



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC
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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS and VERY BEST WISHES FOR 1997 from THE PRESIDENT AND COMMITTEE

No 4, 1996 - December

Dear Member

The Association's **Christmas Luncheon** will be held on **Sunday 1 December 1996** at the Mandarin Club. Full details, together with booking slip, are on page 24. Please send your cheque and booking slip to the secretary at the above address as soon as possible (the cost is now \$22.00). We would appreciate it if members would pay in advance, and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and advise the Mandarin Club of numbers; also it minimises delays at the dining room entrance.

As at the April luncheon, the dining room will be divided into two sections, non-smoking and smoking. Please indicate your preference in the space provided on the bottom of the booking slip. Members who do not indicate a preference will be classified as non-smokers.

1997 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Please note that our 1997 Annual General Meeting will be held on Sunday 27 April 1997. This is to enable out of town members and friends, who are returned service personnel, to attend both the AGM and Anzac Day celebrations on the one visit to Sydney.

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.

FROM THE EDITOR

I'm sure a number of readers have had interesting PNG experiences which so far are known only to family and friends - please share them with *Una Voce*. Your story may not seem to you particularly remarkable, but taken together these stories provide us with a picture of an era. If putting pen to paper is not for you, then what about doing a tape? We would particularly like to hear from older members, also from members who lived on the Papuan side as we do not have as many stories on this area as we might.

Please send all mail to our PO box number. The secretary records it and sends it on to the committee member/s concerned.

All the very best for 1997,

Marie Bassett

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1997

This is to remind you that our membership rate has been increased to \$10 pa as from January 1997 - this, by the way, is the first increase for seven years. This will not affect members who have already paid their subscriptions in advance at the previous rate. In the past the Association managed to contain continually increasing costs but is unable to do so any longer.

Subscriptions are due on 1 January 1997. If you are unsure whether you are financial or not, please check the address label on the envelope which contained this issue. At the bottom right hand corner of the label is the year to which you have paid your subscription - if the year shown is 1996, you are financial only until 31 December 1996, and we would appreciate it if you would forward your renewal as soon as possible. Cheques should be made out to ROAPNG Inc. (No staples please!)

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Jess ROSS of Gordon NSW said she was sorry she was unable to attend meetings now, but was glad to receive the Newsletter and looked forward to reading all the news. She sent her best wishes to all her friends.

Irene SCHULTZ of Gosford NSW thought members might be interested in the following news item in the CRA Gazette:

'Port Moresby, PNG - Dr Moseley Moramore has been appointed Managing Director, Bougainville Copper Ltd. Moseley will also continue in his role as Managing Director of CRA Minerals (PNG) in Port Moresby. Prior to joining CRA Moseley was Vice-Chancellor at the PNG University of Technology in Lae.' Irene said it was the final sentence that caught her eye, re Lae University of Technology.

Jean McCARTHY advised she had moved to Suite 6, Mt Eliza Terraces, 2 Mt Eliza Way, Mt Eliza Vic. She said that for some years she had been in 'rather indifferent health' which was why she had not been to Sydney to keep in touch with members and friends. She said: 'I am now living in special accommodation at the above as it was becoming more tiresome etc for me looking after myself at home and also to please my family as they were becoming increasingly worried at me being on my own. I send my kindest regards and affection to you all. How I'd love to see so many of you again.'

Dr Douglas ABBOTT of Gerringong NSW said he was a keen reader of the Newsletter and found it fascinating to read of people whom he had either known, or read about in his research studies over many years. Douglas has had a long association with PNG first as a 17 year old member of the Royal Australian Navy and later, after undertaking theological education under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme, as Anglican Chaplain to the Pacific Islands Regiment in 1967 and 1971. He undertook post-graduate study focussing on education in developing countries. He wrote his doctoral thesis *Anglican Mission Education in Papua New Guinea 1891-1972* under the supervision of Drs Hank Nelson and David Wetherell. For the last 14 years he has been going on the *Fairstar* as Honorary Chaplain/Guest Lecturer on cruises which visit PNG ports.

He said, 'It would be of interest to some ex-PNG residents to know that P & O holidays ship *Fair Princess*, which will replace *Fairstar* in 1997, will be visiting PNG ports on two occasions next year. On 6 May it will sail from Sydney, and will visit Vila and Champagne Bay in Vanuatu; Honiara on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands; Samarai, Milne Bay (Alotau), Port Moresby, arriving in Cairns 13 nights later. Passengers can either fly from Cairns, or continue on the ship visiting Townsville, Whitsunday Islands, Brisbane and Sydney. Again, in August 1997 a 13-night cruise departing Cairns will visit Port Moresby, Milne Bay, Samarai, Honiara, Champagne Bay, Vila, arriving in Sydney 13 nights later. On the Coral Sea cruise in May/June this year, there was a considerable number of ex-PNG residents, including several "B4s" whose associations with PNG went back to the 1920s. I arranged an informal meeting of these people before and after their visits to PNG ports, so that they could share their experiences of this re-visit. There was also a large number of ex-service people on board, and also numerous passengers who had had relatives serving in the Papua New Guinea

HAVE YOU HEARD??? *Continued*

campaign in World War II, and whose interest in that country had been stimulated by the "Australia Remembers" programme in 1995. These cruises afford ex-PNG residents an excellent opportunity to visit PNG ports which are otherwise very expensive or difficult to visit.'

Referring to the note regarding **Len Smith**, former Port Moresby jeweller, in the June issue of the Newsletter, Douglas said he has seen Len on two or sometimes three occasions each year since 1982. He wrote, 'On the first occasion when we came to Samarai in 1982, so many people crowded into Len's little shop that the floor caved in. At that time his Papuan assistant, who had been in Port Moresby, was still helping him in the jewellery business. He later went back to his village, and over a period of time Len nurtured a young mixed blood youth, of Papuan and Scottish origin, whom Len trained in the jewellery trade. At that time he still had remnants of jewellery which he had brought with him from Port Moresby, and he displayed these when a cruise ship came to Samarai, and over a period of time "Young Bill", as Len liked to call this lad, offered for sale some of his work also. At that time Len still had some of the Trobriand pearls from which he had made a lot of money in the past.

Regrettably, Bill moved to a village with a young woman, and Len was bereft of his company and assistance. He still opened his little shop whenever *Fairstar* came in, but his jewellery offerings were very meagre... On each occasion that I have seen Len Smith on my visits to Samarai in recent years, he has usually said "Padre, I won't be here next time you come", but he was still there in June this year, on our most recent visit to Samarai... His eyesight has failed, and he is so deaf that communication with him is impossible. He still has the large ex-Japanese Navy binoculars at the front of his house, and was for many years the official tide recorder. On one visit of *Fairstar* to Samarai the Public Service officer from Hobart, who collated all the Pacific tide information, was on board and was able to meet Len Smith, who had been sending him tide reports for many years.'

Wally DOE of Dalmeny NSW is completing arrangements with his publishers regarding a forthcoming book, and then is going to hospital for 'shoulder repairs'. Reading about **Ruby McGregor's** 100th birthday in the last Newsletter reminded him of his arrival in Madang in 1930 or 1931 on his way to The Anchorites as Manager for Carpenters. The schooner loading his supplies was busy so young Wally, not feeling at all well, went to the hotel where Mrs Gilmore said, 'Wally are you alright? You look dreadful.' Wally replied that he had pains in the tummy so Mrs Gilmore arranged for Doc McQueen to examine him. After the examination, the doctor said he would be removing Wally's appendix the next morning, with the assistance of Allan McKay, the dentist. Wally said that after the operation the ladies of Madang 'fed and groomed him' - and that was when he met Ruby. 'She was young then, and a good looker' said Wally, and added that he wanted to say thank you to Ruby once again for her kind attention in those difficult days so long ago. He said he had often thought of her, but as she was older than he was he didn't think she would still be around - but was delighted to hear that she was!

Marjorie MURPHY of Chapel Hill Qld wrote to explain husband **John's** 'bad fall' reported in our last newsletter. She wrote, 'Due to fluctuating blood pressure John

HAVE YOU HEARD??? *Continued*

has had quite a few falls over the past year, the last one of which landed him in Greenslopes Vet Affairs Hospital with a fractured spine. After some weeks in hospital he is now home and with a few weeks of physiotherapy and treatment I feel sure he will soon be back on his feet. I was delighted that, during her short visit to Queensland, **Roma Bates** made time not only to have lunch with me but later to visit John at Greenslopes. It really made his day! Not many of our vintage left these days!

While in Melbourne recently, **Roma BATES** visited her old friend **Olga BLISS** in hospital in Berwick. Olga was feeling very poorly at the time but has since returned to her new home in Berwick, which she moved to in August, to be closer to her family. When bidding her farewell, Olga asked Roma to tell her friends that she is always thinking of them and of the happy years she and Geoffrey spent in PNG. She sends everyone her best wishes. Olga's new address is: 29 Wilson Street, Berwick VIC 3806.

Deryck THOMPSON (in PNG 1972-1988), his wife **Dympna LEONARD**, and sons Eamonn and Fintan recently made the big patrol to Ireland/UK to catch up with Dympna's family. While in London they had a good old chin wag with **Grindl DOKERTY (Sr DOKERI)** who was at Menyamya 1978 to 1990 with the Lutheran Church Medical Service. Dokeri was the principal midwife for the birth of Eamonn at Menyamya in 1982 and for that of Fintan in Lae in 1984. Grindl is currently a free lance tropical public health consultant and is currently based at 22 Pensarn Road, Liverpool UK L13 2 BH. Deryck and Dympna also caught up with **Kevin RIGG** (1971-1984; Green River, Vanimo and PNGDF Moresby) and family Celia, Erika and Jonathan. Celia is teaching and Kevin is renovating their 200 year old cottage at 29 Row Lane, Seend Cleave, Wiltshire SN 126 PR. Much reminiscing was done over several nights in front of their blazing fire.

Frank SMITH wrote, 'On Sunday 6 October Betty and I attended a celebration lunch at the Castle Hill RSL Club in honour of **Ruby McGREGOR** who attained the age of 100 years on that day, and is coping very well with her mature years. The gathering of relatives and friends was arranged by Ruby's daughter Fay and her daughters, Robyn and Yvette. Guests included **Alice Middleton, John and Anna Middleton from Kar Kar, Tommy Aitcheson and Linda Evans**. 'Twas a very enjoyable day.'

When **Ricky ANGELL** of Glendalough WA passed through Sydney recently when touring with friends, she and Pam Foley enjoyed renewing the friendship formed when they were next door neighbours in Mt Hagen rather a lot of years ago - quite a bit of catching up to do as they had not met in the interim!

Norm WEBSTER of Kenmore Q'ld was in Sydney at the end of October/early November visiting old friends. When at home he sees his children and grandchildren quite often. He is really enjoying the company of his nineteen year old granddaughter (Marge's eldest) who often spends an evening with him - he cooks a special dinner, or they go to a restaurant, and possibly to a movie afterwards. Norm manages to keep in touch with many old friends and acquaintances.

HAVE YOU HEARD??? *Continued*

Earlier this year, **Bob and Doreen BROWNE** of Gosford NSW had a wedding in the family (their first) when only daughter Carolyn married. Son Stephen works in Sydney and Neil is based in London - Neil surprised and delighted his parents by keeping his visit to Sydney a secret and simply turning up at the wedding. Bob is due to retire in March.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Jim Toner (Northern Territory)

The Independence Day celebration at Darwin was low key this September. Upheaval on the committee of the PNG Social and Cultural Group in the preceding month sidelined plans for a big bash at a licensed club as occurred in previous years. However, **Rick and Hudson HIGLETT** hosted a very pleasant evening for some fifty people at their residence. Rick was with DCA in Moresby before coming South and his father was a medical officer in the Morobe district. The vivacious Hudson is from Matupit village adjoining Rabaul's former airstrip and one can only hazard a guess at the link between her name and the bomber.

Like Higlett many attending had National wives but some of their children were now married with children themselves. It made one feel lapun to observe rampaging toddlers at the party and realise that they were the *third* generation post-Independence.

One of the second generation, Airi, son of **John INGRAM** formerly lecturer at Adcol, Waigani and now boss of Batchelor College 70km south of Darwin, has just returned from a world tour with the Australian Youth Orchestra, a highlight of which was playing at Atlanta during the Olympics. Lucky and talented young fellow.

That keen observer of human foibles, **Bill KELLY** (now transplanted from Balmoral Beach to Bulimba Reach), once remarked with scriptural advertence, 'Wherever two or three Australians are gathered together - there shall be a Show Committee'. He might equally have said Fishing Trip. Forty-five expats living in Port Moresby recently held a barramundi tournament. They know a bit about barra in the Top End so a couple of Darwin's finest rod and reel men flew north to compete. On return they reported that barra were scarce as apparently the locals catch and eat them.

When **Terry KELLIHER** was a teenager in Rabaul - his father Denny was stationed there before becoming Chief Commissioner, Land Titles - he was fortunate enough to accompany such kiaps as **Neil GRANT** and **Frank JONES** on minor patrols. Enthused, he became a PO himself serving variously in New Britain, the Sepik and Bougainville. Currently he is a Business Manager with the NT Attorney-General's Department. Denny is no longer with us (d.1988) but Terry ensured that his name survives through a grandson, now a student at NT Uni. It was amusing to chat with one of the few persons who remembers how his father plus **J K MCCARTHY** and **Sir Alan MANN** climbed the flagpole at the Kombiu Club, Rabaul. Why did they do it, you ask. Because It Was There ...and it was Friday night.

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

Muriel GOUGH's 100th birthday party at St Mary's Hostel, Nazareth House, Wynnum, Brisbane, on 28-8-96 was a wonderful occasion. It will be remembered that she arrived in Port Moresby in May 1929 and that her husband Tom was the only expat. police officer in Moresby for twelve years (see p.6, UV 3/96). The function room at St Mary's Hostel had been decorated with balloons and streamers and a hundred relatives and well-wishers were seated in the room. A pianist played all the old favourite singalong tunes, *Memories, It had to be you, Somebody stole my gal*, and so many others. While this was on Muriel sat smiling, talking to friends or beating time with her foot. We took her an ornamental bilum and when I said the only greeting in Motu I could think of "Namu, namu" she knew straight away the greeting was from PNG and wiped away a tear. Later she cut her birthday cake and we all sang "Happy Birthday".

I met her nephew **Mike GOUGH**, who was born in Port Moresby and went to school there. Later he returned to PNG between 1970-80 and was posted at Rabaul, Madang and Moresby with PNGSIO (PNG Security Intelligence Organisation).

Terry and Gloria SHAW, who were on Bougainville between 1954-73 were also at the party. They had been 15 years at Numa Numa Plantation and some years at Mabiri Catholic Mission sawmill. He said Jim Humphries was their nearest kiap.

(The Secretary received a lovely letter from Muriel Gough's daughter, Rita, thanking the Retired Officers' Association for 'the MOST beautiful flowers and card'.)

4th Kiap Reunion: Peter Andrews and John Daage organised the 4th Kiap Reunion in Brisbane on 14-9-96 at The Irish Club. Eighty former kiaps and their partners, together with some field officers from other departments were present. It was another excellent lunchtime function with some new faces present. John said this was very pleasing for it meant that the word was getting around about the reunions. **Peter INGRAM** was one, who told me that he was sent to Salamaua in 1962 to convalesce after a bout of illness. While he was there he had built the first Council House. The following attended the reunion:

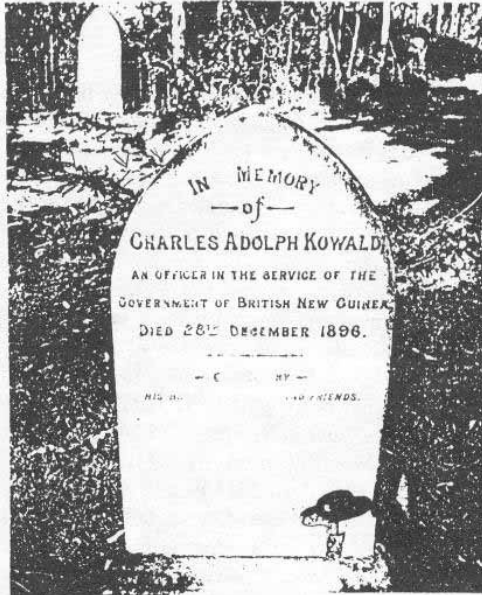
Allmark R & L, Allwood M & D, Andrews P & E, Baker J & L, Battersby JB & DP, Blaikie R W, Bonnell S, Brogan J & M, Buising T + I, Bullock J, Bunting Bob, Tony & Wife, Cappinger J, Cole R R, Cooke A E, Corrigan J, Dage J & R, Doolan L & R, Duggan Judy, Duncan B & P, Dunn Bruce, Edgar M & R, Forbes D, Fowke J, Franklin D, Greaney B & P, Hardy GG & P, Hill R C, Hogg L, Howard F, Hunter P, Ingram P, Lancaster Judy, Littler G, Macindoe T & N, Maume B J, McKenzie P & B, Milne H, Muskens W, Newton T & C, Norton J, Oates P, O'Donnell T & M, Pegg S & N, Phillippe R B, Quinlivan P, Robertson I, Robins B, Sabben F, Seefeld F, Simpson P & W, Sinclair J & J, Smith V & R, Timperley Mrs K, Wright AS & JL.

MEMORIAL TO OFFICER OF GOVERNMENT OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA by Harry West

This photograph was taken in the Cooktown cemetery by Harry West when on a visit to North Queensland in July 1991 with Margaret and Bill Kelly and the late Tony Pitt.

It is printed, as a matter of historical interest, 100 years after Kowald's death. Cooktown was a thriving city at the time and records in the fine museum there, formerly a substantial boarding convent, show that the Chinese population alone on the mining fields was in the vicinity of 30,000 and there was a resident Chinese Consul. It was also a main supply port for Port Moresby and the medical evacuation centre.

(The last lines read: Erected by his brother officers and friends.)



PNG INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY, SEPTEMBER 1996: Events in Sydney to mark PNG's 21st Anniversary of Independence included a function at Parliament House, arranged by the PNG Consulate, which Joe Nitsche and Pam Foley attended. Also a very lively dinner dance arranged by the Sydney, PNG Wantok Club at the University of NSW Roundhouse - Neil and Christine Grant, Marie Bassett, Joe Nitsche, Pam Foley, Marie Day and Isobel Ireland shared a table. And in a more serious vein, the annual Thanksgiving Mass at Surry Hills (celebrated in Pidgin) - Pam Foley attended and enjoyed the singing by the PNG choir. By Pam Foley

Sports Day, Sydney, Saturday 14-9-96: The Sydney Papua New Guinea Towards 2000 Committee hosted PNG's 21st Independence Anniversary celebrations at Centennial Park, with the help of the Sydney, PNG Wantok Club. Over 300 people attended.

The day started with a flag raising ceremony at the park at 8am. All members from the Sydney PNG Consul General Office were present, as well as lots of other nationals and friends. Four little children dressed in traditional costumes (grass skirts, plumes etc) carried the Papua New Guinea flag to the flagpole where it was raised by a member of the community and remained there until sunset. This event was followed by morning coffee and cake in Ash Paddock, the usual gathering place in Centennial Park for all the wantoks. Then a number of teams from Sydney, the Wollongong Community and from Western Sydney assembled to play softball and volleyball. We had an enjoyable barbecue at lunchtime, in perfect weather, and the day finished off with touch football.

By Joe Nitsche, a member of the Sydney PNG Towards 2000 Committee

VISIT TO PNG, SEPT-OCT 1996

By Doug Franklin

Doug and Pam Franklin of Closeburn QLD spent a fortnight in PNG in September/October as guests of their eldest son Philip and his wife Louise who are based in Lae. Doug said it was good to see the country again, especially the road trips to Zenag, Kainantu and Goroka - likewise the visit to Salamaua last seen by Doug 56 years ago. Doug commented that while much is said against PNG in the media and by the public in Australia, they at no time felt uncomfortable. Doug wrote:

'At Moresby airport on arrival it was clear that the existing terminal, like Brisbane's until recently, was inadequate. But the Customs and Quarantine people did their job quickly and efficiently at their computer terminals. The new airport buildings which are located beyond where TALAIR used to be are at an advanced stage of construction. I was told they should be opened by March next year.

We had a 45 minute connecting flight to Nadzab on an F28 which was as good as ever. I saw five F28s on the tarmac at Moresby and thought of Brian Grey. Soon we were on the road from Nadzab to Lae, a distance of 45 km. The Highlands Highway road from the airport to Lae is good until the outskirts of the city. Around 10 Mile it becomes rough and broken up in places due to the heavy traffic. But the attractive bright green tropical countryside as we approached Lae was a sight to behold after the drought stricken countryside at home.

The old Lae airport in town opposite the hospital and Huon Gulf Motel still remains unused. Plans are in the pipeline to utilise this valuable space.

At the last population census in 1992 Lae had a population of 78,000, but this did not include those living in settlements near the city. The real population today could be between 120 and 150 thousand people. This was clear in town with the crowds of people in the streets. Someone said to watch out for touts but we saw none. Maybe my pidgin conversations in the street or in stores, which I have always enjoyed, helped. One of the first positives I noted was that petrol and dieselene from service stations was around 50 toea a litre, a lot less than in Australia.

Jerry Nalau, the former District Commissioner, is the Regional MP for Morobe. As such, under the Provincial Government reforms he is the Provincial Governor. This is equivalent to the former Provincial Premier or District Commissioner.

Another ex kiap, **Alan McLay**, who has a business based in Lae, is the President of the Lae Chamber of Commerce and Industry. He is also Chairman of the Lae City Authority Board and in effect Lord Mayor of Lae. This is an enormous responsibility, taking in most of the city services. One of these is roads. Lae roads have suffered for some years from the heavy Highlands Highway traffic to and from the port. Huge semi trailers, some carrying two shipping containers can be seen in Lae. An AUSAID project to pump millions of dollars into reconstructing the Lae city roads is about to commence.

It was good to see **Fred Cook, OBE**, one of the prominent members of the Lae community at a Rotary lunch. He said he was going to have a few days off from his business interests to take his fine fly bridge cruiser down to the Trobriands. Fred was instrumental in transporting the veterans who returned to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II in 1995 to the Lae War Cemetery and to war sites around the town.

I was pleased to meet **Bart Philemon** again, the MP for Lae. When the veterans

were there, he spoke at a memorial service at the War Cemetery and said that Papua New Guinea would never forget what Australia had done for the country. Bart went to school in Brisbane as a boy.

The Lae market was an eye opener. Situated along Air Corps Road it is on the site of the old sawmill. The large building which housed the milling machinery is now a covered space for vendors to display their produce out of the sun or rain. Imagine our surprise to see **Brian King**, ex Burns Philp, buying some vegetables. He was up for the Kumuls matches from Leeton NSW where he is the purchasing officer for the Leeton Hospital. The market had a huge quantity and range of fruit and vegetables all at reasonable prices. The Cecil Hotel was acquired by the Lutheran Church and pulled down. This central location is now occupied by 20 luxury townhouses with tennis courts, swimming pool etc.

While we were in Lae the PNG National Swimming Long Course Titles were being held at the magnificent Sir Ignatius Kilage Stadium 50 metre olympic swimming pool. Minson Peni MBE, President of PNGSI (Papua New Guinea Swimming Inc) welcomed contestants from the Port Moresby, Boroko, Goroka and Lae Swimming Clubs. While I did not know many of the competitors I certainly knew Mrs **Louise Franklin** who won a gold medal in the relay team for Lae and watched our granddaughter Emilie at the age of seven swim in two 50 metre races. Looking at the list of record holders I could see many familiar names like **Nigel Cluer**, **Mark Purdy**, **Jason Pini** and others.

Next in a very full programme was the rugby league match PNG Kumuls v British Lions. I was lucky to find myself in the air-conditioned press box with the British High Commissioner Brian Low and SP Brewery and League officials at the Lae Rugby League ground. I said to two UK tabloid press reporters next to me, 'Your fellows are going to know they have been in a football game'. Some of the Kumuls were the biggest rugby players I have seen. At half time the score was 16-12 to the red and gold Kumuls with the crowd cheering them on. It was an overcast day and there had been rain but the Lions were feeling it. The one off Test ended in victory for the visitors 32-30. In fact the Kumuls scored more tries but couldn't convert them.

Before the match a sing sing group from Manus entertained the spectators. They were quite different from mainland sing sing groups. Their quick staccato drumming, foot movements with attacking spear and axe motions were a delight to the crowd. There were shrieks and yells of laughter when at the end of each exhausting dance stanza the male dancers with a quick hip movement aimed at the watching fans caused their copy john thomas appendages adorned with a white cowrie shell to leap into a momentary rampant position of affront! It was a tough but friendly game throughout. Afterwards the Lions went round the field waving and shaking hands with the crowd cheering them.

While rugby league attracts the most support in PNG there is a growing interest and support for rugby union. In Lae a group has been formed called SCRUM - Supporters Club for Rugby Union in Morobe (and PNG). They have regular fund raising lunches at the Lae International Hotel, previously TAA Lae Lodge but now rebuilt to a 5-star hotel. I was invited to one of these lunches when the guest speaker was Roger Gould, former Wallaby full-back who played 25 Tests for Australia. He gave an excellent talk saying that rugby is now played in 130 countries and another 100 countries are affiliated with the Rugby Union. The days of it being an amateur sport are over he said. Sevens rugby has been included for the 2000 Olympic Games. There is a huge potential. After lunch there was an auction of rugby memorabilia - a David Campese

jumper, a jumper signed by the Wallaby team, rugby balls from famous games, a Nick Farr Jones autographed book etc. The prices were astonishing and in 30 minutes \$7000 had been raised. Roger Gould shook his head in disbelief saying he wished he had brought some of his old rugby gear. He offered a blazer which promptly raised \$1000 for SCRUM.

By this time it was the weekend and we were off to Salamaua, 19 nautical miles and a one hour journey by fast boat across the Huon Gulf. It was retracing history for me as I had been on the Burns Philp ship *Neptuna* in August 1940 aged 13 on the way to Sydney evacuated from Hong Kong with my mother and sisters when it stopped at Salamaua to unload rice. Ashore there again we walked to the pre-war cemetery and saw some of the headstones still in good condition. One said, "In loving memory of our dear son T A Hough P.O. who died of wounds from a native arrow 19th December 1936"; another "In memory of Keith Bruce Suttor Born 3rd March 1884 Died 24th Aug. 1930". The local people at Salamaua are keeping the cemetery and graves well looked after. There are a number of holiday houses with their own power plants running 24 hours, and water tanks. It is a lovely place. Just across the bay on a hill back towards Lae a new provincial high school has just been built. There is a primary school on the isthmus. We walked through Laugiu village to the Frisco river where the isthmus starts. It was all quiet and peaceful and attractive.

The next day **Kerry and Christine King** of Lae took us in their fast fly bridge cruiser a further 19 miles down the coast to Jawani island. This idyllic place would only be a dot on a map. Deep crystal clear water up to a white sandy beach with leaning coconut palms. Coral reef all round and myriads of colourful fish in the water - a snorkeller's paradise. There couldn't be a more beautiful place.

We returned to Lae to prepare for the road trips - first to Zenag in the mountains on the way to Bulolo. It was here in 1946 that **Mick and Jeanette Leahy** took up their agricultural lease after many years in the gold mining industry based at the Upper Watut. Today Highlands Products Pty Ltd with its Zenag logo is one of the most extensive of its kind in PNG. It is the largest egg producer and one of the leading table bird producers. **Dr Phil Leahy** showed us the long sheds housing poultry being reared under the very latest management systems. The road past Zenag, sealed all the way from Lae, was a joy and we travelled there in only 75 minutes. We had lunch with Phil, his wife Kathy and Jeanette, who first went to PNG in 1939. She still maintains an active interest in the business and keeps well. It was wonderful to meet again with this fine pioneering lady who has had 57 years in the Morobe Highlands. I wished we could have stayed longer.

Next on the agenda was the Nori Kori Cup weekend at Kainantu. The drive up the Markham Valley was as spectacular as ever with the sealed road beyond the outskirts of Lae in good condition. Villagers walking along the road waved to us and we waved back. We stopped at a market where there were large sacks of peanuts awaiting transport. There were little plastic bags of roasted salted peanuts for sale which we bought and they were excellent. At Kassam Pass the road had broken up and was more or less back to gravel. Near the top the memorial to Rupert Roelof Haviland is still there. It says "In 1953, as a Patrol Officer in the Department of District Services and Native Affairs, Rupert Haviland was in charge of the construction gang which built the first vehicular road from Gusap through the Kassam Pass to the Highlands. May his courage and devotion to duty always be remembered." He was 26 years old when he died in 1958. (I was told many years ago from malaria.)

The rest of the journey to Kainantu was good and we checked into Kainantu Lodge Motel at lunch time. The Nori Kori Cup, now an annual event, was started back in 1983 at the plantation of that name by the Lloyd family who had a fun game of touch football after a lunchtime BBQ. It has developed over the years into a real competition but with the accent on keeping it a social and fun weekend. Teams come to Kainantu from Madang, Lae, Mt Hagen and Goroka. The motel, which has a new double storey block, was booked out. Part of the old airstrip was marked out and used for the games. The rules were a delight. Rule 1: All players and supporters must have a good time. Rule 2: Sin Bin - Go off the field and scull a stubbie of beer. Rule 3: Seven players only on the field at a time. Maximum of 13 reserves per side.

Games were 15 minutes each way and some of the 40 year olds soon needed a replacement. An arm in the air meant "I've had it". When the Lae team were due to start their match they were tardy in getting on to the field. "Sin bin the lot of you" the referee ordered. The game started a minute later with lots of belches from the Lae team who incidentally won!

Before going on to Goroka we visited the Kainantu pottery and artifact centre and then drove out to see Aiyura and the Summer Institute of Linguistics, Ukarumpa, again. We were told that there are about 2,000 expats at the latter. It is a huge place today with houses and buildings everywhere.

It is 79 km from Kainantu to Goroka and we covered this stretch of road easily despite the heavy traffic that afternoon. **John and Cynthia Leahy** were our hosts at Goroka with their fine home a little way out of town off the road to Kabiufa. John is the manager of a large coffee business and factory. John played for Goroka in the Nori Kori Cup. We visited the J K McCarthy Museum at West Goroka near the showground and saw displayed detailed history of the Eastern Highlands and elsewhere in recent times. Much of the narrative supporting photographs 60 and 70 years old was written by Jim Sinclair OBE and Peter Munster who was at Goroka Teachers College when we were there from 1972-74. The Goroka Hotel is no more, it having burned down. The Bird of Paradise Hotel has been enlarged and rebuilt. We had lunch there and it was excellent, though not on the 'flight deck' which has been built on. **Cam and Judy Bennett**, who had Lantern Lodge, then the Goroka Hotel and the Bird of Paradise live near Brisbane and I must catch up with them soon. Goroka itself has changed little and is still the fine place it has always been. We drove up to Mt Kiss above Minogere Lodge (now Goroka Lodge) and enjoyed the wonderful 360° views of the whole town, airport etc. We were told that while the Kotuni trout farm out of town closed a long time ago, another one is operating near town.

Then it was time for the return 286 km drive back to Lae passing through Kamaliki, Korofeigu and Henganofi. At Yonki near Kainantu a new dam has been built in the last couple of years and the Arona Valley has become a vast picturesque inland lake stretching back for kilometres.

I remember Bill Seale saying in 1969 when he was DC in Lae that something must be done about developing the huge expanse of the Markham Valley. Well it has been done. While there was not much sign of life at Mutzing, Kaiapit or Erap we saw huge areas of cultivation - sorghum, peanuts and corn, and hundreds of Brahman cattle grazing in vast paddocks. There were large commercial poultry projects and a big piggery visible from the road. There were also horses at some places and the sugar industry was not far away in the Ramu.

We had dinner with **Tony and Jan Beirne** ex Waghi Valley and now Lae. Next day we went out to see **Mrs Glen Jacobsen** at 10 Mile who had looked after two of our dogs in her kennels when we were on leave. She told me that she was born at Wau in 1937 and except for a period during the war had lived all her life in PNG. Since the death of her husband Jim (see Vale UV No 2 1995), Glen has continued to run the bakery business from her base at Suambu Plantation. She has a real love of horticulture especially sub tropical and tropical fruits. She has a botanical garden running to hectares of the latter, all in production. She regularly attends Royal Agricultural Society Horticultural Conferences and this year went to England as a delegate from PNG. She was honoured and asked to give the address in reply to the main speaker, in the presence of delegates from almost every Commonwealth country. Glen said that this was the eighth trip she and in the past, Jim, had made to these conferences held all over the world.

Then it was time for our last couple of days in Moresby. It was very good to see **Jack Karukuru** again. He joined the public service as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1960 and rose through the ranks to District Commissioner with several appointments in the Department of Decentralisation. Ultimately he told me he was offered the post of High Commissioner to Fiji. But after consideration he declined the appointment and resigned. For the past 13 years he has been in charge of administration for Brian Bell & Co Ltd, with branches at Moresby, Lae, Mt Hagen and Goroka. He looks really well and hasn't aged a day since I last saw him more than twelve years ago.

At sundown time I was introduced as a guest at The Papua Club. This early club which started around 1912 now occupies a floor on the top of one of Moresby's high rise buildings with magnificent views of the harbour and Tuaguba Hill. The club is excellent in every way. **Bruce Mackinlay** is the Club President and current Principal of the Ela Beach International Primary School. It was interesting chatting to him as he knew many ex PNG friends including **Ross and Liz Crilly** of Moresby schools who are now on the Gold Coast. Bruce showed me the school playing field at the bottom of Musgrave Street - it used to be barren but is now covered with green grass. **Reuben Taureka's** son, a doctor, was at the club. I heard that **Des Fitzer** had recently gone south for medical treatment. In the evening we had dinner at Travelodge with **Lettie and Fred Haynes** ex kiap and now Corporate Manager for British Petroleum PNG Ltd. Fred was awarded an MBE in the United Kingdom Honours List. He said that the operation in PNG was the most successful for the company anywhere in the world.

Before saying au revoir to PNG we were shown the Royal Papua Yacht Club's large new boat harbour nearer Konedobu and plans to build a new club there. Up on Burns Peak work is well advanced on a huge cutting to enable traffic from Moresby to get through to Waigani via Spring Garden Road. At the Waigani side a large fly over is under construction which will go over the road to the University of PNG and on to Gerehu. After checking in at Jackson's for the return trip, Philip took us up to the new extension to the airport hotel now owned by George Constantinou. He has built a super place right near the top of the hill above the airport with sweeping views over the valley. We could sit and watch for our plane to arrive.

The whole visit was marvellous and we enjoyed every minute. Probably the most rewarding aspect for both of us were the genuine body hugs we each received from former staff - Doug from DPI (Dept of Primary Industry), now DAL (Dept of Agriculture and Livestock), and Pam from Burns Philp people.'

POTTED PUSICAT

by Ken Brown

My good friend and former PNG colleague, Ron Galloway recalled a tale from the Goilala region of the Papuan Highlands during a stopover at Ruma Brown. I jotted down my interpretation of the story as I believed it worthy of recording for posterity. A draft was despatched to Indooroopilly (Ron's home) for verification. Some of the following is Galloway verbatim.

While undertaking the Long Course of 1952-1953 Ron often talked to Jim McAuley about the Goilala and they planned a long walk. This eventuated in 1954.

McAuley quickly had his first taste of the rugged terrain as the tiny aircraft came through a narrow gap and descended rapidly towards the Aibala River Gorge. In the distance far to the left he could make out Tapini settlement. Without warning the plane made a steep 90° left bank and began its awe-inspiring, one way, sudden uphill landing.

The next day they set off on a 30 mile enervating march along the precipitous horse trail to Guari Patrol Post. A night's recovery and another three hours found them at the Kamulai Catholic Mission. Ron proposed to leave Jim at Kamulai from where he would be escorted by a Mission layman through the Karuama to Yule Island. At Kamulai Father Louis Willem, a gentle and devout priest, had a pusicat and it was a bloody nuisance. At the time of the visitor's arrival, Father Louis was on patrol in the Top Kunimaipa and John Martin, a layman at the Mission, decided this was the opportune time to rid the station of the apparent pest. He therefore knocked the jolly thing on the head. Things were pretty basic in those days, not much tucker. So ...Waste not, Want not. John skinned it and took it to the Sisters to cook up as a casserole. They reacted adversely and told him, inter alia, if he wanted to eat it, then he had to cook it. This he set about doing.

Ron had been to have a look at Martin's little workshop soon after arriving at Kamulai. He had noticed the skin of a wallaby pinned to the wall. John remarked that wallaby was on the menu that evening. Ron believed him. He had seen the skin and was not averse to the occasional well cooked piece of the little marsupial.

Later, Father Michenaud, Jim, Ron and John sat down after grace to participate in the evening meal. As the group were loudly devouring their soup, John advertised the main course as wallaby and asked if all enjoyed such a dish from the bush. Jim nodded, Ron nodded and the Father nodded. Around went the dish and everyone helped themselves to a generous portion as it was a big container. John continued to extol the delicacy of the wallaby but Ron perceived what seemed to be something of a twinkle in his eye. The dish, regardless, was tasty, although Ron could not help ponder on the little rib bones unlike anything he had seen in a wallaby before. He glanced across at the layman and there was understanding eye contact but nothing was said. Jim McAuley was displaying every indication of thoroughly enjoying the meal.

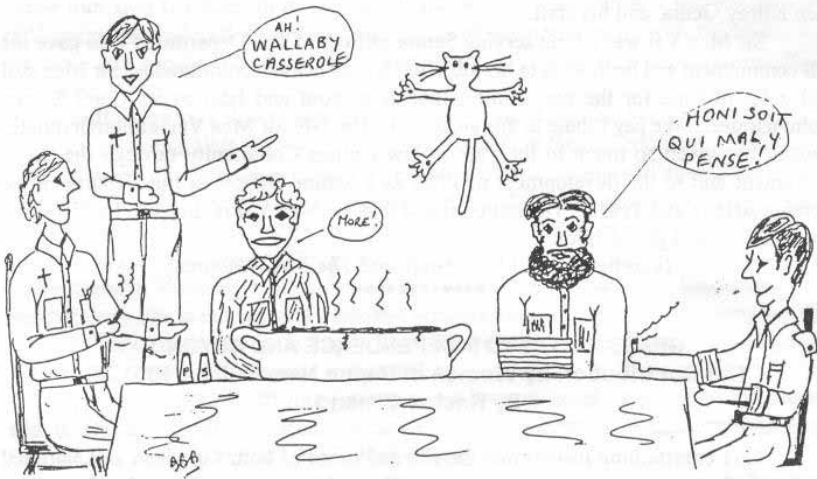
There remained a serving or two in the pot and John nobly suggested that it be left for Father Louis who was expected back the following day. John was sure that he too would enjoy the 'wallaby' casserole he had so carefully prepared.

The next day dawned fresh and clear as only clean mountain air can. Father Louis Willem arrived back early in the afternoon. Evening meal time arrived. All appeared at the dining table with Father Louis. He asked if anyone had seen his pusicat. No ... no-one had seen it.

* John mentioned he had saved a little of the 'wallaby' casserole of the previous

evening for Father Louis. Louis, who doubtless had already checked with the Sisters in his search for the errant feline, said simply to John, 'John, you find my pusicat for me and I will happily eat your 'wallaby' stew.' This was no prudish expurgation - it was Father Willem's mild mannered warning that any such future acts would surely ensure that the cheeky layman would be the first person he had recommended for anathematisation.

The revelation that he had eaten a goodly portion of the good Father's pusicat was not really the end of Jim McAuley as a bush tucker man but it was a meal that remained in his memory for some time.



From left to right the characters are intended to represent:

Fr Michenaud, Fr Willem, Jim McAuley, John Martin and Ron Galloway

Ken Brown wrote, 'Did you note the initial triple "B" on the sketch? It belongs to my daughter Brigette. The first attempt I made from photos of 5 "gourmets" she informed me was "really" dreadful... so I challenged her to do better. You can see she insisted on taking full credit after taking up the challenge.'

OUR VISIT TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, 3 October 1996

by Alison Marsh

Our visit to the Blue Mountains on Thursday 3 October 1996 was, as always, a very happy occasion - a perfect spring day and we lunched as usual at The Grandview Hotel, Wentworth Falls. There were not as many of us as last year, for various reasons, but it was a most enjoyable day. Those who attended were Bill and Nance Johnston, Pat Smith, Irene Schultz, Linda Evans, Meg England, Heather Seale, Marie Day, Isobel Ireland, Don Drover, Aileen Giles, Neville Threlfall, Alison Marsh and Bill and Friedergarde Tomasetti.

We missed some of our regular members, including President Harry West who was holidaying overseas, and in particular we thought of 'our old regulars' who are no longer with us including Corbett Kimmorley, Sid Smith and Ed Hicks. We missed them.

DEATH OF SIR MEA VAI KBE, CBE, ISO Chief Scouts Commissioner

The news that Sir Mea Vai had died was faxed to us by Bill McGrath who saw a condolence message in *The PNG National* dated 30 October 1996. Bill said that Mea Vai from Hanuabada, Port Moresby, had been a personnel clerk in DDS & NA (Dept of District Services and Native Affairs) and DNA (Dept of Native Affairs) at Konedobu, and that he initially worked under Jim Sullivan. He added, 'All kiaps held him in high regard'.

This tribute in the *National* is from the Minister for Foreign Affairs and Trade, Hon Kilroy Genia, and his staff:

'Sir Mea Vai was a long serving Senior Officer of this Department who gave his full commitment and dedication to his job. Besides his heavy commitments, Sir Mea still had a lot of time for the community, first as a scout and later as its Chief Scouts Commissioner. We pay tribute to this great man. The late Sir Mea Vai, although quietly spoken has given so much to the Papua New Guinea Community through the Scout movement and to the development of PNG as a Senior Officer in the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade.' The notice stated that Sir Mea Vai is survived by his wife, five children and grandchildren.

(Our thanks to Bill McGrath and *The PNG National*)

GRASS ROOTS TO INDEPENDENCE AND BEYOND The Contribution by Women in Papua New Guinea 1951-78 By Rachel Cleland

This entertaining insight into the life and times of both European and National women in the post-war developing territory of Papua New Guinea chronicles the unique and important role of women in the transition from grass roots to Independence. Part I details the involvement of various individuals and organisations in laying the foundations for the continuing success of PNG women through past and present times of social, economic and cultural upheaval. Part II is devoted to the women in modern-day PNG who have overcome many obstacles and have attained positions of power and influence in both vocational and personal endeavours, providing valuable role models for both men and women of future generations.

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70 YEAR OLD MOVIE FILM TAKEN IN PNG

Segments of a 70 year old documentary film that lay forgotten in a trunk in a shed in Victoria for half a century have been returned to the PNG museum. The film was shot in the 1920s by an Australian film maker, William Jackson. He then toured cinemas in Australia with his film *In New Guinea Wilds* giving lectures on his trip. The venture was unprofitable, and eventually he gave the original rushes for the film to a man called Stuart in payment of a debt. They remained in this man's garage for 50 years until his daughter found the film and donated it to the Museum of Victoria twelve years ago. The old nitrate film, over five hours of material in all, was in excellent condition and the Museum of Victoria has produced video enhanced copies of one part dealing with the Milne Bay Province and handed it back to PNG. The videotape is entitled *In New Guinea Wilds Reviewed*.

Following is a description of the tape provided by the Museum of Victoria: "William Jackson's 1926 film *In New Guinea Wilds* is in the anthropological collection of the Museum of Victoria. It is one of the oldest filmed records of Papua New Guinea in existence. ... This tape reviews the film shot in the Milne Bay area, especially Samarai and Maiwara. Anthropological research and interviewing was by Ron Vanderwal, Curator of Oceanic Anthropology, Museum of Victoria, and the production was by Robert Newton, Honorary Fellow, School of Arts and Media, La Trobe University. The original silent film is in black and white and presents a colonial view of the country. This is shown with comments from Papua New Guineans of both colonial and indigenous descent and tape of the locations shot in 1993.

In New Guinea Wilds Reviewed has now been released. It plays for 38 minutes and is available from: Dr Ron Vanderwal, Senior Curator, Oceanic Anthropology, Museum of Victoria, PO Box 666E, Melbourne 3001.

The cost is \$40.00 from point of sale or \$45.00 by post. For ease in handling, please remit postal money order or bank cheque only."

(Our thanks to Sean Dorney and the Australian Broadcasting Corporation, and to Dr Vanderwal of the Museum of Victoria for the above information.)

HELP WANTED: Judy Cannon, a Sydney author and journalist, has almost completed a history of **ASHTON'S CIRCUS**. She writes, 'Can any of your readers remember Ashton's Circus performing in Papua New Guinea in 1970? ... It occurred to me some readers may have memories/information/photographs of a visit to the circus which they might be happy to forward to me. Although the manuscript of the history of Ashton's (whose founder came from England in about 1848) is completed, it only includes a slim reference to the PNG visit. It would be interesting to include some memories of patrons about the show or incidents related to it.

The circus arrived in Port Moresby on October 1 1970 and the elephants were driven on a truck along Musgrave Street and performed on a Racecourse Road site. This was the first time Ashton's visited PNG and the elephants created great interest, according to the 'Post-Courier'. No doubt Ashton's was not the first circus to visit PNG but it is possible it was the first time elephants had been seen in a circus ring. Any information would be most gratefully received.' Judy Cannon may be contacted at: PO Box 639, Potts Point NSW 2011, Phone and fax 02 9356 3329.

GALLIPOLI, ANZAC DAY, APRIL 25 1996

By Roma Bates

For many years it has been my wish to attend the Dawn Service at Anzac Cove on Gallipoli Peninsula and this year I was able to do this. I joined the RSL group which left Sydney on 18 April for Istanbul where we spent three days before travelling down to Cannakale. This town is the closest to the peninsula across the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, called The Narrows. We went by chartered ferry further down the Gallipoli coast where we were taken by bus across to the other side of the peninsula to Anzac Cove to attend the Dawn Service on 25 April - Anzac Day. This particular cove has now been presented officially to Australia and Turkish maps altered accordingly. It is a small cove but it means a great deal to Australians; how great I did not fully appreciate until I saw the crowds of Australians and New Zealanders who attended the services that day. I wondered if all the Australians and New Zealanders holidaying in the United Kingdom and Europe had journeyed to Gallipoli for this very special day.

We arrived at the Cove in deep darkness, the mountains and hills nearby were quite indiscernible in the pre-dawn. The only illumination was the flickering spots of light as we flashed torches to find a "place" near the scene of action. And there it was, the cream coloured stone memorial with its Cross of Sacrifice at centre, an Australian and New Zealand flag at either end and a lectern on the side near the Australian flag. A bright light illuminated the area. At nearby water's edge were three lines of soldiers facing the memorial. The only sound in the hushed stillness was the gentle lap-lap-lap of the waves on the narrow beach.

Almost immediately the Dawn Service commenced with a welcome to the Joint Service followed by the opening prayer by the Chaplain, Hugh Cocksedge, and the Service progressed with reverence and circumstance, short speeches being given by the New Zealand Minister for Trade Negotiations, the Lesson read by the Australian Ambassador, HE David Evans, followed by the Lords Prayer, then the laying of wreaths. The Order of Service and Commemoration is given at the end of this account; there were many wreaths besides the official ones. Darkness was still surrounding us, deep and palpable.

The bugler took up his position and blew the Last Post, it cut through the silence like a knife. During the following one minute's silence a thin line of light glowed along the ridge of the mountain tops ... it was almost spiritual and very dramatic; the Reveille was blown and this emotional moment was heightened by our ex-Governor NSW, Peter Sinclair, reading the Ode as the dawn light gradually brightened.

Everyone was affected with the feelings of the moment and with somewhat strangled voices, hoarse with emotion, the National Anthems were sung, first the New Zealand followed by the Australian. The closing prayer and blessing brought this Special Experience of my life to a close; it is one I shall never forget.

After the Service everyone broke ranks ... to take snaps, talk to the soldiers still standing in line, and the light being stronger now, one could see there was a big crowd of people there - about 2,000 I thought, but our leader, Major Bruce Munchenberg, thought there were about 3,000 or more - people of all ages with a greater preponderance of young people, which surprised me. These were mostly back-packers many of whom

had stayed overnight on the beach in sleeping bags so as to be present to pay homage to our men who gave their lives so valiantly. The beach was full of groups like ours.

It was almost full daylight when our group had the traditional gunfire breakfast of rum (with hot coffee) standing on the sandy beach that had seen such agony and tragedy. We were all very emotional but covered our feelings with typical Oz humour.

As we finished our gunfire breakfast, our historian, Bob Cleworth, read an account of the historical events of 25 April 1915 - a most moving account for us, standing on the very spot and beach where it all happened; one was filled with pity and pride for those great young men who sacrificed their lives for the ideals of that time... and also anger and bitterness for the loss of a generation of our best manhood ... and the children they would have had. Great indeed was the loss to Australia and New Zealand.

When the reading was concluded, we sauntered along the beach in thoughtful mood, gathering memorabilia, before our historian took us to the many cemeteries and other areas with familiar names. Most of the people on our tour had graves of relatives or friends to visit - not so many in Gallipoli, more in France and Flanders which we were to visit later on.

The RSL had organized the tour extremely well. For everyone who had lost a relative or friend, the RSL would find out from Canberra which cemetery and the grave number, and the tour member concerned would be taken to it. The RSL did that for me too, even though my relative's grave was miles away from all the others.

So many places had familiar names which I had learnt about at school during the war years, and it was satisfying to put the cemetery, valley, ridge or area to the name. At each historical spot our historian would read or tell us what took place there, which made it very real to us.

All cemeteries followed the same format - the area was suitably landscaped with trees, shrubs and flowers. On a rise at the centre back was the cream-coloured stone memorial with its Cross of Sacrifice at the centre. In front of it and nearby, lay the headstones of those who had been killed but never found, with a plaque to this effect. This whole area then overlooked the rest of the cemetery which fanned out to the entrance at which there were pillars with cemetery name, and stainless steel plates giving the history and a map of the area. Rows upon rows of headstones filled the cemeteries and one was shocked by the enormity of the sacrifice. Reading some of the headstones as one walked along the rows, one was devastated that so many were teenagers! Very few were 30 years old.

Every cemetery was immaculate, not a weed, all edges trimmed, small shrubs growing between each headstone, flowers - many pansies, plenty of wallflowers in lovely autumnal tonings, and of course plenty of rosemary.

As well as visiting these cemeteries of personal interest, we visited others of some particular importance, in one of which I saw the grave of John Simpson, Medical Orderly who, with his donkey, brought so many of his wounded mates from the cliff-top battle areas down to the beach hospitals. Eventually he was killed doing it. To pay homage to John Simpson complemented my memories as he was such a hero to we schoolchildren. Simpson and his donkey became a legend and a statue to honour them has been erected in the grounds surrounding Melbourne's War Memorial.

The Turkish cemeteries also were beautifully cared for. One that particularly appealed to me was landscaped and planted with pansies (for thoughts) and forget-me-

notes ... a nice combination of floral language. Nearby an extensive area with a huge Turkish memorial was being prepared for a ceremony to honour their dead, possibly the next day.

But of all the memorials, I found the Turkish Memorial Plaque erected at Anzac Cove by the Turkish Government, the most moving of all, and I still cannot read it without shedding a tear. When the decision was made to erect a memorial as an act of friendship, the epilogue sent by Ataturk in 1934 to the first visitors from Australia, New Zealand and England was chosen. A perfect and very telling choice. This enormous, free-standing plaque style monument of cream coloured stone stands alone in a prominent position on Anzac Cove, and bears the following inscription:

'Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives ...
You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country,
Therefore rest in peace.
There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehments*
To us where they lie side by side
Here in this country of ours ...

You, the Mothers,
Who sent their sons from far away countries
Wipe away your tears.
Your sons are now lying in our bosom
and are in peace.
After having lost their lives on this land they have
become our sons as well.'

ATATURK, 1934

*Mehments - Turkish soldiers

This memorial was unveiled by the Veterans Affairs Minister of Australia on Anzac Day, 25 April 1985, for the 70th Anniversary Commemoration.

Similar plaques commemorating the friendship between our countries were unveiled in 1985 in Canberra and Albany by the Australian Government, and in Wellington by the Government of New Zealand.

The name "Anzac Cove" has been officially recognized by the Turkish Government in memory of all those who fought and died there. It was the name given to the area by General Birdwood who was the Anzac Commanding Officer in 1915.

In April 1985 the Turkish Government officially changed the previous Turkish name to Anzak Koyu at the seventieth anniversary commemoration, and their maps have been altered accordingly.

By this time of the morning it was a superb day ... sunny, cloudless sky, deep blue sea, sandy beaches, bees buzzing round the flowers and a gentle zephyr.

While the group went off with the historian to other famous battle areas, a car took Leader Major Bruce Munchenberg AM and myself to find Hill 60 and my relative's grave.

We found it high on a hill ... a lonely cemetery of "keyhole" design with a semicircle of pine trees behind the Cross of Sacrifice. Isolated it certainly is but despite this, it too was immaculate. Bruce soon found my relative's grave which, with the

cemetery plan and relevant details, was fortunately not difficult. For a few moments I gazed at his headstone -

2103 Private
W. W. Anderson
14th Bn. Australian Inf.
21st August 1915

so impersonal, a happy family's life disposed of in those four lines. I was sorry my cousin Brian Philpot was not with me to pay his respects to this uncle who meant so much to him. It was with sadness in my heart that I laid a few red carnations at his headstone, remembering the misery his loss had meant to his wife and Brian. I took some snapshots for Brian and gathered some twigs of rosemary nearby. Feeling somewhat moved I took a last glance around the cemetery and his grave before returning to the car. And then - suddenly - all the pent-up emotions of the morning overwhelmed me and I wept uncontrollably ... not only for my family's loss but for all those lovely young men in their many thousands who gave their lives and did not count the cost. Oh! the heart-wrenching futility of war. But I soon pulled myself together and we went on our way to rejoin our group for the 11.45am service at Lone Pine.

Lone Pine Cemetery got its name from the lone pine left standing by the Turks (for shade) they having cut down all the others for firewood. Many years later when it had to be replaced, another tree grown from one of its cones was planted. I was reminded of the Australian widow some years ago, who visited Lone Pine and collected a cone which she brought back to Australia and was able to grow others from it. The progeny of that tree are still being planted in Australia at memorials and other venues of remembrance.

When we arrived at Lone Pine I was astonished at the size of the crowd there. It was packed to the eyeballs - hundreds more than at the Dawn Service. The Armed Forces were well represented and dignitaries of other countries were present. The Order of Service followed closely that of the Dawn Service. The crowd hushed, and one became aware of an atmosphere of veneration and respect.

After opening prayers, short speeches were given by ambassadors and delegates but the speech given by Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair on behalf of Australia was outstanding, and I wished I could have a copy of it as I felt it was a very special tribute and very well said. I was proud he was the Australian representative - he stood tall amongst the dignitaries.

Then followed the Laying of Wreaths - Leader Bruce had asked me to lay the wreath for the RSL and I was touched and very proud to be given this honour. I was accompanied by one of our group who had lost a relative at Anzac Cove, and the youngest group member, the teenage daughter of the Australian Army Officer and his wife who had flown to Cannakale to join us for the Anzac Day Service.

These two accompanied me to the steps of the memorial and waited as I mounted the steps, laid the wreath and stood head bowed for a second or two when the three of us then rejoined our group. Alas! I have no photo of the occasion; nevertheless, I cherish the memory.

At the conclusion of ceremonies the big crowd gradually dispersed and I was making my way to find our bus when I heard someone calling my name. To my astonishment I saw it was a Sydney friend of my Museum days - Carol Serventy and another Museum friend whose name I have forgotten now. I was so surprised to see them

there in such a big milling crowd, so many thousands of miles away from Sydney. However, I could not dally to chat as I did not want to get lost, so after a few quick words I had to leave them, but it was a happy "lift" to a day full of emotions - rather like a bow of ribbon tying together the events of a Very Special morning in my life.

Wending our way back to Cannakale all of us were fully occupied with our thoughts of a day that meant a great deal to us. I had a feeling of fulfilment that I had, at last, paid homage and respect to our brave young men whose story of glory I had lived through in my school days and which has always filled me with wonder, gratitude and pride.

Dawn Service, Anzac Cove, 25th April, 1996

Order of Service

Minister for Trade Negotiations, NZ, Hon Phillip Burdon and Mrs Burdon

Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair, RAN - Australia

Turkish Representative

Ambassador NZ, HE Clive Pearson

Ambassador Aust, HE David Evans

Chaplain: Rev Hugh Cocksedge

MC: Captain John Boswell, NZ

Order of Commemoration

Welcome to Joint Service

Opening Prayer: Chaplain Hugh Cocksedge

Address by Minister for Trade Negotiations, NZ, HE Phillip Burdon

Lesson: Ambassador for Australia, HE David W Evans

Lord's Prayer: Chaplain Rev Hugh Cocksedge

Laying of Wreaths

Minister for Trade Negotiations, NZ, Hon Phillip Burdon

Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair, RAN, Australia

Turkish Representative

Ambassador NZ, HE Clive Pearson

" Australia, HE David Evans

Other members of Official Delegations

Members of the Public

Last Post

One minute silence

Reveille

.....

The Ode

read by Rear Admiral Peter Sinclair, Australia

NZ National Anthem

Australian National Anthem

Closing Prayer and Blessing

Chaplain Rev H Cocksedge

Battlefields and cemeteries visited over two days, 24 and 25 April 1996: Cape Helles, Krithia, Alci Tepe, Turkish Memorial, Seddul Bair, "V" Beach, Twelve Tree Copse, Redoubt, Pink Farm, Lancashire Landing and where AE2 came through the Dardanelles on 25 April 1915.

Anzac Day: Dawn Service, Australian service at Lone Pine; battlefields: Chunuk Bair, The Nek, Plugges Plateau, Johnstones Gully, Courtney's, Steele's and Quinn's Posts, Baby 700, Hill 60, Hill 971, 7th Field Ambulance, Shrapnel Valley and Shell Green.

HELP WANTED: R Daniel Shaw, an anthropologist from Pasadena California, writes: 'I seek information pertaining to research I am conducting on the early contact period in the **Nomad River region of Western District, Papua**. I did anthropological research in that region from 1969-1981 during the transition to the PNG national government. I met men like Robin Barckley and Laurie Meintjes. I am currently doing research on the "culture of contact" under the auspices of the Association of Social Anthropologists in Oceania and would very much like to make contact with any officers who frequented that area between 1960 and 1975 (**I M Douglas, Alan Johnston, Darris Wells, Bill Patterson** and many more)... I continue to make trips to the Nomad area and plan to do so next year (1997). I also hope to be in Australia during July and August and would like to meet some of these gentlemen and discuss their recollections, frustrations, life style on a remote outpost - in short, hear their stories.'

Would any member who may be able to assist Daniel Shaw please contact him direct. His address is: C/- SWM, 135 N. Oakland Ave., Pasadena, CA 91182, USA. Ph (818) 798-6503. E-mail<danshaw@fuller.edu>

HELP WANTED: **Rev. Fred Kemp**, formerly of the Methodist Mission, is getting together memoirs of their time in Misima, Papua, from 1948-1955 and is trying to remember all the names of those stationed at Bwagaoia. He said, 'I have some, but miss out on others like school teachers, CPOs and POs. To narrow the field down a bit, the times of **Ces Cowley, Bill Allen** and **Warner Shand**. Can anyone out there help?' Fred is at 8/61 Bungaribee Rd, Blacktown NSW 2148, Phone 02 9621 3462.

THE ASSOCIATION'S 1996 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

will be held on

SUNDAY 1 DECEMBER at 11.45 am for 1.00 pm

at THE MANDARIN CLUB

Cnr. Pitt and Goulburn Streets, Sydney

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

Drinks at Club prices: Beer \$7.00 per jug, \$2.50 per can

Wine \$7.00 per carafe

Soft drink \$6.00 per carafe

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

The Council parking station, cnr Goulburn and Castlereagh Sts, will be open from 9am to 11pm - charging a flat rate of \$6.00 for the day. The Club is not far from Town Hall, Central and Museum Stations. If you need assistance with transport please ring Pamela Foley on 9428 2078. Also ring Pamela if you would like a vegetarian meal and she will advise the Club.

Special care is taken with seating arrangements to help those attending alone, or those who feel they may not know many people. If you wish to be seated with friends, please indicate this on the booking slip. **Please book early!** We need to know in advance how many are coming so that we can liaise with the Club. If you need to cancel a booking, a full refund will be given if you notify the Treasurer, Elma Holmes, by noon on Friday 29 November (ph. 9958 4996).

Cheques should be made payable to ROAPNG Inc and sent with booking slip below to the Secretary, ROAPNG, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069. (Please do not use staples - removing them is time-consuming.)

LUNCHEON BOOKING

Please print Christian Name and Surname for name cards:

I,(name) will attend the luncheon and will be

accompanied by

If possible I would like to be seated with

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

* My luncheon guest(s) \$.....

(Annual subscription now \$10.00) * My Subs to year 19.... \$.....

TOTAL \$.....

* Delete if not applicable

Please circle seating preference - Non-smoking area/Smoking area

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

VOICES FROM A LOST WORLD, Australian women and children in Papua New Guinea before the Japanese invasion, by Jan Roberts.

Review by Dr Peter Cahill

This is the definitive book on Australian women in pre-World War 2 Papua and New Guinea. It grinds no academic axe nor beats a feminist drum; it simply tells the story, in their own words, of ordinary women in extraordinary circumstances. The simplicity of the story belies the painstaking accuracy of Dr Roberts's research, and the tact and charm she exerted in encouraging her informants to revive often painful memories. *Voices from a lost world ...* will be cherished and re-read many times by their descendants.

The women interviewed include cool-headed businesswomen, teenage brides, missionaries, and wives of prominent government officials and commercial leaders. Each created a home for her family and tried to live as normal a life as possible in distinctly non-normal circumstances. Jan Roberts has skilfully re-created colonial Papua and New Guinea and although the lifestyle may seem sybaritic at first glance, the reader soon appreciates the giddy 'social whirl' of Rabaul and Port Moresby is more than balanced by the loneliness and anxiety of outstation wives. Shining through the reminiscences is the unshakeable bond of friendship developed as these women laughed and cried together; a bond which sustained many of them in the harsh years of the Depression, and the sad evacuation years in Australia.

It is unfortunate that no publisher can produce anything mistake-free. The few misspellings and typographical errors which appear must be as infuriating to Dr Roberts as they are disconcerting to the reader, but they certainly do not spoil her book. *Voices from a lost world ...* will be enjoyed for its faithful telling of a never-to-be-repeated social footnote in Australian history. "The world ... of the 1920s and 1930s" as Hank Nelson wrote in the *Preface*, "may well be 'lost', but some 'voices' of those who inhabited that world can still be heard ...". *Tru tumas; Namu herea.*

Available from *Pacific Book House* (17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters Qld 4218, Tel 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114), *Dymocks* and *Angus & Robertson* (Millennium Books, Sydney, 1996, paperback, 311pp, index, bibliography, illus.) \$24.95.

SLIDE KITS - 1994 Rabaul Volcanic Eruption

In the June issue of the Newsletter we published a review of Sue Lauer's book, *Pumice and Ash*. The reviewer commented that he would like to have seen more photos of Rabaul town. The writer and her husband have now produced six slide kits. Each kit contains 10 slides (35mm) and an information sheet. Set 1: Tavurvur in eruption, Set 2: Vulcan in eruption, Set 3: Rabaul Town destruction (aerial), Set 4: Rabaul Town damage, Set 5: Simpson Harbour and surrounds, Set 6: General views (no repeats). Each set is \$20, all six sets \$100. P&P for Australian destinations is free, for Pacific Region \$10, Other \$15. The 60 images are also available on CD ROM (Kodak format), together with a booklet with notes on each image. Available from CPD Resources, PO Box 4037, Goonellabah NSW 2480, Fax 066 24 5656 or Phone 066 24 5655.

Following is a selection of books available from Pacific Book House. ROAPNG members are entitled to a 10% discount on all books purchased from Pacific Book House (plus postage). Please mention your membership when ordering. (Pacific Book House have advised that Catalogue No 34 is now available free of charge.)*

THE AUSTRALIAN TRUSTEESHIP: PAPUA NEW GUINEA 1945-75, by Ian Downs. Dept of Home Affairs, Aust Govt Publishing Service, Canberra, 1980. First Edition; pp.587, bibliog., index; 43 illu., 7 text maps, pocket map; hardcover; new copy. Editorial Committee: David O Hay (Chairman), John H Greenwell, Leslie W Johnson, Alan G Kerr, Henry Mayer, Robert G Neale, Ian F G Downs. Australian policy in Papua New Guinea from 1945 to 1975 derived from full acceptance of the principles of trusteeship and a course of action that led the people out of tribal disunity and a multiplicity of mutually unintelligible languages to nationhood. A carefully researched historical record of the 30 years of Australian Administration of PNG between 1945 and 1975, an important reference and research source. \$45. (To members, \$45 less 10% plus \$7.50 postage, a total of \$48 - brand new in mailing carton).

ARTS OF VANUATU (Eng. ed.) Edited by J  l Bonnema  son, Kirk Huffman, Christian Kaufmann and Darrell Tryon. Central to the islanders' culture is the belief that the world belongs not to the living, but to the ancestors. *Arts of Vanuatu* is a major anthropology work covering a wide range of topics and is the first work covering the traditional art of the former South Pacific island colony of the New Hebrides. (Hardcover, viii +336pp, 145 full-colour and 300 b & w illu.)\$59.95

WHERE MASKS STILL DANCE: NEW GUINEA. A photographic record by Chris Rainier of the daily rituals of remote tribes of Papua New Guinea and Irian Jaya. The aim was to record traditional ceremonies and the way of life before they came under pressure from Western culture. Rainier made eight expeditions, each of several months' duration, over a period of 10 years; his experiences are recorded in a series of short essays written by Meg Taylor, who was PNG's ambassador to the United States from 1989-94. (Square, hardcover, 132pp including 110 duotone photographs) \$69.95

THE CULTURE AND LANGUAGE OF THE FOE by Murray Rule. The People of Lake Kutubu, Southern Highlands Province, Papua New Guinea. The author for Chevron Niugini Pty. Ltd., Mereweather, NSW 1993. First Edition; pp vii, 228; 45 photos; illustrated cardcover; A4 format, new. The author lived with the Foe people from 1951 to 1977; in this book he updates the description of the Foe culture first written in 1939 by Papuan Government anthropologist F E Williams. Includes Foe/English and English/Foe dictionaries. \$35

WRECKS & REEFS, PORT MORESBY PAPUA NEW GUINEA by Neil Whiting. Robert Brown & Associates, Brisbane, 1994, pp 264, bibliog; 198 photographs and illustrations; hardcover; new. *Wrecks and Reefs* documents, for the first time, the history of early shipwrecks and World War II aircraft wrecks that lie in the waters around Port Moresby. \$45

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

From the newsletter of the Centre for South Pacific Studies, University of NSW:

THE 1992 PAPUA NEW GUINEA ELECTION: CHANGE AND CONTINUITY IN ELECTORAL POLITICS edited by Yaw Saffu, 425pp, 1995. The studies collected in *The 1992 PNG Election: Change and Continuity in Electoral Politics* confirm that elections in Papua New Guinea continue to be over-subscribed, extremely keenly contested and free from government control and manipulation. They also confirm the continuity of the two fundamental features: the essentially local character of PNG electoral politics and the relative unimportance of political parties in the electoral process. \$30 plus \$3 p & p. To order contact: Publications Officer, Dept of Political and Social Change, Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, Australian National University, Canberra ACT 0200. Tel: 06 249 5915, Fax 06 249 5523

JOSEPH MICHAEL BOURKE, 1899-1975, A BIOGRAPHY
by Wandering Wally

This is possibly the last of the biographies of old timers of PNG researched and written by Wally Doe of Dalmeny NSW.

Joe Bourke - a man of many parts, and the best known man on the goldfields from the beginning. Like so many of those early adventurers, particularly those fortunate enough to have Irish blood in their veins, Joe had no fear of the locals or the New Guinea jungle from the day he joined the New Guinea Expropriation Board in 1925. His first trip to the goldfields, in 1926, was on "shanks' pony" - a week's walk.

Some time afterwards, Joe joined the police force. And it was straight up to Edie Creek for Joe, where I remember that it was 6666ft above sea level at the police post, and very cold at night and Joe only had a tent. Later he wrote, 'Little did I know that I had pitched my tent on one of the richest spots on the field. It was later known as the El Dorado, and produced 250,000 pounds worth of gold.'

Most of those early days were spent patrolling the track to Salamaua, protecting the carrier lines bringing supplies into the mountains for the Europeans and their New Guinean workers. The reader must remember that these were the days when many a man and his carriers were ambushed by local tribes, slaughtered and eaten.

Towards the end of 1927 Joe was getting bored. He quit the police force and joined the mining community, pegging a claim on Midas Creek, a tributary of the Edie, and after the first day's work he washed up 60 ounces of gold.

Joe admitted he knew little about mining. In his own words, 'All I knew about alluvial mining I gained from looking over the shoulders of the chaps with the know how. But believe me, the gold bug really bites when your first dish shows this fascinating metal glittering in the sun. I contracted Gold Fever in 1927, and it's been with me more or less ever since'.

In 1934 he met Tom Yeomans who was employed by Placer Development, which owned the Bulolo field. Tom had a big job coming up and wanted a mate. Tom was well known and respected in The Valley. 'Joe', he said, 'How would you like to get back into the bush? You must be tired of sitting down at Wau. How about a prospecting trip around the headwaters of the Fly and the Sepik?' (According to my information this venture was made on behalf of a large British Company, Oroville Dredging Co. Ltd.) Joe

accepted Tom's offer. He could not resist the temptation of further adventure. What happened after that I do not know, but it is irrelevant, except for the fact that they did not find what they were looking for.

We move on now to 1937, and Joe was back in Wau. These were the days when Hitler was changing the world over in Europe, and most people could see what was going to happen. Joe had been in uniform in the 1914-18 war. Before very long he was going to be in uniform once again.

I first met Joe on a weekend visit to Wau from Bulwa, when we had a golfing weekend. Always full of the joy of living he was great company not only on the golf course, but anywhere men gathered for sport and recreation, and to hear the tales of the many prospectors who made Wau their headquarters.

Then the war intervened and Joe very soon got into uniform. To do this he must have told fibs somewhere along the line as he would have been too old for military service.

It is very difficult now for me to record all the things that Joe was involved in during his New Guinea Years, from policeman, to prospector, to business. What I did see was perhaps Joe's first business venture, the Wau Hotel, which I think was built by Len Young who built just about everything in Wau after the war.

About 1947-48 Joe leased the hotel to Austin Ireland and became involved in the South Pacific Brewery in Port Moresby, becoming a director. But Wau was always home to Joe, and wife Billie.

No story regarding Joe would be complete if the story of his nomination of a local for membership of the Golf Club was not included. The Mining Warden at the time was, I think, Hector McKenzie, who lived in a cottage which backed onto the golf course. Hector had a few chickens and was concerned when several of his chooks passed away in peculiar circumstances. After consultation with the Chief of Police in Wau a watch was set up in bushes on the golf course, and the culprit was caught red handed, interfering with Hector's chooks in a most horrible manner. The culprit faced the court and was convicted.

At this Golf Club meeting some few weeks later, in answer to "Any further business?" Joe spoke up. "Yes Mr Secretary, I would like to nominate (naming the local) for membership." The secretary, knowing Joe, responded with, "You are aware Mr Bourke that certain qualifications are necessary for membership. What qualifications doeshave?" Joe replied, "Not a lot, but where can you find anyone who can do six birdies in a row!"

Joe was the best speaker of Pidgin English that I have ever heard, and he made a record *Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden*, and on the reverse side *Three Little Pigs*. It was a classic of Pidgin.

Vale Joe. A lovable character and a very wise old man.

FURTHER ERUPTION AT RABAU: Mount Tavurvur erupted again on 4 October, sending large boulders and lava hundreds of metres into the sky. The *Independent* reported, 'The sudden outburst of volcanic activity - described by Gazelle veterans as more spectacular even than the 1994 eruptions - caused the evacuation of about 700 people from Matupit island and Rabaul town on Friday night.... The people are being temporarily housed at Maltech High School.... Residents in Buka, Bougainville said they had heard the explosions clearly on Friday night.' The article said there was no threat to life and the evacuation had been done as a precaution. *Independent* 11-10-96

AUSTRALIAN COUNCIL OF PUBLIC SECTOR RETIREE ORGANISATIONS (ACSPRO) By Freddie Kaad

Operating on the basis that in unity there was strength, the Superannuated Commonwealth Officers Association (SCOA) in January this year finally managed to get almost all the groups representing retired officers from all Commonwealth, State, Territory and public authorities (including ours) together in Canberra. It was immediately evident that most had similar problems and that there was disparity between different funds. A loose federation was formed to look into these and form a set of priorities. Gordon Johnson was elected president and Allan Goward secretary. They both live in Canberra and have extensive experience from their work with SCOA in lobbying politicians and bureaucrats. Our own Peter Clay (Law) was elected one of the committee which consists mainly of retired officers from other groups.

The priorities included such things as an increased tax free threshold, and income tax arrangements and other concessions similar to those for age pensioners to be given to all retirees. Also any anomalies to be investigated.

As will be easily understood, in the present politico-economic climate there was little chance of achieving very much but partial success did come in the budget with the rebate for people excluded from a part age pension because they exceed the assets test although their income is below the cut-off level, and a tax rebate for private health insurance for low income earners.

There were rumours of possible changes in government superannuation, so much effort was put into successfully publicising the very generous superannuation for parliamentarians, to make it more difficult to adversely change our benefits.

The question of a universal pension was raised again by a new report of the Institute of Actuaries to a Senate Committee which said that the present pension and super systems "fought with each other". It recommended scrapping the means test immediately, giving pensions to everyone and balancing the outlays by tax surcharges on higher incomes and super payouts. This could be done over 20 years without disadvantage to all involved.

The Report of the Commission of Audit (409 pages) was closely studied because of its potential influence on government and many of its recommendations were evident in the Budget.

Many of the apparent anomalies in the super schemes have been investigated, including one which indicated possible underpayments in our own fund but, alas and alack, this turned out to be wrong.

HELP TO WOMEN IN PNG: Two projects to assist women were reported recently -

Workshop on 'putting women in parliament': The week long workshop, organised by a group called Women in Politics, was designed to give women some of the skills needed to contest the 1997 elections (*Independent* 11-10-96), and

Women's Credit Scheme: Under this scheme, women's groups who are unable to obtain a loan through banks or other financial institutions may be able to obtain a loan provided they are affiliated with the National Council of Women. To date women in 89 districts have benefited, the most recent loans being K20,000 each to the Sohe and Ijivitari districts of Oro province. (*Independent* 27-9-96)

THE BEACHCOMBERS

by Chips Mackellar

The Trobriand Islands had more than the average share of beachcombers. This was because of the idyllic setting. The blue lagoons, and the waving palm trees, and the beautiful bare breasted island girls together constituted the epitome of the Pacific Island Paradise. Naturally, this Paradise attracted the usual contingent of drifters. However, having drifted to the Trobriands, the drifters never wanted to leave.

Remote from the central administrative authority of Port Moresby, the ADC Losuia was the sole representative of government in what was otherwise a windswept island Eden. There were no tribal fights, no robberies, no serious assaults, and no clash of cultures other than those imposed by the distant government in Port Moresby. Now and again however, the activities of the beachcombers often attracted the attention of the local officialdom which, when I was ADC Losuia, was me.

The Trobriand Island beachcombers were a diverse lot, but they had several attributes in common. To begin with, they all had an enormous capacity for alcohol. They not only lived on beer,...they thrived on it. Secondly, they were all good fixit men. They could fix anything from a dripping tap to a diesel engine, and in this context they were indispensable in these remote islands where mainstream technical assistance was otherwise unavailable. It was their fixit capacity which compensated for all their other shortcomings and which supplied them with what passed for a livelihood. Apart from operating small trade stores, the beachcombers survived by doing odd jobs for the Council, the Missions, the Government, and the local tourist hotel, but in most cases, their motivation for hard work lasted only until they had earned enough to restock their beer supplies.

Thirdly, the island girls adored them. I never understood why, because none of the beachcombers looked like gallant romeos to me, yet on many occasions I witnessed Trobriand girls fighting each other for the attentions of a beachcomber. The beachcombers however, did speak enough of the local language to chat up the girls, and in return for certain favours, the girls could expect hand outs from the trade stores, discounts, and other advantages. There was therefore a cyclic flow of goods for services from their trade stores which in this sense blended the beachcombers comfortably into the traditional Trobriand society.

Fourthly, these beachcombers were usually on the verge of doing something constructive, only to be distracted from their endeavours by the exotic diversions of the islands. Friendly, helpful and tolerant, the beachcombers in the final analysis, could be described as a talented bunch of likeable no hopers, trapped into perpetual indolence by the listless nirvana of the islands.

Because of the then government policy of privatisation, one beachcomber named Neil had been granted the Post Office and Commonwealth Savings Bank Agency. Because of this arrangement, the Trobriand Island Local Government Council, of which I was the Council Adviser, conducted its banking through him.

One day I received a frantic call from Port Moresby. The Council, I was told, was bankrupt. Its expenditure had exceeded its revenue. Immediately I checked the Council's accounts. Bank statements did indicate a deteriorating bank balance, but on the other hand, receipts from the local CSB agency showed continual revenue deposits, to such an amount that the bank balance should have been favourable. Therefore, I went down to Neil's store to check.

When I arrived, Neil and three other beachcombers were having morning tea. Morning beer, that is. 'Just as well you came,' one said, 'it's your shout. Save us from getting up.' In the beachcombers' lexicon, 'shouting' beer did not mean you bought it, it meant you fetched it from the fridge. There was never any argument over who bought the beers, since the owner of the premises had already paid. However, as the day wore on, it became increasingly difficult for the beachcombers to get out of their chairs to fetch more beer from the fridge, and even more difficult to remember who had fetched the last round. So the arrival of a newcomer solved these problems. It was always his 'shout' whether he drank or not. I went to the fridge, and brought them all one can of beer each. I then told them of the problem with the Council's finances. 'I knew it,' said Neil, the Council's banker, 'I told you government blokes these people are not fit for self government. They can't even keep a set of Council books straight.'

I told them I had receipts for Council deposits in Neil's bank. I suggested Neil might not have sent the deposits to the Council's account with the Commonwealth Bank in Port Moresby. What an insult, they all said, to accuse Neil of such incompetence. Anyway, since I was still standing, and they were not, it was my shout again. So I brought more beers.

There then followed a general tirade about native incompetence and this tirade lasted for hours. During this time I continued to serve them more beer, since I needed their cooperation to help solve the problem. Finally, after much coaxing, I managed to get Neil to part with the keys of his Savings Bank safe. I then unlocked the safe, and as the door swung open, a deluge of cash and cheques tumbled out onto the floor between us. I picked up some of the cheques and examined them. They were all made out to the Council, some of them more than a year old.

For a moment, all four beachcombers stared in disbelief at this heap of money spread across the floor in front of them. The mess of unbanked cheques and cash must have constituted more than one year's revenue for the Council. 'Ah, well,' said Neil when confronted with this evidence, 'I was meaning to send it in to Port Moresby, but I forgot. Anyway, it's still your shout. Let's have another beer.'

After a few more beers, none of them noticed that the safe door was still open with heaps of money still scattered across the floor. While they droned on and on about native incompetence, I collected all the cash and cheques into a mail bag and took it back to the Council Chambers. There the clerk and I counted it all out and to our amazement, it balanced right to the last dollar. I subsequently sent it all by registered mail to the Commonwealth Bank in Port Moresby and so the Council became a solvent corporate body again.

And in an effort to improve the management of the islands' essential services which operated from this store, I conspired one day with Neil's house girl. I suggested that she cook and serve Neil one good meal each day. This, I explained, might soak up the beer and might help to improve Neil's stamina. However, even the best laid plans of officialdom could not upset the natural tempo of a beachcomber's life.

I was present one lunch time at the store when the girl brought Neil the first of these meals. Neil was so surprised to see good food that he was momentarily nonplussed. 'Put it in the fridge, and I'll eat it later,' Neil commanded, 'and bring us a beer.' Two weeks later, I again returned to the store on Council business, this time to be told by Neil and the other beachcombers, that it was my shout. I went to the fridge to fetch their beers, only to see that there were thirteen dinners, untouched, stacked plate upon plate in the fridge. 'You haven't eaten any food for *two weeks*,' I told Neil.

'Aw, shit. I forgot,' said Neil, 'anyway, let's have a beer instead.'

It never ceased to amaze me how any of the beachcombers' enterprises could ever run at a profit. On one occasion I was driving out to inspect a council project when I came across two Trobriand girls fighting each other in the middle of the road, in front of a beachcomber's trade store. Beside the store on the verandah of the adjoining house, two beachcombers were drinking beer, and watching the girls fight. Across the road was a gathering of Trobriand people sitting under a tree waiting for the store to open. No one else took any notice of the girls fighting, but as I was the pinnacle of law and order in the Trobriands, I felt obliged to intervene. I stopped the Landrover, got out, and separated the girls, holding them apart from each other long enough for them to quieten down. Each blamed the other for starting the fight, but both seemed happy that I had intervened. When they were friends again, I sent them away in different directions.

The beachcombers had continued to watch from the verandah of the house, drinking their beers in silence. Since they were obvious witnesses to the fight, I walked over to the house and asked the beachcombers why the fight had started.

'They were fighting over old Joe, here.' One beachcomber indicated the other.

'Why didn't you stop them?' I asked.

'Arrr that's women's business,' the beachcomber said, 'we can't interfere in that. Anyway,' he added, 'can't you see we're having smoke-oh. You want a beer?' I declined, but as it was late in the morning, and there were customers waiting, I asked them when the store would open. 'When we finish smoke-oh,' they said, and they called for the house girl to bring more beer.

I continued about my business, and returned again later in the afternoon, on my way back to the Losuia government station. A larger number of islanders were patiently waiting for the store to open, and the beachcombers were still sitting on the verandah drinking beer, and by this time, looking somewhat under the weather. "Did the store open," I asked casually, looking at the increasing number of customers, who were now beginning to settle in for the night. Some were lighting fires and cooking meals and others were spreading sleeping mats on the ground.

'We meant to open just after you left,' Joe said, 'but it was then lunch time. So we had a few more beers. And then before we knew it, it was afternoon tea time, so we had a few more beers. And now it's closing time, so it's too late to open now. Anyway, I think it's time for another beer. Why don't you go inside and get a beer for yourself, and bring us some too?' I went inside and saw the house girl in the process of clearing away a mountain of empty beer cans. As I took three beer cans from the fridge, I asked the house girl how long the customers could expect to wait for the store to open.

'Until the beer is finished, Taubada,' she said, and making a quick estimate from the remaining beer stock, she added 'three days'. And she was right.

I later learned that for the next three mornings in succession, the beachcombers awoke with alcoholic remorse for the waiting customers, and prepared to open the trade store for business. However, during each of these three days, they never quite made it. After a heart starter for breakfast, it was time for a beer for morning tea, and then more beer for elevenses, and then more beer for lunch, and so on throughout each day until it was closing time for the store, and then it was too late for the store to open. So they had more beer and went to sleep.

And sure enough, just as the house girl had predicted, as the fourth day

dawned, the beachcombers resurrected themselves through their collective alcoholic fog, and finding no more beer, they just went to work, and the store opened for business as usual.

Some time during this fourth day, I stopped by the store on my way to another job. By this time, several hundred people were camped outside the store, waiting to be served. Over the last few days they had sailed their canoes in from the outlying islands and although the store was then closed, there was no point in them returning home empty handed, so they just waited. But instead of turning into a bunch of impatient customers, the gathering had acquired the atmosphere of a three day carnival, with children singing, girls flirting, and mothers preparing meals on scattered cooking fires. Also, the customers had used the long wait for the store to open as a good opportunity for them to conduct traditional kula exchanges, catch up on the news from other islands, arrange inter-island marriages, and organise the forthcoming yam harvest and so on. For the Trobrianders, waiting was part of life. They waited for the tide to turn, the sea to abate, the wind to change, or the fish to bite. So, a few days' wait for a store to open was, for them, normal Trobriand Island behaviour. And it was because of this tradition of waiting patiently, that the lethargic lifestyle of the beachcombers fitted perfectly into the measured tempo of the Islands.

When I called in later in the day, the last of the customers was being happily served.

'Gee. We did good business today,' I heard one beachcomber tell the other, 'but we better order more beer. I think we're out of stock.'

Great plans were afoot I was told one day, the beachcombers were going to form a company, and build a tourist hotel on the island. It was a typical beachcomber plan, doomed from the beginning to fail.

Neil was to arrange the finance, Glen who was said to be a bit of an architect, would design the hotel, and Joe who was once a builder's labourer, would build it. Since I was ex-officio building inspector, and ex-officio assistant licensing commissioner, I took a residual interest in the planning of this enterprise, but I knew it would never succeed.

From the very beginning the enterprise bogged down because Glen could not draw the plans till Neil told him what the budget was, and Neil could not plan a budget until Joe told him what materials were to be used, and Joe did not know what materials to use until he had seen Glen's plans. Other beachcombers who were to subcontract could not start anything until somebody else did something else first. The cyclic arguments went on for months, during which time each beachcomber separately, waited for the others to initiate something, before starting anything himself.

So, as Assistant Licensing Inspector, I decided to attend one of their meetings to see what the problem was.

Yes you guessed it! When I arrived at Neil's trade store at 10am, the beachcombers were still having breakfast. Beer, that is. By the time I got them all focussed on the hotel project, Joe interrupted. 'Hang on,' he said, 'we can't talk high finance yet, because it's morning tea time. Your shout, Neil' and Neil brought more beer. And so it went on, and on, all day, interspersed by the house girl's interjections from the kitchen that people were waiting outside for the store to open.

'Ask them to wait,' Neil commanded. 'Can't you see we're in conference. Bring more beer.' And later that day, when I drove back to Losuia Government Station, they

were still in "conference".

The beachcombers' hotel never eventuated. Like all other beachcomber plans, it slowly dissolved into a fog of indolence, and later became lost in the lethargy of the islands....

For me, the Trobriands were so idyllic that they loomed unreal in the modern world. Like the beachcombers, I could have stayed there for years, but instead I took myself off to Queensland University to become an educated kiap, and also to renew my acquaintance with the harsh real world beyond the blue lagoons.

But I will never forget the Trobriands, and I will never forget the beachcombers who lived there. It was in these islands that the beachcombers learned how to escape the stress and strife of modern life simply by ignoring it. For them, the Trobriands were a Paradise in the sun, and they loved this island Paradise.

NEVILLE THRELFALL comments on *THE FLAGS OF PNG* by Ken Humphreys

Neville Threlfall of Killarney Vale NSW writes: 'Just a couple of comments on the interesting article by Ken Humphreys, *THE FLAGS OF PNG*, in the September issue of *Una Voce* (p.27):

"1874 ...Did the London Missionary Society have a flag?" Yes, the LMS did have a flag, although I do not know in what year it was adopted. It comprised the picture of a dove in flight, in white, and the letters LMS, also in white, on a blue background. If already in use by 1874, then Rev. Lawes would probably have flown it at Hanuabada. It remained in use until recent times; I have seen its design painted on church buildings erected before the LMS in PNG adopted the new name of Papua Ekelesia and then became part of the United Church in PNG and the Solomon Islands.

"It is obvious that Papua flew the two flags from 1906" (p.29, 6th line from top - referring to the flags of Papua and of the Commonwealth of Australia). If the Australian flag was flown in Papua as soon as it became an Australian possession, it would have been the older form of the Australian flag, and not the present form. The difference? In the original form of the Australian flag, the Commonwealth Star, below the Union Jack, had only six points; now it has seven. And it was the acquisition from Britain of British New Guinea - renamed Papua - which caused the difference! The original six points represented the six States of the Commonwealth. When Papua was acquired it became the first Commonwealth Territory - all other Territories were only acquired later by the Commonwealth - and it was decided to add a seventh point to the Commonwealth star to represent Commonwealth Territories. (Had any new States been created, they would have been represented by additional points, but this has never happened; and it was decided, as additional Territories were acquired by the Commonwealth, that one point would represent all Territories.)

So, until the official decision was made to add the seventh point, and new flags were made, any flag of the Commonwealth flown in Papua immediately after its acquisition by Australia would have been the older form, to be later replaced by the present form with the seven-pointed Commonwealth Star. A small point, but of interest to historians of flags.'

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.

Mrs Enid Vivienne BEARD (28 September 1996, aged 77 years)

Enid passed away at her home after three months of gradual heart failure and during this period, suffered considerable discomfort and pain. Her cremation was attended by many PNG friends.

Enid was destined for the Hospitality Industry from early womanhood, and in the mid-sixties, along with Ted, proceeded to PNG and took up managership, firstly at the *Hotel Cecil* in Lae. Years later, Enid's happy, smiling face could be seen at the *Huon Gulf Motel*, Lae and for the last two years at the *Gateway* in Moresby, finishing up just a few months prior to Independence. She contributed greatly with her training of local staff in the various hotel/motel sections, particularly in catering and administration.

Enid is survived by husband Ted.

(The foregoing was written by Enid's husband, Ted. Ted is Treasurer of the *Gold Coast Papua New Guinea Club*.)

Mr R J (Ron) FORD (9 May 1966, aged approx 69 years)

Ron arrived in PNG in 1958 after training as a motor mechanic. He joined the Department of Agriculture Stock & Fisheries in the late 60s as an agricultural mechanic based at the Kila Kila workshop; he later transferred to Goroka as a Technical Officer, and later to Lae. His last position was with the Development Engineering Section of the Department of Primary Industry, based at Kila Kila. He left PNG in 1981 and settled in Coolangatta Qld in his old family home which he began renovating; however illness forced him to abandon his plans. Ron mixed very little with people, but loved dogs and always had one for company; his other love was his car. Joe Nitsche visited him every year while travelling to Queensland, and helped him maintain his links with PNG.

Ron is survived by a sister who lives in New Zealand.

(Information kindly provided by Arch Dickson of Kapunda SA and Joe Nitsche)

Mr Lewis Arthur (Len) MORRIS (5 September 1996, aged 88 years)

Len Morris had a distinguished career in oil exploration in both Territories between 1938 and 1968. He arrived in Madang in 1938 to take up a position with Island Exploration which soon after became aligned with the Australian Petroleum Company (APC) based in Konedobu. Len served in ANGAU under Brigadier Donald Cleland. He became Managing Director of APC and was the Company's senior Territory based representative from 1958 to 1968. He died in Warmambool following a heart attack.

Len is survived by his two daughters, Gwyneth (Gwen) Burnet and Megan Morris, three grandsons and one granddaughter.

(The foregoing was written by Ian Burnet, Len's son-in-law.)

Mr Bert WESTON (14 October 1996, aged 95)

Bert Weston, who left the family farm to dig for gold in Papua New Guinea, and stayed there to distinguish himself as an engineer, soldier and aviator, died in Sydney on Monday aged 95.

Soon after arriving in what was then a remote part of the Territory of New Guinea, Weston emerged safely from a night attack on his camp by local warriors, feared as cannibals. He escaped by crawling along a dry riverbed. Later he survived an even more dangerous encounter with Japanese forces when his aircraft was the only one of three to return from reconnaissance operations during the Milne Bay campaign.

At various times Weston raced motorcycles, beginning with a 500cc Triumph. He won his last race at the old Maroubra track on a 1000cc Indian of 1923 vintage.

Bert Ernest Weston was a direct descendant of another farmer and soldier, George Johnston, who commanded the NSW Corps and deposed Governor Bligh in the "rebellion" of 1808.

Weston was born on February 23, 1901, in Albion Park, NSW, where his family had received a grant of land from Governor Macquarie. He attended the local school, about which he wrote entertainingly in the *Herald* more than 90 years later, and Wollongong High School.

Weston was supervising the building of airfields, lighthouses and various public utilities in New Guinea and on Nauru when World War II began. He was commissioned in the Royal Australian Engineers, and was often called upon to advise military officers in Papua and New Guinea about the terrain over which operations were to be conducted.

After the war Weston pursued a career as a civil engineer in Sydney, working on some major projects. He also found time to write extensively on local historical themes and issues in letters to the *Herald*. Even after he retired from business in his late 80s he continued writing. Earlier this year his short history, *The Albion Park Saga, 1900-27*, was published by the Albion Park Museum.

After a fall on a wharf near his Milsons Point home in July, his health deteriorated. He died in his sleep in Greenwich Hospital on October 14, cuddling his Burmese cat, Puss.

Weston's wife, Constance, predeceased him. He is survived by his daughter, Shay Martin, and a sister, Thelma Stewart.

Bert Weston's last letter to the *Herald* from September 23, 1994: *The unfortunate town of Rabaul surely suffers enough [from volcanic eruptions] without having its name being given so many pronunciations by TV and radio newsreaders. In my many years residence in New Guinea, we always knew it as raBAL not raBAWL, raBOOL, or raBOWL (to rhyme with OWL). Also one newsreader spoke of "cocker poo". We always knew it as the district of Kokopo (cock a po). (Obituary and Bert Weston's last letter are reprinted from the Sydney Morning Herald dated 18-10-96, with thanks)*

In the issue of the Herald dated 21-10-96 in the "Postscript" column, Letters Editor Geraldine Walsh recalled a letter from Bert stating that over the years various letters editors had published about 50 of his letters. Bert continued, "I hasten to add that

.... I was an engineer and a very amateur scribe with my typing limited to the one finger 'hunt and peck' system. At present I have set my sights on the century." The item concludes, 'Sadly, Mr Weston, a treasured correspondent, didn't reach his goal. Vale Bert E. Weston, 1901-96 - Jana, Melissa, Antony and Geraldine. Geraldine Walsh, Letters Editor.'

Dr. William (Bill) David SYMES, MB BS FRACMA DTM&H DPH
(18 September 1996, aged 68 years)

Bill Symes was born in Adelaide on 4 April 1928 and graduated in medicine from the University of Adelaide in 1952. He went first to Norfolk Island, then to TPNG in 1954 and was posted soon after to Goroka. Bill met Wynne (Kit) Beck during his term on Norfolk Island and they were married at Goroka in 1955. Early in his career, he showed his thoroughness in clinical medicine and an interest in public health and health education.

Bill studied Tropical Medicine in Sydney in 1956 and returned to Goroka as the Regional Medical Officer during the consolidation period of the Highland health services. In 1958 he moved to Port Moresby with responsibility for the Papuan Region and from time to time was seconded as Assistant Director. His clinical interest continued with care of obstetrics at the St Therese Maternity Hospital at Badili. In 1962 he studied Public Health in London and in due course was promoted to Assistant Director of Medical Services. In 1968 he became one of the Founding Fellows of the Australian College of Medical Administrators.

Bill was involved in community work, particularly with St John's Ambulance, where he ran many first aid courses. He was awarded the O St J medal in the Queen's Birthday List in 1966. He was also a radio personality as Doctor of the Air, and a guest speaker on the ABC gardening session - his topic was 'Growing Tomatoes in the Tropics'.

In 1970, Bill became Director of Public Health and oversaw the final stages of the nationalisation process of the Department and the appointment of Dr Reuben Taureka the first National Director. He returned to Adelaide in 1973 and for some years held a senior position in the Public Health Section of the Health Commission of SA and after retirement continued for five years as Chairman of the Waste Management Committee.

Bill was at all times and in all ways a competent physician, sincere and thorough in his activities and a major contributor to the development of the health services of Papua New Guinea.

He retired in 1985 and in 1989 Kit and Bill moved to Queensland to be nearer their children and grandchildren. Bill died after a long fight with colon cancer.

Bill is survived by his wife Kit, and daughters Lynda, Diane and Marie.

(The foregoing was written by Dr Roy Scragg. It has been supplemented in a few places with additional information supplied by Bill's daughter Diane)

Mr Timothy Kam Sing TONG (11 September 1996, aged 52 years)

Timothy Tong of Kavieng, formerly of Rabaul, died suddenly at Kavieng Hospital. He is survived by his wife Pauline, and children Gene Michael, Anthony, Ferris and Sharlene. (No further details available)

Mr Robert Gordon CATTANACH (13 August 1996, aged 79 years)

Robert served in the 9th Division in the Middle East and PNG during World War II. His first posting to the PNG administration was as a tractor operator at the Keravat Government Sawmill in the later 1940s. In 1955 he was posted to Bulolo as a Senior Technical Officer where he was responsible for all the road construction and maintenance work in the extensive reforestation areas of Bulolo and Wau. He retired from Bulolo in 1972 and settled in Jacobs Well, south of Brisbane, where he enjoyed fishing and golf. His wife predeceased him.

(The foregoing was written by Don McIntosh)

Mrs Gwendoline Mary RYAN (31 October 1996, aged 86 years)

Gwen was born in Port Moresby and lived there most of her life, except for the wartime period. She was the daughter of Horace and Helena Hides who settled in Port Moresby in the early 1900s. One of her brothers was Jack Hides, the famous Papuan explorer. Before the war Gwen worked in the Government Secretary's Department. During her married life she lived in Samarai, Rabaul, Port Moresby and Lae. She left PNG in December 1973. Her husband, who was with Burns Philp, predeceased her.

Gwen is survived by a son and two daughters and numerous grandchildren.

Mr Roland James CURTIS (26 September 1996, aged 79 years)

Roland worked in PNG from November 1953 to July 1972 as an Inspector with the Police Department. He served in Rabaul, Port Moresby, Kokopo, Samarai, Lae and Kavieng and also Christmas Island, Indian Ocean. Further details in March issue.

Mr Andrew Edward GRIGG (17 September 1996, aged 81 years)

Andrew Grigg was employed in the Public Works Department in PNG. He retired in June 1971. (No further details available)

Mrs Constance Margaret WOODMAN (21 September 1996)

Mrs Woodman was the wife of the late Harold Eustace Woodman. (No further details available)

Mr Geoffrey Gordon (Geoff) MOXON (21 August 1996)

Geoff Moxon of Salisbury, formerly of PNG is survived by his wife Elma. (No further details available)

Mr Eric James STEWART (18 October 1996)

Eric Stewart, late of Bribie Island Qld and previously of PNG, is survived by his wife Fiona and children Michelle and Raymond. (No further details available)

Debra Ann BUTLER (September 1996)

Debra Butler of Caloundra, formerly Rabaul PNG, is survived by her husband Noel, and children Jacob, Tahlia, Glen and Dione. Further details in March issue.

**RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION
OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INCORPORATED
APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP**

I,(full name - please print)
of(full address & post code)
..... Telephone No.
.....

hereby apply to join the Association as a Member (PNG Superannuant) or Associate Member (non-Superannuant) (Delete one)

I support and subscribe to the rules and objects of the Association, including the fostering of friendship and good fellowship among all former residents of Papua New Guinea.

ENCLOSED MY CHEQUE/MONEY ORDER

for \$10.00 x=.....
(option to pay several years) (Signature)

DETAILS OF PNG RESIDENCE:(1)

Year of arrival.....Year of departure.....

Resided in following places:

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.....

Occupations:.....
.....
.....

OPTIONAL: Date of birth.....

Spouse's full name.....

Children's names.....

RETURN TO: SECRETARY
R.O.A.P.N.G.INC.
P.O. BOX 452

ROSEVILLE NSW 2069

.....
Date

(1) If not a former PNG resident please provide brief details of your interest in PNG.)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

Mr M H M Belfield	82 Birkin Road	Bellbowrie Qld 4070
Mr H Bromley	PO Box 183	Herberton Qld 4872
Mr G M Cook	27 Pinewood Street	Redcliffe Qld 4020
Mrs G Day	12 Blaxland Avenue	Silver Bridle Qld 4214
Mr T M Kelliher	PO Box 36954	Winnellie NT 0281
Mr P Lupton	PO Box 94	Thursday Island Qld 4875
Miss P A Quartermaine	PO Box 609	Fremantle WA 6160
Dr R F Scragg	PO Box 94	Victor Harbor SA 5211
Mr E F Rabl	7 De Castella Drive	Horsham Vic 3400
Mr A N Taylor OBE	2 Kellaway Street	East Ryde NSW 2113
Mrs C Toms	PO Box 744	Bundaberg Qld 4670

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

Mr P J Bailey	41 Bennelong Court	Mt Warren Park Qld 4207
Miss P M Bartlett	61 Wentworth Drive	Capalaba Qld 4157
Mrs E & Mr K Finter	601/132 Alice Street	Brisbane Qld 4000
Mr N J Justo	32 Orana Esplanade	Victoria Point Qld 4165
Mrs J McCarthy	Suite 6, Mt Eliza Terraces	
	2 Mt Eliza Way	Mt Eliza Vic 3930
Mr E A Ross	Unit 5, Beenleigh Redland Bay Rd	
		Carbrook Qld 4130
Mr J C Ross	Unit 96 Riverwood Retirement Village	
	Padman Drive	Albury NSW 2640
Mrs J Westmore	C/- PO Box 29	Mount Beauty Vic 3699
Mr A W Woodcock	Lot 128 Walford Rd, Lower Kalgan	
		Albany WA 6330
Mr J H Sherwin	6 Nuffield Street	Rainworth Qld 4065
	(Postal address only)	

MEMBERS REJOINED:

Mr M V Duffy	9 Cresfield Street	Zillmere Qld 4034
Mr R Sheridan	5/8 Edward Street	Ryde NSW 2112

CORRECTION:

In change of address, September *Una Voce*

Mr W Gilchrist	3 Delissa St	Evatt ACT 2617
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Should read:

Mrs W Gilchrist	3 Delissa St	Evatt ACT 2617
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(Our apologies to Mrs Gilchrist)

NEWSLETTER RETURNED: The newsletter of Mrs E M Spottiswoode of Morisset NSW was returned to us marked 'Box Closed'. Does anyone know her new address?