



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
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No 3, 1996 - September

Dear Member

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Please note the following event in your diary, and firm up arrangements with your ex-PNG friends:

**1996 Christmas Luncheon on Sunday
1 December 1996 at the Mandarin Club
corner Pitt & Goulburn Streets Sydney**

Full details will be in the next issue of *Una Voce* which you will receive mid-November.

1997 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - ADVANCE NOTICE

Another note for your diary - the 1997 AGM will be held on Sunday 27 April.

VISIT TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

The Association is again planning a day trip to the mountains. On previous occasions about 20 members have attended, and greatly enjoyed the good company and the fresh mountain air. The date is Thursday 3 October - lunch will be at the Grandview Hotel, Wentworth Falls.

For those with Seniors Cards the train fare is still \$2.00 return - the train leaves Central Station at 9.02am, due Wentworth Falls at 10.51am. We suggest you check a week or so before to make sure there has not been any change due to track work. For Sydney people the State Rail number is 13 1500. Those interested please contact Pam Foley (02) 9428 2078 or Joe Nitsche (02) 9451 2475 before 27 September so that we can advise the hotel of numbers.

CHANGES TO SYDNEY PHONE NUMBERS

For the information of those who live outside the Sydney area, Sydney phone numbers have been changed: old seven-digit numbers should now be preceded by a '9', and old six-digit numbers should be preceded by '91'.

DISCLAIMER

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Having regard for their own particular circumstances, readers should consult the relevant authorities or other advisers with expertise in the particular field. Neither ROAPNG 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 ROAPNG.

INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members will be aware that the current membership subscription of \$8.00 per annum has been in existence for seven years. During this time the Association has managed to contain continually increasing costs without increasing the membership subscription. It is now apparent that this can no longer continue and your Committee has reluctantly decided that the 1997 membership subscription will increase to \$10.00.

This will not affect those members who have already paid their membership subscriptions for 1997 and beyond at the previous rate.

BERT SPEER SEEKS HELP RE MISSING SOLDIER:

Bert Speer's guests at our Christmas luncheon will be Mrs Fay Firminger and her husband Ian of Colo Vale NSW.

Mrs Firminger is seeking information about her father, **John Cameron STRANGE**. The official record states, 'Wounded, heading to a Medical Mission in Highlands'. Mrs Firminger would appreciate any information that members may have in endeavouring to trace the actual location of the mission that it has been rumoured her father was last seen heading towards, in the Highlands of New Britain. He went missing on 4 February 1942 ex Rabaul and was presumed dead three years later. He was Gunner NX 72179 of 17th Anti-tank Battery Headquarters, born 1-12-1914, enlisted 27-3-41 and trained at Cowra. Mrs Firminger may be contacted by telephoning 048 894 185.

21st ANNIVERSARY, PNG INDEPENDENCE

A dinner dance is being organised by *The Sydney - PNG Wantok Club* to mark the 21st anniversary of PNG independence. The function will be held at the Round House, University of New South Wales, Kensington Campus, on Saturday 21 September - \$40 per person, drinks included. If interested, please contact Marie Bassett on 02 9958 3408.

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Jack AMESBURY of Caboolture Qld writes: 'Have just returned from PNG where I attended the wedding of my granddaughter, Danielle Harvey-Hall, at Wau....Things seem to have improved in that area since I was there two years ago although the roads outside Lae and from Mumeng to Wau are in a shocking condition. Fortunately the Japanese Government has allocated the necessary kina to completely upgrade the road from Lae to Wau.'

Gordon DICK (formerly of Kareela NSW) advised: 'We have sold our Kareela home and are in the process of building in Port Macquarie (my home town).' Gordon's new address is PO Box 2390, Port Macquarie 2444.

Stan MASON of Woody Point QLD said he looked forward to the newsletter as it brought back pleasant memories. He added, 'On the Redcliffe Peninsular we have three bowling clubs. My club, Bramble Bay, has several ex-PNG members including Tom Ingledew, Bill Jeffrey and Sam Healey, the other clubs have the Pashleys, Websters and Hegartys, so there is always a bit of reminiscing when we meet.'

Ian GIBBINS of Bristol UK wrote to Doug Parrish: 'I really enjoy your newsletter ... I'm sorry to learn that you are stepping down as Editor - your successor will really have something to live up to ... Thank you for bringing back lots of happy memories from a way of life which I shall never forget.'

Lisle NEWBY's membership was renewed by **Annette O'Connell** (Bowral). Annette wrote: 'We do apologise for the lateness of this payment, but Lisle has spent a considerable amount of time in hospital this year following a stroke and the amputation of the left leg. Lisle's new address is: Room 10, Nursing Home, Kenilworth Gardens, Kangaloon Rd, Bowral NSW 2576.'

Joe SHAW of Brisbane QLD is still heavily involved in squash and coaching coaches throughout England, Europe and Brasil and was off to Hong Kong in August to meet up with Ken Deyton and Joe Chou (ex Taxation in Moresby) and for the Hong Kong tournament. Later this year he is travelling to Doha in United Arab Emirates, then Bombay, then Pakistan for the world titles. He said, 'Margaret refuses to leave the grandkids and travel with me any more so I have had to give away coaching Brasil, as I spent three months at a time in Rio de Janeiro. Our PNG group of lapuns still play twice a week in Brisbane, and we have been playing each other now since 1967 - 29 years. All old, arthritic, past our prime, verging on decrepitude and imbecility, but enjoying the social side of these evenings.'

Ruby MCGREGOR, well-known in Madang both before and after the war, will celebrate her 100th birthday at a luncheon with relatives and friends on Sunday 6 October. Ruby went to New Guinea in 1927. Her husband, Roy, owned Erimbash plantation just out of Madang. In 1929 the couple moved to Madang township. Ruby was evacuated to Cairns in 1941 and then endured a six-day train journey to Sydney - there was hardly any water, and temperatures were oppressive (priority must have been given to troop movements). Her only daughter Faye, then aged 17, was just finishing school in Australia. Roy had been a recruiter and businessman. His knowledge of the

HAVE YOU HEARD??? *Continued*

countryside stood him in good stead as he was able to escape the Japanese by walking from Madang to Moresby, collecting a lot of Australian men on the way. The journey took three months.

After the war, Ruby and her husband returned to Madang. She loved entertaining and, according to her daughter, had a wonderful life. In 1951 Ruby and Roy spent 12 months travelling the world. Ruby once had blackwater fever and recovered! In 1961 the couple left New Guinea and settled in Sydney. Roy died in 1967. Ruby continued to live near her daughter until she went to Woodlands Nursing Home, Cherrybrook, almost three years ago. She is in good health, though a little deaf. She loves family visits and enjoys the poker machines. She has two grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

J J MURPHY - Doug Parrish reported that long-time kiap John J Murphy has had a bad fall.

The next three items are from new members:

Ian THOMPSON of Bolivia NSW said he likes to employ ex-kiaps in his business in PNG, *Oilmin Field Services Pty Ltd*. (The Company offers various services to the PNG petroleum and minerals exploration industries.) He said he likes ex-kiaps for field work because of their dependability and practical bush experience, and because they can get the job done with a minimum of drama.

Allan BOAG of Palmwoods Qld was distressed to read an article in *Una Voce* lamenting the condition of the old European Cemetery in Moresby and in particular the grave of Sir Hubert Murray. He wrote to the Port Moresby Lions Club suggesting they take on the task of maintaining it. The Lions Club replied that they thought the suggestion of the Club maintaining Sir Hubert Murray's grave was an excellent idea and have agreed to take it on. They will keep Allan informed of progress.

Anne YOUNG of Box Hill North Vic worked in Treasury in Moresby in 1962-68. She said, 'Last weekend four of us (3 girls(!) from Treasury and one guy from DASf) got together to chat over old times. We had not seen each other for 10 years ...I was given several back issues of *Una Voce* ... they certainly do bring back memories. The most interesting, and the saddest of course, are the obituaries. ...

My parents (**Pinny and Harry CURTIS**) were also in Moresby. Dad was a Radiographer at Taurama Hospital. Mum worked at Steamies, Island Products and finally at P & T in the telegrams section. Although now 83 and 80 they are still with us and I have passed on the snippets of news that will interest them.... Mum was great friends with **Jack Woodcock's** sister **Elsie** who also lived in Moresby with her two daughters and nephew for a while. Elsie eventually went back to their home town of Newcastle on Tyne.'

HELP WANTED: Helen Sargood would like to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of **Leslie Haseldine**, step-daughter of **Captain John Simlor**, a Qantas pilot stationed in Port Moresby in the late 1950s. Helen and Leslie were friends at Moreton Bay College, Wynnum, in 1957/58. Helen's address is PO Box 1, Tambo Qld 4478, Ph (076) 549321.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Jim Toner (Northern Territory)

One of the participants in the 30th year reunion of PNG chalkies at ASOPA last October was **Ed BRUMBY** who reported on the event most favourably. On a recent Sunday we brunchd in Brunswick Street - how very Melbourne - where the former Townsville boy has become well accustomed to the four seasons daily. Ed taught at Angoram and Passam in the mid-60s before going to Education HQ Kone as Senior Publications and Broadcasts Officer. Currently he is at Deakin University as Director of its Course Development Centre.

Phil VAN DEREYK (DDA 1969-74) who was a PO in Chuave and Aitape has, after interesting times in Sydney and UK, arrived in Darwin to work for the Australian Securities Commission. On a visit twelve years ago he had met **Paul LAMING**, another ex-Chimbu PO, working in Aboriginal Affairs. However, Paul is now understood to be tutoring in psychology in Victoria.

Norm OLIVER, ex Land Titles Commission, still home-hunting in Cairns, is able to house-sit for **Dave HENTON**, a community affairs adviser for Chevron who commutes regularly to PNG on oil business. Dave was a contract kiap at Kaintiba in the Gulf over 20 years ago and also gained experience in Milne Bay.

Talking of the latter district, **Dr Hank NELSON**, once a historian at UPNG but now at ANU - and a member of our Association - has edited the wartime diaries of **Eddie STANTON** who served in Milne Bay with ANGAU throughout 1942-45 where he had much to do with Captain Timperley, subsequently a District Commissioner. Those who knew the late **Alan TIMPERLEY** (d. 1967) will be interested in Stanton's comment that he 'admired and respected him for the truly courageous Australian he was'.

Terry and Jean DAW, long-term Rabaulites and now of Perth, are on the road again - well, the railroad. For reasons which elude me the septuagenarians are en route Moscow via Beijing and the Trans-Siberian Railway. No doubt readers may learn of that journey's horrors in a future issue for if anyone can tell a tale it is Terry.

Here in Darwin **Brian EDE**, a kiap for 12 years, has resigned from leadership of the Opposition in the Territory's parliament and is expected to move to WA in due course. Brian gave it his best for five years but, as the ALP has never won an election since the NT Legislative Assembly was created in 1974, must have decided that he was shovelling sugar uphill.

A more successful wantok was **Kevin DIFLO** who has secured a second term as Mayor of Palmerston albeit by a 400 votes margin. The former PNG Education Officer proposes to make the streets of Darwin's satellite town 'animal-free'. Since that would be a first for Australia I will keep you posted...

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS *Continued***Doug Franklin (Brisbane)**

In response to information received from Joe Nitsche that **Mrs Muriel GOUGH** was approaching her 100th birthday on 26 August 1996, and to arrange for a congratulatory message and bouquet of flowers from all members of the Association, Doug contacted **Rita GOUGH**, her daughter at Wynnum West near Brisbane, who wrote,

'... My mother arrived in Port Moresby on 4 May 1929 (their third wedding anniversary)... She and her husband spent their first week at Mrs McGrath's boarding house, I think in Hunter Street. They were allocated a roomy bungalow in Musgrave Street which in a very short time became known as 'the Port Moresby Police Station', situated directly across the road from The Papua Hotel. The 'Police Station' was a room in the side of our house, with its own stairway entrance and my father had to put up two signs, one at our front door reading PRIVATE and the other at a gate at the end of our house reading POLICE. Muriel was of great help to her husband in those early days as he was the only police officer (European) for twelve years.

I was born in 1930 in Port Moresby and lived there until 1950. I would say that I had one of the most unusual and happy childhoods - and it was a 'never a dull moment' one, and with two happily married parents, a very blessed one. My mother was a highly skilled musician and had her ATCL from Trinity College, London, in 1915. She played the violin for silent movies as a young girl in Maryborough Qld and carried it right through her life. In Port Moresby she taught piano theory and as she lived next door to the state school, taught the children singing twice a week. Many of them also came to her for private lessons, mainly piano. She was also a member of the 'Glee Club', and three or four times a month a small group of gifted men and women would give a night of lovely entertainment to the town. Port Moresby in those early days had a population of between 400 and 500 expatriates, so it was like living in a large extended family where everyone knew everyone else, and although it had its moments it was a happy little community. Muriel also helped the Sisters of the Sacred Heart (postwar) to start a maternity hospital at Koki Mission by collecting money each week after church.

In 1937, when I was seven, Rabaul had its first major eruptions and we in Moresby got days of guru gurus. I remember being in our kitchen and a chair started to go round and round the room, so I hopped on it for a ride, thinking it great fun... I went outside and felt the ground moving under my feet... Next thing to happen was the kee bee whistle at the power house went off and a large group of Nationals, some from the Papua Hotel, also Steamships and Burns Philp ran like men chased by demons, straight down Musgrave Street towards Ela Beach and into the sea. We did not know then the tragedy of Rabaul as all the outside information came through radio 4PM Port Moresby. (Rita later said she believed this was the first time that this generation had experienced such big earth movements. Her father questioned the Nationals afterwards, and it seemed they thought that while the land was shaking the sea didn't seem to be moving so must be alright.)

I was 11 years old and my young cousin (son of George Gough) was one year old when the evacuation of all women and children occurred. They were flown from all parts of the country and bundled onto a BP ship - 800 of them. My father (Tom) was two years over army age, but was requisitioned by the army and stayed a year as he knew the country... Then my father was transferred to the Commonwealth Police for the duration of the war... Dad and George returned to PNG in late 1945 to their respective jobs, Dad being in charge of Police and George at Bomana Corrective Institution.

My mother and myself ... returned on a troop ship arriving on New Year's Day 1946, to a sorry war-torn Port Moresby with 600 Japanese POWs located at what is now Gordon, then known as The 6 Mile. The ship was BP's *Ormiston*.

After the war we lived in Hunter Street as Dad had recruited European men and gathered a group of police officers. Our pre-war bungalow was divided in half to accommodate two married couples. My father was forced to retire early as his health was failing ... the news was not good, he had Parkinson's Disease. Muriel looked after him at home for about 17-19 years... By 1962 I married and have a daughter 33 years and son 32 years who live with me here... Before her stroke Muriel lived with us for 14 years. She has been at Nazareth House for four years and keeps in remarkably good health - one of us goes up to see her on an almost daily basis.

I would like to convey my deep gratitude to you and *Una Voce* for your thoughtfulness on her 100th birthday.

PS. My father died here in Wynnum in 1975 just one month before his 83rd birthday and one year before Mum and Dad's 50th anniversary of marriage.'

Doug Franklin said that he and his wife Pam have been invited to attend Muriel's birthday party at Nazareth House on 28 August.

HELP NEEDED FOR THE RABAU LIBRARY FOLLOWING THE ERUPTIONS

Richard Sutton of Berala NSW thought some members might wish to respond to the following request which was in the latest issue (June 1996) of a newsletter published by the Centre for South Pacific Studies, University of NSW:

'..The Rabaul library was among the casualties; its roof caved in and 70 per cent of its stock was destroyed. The Rabaul library was well used and had a good collection of books relevant to the people in the area. The loss came at a particularly bad time; due to the problems at the University of Papua New Guinea, the East New Britain University Centre has expanded rapidly and its students depend on the library. The library will be rebuilt near Kokopo High School, probably with funds provided by the South Korean government, sometime in 1997.

We would like to help the library to replace its collection of books on Papua New Guinea. We are therefore calling on colleagues and anybody else with an attachment to Papua New Guinea to donate books or cash. We will also be contacting relevant publishers. It is intended that the books will be stored in Canberra until the new library has been built or adequate housing has been found in ENB.

This appeal has been discussed with, and welcomed by, the Administrator of ENB, Hosea Turbarat, the Director of the Gazelle Restoration Authority's Implementation Unit in Kokopo, Ellison Kaivovo, and the Librarian, Alice Ritmeta.'

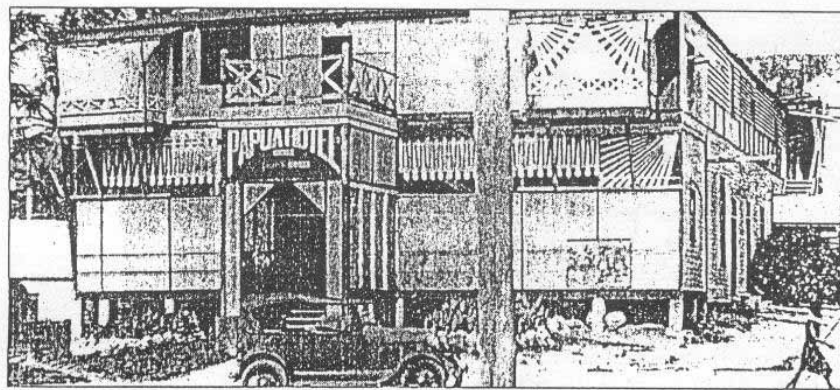
Donations can be sent to:

Prof. Hank Nelson, History Program, RSSS, Aust Nat'l Univ, Canberra 0200 Australia
Klaus Neumann, Dept of Archaeology and Anthropology, ANU, Canberra 0200 Australia

Richard Sutton added: The Centre for South Pacific Studies is closed until January 1997. Since its inception in 1987 it has been run on a voluntary basis and had to generate its own funding. In their own words '...it is time for a break to recharge the batteries'.

MORESBY'S TOP AND BOTTOM

by Ian Boden



A 1928 picture of the Papua Hotel

The Papua Hotel sat at the top of the town, on the corner of Musgrave and Douglas streets, all cream timber and slatted wooden windows, somehow suggesting a beached ocean liner.

Perhaps that was not surprising, since Burns Philp owned the hotel, and the black and white checked funnels of their ships were the most familiar sight at the wharves.

Known to travellers as The Pap, Moresby's mainly Australian colonisers called the hotel 'the top pub'. There was more to this than the Papua's hill-top location, for lurking at the bottom of Musgrave St, on the corner now occupied by Pacific Place, stood the Hotel Moresby.

The Moresby was the rougher of the two hotels; buried below the ground floor was one of the most infamous bars in the South Pacific, known as 'the snake pit'. Various suggestions have been put forward about the origins of that name - suffice it to say that the label suited both the bar and its clients very well.

The Moresby, naturally, was known as 'the bottom pub' - yet for all its raffish reputation, it offered a big open-air verandah on the corner, and one of life's small pleasures was to sit there at lunch time with a drink, a home-made steak and kidney pie, and watch the world go by.

Later, the verandah was roofed, a godsend in the wet season.

The huge dining and ballroom at the Papua was grandly known as The Bulolo Room, named after one of the most famous of the Burns Philp ships, the buntyn and often disliked MV Bulolo.

In a heavy sea, this redoubtable maritime veteran would roll as few ships have ever rolled. Still, under the command of the fiery red-bearded Captain Brett Hilder, she brought hundreds of young enthusiastic recruits from Australia on their way to become kiaps; and there was something relaxing about going on leave on the Bulolo, with her tiny swimming pool and egalitarian dining room.

Captain Hilder was a gifted water-colourist, and was fascinated by the tattoos of the South Pacific, eventually putting together the definitive book on the subject.

The Bulolo Room was the pride and joy of a succession of Papua Hotel managers,

the last two of whom were notable - Dudley Duffy and his pretty daughter; and Allan Neumann assisted by the unforgettable Mrs Day.

In the Duffy era, the Bulolo Room remained high-ceilinged, pillared and liner-like, complete with a mechanically-operated hand-painted punkah. Truncated plaster pillars bore art-deco urns full of gladioli, flown in by the Skymaster or the DC6B from Australia, and Bob Rama thundered away during dinner at the baby Wurlitzer. A large frosted glass picture of the MV Bulolo held pride of place.

When Allan Neumann took over, the Papua had begun that slow slide into decrepitude that afflicts any uncared-for timber building in the tropics. Burns Philp were never noted for their open-handedness when it came to maintenance, and Allan once said that his hotel was held together 'with Quikstrip and fresh paint'. Behind the pomp, the kitchen was the scene of bloody battles between staff and cockroaches, and in more recent times, some of the largest rats seen in Port Moresby.

Despite this, the Papua played host to the Queen on two occasions. The Bulolo Room was the only space available that was big enough or posh enough for a Royal Ball; Her Majesty looked stunning as she stepped out of her Administrator's black Daimler - now in the modern history museum at Gordon - glittering in tiara and Norman Hartnell gown.

The royal yacht Britannia was moored at the main wharf, and the Queen hosted a return function on board for a selection - a very careful selection - of her loyal subjects. Allan Neumann's assistant, Mrs Day, was German, and possibly the most eagle-eyed dining room supervisor ever. A gracious and cultured hostess to her guests - and a most elegant and beautifully-dressed woman - Mrs Day was the nemesis of any waiter whose silver service table settings were a centimetre out of place. She missed nothing, but she was fair, and her staff, mainly from Hanuabada, thought the world of her and stayed for years.

Fronting Musgrave Street was the lounge bar, a colourful effusion of over-stuffed chintz bamboo furniture and more gladioli, the whole orchestrated by the clink of glasses. A time-honoured custom occurred each Saturday, when the bank and ABC radio staff, particularly the single women, would do their shopping in the morning, perhaps hunting for Stuart crystal at B P's as a wedding gift; or sizing up the diamonds in Winston's jewellery shop in Cuthbertson St.

Then it was off to the Pap for fresh sandwiches and a Pimms or a drop of Tanqueray at noon.

On one such occasion, an ABC staffer was told to go back to Wonga Hostel at 5-Mile and change, when ABC Manager Doug Channell noticed he was wearing thongs, and not the obligatory long white socks and shoes, or the barely acceptable alternative of leather sandals.

Colonial dress standards were seen to be critically important. The waiters in the lounge, on the other hand, wore stiff starched white ramis with navy blue embroidery that read 'The Papua', and were both bare-footed and bare-chested.

Weekend frivolities would be planned. Perhaps the races were on at June Valley racecourse - very close to the present indoor complex of the Sir John Guise stadium in Waigani Drive, then known as Racecourse Rd - or the boys at the Bank of New South Wales were throwing a booze-up at their mess.

Someone would be certain to be having a picnic at Idler's Bay, out along the Porebada road, and many a lazy day was spent at that pleasant beach.

Others would be planning an expedition to Woody's, otherwise known as the

Rouna Hotel, on the road to Sogeri; this was the domain of a sprightly old lady named Woody Troeth, who inexplicably served the best fish dinner in Papua, although the Rouna was miles from the sea.

The ceiling of the bar was festooned with caps purloined from wartime soldiers, sailors, and airmen. Those who drove up on Friday nights, and were somewhat the worse for wear by closing time, were told by Woody in no uncertain terms to stay the night in one of her rooms - at no charge - rather than risk the return car trip on the extremely narrow winding dirt road.

Other weekend entertainments included a new play at the theatre, which was a hundred yards up the hill, next to the present city library in Douglas St. The men would come in to the Pap at interval, and the success of the play could be determined by the number who failed to return for Act Two.

The ladies viewed the theatre as important, mainly because the 'South Pacific Post', subsequently the 'Post Courier', had a social column. In its later days, it was written by the wife of a popular Moresby doctor, Allan Hutchinson. Her first name was Heather, and her column was naturally called 'A Touch of Heather'.

Failing something special, there was always the Papuan Cinema, next door to the hotel. This palace of cinematic luxury was airconditioned, and the manager would stand inside, in his dinner suit, collecting your reserved tickets as you entered. A quick drink at interval was a must - the bar was right next door - while at matinees, the kids got their ice creams and milk shakes at the PMF milk bar, within the hotel complex, on the corner of Musgrave and Mary streets.

Or perhaps the Yacht Club was holding a function, or the Aviat - or you might choose to take your love of the evening to the Hibiscus Room, an excellent restaurant immediately behind the Papua Hotel, with an open air 'jungle room'.

Charismatic pubs like the Papua and the Moresby naturally attracted exceptional barmaids.

Frances, at the Papua, became a legend in her own lifetime, ruling the great long public bar with a firm hand and an apparently inexhaustible ability to listen to the woes of her frequently inebriated patrons.

Lexie Burns, who was to create one of Port Moresby's best-loved and most enduring restaurants, The Galley, worked as a drinks waitress at the Bottom Pub when she first arrived in the town in 1947.

Much later, in the late sixties, Carmen arrived at the Moresby. Carmen was stocky, red-haired and from outback Australia, and she was much liked by the first generation of legal PNG drinkers for her friendliness.

It is sad that both of these very individual hotels should have disappeared - the Moresby because it sat on a valuable block of land; and the Papua as the result of a fire. There was a chance, with the Papua, to preserve an interesting building with a long history - it had been the HQ of General Douglas Macarthur in the dying stages of the second world war - and perhaps have a tourist attraction that could have rivalled Aggie Grey's in Apia.

It makes the retention of the tiny remaining colonial legacy of buildings in Port Moresby all the more crucial - first and foremost, and of the greatest urgency, the old House of Assembly; Ela United Church; the Library Institute; the Burns Philp building currently housing Port Moresby Grammar; and small pockets of history such as Ceronation Park, next to St Mary's Cathedral.

The success of tourism in the capital depends on variety, not the bland duplication

of boring and inappropriate western urban architecture.

When the glittering towers of the new multi-million kina five-star hotel rise on the ashes of the Papua Hotel, it would be appropriate that at least one bar should be decorated in memory of those rip-roaring Territory days, and the people who patronised Port Moresby's most famous pub. (*The National Weekender*, Friday April 19, 1996)
(Our thanks to the PNG newspaper, 'The National', and to Ian Boden, for permission to reprint this article.)

A POSSIBLE TREASURE HUNT

by K. Humphreys

On 6 August 1914, the day after the war message arrived in Rabaul, the postmaster made some decisions on what to do with his cash and postage stamps in the event of an invasion. In July postmaster Carl Weller had received new stocks of stamps and postcards to the value of 40,000 Marks (£2,000 in 1914 sterling) off the NDL Reichpostdampfer *Prinz Sigismund* which later arrived Brisbane on 4 August and was seized.

After putting aside stamps and cards to keep the post office operational, and hiding some stock in the Neu Guinea Compagnie safe, Weller probably had to hide or burn approximately 35,000 Marks worth. So what he did was to place the stamps etc in the iron cash box returned to Rabaul from the closed post office at Stephansort. He sealed the box with wax to protect the contents from ants and moisture. Then he buried the box under the post office.

Now the thrill is that there is no record of the box being dug up. If it survived WW2 and the eruptions, something should still be there. The Reich Post made no attempt to claim the stamps from the Expropriation Board for the actual cost of printing the stamps and cards would have been around 20 Marks, not really worth worrying about. Weller's 1915 Report to the Reich Post after he was repatriated home made no mention of the box's fate.

The German post office was sited on the SW corner of Court Street and Mango Avenue. It faced Mango Avenue, so was opposite the Police Station on the SE corner. In 1920 Burns Philp purchased the leasehold for £3,025, and later occupants of the site are believed to be the Sacred Heart Mission, a solicitor and a finance company.

So, if a Rabaul resident or visitor possesses a metal detector, a dig may be of interest. The current value of the pfennig stamps is not high, but any sheets of Mark stamps would be greatly sought after. Weller may have buried banknotes and specie, and those are always in demand. As a last resort, if everything inside the box is dust, the German Postal Museum would pay a nice sum for a Stephansort cash box. And I would expect the usual tithe.

The possibility of earlier digs does not arise as the matter of the hidden box did not surface until 1995 when a collector accessed the Weller Report in the Potsdam Archives which were previously the property of East Germany.

NEWSLETTER RETURNED: The newsletter of Mrs T Cox of Robina Qld was returned to us marked 'Unknown at Address'. Does anyone know her new address?

NEWS FROM PNG: *Members have sent in some newspaper cuttings which may interest you. (Please remember to note name of newspaper and date of publication on cuttings.)*

Old Parliament House: This building was severely damaged by fire recently, the worst damage being in the area once occupied by then Chief Minister Michael Somare and his key staff. The national government had given the site to Central provincial government for an administrative headquarters, but there were calls to have the old building preserved as part of PNG's history. Squatters had been living in the building for many years.
Independent 2-8-96

Coconut Oil Mill at Madang: PNG's second coconut oil mill is to be established in Madang which at present is the country's largest copra port. *Independent 24-5-96*

Malaria vaccine being tested: The vaccine, a combination of three antigens from the blood stage of the *Falciparum* malaria parasite, is undergoing lengthy testing. The head of the PNG Institute of Medical Research said the vaccine was designed to prevent illness and death from malaria in young children growing up in malaria-endemic areas. He said it would also be useful for highlanders who have no immunity to malaria when they go to the coast. It is not designed to prevent infection, but to stop the ravages of the disease. The results should be known next year. *Post Courier 1-7-1996*

Official opening of Lae Mackerel Cannery: After five years of research and preliminary studies, the Lae Mackerel Cannery was officially opened by the Minister for Commerce and Industry Mr Nakikus Konga in June 1996. The cannery is located on 40 hectares of land adjacent to the Malahang Industrial Centre, 5km outside Lae. It was established and is operated by International Food Corporation which is a subsidiary of a Malaysian food industry group of companies known as FIMA. The current workforce numbers 12 expatriates, 358 females and 129 males. As more shifts are operated, the number of workers will increase. When in full operation the cannery will process and can from 30 to 45 tons of dressed fish per eight-hour shift. The mackerel used for processing is imported from areas which provide the required quantity, uniform size and desirable flesh characteristics to undergo the canning process. Everything from preparation of fish, manufacture of cans, packing the finished product, production of by-products such as fish meal and treatment of effluent is carried out on the site. *Post Courier 17-6-1996*

The media: One article dealt with the PNG Government's concern over the media. It stated that the Government had asked a sub-committee of the nation's Constitutional Review Committee to look at media accountability. The sub-committee will report to the commission-proper, which in turn will make a recommendation to the Government. In the meantime an independent Media Council, based on the Australian Press Council model, is being set up in PNG. *WeekEnd Australian 18-5-1996, and letter from PNG*

St John's Cathedral in need of repair: St John's Anglican Cathedral, Port Moresby, was built in 1915. The parish is hoping to raise K60,000 over the next 12-18 months for essential repairs. *Independent*

100th Anniversary of founding of the Catholic Church in New Guinea: On 13-8-86 the first six Divine Word missionaries arrived in Friedrich Wilhelmshafen (Madang). That same year a mission was established at Tumleo Island, West Sepik province.
Independent 9-8-96

WHEN THE JAPANESE BOMBED MADANG

By R E Emery - as recorded on tape on 1 May 1996

Bob Emery, a longtime member well into his eighties, wrote to us saying he was disappointed no-one had written an article in *Una Voce* about the bombing of Madang. When we suggested he should do it, he was rather dubious, so we suggested he do a tape. Many of us would wish we had Bob's recall!

By way of introduction, Bob enlisted in the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles when it was formed in 1939. (He was NG 2001 in the NGVR.) He was developing a plantation just out of Lae and in 1938 had started a dairy. In 1941, realising the war was heading his way, he answered a call for volunteers to go to Madang as the Drome Garrison. The garrison consisted of three Europeans and 10 local constables - their sole armament was a Lewis gun for ack-ack purposes. They travelled to Madang on the Burns Philp ship, the *Montoro*, and moved out on to the drome with their supplies and the Lewis gun. This is Bob's story, with minor editing.

'The first thing we had to do was build a store out of bush materials for our supplies - we had enough food to last about five years. It was quite a job looking after the supplies without refrigeration. We erected three tents for our own use, and dug a deep well close to the camp and got good drinking water. The Chief of Police in Madang, Tom Upson, provided us with a large supply of kalabus labourers and they seemed only too pleased to have a change of scenery.

Our next job was to put posts on both sides of the runway so that nothing could land other than on the runway, and then put movable obstructions on the runway itself. These would be moved by us when an approaching plane identified itself to our satisfaction. That was all done with the help of the kalabus labour.

We also had to go to Alexishafen where the Roman Catholic Mission had their own drome. We put their drome out of commission altogether by digging holes all up and down the runway and putting tree trunks in the holes for posts. All this work was done with shovels and picks and crowbars, and the timber was cut with axes - we had no modern labour-saving devices like bulldozers or chainsaws.

All these jobs took a lot of time, but we had nothing else to do. Our written instructions - I was the NCO in charge there - said we would receive prior notice when one of our New Guinea planes was coming, and when it came it would come in on a certain bearing at about 3,000 feet, fly straight over the drome so that we could identify it, then if we were satisfied we were to remove all the obstacles and let the plane land. If we weren't satisfied we were instructed to use our Lewis gun. This was all very exciting, but anyway things were very quiet there for August, September, October, November. Once a month we went up to Alexishafen to check that the drome up there was out of commission. The Mission pilot, Johnson was his name, had now moved to Madang and was flying for the Mission from Madang under our supervision. Around late December or early January a plane came over very high, it was just visible with a pair of binoculars. It spent quite a long time just going round in a big circle up above Madang, droning away, but we'd had no notice of this plane so straight away I sent a radio to headquarters telling them of an unidentified aircraft and its location. The District Officer at Madang then was Ward Oakley, his No. 2 was Mark Pitt and the Police Master was Tom Upson.

We had always kept our Lewis gun mounted down in a gun pit which we had dug as per instructions right alongside the edge of the drome. This pit was about seven feet deep and about seven feet in diameter, with a step around the bottom edge so that you

could get up on the step and look over the top. In the middle of the gun pit was a post and the Lewis gun was mounted on top of the post in such a way that you could shoot up in the air. We made a regular practice, first thing in the morning, of taking the Lewis gun down there and mounting it ready for action.

Well one day in January - I can't think of the date now but it could be verified because it happened all over New Guinea on the same day - we hear these aircraft coming and there were so many and you could just hear this drone and the air was sort of vibrating with the drone of the aircraft, there was obviously more than one. I was down in the gun pit, and the only other member of the Garrison was my cook boy and he got down there with me. I had a pair of field glasses and we were trying to work out what these aeroplanes were.

After a while - it was a very clear sunny day - I could see them, very high up, they were so high there was no chance of identifying them, you could see they were silvery looking planes and according to the information we had, the Japanese didn't have any aeroplanes like that so we just reckoned they must be Americans or something, they couldn't be Japs anyway. While I am looking there were three, then there were three more, then there were three more, there were nine altogether. While I was watching them right up there, all of a sudden I noticed that around them were small objects which were circulating around like a flock of mosquitoes and then all of a sudden I heard the whistle of what was the first bomb and that showed us whose aeroplanes they were. Anyway the first bomb lobbed right alongside our gun pit. The gun pit shook, and great clods fell down and bits of rock and lumps of trees flew through the air, but that was only the first of a stick of bombs which dropped and gradually went further away as they went on. After they had gone past I stuck my head out of the hole and I could put my hand in the edge of the crater, and the crater was nearly big enough to put a house in, that's where the first bomb lobbed.

Well, this was rather nerve-shattering for me because I wasn't used to it and anyway I was on my own because the rest of the Garrison, the Europeans, were over in Madang doing some shopping or something; and the cook boy, he looked at me and I looked at him and I said, 'You better shove off quick, mate, quick,' and I didn't have to repeat that, and then I thought, well, it's no good me shooting at these things with this Lewis gun, because they were too far away, I reckon they were up about 30,000 feet, so I decided to get out of that gun pit because I could see that I was right in the bull's-eye, and head for home ... I headed for the scrub and I remembered I better go back and bring that Lewis gun with me, so I went back and got the Lewis gun off the mounting and a few panniers of ammunition and hung them round my neck and I headed for the scrub again, but this time bombs started to land again; all that had happened was the planes had gone up and done a u-turn and come back again, and the bombs they were dropping now were grass-cutters and I spent that part of the raid just lying on the ground with the head down while they dropped that lot, and I finished up off the drome a bit later on under a big rock where I reckoned I might be reasonably safe for a while.

I could look across towards the Madang township itself and there's great clouds of black smoke going up there. I knew that there was a brand new big cargo shed on the wharf at Madang - it was built out of white corrugated asbestos which would make a very visible target. I also knew that there were two big stores full of copra which hadn't been shipped away because the shipping hadn't been running like it used to, so I came to the conclusion that it must be copra burning.

About this stage of the game the aeroplanes that had been dropping the bombs had left, there was dead quiet. Well, they made a terrible mess of our camp and there were great bomb craters all the way along the aerodrome. A couple of hundred yards from our

camp on the drome there was a big galvanised iron hangar where you could store a couple of aeroplanes and I knew that Johnson, the Mission pilot, had a small utility in that shed. The shed was still standing but there was a great bomb crater right alongside it and all the dirt and stuff out of the bomb crater had lobbed on the roof of the hangar. It must have looked as if they had hit the hangar but actually they hadn't.

Well, I am scratching myself and looking around to see what we had left. The only thing I could think of now was, if that's the Japanese airforce, well the army would be here very soon because there was nothing to stop them from sailing straight in and tying up to the Madang wharf - only us with the Lewis gun, but I couldn't see that we would stop much; so I thought the most important thing we could do was to get as much food out into the bush as we could because we would have to retreat into the bush and we had nothing there, so I walked down to the hangar to see what the utility there was like - it was a Ford Anglia, a very old job but it used to go alright, you had to crank it to start it - and sure enough it was in there and it wasn't touched. So I cranked it up. Now the owner had left that morning to take cargo into Mt. Hagen or somewhere right up in the mountains so I borrowed his utility and took it down to our camp and put my camping gear in straight away, and loaded it up with a couple of bags of rice and a couple of cases of meat and soup and flour and sugar and coffee, as much as I could load - we had plenty of it there and all that had happened was that one side of the shed had got blown off but the stores were still there. There were two ways to get to Madang, you could go across by boat from the end of the drome straight across to Madang which was only about 10 minutes' rowing, or you had to go round a road 6-8 miles through two or three plantations to get there, so I started driving along the road.

The first place you came to was Wagol plantation. Well, when I got to Wagol plantation I couldn't see much sign of life and I pulled up there and a local was there and I said, 'Where's the boss?' - the boss was Bill Cahill. And he said, 'Istap', so I walked across to the house and I could hear a dickens of a lot of noise in the house, voices, and there's the population of Madang all sitting down inside the house. They got out before I got there. I was met at the door by Bill Cahill - he had a bottle of Scotch in one hand and an empty glass in the other which he half filled and gave to me. He said, 'Here, get this into you'. Well, I drank this half a glass of neat whisky and I tell you what, it did me good. I wasn't a whisky drinker but it restored my nerves a bit. I said to Bill, 'Is it alright if I store some stuff here, I want to go back and get more.' He said, 'Yeah, yeah, you put it in the shed over there, it'll be alright', and I looked into the room where all the talking was going on and there's the rest of the Garrison, my Garrison, so I grabbed my two blokes and left the mob there talking. We went back and spent the rest of the day carting food out to Wagol plantation and getting it away from the drome.

We all met that night and decided we were going to sleep in the plantation - it was about two or three miles from the drome. When it got dark that night we went across to the town because I had been too busy to get there up until now, and there I met Gordon Russell who was the manager of Burns Philp. Gordon had received a big official-looking document about three days prior to this bombing - it came from Headquarters, and he had been made the Commanding Officer in charge of the whole Madang Garrison and I was his No. 2. I don't think there would have been any more than about 10 or 12 Europeans in the town, all the women and children had been evacuated prior to this, a few weeks before. All the Europeans were in the hotel which had a few bullet holes through the roof but nothing much else, quenching their thirst, and the illumination was a couple of hurricane lamps, but I was a bit more interested in what was going on down town so I walked down to the wharf.

The copra stores were burning and they burned for about a fortnight, the flames

made a roar as they poured up, and if you were anywhere near the fire you couldn't hear any engines, you couldn't hear aircraft, all you could hear was the fire. Anyway I walked down to the wharf and the brand new customs shed had been very badly wrecked, but up at one end of the customs shed there was a small enclosed room that had a hole blown through the side of it. I stuck my head through the hole in the wall and that must have been the place where they put the cargo before it was cleared from customs, and there was a stock of caddies of trade tobacco which had never been touched. Well, I know enough to know this, that if we had to go into the bush, you couldn't get anything more valuable than this trade tobacco if we wanted to get on with the locals. I went promptly and found Gordon Russell and showed it to him and we put that trade tobacco under lock and key. While we had that, we were able to pay locals who worked for us very well and we made a practice of doing that. Where they used to carry a 50lb load for four hours and get a stick of tobacco, we gave them two sticks you see - after a week or two they were coming for miles to get in on this bonanza.

Well, that was a very good thing, getting that tobacco, but we still didn't know when the Japanese invasion was going to come in, and it didn't seem to worry anyone very much, only me, or if it was worrying them I couldn't see much sign of it. Anyway they all camped that night out of the town, Modilon plantation I think it was, and we went back out to Wagol plantation where we had all our stores, and the next day Tom Upson turned up with all the kalabus labour and handed them all over to me, and a couple of police boys, and said, 'Here you are, you can give these blokes something to do.'

So straight away we started shifting food inland, a day's carry. Well the first day was to Amele where we stored it and we sent about 50 boy-loads of stuff there and back. Amele was a Mission station with a hospital, a Lutheran Mission I think it was. They were very cooperative, but we had to cross the Gogol there at Amele and from then on every day's carry we would build a camp and put a couple of Europeans at each camp and their job was to pay the locals when they arrived in the afternoon with a load of cargo, give them their two sticks of tobacco and off they went, and the next day another mob would arrive and shift it up to the next place, and we kept this up for a month or two shifting this cargo, but all the time we were doing it we are expecting the Japs to sail into town and tie up, but they didn't for some reason or other. I shifted about half the groceries and one thing and another from Burns Philp and W R Carpenter's inland. These stores had been damaged quite a lot - the walls had been blown off in places and the rooves had been machine gunned. A lot of the stores finished up in the Upper Ramu near Kainantu. Well, I thought that was a pretty good job doing that. We heard later a high ranking ANGAU official reckoned there was a lot of looting done in Madang - well, he wasn't there, and if shifting that cargo out inland where the Japs couldn't get it, if that was looting, well we were looting - I don't think we were...

We didn't get any more bombings for a while, we just kept on shifting all this stuff day and night. We kept out of the town during the daytime because we reckoned if they come over again they'll come over in the daytime. And those copra stores kept on burning, there was nothing we could do about that. The main big wireless station, AWA, had been wrecked, and the main AWA operator wasn't in the best of health. He was evacuated with two or three other elderly men inland to Kainantu and they were flown out to Australia. In our Garrison we had two other Europeans, one was Dick Vernon and the other was Peter Monfries. Peter Monfries was a wireless hand in peacetime and he had his own little station, and he fixed up the wireless transmitting apparatus that was floating around Madang from AWA. In a few days he was in radio contact with Bulolo and Wau and everywhere else, and from then on we started getting orders by wireless from Port Moresby. Prior to this, Port Moresby didn't even know we were still there, they

didn't have a clue. I think we made a mistake getting in touch with them myself.

We were in Madang for a few weeks after the first big bombing raid and we were expecting the Japanese to sail into the harbour any time and so we had been working all this time getting stores out of the town, inland. Now we had a very good carrier line organised, everything had to be carried on men's backs, there were no trucks, although we used a truck from Madang around to Wagol plantation and from there on the stuff was carried. So what shifted all this cargo was a few caddies of trade tobacco, which I thought was pretty good. By now the copra stores had stopped burning, all the copra had been burnt.

We were getting the news from Australia on an old-time Philips receiver we had there which worked off a car battery. That is the only way we could find out what was going on in the rest of New Guinea. One day we got a message from Moresby saying, 'Commandeer small ships, fuel for a long journey, await further instructions'. Well, we commandeered the *Total* and Andy Kirkwall-Smith took over there with Mr Radke who was the skipper and I got on to another boat, a smaller boat, the *Win Non*, which was owned by a Chinese storekeeper from up the Sepik, Chu Leong. We fuelled them up and hid them and awaited further instructions.

A week or two later we get instructions: 'Proceed Lutherhafen, contact Harris, travel at night, hide during day.' Well they didn't have to tell us that - that was the only way we were going to travel anyway. So Kirkwall-Smith went off in the *Total*, and Chu Leong and myself and another bloke whose name I can't remember went off in the *Win Non*. It was only a small boat, it could carry about 15 ton of cargo and we had it filled up with rice and cases of meat and stuff like that, and we travelled at night down the coast from Madang and hid during the day. The second night we pulled in very close to Sialum and looking out to sea you could see the top of what looked like an island over towards New Britain and we took a bearing on that - by now we had found out that Lutherhafen was a small anchorage on the end of Umboi Island. We sailed across there at night and that was a pretty nerve-racking trip because it got very rough. Anyway we got there. The Japanese had got complete control of all this area, air and sea and land - well, they didn't have all the land under their control, yet - so we had to be pretty careful.

We arrived at Lutherhafen about 10 o'clock in the morning and there was the *Total* and on it now was Blue Harris who used to be the kiap in Lae, who I knew quite well. He took me off the *Win Non*, and we shifted all of our cargo on to the *Total*. Blue Harris sent the *Win Non* back to where it had come from and kept me with Kirkwall-Smith and himself and another chap, Ron Chugg, who was a wireless operator, on the *Total*. That night we steamed up the North Coast of New Britain and just at daylight we pulled in to Iboki plantation where there was quite a good anchorage. The river came out there and there was a wharf that you could pull right up alongside - we took the boat in and hid it up under the mangroves which grew right down to the water's edge.

We were getting closer and closer all the time to the Japanese, we were well aware of that, and when we went ashore we found there were about three or four hundred men, refugees, who had got this far from Rabaul. The man in charge was J K McCarthy. These refugees were army blokes, a lot of them, the CO of the army was there, and there were a few civilians and a few NGVR. A lot of these army fellows were in very poor physical condition and some of them hardly had any clothes. They had left in such a hurry and they had come through some terrible country from Rabaul - there is no road coming down this way to where we were - but they had been helped along the road by McCarthy's outfit and small boats. They seemed to have plenty of food because there were cattle on the plantation which they were butchering, and rice.

We hung around there for three or four days waiting for further instructions. We

had to get our instructions from Harris of course, and Harris told us he couldn't get any instructions from McCarthy. McCarthy was in touch with Australia and was trying to organise air transport, well it was pretty obvious he wasn't going to get that, or air cover, and I didn't think he was going to get that either because we didn't have enough aeroplanes, we didn't have any that could compete with the Japanese, not up where we were. After a few days they had found out that there was a Burns Philp's small ship over at Witu Island about 60 mile offshore. It was in good going order, and had been heading for Rabaul when the Japs took Rabaul so they just pulled in and tied up at the wharf waiting to see what was going to happen. The Japs knew they were there and they told them to stop there and wait for further instructions. McCarthy and Co sent a boarding party over there and took over this boat with the captain and crew. They found the boat was in good enough order to go down to Australia with all these refugees, so we shifted the whole lot from Iboki plantation to Witu one night on the *Totol*, and another boat, the *Bavaria*, which had come from Finschhafen. They camped there for a couple of days while they filled up the boat with rations, and they decided to head for Australia. Well, I didn't think they had much chance of getting down there because they had to go through the stretch of water from Buna to Samarai where they would be exposed during the daytime.

Anyway, we were told that we could go back to Madang. Now while we were over there, to start off they were thinking about shifting some of these refugees down to Lae, but the Japs landed in Lae while we were there and they also landed in Finschhafen and Buna, so that was out. We got this news over the air from Australia - they didn't mention Madang and we decided we'd go back where we came from, we knew there was plenty of food there anyway. So Kirkwall-Smith, Radke, Ron Chugg and myself went back, travelling at night, to Madang, and we sneaked in there very cautiously and there were no Japs there! The other boat headed for Australia and they got there - I've seen men that were on the boat since, and they reckoned they steamed all night and in the morning they expected to be very much exposed to the enemy but it was a very cloudy morning and drizzly rain most of the day, and they just kept on going and that's how they got past. Well you never know your luck, do you.

When we got back to Madang - we had been away for a couple of weeks - there was no-one in Madang at all. When we left to go, the NGVR was there under Gordon Russell. We were a bit short of some rations and we fossicked around in the town and got a few things, we had plenty of rice and meat and stuff like that, but we were getting a bit short of tea and sugar and coffee and tinned milk, you know, the luxuries, and we moved out to Siar plantation, not Wagol where they used to be, but Siar.

The first thing we did at Siar was get the kerosene refrigerator in the house there working, then we butchered a nice young steer - there were plenty of cattle on the plantation - and sent a message down to Siar village saying we could let them have some nice fresh meat if they wanted it, in return for fresh vegetables and fruit. We cut up a few nice steaks for the three of us and put them in the fridge, and eventually the Siar people brought us up a great heap of bananas, pineapples, kau kau, taro, oh every fresh vegetable you could think of, and also some shellfish. They were very happy to get the fresh meat, so that was quite a good thing.

We decided we'd have a couple of days spell before we did anything else. The next day, it might have been two days, a runner turned up from Bogadjim. The NGVR had moved there from Wagol plantation, and Gordon Russell was on his way up to see me and tell us what was going on. Well, when they arrived they were very pleased to see us and we told them about our adventures. While we were at Iboki, an army bloke who was one of a party who had surrendered to the Japanese at Tol plantation, had escaped

and the rest of them were tied up and massacred and used for bayonet practice. And it didn't sound very nice - this bloke who had escaped, he was wounded in the wrist. Several accounts of this Tol massacre have been written up by various people, so I won't attempt to describe that, but it made you very determined not to surrender, or it did me anyway. So I told them all about that, and a few other odds and ends, and Gordon said that what he was doing down there was checking up on the road inland from Bogadjim - there's quite a reasonable foot road inland from there. In the meantime the supplies from Madang were still moving along the old road but they weren't moving very fast and he wanted me to try and shake them up a bit. So I packed up and left the next morning with a couple of locals.

The cargo wasn't moving as fast as it should be, mainly because the Europeans who were supposed to be supervising were getting a bit bored with their job or something. But they didn't get much news of what was going on, and I was able to tell them a few things including the Tol massacre - that spurred them on a bit and things started moving a bit better. When I got three days inland I came to where Monfries was - he was a bit the same way but I managed to cheer him up a bit too. He used to get messages every day and he would send a police boy back down to Gordon Russell with anything of importance. On the second day I was there Monfries said, 'Here's one for you'. It said, 'Sergeant Emery report immediately NGVR Nadzab'.

Well, as far as we knew, the Japs were in Lae, and Nadzab was about 18 or 20 miles from Lae, and they could drive a truck up as far as Heath Farm which was about a third of the distance, so I felt a bit wary about this order. But anyway I wanted to see what was going on, because that was where my farm was, down near Lae, so I packed up plenty of supplies. It took about 30 carriers to carry my supplies because I was going to take my time and I expected to have to feed myself when I got there. And off I went. I left the direct track to Nadzab at the head of the Ramu and went up to Kainantu to see Ron Brechin and while there I ran into Ned Rowlands, a miner who had been mining in that area for a long time. He was a bit old and he decided that he was going to come down with me to Nadzab and join the army. Well he didn't have to, but that's what he wanted to do. So we walked on down that way - it took us a few days.

I got there round about April, May. The Fifth Independent Company was brought in at around that time and I spent up until October 1942 working with the 5th Independent Company when I got wounded by a little dust-up with the Japs and was evacuated, wounded. Now I think that just about tells you what happened in Madang.

Now the big thing that doesn't come through on the tape is how lonely we felt. If you look at the map, Madang is right out on the far edge, one of the closest places to the Japanese Empire and here we were rescuing groceries and stores and one thing and another right under their noses, and taking them inland and getting away with it. It was only a bit of organisation and we shifted a dickens of a lot of stores right inland, right to the head of the Ramu River. Those stores came in very handy for other people later on. Now, if we hadn't done that, well, the Japs would have got the lot. Like I've said once or twice already, all they had to do was steam in and tie up at the wharf and help themselves, and I can never understand why they didn't. Anyway, this warfare business seems to be a very funny business, you never know what's going to happen next.'

Bob said he would be very happy to answer questions if there was anything anyone wanted to know.

OBITUARIES

RAPHAEL OIMBARI
WWII's famous 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel'

Raphael Oimbari died peacefully at his home on July 8 1996 aged 76. He became famous as the young Papuan man photographed guiding a wounded Australian soldier along the track between Buna and Dobuduru in December 1942. The soldier was Private George Charles Whittington of the 2/10th Infantry Battalion; the photographer was George Silk. The identity of the Papuan remained unknown for 31 years, until Private Whittington's widow made enquiries through the *Post Courier*. The two met in 1973. From that time on, Mr Oimbari was the subject of media interest and became famous worldwide as a representative of the WWII 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels' who carried in supplies and returned loaded down with wounded. Mr Oimbari explained, through an interpreter, that he acted 'because of his heart', and not because of orders and that he took shelter with the soldiers as Japanese shells and bombs burst around them, sharing a biscuit and water with the dying diggers. In 1985 the PNG Government awarded him the Papua New Guinea 10th Independence Anniversary medal and in 1993 he was awarded an OBE. He visited Australia on three occasions, the first as a guest of the Returned Services League of Australia, the second as a guest of Rotary International and the RSL, and the third to attend the 50th anniversary celebrations of the cessation of WWII in Townsville in 1995. The *Post Courier* wrote, 'Oimbari was a true angel. He and his team of virtually unknown friends laid their lives on the line for the peace we enjoy today. They did so humbly and without reward. We will remember Raphael Oimbari for many years to come'.

Information and extracts from the Post Courier 12-7-96, and The Independent 19-7-96

KIPLING UIARI
Corporate general manager BHP Papua New Guinea

Kipling Uiari died of a heart attack while playing golf with friends on 3 August 1996 aged 53. Mr Uiari, from Oro Province, was educated at All Souls, Charters Towers Qld and received a BA degree from University of Queensland. He entered the PNG public service as a psychologist in 1969. He was Secretary for Labour, Industry and Tourism from 1974 to 1980. He was an outstanding public servant and went on to become the first Papua New Guinean to be appointed a mining company executive - for Ok Tedi Mining Ltd (OTML). He then became general manager PNG for BHP. Mr Uiari was the founding president of the Business Council of PNG - the week before he died he chaired a conference organised by the council on the subject of business ethics, a subject of great importance to him. He was formerly mayor of Port Moresby. His work with OTML and BHP has covered the fields of human resources, public affairs and township administration, and included dealing with government, labour unions, community groups and international interest groups, among others. The Speaker of the National Parliament Sir Rabbie Namaliu said, 'As senior public servant, Lord Mayor of Port Moresby, senior mining industry executive and community leader, Kipling Uiari displayed great energy and integrity, as well as a passion about Papua New Guinea's development as a nation.' He was awarded the OBE in 1990 for services in the mining industry.

Mr Uiari is survived by his wife Janet, two daughters and one son.

Information and extracts from The Independent 9-8-96, Financial Review 5-8-96 and Reuters News Service.

BOOK NEWS

THE WEWAK MISSION, Coastwatchers at War in New Guinea, by Lionel Veale MID

The Wewak Mission is the story of one of many intelligence missions carried out by coastwatchers operating behind enemy lines in the Pacific during WW2 - a mission which took on a seemingly impossible task, penetrating far behind Japanese lines to obtain vital information for the Allied Intelligence Bureau. Four men accomplished this assignment, but not before sustaining native attacks as the patrol made its way to Wewak, their final objective. This story also relates to incidents that had a direct bearing on their mission: the massacre on the Sepik River, slaughter of missionaries, and the eventual execution by the Japanese of those who assisted the patrol members. It tells of the patrol's betrayal, and their ultimate escape which was only made possible with the help of a German priest who paid with his life after he was captured, then decapitated by the Japanese. The book of 320 pages includes maps and photos.

Available from *Pacific Book House*, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters Qld 4218, Ph. 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114 - \$35 hard cover, \$22.95 paperback, plus pack & post.

The PLANTATION DREAM: Developing British New Guinea and Papua 1884-1942 by D C Lewis

The Plantation Dream is the first detailed analysis of land settlement by Europeans and the early vicissitudes of plantation agriculture in British New Guinea and Papua up to the outbreak of war in the Pacific in 1942. It also becomes a history of 'planter Papua', the now vanished world of a few hundred white settlers who made their home in 'the first grandchild of Empire' - as British New Guinea became when it passed to the new Commonwealth as Australia's first overseas territory. The narrative is comprehensive, covering the origins, lives, political organisation and contribution to the Papuan economy of the planters, drawing on a remarkable range of private papers, reminiscences and archival material. The book of 347 pages is illustrated with maps and 24 contemporary photographs; there are tables giving the planters and their plantations in 1940; and there is a comprehensive index.

Published by and available from *The Journal of Pacific History*, C/- Division of Pacific and Asian History, RSPAS, Australian National University, Canberra ACT 0200. Fax 06 249 5525 (xvi +347pp, illus., maps, notes, bibliog., index) \$A35 + \$5 p&p.

Also available from *Pacific Book House* (see previous item for address)

VOICES FROM A LOST WORLD, Australian Women and Children in Papua New Guinea before the Japanese Invasion, by Jan Roberts. Foreword by Margaret Whitlam, Preface by Hank Nelson

Voices from a Lost World documents a neglected part of Australian Colonial History - that of the lives and achievements of women and children who lived in Papua New Guinea before the Japanese invasion in WWII. The book is based on the personal accounts of some of the surviving 'befores' including nurses, goldminers, missionaries, planters, company and government wives, writers, adventurers, nuns and business women. It is illustrated with remarkable photographs from personal collections. It contains sections on the wartime strategy of evacuation and implications for the Pacific. Available from *Dymocks* and *Angus & Robertson* (Millenium Books, paperback, b & w illus., 288pp) \$24.95.

BOOK NEWS Continued

STEPHENSON CALLED PETER, A Life, by Peter Fox, edited by James Sinclair
(*We hope to review this book in the December issue.*)

Peter Fox, christened Stephenson, has throughout his life been called Peter. In *Stephenson Called Peter*, Fox records the memorable events of his long life, recalling interesting anecdotes from his life in England, Australia and PNG. Peter was born in England and came to Western Australia in 1920. He started work with the National Bank in Perth and in 1936 was transferred to London. Here he pursued his love of singing, performing as soloist with a number of leading choirs. In London he first came in contact with the Federal Union movement which influenced his thoughts for the rest of his life. He began to develop his theory that full employment, with an effective United Nations, remains the key to that successful peace that the world hoped to see following WWII. He writes on the need for control of armed forces, armaments and the manufacture of armaments without a licence from an international authority. Fox joined the AIF in London and served for six years as a member of the Pay Corps. He tells of his visits to Tobruk, then under siege by Field Marshal Rommel. In 1949 Fox accepted a position with the Treasury Department in Port Moresby. He resigned in 1951 and went into partnership with accountant 'Jimmy' James. In 1962 he opened a practice in Goroka where he remained until his retirement in 1982. Fox tells of his family, their achievements, and his life back in Australia in the tiny town of Binda NSW.

Available from *Crawford House Press*, PO Box 1484, Bathurst NSW 2795, Ph. 063 32 2677, Fax 063 32 2654, and *Pacific Book House* - see first item for address, (softcover, xii +204pp, b & w illus.) \$24.95 plus p&p \$4 Aust & Oceania, \$5 other countries.

The following items are taken from Pacific Book House Catalogue 33, just printed. ROAPNG members are entitled to a 10% discount on all books purchased from Pacific Book House (plus postage). Please mention your membership when ordering.*

THE MARTYRS OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA, Theo Aerts, Editor. 333 Missionary Lives Lost During World War II. University of PNG, Port Moresby 1994. pp 276, bibliog., index; 74 b/w photos, 11 illustrations; new. Includes stories of Anglican, Catholic, Evangelical Church of Manus, Lutheran, Salvation Army, Seventh-day Adventists, United Church. An apology from Japan from the Bishop of Nagoya who served near Rabaul. \$35

EXPLORATIONS INTO HIGHLAND NEW GUINEA 1930-1935 by Michael J Leahy. Edited by Douglas E Jones. Crawford House, Bathurst 1994. pp xiii, 253, index, 57 b/w photos, map, hardcover. Of historical as well as ethnographic interest, useful to scholars as well as of broader public interest. \$45

PLUMES FROM PARADISE by Pamela Swadling. Trade Cycles in Outer Southeast Asia and Their Impact on New Guinea and Nearby Islands until 1920. PNG National Museum in associon with Robert Brown & Associates, Coorparoo, Brisbane. 1996. pp 352, bibliog, index; 65 figures, 40 plates; hardcover, new. The plumes provide the connecting thread as the complex economic and political processes of the past 400 years are described which brought outsiders more widely and intensively into the orbit of the people inhabiting the New Guinea coasts and hinterlands, a well documented history supported by historical photos printed on heavy art paper. \$40

LOVE WAR & LETTERS by Alan E Hooper. PNG 1940-45, Robert Brown, Brisbane, 1995. First Edition, pp 324, index, bibliog; 8 vivid colour pages, 56 b/w photos and 11 campaign maps; hardcover, large format, new. Sgd by author. Focuses upon a cross-section of Territorians and Papua New Guinean sub-units co-operating with Allied forces and village communities from Port Moresby to Madang. With reference to ex 15th, 49th, Papuan Infantry, and Fuzzy Wuzzy Units. \$45

*Contact: Pacific Book House, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters Qld 4218.,
Tel: 07 5539 0446, Fax: 07 5538 4114

WILLIAM ARTOIS SMITH, 1908-1992, A BIOGRAPHY by Wandering Wally

This is almost the last of a series of biographies of the lives of old timers of PNG researched and written by Wally Doe of Dalmeny NSW. Wally began writing these biographies about ten years ago with Doug Parrish's encouragement. Now, at almost 89, Wally has finished his autobiography and has been interviewed by radio and newspaper journalists. His autobiography and a novel are to be published shortly.

Born in Toowoomba Qld, Bill and his two sisters and one brother spent their younger years growing up with the Aborigines as well as a few other white children in what was described as an idyllic life on Stradbroke Island Qld.

His father, a marine engineer, was in charge of the machinery connected with an aged persons infirmary on the island, as well as any marine engines needing attention.

At the age of 14 he had to make the decision as to what he was going to do, and with his love of the sea and boats he expressed the desire to become a builder of boats. In those lovely days before the motor car all a young lad wanted was a boat.

And so it was that at the tender age of 14 years he was apprenticed to J H Whereat at Bulimba, and served his time as a boat builder.

Then the depression hit when Bill was 21 and he lost his job. But his father at the time was very busy installing pumping stations for the Water Board at Gympie and Mareeba and Bill assisted his father until that job was finished and once again he was on the labour market.

In 1929 he heard of a position for a boat builder at Samarai, and he made his first move to PNG, doing boat repair work at Samarai and Port Moresby.

In 1931 he applied for a position as a boat builder with the Bulolo Company in the Bulolo Valley, and was accepted, but he would have to find his own way over.

He heard of a pilot, Lionel Shoppee, found him and got a ride over the mountains to Bulolo, complete in a borrowed leather coat and helmet.

In fairness to the reader not familiar with the planes of that period, they were often described as being built of rag and wood. Two seaters, one for the pilot, one for the passenger, both in the open, with a limited ceiling preventing them flying very high, compelling the pilot to thread his way through the mountains and valleys, constantly praying that the clouds would stay away until he had completed his journey. Flying then was always a thrill, and never for the faint hearted.

Bill's years from then on were to be exciting for him as they were for everyone who joined the people mining gold. He developed his skills and acquired new skills as like every one else he had to make and improvise whatever was required as the markets

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TWO ASOPA (AUST. SCHOOL OF PACIFIC ADMINISTRATION) REUNIONS

REUNION OF ex-ASOPA-ites

A group of ex-ASOPA-ites from Canberra decided as it was 30 years or more since they had been students at ASOPA, it was time for a reunion. So on Saturday, 30 September 1995 and Sunday, 1 October 1995 (Labor Day Long Weekend in the ACT and NSW) an ASOPA Reunion was held in Sydney.

On the Saturday night 132 people sat down to a sumptuous four-course dinner in the Common Room at ASOPA (now called the AusAID Centre for Pacific Development and Training). The room had been transposed - tablecloths, serviettes, matching cutlery and crockery - a little different from the Common Room of my day!!

WA was the only State not represented at the dinner. Students (NT and PNG) from 1958 to 1970 and staff members from 1951 to 1983 were represented at the dinner. The staff present were Geoff Browne, Noel Gash, Freddie Kaad, Dick Pearse, John Reynolds and June Whittaker.

During the course of the evening John Reynolds (1951 to 1978) and Noel Gash (1966 to ?) spoke about their experiences at ASOPA and what a great place it had been. Noel Gash proposed a toast to ASOPA.

The evening finished at 12.00 midnight. People talked and reminisced all night, some returning to their motel rooms to continue their reminiscing.

On Sunday, a group of 45 people met for brunch at the Middle Harbour Yacht Club, with the reminiscing and catching up on the last quarter of a century continuing.

If you did not attend the reunion, but would like to be notified when the next one is going to occur then we need to have your name and address on our data base. Please write to: Jan Raff (Garrard), 19 Humble Court, KAMBAH ACT 2902.

Note: Ex ASOPANS will all be sorry they missed the dinner and celebrations - good food, flowing beverages, thousands of 'do you remembers?', lots of laughter, a few tears and a group of very happy people - even if the 'schoolies' outnumbered the kiaps!! Put your name and address down for the next one - don't miss it. - Freddie Kaad.

REUNION OF MEMBERS OF NO. 1 LONG COURSE

On 27 April 1996, the day before the AGM of ROAPNG, a low key reunion was held at the rooftop barbecue area of the Mosman RSL Club for the surviving members of No. 1 Long Course, which commenced at ASOPA in September 1947, almost 49 years ago.

Of the 15 who commenced the course, four - Clive Bowman, Jim Humphries, Basil Hayes and John Gibson - have passed to the great beyond.

Those who attended the reunion were Keith Dyer (Brisbane), Don and Marion Grove (Melbourne), Ken and Joan Jones (Brisbane), Don and Pat Prowse (Bowral), Harry Plant (Canberra), David Marsh, Harry West and guest Pat Hopper.

Apologies were received from Jim Landman (Melbourne), Kingsley Jackson (Jimboomba Qld), Fred Reitano (Brisbane), Eric Flower (Gold Coast) and Joanne Hayes (Gold Coast).

Of the ASOPA staff at the time, Hal Wootten, Tom Deamer, Pat (Morris) Jones, Diana (Stockley) Duncan and Marjorie (Bailey) Carlton attended. Apologies came from Wilfred Arthur, John Reynolds, Vic Parkinson, Helen (Shields) Fenbury and Dorothy (Munro) Shineberg.

Several convivial hours were spent together in bright autumn sunshine, catching

up on events and experiences stretching over almost half a century. Perhaps the most interesting, if exacting, lifestyle is that of Diana Duncan, who loves to live in Edinburgh, but spends much of her time travelling to keep in touch with her four children living in Sumatra, Zimbabwe, USA and Australia.

A 'FLYING SAFARI'

by John Colman

I am a member of a small group of aviators in Mount Hagen known as the Mount Hagen Flying Group (Bobby Gibbes will recall that with Dennis Buchanan in 1984 he opened our hangar and club rooms) and with a Cessna 182 (P2-HFC) we manage to trip around the countryside without bumping into too many hills!

Every year the Southport Flying Club, based on the Gold Coast Queensland, partake in a 'Flying Safari' for approximately two weeks duration. I am also a member of this group and over the past five years I have criss-crossed Australia and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. This year they decided to again visit PNG and because I am the man on the spot they asked me to plan the PNG sector. Previously some of their pilots had visited the Solomon Islands via Bougainville but for this trip I suggested they fly to Kavieng and return via Madang and Mount Hagen. An important requirement for their trip is that a suitable snooker table must be available at the furthestmost point in their travel as they have an inter plane competition for the Gove Trophy (apparently the event started in the remote town by that name). Although the Kavieng Hotel where we stayed did not have a table, a very good and old one was located at the Kavieng Club.

Six aircraft (mainly Cessna 182s) with 18 people departed Southport on the Gold Coast on 7 June and spent the night at Hughenden. They then proceeded to Horn Island where there is a new hotel/motel so it is not necessary to travel to Thursday Island by boat for accommodation. The next day they cleared customs and flew direct to Port Moresby where they were given a great reception by the South Pacific Aero Club (Ray Thurecht, President). I was in Moresby to greet them also and to join them for the PNG part of the trip. There were visits to the Port Moresby Show, the Yacht Club and the new marina and the Aviat Club. All enjoyed the start of 'SP' hospitality and were impressed how Moresby had developed and how clean it was under the new Governor, Bill Skate.

Tuesday 11 June we departed for Lae. I managed a lift with Stan O'Brien in his Cessna 206 and we landed at Nadzab - flying conditions were perfect as the Kokoda Gap and the 'false gap' were clearly visible with no cloud. On arrival at Nadzab we drove to Lae - the road and pot holes not too bad considering all the bad weather during the previous months. I had not been to Lae for 10 years (no reason these days as I am no longer in the trading business) and I must say I was very disappointed with the cleanliness of the central part of the city, but I believe that now that their local political situation has resolved itself, good urban management will now be in place. A visit to the Lae Yacht Club was a must and Fred Cook who now runs Morobe Tours seemed to be the big chief.

Wednesday 12 June we left for Hoskins. Ian Harris had flown our Cessna P2-HFC from Mount Hagen and together we joined the safari group now numbering seven aircraft and 20 people. Walindi is a renowned dive resort and everyone enjoyed the swimming and diving around some of the offshore islands.

On Friday 14 June, we departed Hoskins for Kavieng flying coastal and flying over Rabaul - both volcanoes seemed quiet but the ash devastation was very clear from

the air. Flying along the south coast of Kavieng was incredible with beautiful off shore islands. Arriving at Kavieng we stayed at the Kavieng Hotel and enjoyed the hospitality of mine host - one character of course was missing, 'the Phantom' (Barry Walker), but everyone knew of him so maybe his spirit lives on. As the Kavieng Club had been prewarned of our arrival and our request for a snooker table, I think everyone believed we were professionals! Everyone was very hospitable, gifts were exchanged and the game proceeded. Unfortunately P2-HFC was knocked out in one of the early games - the trophy was eventually won by Stan O'Brien and John Clark. (I have won it on one occasion previously)

After enjoying the white sand-ringed offshore islands and crystal clear water, 13 of us left Kavieng on 16 June and travelled by bus along the Buluminsky Highway stopping at the oil palm mill at Poliamba and at Damon Guest House (village tourist-type development) for lunch and ate typical village food and were entertained by a sing-sing group. Then into Namatanai where we joined the aircraft from Kavieng and then flew to Tokua - the new airport for Rabaul. We stayed at the Hamamas Hotel - Gerry McGrady is doing a great job in getting on with his facility. The hotel is up and running amidst all the devastation around it. Drove out to the old airstrip to see the lonely twin aircraft that did not quite make it in the evacuation. The amazing thing is that Matupit village in the shadow of Vulcan across the harbour was hardly touched although the airport was devastated. Vulcan has gone from green slopes to a desolate moonscape apparition rising from one side of the harbour.

18 June, left Tokua (Rabaul) flying coastal over Hoskins to Cape Gloucester and headed towards Madang over Long Island and Saidor. Stayed at the Smugglers Inn and enjoyed swimming and diving. Ironically the only rain we experienced on the whole trip was while we were out on a boat off Jais Aben.

Thursday 20 June, some of the pilots new to PNG were a bit apprehensive as this was the day we were to fly into the Highlands at the unknown altitudes for Australian pilots of 10,000 ft plus, however the day was beautiful and you could nearly see Mount Wilhelm from Madang. Our trip to Mount Hagen took us via the Bena Gap, Goroka and the Kaw Kaw Gap. The flight up the Chimbu and the Waghi was incredible. In all my years in the Highlands I had never witnessed such a glorious day and perfect flying conditions. As we flew up the valley you could clearly see on one side the Kubor range and on the other the stark outline of Mt Wilhelm with not one cloud on it.

At Mount Hagen the group visited the tea factory at Kindeng and had a barbecue at our plantation, *Madan*, where they were shown how some of the finest coffees in the world are now produced. That evening a farewell dinner was held in the Highlander Hotel and various prizes were awarded for some of the dubious achievements by the members. I received a large map of Papua New Guinea - maybe they thought I needed a refresher course!

On Sunday 23 June after clearing customs, six aircraft departed direct for Horn Island for customs check and Weipa (P2-HFC was now back at home base). The next day they proceeded to Townsville and finally arrived back at Southport on 25 June.

Everyone agreed that PNG was a great place to visit, everyone was friendly and of course typical PNG hospitality still exists. The highlights they thought were the Port Moresby Show, the devastation and resurrection of parts of Rabaul, the beautiful offshore islands of Kavieng, the trip down the Buluminsky Highway and of course the perfect flying conditions in the Highlands.

THE FLAGS OF PNG

by Ken Humphreys

This is an attempt to census the official and commercial flags which flew in PNG from 1846 to WWII.

1846 Lt. Yule attached a sketch of the Union Jack to a tree at Cape Possession. That information was taken from the diary of John Sweatman, Clerk in Charge of Provisions on *HMS Bramble*. I have also read the sanitised official report which stated the Union Jack was raised. It was written by an officer who was not in the shore party.

1871 Russian flag hoisted by crew of the *Vitiaz* of the Imperial fleet. It flew for fifteen months at the site of Baron Miklouko Maclay's hut on Constantine Bay, later named Konstantinhafen, then Erimba.

1873 Captain John Moresby hoisted the Union Jack.

1874 Reverend Lawes arrived Hanuabada at 1900 hrs on 21 November. Sketches of his settlement depict a flag flying but have no details. Did the London Missionary Society have a flag?

1876 As regards the German trading firms, I assume Godeffroy's manager flew the company flag at Mioko in the Duke of York Group, as did Hernsheims et alia. See Plates 70, 74 & 82 in Gash & Whittaker's *A Pictorial History of New Guinea*.

1878 W.B. Ingham, as Port Moresby agent for the Queensland Government, may have flown the Queensland Colony flag. That flag was adopted in 1876. It was the British Blue Ensign with a Maltese Cross and Crown added. Incredibly that is still the Queensland State Flag: a relic from the year of Custer's Last Stand.

But do our Victorian members realise that the addition on their Blue Ensign is the symbol of the Anti Transportation of Convicts League of 1851? South Australians still can't decide whether their added bird is a magpie or a shrike.

1880 Andrew Goldie of Scottish descent established a trade store at Port Moresby: unlikely to have flown the cross of St. Andrew.

1882 Father Navarre of the Sacred Heart Mission purchased land near Vunapope. Was there a mission flag?

1883 (a) Goldie appointed Burns Philp agent. The BP flag may have been hoisted.
(b) Thursday Island Government Agent H.M. Chester landed at Port Moresby on 4 April to take possession of the SE part of the island. He gave the Union Jack he had hoisted to Boe Vagi, a headman of Hanuabada village: no record of a Queensland flag being flown.

1884 (a) Hugh Romilly, Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific, arrived Port Moresby in October, having travelled from Fiji on *HMS Harrier*. He mistakenly understood he was authorised to declare a Protectorate, so raised the Union Jack. In early 1886 Romilly, then aged 30, went to London for the Colonial Exhibition, returning in June 1887. A photograph of his New Guinea stand shows two identical flags hanging

from the roof of the pavilion. The design was a Union Jack with a large white central circle inside which was a Maltese Cross. The flags would appear to be connected with Queensland.

(b) Otto Finsch raised his German flag at Mioko.

(c) Germany raised the flag at four sites visited by *SMS Elizabeth*: Matupi (3 November), Mioko (4th), Friedrich Wilhelmshafen (12th), Finschhafen (27th). In 1909 the 25th anniversary saw a re-enactment of those landings.

(d) On 6 November at Port Moresby, Commander Erskine proclaimed the Protectorate of New Guinea. His crew made up a flag to exchange for Vagi's Union Jack. Vagi's new flag was blue with a central white circle in which a Bird of Paradise was embroidered.

1885 (a) Captain Anthony Musgrave, Assistant Deputy Commissioner to Special Commissioner General Sir Peter Scratchley, arrived Port Moresby on 17 June: would have flown the Union Jack.

(b) Sacred Heart missionaries landed on Yule Island on 1 July. Again, was there a flag? Father Verjus, Brothers Gasbarra (known as Kala, died 1946) and Marconi travelled from Thursday Island on Yankee Ned Mosby's lugger named the *Gordon*. The Sacred Heart Mission later purchased the *Gordon* and re-named her *Pius XI*. The three priests had only arrived in Sydney from Europe on 31 January, yet here they were in July, landing on a hostile shore to establish a mission.

(c) Scratchley arrived Port Moresby on 28 August. His chartered *Governor Blackall* dropped anchor a mile from the LMS mission at 1500 hours. The steamer was owned by the Australasian Steam Navigation Co (ASN) which had a company flag. Scratchley also had a personal flag. It was a Union Jack with a central wreath enclosing a crown with the letters N.G. (New Guinea) on a white background. Possibly four flags flew while Scratchley was in New Guinea waters, the Union Jack, Scratchley's flag, the ASN flag and the British Red Ensign for a colonial merchant vessel.

(d) The Neu Guinea Compagnie flag flew in Deutschlandhafen; a red lion on a white background. Dr. Otto Finsch had first named the harbour, but the NG Co changed its name to Finschhafen.

1886 Johann Flierl arrived to establish a Lutheran mission at Finschhafen. I am advised the mission never had a house flag. The flag in Plate 316 of Gash & Whittaker is probably the German flag. Whenever a sail was sighted the mission raised the German flag as a courtesy.

1888 The Protectorate of New Guinea became a Possession called British New Guinea. On 4 September Sir William MacGregor raised Queen Victoria's Royal Standard, then replaced it with the Union Jack of Special Commissioner John Douglas who had been appointed after Scratchley died. But the appointment of Douglas was of a temporary nature as "they regarded his wife as socially unsuitable."

However the Union Jack was to be replaced by the flag of the Possession. That was a British Blue Ensign or Union Jack with a central Crown and laurel wreath; assume the letters B.N.G. were included. Clarification required.

In April 1900, Lt. Governor Le Hunte and Resident Magistrate Monckton hoisted the "government blue ensign" at Cape Nelson (Tufi) Station. A quote from Chapter IV of Monckton's New Guinea Recollections: "Some months later (May 1905), I stood with Oelrichs and watched the flag break on the staff of the new Ioma Station, the old blue ensign of the Possession with the Crown and laurel wreath, which was so soon to make room for the flag of the Commonwealth of Australia."

1906 The Possession becomes Papua, an Australian Territory. However the Territory flew its own flag - a Union Jack with a central medallion composed of a wreath of green laurel leaves tied with a blue bow at the base surrounding the word PAPUA (in black) and a Crown.

So it may be that the Australian flag first flew officially when Australian troops arrived in Port Moresby. But it is obvious that Papua flew the two flags from 1906. But was Judge Murray's coffin draped with the Union Jack when it arrived at Port Moresby in 1940?

1914 In the evening of 12 September, the Australian Naval & Military Expeditionary Force hauled down the German flags throughout Rabaul. The Herbertshohe flags had been lowered the day before. The trading store and shipping line flags were probably not touched, but as the Australian troops wouldn't know one flag from another, I would expect all the flags were pulled down. The only record I have of a commercial flag is that of NDL (shipping line Norddeutscher Lloyd) - an adaption of the City of Bremen's emblem with a superimposed anchor and wreath on a white background. The German civilians of Rabaul flew Red Cross flags from their houses to protect them from bombardment.

At 1500 hours on the 13th, the official raising of the Union Jack took place in Rabaul. The Naval White Ensign was also flown in the town as there was a shortage of Union Jacks.

The sequence of raising the British flags at the German outstations was as follows:

Friedrich Wilhelmshafen (Madang)	24 September
Kawieng	17 October
Namatanai (not confirmed)	2 November
Nauru	6 November
Manus	22 November
Maron	24 November
Kieta	9 December
Eitape	11 December
Angoram	16 December
Morobe	11 January

The History of the Lutheran Church states that Morobe was occupied by the RAN on 8 January 1915. However Captain Detzner's memoirs and the log of *HMAS Parramatta* confirm the 11th as the landing date of a garrison force. What I think may have happened was that the three RAN destroyers called at the Finschhafen mission on the 7th, then searched the coast calling at the Burgberg Police Post and Malolo mission on Samoa Harbour before steaming to Morobe. Also the Navy may have sent a pinnace up the Markham to visit Gabmazung mission and that would be a two day delay.

1921 New Guinea returned to civil administration under a League of Nations Mandate. The approved flag of the Mandated Territory was the Australian Ensign. Thus the comments by Mackenzie and Brandes noted on p.27 *Una Voce* March 1994 may have referred to the Union Jack within the Australian flag. And if New Guinea's flag was the Australian flag, then that flag must have flown on Australian soil in Papua from 1906. Plate 525 in Gash & Whittaker has an Australian flag on the right. It appears to have an emblem or some sort of wreath incorporated. One of the other flags hanging from the marquee in the 1930s matches a flag strung over the steps of the Madang Single Mens mess in 1912 - see Plate 142.

AITAPE RADIO STATION - A PRE-WAR MEMORY

by Chas H Sturgeon

The pedigree of Aitape Radio Station dates back to the Conquest. Not that of 1066 which history books monotonously record, but that of 1914, when the Australian Expeditionary Force annexed the then German New Guinea and occupied it with a military garrison for the duration of the war.

In those days, when men were plentiful and work was light and a burst of static was an event worthy of record in the Log Book, Aitape boasted of three operators and a mechanic. Nowadays the same work and possibly more is performed by one operator and a native engine boy, and we are always looking round for more.

Aitape Radio is situated about half-way along the 250 mile stretch of coastline, between the border of Dutch New Guinea and the Sepik River. It assists in keeping the population of this area in touch with the outer world.

The white population consists of twenty-two Europeans engaged in Government, planting, recruiting and oil search work and about another fifty who are engaged in spreading the light amongst the heathen, mostly German and Dutch missionaries. A faithful historian would also include a dozen or so Chinamen, a sprinkling of Malays, about 50,000 natives and one Annamite in his collection.

The ratio of the secular to the spiritual professions amongst the Europeans is an indication of the high moral tone of the community and also explains why the Aitape natives are the biggest rogues in the territory.

Built originally to keep the local administration officials in touch with their Rabaul headquarters, it also serves the needs of recruiters in the bush, the oil prospecting parties who arrive periodically to inspect and investigate the geological possibilities of the country. Also it links up the various plantation and police outposts along the coast from the Sepik River to the Dutch border by a service of native runners. In its palmy days, Aitape was the headquarters of the Bird of Paradise hunters, but since the embargo has been placed on this industry, a very profitable sideline for recruiters has disappeared and the population has diminished accordingly. Aitape is built on a rocky headland overlooking the islands of Tumleo and Seleu and consists of six buildings and two Chinese trade stores.

All except the wireless station and the trade stores are built on hills - a big strain on any social instincts the operator happens to possess. The wireless station has been erected on the flat between a muddy-looking river and the beach. The site is rather swampy and makes a very efficient earth, water being struck about a foot below the surface.

The station itself with dwelling quarters attached may not appear very imposing to southern eyes but the climate does not demand any elaborate architecture. The climate is very equable, the temperature remaining about 76 degrees F. throughout the day and dropping to about 68 degrees at night. The highest recorded temperature since my arrival has been 92 degrees and the lowest 63 degrees.

To me the greatest disadvantages here are the surf and the mosquitoes. At present, the surf is fairly quiet, as at present (July) we are in the period of the south-east monsoon. But during the north-west season from November to March it thunders on the beach continuously and the huge breakers which shroud the coastline in a perpetual mist have caused more than one unfortunate to lose his belongings and his temper.

Aitape Radio has advanced with the times. The old Marconi spark transmitter,

with its five h.p Bartram engine, has been almost completely superseded by the new 25-watt type R. Traffic was formerly relayed on 730 metres via Manus VJV to Rabaul, but with the advent of the new set short-wave communication is carried on directly with Rabaul thrice daily. This practice has speeded up traffic considerably.

Ship traffic on 600 metres is also handled by the new set, so the big Bartram engine which has done yeoman service since 1914 now stands disconsolately aside and watches its younger brother taking all the work, grinning maliciously when a temporary break presses it into service again.* I think that Sohme, the engine boy, has an affinity for the old installation, regarding the type R as a sort of interloper. He is always cleaning and polishing the big Bartram engine and pouncing on stray oil spots with cotton waste, but several times I have had to call his attention to the oil on the bedplate of the Chapman Pup - a condition which he would never have tolerated on the old engine. He is delighted when I shout for "Number One" (the Bartram) and swings the fly-wheel with alacrity. Perhaps the noise and crackle of the spark persuades him that some kind of work is being done, whereas the noiseless operation of the valve set leaves him unconvinced.

Our pleasures here are of the simplest. There are only four of us who can be considered as permanent on the station. The two Patrol Officers are constantly in the bush "meting and doling unequal laws unto a savage race." The District Officer is also often called away on outside work. The Senior Clerk is an old man and does not join in the gambolling of the younger set, apparently being content with his job and his pipe, combined with retrospection of the past.

We, the younger set, indulge in tennis, rowing and swimming in the surf, with an occasional long walk when the inclination moves us. Our favourite diversion, when the sea permits, it to row out to a group of rocks about half-way between Tumleo and the mainland and there, with the assistance of a bottle of beer, a hammer and cold chisel to prise protesting oysters from the rocks and regale ourselves.

Then we have our hobbies. "Bill," the police master, delights in detective novels of the Edgar Wallace type and says he has a dossier, or "tab" as he calls it, on every native in Aitape, and whenever any trouble occurs he knows exactly whom to put his fingers on. Chris and I are thinking of equipping him with a magnifying glass and a pair of gumboots, wherewithal to follow up clues.

Chris, the Medical Assistant, has work as his greatest hobby, followed by gardening, carpentering and photography. He bears the blame for the prints attached to his article. He has surrounded his hospital with a maze of gardens, and on the banks of the aforesaid muddy river is endeavouring to supply his patients a few stray vitamins with pineapples and sweet corn. There is also a small patch of real spring onions on the banks of this river, where Chris in endeavouring to recapture the atmosphere of the plaintive psalmist's :- "By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and wept."

My own hobbies are well enough known amongst the island operators, Maths, and that queer jumble of wires and resistances known as "Tiger Tim" -- an attempt at short-wave transmission, which has not yet been heard. Bitapaka operators will please observe that the receiver known as the "Armoured Cruiser" has now been considerably remodelled, the armour plating being only retained round the first Screen Grid RF stage.

* Refer to K. Humphrey's comments on Eitape wireless station on following pages. Ken states that the station opened in 1916, not 1913 or 1914.

From a publication titled "The Radiogram" published pre-W.W.II, only part of an issue which is undated, probably written in the early or mid-30's. Kindly supplied by Jean Cox of Dungog NSW, one of our members.

THE AITAPE WIRELESS STATION

by K Humphreys

I am not happy at having to correct J K McCarthy's description of Aitape in Chapter 16 of his classic *Patrol into Yesterday*. But as I used to keep saying to myself whilst cleaning the toilets at my various roadhouses: someone has to do it. McCarthy's text was brought to my attention by Peter Villiers Best's article in the March (1996) *Una Voce* - '...a wireless station built by the Germans in 1913...'

Aitape was originally Berlinhafen, then the name was changed to Eitape in 1912. The Australian Naval & Military Expeditionary Force (ANMEF) occupied Eitape with a strength of fifty odd on 4 December 1914. They had come from Friedrich Wilhelmshafen (Madang) on the motor launch *Gabriel* owned by the Alexishafen Society of the Divine Word. The late Professor C D Rowley of ASOPA (Australian School of Pacific Administration) published the occupation date as the 11th, but proof of the 4th comes from the Report of District Officer Schmauss who escaped to Humbolt Bay in the Netherlands East Indies. The name Eitape was changed to Aitape in 1924 as the earliest recorded date for a Aitape post office engraved datestamp is January 1925.

I place McCarthy's posting to Aitape in 1934, well after the return of civil administration in 1921. Kassa Townsend in his book *District Officer* arrived there in 1922 but only mentions Ossie Egan the radio operator. Egan would then have been either a civilian employed by AWA or a non commissioned member of the Navy awaiting demobilisation. So in 1934, when all associated with the ANMEF and the Navy had left New Guinea, it was assumed that because the wireless was of Telefunken manufacture, the Germans had established a wireless station before August 1914.

But the Chas H. Sturgeon article in this issue of *Una Voce* describes the first wireless as being of Marconi manufacture.

The truth is that Bita Paka, S.E. of Herbertshohe (Kokopo), was the only land based wireless station in New Guinea before the Australian occupation in September 1914, and then it was only a third complete. The Survey vessel *SMS Planet* and the German Governor's steam yacht *Komet* were equipped with wireless. Bita Paka was not able to receive until mid July, then first transmitted at 5kw on 8 August (that date from Dr Haber's papers in Potsdam archives: differs from Rabaul postmaster's date of 11th in Vol IX *Official History*). In fact Bita Paka was only able to transmit because the Japanese artisan Komine loaned the Telefunken technicians a 25hp benzine motor. So how could Eitape have an operational crude oil Bartram engine when Bita Paka had nothing?

Bita Paka was not fully operational at 60kw until September 1916. The station was closed in 1935 when the Island Radio Service HQ moved to Rabaul, reasons being congestion on the Rabaul-Bita Paka - Kokopo telephone circuit, age of the Bita Paka equipment, and the availability of electric power in Rabaul from 1932.

AWA probably installed the Eitape Telefunken or Marconi set in early 1916. The firm was agent for both manufacturers. During the occupation other transmitters were erected at Morobe, Kieta, Lorengau, Kawieng and Manus. Madang had been on air with a set of sorts from early November 1914. AWA staff were seconded to the Navy in 1916 so came under Naval discipline and service conditions. To compensate for the loss of overtime and Sunday penalty rates, the operators were placed on higher scales of pay to other specialists.

The New Guinea outstation traffic went through Bita Paka which also handled morse from Nauru, Ocean Island, Tulagi and the Japanese occupied islands. Bita Paka

then transmitted to Woodlark Island Naval Station which re-transmitted to Townsville. One conclusion to be drawn from Sturgeon's circa 1930 text is that while Manus wireless was upgraded, Aitape was not, so he had to direct all traffic via Manus. As he mentions an operational Bitapaka, he would have been stationed at Aitape prior to 1935 when Bitapaka closed.

As a point of interest, the fully operational German wireless stations in 1914 were at Yap, also a cable station, and Nauru. Apia was coming on stream when war broke out, and there was a phosphate company set at Angaur. Work had started on the Apia station in August 1913, so for unimportant Eitape to have had a working set in 1913 was impossible.

Finally a query for the engineers out there. How did the Germans erect their wireless masts? I recall reading that the mast at Nauru was 400 feet high. How did they do it without cranes, bulldozers and helicopters?

Further reading: *Uniting a Nation* by James Sinclair.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

A summary of a circular instruction sent to us by Jim Toner from NT

Field staff in pre- and post-war PNG may have imagined they did it tough from time to time but that by the mid-70s the comfort level for District Officers would have risen considerably. However, everything is relative. One DO felt obliged to write to officers in charge (all Nationals) at his six outstations as follows:

'It should not be necessary for me to remind you that the Government provides K10 per day to accommodate and feed the DO when he inspects your station.

Some OICs think that feeding the DO means providing a heap of taro or rice and a tin of fish or meat, and nothing else. This rubbish costs no more than 50t all up leaving a profit of K9.50 for the OIC. As from today I expect and demand to be fed adequately by all OICs on all stations.

For those that are competent enough to keep their refrigerators operational, the following will comprise the DO's menu:

Breakfast: 2 fried eggs, 2 slices bacon, 1 fried tomato, 2 slices toast, 1 glass fruit juice, coffee
Lunch: 1 piece steak or 3 sausages or 3 lamb chops, mashed English potatoes, fried onions, freezer peas, tomatoes, bread and butter
Dinner: Similar to lunch, with coffee'

The memorandum then provided a menu of tinned foods for 'those who don't know how to operate their refrigerators or (need) to order replacements for those units that are u/s' and admonished addressees, 'Boiled rice, kaukau, or taro only to be served in extreme emergency, and an explanation will be required if any of these substances are served.'

It was suggested that all OICs set about ordering their supplies now and that advantage should be taken of future visits to District HQ but that 'as a last resort Lucy the office typist can purchase urgent supplies'.

OICs were sternly warned that 'the food you order for the DO is not to be wasted on other visitors; nor are you to fritter it away by eating it yourself while waiting for the DO to arrive'. However, the missive concluded on the brighter note that 'the DO will be only too happy to show OICs and their wives how to cook the food and he is quite prepared to cook it himself.'

Well they do say that an army marches on its stomach.

VENGEANCE IN THE SOUTHERN SEA

by Chips Mackellar

After many years of living on lonely outstations in PNG I acquired a useful skill - the ability to study the hard way. By studying one subject here, and another there, I attained my BA in Anthropology from Queensland University while still a serving officer in PNG. It had taken ten years.

After I returned to Australia in 1981, I continued to study part time, at the same rate, and in 1992 I graduated from Sydney University with a Masters Degree with Merit in Indonesian Studies. Two years ago I began research for my doctorate. If I live long enough, I might yet get to write *PhD* after my name, and die an educated ex-kiap.

During my transition from PNG to Australia, my academic interest had redirected itself slightly, to another near neighbour common to both countries: Indonesia.

PNG and Indonesia share the same island, and although their peoples are races apart, there are similarities in language, customs, ethnic disparities, and myths and legends.

After 30 years of exposure to the myths and legends of PNG, I should have been more aware of the legends of Indonesia when I went there four years ago for Indonesian language study purposes. For as I took leave of my professor of Indonesian Studies, he asked where I would be staying. "Carita Beach" I said, "on the west coast of Java."

"Watch out for *Roro Kidul*!" he said.

"Only Indonesians believe that story," I said in parting.

If any Indonesians had heard my reply, they might have been insulted. They might even have felt a pang of fear on my behalf, because of the legend of Roro Kidul, which most Javanese hold sacred.

This legend has many variations, depending on which part of Java you hear it, and who is telling the story. But one version of the legend goes like this:

There was once in Java, an ugly princess. For centuries in Indonesia, selected royal breeding has always ensured that princesses of the blood were beautiful from birth, and to this day, they still are. But according to this legend, a princess named Roro Kidul was an exception. For reasons of state she was married off while still young to Sultan Agung, the first King of Mataram, who ruled southern Java in the 18th century AD. His kingdom included the sea off the southern coast of Java. Agung had many beautiful wives. Roro Kidul was his youngest wife, and unlike all the other princesses of the blood royal, she was ugly.

According to this legend, Roro Kidul was so ugly that she rarely made a public appearance. She preferred to walk alone at night where no one could see her, along a deserted beach, and from here she could watch the Southern Sea pounding on the coast of Java.

One moonlit night, so this version of the legend goes, Roro Kidul was sitting alone on the beach, crying. Suddenly, a witch appeared beside her.

"Why are you crying, Child?" asked the witch.

"I am so ugly," said the young queen, "that I am an embarrassment to the King and to the people of Mataram."

"I can make you beautiful forever," said the witch, "if you dive into the sea."

Believing that she had nothing to lose, Roro Kidul dove into the pounding surf. But when she emerged, the water had suddenly become dead flat calm around her. In fact, the water had become so calm, that its surface was like a mirror. And standing waist deep in the still water, Roro Kidul saw by the light of the full moon, from her reflection in the sea, that she had suddenly become incredibly beautiful. The legend says that even in this kingdom of beautiful queens and beautiful princesses, Roro Kidul was now the most beautiful. In fact, she had suddenly become the most beautiful girl in the whole of what is now Indonesia.

Astonished at her own transformation, Roro Kidul immediately thought to return to her husband, Sultan Agung, to show him how beautiful she had suddenly become. But when she tried to walk to the beach, her legs collapsed beneath her. She could not leave the sea.

"You will be beautiful forever, Roro Kidul" called the witch, who was still standing on the beach, "but you will never leave the sea. And long after the Kingdom of Mataram has passed into history, you will still be Queen of its Southern Sea."

The Kingdom of Mataram did pass into history, and its present successor in title is the Sultanate of Yogyakarta. The present sultan traces his ancestry back to Sultan Agung, and according to the custom of Mataram, he inherits any wives left by his predecessors. So, because of this custom, and because of the curse placed upon Roro Kidul that she would never die, the legend says that Roro Kidul continues to be one of the wives of each succeeding sultan, including the present sultan. And, according to this legend, she continues to be as beautiful now as she became that night when she entered the sea, and the legend says, she still is the most beautiful girl in the whole of Indonesia.

In the Sultan's palace in Yogyakarta, there is to this day, a special room set aside for Roro Kidul, in case she should return from the sea; and once a year, just as his predecessors have always done, the present Sultan leads a procession of thousands of Javanese to the place where Roro Kidul entered the Southern Sea.

At this annual pilgrimage, gifts and prayers are offered to Roro Kidul, who in her jurisdiction as Queen of the Southern Sea, is believed to control whatever the sea supplies - directly in the form of bountiful fish harvests, and indirectly in the form of rain for abundant crops and soil fertility. For this reason Roro Kidul remains to this day the most powerful spiritual force in the life of the Javanese.

But Roro Kidul is also said to be a vengeful queen, with a wrath generated by her destiny never to live ashore with her husband, the Sultan of Yogyakarta. And this is why it is said that she wrecks ships, drowns fishermen, and delivers all manner of misfortune to all those in her sea who fail to show proper respect and sympathy towards her predicament; including it is said, those who make the kind of disparaging remarks I had made about her.

And so it happened that I was swimming alone off Carita Beach in a gentle surf with no swell, when a freak wave came from nowhere and upended me. It dumped me with such force onto the hard sand that I broke the middle finger of my right hand.

A lone Indonesian child who had witnessed the incident from the beach, stared in disbelief at my broken finger. "Roro Kidul?" she asked in a whisper.

The doctor told me it was a simple break, and that the bone would heal in the splint.....But when the splint was removed, my finger had become deformed.

Back in Australia again, I showed my deformed finger to an orthopaedic

surgeon. "I couldn't imagine how that could have happened," he said, "could you?"

I could. But how could I tell him.... For he would not have believed that in that gentle surf off Carita Beach I had suffered the vengeance of the Queen of the Southern Sea....

It had been only a mild rebuke, and in the four years since then, slowly, very slowly, my finger healed. But to this day it remains a little out of kilter, just enough to make sure that I am constantly reminded.

And the moral of this story is: Be respectful of the beliefs of other people, lest you too be constantly reminded.

.....Don't worry folks, it's only a legend.... But at our next ROAPNG luncheon, come over to my table and have a look at my finger.

MANKI MASTAS OF MADANG by Chips Mackellar

You may remember the first of these stories in our last issue. Chips described his halcyon days in the bachelor quarters in Madang and how the busy social whirl left little time for contact with house servants. Here are the remaining stories of the consequent communication breakdown.

One of the other girls living there (the single girls' quarters) bought a brand new Volkswagen from Modilon Motors. That first day she bought it, she was so excited she drove it all around Madang several times, before taking it home. In those days there were no sealed roads in Madang, and by the time she brought the car home, it was already covered in a thick powder of koranus dust, inside and out.

"Clean the car!" she commanded the domestic, and opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate. The puzzled domestic who had never before cleaned a car, shuffled outside to obey her bidding, and then proceeded to scratch the new paint surface of the car by wiping the thick dust off with a dry rag. "Not like that!", the girl cried in horror, "Use the hose!" And she opened another bottle. The domestic sprayed the car with a few desultory squirts of the hose, thereby converting the film of dust into streaks of mud.

"Oh my God!" the girl shrieked again when she saw the mud streaks. "Clean it properly! Hose it all over! Understand? All over until there is no dust left!" She came back inside and we opened another bottle. After some time when we had not seen the domestic again, I suggested she better check on the car. Moments later we all rushed outside in answer to her hysterical sobs.

There before us in the front yard was the brand new car, spotless on the outside where the cook boy had hosed it clean. But inside it he was just finishing off hosing down the dash board. He had already hosed the upholstery, the ceiling and the carpets, and water was pouring out the doors and onto the lawn....

One day there was a crisis at Bogia. With the other Bogia kiaps on leave, or temporarily assigned elsewhere, there was only one kiap on the station. In the normal course of events one was enough to hold the fort, but on this occasion, there had been a murder at Josephstaal. A council of war was called in the Madang District Office, to sort out the problem. "The Bogia kiap can investigate the murder" Doug Parrish

suggested, "and we'll send Chips to Bogia to hold the fort until the Bogia kiap returns."

Next day I flew to Bogia, together with my cook boy, and moved into the kiap's house. In the few moments before he departed on patrol to Josephstaal, the kiap gave me quick instructions on what to do in his absence. He mentioned that he had filled the kerosene refrigerator and thought it contained sufficient fuel until his return. But if I remembered, he said, top up the fuel tank after a few days.

A few days later I received a message from the kiap that he was returning, to Bogia, mission accomplished. I told my cook boy to put more beer in the fridge, and then I remembered the kerosene fuel. "Put some kerosene in the fridge, too," I said. "Kerosene?" the cook asked, looking astonished. "It's a kerosene fridge," I said, "put some in."

Of course our fridge in Madang was electric, and the cook had never seen a kerosene fridge before. It did not occur to me to enlighten him, as I thought all cooks knew about these things.

When the Bogia kiap returned to his house, hot, sweating and thirsty, I passed him a cold beer from his fridge. "No. I'll have some water first," he said, and took from the fridge a tall, frosty, bottle from which he gulped greedily.

Suddenly he let out a shriek of agony and rushed for the toilet where he vomited vigorously.

Alarmed, I reached for the cold bottle, and tasted it tentatively. It contained icy cold kerosene. The cook had done as I had commanded. He had put kerosene in the fridge....

HELP WANTED: Bill Laxon of Matakana New Zealand, writes: I am at present completing my research for a history of the New Zealand coastal shipping firm, A G Frankham Ltd, and its ships. One of these ships was the 208 ton motorship **WAIOTAHU** of 1932 which was sold in 1968 to F Fawcett-Kay of Honiara, Solomon Islands. There are two versions of what happened to her after that. One is that she was sold to an owner in Rabaul in 1972 and was scuttled in Rabaul Harbour in October 1973 because her hull was full of worm. The other account says that she was badly damaged in the eruption at Rabaul in 1971, and subsequently scuttled. The two versions may well be part of the same story in that she could have been damaged in the eruption, was found to be beyond repair and was sold for what could be salvaged and then scuttling.

I have been referred to your magazine by Mr Peter Stone and am writing to enquire if any of your readers may be able to help me. The things I would particularly like to know are: 1. Was she damaged in the 1971 eruption? 2. Was she sold to an owner in Rabaul and if so, who was that person and when was she sold? 3. On what day in October 1973 was the hull scuttled and exactly where? I would be most grateful for any help you may be able to give. W A Laxon, PO Box 171, Matakana, 1240, New Zealand

CORRECTION: In the *Vale* section of the June issue of *Una Voce* we stated that Ted Burchett was survived by his wife, Iris. I regret that this was incorrect - I have since learned that Ted's wife predeceased him. Editor.

VALE

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

Mr Edwin George HICKS OBE (17 May 1996, aged 73 years)

Ed was educated at Melbourne High School and then at Melbourne Teachers' College where he passed with distinction; however his teaching career was cut short by the war. In 1941, at the age of 19, he enlisted and was sent to a searchlight unit at Port Moresby. The lights were 210 million candle power and could illuminate a plane at 30,000 feet. Many of the operators suffered from scarring of the retina and it is possible that Ed's eye problems really began then. One night his sergeant ordered him to switch off his search light as bombers were coming directly over him but at the same time anti-aircraft gunners who were bracketing the Jap bombers were asking him to continue so Ed, like Nelson putting his telescope to his blind eye, kept his light on resulting in a court martial. Fortunately he received only a reprimand for disobeying a lawful order.

The defending officer at the trial was impressed by Ed's courage and determination and knowing Ed wanted to get away from Moresby, arranged for him to be transferred as a patrol officer to the newly formed Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit (ANGAU). This was a pivotal point in Ed's career as it set him on the course he was to follow until his retirement.

Ed was sent to the hills behind Sogeri above Moresby where he did a training course within sound of the Japanese mortars and woodpeckers. Then to Rigo where, with some US officers, he went looking for a track across the mountains which could be used to outflank the Japanese route from Buna. After serving in other areas and with rapid promotion to sergeant and then lieutenant, Ed saw war's end in Milne Bay.

At the end of 1945 ANGAU was replaced by the civil administration. Ed joined the new government and began his climb from Patrol Officer to District Commissioner. During the earlier part of his career he attended the Diploma course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (1952-53) and the course at the Australian Staff College at Mt Eliza (1961). These served to round out his knowledge of colonial development and its attendant problems and extend his knowledge of management.

In 1965 he became Deputy District Commissioner at Wewak and a few months later, District Commissioner of the Sepik, a position he held for eight years.

Ed was particularly proud of his role in the total upgrading of the memorial marking the surrender of the Japanese in the Sepik by General Adachi and the arrangements for the international commemoration ceremonies in 1980, and also the assistance he gave the official Japanese War Graves Commission to find their 176,000 war dead and build a memorial. Apart from this official body, many individuals came to search for relatives and Ed was unfailing in his efforts to help them. This was at a time when the Japanese were not very popular in PNG.

Ed had a great deal to do with the social life of the district and in this respect, and in so many other ways, Shirley proved to be a wonderful partner for him.

On his retirement Ed and Shirley went to Springwood. For a time Ed taught at Wentworth Falls Grammar School, he was in Legacy, on the committee of Springwood Art Centre, on the RSL committee, and he worked with Joy Ballard making stained glass windows to raise money for a church in Fiji - a task which gave him a touch of lead poisoning. In his late sixties Ed developed a passion for word processing and desktop

publishing. He believed he could contribute to his community not as an organisation man but by going out and helping people on his own. He was a wonderful neighbour and friend to all those in his area.

There were many sides to Ed's personality - he had a great command of the English language, he wrote with a script-like hand, he told a great yarn embellished by his special chuckle and the gleam in his eyes, he had a huge hug which came from the heart, and his scones were better than Flo's.

(The foregoing was taken from the eulogy delivered by Freddie Kaad at the Service of Remembrance.)

At the funeral service Mr Kila Karo, Consul General for Papua New Guinea, delivered a message from Sir Michael Somare with whom Ed had enjoyed a long-standing friendship. This message included the following: 'I have personally held the late Edward Hicks and his wife Shirley with great respect ... for moral support given to me and my wife Veronica. To us, the Somare family, and the Sepik people he was a person of high integrity who cared for the people of Papua New Guinea. His encouragement, commitment and personal support towards our developmental efforts will always be remembered by us. Ted, as many of us knew him, always found time to chat and even discussed and shared in some of my political visions for my country. Ted always treated all politicians of Sepik province with great respect. In recognition of his positive contributions to my people in East Sepik and Papua New Guinea I recommended to my Government consideration of an appropriate award. The late Ted Hicks was awarded the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (OBE) in 1983. Ted, we shall always remember and hold you in great esteem. May your soul rest in peace and God bless you.'

Mr Bruce Allison BONIWELL (10 July 1996, aged 63 years)

Bruce was born on 29 March 1933, and obtained a Bachelor Ag Science (Melb) 1957, which took him to PNG in 1958, first to Rabaul to the Tolai Cocoa Project, but then soon to other areas as Co-ordinating Officer in the FAO Survey, to Goroka, first as District, then as Regional Agricultural Officer, to Chief Agriculture Education & Training Officer at Konedobu, then Principal of Vudal Agricultural College, East New Britain, from where he departed PNG in 1975.

Bruce then became the Foundation Principal of the Burdekin Agricultural College, Claredale, North Queensland until 1984. In 1985 Bruce moved his family to Perth, where he was involved in various fields such as the Agriculture Potrecton Board, in the eradication of noogoora burr, donkey and starling control, the Australian Quarantine Inspection Service of Western Australia. He also took an active part in the Biennial Conference of Principals of Australian Agricultural Colleges. In 1987 he had a short assignment in Thailand in the mountain areas north of Chiang Mai.

Bruce was a good friend to many, always available with a kind ear in sadness or laughter, a very kind, generous, honest good-humoured person, a loss to his didimen friends and others.

Bruce is survived by his wife Penny and his children Patrick, Richard, Sara and Stephen. Well known Nan Primrose, ex Goroka, was his mother in law. We lost a great friend, husband and father.

(Written by Joe Nitsche from a curriculum vitae supplied by his widow.)

Mrs Thelma AULT (30 June 1996)

Wife of the late Alister Ault. (No further details available)

Mrs Olive (Ollie) CAMERON (late July 1994, aged 84 years)

Ollie was born in Victoria. She lived in Madang for many years working for Steamships Trading Co. Her husband Stan, who worked for BPs, died in the 70s and a couple of years afterwards Ollie went to live in Cannon Hill Brisbane, to be near her only son. Unfortunately her son and his family moved away soon afterwards. She had no close friends living nearby, and when she became ill she was helped greatly by Ken and Mildred Lee (Steamships, Madang). Ollie died of emphysema.

(Information kindly provided by Hilda Watson, formerly Hilda Ferguson of Madang)

Mr Walter Andrew LUSSICK OBE (14 June 1996, aged 72 years)

Wally Lussick was born in Western Samoa in 1923, but moved to PNG with his parents in 1924. He spent his entire life in PNG apart from his education in Australia and service overseas as a pilot with the RAAF during WWII. After the war he returned to New Ireland and, with his father, began re-establishing the family copra and cocoa plantations. He helped secure government funds for construction of airfields on some of the small islands of New Ireland and, with his partner, brought the first small aircraft to the area in 1950. In addition to his business interests, Wally was very active in the Planters Association, the Agricultural Show Society, the RSL and the Lions Club.

Wally was deeply involved in the political development of the country. He was elected to the second House of Assembly in 1968 as Regional Member for Manus and New Ireland. Michael Somare was elected at the same time, together with other Pangu Party members. Wally was not happy with the timetable for PNG independence and organised opposition to early independence. He served on numerous Parliamentary Committees, one of which, when he was Chairman, chose the PNG flag from scores of entries. He also investigated the future needs of PNG's airlines which led to the formation of the present two level system. He and other leading expatriates lost their seats in 1972. Michael Somare recognised his contribution with an OBE in the special Independence Honours List in 1975.

After independence Wally was private secretary and advisor to both Mathias Toliman and Tei Abal in their roles in opposition. He left the political arena in 1984, but continued to support the government of the day in many ways and also served on several government boards, committees and working groups. He was President of the Port Moresby Chamber of Commerce from 1987 to 1992. He died following a stroke and heart attack.

(Information obtained from articles by Ruth Waram, *Post-Courier*, 17-6-96, James Griffin, *The Australian*, 3-7-96, Fred Lussick and Doug Franklin)

Mrs Lal HENDERSON (7 July 1996, aged 86 years)

Lal came from Newcastle NSW. She joined the Air Force in 1942 and served till the end of the war. She and husband Jim went to Madang in 1949 where Lal worked for TAA and travelled the world with the airline. She was very good to newcomers to the town, especially those who were young and lonely. Lal and Jim retired to the Gold Coast in 1972. Her husband predeceased her.

(Information kindly provided by Roma Bates and Margaret Duncan.)

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

A brief notice appeared in the March issue. Bill Stewart's wife, Joy, has since supplied the following:

Bill was accepted from the WA Fire Brigade to attend ASOPA and arrived in PNG in 1957. He served in Rabaul starting up and training the fire brigade. In 1960 he was transferred to Boroko Fire Station where he was in charge until 1966. During his stay in Moresby he was presented with the BEM as a member of the PNGVR for saving a fellow soldier's life at Brown River. Bill passed away after a brave fight with cancer.

He is survived by his wife Joy, two sons Don and Kim and daughter Kris.

Mr Harold Montague NELSON (31 July 1996, aged 77 years)

Harold Nelson went to PNG in 1946 as a Medical Assistant with the Dept of Public Health. He became a Health Extension Officer and Instructor. He served in Goilala (1946), Maprik (1948), Lumi (1953), Kavieng (1956), Sohano (1959), Wewak (1962), Mt Hagen (1966), Kainantu (1969), Goroka (1971), and retired in 1974.

He is survived by his wife Delia, daughter Teresa and sons Kieran and Damian.

Mrs Anne Jacqueline WIGGINS (13 April 1996)

Anne was born in Wau in 1940 and spent all her early life there. After completing her education at Stuartholme, Brisbane, she joined the Education Department in PNG and was very involved in the education of pre-school teachers in Rabaul where she started the first Kindergarten of the Air. Later, in Port Moresby, she was in charge of pre-school teaching throughout the Territory.

After returning to Australia she was involved in teaching and education of the refugee and migrant community and also taught English as a second language at various schools in Brisbane.

She continued to show a brave and cheerful resolve during her long illness and her concern for others was to the fore right until the end.

Anne is survived by her husband Rex and sons Mark and Simon.

(Reprinted from the May 1996 issue of Garamut, the newsletter of The Gold Coast Papua New Guinea Club Inc, with thanks)

Mr Heliodor von TSCHUCHNIGG MBE (1 August 1996, aged 68 years)

Helli Tschuchnigg was one of the best known and respected pilots in Papua New Guinea in the period from the 50s to the 80s. For those whose work required them to fly in light aircraft in the Highlands especially, or anywhere in PNG, it was reassuring to fly with Helli at the controls and to know that he became responsible for training. He was widely known by the airline community and especially Qantas, Gibbes Sepik Airways, Territory Airlines, Douglas Airways, Talair, Air Melanesie and Air Vanuatu. He didn't hesitate to speak his mind when it was necessary and it did not matter who you were - his life as a pilot was exceptional and an example to many young pilots, some of whom were Qantas cadets early on, based in Mendi, Mt Hagen and Goroka, who had to do 1000 hours in Cessna 206s or similar aircraft under his overall supervision.

(The foregoing was written by Doug Franklin.)

Helli is survived by his wife Jacqui and children Helly Junior and Elvina.

Mr R J (Ron) FORD (9 May 1996)

Ron worked for Dept of Agriculture, Stock & Fisheries as a Mechanical Equipment Inspector. (We hope to have more details for December newsletter.)

Mr Robert James HENDERSON (15 June 1996, aged 50 years)

Robert Henderson, of PNG formerly of Aspley QLD, was accidentally killed in Lae. His wife predeceased him. He is survived by his son Ronald.

Mr Peter DIMOND (6 August 1996, aged 81)

Peter Dimond was the director for the epic film *New Guinea Patrol*. Those connected with the film became a close-knit group and are saddened by the loss of one of the group. The following is taken from the eulogy given by John Leake, the film's cameraman.

Peter Dimond studied motion picture production all his life, he was devoted to it. He held important executive positions in both State and Federal Government film making organisations. As a young man, he served in the AIF as a member of the Military Intelligence Section, spending considerable time in New Guinea. Peter was the director of *New Guinea Patrol*, a 35mm colour film produced in 1957 for the Department of Foreign Affairs for a presentation to the United Nations Assembly to show Australia's contribution to, and the lack of sophistication of the New Guinea people. This was the first ever film to be screened on the floor of the United Nations Assembly. It was an outstanding success and allowed Australia to continue its supervisory capacity of New Guinea. It was later screened as a feature film in world cinemas and won many awards.

During a lifetime in the film industry Peter worked in many capacities - he was a cinematographer, a writer, a director and a film producer. He was an early member of the Australian Film Producers Association and a member of the Society of Australian Cinema Pioneers. Peter is survived by his wife Glenys.

Mr Christopher Gordon DAY (19 August 1996, aged 67 years)

Chris was born in Shanghai China in 1929 where his father worked. Following internment by the Japanese during the occupation of Shanghai, and the sudden tragic death of his father shortly after their release, the family came to Australia and settled south of Brisbane Qld. Chris joined Dept of District Services & Native Affairs in 1950 and served in the Sepik, Morobe, Western, Western Highlands, Southern Highlands, Northern and West New Britain Districts. In 1957 at Mt Hagen Chris married Education Officer Gwen Diggs of Gilgandra NSW. They raised a family of two sons and two daughters.

In 1974 the Days left PNG and settled in Southport Qld. During 1980-81 Chris and Gwen worked at Papunya Aboriginal Settlement, Central Australia. About this time Chris's health began to deteriorate and he experienced a long period of poor health. Among his fine personal qualities Chris will be remembered for his unique wit and sense of humour which never deserted him even during the worst episodes of his illness.

Chris is survived by his wife Gwen and children Alexandra, Peter, Michael and Margaret and their families.

(Graham Hardy kindly provided this information.)

Mr Gordon Henry FROST (15 August 1996, aged 72)

Gordon Frost, a Co-op officer, served from May 1950 to May 1965.

He was single at retirement. (No further details available)

Mr Henri COOL (2 July 1996, aged 80)

Henri Cool worked in PNG from March 1970 to June 1972 as a Public Works Clerk class 5. (No further details available)

George BAKER (died August 1996)

George Baker was the first British High Commissioner to PNG on independence. He had very high standards and was highly regarded by Papua New Guineans and by the diplomatic corps. He served in Africa during the time when a number of countries gained their independence and was happy to share his extensive knowledge of such events. Further details in the next issue of *Una Voce*.

Sister Mary CANISIUS (CUENIN) (died 25 June 1996, aged 91 years)

Pioneer missionary sister of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and aged 91 years, Sister Canisius died peacefully at Boroko in retirement after serving at Yule Island and Port Moresby since arriving in Papua in 1928. Over a lifetime of sixty-eight years, Sister Canisius became well known and loved by many families who lived in Moresby and the Papuan region. May she Rest in Peace.

(Reprinted from the August 1996 issue of Garamut, the newsletter of The Gold Coast Papua New Guinea Club Inc, with thanks)

Continued from page 23

were too far away to purchase anything. So, like other tradesmen, he found that he had to build relatively small boats to carry a very heavy load from the land to the dredges. One Dredge Bucket Bush and Pin weighed, I think, half a long ton.

Amongst his many feats he was involved in building bridges, bodies for utility trucks, houses, furniture, and at one stage he was even very much involved in building a kit plane. Only to find that the Department of Civil Aviation would not allow it to fly!

Over the years I saw a lot of Bill's work - as well as boats he was a cabinet maker beyond compare.

I think it was about 1937, Lord and Lady Gowrie paid a visit to Bulolo for the opening of No 5 (?) Dredge. Bill was commissioned by the Company to design and build a jewellery box, inlaid with Bulolo gold for Lady Gowrie to commemorate the opening of the Dredge. He received a personal letter of thanks from Lady Gowrie for the magnificent workmanship. His wife Amy still has that letter.

Like many of the men who braved the wilds of New Guinea in those early days, Bill was no exception - excitement and adventure was like candy to a child. Early in 1937 Bill built a sturdy canoe with one object in view, to shoot the rapids in the wild Bulolo River from Bulolo to Bulwa, some 12 miles down stream. Bill and his friend Dave Dixon did this wild water journey and got their feet wet a few times on the way. Unfortunately he did not make a record of the time, or the number of times they were tipped out of their canoe, but it was the first time white men had attempted the hair raising journey, and I never heard of it ever being done again since.

On his 1935 leave he decided to pay a visit to England and see some of his parents family who were still alive. Bill sailed from Brisbane on the old Moreton Bay... And his wife Amy and her mother also joined the ship in Melbourne. They met, they fell in love, they married on his next leave in 1937, and Bill stayed in Victoria and raised a family.

They were married for 54 years, when in March 1992 Bill passed away, aged 84 years.

And so another 'Before' moves on.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

Mr A D Boag	Unit 72 Palmwoods Retrmt Village	Palmwoods QLD 4555
Mr J Broughton	93 Stonehaven Crescent	Deakin ACT 2600
Mrs S Edmonds	12 Yaringa Rd	Castle Hill NSW 2154
Mr P P Fitzpatrick	RSD 55, Cromer	via Mt Pleasant SA 5235
Mr S Fox	20A Clifford St	Goulburn NSW 2580
Mrs E H Fox	20A Clifford St	Goulburn NSW 2580
Mr I W Laney	21 Phelps St	Surry Hills NSW 2010
Mrs G Stewart	13 Hassell St	Bullcreek WA 6149
Mr R Stroehle	95 Mallee Drive	Tanah Merah QLD 4128
Mr I A Thompson	'Warrendean', Post Office	Bolivia NSW 2372
Ms M Tuxworth	9 Tremont Ave	Adamstown NSW 2289
Ms A Young	6/601 Elgar Rd	Box Hill Nth VIC 3129

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

Mr J Craineau	1A Quail Place	Kingscliffe NSW 2487
Mrs H Cox	Waimarie Hostel, 26 Alfred St	Woody Point QLD 4019
Mr G Dick	PO Box 2390	Pt Macquarie NSW 2444
Mr W Gilchrist	3 Delissa St	Evatt ACT 2617
Mr L Newby	Room 10, Nursing Home	
	Kenilworth Gdns, Kangaloon Rd	Bowral NSW 2576
Mrs V A Towner	PO Box 32	Higgins ACT 2615
Dr K Zwanzger	PO Box 5654	Cairns QLD 4870

MEMBERS REJOINED:

Mrs H Cox	Waimarie Hostel, 26 Alfred St	Woody Point QLD 4019
Mr B Hunt	4 Beddington Rd	Noosa Valley QLD 4562
Pastor R A Weier	18 Comer St	Henty NSW 2658

CORRECTION:

Mrs H Watson	Dee Why Gardens, 104/155 Fisher Rd Nth	Dee Why NSW 2099
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On Page 16 of the list of financial members, the honours held by Mr D J Stewart and Mrs J R Stewart have been inadvertently reversed. Please note that Mr Stewart has the ISO and Mrs Stewart the OBE.

UNEXPECTED REUNION

When the Seales and the Flowers were together in Goroka in the late 1950s/early 60s, daughters Margaret and Jan were good friends - they travelled home on holidays on the same aircraft and shared common interests. Margaret was Jan's bridesmaid when she married Geoff Reeve of Port Moresby. Jan had a son David. Margaret later married and had a son, Jeremy. As the years went by, Margaret and Jan saw each other less and less and eventually lost touch.

Now, the coincidence ... for the whole of this year, sons David and Jeremy have been playing for Norths Rugby Club, Sydney, in 1st Grade Colts (Jeremy is winger, David fullback) - but had no idea of their parents' connections. Jeremy is grandson of Bill and Heather Seale, David is grandson of Eric and Jean Flower and of Harold and Kath Reeve of Port Moresby where Harold was Treasurer. There was much excitement all round when the story unfolded. To cap it all, on Sunday 23 June, both boys broke a wrist during a match, and both are out of the game for six weeks. One wonders what will happen next??? We will keep you posted!