, or 99.9% that the plantation community got, went back into the country, and we were exploiting the country, according to them" (the government officials).⁴⁴

Then Bulbeck says, "They (the plantation community) were the only group that neither collected taxes nor expected gifts from Papua New Guineans. Any lack of reciprocity in their relationship was hidden beneath the surface equality of cash or rations payments for services rendered. But even this relationship was rendered in terms of a gift to the labourers."⁴⁵ What does this last sentence mean?

[.....]

In *Empire*? I suggested that a make-believe structure was erected by those who wished to denigrate ALL of Empire and that Bulbeck and others were now beginning to prise a few bricks off this construction - a structure that should never have arisen in the first place.⁴⁸ Much of *Australian Women in Papua New Guinea* confirms my opinions expressed in that short article. In this book, Bulbeck argues about and reassesses ideas regarding colonial New Guinea that would not even be considered, let alone taken seriously, by those who knew the Empire well.

The last two chapters particularly are, to me, full of theorising fantasy and contradictions. In her 'Introduction' she writes, "Chapter 7

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AT BIRTH... (continued)

argues that there was a circumscribed place for everyone....Because white men were located at the top of the hierarchy, they can be said to have a 'position.'⁴⁹ How can one base theories on this idea and then write "These contradictory responses reveal the complexities of a society where hierarchies are volcanic rather than sedimentary. Race and class and sex are not separable structures deployed with the symmetrical precision of a layer cake."⁵⁰ Which is it to be?

In *Reflections* I tried to show that colonial women - and men - were just like women and men anywhere - good, bad and indifferent.⁵¹ Their behaviour in any situation was determined by their character, regardless of any real or imagined hierarchical structures.

One has only to look at how everyone behaved before and after the fall of Rabaul to see this.⁵²

[.....]

So much of the chapter 'Matters of Sex' is anecdotal. Surely Bulbeck knows, as nearly everyone knows, that people everywhere are always likely to lie about their sexual life and thoughts. Again, is she not just proving that we are all individuals?

In this chapter, Bulbeck repeats many of the statements made in *Staying in Line*. For example, "Almost all white women in Papua New Guinea had male assistance with household tasks;....Why men were recruited to perform tasks normally done by women has puzzled commentators....."⁵⁴

I shall reply with an extract taken from *Reflections*, altering only the Notes numbers:

"The various commentators who were puzzled by this supposed situation should not have been. Even to this day in wealthy households throughout the world, there are male butlers, footmen, chefs, chauffeurs, gardeners and handymen.

"However, at Matala Plantation in March 1941, a photo was taken of the family and house servants. One photo shows all the females - black and white - of the family household. There was the Missus, her aunt, two children and five New Guineans. Four of these 'maries' (women) were house maries while the other was the elder child's playmate.⁵⁵ "It was not uncommon for maries to work in white households besides that of Matala Plantation, as did 'monkeys', young male New Guineans."⁵⁶ And I presume Molly [sic] Parer, as quoted by Bulbeck, was talking about black girls when she said 'girls'.⁵⁷"

I find it very difficult to take seriously the section in Chapter 8 headed "White Women - the Ruin of Male Empire?", the last section of the book. She justifies and/or refutes arguments that are academically inspired instead of being based on reality. Sir David Lean's comment, for example, that she quotes, "It's a well-known saying that the women lost us the Empire. It's true."⁵⁸ only shows that Sir David, amongst others, had no idea of 'realpolitik'.

Again in Chapter 8, Bulbeck says she is exploring "the relations between white women and indigenous women in colonial settings" as well as "the debate concerning white women's role in the 'ruin of Empire'."⁵⁹ Why then does she not analyse the impact birth in the Islands had for, at least, some white women?

"This land where I was born
Pushed me out of that racial shape
Into which my parents had conceived me." ⁶⁰

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AT BIRTH... (continued)

Why has she not explored the relationships between the white children, the black children and their and their nannies? Bulbeck states "Childhood was a time when race relations were less rigidly enforced,"⁶¹ yet it was the parents who allowed the child the black nannies and black playmates. Bulbeck does not analyse this fact either.

"Race ignored, race explored,
Birth shaping roots
In rootlessness."⁶²

Tibby, a little black child at Matala Plantation, was often in the house with the young Robin McCosker,⁶³ in contrast to Pat Murray who is quoted as saying that the black children "weren't allowed in the house."⁶⁴ The mother who allowed this was as close to the black nanny, Tibby's adopted mother, as was Robin.

"I loved you so
White child of mine
Born to my world
I gave you a gift,
The rite of my people"⁶⁵

Bulbeck writes "even the expatriate women's accounts collected for this book barely mention interactions and relations with indigenous women."⁶⁶ *Masked Eden* tells of Tibby and Robin, Klearwat and Marjorie and their love for one another - white and black, child and adult. It tells how Robin and Tibby played and had lessons together^{67,68} - Robin speaking several tribal languages. It tells of Klearwat's death during the war and the great distress this caused Robin and Marjorie.

In her 'Introduction', Bulbeck writes "Unfortunately, despite our attempts to include them, indigenous women spoke little during these interviews."⁶⁹

"I loved you so
White child of mine
Long now apart
We are together,
My work well done."⁷⁰

Perhaps the black women of New Guinea are talking, talking through one of their white wantoks - a woman born in their country - who is a poet. Sadly, it seems that neither Chilla Bulbeck nor any other academic is listening. Is it because what these women are saying is not what the academics expect or want to hear?

NEW GUINEA - MY COUNTRY

Thunder moves towards the mountain
Clouds press their sullen rain
Upon a sea frown-forming
Stones and pumice stir
Uneasily with bones
Around cratered Rabaul.

[....

.....]

(Continued next page)

Blackbirders of the soul
Would make this land impotent.
As they challenge from a distance
With clever, twisted tales
A country whose spirits
Have power only in place.

Who really cares
About this 'nowhere land'
This elemental earth
Of energetic passion.
It is used, abused,
Made play-thing by arrogance.

Yet this, my country, is no 'nowhere land'.
She has the right to choose
Her destiny.
Rise from her own roots,
Know her past unhindered
By lies masked out as learning.

$$[\dots\dots\dots]$$

Thunder moves towards the mountain
Lightning drags the sky
Into feverish shade.
A figure pauses, squats,
Medium of movement
Around the tribal hearth.⁷¹

ANNE McCOSKER B.A. (Hist. Hons) London.

(NOTE: The shortened version of the *AT BIRTH I HEARD THE DRUMS* article on page 19 of the March 1994 *Una Voce Newsletter* caused Ms. Anne McCosker some distress. To clear up any misunderstanding we have printed in full "*AT BIRTH I HEARD THE DRUMS*", as edited by her for ease of publication, together with her explanatory preamble. The [...] indicates where Ms. McCosker has cut material from her original version.)

HELP WANTED - RABAUL

A new member, Alan PIERCE of Canberra, is researching for a book to be set in Rabaul in 1971. He would like to hear from anyone who was living in Rabaul at that time and who would be willing to share their experiences of that eventful year. He would also like to hear from anyone who was in Rabaul in 1945 or in the years immediately following, and who may have assisted in the clean up and rebuilding of the town. Please contact Alan at:

28 Brockman Street
NARRABUNDAH ACT 2604
Tel: (06) 295 1430

Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of Ken GRAHAM or Frank MARTIN
please contact:

Syd HUME
Back Creek Road
BENTLEY NSW 2480 Tel: (066) 33 5149

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.

Mr. Keith Mataitini CHAMBERS (20 October 1995, aged 85 years)

A son of pioneer missionaries, Keith already had the islands in his blood when he made his way to Madang in 1933. His father was the Rev. W. J. Chambers, who together with his wife, arrived at Raluana, New Britain in 1893 to start their life long missionary work for the Methodist Church.

Keith was born in 1910 at Rewa in Fiji, where his father and mother also spent many years in the mission field. As a mark of mutual respect by the missionaries and the people they served, their youngest son was christened Keith Mataitini. Keith bore this name with pride all his life.

After two years with W. R. Carpenter & Co. in Madang and Rabaul, Keith received an appointment to the Department of Customs in the New Guinea Administration in 1935. This appointment enabled him to send for Jean and they were married in St George's Church of England, Rabaul in January 1936.

During the years up until the Japanese invasion, they enjoyed life and work in New Guinea which earned them a place in the ranks of the 'before'. As well as his work for the Department of Customs and the social activities of pre-war Rabaul, Keith was a keen baseball player. He enlisted in the newly formed New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and rose to the rank of Sergeant with the army No. NG64 in the Machine Gun Company. Like so many, Keith and Jean have their own story to tell of life before the war and of the eruptions of volcanoes, Vulcan in 1937 and Matupi in 1941.

Late in 1941, Keith, Jean and their ten day old baby, Helen, were among the last few groups of the civilians to be evacuated to Australia prior to the Japanese invasion.

Unable to return to Rabaul, Keith re-enlisted and was transferred to the 3rd Australian Army Tank Battalion until he was called up for the Australian New Guinea Administration Unit (ANGAU) in 1942. He served in Nadzab and the Milne Bay area. When he received his discharge in 1945, Keith went straight back to New Guinea and was one of the band anxious to begin the rebuilding after the devastation of the war. His first posting was to Madang as Collector of Customs. He was joined in 1946 by Jean and their two children, Helen and Ralph (born in Sydney during the war).

Like all those eager young people in the early post-war days, Keith and Jean have their own tales of fun and hardship. One special problem for Keith in those very early days was how to safeguard the customs duties which were often paid in cash. There were many nights that Keith and Jean slept with hundreds of pounds (large sums in those days) under their mattress.

After Madang Keith was transferred to Rabaul and then to Port Moresby. Each transfer meant promotion and he retired from the PNG Administration as the Chief Collector of Customs. With this job came a seat in the Papua New Guinea Legislative Council, on which Keith considered it an honour to serve.

After his retirement from PNG in 1965, Keith was appointed to the Commonwealth Film Censorship Board for a two year period.

Keith's years of retirement were spent living quietly in Sydney and he died on 20 October after a short illness.

He is survived by his widow, Jean, daughter, Helen, and son, Ralph. (These details were provided by Helen, who now lives in Holland.)

Mr. Raymond Hilton HARRIS (26 October 1995, aged 78 years)

Ray Harris gained his private pilot's licence in 1936, aged 18, at the Broken Hill Aero Club. He joined the RAAF as an instructor during WW II, serving at Cunerdin, W.A., and Deniliquin, N.S.W.. He then trained on Kittyhawks and served with 82 Squadron in 1944 in Morotai and Labuan.

Discharged in 1945 he returned to Broken Hill to train as an under-ground surveyor and then instructed at the Aero Club.

Ray moved to Lae PNG in 1948 to fly for Taylor's Air Transport, then Guinea Air Traders and later Mandated Airlines. In 1952 he became one of the founders of Territory Air Lines and flew as Chief Pilot until August 1954 when he joined the Department of Civil Aviation as Examiner of Airmen, based in Port Moresby.

He also became involved with the Papuan Aero Club, acting as Honorary Flying Instructor. In 1959 Ray became Superintendent of Flying Operations and remained with the Department until 1975 when he retired and settled in Mapleton in Queensland.

Mrs. Patricia Frances WEBSTER (25 October 1995, aged 70 years)

During WW II Pat was a member of the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force (W.A.A.A.F.) from 1943 to 1946.

In November 1950 she married Norm Webster who went to Port Moresby in 1953. There he was joined by Pat in February 1954 when married accommodation became available.

Pat then worked in the Port Moresby Veterinary Laboratory at Kila Kila between 1954 and 1958. Then they moved to Kavieng where Pat worked at New Guinea Co. 1959-60, then at Government Stores Samarai 1961-63, then Bulk Medical Stores Port Moresby 1963-68 and finally Bulk Medical Stores at Madang from 1968-75 when they returned to Australia.

Between 1976 and 1993 Patricia, as Pat was now known, worked variously at St. Hilda's School, Southport, St. Mary's School at Kingaroo, Western Pathology at Darwin, Primary School, Kununurra and finally at St. Teresa's College, Abergowrie (Ingham).

Pat was very involved with Drama Groups in Port Moresby and Madang. She acted in and produced plays, but her forte was Musical Comedy, producing such shows as Me & My Girl, Wedding in Paris, South Pacific, Guys & Dolls, Calamity Jane. She obtained her letters in Speech & Drama (A.S.D.A.) in 1985, her first love. She utilised this talent in schools in which she worked and also assisted in English Education at Abergowrie.

Pat is survived by her husband, Norm, daughter, Margaret Davoren and three children, and son Michael and two children.

Miss Lorna WINTLE (31 August 1995, aged 82 years)

Lorna was born in Manly NSW in 1913 but spent her school years in Mittagong. She did a secretarial course and was prized by her associates in business as an accurate and highly intelligent legal secretary.

After some years in Wollongong and Sydney she went to work with the Administration in Papua New Guinea and with the Commissioner of Land Titles (Mr. McCubbery) for nearly 20 years prior to PNG Independence. When she returned to Sydney she worked with the Corporate Affairs Commission.

Although she never married she led a very full life and was very active in sports in her younger days, particularly golf and tennis. Unfortunately her latter years were spent in poor health and her passing is to some extent a release for her.

Although she outlived many of her friends she remained very loyal to those remaining and they will remember her with great affection.

Mr. Grainger (Blue) MORRIS (31 August 1995, aged 70 years)

Blue, as he was known by most people who knew him, was born at Emu Plains NSW, and in January 1947 became a Co-operative Officer in the Co-operative Branch of the then PNG Department of District Services and Native Affairs. In time he rose to the most senior position in the Branch, that of Registrar of Co-operative Societies. He was an innovative officer and no doubt sometimes became frustrated by the time it took to bring about change in the Territory Public Service.

He resigned from the Administration in 1959 and took up a block of land in the Warangoi area in New Britain under the Ex-Servicemen's Settlers Scheme. For the next 20 years he was a respected member of the Kokopo-Rabaul community. He called his plantation C.B. (Connie & Blue) and later purchased Illalangi Plantation, an adjoining property.

Blue was a very keen and competent fisherman and orchid grower, also an active member of the New Guinea Planters' Association, the Rabaul Gun Club and the Takubar Yacht Club.

He was regarded as a "character" by some, at times controversial, but always willing to help where he thought his talents could be of use.

He is survived by his widow, Connie, and children Wendy, Grainger, Megan and Tracey.

Mrs. Anne Margaret CARROLL (11 August 1995, aged 81 years)

Anne was the widow of Superintendent Jack Carroll of the R.P.N.G.C., who joined the Force July 1946, retired March 1969 and passed away in January 1988. They both spent many happy years in PNG including postings to Rabaul, Lae and Port Moresby, amongst others.

Jack and Anne retired from PNG to Alexandra, Victoria and enjoyed a long and much quieter lifestyle.

Anne was always good for a yarn and shared with her family and friends countless anecdotes of her time in PNG.

She is survived by a niece, Diane Davine and no doubt many other relatives. Diane kindly supplied the above details.

(Jack and Anne were good friends of ours and Jack was my Best Man when Candy and I were married in Lae. Ed.)

Mrs. Doris May ROSS (nee INKSTER) (1 September 1995, aged 95 years)

Dorrie was reared on the family property "Three Lakes", in the Elliston District on Eyre Peninsula. She trained as a teacher and spent several years teaching in South Australia at Elliston, then Merindie, and finally Thebarton where she remained for some time.

She eventually gave up teaching to join the clerical staff of Wau gold-mining undertakings but had to leave hurriedly when the Japanese began their offensives throughout the Pacific. In company with quite a number of other women she had to leave with very few possessions.

In Adelaide she worked in munitions manufacture while her future husband, Claude Ross, was employed in the manufacture of diesel powered work-boats for the armed services.

When hostilities ceased, Claude and Dorrie were married, then went with a couple of Claude's mates prospecting for gold inland from Kieta on Bougainville. They didn't find much gold, but found many traces of copper (which did not interest them), so they moved to Rabaul where Claude set up a diesel repair business. Dorrie became a teacher in the European School but later, when Claude died suddenly, she returned to Adelaide. In later years she became house-bound and moved into a nursing home where she died peacefully on 1 September 1995.

Mr. William Samuel BRITAIN (29 March, 1995, aged 67 years)

After service in the South Australia Police, Bill joined the R.P.N.G.C. as a Sub Inspector in 1966, and served at Port Moresby, Wewak, Mt. Hagen, Kieta and Sohano, before leaving the force in 1969 to become Chief Security Officer for Bougainville Copper Ltd., a position he held for 5 years before returning to South Australia to work with Wormalds Security and then Australia Post.

He is survived by his widow Joan, whom he married in Bougainville.

Mr Corbett William KIMMORLEY (24 September 1995, aged 76 years)

Please refer to the Eulogy delivered at Kim's funeral at Penrith NSW by Ted Hicks which is given in full elsewhere in this issue.

Kim is survived by his widow, Elaine, daughter Margaret and son William and their families.

Mr. John Grant HUTCHINSON (2 August 1995, aged 79 years)

John joined the PNG Administration as an Accountant in July 1934 with the Department of the Treasury and retired in 1955.

No further information available.

Mrs. Dorothy Stewart WATKINS (nee Moorhouse) (2 September 1995)

Widow of Donald Edward Watkins, Chief Supply Officer with the PNG Department of Social Development and Home Affairs, who retired in February 1971 and passed away in March 1992. No further information available.

Mrs. Joyce LAPPIN (19 August 1995, aged 72 years)

Joyce was the widow of James Hamilton Lappin, who was a Senior Technical Officer with the PNG Department of Posts and Telegraphs from March 1957 to May 1969 and passed away in September 1989.

No further information available.

Mrs. Edna Anne SHEPPARD (26 October 1995, aged 88 years)

Widow of William James Sheppard, who worked for the PNG Public Service from 1959 to 1970 and passed away in November 1990. Survived by son Ron Nicholls. No further information available.

Mr. Frederick Thomas RYE (17 February 1995, aged 61 years)

Fred was a Valuer with the PNG Department of Lands, Surveys and Mines from 1958 to 1975 but we have no further information about him.

Mrs. Margaret Helen GILCHRIST (19 August 1995, aged 46 years)

Widow of the late Robert Gilchrist formerly of Lae, PNG. No further information available.

Mrs. Jean FRANKLIN (11 August 1995, aged 100 years)

Formerly of Wau PNG and widow of the late Robert Franklin.

Is survived by son, John and grandchildren Wendy and Natalie.

(We hope to have more details for the next issue of the Newsletter.)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MRS. M.	BLUETT	34 WALSH ST., EDGEHILL	CAIRNS	QLD 4870
MR. R.W.	BRADLEY	71 DALRYMPLE AVE.	CHATSWOOD	NSW 2067
MR. PETER	CHANDLER	MILL FIELD, BOOKERS LANE, EARNLEY, CHICHESTER		
		W.SUSSEX, PO20, 7JD, U.K. (AFTER 23/11/95)		
MRS. M.V.	HARDING	"RAUNSEPNA" 19 PALERMO PLACE	ALSTONVILLE	NSW 2477
MR. S.R.	HUME	BACK CREEK ROAD	BENTLEY	NSW 2480
MR W.H.	KIENZLE	"IVANHOE" MS172	ALLORA	QLD 4362
MRS. V.	MANNIX	21 ROBYN ST	REVESBY	NSW 2212
MR. W..	NEWELL	4 FORT ST.	PETERSHAM	NSW 2049
MR. J.	PASQUARELLI	P O BOX 170	FITZROY	VIC 3065
MR. A.	PIERCE	28 BROCKMAN ST.	NARRABUNDAH	ACT 2604
MR. J.M.	RICHARDSON	P O BOX 496	SOUTHPORT	QLD 4215
MR. K.J.	ROSS	10 ROPER PLACE	CHIFLEY	ACT 2606
MR.J	RUDD	23 MILL RD.	BUDERIM	QLD 4556
MR. L.J.	SEGAL	39 NAGLE AVE.	MAROUBRA	NSW 2035
MR. DAVID	SPEAKMAN	98 DUNROBIN COURT		
		389 FINCHLEY RD.	LONDON	NW3 6HE U.K.
MRS. E.	STANDEN C.B.E.	MOTOBAMU, 70 WYEE RD.	WYEE	NSW 2259
MRS. P.	VAN BEMMEL	21 ALGONA ST.	ROCHEDALE	QLD 4123
MR. K.K.	WAGNER	19 SVENDSEN PLACE	INGLEBURN	NSW 2565
MRS C.E.	WILLIAMS	3 DOLPHIN DRIVE, BONGAREE	BRIEBIE IS.	QLD 4507
MR. L.A.	WILSON	17 BENTLEY AVE.	FORRESTVILLE	NSW 2087
MR. W.	YOUNG-WHITFORDE	24 PALM RD.	NEWPORT	NSW 2106

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

TO:

MR. P.G.	CROWE	P O BOX 192	THE SUMMIT	QLD 4377
MR. C.W.	de KANTZOW	P O BOX 436	NOWRA	NSW 2541
MR. D.P.	EYRE	P O BOX 1303	BUNDABERG	QLD 4670
MR. C.	JAMES	82 PALMER ST.	DUBBO	NSW 2830
MR. F.	LEIBFRIED	"MAIZE COTTAGE" 2 TORRENS ST.	RICHMOND	TAS 7025
MRS. O.	PALMER	21 PATRITIA ST	WOODGATE	QLD 4114
REV. N.A.	THRELFALL	5 MONTAH AVE.	BERKLEY VALE	NSW 2261
MR.A.R.	WELSH	6 STUTTERD ST	KATHERINE	N.T.0851

REJOINED MEMBERS

MR. C.	INKSTER	15 ELIZABETH ST.	BLAIR ATHOL	S.A 5084
MR. J.H.	OVERDORF	3 BROADHURST ST	KAMBAH	ACT 2902

Seasons Greetings to members and their families and my apologies to those members who have contributed articles which have not as yet been published.

Space in this issue was unfortunately reduced due to circumstances beyond my control. I will, however, endeavour to include in the next issue all the articles still outstanding.

It is with great regret that I advise members that the next issue of the Newsletter will be my last as Editor.

My very best wishes to you all for 1996.

Doug Parrish

Doug Parrish
Editor