



Una Voce News Letter

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

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No. 1, 1996 - March

Dear Member,

A big thank you from the President and Committee to all those many kind members who forwarded Christmas and New Year greetings. They were very much appreciated.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING - ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND LUNCHEON

**A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING IN ADDITION TO
OUR ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND LUNCHEON
WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY 28 APRIL 1996
AT THE MANDARIN CLUB**

Full details of the meetings, the Agendas, Proxy forms, Nomination forms for Executive Committee, Luncheon application forms etc. are being included with the Newsletter but separate to it.

The Special General Meeting is to consider the Incorporation of our Association and a copy of the new Constitution (Rules) is also enclosed. There are few significant changes to our old Constitution but there are some additional provisions included which are required by the NSW Associations Incorporation Act. However, none of these are in any way onerous and are mainly of an administrative nature.

The President has promised to deal expeditiously with the Agendas but if you do not want to attend the Meetings please do come for the Luncheon which should commence around about mid-day.

Senior or incapacitated members, who would like to attend but would have difficulty because of transport problems, please contact the Secretary, Mr. Joe Nitsche, or our Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Pamela Foley, whose telephone numbers are shown above, and they will endeavour to arrange transport.

OFFICE OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA CONSULATE-GENERAL IN SYDNEY

Mr. Kila KARO is the new Consul-General accompanied by his wife, Judy.

Ms. Perpetua HAIVETA is the Consul accompanied by husband, Joe.

Mr. Clement CHIKALLI is Consul (Administration & Consular Affairs) and is accompanied by wife, Patricia.

A big welcome to Sydney to Messrs. Karo and Chikalli and their wives, and we very much appreciate having Ms. Perpetua Haiveta and husband with us for an extended term.

DISCLAIMER

Una Voce is produced for the information of members of the Retired Officers' Association of Papua New Guinea. It is written with care, in good faith, and from sources believed to be accurate. However, readers should not act, nor refrain from acting, solely on the basis of information in *Una Voce* about financial, taxation or any other matter.

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 became due and payable on 1 January 1996, unless you had 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. If you are unfinancial there should also be a "RED" note in the newsletter to help jog your memory.

NEW GUINEEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES - ANGAU ASSOCIATION - ANZAC DAY MARCH

This Association marches every Anzac Day in Sydney and after the march they have a Reunion, Annual Meeting and Luncheon at the RSL War Memorial Club, Kensington, NSW. Some members cannot march so they join the marchers at the Club. Wives and other family members are invited to the luncheon and this enables wives to meet at least once each year.

The march and reunion this year will be on Thursday 25 April. The format is the same as usual: meet at 0900 hrs in Hunter Street near Castlereagh Street; Reunion and Luncheon at Kensington RSL at noon.

Anyone requiring further details should contact Adrian Leyden on Tel.: (02) 477 3795; Fax: (02) 871 1750.

USE OF THE ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP LIST

The list of financial ROAPNG members, published in the June issue of *Una Voce* each year and updated in subsequent issues of the Newsletter, is not to be used by members, non-members, other organisations or firms as a commercial or political mailing list.

The Membership List is to provide details of member's addresses for the information of other members and not for any other purpose.

1995 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Feedback suggested that this Luncheon was one of the best functions to date. Staff numbers at the Mandarin Club had increased and there was more room. The arrangement for smokers was good and the Committee has decided to continue this format.

VISIT TO MOUNTAINS

The next visit will be in Spring, on Thursday 3 October 1996.

HAVE YOUR HEARD ???

Mrs Marjorie TOPHAM wrote from England to say "Thank you very much for the *Una Voce Newsletter* which I find very interesting, as indeed Leslie did when he was with me. It is New Year's Day here and after our lovely hot summer last year December was a terrible month (weatherwise) - snow and bitterly cold winds. There is little let-up even now and many elderly people (myself included) are really feeling the ill effects of the weather. I rather think that it will be very hot in NSW - Leslie always appreciated the hot climate. May I wish you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

John HOWARD of Stanmore writes: "I returned on the weekend from 2 months overseas. On the way to Europe I had ten days in PNG. Was interested to read in the last issue of *Una Voce* Roma Bates' article and of her visit to Poinciana St. Madang. I had lived in that street for nine years."

Kevin WHITE of Thailand reports: "Its Christmas time and I'm late in wishing you health and happiness over the festive season and for times beyond. However there is no lessening in the intent and warmth of greetings I send. Selfwise my health is good. Travel and visitors (happily) absorb time. Join the Siam Society weekend trips to sites of historic/plant/animal/scenic interest; they have excellently informed guides. Went to Pru To Daeng fresh water swamp forest near Malaysian border - many old tree friends there, saw the spectacular Yasothon rocket village festivities - to let the Gods know that the rains should be sent now - great response, floods everywhere; visited the 12th century Khmer ruins at Phimai, truly fantastic; toured ruins of Sukhotai of the juncture Khmer/Thai periods. July August in Lao - old friends Tom and Lily Brummer, met new son Alexander, also Peter Calam and family, happy times. Wrote an opinion - origin and use of the Jars on the so called mysterious Plain of Jars; an enthralling visit to natural teak forests involving a 200km speedboat run down the Mekong river, a trip of the lifetime indeed. October, a month's visit by daughter of old friend Denis Furnival of Devon + husband + two spontaneously igniting nuclear powered youngsters. Nov/Dec. a month with David Sayers to test prove a 1997 forest visit by the International Dendrological Society - great fun. ANZAC Day and 50th celebrations of Victory over Japan at haunting Kanchanaburi War Cemetery. Year end visit by niece Rose en route to work in Europe (spent 3 days at famed island Ko Samet - for the third time this year) and old friends Valmai and Hugh Anderson arriving 24th Dec until mid January. Actually did some work; finished and returned to FAO the edited 1993 eucalypt meeting papers. Conferenced on advances in forest management and after visited old loved forest of mangroves. Revisited in part my 1991 short publication on teak for a FAO reprint, am in the completing stages of a report on commercial eucalypt plantations in Thailand with Tom Brunner and Prachak Ruenthai; sent the edited "History of Forestry in Cambodia 1898-1973" back to Phnom Penh for consideration; some preliminary work on the White family history; very casually looked at the "Orchids of the Raj Path of Nepal" - a work earmarked for completion in 1996. Now belatedly sending out Chrissie cards - it's all go!!!

John O'BRIEN of Hackett ACT, when answering a letter from the Editor, wrote as follows: "I also received another letter this week, but from Karkar from someone who calls himself O'Brien Magar, the poor unfortunate was apparently named after me by his father 24 years ago after he was born at the aid post at Miak. Actually I enjoy the odd occasional brush with the bush, the problem in replying is to not encourage an early contribution of cash or what ever to my "sem nem". Even had the hard word put on me from an aspiring

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HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

candidate in the west Sepik for a mere \$100,000 which, had the scoundrel been elected he would have repaid me with illicit gold from the small Ambanab field just north of Green River.....

I have avoided the Peter Andrew inspired rout at the Irish Club in Queensland for the past few years. How does one fit everything in. This year I was in France and America, supposedly trying to unload long service leave, or maybe it was assuaging Maggie (we married in 1977) with an overdue trip to Europe where we squandered time on a large canal pseudo cruiser with a barge bottom, cow of thing but absolutely fabulous for ***** forgot to add paper to the printer and then wiped the disk -- whole page lost. All my PNG news - oh well, most of it was pretty gruesome. My last trip to Madang was the day the Central Government sacked the Provincial Government.

I keep in some contact with Roger Middleton and Rosa. Freddie might have mentioned that I was touring the Madang Province a few years ago and the pilot misjudged the approach into a "Community" strip behind Simbai. We wrecked the Brittain Norman Islander (I just sat and watched). That was Dieter Worth (son of one of the Brewo Motors Wirth Brothers). Dieter was killed later that year in the same valley."

Mary BALDWIN of Caloundra Qld writes: "Was sorry to read of Tom Cole's death as we knew him in Moresby. When I read his book 'Hell, West & Crooked' he solved something that I never forgot. Was attending the state school in Hunter St. in 1913 or 14, and sitting next to me was Evan Hubert, son of Judge Hubert. On this particular day Evan had a very bad fit - arms and legs flying everywhere. Our teacher told us not to go near Evan as we could get hurt. Not long afterwards the Hubert family returned to Darwin where the Judge had property. And then, over 70 years later I read in Tom Cole's book that while out droving with Evan the latter had a bad fit of coughing, and out popped a bullet. Evan no longer suffered from bad headaches or fits. I'm in my 94th year, 62 of which I lived in Moresby. Apparently the fits were caused by him being shot, and the bullet was lodged in Evan's body all those years."

From Don SHEPHERD: "As you can see, I am still living in Gayndah and having a ball running my orchard. However, I am gradually off-loading membership on several Committees and thinking of retiring, again. My son, Ian, will take over and I hope to spend more time down at Hervey Bay and also do a bit of travelling."

From Del & Tony NORMOYLE of Hammersley, W.A.: "Well, Tony and I are back from almost a year in the UK and loved it, though we are both glad to live in Aus. Bought a car and saw a lot of the counrty. Stood in the church where my great-grandparents were married in Cornwall in 1853. This church has a book dating back to the 1500s! Wow!

Tony's heart could have been better but a pacemaker has made a world of difference and he and son Chris have a great battle to be the better lawn bowler. Received some *Una Voces* from brother Chris and have had a feast catching up, especially young Matthew Cohen's account of the eruption. Saw approx. 2 mins in England!"

Maxwell HAYES of Doncaster Vic attended the 20th Anniversary Luncheon in Sydney last year and reported: "When in Sydney I went to ASOPA, hoping to have a look at course records/class lists, etc. but surprise, surprise, all has been destroyed. Was told by the Librarian that some years ago, when they wanted space, that the records were offered to various institutions, but none

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HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

wanted them, so they were destroyed, which was not much help to me personally in my search to list the police officers of PNG over the last 110 years. The only records of ASOPA appear to be the annual bound volumes of the ASOPA report for each year from about 1950. ASOPA is now, of course, the International Training College, Centre for Pacific Development, and part of AUSAID. How the names change.

Recently I saw a Paul van Stavern, previously a kiap, who joined the police in 1974, resigned in 1981 and rejoined police in 1994. He tells me that he is one of only two operational white police in PNG (the others being in Administration and training). His bailiwick is Mt Hagen. He told of frequent 'shoot-outs' on the Highlands Highway, of having his car armoured, and taking a machine pistol everywhere he went."

Max also reported on the 20th Anniversary Dinner Dance held in Melbourne by the PNG Australia Association at the Prahran Town Hall on 16 September, as follows: "About 350 were in attendance and enjoyed a range of traditional PNG and Australian fare, and danced to the accompaniment of a lively but not noisy band. The hall was decorated with red, yellow and black balloons which set the colour scheme for the decor of the evening; even the serviettes being in the three traditional colours. Unfortunately Dame Josephine Abaijah, who was scheduled to make an appearance, was unable to attend at the last moment. Major door prize of a return double ticket to Port Moresby donated by Air Niugini was won by John and Carol Scarff. The evening was a credit to its organisers, Olive and Mark Davis, Ralph Saulep, Kavoro Lelesi and others. Anyone living in Melbourne might wish to join this group, which has regular social events. If so, contact Ralph on 9388 2422/9387 8743 or Douglas Gabb on 9849 2959."

(Max, the records at ASOPA were not offered to our Association and we were appalled when we heard that they had been destroyed. Ed.)

From Elaine RUDD of Buderim Qld, who joined the Association last year, wrote: "Many thanks for sending the copies of Una Voce - John and I have enjoyed reading them immensely. The articles on New Guinea are very interesting and it is great to recognise so many familiar names of people we knew up there. I was delighted to see my great uncle Tommy O'Dea mentioned as one of the pilots in the article on the Early History of Kainantu.

Jim Toner has been a friend of long standing, in fact from before our marriage 30 years ago, so it was great to be able to ring him from Darwin airport on our way overseas in September. We had a marvellous trip to France and Spain with our daughter, who has been in Europe all year - her fluent Spanish was certainly a great asset in our travels.

By way of background, John worked on plantations and then as a Produce Inspector with DAS, so did a lot of travelling throughout New Guinea in his 15 years there. He also recorded children's education programs for the ABC while living in Port Moresby, and from all accounts these were still being broadcast well into the 1980s. I went to Port Moresby in 1963 and worked as a secretary to Dave Fenbury in the Administrator's Department, then as a court reporter in the Department of Labour (headed by Doug Parrish), and finally as sub-editor of Hansard at the House of Assembly. We left in 1969 when self-government and independence seemed a long way off, but history proved otherwise.

We settled on the Sunshine Coast in Queensland and grew pineapples and avocados, and raised two wonderful children (pardon the parental pride), Justine (25) who has a B.A. in Spanish, and Caleb (22) who has a degree in

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HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

Information Technology and works as an Internet adviser. John and I now live at Buderim in semi-retirement. We look forward to receiving further newsletters, and continuing the link with the New Guinea part of our lives."

From Peter KELLY of Silverwater via Morisset NSW: "We have left New Zealand after 8 eventful years, and are currently exploring the Central Coast of NSW to look for a permanent home.

In N.Z. we enjoyed the lovely walks through the peace of the rivers and lakes and the grandeur of the mountains. I learned to ski and through the ski school managed to reach class 3B, which is at the top of the intermediate class. Having reached the age of 82 last month I thought it was time to change direction and return to a more temperate climate. Splitting logs and preparing firewood was a daily chore for 9 months of the year."

From Jeanette FOX of Lemon Tree Passage NSW: "May I again say how very much I look forward to the *Una Voce Newsletter*. It is wonderful to read news of old friends and recall good times. To receive up to date news on Rabaul meant a lot, I am sure, to many of us who still have dear friends in the area, and the historical notes are always of great interest. Although it is always sad to read of the passing of "old timers", I must say it is wonderful that such pioneers and good people can be remembered and recorded in your 'Vale' segment, it must be of great comfort to the bereaved.

Of interest to friends of GUY and JANE BLACK, long time residents of Rabaul, is the news that their granddaughter Rebecca Jane, a Walkerville student, was one of only 12 South Australian students to receive a perfect matriculation score in the HSC. Rebecca, 17, scored 20/20 in five subjects, maths 1, maths 2 chemistry, physics and modern European history. Rebecca now plans to spend at least six more years studying, with hopes to study medicine at Adelaide University. She said she was interested in the research side of medicine, and hopes eventually to work in cancer research.

In a letter from St. Lucia in the West Indies NOELINE ALLEN told of spending Christmas Day in mid-Atlantic, sailing their yacht with husband ROSS from Gambia to Antigua after a passage from Turkey. They plan to leave the yacht in Venezuela during the hurricane season, and ROSS will do some bushwalking while NOELINE returns home for the birth of their granddaughter.

At a party to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary Bill and Nancy JOHNSTON gathered a group of relatives and friends for a delightful evening which featured many happy reminiscences and some wonderful food. Of special interest was the presence of two guests who had been Bill's best man and Nancy's bridesmaid!

Matt FOLEY of Unung Plantation in Waterfall Bay, New Britain, reports on the situation at Rabaul. Things are slowly straightening out in the wharf and Malaguna Road areas but under Independence responses are slow in contrast to recovery after the 1937 eruption. When Matt was in Australia a few months ago he and his son Phillip joined a syndicate and purchased a slick looking, untried young black filly. They named it BUKA MERI which found its way into the race books as "Booker Mary". She has had two races to date but did not run into a place. Here's hoping for better things!

(Extract from the 2/22nd Battalion "Lark" Force Association Dec. 1995.)

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HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

Tom WESTON of Canada writes: "I am far distant from the Association and don't do anything for its management but, nevertheless, I continue to admire all those members of the Executive who do so much work for us members. Of the Executive, the one who has the most impact upon we distant members is, naturally, the Editor of *Una Voce*. During my membership, we have had two outstandingly good Editors, Freddie Kaad and Doug Parrish. The quality and content of the newsletter reflects the enormous amount of time which they must have spent in its compilation and publishing - as well as the personal abilities of them both.

As Doug now moves into well earned retirement from the position, I would like to record my appreciation to him and Freddie for all the work they have done for us."

Lesley FARQUHARSON (nee Earl) of Bowning NSW, when sending the obituary for her father (see "Vale" section), wrote: "I don't think Dad was a member of your association for very long but certainly enjoyed your news. As his eyesight had deteriorated I had the job of reading the magazine to him, which I found very interesting as I knew a lot of the people mentioned.

In the most recent newsletter there was a most interesting article "PNG Revisited" by Roma Bates, who, if my memory serves me correctly, lived just around the corner from us in Madang, and I think David was at school with me, also Martin Tsang and Rodney Burston.

Tom Stanley (on his motorbike) was our school inspector, I always remember the cry "here comes Mr. Stanley" as he arrived, he was very respected. Also the Sowerbys, Frog Evans and the Page family, I think, lived near us. I was also a Brownie who met on/at D.C. Williams tennis court. I also remember the opening of the Coastwatcher's Memorial Lighthouse.

The new hospital I think was built just as we left at the end of 1961 and I still remember the "Guria" that hit Madang as it was 2 days after I had my appendix removed and Dr. Lawrence Malcolm was the Doctor. What a time! I could go on, but it is not my forum.

Thanks Roma, (or Mrs Bates as I knew her) for the memories. Being brought up in PNG was an exceptional experience and something I have never regretted. Our children were born in Australia but we took them to PNG to visit Grandad at least once. I thank you all through your magazine for giving Dad pleasure. His time in PNG were some of his best memories.

Royce WEBB of Benowa Qld, who provided us with a copy of the Eulogy at Ray White's funeral, advised that past residents of PNG were well represented at the funeral considering the time of the year. Among those present were Eric & Shirley Flower, Bill & Robbie Weise, Lloyd & Lorraine Yelland, Alec Edwards, Vin Smith, Dorothy Searle, David Houghton, Geoff Hatton, Ira Halliday, Viv Cogar and, of course, Royce and Marj.

Mick GALLEN of Malanda Qld writes: "It is great to be able to read about the comings and goings of all the old timers, and I wish everyone a happy and pleasant time in the coming year.

A special wish to the following committee members, Harry West, Freddie Kaad, Doug Parrish, Pat Hopper and Les Williams, with whom I was associated at various times and places during my time there with the PNG Wallopers. Those were the good times!"

(Mick, your good wishes are very much appreciated by all those you mentioned and reciprocated by all concerned.)

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HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

Craig PARRISH, on Lihir Island off New Ireland, is helping to construct the huge gold mine there and when writing home reported on his trip there last December: "When we landed in Moresby it was a totally new place for me. You just wouldn't recognise it, filthy dirty place! Nearly every house has sheet metal fences with razor wire on top. Where we stayed at Korobosea there were three security people on duty 24 hours a day, with remote control gate and a backup generator down the back yard, like a little fortress. We went out for dinner and where you park your cars outside they are guarded as well.

Next day we flew to a place outside Rabaul and changed planes there. We then flew over Rabaul on the way out and you should see the devastation. They will never use the strip there again and half of Rabaul is still completely covered. We then landed on another island before landing on Lihir, where we were greeted by a truckload of nationals wielding machetes and axes who told us to get back on the plane as they were closing the Island to all movement in or out.

During the night they went through the main camp tying gorgors (long leaves from wild ginger) on everything, e.g. vehicles, earthmoving equipment etc. If you move anything, so marked, before their dispute is over you have to pay a ransom. They also dug trenches across every road so we were isolated. We had to wait at the airport for some three hours before a chopper came and picked us up and took us to the camp. We were stuck there for two days with nothing to do. But that has certainly changed now and I am flat out!" He now reports that he gets on extremely well with the nationals who are working for him, as well as the local villagers, and they all regard him as a "Morobe" because he was born in Lae.

Linda PRIOR of Marangaroo WA sends a big thank you to everyone who contributes their time and effort to making the magazine so interesting and topical. She writes: "It is probably the main link with the past for us far removed West Aussies."

Pat BOYS of Auckland NZ comments: "I really look forward to receiving the Newsletter each time. I was going to write 'magazine', as that is what it seems like, with so many interestin articles. I hope they will be continued for a long time."

Olga BLOOD of Hollywell Qld writes: "...Reading thru the 'Vale' notices and the ages of those mentioned, it occurs to me, as I am in my 83rd year, it won't be long ere I join that group, so one day I'll get around to writing my 'obit' and save somebody a lot of scrabbling around, altho' there was nothing distinguished about my nearly forty years in PNG except to say, I'd do it all again with the same bloke."

(Olga, I know something of yours and Nep's life in PNG and I am sure you would have a lot to write about, so what about doing it without further delay.

There are also a lot of other people who should be doing the same thing as it is at least one way of having your name recorded in history. Ed.)

Gwen BRUYERES of Broadbeach Waters Qld had a triple bypass last year and I am sure that all her friends will be glad to hear that she is recovering OK and hopes to be soon back on the golf course.

Nell LAWRIE of Wyoming NSW, because of ill health last year, has decided to leave her villa at the Henry Kendall Village and go into the Hostel. She is very happy there and is sure that she made the right decision.

Peg Ford of Coombabah Qld, who had an operation for cancer in 1994, had not been able to keep up with a lot of things but reports that she has had 'good news lately re the cancer and has been able to get into "life" again.

HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

Grace HARTLEY of Ormiston Qld over the years has been by far our most generous member and we are extremely grateful for your kindness. Many, many thanks for your most recent contribution.

Muriel LARNER of Kainantu PNG reports: "The Town that I have loved is in a truly sad state... three weeks ago the repeater station was vandalised for the umpteenth time so PTC has refused to repair it and another alternative is to be found, what and when???? Last Friday the Markhams blew up the bridge at the bottom of the pass and tomorrow the two banks are forced to close down (this too, we don't know how long for), no fax machines make it impossible for them to operate. The Post Office too, these days only opens a few hours a day. There are only about 13 expatriates left and this includes children.

Preamble by McCosker.... She certainly feels very strongly about Bulbeck's book, which I only recently finished reading and rather enjoyed. But do agree that, to my knowledge, she did not interview people of her own vintage, which I assume is the same as mine and Glen Jacobsen, both of us born and bred in PNG and still live here....

I am still hanging out here in Kainantu. Having been suspended by the ex-premier with the rest of the Board of the Arona Valley Development Authority, he too was then suspended. I was recently asked to go back and refused with pleasure, they can do the worrying without my aid....

Ukarampa is huge and has a very bad law and order problem."

Lorna WHITCHURCH of Launceston Tasmania Writes:..."I am always happy to hear from anyone from PNG, as you know, very few Tasmanians worked there - probably more nowadays.

I had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Terry White and family last year. Mr. White was the ADO at Finschhafen when I was at Dregerhafen Girls' School.... It was very enjoyable to talk over days gone by."

Diane and Jack BATTERSBY of Lowood Qld report: "We are gradually settling into our new home, 8 acres on the Brisbane River at Lowood and 5 mins from Lowood Golf Club. There was a lot of renovating done to the high set house and we still have painting as well as gardening to do, but there's no great urgency for this. It's just over an hour from all family members and we look forward to seeing lots of old friends."

David HOUGHTON of Island Quays Qld writes: "I was very pleased to read Doug Franklin's report on the PNG Pilgrimage. I was very fortunate in being chosen as the only RAAF member to represent Queensland. It really was a fortunate occasion and one which I will never forget."

Eve JOHNSTONE of Tewantin Qld has not been well and in the past has suffered a number of operations for cancer etc., but she recently reported "I've had treatment (as a Guinea Pig) and am just about my old self again."

Eve, we are indeed very pleased to hear this and we are glad that our Secretary, Joe, was able to catch up with you again."

David and Ann SPEAKMAN of London UK became members last year and David, in a recent letter, commented: "Since my name was included in the welcome to new members in the December issue we have had letters and cards from old friends with who we had lost contact.

Please pass our regards to all your committee, with a very special hello to Elma as Ann and I have fond memories of the times we spent stationed together at Daru and also to Les Williams for happy hours on the golf course at Kavieng.

(Continued next page)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Jim TONER (Northern Territory)

Thirty-five Decembers has passed since this scrawny bachelor was invited by Pauline and Jim HANLEY (Gov Stores) to their home in 2/22 Street, Rabaul for Christmas dinner. Pauline, sadly widowed, now lives at Laurieton (either a bit north of Taree or just south of Port Macquarie, take your pick). But she was still dishing up the turkey and pudding last Christmas Day having nobly rostered herself on for duty with the local Meals on Wheels. Onya, Pauline.

Bob KUDRYCZ who was with the Labour Dept in Rabaul, Moresby and Kavieng for many years has moved from Sydney to Beenleigh Qld. Last year became the first since coming South which did not see the former Hurricane pilot marching down George St. on Anzac Day with the Polish contingent of the RAF. However he is, at 74, fit enough to be visiting Belgium and USA with his wife. I was able to tell him that if he gets to England he will find the memorial to the Polish Eagles at Northolt aerodrome not tucked away in a corner but commanding a major road junction where Londoners can be reminded of why it all began in 1939.

Jim HANNAN, former kiap in the Northern District, etc. and now a Stipendiary Magistrate in Darwin put himself and the four letter word on the front page here during the French bomb tests protests when he decided that wearing T-shirts with F... Chirac on them was not offensive behaviour and discharged defendants. His finding commenced "A reasonable person in this day and age...." and he awarded costs against the Police. O Tempora, O Mores.

Tom COLE, OAM, who died in December aged 89 had two Territory lives, firstly in the NT as an all-round bushman and secondly in PNG as a croc shooter and coffee planter. At the ripe age of 82 he sat down and wrote a book ("Hell West and Crooked") about the former which sold 100,000 copies. That should encourage some of you old gentlemen out there to pick up your quills..... Our readers would be more interested in "The Last Paradise", Cole's account of his time in Banz, etc. When I leafed through it again the well-remembered names leaped off the page. Mrs. Eileen Leyer, the voice, occasionally stern, of Madang Radio linking the Highlands to the outside world. John Jones, a rotmasta to remember, rushing in to tell Cole of the drowning of Peter Maxtone-Graham in the Wahgi. What times indeed.

Doug FRANKLIN (Brisbane)

George Gough, who will be 89 in April, recalls his early days at Bomana with considerable detail. He first went to Papua New Guinea in the early thirties after a bout of diphtheria in Brisbane. His brother Tom was a police officer in Moresby and invited George up for the period of his convalescence. The fare by sea from Brisbane to Moresby was £12. During this time the Government Secretary, Herbert William Champion (father of Ivan and Claud), met George and offered him a job as there was a shortage of staff.

Initially George was sent to Sangara in Northern Province, to relieve Capt. Austin who was sick. There was no plane service so he went round the coast by ship. There were no refrigerators or ice boxes in those days so food was what was available locally or out of a tin. The coffee project he was to assist extended to 900 acres. Every village had a coffee garden. Some were only one acre but Higaturu had 90 acres. George used to patrol the whole area taking from a week to ten days each time.

There were 120 mules at Sangara which were used to transport the bagged coffee in wagons from Sangara to Supota on the coast. At that time this was

(Continued next page)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS *(continued)*

the nearest and best anchorage for coastal ships. In the wet season it was not easy for the mule teams to operate, keeping the coffee dry and travelling over difficult roads and bridges.

About 1936 George was back in Moresby and posted to Bomana Gaol. While there had been a policy for the prisoners to grow food crops for themselves and the Moresby community, it had lapsed and there was nothing growing when he went there. With plantation contacts at Sogeri, Koitaki etc. he recruited villagers to help with the task to get the food production going again, along with the prison labour. 30 acres of bananas, 10 acres of pineapples and 1800 citrus trees were planted as well as 200 acres of cultivation. The whole area of Bomana Gaol was 1200 acres.

George discovered that there were three water pumping stations along the Laloki River which were not being used together with 4 miles of 2 inch piping. He was able to obtain this equipment and set it up at Bomana to irrigate the fruit and vegetable crops. General Morris, the Army Commander had said that there was a danger that Moresby could be cut off by the war and local food production was a top priority. As it was, Bomana was already supplying vegetables to the Moresby hospitals, hostels and the leper settlement.

He was at Bomana for 26 years and went finish in June 1962. During the early part of the war he remembers Moresby being bombed and diving for cover into a ditch near Jackson's Airport. Bomana was also bombed. After the war the War Graves Commission was setting up the War Cemetery and sought assistance. There were 600 prisoners in the gaol at the time so 70 or 80 were allocated daily for the War Cemetery job for four months. As is known, George said, the soils at Moresby are dry and unfertile so the whole of the War Cemetery was covered with four inches of topsoil brought in, before the grave stones (3,779), were set in their rows. (No wonder the grass at Bomana always looks so green and good.)

At this time Bomana was under Police control, Elliot Smith being in charge. It was decided that Bomana Gaol would come under the Justice Department. George was asked did he want to remain with the Police or be transferred to the new Department. He opted to remain at Bomana which was the work he understood and liked. At the same time he was asked had he ever been sworn in? He replied NO!

In the early days at Moresby there was a cattle project at Six Mile and George saw bush being cleared. Kwila and other commercial timbers were being stacked and burned. This he could not agree with so all millable timber was salvaged and taken to Bomana. It was then necessary to find some disused saw milling equipment and this was located at Yule Island. After setting it up at the gaol George said that he had two expatriate prisoners who could operate the machinery and help to train national prisoners. One of the expats was a bit of a problem and had to be transferred to Long Bay, near Sydney. The Director of Public Works, Vidgen, was very helpful in getting this project going and taking up the sawn timber. He also obtained several brick making machines and Bomana was soon making a good supply of bricks. The High School at Boroko was built with Bomana bricks and likewise staff housing at Bomana and parts of Moresby. Another project was the manufacture of steel framed collapsible school desks. These were sent all over the country. They also made water tanks, roof guttering and down-pipes etc.

George tells these stories with a clarity which is marvellous. He has visited PNG a couple of times since his retirement, once for the South Pacific Games in 1979. He is still able to drive to local shops near home despite two serious operations. We were on the phone for an hour and I found it hard to put the phone down.

(Continued next page)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS (continued)

June Fielding (Popondetta) writes "Spent a wonderful 16 days in Zimbabwe in September. Went white water rafting on Victoria Falls and didn't fall off! The Falls were spectacular even though due to an eleven year drought they are only half covered. Went on an 8 day safari which included a 3 day canoe trip down the Zambezi River - saw so many animals at close quarters - elephants, zebras, buffalo, hippo, (one hippo popped its head out of the water with open mouth 18 inches from me - scary), baboons, impala etc. The only giraffes we saw were at Victoria Falls."

Laurie Parkinson, who taught at Keravat and Boisen High Schools, and then at Kimbe between 1969 and 74 is now at Redlands College, Wellington Point, near Brisbane. Jeanette is receptionist to a Wickham Terrace Optologist.

Brisbane has a new Consul General, Mr. Chris Vihruai was formerly Secretary to the Department of Commerce and Industries, Port Moresby. He is married with six children and is an Economics graduate of UPNG. His Honours degree saw him continue his studies in England where he gained the M.A. (Econ) degree at Manchester. He has wide and significant administrative experience in PNG including being appointed as Administrator to the Sandaun Province after the Provincial Government was suspended in 1987. In this capacity he successfully set up Long Term Dialogue, Business and Trade links between two sensitive provinces of PNG and Indonesia.

A huge fire raged through the Boroko commercial centre on the night of 10/11/95 gutting some of the city's landmark buildings. The fire destroyed Steamships Family Store and several other stores worth millions of Kina. Fire officers battled to stop the blaze from spreading to the nearby Brian Bell Plaza and Westpac Bank buildings.

1 RPIR celebrated its 55th anniversary on 2/3/96 with a Trooping of the Colour parade at Murray Barracks. The Pacific Islands Regiment has an outstanding history that dates to before the second world war. On July 1, 1940 the first Papua Infantry Battalion was established. By November 1944 there were three battalions of PNG troops plus the Depot Battalion. The regiment was bestowed its Royal title by the Prince of Wales on 8 August 1984.

Tertiary students at Vudal University College joined other students by boycotting classes at the end of February because they do not agree with the new 10% of fees charge by the Government. The new "user pays" policy means that university students pay K370 towards the cost of their studies. The students have been told to pay up within three weeks or be terminated.

Road Transport Survey Details of a Memorandum of Understanding between the PNG Government and the Korean Halla Engineering and Construction Corporation set plans for roadworks to be constructed or upgraded at a number of locations in the country. The largest component is the K650 million estimated for the Trans Island Highway to connect Port Moresby and Lae.

The K51 million Port Moresby Freeway is progressing well. This will run from Gerehu along Waigani Drive to Boroko, then Hubert Murray Highway (3 Mile Hill), to the city. Also included in this development is the Burns Peak link to Konedobu.

K46 million is to be spent on Lae roads, which have taken a battering from Highlands Highway heavy traffic, to be funded by Australia's Aid Programme.

Air Niugini's General Manager Dieter Seefeld has completed his term of office and is operating as a consultant until a new appointment is made to the top post.

OPERATION SKINCARE

A joint project between Balmain Rotary and the Australia PNG Friendship Association, in close consultation with Mr William Nindim, former PNG Consul General, Sydney.

A surplus machine used in the treatment of skin cancer became available recently from the Prince of Wales Hospital in Sydney. Balmain Rotary Club and the Australia Papua New Guinea Friendship Association (APNGFA) made a successful bid for this machine for the ANGAU Memorial Hospital in Lae. Balmain Rotary Club and APNGFA have been working together in recent years in close consultation with Mr William Nindim, PNG's former Consul General in Sydney, to help in the upgrading of the only Oncology Unit in PNG. Once the Oncology Unit at Lae becomes fully operational (another cobalt machine has yet to be installed), it may be possible for cancer sufferers throughout the South Pacific islands to go to Lae for treatment at modest cost rather than travel to expensive Australian capital cities.

There is still much to be done for there has been, for example, a 60% increase in mouth cancer in PNG in recent years. It is likely that this has been caused by the excessive use of lime applied to the betel nut prior to chewing. To help combat this development, Rotary District 9750 raised the money for the printing of 50,000 comics pointing out the hazards of betel nut chewing, for distribution to school children and hopefully for consideration by their parents. Due to the cooperation of the APNGFA, the RAAF and Rotary Clubs in PNG, the comics have now been delivered to schools. Each comic carries messages from the PNG Ministers of Education and Health in support of the project. (Information supplied by Donald Ramsay if APNGFA)

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

In May/June this year I am to hold an exhibition of paintings and drawings which I made during my time in Papua New Guinea, 1946-60. I was then the wife of Dr. Bill Smythe but have since remarried and my name is Barbara Sherwood (registered in my ROAPNG membership as Mrs. A. B. Sherwood).

My exhibition is to be held in the Lewers Bequest and Penrith Regional Gallery, 86 River Road, Emu Plains. It is a lovely venue, with a picturesque sculpture garden and three galleries. The Gallery is to show a recent video about PNG in conjunction with the exhibition.

The opening will be Sunday 5 May 1986 by the PNG Consul-General Mr. Kila A. Karo accompanied by his wife, Judy. The exhibition will run from 3 May to 30 June 1986. Refreshments are usually available at the Gallery, but as catering is run by volunteers, it is advisable to ring first to request this (047) 35 1100.

People coming from Sydney take the M4 and immediately after crossing the Nepean Bridge veer left off the highway and turn to right over the highway into Russell Street, then second turn right into Forbes Street and follow notices to Lewers Gallery at 86 Rivers Road.

If any members would like an invitation (free) to the opening, please contact me:

Mrs. A. B. Sherwood
9 Killara Crescent
WINMALEE NSW 2777

PNG REUNION - WESTERN DISTRICT (BEACHCOMBER RESORT, TOUKLEY NSW 15/7/95).

by Colin MIDDLETON & Jon Bartlett

For years we had been talking about visiting Ken & Rosemary. Finally with Ken's 70th birthday imminent, words were transformed into action. Calls were received from all over asking "When would it be and can I come."

People started arriving at Toukley mid-afternoon on Friday 15th July and by dinner time the numbers had swollen considerably and the mood had been set for the weekend to follow.

After dinner we proceeded en masse to Ken & Rosemary's house where we enjoyed meeting and talking with long standing (I am avoiding the word "old") and dear friends.

Guests continued to arrive throughout Saturday and the "official" function got under way early in the afternoon. About 7pm or so 80 of us sat down to dinner and to pay tribute to the Browns.

Colin Middleton introduced the M.C. for the evening:

"I would like to introduce our M.C. for the evening, an officer we all know and certainly Ken would know, in fact he was Ken's cadet on a remarkable patrol at one stage and he came out of that with the nickname SOARI-JACK!"

The M.C. Jack Baker responded:

"Thank you Colin, actually the name that I'm remembered best by on that patrol was 'Treadlightly', for some unknown reason I had an unnatural clumsiness in dugout canoes and I spent as much time in the water outside them that I spent in them.

You know, whenever I hear the Papua New Guinea National Anthem...."Papua New Guinea its day has begun, the people are watching the rising of suns..." I think about the people and the circumstances that made the rising of the suns possible and to see so many of them here tonight is a real pleasure - WELCOME and high in the list of people who lubricated the machinery that created the possibilities for Papua New Guinea, was one Kenneth Arthur Brown. Always a lovely bloke to know and very much leavened by the wonderful woman behind his success, his good lady Rosemary and WELCOME to you too.

Not everything Ken did of course was constructive. I see Benson here tonight, and Benson and I have at least one thing in common. We were nurtured by 'Brownie', I think in Benson's case rather more efficiently than I, but one of the things Ken did for me was to arouse in me a fear and hatred of sidearms and firearms. We were on the rather magnificent Soari Patrol, we were hungry, the river had risen 15 feet, I think we had 21 days of consecutive rain. It was total futility, my 24th birthday came about, I had found the bottle of rum had broken in the bottom of the kitbag and a great sadness came upon us all. I was quite determined that I would have a tin of fruit, but Brownie had even made this difficult. He had been anxious to save weight for carriers so he'd insisted that everything went into kitbags - we had none of this waterproof patrol box business. In these kitbags there were hundreds of shiny tins and in the bottom there were whole heaps of labels and I was determined to have a tin of fruit, and I opened 8 tins of cabbage and 2 of carrots before I found a tin of peaches. But Brownie in tremendous sympathy built a little fire on a little hillock, made an oven out of a biscuit tin and manufactured me a loaf of bread for my birthday, and believe you me he was a wonderful kiap but he was a bloody awful bread cook!

We were hungry on that patrol, we were feeding our carriers on croc meat, we were getting a couple of crocs a night. But Brownie unfortunately decided to see what his sidearm could do for crocodiles. He carried a filthy great U.S. issued Colt 45 automatic and he just became obsessed at what would this do to a crocodile. So there we were, double canoe, I'm in the bow of

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PNG REUNION (continued)

one, I'm spearman for the evening, Ken's in the bow of the other clutching a Colt 45, there's a very innocent policeman behind us with a 5 cell torch spotting and a big lump of a croc about 14 to 15 foot, we creep up on it, paddlers moving quietly, Brownie clutching his 45, me with my spear at the ready, suddenly as we almost ran over it he remembered what the trigger was for and BANG! there was this tremendous explosion, there's a croc swirling everywhere and the policeman with the torch gave a scream of anguish and went base over apex over the side. He took our only light with him, it was as black as the inside of a cow and there was this total shambles of croc and policeman.

Now I worked it out very quickly that what had happened was that the croc had taken this fella and when this shadow started to come over the side of the canoe again I'm about to drive a spear through it when fortunately I fell arse over tit and I was out of the canoe too, but it was the Sergeant trying to get back in!! When this total shambles sorted out and we worked out that we hadn't quite realised that Ken's 45 ejected its shell straight over the top and the policeman hovering over his shoulder had collected it between the eyes, he reckoned he'd been shot, that's why he went. Anyway the Police wouldn't come shooting with us after that, they flatly refused, they'd rather starve than go looking for crocodiles.

It was a fun trip, I learnt a lot I think! I loved the little touch at the end of his Patrol Report where Ken said "I'd love to do it again, with Mr. Baker" and I thought what the hell have I done to deserve that.

Now Brownie was a very highly skilled officer but with a touch of luck in all of the situations that headed to greatness. There was one occasion, Brownie you'll have to excuse me if I've forgotten some of the fine details of this story but I've told it so often. It was an occasion when Ken was despatched in the Gulf District on a lengthy patrol, the purpose of which was to locate people who had stolen dynamite from an APC Oil Company camp.

So he roamed the Gulf up and down, back and forth, looking for this missing dynamite and missing detonators, with the whole possibility of disaster. Looking for this sort of thing is not an easy detective task and Ken had performed with his usual skill and ability and got absolutely nowhere. Eventually in a desperate state an elderly gentleman came out and said "Taubada - Kiap, I'm glad you're here" he said, "I've had a dreadful thing happen to me, a bloke has pinched me blankets and me mosquito net. I don't know who it was, I can't say, but Charlie over the road there was seen near my place at about the time the net went missing."

So Brownie having nothing better to do and always a listener, always a good person, went out and looked for Charlie and found him and found the mosquito net and the blankets, and do you know why they had been pinched? - to wrap up the stolen explosives and detonators and he achieved the reputation as the Sherlock Holmes of the Papuan Service. As a result of this Kenneth Arthur Brown took another step on the path to greatness. Good on you Ken.

My friends, the trails end of the game for the Kiaps in Papua New Guinea was the localisation program which I was involved in. One of the great success stories in that was when Benson Gegeyo and Ken Brown were linked and it was a sort of greatness that came upon both of them I think. When Ken and I were linked it was a case of the blind leading the blind. But it got to be better than that, Ken took Benson as his understudy, he carefully prepared his program of training. The pair of them carried it out and I was privileged to be in Moresby when the two of them left Daru and hit town holding hands and telling the world at large that the time had come for the first changeover of District Commissioner. Benson was to become the District Commissioner, Ken

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PNG REUNION (continued)

his number two. Ken and Benson did this round of Administrators and Directors and people that were concerned, till finally they persuaded someone to accept the piece of paper that said Benson was District Commissioner Western District and Ken was gently in the background. It was the success story, it was the first story and Benson I would ask you if you would come forward and tell us how smooth the handover really could be if people worked at it and if you would on behalf of us all, present this book as a memento of tonight to Ken.

Benson Gegeyo spoke briefly: "Ladies and gentlemen, Ken and Rosemary, I don't think I can really add or say anything better than that of the previous speaker, as I'm a jack of all trades and master of none. Ken and Rosemary - words cannot express my gratitude."

The Master of Ceremonies thanked Benson by saying "I think that told us more than words could ever have said and its not possible to really add to that Benson - you're a wonderful bloke - " Jack concluded by saying. "Tonight we are celebrating Ken's 70th birthday, and I think that the way he's going he'll be around for the next 70! Welcome - it's been beaut to see you all - carry on with the festivities - and we'll hand over to Ken."

Ken's address in response:-

"Well folks this I reckon must be the highlight of my life. I never expected in my wildest dreams that I would see you all again. I knew I might see one or two but I didn't think I'd see you again, and as for organising Benson Gegeyo to come up and to be with us on this evening, well words can't describe.

Now I'm not quite as good an orator as my juniors such as my fame has exalted me as! But I have written down a few things that I'll read if I can, starting with the organisers perambulations.

These days I have the propensity to forget instantly what I just said and great difficulty remembering what I want to say next. Actually it worsened a couple of months ago when a former P.O. of Yule Island days, John McGregor, wrote me a note beginning "Brownie, if I had not met your brother-in-law on a recent fishing trip off Gladstone I would have bet 20 betel nuts to a kina that you had long gone to make peace in GABU TIMBUNA."

Shortly after this Colin and Anna Middleton with their three lovely daughters made a quick visit to Ruma Salamo to give Rosemary and I details of our forthcoming Western District reunion. Two days after this Rosemary received a Tilpa call from Colin seeking her promise to keep me breathing for this day. What Colin had not realised was the creation of a Catch 22 situation for her.

To cap this all off Paul Bourne and Sharon called a couple of weeks ago to keep us in touch. I nearly had to slap their hands as each time I tried to get up they ran across to help me. It was a little disconcerting to realise that many of my former junior colleagues and friends of the 60s and early 70s, now in their early 40s to late 50s perceive me as a TAUBURUKA MOMOKANI.

I have no rancour after meeting you last night at our home. Immediately the adrenalin began pumping and I took out a new lease on life.

I arrived at Daru for my first tour of the Western District, on 5th January, 1952, aboard B.P.'s DOMA. P.O. Dave Calder shared part of the deck with Mollie, my dog, and I for the 3 day voyage.

Kevin Atkinson was DC, Harry Gaywood ADO Gaima, Graham Lambden OIC Rouku. Lake Murray and Kiunga were unmanned. P.O. Mike Cockburn had not long arrived with wife Margaret. Encamped in a tumbledown bush material shack a plethora of cadets, Jack Baker, Adrian Gayle and Dave Jacobs wore the bewildered looks of shock.

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PNG REUNION (continued)

I am not sure if it was a result of Harry Cox the Medast and I landing a couple of golf balls on the DC's roof while testing a potential 3 hole golf course OR he thought I had called my dog after his friend the DC Moresby's wife. In any case I soon found myself leading a party of police and prisoners up the Oriomo River to clear some land for a station garden.

Although I had been in the service 4½ years to this point in time, I had spent most of it at HQ Konedobu, Short and Long Courses, a short spell at Kerema, mostly in the office and then leave. Hence, when the DC called Jack Baker and I into his office one day in July, 1952, to inform us that I was to lead, with Jack as 2i/c, a patrol from Upper Aramia River to Strickland River and then on to Lake Murray, expected to take three months, I shall never forget that look of despair on Jack's face. It was obviously going to be THE classic case of the blind being sent to lead the blind.

After four weeks going around in circles through the same sago swamps I developed mild stomach cramps. Jack and I made our first mutual decision and beat it back to Daru. I was, of course, honour bound to consult our Resident Medical Officer, Dr. Julian Harnos, our Hungarian Rhapsody, as soon as we braved reporting our failure to a crest-fallen Leader. After a cursory glance Julian declared "I vill cut." Next morning he operated and displayed close to my eyes a perfectly healthy Appendix.

I was in Manus when I heard Jack had been flown out in a tiny Mission float plane off the Fly River and ferried to Lake Murray to catch a waiting Catalina for Moresby. His appendicitis was genuine and he had a close call. Nevertheless I had a warm feeling about poetic justice.

RELAX FOLKS, I'M GOING TO SKIP THE NEXT 20 YEARS!

My second tour of the Western District began in March, 1971. I now had a wife (bipo), 2 wonderful daughters, a 7 year old hyperactive son, a dog called Bruiser and 30 crates.

From the first day I began planning to redress the 1952 Kamula patrol debacle. I went Robin Barclay ADC NOMAD, Laurie Meintjes ADO Nomad, Leo Bera PO and Jeff Ransley APO Olsobip and Colin Middleton PO Daru on four separate patrols.

They tallied up over 300 days to record most of the uncensused people in the limestone country behind Nomad and Olsobip as well as the elusive Kamula. The patrols cost over \$15,000 and the patrolling officers received a lot of well deserved publicity in late 1972.

The vast complex of Ok Tedi's operations at Tabubil and Mt Fubilin today is a far cry from the modest beginnings of Kennecott.

Many of you participated in the liaison visits to Merauke, Midsiptanah and Thursday Island between 1971-1975.

It was a period when many of us knew we would soon be replaced by PNG Officers in the essential process on the path to Independence. I was singularly fortunate to have Benson Gegoyo as my understudy. Since my handover of the Western Province to him at end of 1972 he has served his country with distinction, firstly as DC of Western, Bougainville, and West Sepik, then 3 years as Ambassador to Indonesia. After this a number of years as a trouble shooter administering failing Provincial administrations. Currently he is Managing Director of PNG Water Board. What a wonderful surprise to have him share our memories of that period.

Our lifestyles and jobs in PNG were unique and cannot be bettered. Rosemary and I are honoured to be your guests and delighted to hear you are all doing well in PNG or down here. What's more important, you all look good, especially the girls.

A BIG thank you to Col Middleton, Jon Bartlett and Paul Bourne for their
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PNG REUNION (continued next page)

wonderful effort in bringing so many of us together for this reunion and helping me to enjoy my entry into Septuagenarian ranks.

Inai na Moale Karana namo herea. Losemele bona lau, ita laloa boio lasi. Thank you all. Good luck for a great future."

The next day dawned bright (too bright for some) and we all gathered once again at Ken & Rosemary's house to bid our farewells, to our friends and to what had been a truly memorable and at times emotional reunion. People were unanimous about how successful the weekend and the reunion had been. Ken in his thank-you letter to Col Middleton wrote"

"I can't find words to adequately express what a wonderful reunion you instigated and organised with Jon and Paul. A marvellous show and we are still floating on Cloud 9 since being named your guests for the occasion.

Benson wrote in the book you compiled and he was to present to me: 'No words can express how I feel; without you things would have been different for Gladys and I.' It was the ultimate compliment and I have been beaming with pride ever since knowing he had become a top PNG public servant. When he wrote this for me I am sure he meant it also for you and many other officers who worked with him in 1971-1974.

The presence of another "old timer" Jack Baker (of our close knit Kamula Kiaps fame) as MC enhanced the gathering with bonhomie of the 1971-74 group of colleagues and mates.

Other former Kiaps Brian McBride, Neil Desailly and Neil Grant's presence was a big bonus for me.

The fact that I survived from 3pm Friday until 3pm Sunday with less than 10 hours sleep and was ready for more is by far my best performance since my farewell effort at Daru in June 1974.

The generous gift of his book AIDA, Life and Ceremonies of the GOGODALA by Tony and Jenny Crawford was an unexpected gift which will be a treasure. It was great to see them again. You know we must have all treated our women well as they all look so good.

And of course "my" kiaps, Greg McGrath, Robin Barclay, Mike Eggleston, Jon Bartlett, Eric Young, Peter Walsh, Craig McConaghy, Paul Bourne and last but certainly not least KAMULA KOL. Not to forget Pauline Kelly, widow of Ned and Sue Prosser wife of late Peter Hawke.

Good friends from other departments were a pleasure to see at THE EVENT OF THE YEAR, the Becketts, the Bosleys, Jim Caldwell and the Moores.

Your choice of MC was a stroke of genius, Col. There was obviously something in the Kamula swamps that had bound the three of us in comradeship.

Thank you for making our first reunion in 21 years the highlight of our lives."

The book that was given to Ken in honour of the occasion was a compendium of the train of events leading up to the reunion including letters of apology from those unable to attend, congratulatory messages and comments from all those in attendance. On the cover is the inscription:

KEN BROWN
Workmate, boss, friend
adventurer, administrator and statesman.
We are privileged to help you celebrate your
Seventieth birthday and wish you many more of them.
15th July, 1975

The cake that Ken and Rosemary cut had written on it "HAMAMAS LAPUN" and I think all who were present agreed with this.

PNG REVISITED - LAE AND SAMARAI

by Roma Bates

Arrived at Lae fairly early on the day after we left Madang. It was cloudy and overcast and obviously had had very heavy rain - more to come. Roads washed out and full of potholes - some fissures almost big enough for a car to fall in.

Lae was never picturesque or beautiful like other ports in New Guinea, it was ever only a 'transit town' .. the gloomy weather didn't help either and it also looked unloved, unkempt and unattractive; but there was a bright and cheerful note .. on the wharf a few groups of local people, well decorated and thumping the kundus, were dancing a welcome to "Fairstar". I liked that and lingered, but the others were eager to get going. Ross was the lead driver this time - Lae being his 'familiar' having lived in Wau with his parents pre- and post-war. Ross had hoped he could fly up to Wau for the day or hire a car to drive up and back while the ship was in port. Hire a car? I was filled with dismay at the thought remembering how dangerous in every way that road used to be, but fortunately, altho the road was said to have improved, the recent heavy rains had put 'paid' to that thought and, as often happens in Lae, the weather was bad and closed in, so flying was "out". Poor Ross, he was very disappointed.

Instead, he led us out to the International airport - miles away; the road was dreadful, it took an hour plus each way and the scenery on the way was unimpressive. Well ... that airport! It was unreal. Anything less like an international airport would be hard to imagine. Stripped of everything it had before, surely, it was a shell of roofed concrete with a few shabby offices on one side ... very few people about or waiting for a plane .. and the toilets!! There was no bustle, no sign of busy-ness; lethargy in the extreme. There had once been a garden across the front of the building but now there are only one or two ancient frangipanni trees bare of leaf and blossom. Depressing in the extreme.

Back in town, Ross decided on going to the Markham River but a couple of hundred yards along the road was enough for even him to realise it was a "No No!" .. more washouts than road. Still no sun to cheer the gloom. Ross decided the Botanic Gardens and Cemetery would be next port of call. I protested that the children would get a fixation about visiting cemeteries at each port but, fortunately, I was overruled and to the Cemetery (War) we went. The Botanic Gardens enroute looked neat as we passed by.

The War Cemetery looked splendid and well groomed, and I noticed flags behind the Cross of Sacrifice and various military, navy and police personnel standing to attention. Just then busloads of "Fairstar" Armed Services passengers together with the Nurses and many other passengers too, arrived with the ship's padre and Commodore Smythe. It was a Commemorative Ceremony for the 50th Anniversary of the Coral Sea Battle. A similar one had been held at the Bita Paka War Cemetery out of Rabaul, but we had not attended that one being too busy with our own nostalgic journey.

Here I should write about the Coral Sea Battle. Because this particular trip of "Fairstar" took place around the 50th anniversary of this important battle 5-11th May, 1942, P&O invited Commodore Smythe to come aboard to talk with the many passengers making this journey of remembrance and organize suitable services. Commodore Smythe was in command of one of Australia's warships taking part in the battle, the Right Man in the Right Place. He and ship's padre organized several lectures and social events which I found most interesting, especially his account of the actual battle and the part his ship played in it, also the importance of the early information given by the Coast-watchers, which contributed greatly to the victorious outcome. This victory saved OZ from invasion and was the turning point of the war in the Pacific.

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PNG REVISITED (continued)

Listening to it all I thought of Jack Read, Paul Mason and in particular of Percy Dacre Good on Kessa Plantation. "Dakker" as everyone called him was one of the clever radio technologists with Amalgamated Wireless of Australia at Bita Paka from the late 20s before he bought Kessa Plantation in the early 30s. Years later when Rabaul fell to the Japanese, he realised the importance of a transmitter and somehow or other put one together from the stuff he had on hand. When he saw the Japanese navy movements in his area (Bougainville) he advised Canberra who, tragically, released this information as a Press Release from Kessa; the Japanese heard this of course and went straight to Kessa Plantation. Slowly, piece by piece, they tortured him before beheading him. Dakker and his wife Elma were old friends of my parents and my friendship with Elma lasted until her death in Sydney some years ago. Dacre is an unusual family name and strangely enough Commodore Smythe was also a "Dacre". I wonder if they were related.

At Lae War Cemetery Commodore Smythe gave an excellent address as did the ship's padre. This was followed by the laying of wreaths, the Armed Services passengers grouped around the Sword of Sacrifice and the Last Post was played with flag at half mast .. after the ritual pause the bugler blew the Reveille as the flag was raised. It was all very moving and impressive. Here I must mention how proud I felt (why I don't know) of the way this traditional ceremony was carried out by the Lae Armed Services personnel. They performed with faultless precision and dignity.

As we were leaving the Cemetery I spoke to a Police Sergeant on duty - I think he was from the Highlands - asking him where I could buy a small PNG flag. I told him the story of Patricia sewing up the original flag for the lass who designed it - some years ago now - for submission to the Select Committee in Moresby, when it was chosen as the official flag for PNG. Now, the flag has a black diagonal with Southern Cross imposed thereon. He gave me instructions where to find a shop but seeing the glazed look in my eye, said he would get one for me and would meet me at the New Guinea Artefact shop in the town centre. He gave Ross and David directions to find it, which they did without trouble, and we found it a really fascinating shop - full of overflowing from floor to ceiling, with curios and carvings from every part of PNG. Excellent, but it was jam-packed with the ubiquitous, very rude and aggressive Japanese tourists. Not pleasant.

The Police Sergeant was as good as his word, he met us there and gave me two flags for which he refused all remuneration. So I asked what he fancied in exchange and a dark blue T shirt - no aboriginal decorations though - was his choice. Fair exchange. I was please to do this - he was so friendly and helpful. When the Japs departed we thoroughly enjoyed the great variety of native artefacts those lovely Siassi bowls, platters, stuff from the Trobriands, but too big for me to carry home. It was all really good stuff. The quality and variety of stock was a credit to the discernment of the Expat women running the shop. We couldn't resist the temptation to buy smaller items, especially some little carved pigs for David, who likes them. And so, back to "Fairstar" for late afternoon departure for Samarai .. and the sun shone at last.

Then followed a day at sea, and as it was David's birthday, we plied him with good wishes, presents and celebratory champers ... the ship supplied a birthday cake with musical honours by the stewards, at dinner that night. Great fun.

Samarai the following morning and David made sure that we were all up on the top deck (at dawn!) to enjoy the magnificence of the China Straits. They haven't changed and we thrilled to the beauty of this waterway all over again. Anchored midstream at Samarai, there being no wharf these days. Groups of singing and dancing Papuan lasses boarded the ship after early

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PNG REVISITED (continued)

breakfast and entertained us. It was great. I was amused to see these bare-breasted beauties in their grass skirts, relaxing on "Fairstar's" pale grey velvet upholstered chairs and lounges as they sipped their Cokes.. What a contrast!

When we went ashore much later, girls in grass skirts and garlands etc. lined the tiny jetty where the pinnacle tied up and we were greeted again with the choirs. Very nice indeed. On the beach nearby demonstrations were given on how sak sak is made and also how they carve a canoe from a tree trunk. It was well done and was most interesting. Lyn, Mavis, the children and I didn't tarry too long as we had been waiting on board for ages, thinking the men were at late breakfast. We eventually got fed up and Lyn was sure they'd gone ashore without us, so off we went. I was not amused!

We wandered along the main street .. more singing groups, this time in school uniforms - singing in harmony is the one thing all New Guineans and Papuans do extremely well - seems to come naturally - they don't read music, or didn't; maybe they do these days. Here and there along the street were a few tables selling stuff .. craft work .. cool and hot drinks (coffee) .. cooked food .. fruit etc., all raising money for some projects connected with their school or church. Shades of our Parents and Citizens! The women and girls running these fund-raisers were very pleasant, poised and charming.

Nearby was the Supermarket full of shoppers - yes, even tiny Samarai has a Supermarket and not a small one either; a quick look inside the Anglican church - no sign of the men at the Sports Ground where more sing sings were in progress. "TO THE CLUB" was Lyn's rallying cry .. and sure enough there they were.

What a daunting scene. The Club is a dingy, bare and unattractive structure of open sides, roof and concrete floor - bar on the off doing a roaring trade. No redeeming features whatever. And there in the middle was a large, but large table and it was CRAMMED with empties. A group of 15 or more lounged around it, all races. One Papuan (John Paul) was clinging to Ross' hand, a bottle in the other. They were all happy, much laughter and banter. I was somewhat taken aback but no-one else was.

As well as Lae, Samarai belonged to Ross. He and Patricia were stationed there in a house with a magnificent view up the China Straits for a few years until the Administration moved to Alotau, still as D/D.C. of Milne Bay Province. Their children, Alison and Warwick, spent many happy years in Samarai and so did David on Xmas school holidays one year, working at B.P.'s store (now non-existent, just a broken wreck) to earn some spending money. Ross and David were deep in nostalgia, full of good fellowship and on a "high". We females had no option but to join the group and we were thirsty anyway, it being a very hot day.

And so we heard "all about it". Ross, David and Jack eschewed breakfast and went ashore on the first pinnacle; in and out and round the town they went recalling the past. When they came to the Anglican church Ross told the other two he used to be a Warden there and thought he would go in and enquire after the Priest of that time. The Priest had long gone and while chatting with the incumbent there was a flurry at the vestry door and in rushed a Papuan, grasped Ross by the hand, and tears streaming down his laughing face, reminded Ross he used to work for him - I think he was the 'garden boy'. Fancy recognizing Ross after all these years! But then Ross hasn't changed so tis not to be wondered at. Great joy all round, Ross laughing and happy; who wouldn't be at being remembered after so long.

Ross was led off and they adjourned to the Club pro tem - but not for long. John Paul, the 'garden boy' told Ross his mother was still alive and living in Samarai and would he visit her? So, off Ross went and when the old woman saw Ross she flung herself on him, grasping him tightly, tears rolling down her face. Ross admitted it was a very emotional moment for him too, as

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PNG REVISITED (continued)

he remembered her so well. Various brothers and sisters arrived and then the word went round the village that Ross Johnson was back. Recounting it to me, David said "they came out of the woodwork" and besieged Ross. Drinks all round, of course. The Premier of the District joined in (but you wouldn't know him from the villagers gathered around the table, he was one of them in his floral shorts, T. shirt and thongs).

Some other "Fairstar" passengers who had lived on Samarai for years came and went, some joined the table, and all their friends of bygone years gathered around too. What a party! A blackboard on the wall was used to list the names of the returning residents of Samarai and it was sizeable. Not only the local people but old Expat residents renewed acquaintance with Ross, one of them reminding Ross that he could have sent him to gaol on some charge, but Ross had let him off with a fine. And there he was .. still a beachcomber a la Somerset Maugham.

And so it went on AND ON! We had to take the children back to the ship for their lunch but, no way, would our men do likewise. A young Papuan lass set up a table of great looking food at one end of the Clubroom .. the cooked fish and salads were very tempting .. and I hoped the men would have their lunch there, but did they? Not on your Nelly! When we returned they were still with the group at the table with yet another barrage of cans .. John Paul still clinging!

We made noises about taking the girls swimming and as David yearned to visit again the island Patricia and Ross used to picnic on most Sundays, Ross arranged with one of the Papuans at the table for a boat to take us across to the island. Down we trooped to the jetty - with the Premier in tow. Time passed without any sign of the boat arranged and paid for. Eventually the Premier swung into action and told one of the Expat boat-owners to take us across and without hesitation he did so. We were glad we had the Premier on side.

Armed with a carton of (?) lolly-water we boarded the craft with considerable difficulty .. old bones take poorly to such escapades. We had a pleasant time on the island with quite a few others from our ship doing the same thing. Mavis and I joined Lyn and the girls swimming and eventually Jack came too, but David and Ross were too busy with their videos etc. to brave the waters. I think they would have sunk if they had. But they were so happy .. indeed we all were, it was a "fun day" with such happy memories for Ross and David - Jack too - to mull over in the future.

But time had come to part, and it was all aboard that horrible little boat to meet up at the jetty with the "Fairstar" pinnace. Have you ever tried boarding a bobbing craft in your sere and yellow old age - or any age for that matter - from a standing position waist high in the water? I draw the veil ... it was accomplished with great difficulty.

All aboard "Fairstar" and in the best tradition of the Fitzgerald Travelogues of 50 years ago, we sailed into the sunset, chanting: "And so we say 'Farewell' to Samarai, a jewel of the Pacific".

Sunday 11th September: We were sailing through the Coral Sea, the scene of that famous battle, so it was fitting that it should be honoured. A solemn and well attended service was conducted by Commodore Smythe who gave a short and telling address. Prayers were offered and the well-known Naval hymn 'For Those in Peril on the Sea' was sung with some emotion. Wreaths were then cast upon the waters of the Coral Sea. It was a very moving service and added a signature to a cruise everyone aboard would remember with appreciation and great pleasure, especially for those who had made this journey in memory of their "mates".

The following day we were back in Cairns - the "real world", but was it we wondered? But the euphoria was short lived and returning to Sydney brought us back into focus. It was a Great Trip Back in Time; we all enjoyed the reunion with our past, happy and sad. Would I go again? Yes.

A MISSIONARY AT WORK IN PNG

by the Rev. Jack Flentje

I was appointed by the then Methodist church to be superintendant of the Nakanai Mission in West new Britain in January 1947, but because of transport difficulties etc. so soon after the war we did not arrive there until the beginning of July of that year. My wife and I had been married in December 1946 and she was 6 months pregnant, when we arrived at a half built house of local materials, built by the local people, two bedrooms, an open area between them to serve as a living room and a small kitchen and bathroom. No floors in bedrooms or living room, sawn 6"x 1" planks had been brought with us for the floors. We Masori, self, nursing Sister Joyce Walker, and 2 local men from Rabaul, Peni toWolo and another, to help in the house were all unloaded on the beach with all our belongings, stores, medicines etc. at about midday; and the boat went on its way leaving us with a 26ft launch, about 4 gals of petrol (not enough to get anywhere and we didn't see any other Europeans nor any more stores nor any mail for 3 months). We had to put the floors down in three rooms, erect mosquito nets, cook and eat before we could sleep that first night - we made it and slept well.

It was a few years later and we were well established and knew the people and the district well. I had been a fortnight patrolling the villages on top of the mountains in Central Nakanai, preaching, teaching and listening to the village people and making friends with locals and Europeans alike, when having finished my rounds I left the village of Tegamala early one morning to walk back to Walo, some 4,000 feet down the mountains, and about 25 or so miles away. We arrived there in late afternoon and to my surprise met a fellow Australian and one or two Rabaul men. He introduced himself, Francis Xavier Ryan, an Agricultural Officer and his helpers, they would like a ride in our launch over to Malalia to stay a couple of days before going on. I said "O.K. where's your cargo?, we must get away quickly to clear the passage through the reefs off Tarobe Point before it gets too dark." He said "Alright, our things are all on board, I've been talking to the people here and they told me you just arrive at the beach and hustle everybody on board, get up the motor and pull up the anchor and you're on your way, so I'm ready".

We got on our way, and he said he was wanting to meet me, as he had heard wonderful stories of how amongst other amazing things I went around the bush picking up old Japanese tin hats, bringing them home and melting them in a big fire and pouring them into sawdust and making the most unusual things. The story was, of course, somewhat distorted. He had gleaned enough from this to know that I had something of a mechanics workshop and he was looking forward to seeing this wonder. I had been belting brass in the Jap tin hats and pouring it into sand molds and then machining the resultant castings into timing gears and other parts for various engines.

It was some time later and just before we came on leave back to Victoria for 6 months that we had news that this team of American anthropologists was coming to a village near us (Galilo) and we were asked to give them what help we could. Our nursing Sister at the time, Cynthia Smith, was the only European left on Malalia while we were away and she gave them all the help she could. Dear old Father Stamm, who had been in the Territory 40 years then, said there in only one type person more knowall than an American and that's an American anthropologist, then he added whimsically "I suppose it was the same with all of us when we had been here 2 weeks - we thought we knew it all, but by the time we had been here a year, we realised how little we knew, and I tell you by the time you have been here 10 years, bless you, the locals are starting to convert you." (How right he was).

By the time we returned from leave all the first group had returned to America, including Ann Chowning, but Val Valtine who had joined the group later, and his wife remained. We got to know them fairly well and he used me a bit, even though "I knew nothing". One day his cook arrived at my place and

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A MISSIONARY AT WORK IN PNG (continued)

said "Masta bilong me i laik bai im fislain na uk long sito bilong yu." (My employer would like to buy a fishing line and hook from your store.)

Alright, I knew I was in trouble but I went along with it. I charged Rabaul prices. A courtesy we extended to all other store keepers in the area, be they European, Chinese, locals or whatever, because they all did the same for us. (We and they only bought locally when we had run out and needed something urgently.) Well, you can guess the rest, the cook bought the same order for himself (I of course charged him the usual store prices) and later I read with some amusement in Val's findings that locals charge Europeans more than they charge locals because Europeans do the same to them. Nonsense, like most other humans they charge what the market can stand.

Some time later Val came to me with a request that he be allowed to bring a group of school boys up to see me working in my workshop. This, he was quite sure, would be the end of the cargo cult which was widespread in the area. He said if they saw me making a part for an engine they would understand how motor cars etc. were made. I said "O.K. but I warn you they will laugh at you". He said "You think you know everything, don't you?" I replied "No, though I wish I did, I have tried that and that's what happened but you bring them up", and so it was arranged.

They came up on the arranged day and I lit up my forge, put some brass and some borax into a tin hat and set it on the fire and blew it into good heat with the hand wound fan till the brass melted and pored it into the same mold and lit the gases that came off for good effect. The kids were most impressed and when we took out the casting they were goggle-eyed. Then when we set it up in the lathe and turned it to shape in nice clean brass and then into the milling machine and cut the teeth, and then I showed them how it fitted into the engine. At last the great moment had arrived and Val stood back in triumph and said "You see, that is how motor cars are made". The boys looked at him in frank disbelief and he said "That is how motor cars are made". They laughed and said "Don't be silly, how can you make a big thing like a motor car on that machine? Its too small", and they've never seen a bigger one.

We all know that in our own society, or for the matter of that in any society, no two people think exactly alike and we each interpret differently the rules of the community, and we have different "norms" of behaviour, and there are those odd bods who dream dreams, or fantasize these situations. I think it was this kind of situation that Ann Chowning had encountered, and that it was not a generally held belief, nor a generally practiced custom that if a woman saw a man defecating the only honourable alternatives were to kill himself or kill the woman. I never heard of the rule nor of it being carried into effect.

In conclusion I would like to thank you and the Retired Officers Association for allowing me and others like me to join as associate members, we (my wife Masori and I) do so much appreciate the news letters and it has helped us with news of friends and of things happening in the Territory, through the newsletters I was able to contact Lou Searle recently and I hadn't seen or heard of him since 1958. Sorry to hear of the death of Tom Cole recently, Tom stayed with us at Malalia in the 1950s for 4 or 5 days and taught me crocodile shooting. When he was leaving he confided to me that it was the first time since he was 10 years of age that he had gone without whisky for 2 days - he was a great character.

BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS

THE MONEY TREE

From Jim Sinclair and Crawford House Publishing comes this attractive, informative and absorbing account of Coffee in Papua New Guinea.

Review by Ian DOWNS

Jim Sinclair's story of Coffee in Papua New Guinea is a remarkable undertaking painstakingly researched, brilliantly put together and narrated with skill and passion. This is not just the history of the coffee industry in the highlands of Papua New Guinea. This book is a major contribution to the developing history and character of a nation.

In this very readable book, there are hundreds of interviews with people both national and expatriate who are brought to life with insight and clarity. Within the chronological history since 1890 and the sections devoted to regional and national development there are dozens of personal recollections from scores of witnesses describing their careers and experience. Sinclair does not leave any of them in limbo. He follows them into retirement in Papua New Guinea, to places overseas and from Cairns to Perth.

The history of the industry is traced from minor plantings in British New Guinea (Papua) and the German Administration in North East New Guinea and the northern Islands. Under the Australian Mandate, development of Coffee in New Britain and other islands was continued; including variety trials at the government experimental station at Kerevat with seedlings from *Arabica* seed collected by George Murray the pre-war Director of Agriculture during a trip to Jamaica. Kerevat escaped damage in the 1937 eruption but Coffee trials were transferred to the New Guinea mainland before the outbreak of W.W.II.

Experiments at Wau and the new Highlands Agriculture Experimental Station (HAES) at Aiyura in the Kainantu sub-district on the upper Ramu watershed determined the main thrust of coffee growing in Papua New Guinea after the Japanese war; the chosen coffee would be high grade high grown *Arabica*, rather than tropical *Robusta*, and the people of the New Guinea Highlands from Wau to Mount Hagen and the mountains of the Huon Peninsula would benefit most from the new crop.

From the beginning, Australian government policy for primary industry in Papua New Guinea was to develop crops with an export potential for the ultimate benefit of Papua New Guineans at Independence. This was Australian policy under the Trusteeship Agreement with the United Nations. Expatriates were welcomed within this policy and encouraged as entrepreneurs to get things going and create models for nationals to copy. Expatriate growers were expected to teach by example and to find markets for exportable crops.

Expatriates who became coffee farmers after the Japanese war had no guarantees of security for what they might build or develop. They risked their capital and years of their lives to establish themselves in a new industry. Most of them were under-capitalised. None of them could afford to lounge on verandahs. Coffee was a new crop and existing traders and merchants familiar with copra, cocoa and rubber knew nothing about coffee growing or marketing. In the beginning, the coffee industry got no competent help and very little interest from them.

The merchant entrepreneurs who supported the infant industry were R.A.Colyer (whose company Colyer Watson was the parent of ANSCO) and Bob Bunting. They were backed by the Bank of New South Wales (now Westpac). The Wales played a major role in the early days of the industry in association with the Coffee Marketing Board and the Highlands Farmers and Settlers Association.

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BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS (continued)

Jim Sinclair's book shows how the PNG government takes a leading part in the establishment of the coffee industry by encouraging village production. The production of coffee by nationals soon exceeded production from expatriate owned plantations. This situation helped Papua New Guinea to obtain and maintain export quotas under international marketing agreements.

Highland people in most countries suffer isolation and the high cost of transporting and protecting their produce before it can be sold. Papua New Guinea is an extreme example of this. In addition, exports to European and American markets have to travel almost half-way round the world. Vegetables or any crop that has a high bulk to weight ratio is not profitable if the crop has to be transported by air or in trucks which don't have much more room than airplanes. Handling and storage prior to sale takes time and produce must be stored without loss of quality. Dry Coffee beans are a compact product with a high value per kilo able to overcome normal airfreight costs and coffee can be safely dry stored in 132lb jute bags for considerable periods. These qualities made Coffee a cash crop that highland people could safely grow and sell profitably on an overseas market.

An air lobby encouraged the government to believe that roads were not important because freight and people could be so easily transported by air. When the air lobby discovered coffee, they increased the cost of air freight per kilo and the cost of coffee charters from highlands airfields to Madang and Lae. This brought all highland people together in support of a road to the coast. When the air lobby discovered that a road to the coast was actually being completed in 1953, they reacted with a substantial drop in air freight. Coffee was soon being transported to Lae in trucks as well as by air to Madang and Lae. Ten years later the Dillingham Corporation built an all-weather road over the same route. It took the government and the airplane operators that long to understand that road construction had expanded development, created a private sector need for air freight and trebled the number of airplane passengers.

The world coffee industry is notorious for lack of stability in production and prices. This is a difficult scenario to explain to new growers, particularly those in developing countries. Brazil has long been a dominant coffee producer and climatic variables like severe drought or frost in the major coffee growing regions of that country create dramatic production losses which are followed by sharp increases in the world price. These taper off into extended periods of low prices when harvests in Brazil are normal. Over-production occurs because new growers start planting when prices are high. On the other hand, growers in some countries neglect their trees when coffee prices are low. Civil wars in coffee growing countries also compromise production. These are only some of the variables that make world coffee prices unstable.

To provide industry stability and to control the operations of traders, a Coffee Marketing Board (CMB) was established in 1964. There was a clear intention that the Board would eventually levy growers in profitable years and provide subsidies for them when prices fell below the cost of production. The operations of the Coffee Marketing Board and its agencies are reported extensively in Jim Sinclair's book. Under the wise and skilful direction of the Board's Chairman, Lloyd Hurrell, stabilisation funds to protect the industry were built up to around K122 million by 1987.

An advantage of being a relatively new coffee producer on the world scene meant that Papua New Guinea growers had time (about four years) to study modern methods of production and processing before their own trees reached maturity. Growers took advantage of modern research. In *The Money Tree*, Jim

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BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS (continued)

Sinclair explains how The Highlands Farmers and Settlers Association (HFSA) managed to do this with assistance from R.A. Colyer, Bob Bunting and the then Bank of New South Wales (Westpac).

Another advantage was to start coffee processing in PNG with the most modern machinery. Unlike tea and Palm oil, the Coffee industry is backed by manufacturers of ready made small scale machines suitable for village farmers as well as sophisticated installations required for large plantations.

Papua New Guinea growers have been served by merchant organisations who have specialised in marketing coffee after undertaking intensive research to penetrate world markets in Europe and North America. In *The Money Tree*, people interviewed by Jim Sinclair describe these operations and coffee marketing in Australia. Some of the most interesting recollections are from those who took part in parchment coffee buying along the highland's road system. They delivered truck-loads of village parchment coffee for further processing to central local factories. Successful marketing of Papua New Guinea Coffee as a new type for blending is vital to the industry. For example: in recent times an organic label (no artificial fertilisers) has attracted interest. The past, present and continuing efforts of the ANGCO organisation to keep PNG coffee alive and progressive are self evident in the story of *The Money Tree*.

Jim Sinclair has done more than just write a book about coffee. The views and recollections of those taking part have been welded together to read like an historical account of the hopes and fears of a family group.... above politics and free from corporate greed.... in a productive association of expatriates and nationals (of whom some already own large plantations). The coffee tree has a long life and is capable of rejuvenation after heroic pruning. The Money Tree belongs to the people and has served them well. I hope it will not be neglected due to distractions of Cannabis or abandoned for mining and oil (as happened long ago in Venezuela). The Money Tree will survive after mining is finished.

The Money Tree (Crawford House Publishing, Bathurst NSW 2795; 476 pages illustrated). AUD\$69-95 plus postage \$8-00 (Total \$78-95) and the same total in PNG KINA from:

A.R. Palm Coffee Pty Limited
PO Box 188
GALSTON NSW 2159
Tel: (02) 653 2650
Fax: (02) 653 1481

ANGCO Limited
PO Box 136
GOROKA
Tel: (675) 72 1677
Fax: (675) 72 2154

THE HIDDEN CHAPTERS by Bob Piper (Published by Pagemasters, Melbourne)

Untold stories of Australians, Americans and the Japanese around Australia and in Papua New Guinea during World War II.

Fifteen chapters and fifteen stories over 153 pages, complimented by 150 historic World War II photos.

One chapter tells in detail the story of the "Flying Dutchman", an American transport aircraft which crashed on Mount Obree in November 1942. After a month six survivors walked to safety while desperate attempts to rescue those back at the plane were, unfortunately, unsuccessful. Another story recounts the escape from Shangri-La, when an American C-47 loaded with

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BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS *(continued)*

women crashed in a remote valley of Dutch New Guinea in 1944. The three survivors had to be rescued by glider.

The story of Leigh "Golden Voice" Vial, the pre-war patrol officer and later coastwatcher, who operated above Salamaua is another absorbing story in the book.

However, the most controversial chapter of all is number one in which Bob tells of a possible attempt by the Japanese to fly in to Merauke (now West Irian) in September 1944 to arrange a surrender. Yes, one year earlier than the official one in 1945. Even the night fighter type and pilot's name are included in the book as well as a copy of the original Japanese surrender message.

The Hidden Chapters is Bob's second book, the first, *Great Air Escapes* in 1992, is now sold out and a collector's item. Bob was the RAAF's Historical Officer for fifteen years, lived in New Guinea for five years and has been aviation writing both here and overseas for twenty. He has been a pilot since 1968, when he commenced flying at the South Pacific Aero Club at Moresby.

The Hidden Chapters is available through most bookshops but with personally signed and dated copies of it also direct from Bob Piper for \$20 for ROAPNG members (including packaging and postage), at 7 Brazeal Street, Higgins, A.C.T. 2615.

KAIA FROM WITHIN - The Rabaul volcanic eruptions of 1994, by James Danks. Produced and published by Wandering Albatross, GPO Box 1894, Sydney NSW 2001.

Review by Joe Mitsche.

This publication was generously sponsored by the East New Britain Chambers of Commerce, PNG.

The book covers the events of the Rabaul volcanic eruptions "at 6.06am on Monday 19 September 1994, when Tavurvur volcano commenced destroying Rabaul town and surrounding villages. This was followed about one hour later on the other side of Simpson Harbour when Vulcan volcano buried other villages, destroying the property and livelihood of thousands of people."

The book contains 113 colour plates of Rabaul and surrounds each with appropriate captions, capturing all the tragedy the eruptions brought about, a beautiful production, yet so sad. One can easily drop a tear or two when recalling some joyful hours spent here or there in the once picturesque Rabaul town.

The book is available from Mr. Hugh R. Greer, PO Box 952, RABAU, ENBP, PNG. Telephone/Fax: 92 1707 (Home). The cost is K35.00 plus K5.00 Air Mail postage from Rabaul. Hugh can be contacted on this telephone number after business hours. The international telephone code to PNG is 0011 675 followed by the number.

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BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS (continued)

KUNDI DAN by John Fowke

Review by James G. PORTER⁽¹⁾

Even those well read in Papua New Guinea literature would find in this book a fresh insight, not only into Danny Leahy's intriguing life among the Highlanders, but also of the first European/Australian settlement there from 1933 on, and of subsequent developments following independence in 1975.

The author, ex patrol officer John Fowke, who also worked for many years in the PNG coffee industry, presents us with a well researched, balanced overview of the whole process of 'first contact' by the Kundi (red-skinned ones) with the Highlanders - an account at once exciting and disturbing, also both peaceful and violent. The many tape-recorded interview quotes (presented in the vernacular) from Dan interspersed throughout the text, add real authenticity and immediacy to the story of a courageous and forthright man, who from the first, treated the overwhelming thousands of his neighbours fairly, and was in turn for the rest of his long life treated in like manner.

ADO Jim Taylor who accompanied Dan and Mick Leahy on their first expedition right through to Mt Hagen, also comes out in the book as a remarkable personality - the firmness and far-seeing fairness with which he handled disputes or indeed first attacks on his own patrols. As young men, both he and Dan were often called upon to deal with tribal groups after the murders of missionaries or prospectors. Both Jim Taylor and Dan Leahy loved the Highlands, the beauty of the place, its wonderful climate, and its vigorous people. Both men unashamed married daughters of local 'Big Men'. Jim Taylor's daughter Meg, a qualified lawyer, is now Papua New Guinea's High Commissioner to Washington.

In Dan's case, residing alone at Kuta (on the ridgetop near Mt. Hagen) after the war as a bachelor for far too long in the eyes of the locals, a tribal leader offered his daughter Biam as a bride. Dan accepted and paid the bride price in a traditional ceremony, but Biam, who spoke neither English nor pidgin, and finding things at Dan's overwhelmingly strange - the unusual food, white man's customs etc - ran away back to her father's house. The village elders, after discussing the problem, decided that Biam needed a companion - Biam's best friend Mancy from another village. The elders approached Dan with the proposal that he marry Mancy as well. The girls were both very attractive and Dan decided it wasn't such a bad idea. So in the traditional fashion of a Big Man, he came to have two wives, each of whom lived in separate houses close to Dan's house, both women mothering a delightful family of mixed-race children, and living on a farm which produced everything from fresh dairy milk, eggs, fruit and vegetables, beef cattle, an improved breed of pigs, and sheep from which to spin wool and weave unique rugs.

The book also describes several little known incidents such as those during the early years of the war when the Japanese were making fast inroads into Papua New Guinea. Dan, as a young, still unmarried man at Mt. Hagen, was recruited by ANGAU to undertake several dangerous missions. With his faithful gun-boys and carriers, he drove a herd of 500 Brahman cattle all the way from Dylup Plantation near Madang (the Japs were already in Rabaul, Lae and Salamaua) up the Ramu Valley, over the watershed, and down the Markham passing dangerously close to enemy occupied Lae, on the way to an Australian Army camp at Wau, where the beef was to be fed to troops.

Soon after that, Dan was asked to rescue eight missionaries who were in hiding from the Japanese in the Sepik River area. Dan was to rendezvous with the party led by ex ADO, then Lt. Joe Searson, on a tributary of the Sepik,

(Continued next page)

BOOK NEWS & REVIEWS (continued)

the Maramuni River. It took Dan and his boys 19 arduous days to walk down there via Wabag, to find the Catholic missionaries (German and Dutch - two priests and five nuns) who thus far had travelled easily by boat. The climb back up to the Highlands took them two long months. The nuns, one of whom was past middle age, and two others very overweight, were severely handicapped in walking by their long black habits, wringing wet in the constant rain and humidity at lower levels, or snagged by every bush along the way.

Dan commented: "They were good women. They never argued, they'd always do what you told them. Only the head nun spoke English, we had to speak pidgin to the others..."

The head nun eventually agreed to "Mr Danny's" offer of a spare pair of Army issue shorts, to wear with her cut down habit tucked in at the waist, as an example to the other nuns. And so they all reached the safety of Mt. Hagen, but as the Hagen airstrip was too small for a big plane, Dan was asked by radio to walk them on down the Wahgi valley to Goroka where a big strip had just been built, and from where they were flown out to Australia.

In the last chapters of his book, Fowke describes the underlying causes of the subsequent violence surrounding Joe Leahy's plantation in the Nebilyer Valley. But he also leaves us with an optimistic view of the future: the return of Danny Leahy's youngest son Brian (an aircraft engineer working in England), who recalled enough of his childhood Temboka language to re-establish authority with the tribal groups after Dan's death of old age in 1991, and take over management of the family farm at Korgua.

(¹¹) James Porter, one of our members, spent nine years as an Engineer with the PNG Department of Posts and Telegraphs between 1964 to 1977 and was Regional Engineer, New Guinea Mainland, based in Mt. Hagen from 1974 to 1977.)

KUNDI DAN is available for \$20.00 plus \$3.00 postage to anywhere in Australia from:

Pacific Book House
17 Park Avenue
BROADBEACH WATERS QLD 4218
Tel.:(07) 5539 0446; Fax:(07) 5538 4114

HELP WANTED

Environmental historian, Mr. Tom HEINSOHN, is hoping to make contact with former officers who served in New Ireland Province. One particular problem which he is trying to solve, is how the Spotted Cuscus *Spiloglossus maculatus* of Mussau Island/St. Matthias Group was introduced to the north western end of New Ireland near Kavieng, where it has now established a large wild population which co-exists with the pre-existing Brown Cuscus *Phalanger orientalis*. One oral historical story collected from New Ireland villagers, is that some captive Spotted Cuscuses were transported from Mussau Island to Kavieng on a Kiap's boat in the late 1920s or 1930s or early 1940s, and that some subsequently escaped from their cages after arrival in Kavieng at the north-western tip of New Ireland.

What Mr. Heinsohn is after is a confirmation of this story, and any extra details such as the name of the Kiap whose boat may have carried the animals. Mr. Heinsohn will happily re-imburse respondents for the cost of postage or telephone calls. His address is: Mr. Tom HEINSOHN, 20 Faunce Cr., O'CONNOR, ACT 2601; Tel.: (06) 247 5917.

1996 - 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH of NIKOLAI MIKLOUHO-MACLAY, 1846-1888

A group of interested people have come together to organise celebrations for the 150th anniversary of the birth of Nikolai Miklouho-Maclay. Miklouho-Maclay's background was in zoology and comparative anatomy, but he became increasingly interested in anthropology. He went to the Astrolabe Bay area of New Guinea in 1871, aged 25, and continued his investigations there for periods of time totalling several years, to 1883. He was remarkable for the tact with which he responded to the local people, adopting a policy of patience and non-interference. He was hampered by illness, particularly malaria, but wrote 'in no other corner of the globe where I have had to live during my wanderings, have I ever felt such an affection as to this coast of New Guinea'. His continuing ill-health forced him to move to the more temperate climate of Australia. He came to Sydney in 1878 and participated actively in the intellectual and scientific life of the city as well as making scientific journeys in Australia and the Pacific Ocean. The marine biological station at Watsons Bay came into being because of his efforts - the building is still standing today. Miklouho-Maclay had a deep concern for the Aboriginal people and for the peoples of Melanesia and the Western Pacific and campaigned against white injustice. In 1884 he married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Robertson, an ex-Premier of NSW. They had two sons and their descendants still live in Sydney. He died at the age of 42.

Further details of the diary of events which follows can be obtained by contacting Wendy Paton of the Australia Russia & Affiliates Friendship Society Inc on 449 2741.

- | | |
|-------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| April | Small display at Turramurra Library |
| May/June | Exhibition at State Library - Dalgetty Walkway |
| May | Small display at Gordon Library |
| Sat 18 May | Waverley Library - Exhibition to be opened by Y. Nesterov, Consul of Russian Federation and piano recital by Mark Isaacs. |
| Wed 22 May | Children of Russia Australia Inc - Talk by Admiral David Leach, and lunch. Bookings essential (\$25 - Ring W. Paton) |
| Mon 27 May | University of NSW - Seminar |
| Tues 28 May | Australian Museum Society - Talk by John Merson |
| Wed 26 June | Library Society, State Library of NSW, 5.30pm - Talk by Paul Brunton, Curator, Manuscripts, and <i>Movies at MacLay</i> (\$15) |
| Wed 17 July | Macleay Museum, University of Sydney, Reception 2-4pm, (<u>Birthdate of Miklouho-Maclay</u>) - Exhibition to be opened by Mr. Nesterov, and a play about Nikolai and Margaret. All welcome but bookings essential. |

HELP WANTED

I am trying to get some information on the CRAWFORD family who were in Rabaul from circa 1951 to 1959 and then moved to Port Moresby in 1959.

The names are: Quinton (also known as "Quin" - Engineer and Ship Surveyor with the Harbours Board; Marjorie Rose (known as "Bobbie"); Elizabeth Anne (known as "Libby" or "Lillibet"; John (killed between the age of 5 and 7 on a Church of England Sunday School picnic in Rabaul; Alison Jane (known as "Jane"); Prudence Margaret (known as "Prue"); and Nippa the dog.

In Rabaul they lived opposite the Queen Elizabeth Park, and in POM, they lived on the corner of Third Street and Boroko Drive.

Also if anyone knows the whereabouts of Mrs. "Bobbie" Rhodes of Rabaul who had two children, whose names are Barry (known as "Wog" or "Woggie") and Michaela.

Anyone knowing the families, please contact me at the following address:
F. W. G. van Koick, PO Box 1524, CHATSWOOD, NSW 2067. Tel.:(02) 411 1045.

TOL MASSACRE

by Monsignor Frank Lyons AM⁽¹⁾

The Japanese invasion of New Britain was to be the cause of some extraordinary history for Australia and especially for the 2/22nd Battalion AIF. It was to be a history of both pride and tragedy. The massacre at Tol Plantation, about 80 miles from Rabaul as the crow flies, was part of the tragic side of the history. It especially concerned me because my brother, Vincent, of D Company, was a victim of that massacre. My interest was increased after a memorable visit to Tol with members of the 2/22 in 1992, a visit made possible by a generous gesture of a local airline, AIR LINK and one of its pilots - Rod Marsland Jnr. His late father, Rod Marsland of Lagenda Plantation in the Talasea area and a Coastwatcher, worked closely with Keith McCarthy evacuating troops and civilians from the North coast of New Britain in 1942. That interest recently took me to the Melbourne Regional Office of Australian Archives, where I was granted access to some - not all - of the records held about the Tol massacre. The accounts of the tragedy given there generally fit in with what has been known since the war's end. Yet it was still intensely interesting to read the statements held in the archives. The part of the history not so generally known is the account of the activities of the War Crimes Commission to bring those responsible to justice. It would seem that the principals involved avoided the authority of any War Crimes Tribunal, and that many individuals involved died in the Buna campaign later in 1942.

Lt. Colonel Kuwada Ishiro was the CO of the 144th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Battalion, which carried out the massacre at Tol. The date was February 4th, 1942. He died in the Buna Confrontation.

Colonel Kusunose Masaro was the CO of the whole Regiment, directing the 3rd Battalion activities from Rabaul. He was located after the war in Kochi City in Shikoku, and was interrogated on 5th and 6th of December, 1946 in Tokyo by Lt. Colonel Goslett and Mr. A. Klastadt from Australia. He claimed that the 3rd Battalion was detached from his command and placed under control of Japanese Army HQ in Rabaul. He denied any knowledge of the Tol Massacre. None of this was believed because of other evidence held.

Kusunose was requested to return with a written statement on December 9th. He failed to return. That same day he had disappeared from his daughter's house in Tokyo, leaving a note which said: "I am going to proceed towards the realisation of the real Japanese spirit."

Japanese police notified he died at Gotemba in a deserted Army barracks where he had once served as a young officer. He left a diary which recorded he had fasted for 9 days in intense cold in front of an open window with a full view of Mt. Fuji. The last entry in the diary was on December 17th, 1946.: "Heaven preserve Japan and the Emperor". His body was found by a caretaker on Christmas Day 1946. He had fallen backwards. Due to the intense cold, the body was well preserved, except for some damage done by rats to the face. He recorded in his diary that he regretted he did not have a sword.

The Australian interrogators identified the body on December 28th, 1946.

The records of the Tol incident were then officially closed. It was mentioned there was insufficient evidence of substance enough to convict any other individuals still living.

(⁽¹⁾) Monsignor Frank Lyons, formerly Principal Chaplain with the Royal Australian Navy where he served for 20 years to end of 1977. Frank Lyons has been engaged in considerable research into the Tol tragedy in records in Victoria and in Canberra. He has come up with a lot of interesting detail. An extract from 2/22nd Battalion "Lark" Force Assoc. Newsletter Dec. 1995.)

REVEALED: THE STORY OF FRED ARCHER'S TRUST

by Stuart Inder

A number of R.O.A.P.N.G. members, including Harry West, Pat Hopper, Noelle Mason, Joan Stobo, my wife Jo and I, were among a hundred or more friends of venerable Sydney businessman Eric Storm who were guests at a lunch for him at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron on 4 March to mark his 100th birthday. It was a memorable occasion for a number of reasons, not the least being a public recognition of the fruits of Eric's long friendship and business partner with well-known "B4", the late Fred Archer.

Fred's name lives on in the Fred P. Archer Charitable Trust, and just how successful this has been was revealed by Eric, and by speakers who paid tribute to Eric at the lunch.

Eric and Fred met in outback Queensland before World War 1 and invested in a truck with which they ran a successful carrying business. With the war, Fred enlisted with the Australian Light Horse and Eric, rejected on medical grounds, took an accountancy job with Burns Philp in Java, eventually becoming a commodity broker.

Eric returned to Sydney in 1930, but Fred had chosen a life in New Guinea, joining the Expropriation Board in 1923 as an overseer and plantation manager. At Expro's 1927 sales he bought Jame Plantation, near Buka Passage, and ran it until well after World War II, when he sold it and retired to Rabaul.

In March 1961 Eric and Fred formed an investment company, F.P. Archer Holdings Pty Ltd., with a capital of £401,000. They also established the Fred P. Archer Charitable Trust, financed by investment profits. Eric handled the investment portfolio at the Sydney end and, without publicity, the trust began donating to various PNG charitable causes at the end of each year.

When Fred Archer died at the age of 86 in April 1977, after 54 years in PNG, the company and the charitable trust continued under Eric's chairmanship, which is still very much hands-on for this spritely and charming centenarian, with all his faculties including a sharp memory. His face is unlined, his eyes still sparkle and he could be taken for a 70-year-old.

Many who knew Fred and have enjoyed Eric's friendship over the years have been aware of the trust - but few of the details, for Fred and Eric preferred to hide their light under a bushel. Eric revealed at the lunch that the Archer trust's annual donation to charity last year was \$196,000 and that it had given away more than \$2 million since its inception. Of even greater moment, the original £401,000 investment was today worth more than \$14 million (thanks entirely to Eric's stewardship).

In PNG, various schools, colleges and kindergartens, including the Airmen's Memorial School at Ewasse, New Britain, are among the recipients of Fred Archer's largesse. Donations also go to handicapped children and the Salvation Army, Rabaul. In Australia the trust supports an even wider range of good causes including the Royal Flying Doctor Service, the Royal Blind Society, Legacy, Red Cross, the Far West Children's Health Scheme, the Smith Family, Sydney City Mission and the Children's Hospital, Westmead.

This munificent support of charitable causes, built on a lifetime's friendship, will continue and no doubt expand, for Eric has arranged for the assets of F.P. Archer Holdings to be wound up into the trust after his death, and managed by the Permanent Trustee Company.

A fund drive has been launched in Port Moresby to raise K61,000 for urgent repairs to St. John's Church, known as St. John's-on-the-Hill. The church was erected in 1967 to replace one built on the site in 1915. Donations should be made payable to The Friends of St. John, P.O. Box 6, Port Moresby.

MEMORIES OF PAIN

It was 1940. The rather skinny youth, former Dutch university student and now a prisoner of the Gestapo, stood in the execution line, waiting for the bullet that never came.

Lady Luck officiated at these prisoner executions, reprisal for attacks on German tanks or artillery posts. Sometimes every third prisoner was shot. Sometimes it was every 10th person. The terror was in not knowing when your turn would come.

Jan Van de Riet sits in his comfortable armchair at the Robina Retirement Estate, owned by Co-operative Retirements Services on the Gold Coast, and ponders the idea of the Australia Remembers celebrations to mark the end of World War Two. Jan remembers, but the visions are too painful for celebration. Even today, living with wife Gene in relaxed lifestyle at Robina, Mr. Van de Riet can clearly recall the tension of those days.

He grew up at Winterswyk on the border of Holland and Germany. The family was prosperous and Jan and his brother had a German nanny to look after them and teach them to speak the perfect German that stood Jan in good stead in later years.

At the outset of the war he had joined an anti-aircraft unit, but, with the invasion of Holland, linked up with members of the Dutch underground, collecting information and couriering it to the Allies, setting fire to installations and generally creating nuisance to the enemy.

He remembers the code word 'telephone' as the identification password at the Battle of Arnheim. Inevitably he was betrayed, captured, tortured and interned with other hostages of the SS.

The opportunity to escape came when Jan was detailed to work outside the prison gates. He waited for an opportunity and then simply walked away; miraculously, the guards did not notice. Picked up by the underground sources he was shipped to England to work for MI5 and later the Dutch Intelligence Service.

In a turn of the tables, he was now interrogating German prisoners. "I felt no need for revenge. These men were simply soldiers who had obeyed orders like all others. It might have been different if I had fronted a member of the Gestapo. The roles were very different."

Jan was stationed at Wolverhampton, then Glasgow and later was sent out to Australia, and the Wacol army base, from where allied forces were beginning to move into the Pacific Islands. His keen ear helped his proficiency in a number of languages and dialects, including Malay, Indonesian and Javanese, all of which he spoke with fluent ease.

Posted to Jakarta, he served the Netherlands Forces Intelligence Service travelling, translating and assessing information as it came to hand from Asian sources.

"I have always thought it a terrible shame that Indonesia wasn't allowed to progress towards democracy as it was doing before World War Two," he said. "The Japanese disrupted that progress and the country is still recovering."

As he carried out his intelligence work, Jan could not know that his future wife and her two small sons were held in the dreaded Japanese prison camp of Banyu Biru. Gene is a tiny woman and so it fell to her nightly lot to crawl through the sewer pipe, which led from the camp to nearby village, and try to scrounge food by selling any clothes or valuables the prisoners could muster.

One night she emerged from the pipe to find her Japanese captors waiting for her. Gene was bashed so badly her spine was permanently damaged and her internal injuries such that she and Jan were never able to have children of their own.

(Continued next page)

MEMORIES OF PAIN (continued)

But possibly Gene's worst moment came after release from the camp when a Red Cross train was taking her and the children to safety. At a stop along the line, the boys complained they were thirsty and Gene got down from the train to find water. The train, with her sons aboard, left without her. Luckily Gene had taught her elder son, then aged seven, to memorise the address of her stepmother in Jakarta. Mother and sons were reunited without too much trouble.

At the war's end, Jan and Gene decided to come to Australia. Jan found work with an agricultural supply store in Perth. Previously, an off-hand official had said the only job available would be laying sleepers for the railway across the Nullarbor.

"I'm afraid I blew a fuse when I thought of how I had worked alongside Australian soldiers," Jan said. "My Dutch degree in tropical agriculture was not recognised so I took myself back to study to obtain an accountancy and management degree."

Jan said. "Unfortunately Australia lost many talents from the indiscriminate use of the rule of not recognising overseas degrees. For instance, a brilliant European eye surgeon was told he must wash buses for two years. He never recovered the skill of his hands."

Gene and Jan worked hard and made many friends but the climate at Kalamunda, where they had made their home, seemed harsh after the tropics. In 1955 Jan accepted a post with the Department of Agriculture in Papua New Guinea. He advised on suitable cash crops such as coffee, cocoa and sugar (the latter was later vetoed by Australian sugar farmers) and travelled extensively in Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines, Singapore and Taiwan to advise and to learn from various agricultural projects.

During furloughs they touched base again at Perth but on one occasion Jan decided he would also take a trip on a Norwegian freighter. The ship had been adopted by a school in Norway and letters from students and crew frequently passed backwards and forwards. The captain persuaded Jan to write in English about his experiences in New Guinea. The result was Jan's adoption by the school, a long-running correspondence and friendship with scores of students, whose own children have since visited Jan and Gene in Australia.

With New Guinea independence in 1975, Jan and Gene returned to Australia. They lived happily in Brisbane where Jan, with his love of music, organised programs for radio station 4MBS, until a heart by-pass operation and the need to take it a little easier brought about the decision to move to the Robina Retirement Estate where they have become part of the close-knit community.

"Gene and I have survived all our traumas to look back on a full and varied life and now we have congenial neighbours, privacy and our memories to sustain us at Robina," Jan said.

(From Brisbane *Weekend Review*, September 23-24 1995 provided by Bert and Doris Byworth of Paradise Point Qld)

HELP WANTED

Jim VOUTE - patrol officer at Mailu or Amazon Bay in 1970. Of Dutch background and one of the best P.O.s I ever met. Would like to re-establish contact.

Bob Piper, 7 Brazeil St., HIGGINS, ACT 2615. Tel.: (06) 254 8376.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA PATHWAYS OR THE FRACTURED FLAG

by Peter Villiers Best

This is a tale out of the years gone by. It is set inland of the north coast of the island of New Guinea. The Time was the mid-thirties.

The general location of the events here related was in the area southward from the coastal settlement of Aitape then Sub-District Headquarters of the Sepik District. At the time this former German Colony was administered by Australia under a League of Nations Mandate, and was known as the Mandated Territory of New Guinea.

To here had come the oil explorers sent by the Australian Company, Oil Search Limited. Their task was to carry out geological surveys in the granted Prospect south of Aitape and in adjacent areas. Interest had been prompted by the discovery of oil seepages along the coast, east of Aitape, near the village of Matapau.

Aitape, at the time, consisted of a number of Government buildings, three stores, a wireless station built by the Germans in 1913, and a copra-shed. One of the stores was run by an ebullient Charlie Gough, the others, by Chinese. Along the coast were a couple of copra plantations. One was run by the Catholic Mission, the other by Nick Carter, famed for his sense of humour, and to those who knew him well his library of erotica. There was also Wally Hooke, a recruiter. Apart from G.W.L. "Kassa" Townsend, and the later return of J.K. McCarthy, the only regular Government officers at Aitape were Stan Christian, much respected for his work on malaria, a couple of clerks, and a Cadet Patrol Officer. The huge Telefunken radio transmitter left by the Germans was operated, under the auspices of Amalgamated Wireless of Australia, by the twinkling Jack Boto.

"Kassa" was actually District Officer at Wewak, but visited Aitape from time to time.

This somewhat sleepy little seaside township had been galvanised into furious activity by the presence of the men from Oil Search Ltd. The leader of this group was Mr. J.N. Montgomery of the Melbourne Office of the Company. In charge of his geological survey teams were Messrs G.A.V. Stanley, S.W. Carey and A.K.M. Edwards, all highly qualified and experienced geologists. Their surveyors were H.A.J. (Jack) Fryer and H.D. (Dinkum) Eve.

South from Aitape, across the Toricelli Mountains towards the Sepik Plains, distant by bush track about 65 miles, was a feature discovered by Montgomery and Eve during a broad reconnaissance in October 1935. Three parties then worked in the areas of opposed dips discovered by Montgomery and Eve. One of these was Edward's group, another was Fryer's, and the third, that of Carey's continued to work on the feature, often not seeing each other for weeks at a time. Carey's work eventually proved that Maimai was indeed a dome...an uplift that had closure on all sides, and if consistent to depth, was capable of being a hydrocarbon entrapment. Carey contracted tropical typhus which very nearly carried him off. Eventually he recovered and was later to do invaluable work in the Purari and Delta areas of Papua.

Meanwhile G.A.V. Stanley, along with Ted Edwards, during the 1930's period extended their surveys westward towards the Sand River. Stanley also completed a more detailed survey of the Maimai Dome.

By the middle of 1937 an airstrip capable of taking "Stinson" or "Dragon" aircraft was cut out by mainly hand labour to service the Base Camp now established at Wamber, near Maimai. But the first aircraft to land in the Sepik district was a Fairy Fox, piloted by Ray Parer, who brought it in on the beach at Suain, west of Wewak. Parer later cleared the first strip at But, nearby.

(Continued next page)

PAPUA NEW GUINEA PATHWAYS *(continued)*

The Stinson R. (Reliant) upper-wing monoplane aircraft operated by Guinea Airways had a wing span of 14'10", length of 27'5" and was 8'6" tall. Powered by 265 HP Lycoming R 680/6 radial-engine it could cruise at 141 m.p.h. and climb at 700 feet per minute to a ceiling of 13,000 feet. It was able to uplift four passengers or 800 pounds of cargo, and could land at 55-50 m.p.h. The usual undercarriage format was wheels, but it could be fitted with floats. This was the aircraft most commonly used to service the field teams in their work.

Groups of villages in the neighbourhood of Maimai, or not far distant, were Uan, Namblo, Makafim, Mukili, Yulam, Wabitam, and Yemerava.

To the East of Mukili a Patrol Post had been established at Nuku, with Senior Patrol Officer, J.W. Hodgekiss in charge.

To bring local tribes under Government influence, and to bring to an end inter-tribal fighting that was still taking place, such Patrol Posts were set up at various places. From time to time Patrols consisting of a Patrol Officer, escorting police, and carriers recruited from local villages would patrol between these Posts under the Government's or Administration's policy of "Peaceful Penetration."

One such patrol into the general Maimai area was made during March 1937. It was this patrol that forms the centrepiece of this tale.

Led by Patrol Officer, Jim Hyde, the party was also acting as an escort for the Government Geologist, Dr. N.H. Fisher. Such Patrols at the time employed a large number of carriers. There needed to be enough to carry camp equipment and personal gear, and, of course, food. To avoid the problem of too many carriers eating out the supplies of food it was quite the usual practice, once the forward base had been reached, to pay off surplus carriers and send them back to their coastal villages.

Patrol Officer Hyde, it seems, paid off all his carriers in the expectation that replacements for the on-going Patrol could be obtained from the heavily populated bush villages, such as Mukill. This was probably all right whilst the patrol was in the newly-recruited carriers home ground, but requirement by the Patrol Officer that they cross into the adjoining territory of traditional enemies could lead to trouble. And that was precisely what befell our intrepid if somewhat inexperienced Patrol Officer Jim Hyde. For not only did the new lads desert en masse but they took all the vital, much-valued axes with them! And, to cap it all, horror of horrors, they stole the flag!! That star-encrusted ensign, the very totem of the Australian governing power had been cut down from its bush-timber pole, and made off with. The Flag, that when hoisted over a Patrol's encampment, became potent sign to the local population that the 'Guvanmani' was in their midst - ready to sort out their problems, count heads, and to bring the long arm of the law to confront sorcerers and evil doers. For such an emblem of authority to be so audaciously pinched was, in young Jim Hyde's eyes, such an awful act of desecration and defiance that it made him furious to the point of flaming, frustrated rage, added in no small way to the crippling loss of the axes. And that this disaster upon disaster had occurred whilst he was escorting none other than the Government Geologist, Norman Fisher, only added shame to the shattering series of events.

From his camp at Muku he ordered the surrounding groups to bring forth their weapons. Soon there was a great mass of bows and arrows, fighting-sticks, spears, clubs and what have you. All were confiscated and made into a great pile ready for the torch. Jim then threatened to burn the lot unless the stolen items were returned on the spot. To thus lose their valued and

(Continued next page)

PAPUA NEW GUINEA PATHWAYS (continued)

prized hunting and fighting weapons was so abhorrent to the assembled villagers that it seemed that there would be bloody confrontation.

G.A.V. Stanley, who was present, and was fully aware of all that had happened, then intervened. With the 'savoir-faire' for which he was well renowned he suggested that a truce be arranged, and that this would entail the return of, at least, the axes, so that the weapons might be spared. Within a day or so all the axes, except two, were returned. Hyde still wanted the flag, but on Stanley's advice he spared the assorted pile of weapons. Stanley told Hyde that he would hold the people to their promise that all stolen property would be returned especially now that their bows and arrows and things had been given back to them. Norman Fisher, having completed his work, was now ready to return to Aitape and to this end Stanley offered to lend some of his carriers to Hyde's party so that this could be done. The Patrol then departed.

During the ensuing months whilst Stanley and Edwards continued geological work further west towards the then Dutch Border constant 'tok-tok' was sent out around the surrounding tribal groups as to the whereabouts of the flag. One day, in a shadowy bush clearing Stanley was furtively handed a piece of blue material, obviously part of a flag. This, he concluded, having been given to him by a not very important member of the clan, indicated that the important bits of it had been distributed in pieces to more important persons or true fight-leaders. Seeking information from his own native assistants, with whom he always enjoyed a great rapport, he was eventually able to exchange bits of blue material, more and more of which came his way, for portions with the stars. He had been right, the flag, a fearful trophy, had been ripped asunder and distributed piece by piece to various people, lesser lights receiving bits of blue, more important men receiving a star-piece. In due course, one whole piece of bunting containing two stars was surreptitiously returned from a chief of extra importance. In due course, all the 'star' pieces were in Stanley's possession. However, it was many more months before an arranged 'trade' produced the greatest relic of all, the Union Jack part of the now almost complete ensign.

As the war approached and the oilmen withdrew, the remnants of the flag were packed away and remained virtually undisturbed until, in 1965, a few weeks before Stanley's death, the box containing them was brought to his hospital ward in Port Moresby and given to the writer. He was able to, there and then, make notes which now go to make up this story, as 'GAVS' haltingly, but in clear recall gave him the outlines of the events, later to be expanded by conversation with Dr. Fisher in May 1990; and various subsequent study of other reference material detailed in the Appendix.

APPENDIX

REFERENCES AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

1. Notes made by the writer, Peter Best. at G.A.V. Stanley's Port Moresby Taurama Hospital bedside. September 1965.
2. Notes made by the writer during a talk with Dr. N.H. Fisher at the Conrad-Hilton Hotel, Gold Coast, Queensland. May 1990.
3. "PATROL INTO YESTERDAY" by J.K. McCarthy Published 1963.
4. Geological Report upon the Detailed Mapping of the Maimai Dome, Sepik District, Mandated Territory of New Guinea. By G.A.V. Stanley and A.K.M. Edwards for Oil Search Limited. 27 May 1938.

(Continued next page)

PAPUA NEW GUINEA PATHWAYS (continued)

5. AIR NIUGINI: Publicity Coloured Prints on Aircraft, with notes. From original paintings by Alastair Grabowsky. 1974.
6. VILLAGE DIRECTORY: Department of District Administration TPNG 1968.
7. AUSTRALIAN FLAG: As recovered in pieces in possession of the writer.

NOTES

Jim Hyde: He left District Administration to join the R.A.A.F., and sadly lost his life in action over Berlin. A cousin of his, Robert Hyde, had been Mining Warden at Wau.

G.A.V. Stanley, D.S.C. B.Sc.: During the war, with the rank of Lieut Cmdr, he served in Eric Feldt's organisation doing special work in the Sepik River area running a group known as the Moss Troops. Later he escorted selected New Guinea Nationals to various industrial areas in Australia to reveal to them the strength of Australia's war effort.

With the end of hostilities, he rejoined the oil exploration scene, now through Australasian Petroleum Company P/L, the recently formed grouping of Oil Search Ltd., Vacuum Oil, and the then Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (now B.P.). Later, he transferred his Papua New Guinea Geological work through new areas with Papuan Apinaipi Oil Company. After a spell with the Bureau of Mineral Resources in Canberra he returned to Port Moresby, ill with cancer from which he died on 5 October 1965.

H.D. Eve: "Dinkum Eve" in his career as an excellent surveyor worked with G.A.V. Stanley in the Prince Alexander Mountains in 1931, and returned with the 1934 party, but died of tropical typhus. His monument, organised by Stanley, stands on Wewak Point.

H.A.J. Fryer: Jack (or "Jackson") Fryer, another outstanding surveyor, from Sydney, served during the war with the M Special Unit during which time he led a hazardous reconnaissance party into the Aitape area. The nearest troops at the time were at Kokoda. Fryer's position became known to the enemy, and, cut off, he eventually managed to walk out.

Dr. N.H. Fisher: Continued work in New Guinea and Papua, surviving the Japanese invasion of Rabaul. He later became Director of the Bureau of Mineral Resources in Canberra. Since retirement he has continued active and prominent in his field.

S.W. Carey, O.A., F.A.A., Professor Emeritus, Tasmania, D.Sc.: Special thanks from the writer to Professor S. Warren Carey are due for his assistance in correcting and adding to the original draft of this account of pre-war exploration, and these notes.

Professor Carey carried on his work in New Guinea and Papua. He was appointed Senior Geologist with Australasian Petroleum Company which position he held from 1938 - 1942. His D.Sc was awarded in 1939 for his thesis "Tectonic Evolution of New Guinea and Melanesia".

Following a most distinguished war record as a member of Z Corps, Carey was appointed Government Geologist of Tasmania. With the establishment of the Department of Geology at the University of Tasmania in 1946, Carey was appointed Professor which position he held until his 'retirement' in 1976. That his 'retirement' was in name only is well illustrated by his continuing work, and the publication in 1988 of his "Theories of the Earth and Universe". (Acknowledgment to "The Australian Geologist", No. 43, March 1983 for modified biographical note).

(Continued next page)

PAPUA NEW GUINEA PATHWAYS *(continued)*

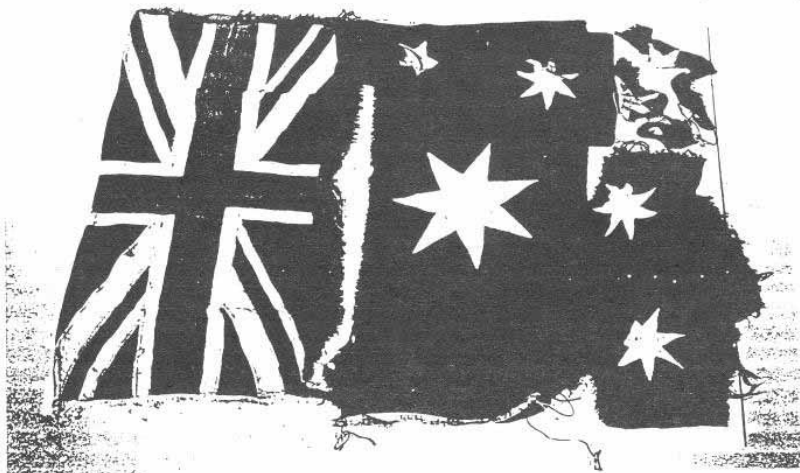
A.K.M. Edwards: Ted Edwards continued geological work in New Guinea and Papua, especially in the Rigo area of Central district. He was sadly cut off in his prime being killed in a motor-cycle accident on Ela Beach, Port Moresby, in 1941.

Charlie Gough: Charlie combined his Trade Store activities with the odd recruiting trip, often working with Wally Hooke. Unfortunately he had, without authority wandered into the bush area, most of which was still classified as 'uncontrolled zones', and was speared to death. Hooke fell foul of the wartime enemy and was murdered. After Charlie Gough's death in 1931, the trade store, taken over by the Public Trustee, was eventually acquired by Wally Hooke and Walter Carey, Sam Warren Carey's brother. Walter Carey was later beheaded by the Japanese in Singapore.

Michael J. Sandy, Andy Kugler & Jan Smith: Remain prominent in their field, being especially active in the ongoing and now successful exploration and development of petroleum resources in Papua New Guinea.

(Peter is one of our members and the foregoing was written by him at Burleigh Heads Qld in 1990.)

THE FRACTURED FLAG



**Lt.Col. Carl E.M. Gunther, M.D; B.S.; DTM (Sydney);
D.T.M. & H. (England); M.B.E.**

As remembered by Wandering Willy.

Really, I was hoping that someone with better literary skills than I would do this. I can only do what Carl always did, my best. For many years he was my Doctor, and my friend.

Educated at North Sydney Public School, Petersham P/S & Fort Street Boys High, and became a Prefect. Sydney University. Captain of University Regiment; graduated Bachelor of Medicine, 1930. 1930-31, Resident M.O. Royal South Sydney Hospital, (training as Orthopaedic Surgeon). Light Horse Regiment, Regimental No. 1/21.

1931 he married Edna M. Walsh, of Toowoomba, Q. a nursing sister (RSSH), and went to New Guinea as the Bulolo Gold Dredging Company's Field Medical Officer. In 1933 a son, Carl, was born in Salamaua, New Guinea, and Dr. Carl became a Bachelor of Surgery (Sydney). In 1934 he gained his Diploma of Tropical Medicine (Sydney).

During the years 1934-39 Carl did research in Tropical Diseases, especially Scrub Typhus, and if my memory serves me correctly, he discovered the Mite that was the cause of Scrub Typhus. Papers published: Five on Scrub Typhus, three on Mites, two on Blackwater Fever, one on Tropical Ulcers, two on Laboratory Methods.

In 1939 he represented New Guinea at VI Pacific Science Congress, in San Francisco, and read (by invitation) a paper on Scrub Typhus. In October 1939 he was appointed Assistant Staff Officer, New Guinea, in charge of recruiting, organisation and training of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles. In March 1940 he was appointed Regimental M.O., NGVR.

In 1941 he became Doctor of Medicine, (Sydney) Thesis on Scrub Typhus. In 1940-42 he had papers published, one on Scrub Typhus, ten on Mites, and a book on Malaria. Then the war intervened and in 1942 he was promoted to Major and appointed Deputy Assistant Director of Hygiene, Staff H.Q., Malaya, was captured at the fall of Singapore, and was put in charge of Hygiene and Disease Prevention, Changi P.O.W camp; Clinic for skin diseases.

Among many other duties which would be difficult to get accurately, he did research on deficiency diseases, the details of this work are in the Official History, Series V (Medical) Nos 1 & 11, then did more work on Mites and prepared a paper later published (1946); lectured on English and writing, wrote essays and short stories; wrote and acted in plays and sketches with A.I.F. Concert Party. He was released in 1945 and returned to his former position in New Guinea in 1946. Carl's normal weight was 14-15 stone. On his arrival in Sydney from Changi, I think he was 9 stone.

1950 was study year, getting his Diploma of Tropical Medicine & Hygiene (England) at London University; Tropical Medicine in Holland, Germany, Italy and the U.S.A. That same year he was created an Honorary Life Member of the R.S.S. & A.I.L.A. If I have my dates incorrect, sorry, but they are very close.

During the years 1946-55, at various times he did a lot of work which includes 6 papers published on Malaria, 2 on Blackwater Fever, 4 on Mites, 1 on Bornholm Disease, 1 on Kukuluku Encephalitis, and many other miscellaneous medical papers.

In 1955 he retired from his Bulolo, New Guinea practice, and Doctor Carl and his wife Edna returned to Australia. He gave up work to carry bricks. In 1956 he joined the Dept. of Veteran's Affairs, (Dept. of Repat.) and from 1956-61 he became the M.O. for the Department's Artificial Limb Factory. He was promoted to Lieut. Colonel, Assistant Director of Army Health, Eastern Command H.Q., appointed Medical Superintendent, Lady Davidson Hospital. It was about the same year that he became Fellow of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine & Hygiene, a Member of the American Society of Tropical Medicine &

(Continued next page)

CARL GUNTHER (continued)

Hygiene, a Life Member of the Linean Society of N.S.W., and a Foundation Member of The Society of Entomologists, Sydney, New South Wales. In 1968 he was awarded the M.B.E.

Now I will attempt to tie up some of the loose ends, and I leave myself open to anyone who has something to add to what I am about to dredge out of the old cranium. I am sure ROAPNG would be delighted to hear from you. If any of the above dates are incorrect, it matters not. It does not alter the facts. Because we are all heading for old age, there is insufficient time to get everything spot on. Carl's story had to be told. First I will go back to Bulolo and do some more *dredging*.

Somewhere along the line in his spare time - that's incorrect, he never had any spare time - he wrote a book "Practical Malaria Control" obviously for the Army. Which reminds me that it was Carl who discovered a hungry little fish, "*GAMBUSIA AFFINIS*". This hungry little fish was imported by Carl, and he organised the distribution of them into fresh water pools throughout the Valley, the birds doing the work for him. They lived on the larvae of the Anopheles Mosquito, eventually ridding the Valley of Malaria Fever. It appears to me that the lesson has not been learned in other places.

These little minnows multiplied to such an extent that native servants began stealing mosquito nets, and the local native girls, finding suitable wire, like fencing wire, formed into loops of 4-5 feet diameter, stretched the net over it and walking through shallow water would scoop up in an hour enough to fill a two litre container. The rate of increase of these minnows was so prolific it was not necessary to lay any prohibition on the poachers. We knew them as "Carl's little pets".

Carl once remarked: "It is commonplace for me to travel 20 miles by aeroplane, 4 miles by utility, 2 miles on foot - or walk 10 or 12 miles by bush tracks fording a breast high river three times enroute to reach a number of my patients!" Medical men, sorry, people, will realise the position Carl was in, with his laboratory sometimes many days march away, no access to x-ray nowhere to send blood samples, and a sick patient on his hands.

I myself am one of the many people who owe their lives to Doctor Carl Gunther. On my last legs with Encephalitis and malaria fever, Carl managed to get to Bulwa in time to treat me, and with my late wife, who was a nursing sister, between them over a matter of many days, Carl staying with me until I was out of danger. Later I discovered that the boss carpenter was asked if he had enough Cedar to make a coffin. But with two good nurses I pulled through.

Edna Gunther has supplied me with a story of a patient with a fractured neck. Because of the tropical heat Carl was reluctant to put any of his patients in a plaster cast. After seeing the x-rays, he raided Edna's kitchen and took off for the workshop with arms full of her pots and pans, where he designed splints and had the engineers cut up Edna's kitchenware to make a new kind of splint. Then off to his surgery where he proceeded to pad it all for the patient's comfort. Dear Edna waited a long time for replacements, and the patient fully recovered. That was typical of Carl. He was never stuck when confronted with a problem.

His skills were put to the test when a native from a village up in the hills was brought in to him with an axe wound to the head. He had a fractured skull, with broken bone pressing on the brain. Carl did have a choice: get stuck into it and give it a go, or let him die. He decided to operate, and do what, in civilisation would only have been done by a Neuro Surgeon. His patient lived to fight another day.

Going back to the days before bridges were built across any of our

(Continued next page)

CARL GUNTHER (*continued*)

rivers in New Guinea Gold Fields area, the days when everyone had to walk to get anywhere, Carl had, first one camp, Bulolo, then 12 miles down the Valley a new camp was established for the building of two more dredges at Bulwa. To charter a plane for such a short journey was out of the question, and they were not always available just when one was required. It was most unfortunate if anyone needed the services of a Doctor. A serious case would be reported to Doctor at Bulolo by telephone, and in the very early days the only way Doctor could get to Bulwa was to walk. I will leave the rest to your imagination.

Doctor paid regular visits one day a week, so if you were ill you were lucky if it came on the day before Doctor was due.

Carl had many a thrill getting down to Bulwa in "The Wet" when the river was up. Then the road was pushed through, we got a utility, and Carl did it in style. Then the company decided that a dredge would be built at Wau. That was in the opposite direction. There was a road to Wau, a bench road for about 75% of the way. This made things a lot easier for everybody.

The Doctor's job was, in addition, a very difficult one in those early days, because he was met with new diseases never before experienced by Australian doctors. Miners were carried in to Bulwa or Bulolo by natives with various complaints. Shocking Tropical Ulcers, for which our Doctor very soon found treatment that proved to be very successful. A method I myself still use when all else fails. Many were carried in with a fever that Doctor quickly found was not the common Malaria. This caused him to search for the cause of a disease that was killing miners. And Carl discovered, I think, his first Mite. And once again, I think Blackwater Fever was discovered. Once he discovered the cause he was quickly on the way to find the treatment. Hence all those degrees.

Space does not allow me to cover all the others, many of which I have forgotten, but are on file in the right places. But at least I can name another one that caused big trouble, Scrub Typhus. Carl had to find the cause and then develop the cure. And about here I must remind people that our Doctor did not have the luxury of The Flying Doctor, or any other medical adviser at the end of a telephone line, or Radio, to appeal to. He did all his own Dispensing, Laboratory work, X-Rays. You name it - he did it.

Another one which may not be in the records was a shocking accident at the Bulolo Sawmill. Not being familiar with the names of the various equipment in a sawmill, I will make this very Brief. Someone made a mistake, resulting in the saw, as it cut, picking up the piece of timber and shooting it straight at Frank Tradjola, who was on the receiving end. This piece of wood, which measured roughly 4 inches by 2 inches, entered Frank's belly, went right through him with two or three feet of timber sticking out of his back, and more than ten feet in front. One employee jumped for the phone to ring Doctor, another grabbed a hand saw and cut off the front protrusion and then the back piece. By this time the Ambulance (a one ton ute) had arrived with Doctor, and Frank sat up on the bench seat and was driven to hospital, conscious all the time.

Doctor had to open the patient from one side to the other and lift out the remaining piece of the Bulolo forest, and then he had the job of welding all those bits and pieces of the inside of a man that helps to make him tick. Many years later I saw Frank Tradjola in Sydney. Frank had little English, so a very excited Spaniard burst into conversation in Pidgin to tell me that he was doing very well, the Company had compensated him and were still paying his hospital bills as every once in a while a tiny splinter would work its way to the surface and it had to be surgically removed.

(*Continued next page*)

CARL GUNTHER (continued)

In conclusion, the foregoing is an attempt to illustrate the trials and tribulations facing the jungle Doctor. Every decision he made was his own, and on his own. His decisions were made about the life of a patient. I can honestly say I never knew Carl to make the wrong one. That is not to say that he didn't. The old saying is true - the man who never made a mistake has never made anything.

Carl was not only good at his own profession - among other things that I can remember, he was good at Lapidary. Some of his jewellery work was beautiful. He was a good carpenter, or should I say good with tools of a carpenter. When he and his wife quit New Guinea and came back to Sydney, one of the first things they did was to design and build their own home. As Carl once said, "Brick laying is a snack, even Winston Churchill can lay bricks!" Now I wonder, how many modern medical men could design and build their own home.

As Edna has reminded me, she remembers me once saying "Carl was never stuck when in a jam". That's the way it was, and that was the good fortune of the people of the Morobe area of New Guinea. He was missed by so many.

With much appreciation for the information provided by Carl's widow, Edna.

(As members will no doubt know by now, Wandering Wally is one of our members who now lives at Dalmeny NSW.)

THE PNG EMERGENCY SURCHARGES

by Ken Humphreys

Keep all mail posted from PNG; don't tear the stamps off; keep your airline tickets with any tax stamps affixed; in effect, lock away all the mail and oddments you receive from PNG until the dust settles in 1996.

What has happened is that because of the Kina float and increases in postal rates, obsolete postage stamps have been re-valued. The old value has been blocked out and a new value added. The first period of surcharging started in August 1994 and ceased in November, resulting in a set of eleven stamps ranging from five toea to one kina.

Because the increases were sudden, no notice of the surcharging was given to the world philatelic press. Accordingly, collectors learnt of the new set of stamps well after the event, and after most post office stocks had been sold. Such rarity has resulted in the retail price of a mint set settling around A\$500. However there have been further surcharges in 1995 which have added to the excitement. And to cap it all off, there have now emerged examples of misprints, inverted surcharges and double prints. The world is in a PNG frenzy, especially the Germans who still consider Mandated New Guinea rightfully theirs.

Those of the Philatelic Faith have not seen such a fuss since the Port Moresby surcharging of 1952 TP&NG stamps to produce the 1960 provisional Postal Charges. In that instance there were three sheets of the blue Yam House doubly overprinted. Two were sent to Goroka and one to Kavieng. The latest Sydney auction realisation for just one of the Kavieng stamps was \$1,760. That places a theoretical value on the Kavieng sheet of over \$60,000; not bad when some lucky Kavieng residents could buy a stamp for sixpence. I wonder what the postmasters at Kavieng and Goroka thought when they first saw the double overprinting. There is a circulating story that a P&T officer in Port Moresby found a sheet of double overprints and fled South to make his fortune. However, it is only a story as there are no facts to support it.

AUSTRALIAN SERVICE MEDAL 1945-75

by Maxwell R. Hayes

Anyone who served in the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, may, with appropriate qualifying period, be eligible for this medal, which has now been issued to exPNGVR members with clasp 'PNG'. The medal comes in an attractive presentation box, complete with miniature medal. There are also several other post war criteria for the award of this medal, e.g. BCOF in Japan, Korea, Thailand, India and Pakistan, etc. and interested applicants should apply to their Federal member for details.

Anyone with prior PNGVR service might be interested to know that there is a NGVR/PNGVR ex members association in Queensland. Interested persons should write to Mr. Col Gould, PO Box 287, EVERTON PARK, 4053.

(There is also an NGVR-ANGAU Association in Sydney and contact person is the President, Adrian Leyden, 7 Belair Close, HORNSBY NSW 2077; Tel.: (02) 477 3795 ; Fax: (02) 871 1750. Ed.)

HELP WANTED

I am carrying out research at the South Australian Museum in their Division of Anthropology. In particular I have been working on their Papua New Guinea collections. My interest there stems from a period working in Papua New Guinea as a kiap and then project officer between 1967 and 1973.

The South Australian Museum has a small but very interesting collection donated by the Reverend APH (Harold) Freund in 1951-53. Part of the collection comes from Yaramanda, near Wabag, but the majority relates to his fifteen years or so at Menyamya in Kukukuku country from 1951 onwards. The Kukukuku material is not the usual axes and arrows but consists of a range of woven objects, bark cloaks and skirts, ornaments and so on. Pastor Freund, who is 88 years old, doesn't have a recollection of bringing the collection in to Norman Tindale at the Museum but he does have an astonishing memory about the utility and manufacture of the items. I think this stems from his insatiable curiosity and his skill as a general artisan. Although he doesn't remember doing it, he carefully included raw materials or material in preparation in the collection. He has included a partially beaten sample of tapa cloth still on a small length of tree branch, for instance.

The Museum also has another collection made by Roger Teusner in 1981 at Menyamya. Roger is a retired lawyer living in the Barossa Valley. This collection is dominated by axes, clubs and bows and arrows but has a number of woven items in it as well. There are a few other Kukukuku items in the Museum's Eastern Highlands Province and Morobe Province collections as well.

Harold Freund's collection was begun only a few months after Lloyd Hurrell, who I believe lives in NSW somewhere, established Menyamya. It was, apparently, unusual for the Lutheran Mission to be allowed into the area at such an early point in its development. This does make the collection fairly unique in that it was made almost on the point of contact in a quite thorough way. Teusner's collection makes it possible to compare some of the Kukukuku material culture 30 years later. With this in mind I am interested in broadening the scope of my thus far limited research to include other Kukukuku material, especially from around Menyamya. To this end I was wondering if any of your members could be of assistance? I am interested in examining and photographing artefacts from Menyamya, particularly those of a decorative or utilitarian nature.

Phil Fitzpatrick - Heritage Consultant

RSD Cromer, via Mount Pleasant

SOUTH AUSTRALIA 5235

Telephone: (085) 682781; Mobile 019 429176

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.

Raymond Francis WHITE (1 January 1996, aged 76 years)

Ray was born in Melbourne on the 16th January 1919. He was the oldest of three children born to Frank and Ellen White who was the sister of the late Australian Prime Minister John Curtin. Ray was always proud of his Uncle Jack.

Ray was educated at Christian Brothers primary school and in his last year he was awarded the Diocesan Scholarship for his secondary education at St. Kevin's College. At 15 Ray matriculated, and on his 16th birthday he joined the Melbourne Tax Office. Shortly after, he began studying accountancy at night school and qualified as an accountant at the age of 19.

Like so many of his generation, Ray's youth was hijacked first by the great depression and then by the Second World War, which interrupted his study for an Economics Degree at the University of Melbourne. Ray volunteered and joined the 2/1 Australian Field Regiment in June of 1942 and after serving in Papua New Guinea was discharged on 17th December 1945. On his return to Melbourne Ray rejoined the Tax Department and 3 years later successfully applied for the position of Assistant Comptroller of the Malayan Inland Revenue Department. During the five months prior to his departure Ray met and married Celia and they arrived in Singapore in May 1948. From Singapore they moved to Kuala Lumpur and from there to Penang, where Ray opened the first Taxation Branch Office in 1949. The following year, 1950, his daughter Christine was born. In 1953 the family transferred to Kuala Lumpur where Ray was to act as the Comptroller of Inland Revenue. That was the same year that his son Geoffrey was born. In 1956 Ray was appointed as the Comptroller and became the youngest Departmental Head in Malaya.

Following Malaya's Federation he resigned in 1961 and after a brief time in Perth was asked to go to Papua New Guinea as the Assistant Collector of Taxes and three months later he was appointed as the Chief Collector of Taxes. Ray remained in that position until his retirement to the Gold Coast in 1975.

Ray was blessed with, and embraced a very full life, which as well as his family life, included membership of several social clubs and an active participation in sport - in his younger years Cricket and Rugby Union, and throughout his retirement, Bowls. Ray was always an avid and vocal follower of other sports, particularly his much loved football team Carlton, who would never have been as successful without his advice which was often shouted at the TV screen during live broadcasts. Mind you, the rest of us always felt sorry for Carlton, as no other team seemed to have as much bad luck in drawing such incompetent umpires as they had for their matches. In summer, Ray would tutor the entire Channel 9 Packer commentary team in the correct method and interpretation of the Australian Cricket Council's rules of the game. The family now hopes that Ray has managed to tune in the Cricket with the "real" commentary from the ABC!

As father and husband, Ray was always kind, thoughtful and generous to a fault. He never intruded, but when asked for advice gave it willingly, and it was always practical, substantial and of quality. It wasn't only his family who benefited from his generosity and wisdom. When his son Geoffrey returned to work in Papua New Guinea many years after Ray's departure, he gradually discovered, through conversation with some of Ray's old associates, the depth of appreciation and respect Ray was still held in by so many of his old friends. Geoff said the words that were most repeated in those conversations were Integrity, Honesty and Substance. (Continued next page)

For Ray, perhaps the one honour he couldn't ignore was when the current Chief Collector of Taxes in Papua New Guinea invited him back to PNG in October 1993 for the official opening of the new and first permanent office of the PNG Tax Office. This was indeed a sincere recognition of his pioneering work in the financial administration of Papua New Guinea which Ray certainly appreciated.

Despite the generational hijacking already mentioned, Ray managed to retain his sense of fun, love of good company and numerous liquid celebrations, a fact for which Fourex, Carlton, SP and Anchor will be eternally grateful!

In recent days there have, of course been many conversations with old friends, relatives and relative ring in's. The one memory all have mentioned has been the "hugs" that Ray so generously gave and received. According to all these people and his family, there was something about Ray which was just undeniably "Huggable". He will indeed be sadly missed.

(Eulogy delivered by Sir Leslie Froggart, kindly supplied by Royce Webb)

Ray is survived by his wife Celia, his children Christine and Gregory, son-in-law Rob Hayes, daughter-in-law Penny and grandchildren Leila, Jessica, Rahima, Richard, Patrick and Harvey.

Mr Kenneth Stewart COLE (12 July 1995, aged 72 years)

Ken was born in 1923, left school at 15 as was normal at that time, and began work as a junior laboratory technician at Fremantle Hospital. In 1942 Ken enlisted in the Australian Army and, because of his hospital training he was drafted into the Medical Corps. He served in North Queensland, New Guinea and throughout the islands of the Pacific.

Following discharge from the Army in 1947, he went back to Fremantle Hospital for a short time and decided to go to the University of Western Australia. He passed his Leaving Certificate in one year and gained University entrance. At that time, less than 5% of students ever gained university entry. Ken began to read Science in 1949 and was influenced by an agricultural student to change to Agriculture in 1950.

During his university days, Ken played hockey, rugby and football with the Faculty team. He was a popular student with a keen analytical mind and sense of humour. After graduation Ken joined the W.A. Department of Agriculture in the Irrigation Branch at Waroona. About 1955 he went to Papua New Guinea as an Agricultural Officer. Whilst there he married Betty Home, a nurse at Samarai.

Some six years later the Coles returned to Western Australia and were sent to Kununurra, where Ken worked on developing irrigation systems for cotton and other crops. After some time Ken transferred South to Harvey and then to Perth, as one of only two authorities on large scale irrigation schemes. He was made Irrigation Officer for the State before his early retirement at the age of 63.

In a eulogy to Ken, his friend David Johnston, the one who persuaded him to do Agriculture, quoted from the Masonic ritual - "To steer the bark of life over the seas of passion without quitting the helm of rectitude, is the highest degree of perfection to which human nature can attain." Those words sum up the way Ken Cole lived his life.

Ken is survived by wife Betty, three children and four grandchildren.

(Extract from the eulogy by David Johnston, 18 July 1995. Both Ken Cole and David Johnston were students of Don Drover at the University of W.A.)

Mrs. Thelma Eileen SNEDDON (17 February 1996, aged 79 years)

Widow of John Gillespie Sneddon who was a Clerk with PNG Department of District Administration from 1946 to 1969.

Tom COLE, OAM. (9 December 1995, aged 89 years)

The real life "Crocodile Dundee" was famous as a Northern Territory crocodile hunter between the wars and in PNG after World War II. Tom rode the ranges of the Northern Territory, Queensland and Western Australia at a gallop after wild buffalo, was stockman, drover, horsebreaker, station owner and linesman on the Overland Telegraph, and then spent 30 years in PNG as a crocodile shooter and Highlands planter.

He arrived in PNG in 1950, becoming the first professional crocodile shooter, for years operating in the Purari Delta. He trained local teams to work independently, and developed it into a substantial business, at one time being the only buyer and exporter of crocodile skins in PNG. In 1955 he was allocated 150 acres of land at Banz, established Sigri plantation in 1956 and settled down to coffee planting. He was a well known and colourful member of the postwar expatriate community.

Tom recorded his very active life in five books, the first, *He'll West and Crooked* becoming a classic, with more than 100,000 copies in various editions. He published two collections of true Australian outback yarns, *Spears and Smoke Signals* and *Crocodiles and Other Characters*, and a selection from his letters and his station diaries, *Riding the Wildman Plains*. His book about his years in PNG, *The Last Paradise*, has gone into two editions. It was a measure of Tom's drive that all his books appeared after he turned 80, because until then he was far too busy living his adventurous life to sit down and write about it.

Although it's as a writer that thousands of readers knew him, Tom didn't think of himself as an author. He took up the pen not for a new career but because he felt that history needed to be recorded. For his writing he was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM) in 1993 for services to community history.

Tom had never been on a horse before he arrived in Australia from Sussex in 1923, alone, aged 17, but he took to outback life immediately. Eldest of eight children, he hadn't got on with his father, and with his mother's help left home to try his luck. Two weeks after he left, his father asked at breakfast, "Where's Tom?", and when told that he had gone to Australia, never mentioned his name again. "As things turned out, I should be grateful to him", Tom said many years later.

From 1923 to 1943 his working life was associated with legendary Australian cattle stations such as Wave Hill, Victoria River Downs, Brunette Downs. He spent his 21st birthday camped at an outback waterhole, mustering, but never let on it was his birthday. At 26 he cut his own track from Darwin for the horse-drawn dray in which he took stores to his grazing lease between the West and South Alligator rivers, a week away. There was not a metre of bitumen road in all of the Territory including Darwin. Today the Kakadu Holiday Village overlooks the site of his old homestead.

His wife died a number of years ago and he is survived by his daughters Mai Katona, Kathryn (Mrs Laurie Oakes, Canberra), and Gabrielle (Mrs Michael Smith, Sydney).

On 16 February there was a Memorial Service for Tom at the Darwin Botanic Gardens and a tree planted with a plaque in his memory.

(Stuart Inder kindly provided these details.)

Sister Mary Cecilia (Buchanan) O.L.S.H (17 August 1995)

Sister Cecilia died at Boroko, Port Moresby. She had worked with the Mission in PNG since 1938; in several areas of the Yule Island (and Kairuku) Diocese as well as Milne Bay and Port Moresby. She became well known and loved by many families and children over the last 40 years.

A delightful and happy lady, Sister Cecilia now lies buried at her beloved Catholic Mission at Yule Island after a full Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Boroko, attended by a large gathering of mourners.

Eric David WREN (25 November 1995, aged 76 years)

Born at Strathfield, NSW in 1919, as a young man at university when war broke out in 1939, David followed in the footsteps of his father Eric Wren, and enlisted with the Army in the 2/4th Battalion, which saw hard service including Libya, Greece, Crete and New Guinea. Even in that outstanding battalion, none was more battle hardened nor as young when promoted to Captain than David Wren. The 2/4th unit history "White Over Green", published in 1963, makes it clear that 'Jenny' Wren was as popular as he was brave.

From the reports of his Commanding Officer Lieutenant-Colonel (later Major-General) Ivan Dougherty, David Wren was a good man in a tight spot, from rearguard actions in Greece where at one stage Dougherty ordered "Lieutenant Wren's platoon to hold on to protect the withdrawal of the rest of the battalion as far as possible", to his appointment as company commander in the heat of battle at Heraklion on Crete in May 1941. This same strength of spirit prevailed in his part in the later Aitape-Wewek campaign and beyond, throughout David's life.

On hearing of David's passing, Major General Sir Ivan Dougherty paid him tribute as a "first class top flight officer who always had things under control". In the sentiments of his good friend Harry Jackman, if there is a parade ground in heaven for brave soldiers, David must surely be in the front rank as marker for his mates in the 2/4th.

David joined the PNG Administration in March 1946 as a Patrol Officer, with service including Misima, Milne Bay, Rabaul, Morehead and a brief period at Daru acting as District Commissioner. He married Beverley Hancock in 1962 and they had two daughters, Kathleen (1966) and Elizabeth (1970). Even in difficult times during these years, David was respected by all as a man of strong principles and dedication to the task. Harry Jackman echoes that respect for David in writing "He is one of the most decent blokes in has been my good fortune to meet during my thirty-odd years in the islands."

Upon retiring from Papua New Guinea in 1974, David lived in Canberra and Queanbeyan where, in his inimitable and sometimes enigmatic style, he quickly became involved with the local community. Among his many interests, he was considered the 'conscience of the National Party -- believing it important to keep 'politicians on their toes'. In mourning his passing, *'The Queanbeyan Age'* wrote: *"David will be remembered with affection and respect as a community and political activist, concerned by the erosion of civil liberties, government intrusion in the lives of private citizens, and a great worker for a fair go for everyone."*

In declining health over recent years, where his war service had clearly left its mark, David lost a leg through illness in 1993 but continued to always look forward and to put concern for the plight of others before himself. As ever, he believed in fighting the good fight to the very end. David had been in Ballina to be near his family, especially his grandchildren, and died peacefully in Ballina Hospital after an illness of several weeks with complications resulting from respiratory problems.

From our time working together in Papua New Guinea, our friendship with David continued and grew when he moved to Canberra in the 1970s. David was a truly remarkable man, of deep intelligence and unmatched wit. He made a great impact on our lives and the lives of all who knew him well. Together with Beverley, his brother Ian and all his family and friends, we shall miss him dearly. Farewell dear friend!

Paul and Brenda Jones, December 1995.

(Obituary written by Paul Jones of Curtin ACT which appeared in the *Queanbeyan Age* 20 December 1995 under the Headline "David Wren, a man who cared".)

Dr. Andree Norma MILLAR, O.B.E. (5th December 1995, aged 82 years)

Andree Millar was a household name in Papua New Guinea. She was widely known throughout the country as a doer in almost every field for over 32 years. It was said in her valedictory that she had amazing life experiences in many countries. She had a forthright personality and her opinions, not always expressed with tact, were sincere. Her dry wit was almost wicked at times until you knew her well. Then you realised that her sense of humour was unique. She had an encyclopaedic knowledge of orchids. It was in this field that she was awarded her O.B.E. When talking about PNG she had story after story to tell. To listen to her was an enriching experience. To some she might have seemed roughish but underneath was a tenderness and wish to be of assistance no matter what was the problem. This was especially so in her work helping with the task to pass on her practical skills and knowledge to the people of PNG.

Sir Michael Somare M.P. had sent a fax. In it he said to Andree's family "On behalf of the people of the East Sepik Province I would like to offer our sincere condolences in your loss. She was the one who started the National Capital District Botanical Gardens. PNG was her second home. Her heart and love will remain in PNG for ever."

Another fax had come from the staff of the NCD Botanical Gardens. "The Staff and Management of the National Capital District Botanical Gardens send their condolences. We called her Mum. Her work on horticulture and orchids established a name for PNG worldwide."

Once when hiking in the Highlands region she came across a village where a Lutheran pastor was holding a service. He was reading from Psalm 103 verses 15-18. "The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him: and his righteousness upon children's children. Even upon such as keep his covenant and faithfully obey his commandments." Andree said she was captivated and transfixed upon hearing these words. She related them to her beloved orchids realising the fleetingness of these beautiful flowers. They bloom in all their glory and then fade and die. They are like people.

In her last days the ravages of cancer made it hard for her to continue the literary work she wanted to complete. It frustrated her. Her son Roger said she was like a person at the coal face; in the operating theatre or in the garden. She got things done. Her grandson Jordan had phoned her from Tokyo a few days before her passing. He said she sounded her usual self. She was a tower of strength to the end.

Among those present were Dr. Russ Stephenson, formerly Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture UPNG, Dr. John Jamieson formerly RMO Lae, Albert Wright, Health Dept Lae, Heather Saville (Syd was in Port Moresby), Pam Brooks and Doug Franklin. A Memorial Service was held in Port Moresby attended by Sir Michael Somare.

(Kindly provided by Doug Franklin.)

Mr H.W. (Herb) CRAIG (September 1995, aged 75 years)

Herb was a well known and respected business man and entrepreneur whose building on the Wharf at Port Moresby 'Craigs On The Waterfront' was often visited by residents looking for good fish, prawns and marine products.

Herb was a true son of Papua having been born at Samarai, Milne Bay. His parents were pioneer residents in that most beautiful island headquarters.

Always a man keen on community works, Herb was a Charter Member of the Lions Club in Moresby and became the first PNG member to become District Governor for Lions Club in 201H, Northern Australia.

Mr Loscelles Barry (Johnno) JOHNSON (10 December 1995, aged 69 years)

He was born in Arthington, England, and spent his childhood in Perth, WA, before returning to England to serve with the British Army in Italy during World War II. On discharge he returned to Australia and in 1952 took up a position with Dogowan Plantation in the difficult reconstruction period after the war.

In 1956 he joined a yacht and departed for USA where he remained and married Edna Watt, originally from near Pittsburgh Penn. In 1960 he returned to PNG to work for Kulili Estates till his retirement in 1982.

During his working days he was well known and popular through the Madang and Highland areas.

While at Kulili Edna, who was a very competent secretary, trained several local girls to a high standard, one of whom, Egness Meng Milibur, is the present office manager for Kulili Estates.

While Edna was visiting relatives and friends in the US, Johnno visited for Christmas to Karkar and was spending the weekend with his godson Derek Middleton at Wadau Plantation for his 30th birthday. On Sunday morning December 10 while swimming and snorkling it would appear Johnno suffered a massive heart seizure and died instantly in the water. He was buried at Kulili Plantation on Thursday 14th beside the original WM Middleton and other friends.

Some 500 local Karkar people and older plantation workers attended a moving ceremony to pay their last respects together with the local expat community.

Mrs Lesley Lucy TAIT (28th September, 1995)

Lesley, was born in Bundaberg and as her father was a station-master, she grew up in many northern and outback Rail Centres before being married to Lionel in 1926. She served in the Navigation & Lighthouse Service both before and during the war. Afterwards, she and her husband went to Port Moresby where Lionel worked for Burns Philp. Lesley joined the Dept. of Civil Aviation and she travelled extensively around PNG both in her job and in her enjoyment of golf. They were living in Madang when Lionel died in 1966. After returning to Queensland for a brief period, she then returned to Madang and to her old job. She retired to live with her family in Manly, Qld. in 1971 after 27 years in PNG. She is survived by her son Peter, daughter-in-law Judy and grandson Paul.

Mr. Everard James (Jim) EARL (28 August 1995)

Jim and Betty Earl with daughter Lesley went to PNG in November 1955 to work on a plantation on New Ireland, "Belik", where they stayed for 2 years before moving to Madang in 1958 where they lived for 4 years whilst Jim worked for Colyer Watson. Betty taught at the primary school and Lesley attended same. In 1962 they moved to Rabaul to work for New Guinea Company, and Betty taught at Court Street School. Lesley went south to boarding school for 5 years.

1967 saw a move to Port Moresby where Jim worked for Carpenters and Betty at Ela Beach School. Betty died in 1972 and Jim stayed in Moresby till 1980 when he retired to Strathpine, Qld. where he lived till 1992 when his health forced him to sell up in Queensland and move to Bowning NSW with Lesley and Brett into a flat on their house. It was there he stayed till his passing. At his funeral a moving Last Post was played by his grandson Adam, and both Adam and grand-daughter Tina were Pall Bearers.

(Provided by daughter, Lesley, and refer also to item by her in "Have You Heard". Ed.)

Mr. P.F. "Bill" BAILEY (10th November 1995, aged 83 years)

The death occurred at Port Macquarie, NSW, of P.F. "Bill" Bailey. His wife Olive predeceased him. Bill was a long time employee of W.R. Carpenter & Co., Ltd. in New Guinea pre and post-war. A contemporary of the late Charles Blake and Bert Perriman.

In 1940 he enlisted in the A.I.F. with army No. NGX144, and joined the 2/19 Inf. Battalion, to be followed into that unit by his mates John Arnold (Jack) Crockett and Colin Brien. All were captured during the 1942 Singapore Campaign. They survived the war. Bill Bailey and Jack Crockett were back working in New Guinea in 1946 - Jack with District Services as District Clerk, Bill as Merchandise Manager with Carpenters at Rabaul. Colin Brien arrived in 1948 as Carpenters Accountant, later to be Company Secretary, and then Branch Manager at different Territory postings.

Jack Crockett (a first world war veteran) died on the Gold Coast in 1980, aged 81 years. Colin Brien lives on the Isle of Capri, keeping busy with his garden, daily walks, family history research, and periodic overseas holidays. In 1995 he was visiting London. On the morning of 15th August he placed a wreath on the Whitehall Cenotaph, in memory of his fallen comrades. That day was exactly 50 years after he had been released from Changi Gaol, P.O.W. Camp.

Mrs. Nell CLARK (November 1995)

Nell died in Albury, NSW, aged 94. Nell will be remembered by the Madang community where she was the Shipping, Stores & Customs 'boss lady' for the Catholic Mission at Sek (Alexishafen), Madang during the years 1949-1976. She also will be remembered by the plantation community for her great skills and passion for the card game of Pinochle which she played constantly and of which she became the uncrowned Queen.

Mr. Eric John DYER (October 1995)

Eric passed away after a short battle with cancer. Born in India and educated at boarding school in England, Eric and his brothers came to Australia in 1925 and spent some years working on various properties. In 1941 Eric enlisted in the Australian Army and saw service in PNG. As a sergeant in the Coastwatchers, he escorted his troops behind enemy lines.

Soon after the war Eric worked with Burns Philp and was posted back to PNG to be involved with copra and cocoa production. He gained promotion to Plantation Inspector and his work took him to New Ireland, New Britain and into the Highlands. These years in PNG 1947-70 were of great significance in Eric's life and he always remembered his experiences there with fondness and enthusiasm.

On the return to Australia, Eric and his family settled in Townsville where he continued working until his retirement in 1974. In the years since then, Eric was involved in Lions, Probus, Wildlife and Conservation Society, golf and other community projects. Helen, Eric's wife, passed away in 1992 and he is survived by his son Dana and Daughter Susan.

Mr. Claude KING (September 1995)

Passed away after being in poor health for many years. Born in Toowoomba in 1923, Claude was with the Occupation Forces as a Signaller in Japan.

He later spent many years with N.G. Company, Madang, running a General Store & Newsagency. Jean Birt, Vicki Rutland and Isabel Pert attended his funeral at Howard. As Isabel said, Claude was one of nature's true gentlemen.

Mr. Jim MACKINNON

Jim served in the 2nd/25th Infantry Regiment that fought in the Western Desert, Syria and New Guinea. He spent many years in PNG gold mining at Simbai and saw-milling at Angoram. He also operated coastal shipping and a charter airline from Madang.

Lloyd Hurrell reports that Jim was a top soldier and prominent in regimental sporting events.

Mrs. Jan LAPPIN (19 August, 1995)

Jan died following a stroke at the Greenslopes Hospital in Brisbane. She was the wife of the late Jim Lappin, previously of the PNG Department of Posts & Telegraphs in Moresby.

She is survived by two sons Jim and John presently in Emerald, as well as her daughter Janice who is in Port Moresby.

Mrs. Hilda MALONEY (8th September 1995, aged 93 years)

Hilda was Manager of the Administration Paga Girls Hostel in Port Moresby for many years.

She had been living at Victoria Point Qld for some years.

Mrs. Yvonne Dorothy BEADEL (14th September 1995)

Yvonne died in a nursing home at Wellington Point, Qld., following a stroke some months ago. During the war she served with the WAAF in a radar unit between 1942 and 1945. She went to PNG in 1946 and will be fondly remembered by ex-Comworks 4 Mile staff. She established Beadel's Bookshop in Cuthbertson St., Port Moresby and was well known in Territory golfing circles. Later in Sydney she worked with the NSW Police dealing with Police Boys Club affairs. Her last 9 years were spent in S.E. Qld.

Sister Kath TWEEDY M.B.E. (3rd October 1995, aged 63 years)

Sister Kath died at the Mater hospital in Townsville following a fight with cancer. She obtained her general nursing and midwifery qualifications in Townsville before serving for two years at Palm Island.

She joined the Red Cross Blood Bank Division and went to Port Moresby to develop the existing "on demand" service into a wider donor base capable of supplying all the increasing needs for surgery. Her good humour, and cheerful persistence in achieving her aims, were much appreciated by donors and by P.H.D. staff. After 2 years she went to Rabaul to establish the Blood Bank Unit. She gained the confidence of indigenous donors to the extent that they supplied 90% of the vital needs of the visiting Thoracic Teams.

Returning to be Sister-in-Charge at the Townsville unit in 1969 she had to retire early in 1982 due to ill-health. Few knew she was awarded the MBE and the Florence Nightingale Medal (Nursing's most prestigious award) and was the Quota Club's Woman of the Year in 1984. Many of us will vouch that she lived for her work and for laughter. She is survived by her sister.

Mr. William Donald STEWART (22 February 1996, aged 70 years)

Was in PNG from 1957 to 1966 as a Station Officer with Treasury and is survived by his wife, Gloria Ethel, sons, Donald William and Kimberly Robert and daughter, Kristina Dellece.

Mrs Roseanne MUNRO (29th October 1995)

Roseanne was in Rabaul in the 1970 where her husband Bruce was the production manager for the Shell Oil Co., and their children Neale and Kathryn attended the Court St. School. They later returned to PNG and served with the Shell Co. in Lae. Later still Bruce returned to become Marketing Manager for the company in Port Moresby from 1987-91.

Roseanne was well known by a wide variety of friends for her social and community works as being a warm friend to all. Greatly missed.

Mr. William John Albert STEWART (22 December 1995, aged 81 years)

Was in PNG from 1959 to 1964 as a Store Holder with Treasury and was pre-deceased by his wife in 1992. (No further information available)

Mrs. Leila McGOWAN (8 December 1995, aged 78 years)

Widow of Thomas Kevin McGowan who was in PNG as a Clerk with the Department of Trade and Industry 1955 to 1973 and died in 1974.

Mrs. Rosalind Teresa HAMMOND (5 January 1996, aged 86 years)

Widow of George Frederick Hammond who served for some time as a Public Servant in PNG and died in 1994. (No further information available)

Mr. Maxwell Joseph (Max) DENEHY (10 February 1996, aged 72 years)

Max went to PNG in November 1946 following service in the Army in PNG during WW II. He served in both Papua and New Guinea, eventually reaching the position of District Commissioner.

The people of Central Bougainville still refer to doing it 'Denehy Fashion' when they want something done properly.

Max is survived by his wife, son and four grandchildren.

Mr. Bernard Henry GANGLOFF (17 February 1996, aged 63 years)

Bernard, who was born at Vunapope near Kokopo in New Britain, managed the Rabaul Picture Theatre for many years. Later he and his wife set up a Guest House called Kanai.

He is survived by his wife, Moana.

Mr. Neville Patrick Douglas JAMES (24 February 1996, aged 79 years)

Originally a teacher with the De La Salle Brothers at Marrickville, a suburb of Sydney, he served in the RAAF in New Guinea during WW II. Returning to PNG early 1948, he worked in gold mining as well as hotel management before joining the PNG Treasury, where he served in Port Moresby, Madang, Lae and Rabaul.

He married Marjorie Heath in 1951 and she pre-deceased him last year. Neville is survived by his daughters Vicki and Linda and son Brian.

Mr. Hugh Milton (Smoky) BIRCH DFC (3 January 1996, aged 79 years)

Hugh was an Airline Pilot, Qantas executive and tourism industry representative. He served for some time as a pilot in PNG and led a most interesting life. I am hoping we will be able to publish some details of his life in PNG and elsewhere in the next issue of the Newsletter.

He is survived by his wife, Margery, and daughter, Annabel.

HELP WANTED

Alan Kelly is writing the biography of his uncle, Harry D.L. (Mac) McGilvery and wonders if any member could provide him with any information in addition to the following data:

"Flew W/WI with AFC in France - then with fledgling RAAF - arrived Lae, October 1927 - third pilot Guinea Gold NL., (subsequently Guinea Airways) with their second aircraft - with GA till May 1933. Proprietor "Edie Store" approx two years - resuming flying for Stephens, W.R.C. and MAL before call-up in 1940 - commanding several units in New Guinea in W/W2.

Post-war in New Guinea - Disposal Commission - then W.R.Carpenter, Madang. Retired as Kavieng representative Papua-New Guinea Copra Marketing Board. His wife Jean (still living) was a daughter of well known identity "Bill" Mitchell, Burns Philp's manager at Salamaua."

Alan's address is: Alan Kelly, 5 Curzon Rd., New Lambton, NSW 2305.

EDITOR RETIRES

I was elected to the Committee of the Association in 1978 and, after Freddie Kaad, I am the next longest serving member.

In 1985 I was elected Deputy President, becoming President the same year when the then President, David Marsh, resigned from the Committee. Continuing as President until January 1989, when Freddie Kaad, the then Editor, went overseas for a year, I also took over the duties of Editor. The two positions were held until August 1992 when Harry West took over the Presidency and I kept on as Editor until now.

Members, I am sure, will agree that "it's time" and I will not be nominating again for the position at the AGM but will serve on the Committee for awhile if elected.

In the next issue of the Newsletter I will, if the Editor permits, detail the work involved in it's production. The main reason for doing this will be to make members aware of the processes involved so that they will fully appreciate the task my successor is taking on.

I also want to take this opportunity to place on record how extremely grateful I am for the assistance I have received from Pamela Foley, Bob Pulsford, Pat Jones and others in the production of the Newsletter.

My most grateful thanks goes to my wife, Candy, who has been most tolerant when she has been deprived of my company on many occasions because of my commitments to *Una Voce*. Our son, Craig, has also suffered in a similar manner but not to the same degree.

Except for the Christmas/New year period, it has also been very difficult to plan trips away, because as soon as you finish one issue of the Newsletter you begin preparing for the next.

I have enjoyed the task of producing the Newsletter but it has been onerous at times and I will have no regrets when I hand over to my successor, whom I understand will be Marie Bassett. I extend to her my very best wishes and feel great sympathy for her, but I am certain that she will be more than equal to the task.

I also perform honorary work for other organisations but at the end of this month all this will cease. There are two family projects which I will now pursue, while my health permits, so I assure members that I will not be hibernating. I also will, most definitely, be spending a lot more time with my wife.

My very best wishes to all our members, sincerely,

Doug Parrish

Doug Parrish
Editor

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

MR. R.H.BAMFORD	11 YULEMA ST.	MULLALOO	W.A 6027
MR. C.D.BATES	9 RIVAL ST.	KAREELA	NSW 2232
MR. W.M.BOCK	15 ROSCRAE CIRCUIT	WERRIBEE	VIC 3030
MR. R.D.COCHRANE	1/16 BIBIMULYA ST.	BELLARA	QOD 4507
MR. B.J.CREEDY	3 CAMMERAY ROAD.	CAMMERAY	NSW 2062
MR. J.A GAUCI	5 BARRINE CLOSE,	WESTLAKE	QLD 4074
MR. N.W.GOOD	23 CURREY RD	UPPER COOMERA	QLD 4210
MR. R.E.JONES	70 BARKLY PLACE	BENDIGO	VIC 3550
MR. W. KIMMORLEY	UNIT 2. 16/18 GOSPORT ST.	CRONULLA	NSW 2203
MRS.E.R.LEYER	"BELBROOK", OAKVIEW via	KILKIVAN	QLD 4600
MRS.-M. LOVELL	C/- J. STOBO, 5 KARDELLA AVE.	KILLARA	NSW 2071
MR.B.B.J. MECK	P.O. BOX 448	ALBION PARK	NSW 2527
MR. C. MIDDLETON	P.M.B. 10	COBAR	NSW 2835
MR. I. MITCHELL	1A CENTENNIAL AVE.	LANE COVE	NSW 2066
MR.A.A. MOSSMAN	2-101 HOUSTON ROAD.	KINGSFORD	NSW 2032
MR.C.D. McCONAGHY	ANGCO LTD. P.O.BOX 136	GOROKA	EHP PNG
MR. W.J.McPHERSON	75 PANORAMA DRIVE	NAMBOUR	QLD 4560
MR. B. NEWELL	11 PENGILLY ST.	LANE COVE	NSW 2066
MR. J.G.O'BRIEN	92 RIVETT ST.	HACKETT	ACT 2602
MRS.S.E.POWER	38 BIGNELL ST.	ILLAWONG	NSW 2234
MR. G.J.RAMSAY	58 HOWES RD.	NORTH WILBERFORCE	NSW 2756
MRS.J.A.ROBERTS	28 RUSKIN ROW,	AVAILON BCH	NSW 2107
MRS. P. SEARLE	6 KELKS HILL RD.	NAMBOUR	QLD 4560
MR. P. STANMORE	19 SATTERLEY AVE	TURRAMURRA	NSW 2074
MRS.L.J.STOUT	36/3494 MAIN BEACH RD.	MAIN BEACH	QLD 4217
MRS M.L.STUBBS	265 STANHILL DRIVE	CHEVRON IS.	QLD 4217
MR. J.M.WEARNE	25 BRUNSWICK CIRCUIT	KALEEN	ACT 2617
MS. D. WETTERLING	450 WILLARONG RD	CARINGBAH	NSW 2229
DR. K. ZWANZGER	(2HIP SK LAO PDR) P.O.BOX 356	COOMA	NSW 2630

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

MR. M.B.ALLWOOD	TO:	MALENY	QLD 4552
MR. J. BATTERSBY	P.O.BOX 636	LOWOOD	QLD 4311
MRS.M.E.BOWMAN	LOT 9, LINDEMANS ROAD,	MERMAID WATERS	QLD 4218
MR. R.F.CANTLAY	141 MARKERI ST.	ANULA	N.T 0812
MR. B. COSTELLO	64 UNION TERRACE	TOOMBUL	QLD 4012
MR. D.J.DANIELS	UNIT 56, THE BROOK, 135 BAGL ST.	PORT MORESBY	NCD PNG
MR. E.M.GODDEN	P.O. BOX 1288	TOOWONG	QLD 4066
MR. G.G.HARDY	UNIT 4, 24 TERRACE ST.	SPRINGBROOK	QLD 4213
MR. J. JANSEN	LOT 5, OLD SCHOOL ROAD,	HOBART	TAS 7005
MR. K. JONES	1 BROADWATERS PARADE, SANDY BAY	MARGATE	QLD 4019
MR. P.A.KELLY	1/7 TRAMORE ST.	SILVERWATER	NSW 2264
MR. W.J.KELLY	11 TALBOT RD.	TENERIFFE	QLD 4005
DR & MRS K.LAMACRAFT	135 MACQUARIE PLACE,	HOLLYWELL	QLD 4216
MRS. N. LAWRIE	45 POINSETTIA AVE.		
	UNIT 57H, HENRY KENDALL HOSTEL	WYOMING	NSW 2250
	KALAWARRA ROAD,	CAIRNS NTH	NSW 4870
MR. R.I.LOPES	P.O. BOX 540N	CROMER	NSW 2099
MRS. J. LYNCH	118/81 WILLANDRA RD.	BURPENGARY	QLD 4505
MRS. E. MOORHEAD	P.O. BOX 1129	YARRALUMLA	ACT 2600
MR. A.R.McCULLOUGH	26/51 MUSGRAVE ST.	CURRIMUNDI	QLD 4551
MR. J. STOLZ	4 CYCLAMEN ST.	KILLARNEY VALE	NSW 2261
REV.N.A.THRELFALL	18 MAWSON DRIVE		

MEMBERS REJOINED

MRS. V. ANDERSON	11 CLARE ST.	SOUTHPORT	QLD 4215
MRS. J. CHANDLER	9 "PLEASANT GROVE", 22 GIBSON ST.	MT.PLEASANT	W.A 6153
MR. W.T.BROWN	3 THE SERPENTINE	BILGOLA	NSW 2107