

Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC
(formerly the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc)

ISSN 1442-6161, Print Post Approved 224987/00025

CPI: The All Groups CPI rose 1.3% in the March quarter 2003, up from an increase of 0.7% in the December quarter 2002.

Superannuation pensions are adjusted twice yearly. There was an increase of 1.4% on 9 January 2003 and there will be a further increase of 2% on 10 July 2003.

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON -

This year's Christmas Luncheon will be on Sunday 7 December.

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS -

The date this year is Thursday 9 October - full details in the September issue.

MEMBERSHIP FEES -

From January 2004, fees will be \$15 p.a. (up from \$12 as at present)

ARE YOU GUILTY???

If you make out cheques to 'Una Voce' instead of to the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, then, sadly, you are guilty.

Please address all correspondence to the Secretary only, not to individual office bearers. Items for 'Una Voce' should be marked 'for Editor'.

SUPERANNUATION -

A letter has gone out to all our superannuated members. If you have not received yours, please advise the Secretary.

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**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF
THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA
ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC**

Please send all correspondence to: The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069. Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: mcliftonbassett@ozemail.com.au *Una Voce* is published in March, June, September and December.

Advertising Rates: quarter page \$25, half page \$50, full page \$100

Membership is available to any person having an interest in Papua New Guinea. The annual subscription is \$12 (\$15 in 2004). The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and application forms are available from the Secretary at the above address.

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Alan Neilsen has lost contact with the following friends from PNG days:

Les and Lola Wellington

Sohano, late '50s

Jim Rosser Moresby, early '50s

Algie Ackerman Moresby, early '50s

Ian Caird Moresby, early '50s

Jim Shanahan Highlands, '50s

Mel Zurbrovius Goroka, '50s

If you have information on any of the above, please contact Alan at:

39 Lord Street, Mount Colah NSW 2079

Ph: 02 9477 2916

A Medical Emergency story
which missed our March issue -

In the early '50s, a young, pregnant woman from the village was brought into the *haus sik* at Aitape and her condition was diagnosed by the Medast, Bill Lester, as an anticipated breech birth. Immediately arrangements were made to have the girl flown to the hospital at Wewak for surgical attention. Getting her to the Aitape airstrip entailed a ride in the dilapidated government Jeep to the river, a crossing by canoe and another ride to the airstrip in an equally dilapidated Jeep provided by the Franciscan Friars.

We put our distressed patient in the seat next to the driver and no sooner had the jeep taken off then it hit the first of the murderous pot-holes on the route. Our patient was seen to gasp as her eyes glazed over from that surprise attack and we could only shudder to think of the many more she would encounter. Upon his return from the airstrip, the driver cheerfully told us that the suffering girl had been put on the plane for Wewak - safe and alive! Imagine our happy surprise when we were informed, in due course, that the new mother had given birth normally to a healthy baby, and that the mother and babe were just fine. I can highly recommend that to correct a breech birth all that is needed is a few miles of bad road and a vehicle with no springs.

□ Ray Bamford

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS - ENCOUNTERS WITH NATURE

I was explaining to a visiting entomologist how difficult it was to see branch-dwelling insects in the dark habitat of fully canopied cocoa. 'You really have to get your face up close to the branches,' I said, demonstrating by moving my head parallel to a branch from about 10 cm away. There in the gloom, 10 cm in front of my eyes was a like pair of eyes staring straight back at me. Its red tongue flickered. Yes I was eyeballing a huge python ... but only for the split second before my instinct for self preservation kicked in.

□ Graeme Baker

During my first term in PNG (Samarai in the mid '50s) my encounters with nature were of the domestic kind. Having been presented with some crabs bound up with string, I innocently put them in the fridge. Opening it later, I jumped back in fright as LIVE crabs, with strings trailing, landed at my feet and scabbled about in all directions. Next, the spiders - I had become used to sharing the smallhouse with them but one night, with husband away, I was settling into bed when I saw a big one with a sac under it inside the mosquito net. I tried to remove it but it bolted, the sac fell on the bed, and a couple of hundred baby spiders spilled out and ran all in all directions. Finally, with my first-born due in about a week, I was standing naked in the rather primitive shower cubicle. The water had just started to flow when, shock/horror, out of the drain pipe right underneath me, two monstrous centipedes burst forth. They seemed to be wrestling with each other, flaying this way and that, but I didn't wait to see if it was love or war. And Helen didn't wait either - she arrived the next day.

□ Marie Clifton-Bassett

In Lae, I needed to return to Moresby for work but the Nadzab airport road was closed. American pilot tourists, with USA bookings, hired a landrover. The Sepik driver sped us out over deepening tributaries. Swirling eerily by, as if in dance movements, were grass houses with chickens perched on top, neatly planted vegetable gardens and uprooted trees. Soaked, we were seemingly boating. To attempt the last submerged bridge was insane, but we made it. The plane proved almost empty. Subsequently, newspaper aerial photographs confirmed extensive flooding and gullies gouged across roads. Soberly reflective, I wondered too what was our driver's next move.

□ Pam Quartermaine

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE - VISITING DIGNITARIES - Please put pen to paper as we'd all like to share your amusing/unusual experiences.

Deadline for entries - 14 August 2003

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

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HAVE YOU HEARD???

Bert Speer and Max Hayes reported that Saturday 1 March 2003 was the 99th birthday of 'Sandy' SINCLAIR (Alexander Morrison Sinclair) who had the 'misfortune' to be born in a leap year, 29 March 1904, in England. It seems he has crammed a lot into the 24 birthdays of previous years, they noted. After service with the British Army in



Sandy Sinclair on his 99th birthday Photo B. Speer

China, Sandy joined the expanding New Guinea Police Force in 1934 in the heady gold discovery days there. He was one of the few survivors of the walk out of Rabaul in 1942, later joining the Royal Papuan Constabulary as part of ANGAU. He remained with the Constabulary until well-earned retirement in 1960.

For his birthday, he visited the home of long-standing friends, Frank and Maria Postiglione, just a few houses away from where he lived on his return to Sydney. With several friends he enjoyed the afternoon tea and cutting the cake before returning to the nursing home by taxi. Long-standing friend Albert Speer was one of those present. Next year

will be the really big one, with a letter from the Queen, and his '25th' birthday.

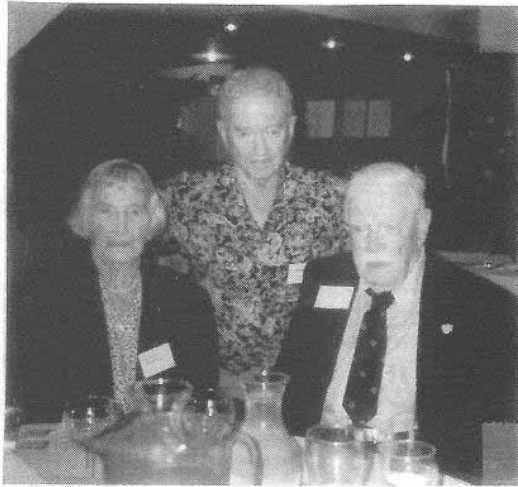
Not far behind Sandy, is James STRATTON who served in the New Guinea Police Force from 1927-29 and will be 100 in November 2005.

ERNIE WILKINSON turned 100 in late 2002: Ernie and his wife Flo were guests of honour at our AGM on 27 April. Ernie was born in Yorkshire and first went to PNG in 1930 when he worked around the Territory with the Public Health Department. During the war he served in the Middle East and then did a malarial course, became a lieutenant, and went with a malarial control unit to New Guinea, Balikpapan and Celebes.

After demobilisation Ernie and Flo were married and went to New Guinea where Ernie worked as a medical assistant and in hospital administration. They were in Rabaul from 1946-48, Sohano from 1948-52, Rabaul 1952-57, and Goroka from 1957-72. They then returned to Australia to live in the house Flo grew up in, in Collaroy NSW. Ernie led an active life in retirement - he played golf, and joined the Beach Club and the RSL at Collaroy and Probus in Mona Vale. The couple visited their son in Brisbane for Ernie's big celebration. New Guinea guests at the party included Jim and Jan Sinclair, Noel and Margaret Bluett, Doreen MacGowan and Nell and Judy Greathead. Also present were their grandchildren Belinda and Karen (Wilkinson) who were born in New Guinea. In Sydney there were parties at Probus, Collaroy RSL and the Beach Club, and according to Flo Ernie survived them all and flourished.

Photos of Ernie and of others who attended the AGM are on the following page.

TAKEN AT 52ND AGM, April 2003



Flo and Ernie Wilkinson, seated, with President Harry West. Ernie celebrated his 100th birthday recently.



Our Hon Auditor, Len Bailey - Len has been our auditor since he was first appointed in 1988.



Mothers and daughters - L to R: Jillian (nee Marsh), Margaret (nee Johnston), Alison Marsh and Nance Johnston

Photos - M Clifton-Bassett

John and Anna MIDDLETON of Kar Kar Island, Madang District, have just returned from a visit to London and Europe. John received his knighthood from the Queen at Buckingham Palace. On this occasion there were only three knights (these are done first) - Anna said the queen has a chat with everybody receiving an award. John and Anna were so glad they went to London for the investiture which they said was very impressive. They met up with Jean KEKEDO, the PNG High Commissioner, in London and had lunch with her and others at the Royal Automobile Club after the ceremony. Then they spent a week in Prague, and a week in Zlin in Moravia with Anna's family. Anna said it was springtime, warm and lovely, with lilac and other flowers everywhere.



Sir John Middleton's investiture at Buckingham Palace

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: Jim Toner writes -

Otto ALDER, once a Native Affairs magistrate himself, has been back in Darwin where as chairman of the Remuneration Tribunal he has recommended salary increases for NT magistrates which would make them the most highly paid in the country. If only he could recommend they hand out stiffer sentences to our growing band of burglars and thieves . . .

Not cyclones but cane toads are the weapons of mass destruction most feared in the Top End at present. '60 Minutes' on TV recently featured Prof. Mike TYLER deploring the imminent invasion of Kakadu National Park by the Queensland scourge. While he is now Australia's leading authority on the frog family he was as a young man just out from England more of a bird watcher. He much enjoyed his time in 1958-59 working at the Nondugl Bird Sanctuary.

Talking of the Highlands here are words you never thought would fall from the lips of a Highlander: 'The mere sight of pigs is an eyesore and I intend to ensure that we put a stop to this'. Thus spoke the Mayor of Goroka as he advised police to shoot pigs found inside town boundaries!

Not to be outdone in municipal cleanliness **Pius PIM**, Mt. Hagen's City Manager, announced the banning of the use of plastic bags in local shops, etc. He said that the sight of waste bags is very unpleasant and that dogs feed on them and starve to death because of severe indigestion. If this is going to be an ecological instance of 'Today Mt. Hagen, Tomorrow the World', we had all better retrieve that old souvenir *bilum* from the back of the cupboard.

I still have trousers with flared cuffs c. 1970 and am encouraged to think that some day they may be back in fashion by news that there are moves to restore the airstrip which once ran through the heart of Wabag. This would be good news for those obliged to travel three hours down the road to catch flights from Mt. Hagen. However it would entail the relocation of two schools, four churches and occupants of residential and commercial properties to a new suburb. Too many kina involved I suspect so my garment might just as well go to the Salvos.

A soccer match at UPNG between Manus and Sepik students one afternoon was called off at half-time when it became too dark to see. PNG will never win the World Cup but there is a chance it might gain a world record. At 8.30 am next day the teams kicked off for the second half and the question for that famous Guinness Book is whether 14 hours is a record for a half-time break.

At a higher level the Australian Soccer team (which has just beaten England!) is coached by **Frank FARINA** who was born in Vanimo. His father was a builder who moved to Moresby where young Frank attended Gordon Primary 'A' school. Another Territory schoolboy, **Adrian LAM**, has also done well on the footy field. The rugby league players of England voted him their Player of the Year for 2002. When not appearing for Wigan, Adrian captains PNG's national team, the Kumuls.

One success we expats can look back on is the gift and remarkable spread of the English language in PNG. Of course there can be problems with the use of colloquialisms derived from far away Britain. At a legal inquiry in Moresby the MP for Usino-Bundi demanded that **Stuart LITTLEMORE** QC apologise for calling him a 'duck' and insisted he would answer no questions until he did. He said that no one would go from PNG to Australia and make a sarcastic comment such as calling someone a duck. It transpired that Mr. Littlemore had complained to the media that the MP, by failing to attend an earlier session, was 'playing ducks and drakes' with the inquiry.

Last year's reunion at Port Macquarie of the Education Officer survivors from ASOPA 1962-63 was by all their reports the best thing since sliced bread. One outcome was that **Keith JACKSON** established a newsletter for all those pedagogues who had come together after 40 years and desired to keep in touch. Ex-kiaps have done the same thing on the internet and last issue I reported a mild exchange of shots between two of those participating worthies. But contemplate the descriptive fusillade from one of our Chalkie wantoks: '...one of the most obnoxious pieces of humanity a tinpot kiap, loudmouthed, uneducated, uncultured...' Dear Me Sir! Go and stand in the corner.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA: John Kleinig reported:

Former kiap and then teacher in Lae and Rabaul, **Emmanuel (Lucky) VALARIS** spent a few days in Adelaide as part of the 2003 BMW Motorcycle Safari through country SA. From one of the renovated pubs at Henley Beach we indulged in some reminiscing about Rabaul in the late '60s. Never one to mince words, Lucky recalled how

he 'sort of disliked the place' whilst he was there but when he left, 'in a way he wished he was back'. When he eventually settled in Sydney some of his best experiences were lecturing at ASOPA which was by then the Centre for Political Development and Training. One of the other lecturers at the time was **Christine KAPUTIN**.

Always on the look out to see where she can make a difference, **Robyn RADFORD**, rescued a number of boxes of books about PNG which were to be thrown out by the Anglican Board of Missions in a once-in-a-lifetime clean up. There are plans to sell the books at the next Adelaide PNGAA Reunion on 26 October 2003 and the proceeds are likely to go to a yet-to-be-decided worthy cause in PNG.

Brian and **Christine LOCK** are now back in Adelaide after more than 30 years in PNG. Their last posting was at Malaguna Tech in Rabaul where Brian was the Principal and Christine developed an impressive library and resource centre. They both experienced the volcanic eruptions in 1994 and the midnight evacuation of the students to the North Coast. 'We were all pretty scared at the time and for a while it looked as though the situation was getting out of control,' said Brian. The school escaped relatively unscathed but then suffered over the years from lack of adequate funding, the messing around with school structures and living in an area where there is continual volcanic ash.

Peter THOMAS continues his adventures in paradise. After facing some real difficulties in the Solomons when the economy collapsed along with the airline, Peter has returned and is organising groups of SA-based Rotarian volunteers who are engaged in several building projects.

In Sydney recently, I had the pleasure of catching up with long time friends, **Brian** and **Elizabeth ROBINSON** who were at ASOPA in 1966-7. They lived on New Ireland, first at Parui and then Madina where they both taught until they returned to Sydney at the end of 1970. Brian has been a very successful lawyer in his own business for many years with heaps of support from Elizabeth who is still as delightful as ever.

The ADELAIDE PNGAA REUNION is to be held on Sunday 26 October 2003 at Pulteney Grammar School, South Terrace, Adelaide. A smorgasbord lunch has been arranged and will be on offer at the usual very reasonable price. The venue is ideal and will give us the privacy that is not available at hotels and other reception places. Invitations to the reunion will be posted out in early September.

THE LOUISE FLIERL MISSION MUSEUM:

This museum is at 5 Windsor Avenue, Hahndorf SA and is one of those rare historical collections. It commemorates the work of Australian Lutheran missionaries in Papua New Guinea over the last 117 years. I visited the museum on the recommendation of **Alan ZWAR** who described it as 'a little known gem of PNG artifacts'.

Louise was married to Johann Flierl who was commissioned for missionary work in 1886. She was the first woman and lay person on the Lutheran mission field in New Guinea and for 42 years she endured hardship and privations. The museum is a special tribute to her and the many other missionary wives.

Enormous care has been taken to select items of significance not found elsewhere and now housed in a former church. Over the years, former missionaries and their families have donated the majority of the exhibits. The Kukukuku fighting shield has broken arrowheads visible having penetrated the thick wood. You can read the pidgin cookbook and the cookbook for missionary wives. There is also material from the first

printery for PNG literature which began its work in 1906 near Finschhafen and was later destroyed in the Second World War. The artifacts and historical photos are priceless.

The Museum is open on Saturdays and Sundays from noon until 4.30 pm. Group appointments and guided tours can be arranged by telephoning 08 8267 7334 during office hours. **David and Pat POHLNER** were on duty when I called and as well as providing some fascinating information about the Museum, told me of their time in Lae and Madang during the late fifties and early sixties. A quick check of the visitors' book shows that it has attracted world-wide attention. I found it a collection of astonishing quality filled with some amazing surprises. Don't miss it!

PNG NEWS

RADIO INTERVIEW WITH CAROL KIDU: Lady Kidu, PNG's Minister for Social Welfare and Development, was interviewed on Rational National's 'Bush Telegraph' on 3 April. Lady Kidu has been a Member of Parliament since 1997. She is the widow of Sir Buri Kidu, who became Chief Justice of PNG. (The story of how she, an Australian girl, met and married Buri is told in her book *A Remarkable Journey*.)

When asked about law and order in the Southern Highlands, Lady Kidu said that fresh elections were due at the end of April (the previous ballot was declared invalid) and that Sir Peter Barter, the minister in charge of inter-government relations, had worked tirelessly to put a peace process into place there. She said that she hoped the process of surrendering of weapons would continue. She said that the women of PNG, like women elsewhere in the world, have become the agents of peace - for example in an area of the Southern Highlands women from different warring clan and tribal groups linked arms and walked into villages saying 'no' to violence, and arguing for peace and development.

On the subject of democracy, Lady Kidu said 'We certainly want democracy, there is no question of that', but she suggested that her people probably needed to reflect on the mechanisms by which a Melanesian democracy should operate.

PNG ECONOMY: The PNG government will be relying on asset sales and a loan from the Asian Development Bank for revenue injections in the next month according to Rowan Callick writing in *The Financial Review* of 12 May.

9PA PORT MORESBY: An article on the involvement of American and Australian authorities (including the PMG and the ABC) in starting up 9PA in early 1944 can be read on the website <http://radiodx.com> (click on Latest Articles, then on 9PA).

CRITICAL ARTICLE UPSETS PNG GOVERNMENT: A recent 16-page report 'Papua New Guinea on the Brink', by Mike Manning* and Susan Windybank*, painted a gloomy outlook for PNG and caused consternation in PNG government circles when it was given considerable media coverage. Fearing articles like this might destroy business confidence, the PNG government considered ways to curb negative news about PNG, but this idea met with opposition from free-speech advocates.

* Mike Manning is the Director of the Institute of National Affairs in Port Moresby, a private sector funded think-tank, and Susan Windybank is from the Centre for Independent Studies, a think-tank based in Sydney and said to be right wing.

THE PACIFIC AREA IN GENERAL:

On 28 March, Emeritus Prof. Helen Hughes made a submission to the Senate Foreign Affairs, Defence and Trade References Committee titled 'Aid has failed in the Pacific'. Following are a few extracts:

Change can only come in the Pacific from Pacific initiatives. Any attempts at re-colonisation, or the introduction of more expatriates to the region, would be disastrous. The Pacific states have significant numbers of well trained professionals, many of whom, however, are either not able to work effectively in a corrupt environment or have emigrated because Pacific governments are not creating conditions for growth and development.

No one country in the world has developed on the basis of communal land ownership. Pacific Islanders who want to cling to communal land ownership rather than individual property rights have every right to make that choice. They have to accept, however, that their living standards will not rise and that Australian and other taxpayers will not underwrite their choices.

Low returns on Australian aid can be shrugged off. We can afford some \$400 million annually to the Pacific to maintain political goodwill with developing countries. But our aid is damaging the Pacific. The time for a debate on aid reform is long overdue.

MORE MOKOLKOLING

by Jim Toner

David Fenbury tracked down a few of the much feared Mokolkols in the Gazelle Peninsula during 1950 and a summary of his memoir appeared in *Una Voce*, September 2002. Its final paragraph - quoting Harry West - said that by 1968 this group had moved from remote mountainous bush to live on the coast with the Bainings people, had gained some wealth through sale of timber rights, and occasionally visited Rabaul in outboard-motored canoes.

This was of interest to Graham Hamilton, now of East Maitland NSW, for in 1967/8 as a patrol officer in East New Britain he had made patrols to Wide Bay to talk with people about forestry leases. He says, 'The Mokolkols were paid so much money from a Forestry Trust that as soon as a speedboat broke down they would use another for the two-day trip into Rabaul to purchase a new one. I remember on one patrol sitting with the elders and could not believe that seven boats were *bagarap nogut*. I spent about five hours cleaning out the spark plugs and fuel filters and, to the amazement of all, had the boats running like a song'.

Graham was unaware that before WWII 'mokolkoling' was the term for hunting these axe-wielders and that attempts to do so had mixed results. Apparently not all the 'outside men' of the Thirties were of the type to take a Kukukuku arrow in the belly and then wander into the pub at Salamaua for an anaesthetic (as did Keith McCarthy). No - according to Fenbury one officer was sent mokolkoling in 1933 with rolls of barbed wire and instructions to build a compound to incarcerate any wild men captured. After some weeks the district officer paid him a visit only to find the hunter comfortably camped. The wire had been used to festoon his perimeter and shots were fired off at sundown to discourage any Mokolkols in the vicinity. Perhaps he was an early version of what Col Sanderson refers to as a lounge kiap.

A stone axe head given to him by a Mokolkol elder sits in Graham's study as a reminder of his visits - presumably a disposable item once the group could afford to buy up all the steel axes that Burns Philp had in stock.

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ERUPTION OF MOUNT LAMINGTON, PNG, on 21 January 1951

**As witnessed by Marjorie Surtees Kleckham, wife of district agricultural officer
Fred Kleckham. Story written by Marjorie Kleckham**

*At the time, Marjorie and Fred Kleckham were living at the Popondetta
Agricultural Station. They had three children, Fred Jnr (nicknamed Zeb) aged five,
Betty who was almost four, and baby Marjorie.*

Christmas day 1950 had come and gone. I had brought back presents for the
children on the station, and we'd had the usual festivities.

The New Years Eve party - the party of the year - was to be held at Letty and
Maynard Lock's place at Higaturu. Maynard was the educational officer for the district,
both he and Letty had been born in the territory. This was to be a fancy dress party and
I went to Higaturu early in the day and helped Letty with the cooking. They had a
wonderful lot of food prepared, taro sliced into thin chips then fried, boiled native cane
tops, and practically every variety of native food to be had in the area. Maynard dressed
as a chef and he had on a tall cap with two good dishes on it, on one side was a picture
of a roast turkey on the other side a glamour girl picture from a magazine. Letty went
as an Indian maid. 'Works and Housing' turned up as a harem of dancing girls. At
midnight everyone joined hands and sang Old Lang Syne. After this we formed into a
crocodile and sang 'cigarettes and whisky and wild wild women'. The party went all
night, ending up with a lot of people going for a swim down near the coffee sheds.
Early in the morning we got our children into the car and went home.

Behind Higaturu were the mountains and they always looked beautiful with their
veils of mist floating around them. We named them The Sisters. The one named Mount
Lamington had a lake on top of it where the wild ducks used to nest. Sometimes some
of the more adventurous men would go up there on a duck shooting expedition,
however it was a hard job to get a native to guide you, they'd have none of this
mountain. Said it was *puri puri*, spirits lived there. We used to laugh at their
superstitions, and the men would go on their own.

Mount Lamington was an extinct volcano so it was said, then two weeks after
our New Years Eve party the mountain started smoking, apparently it was still
bubbling underneath. No-one was very concerned about it, the people I saw seemed to
think that if it did overflow with lava, the lava would run down the river beds and not
anywhere near Higaturu. They thought they were safe.

The District Commissioner sent for a vulcanologist, none came. I was at the Popondetta airstrip to say farewell to Mrs Champion on the Saturday morning. The District Commissioner was there waiting for the vulcanologist. Mrs Champion asked if she could stay the night with me in Popondetta if the plane did not come. The doctor and his wife were there, they said they wanted to take the Champions back to Higaturu with them, but Mrs Champion said she couldn't bear the shaking of the ground any more.

Mrs Gleeson's baby was due at any time and I was to do the confinement. I asked Dr Martin if he had any idea of just when I should come up to Higaturu. He said that I could spend the weekend in Popondetta with my family, but that I would need to come up on Monday morning. The arrangements were for me to stay at Mrs Gleeson's, my children to stay with Mrs Lock, and my husband Fred would have come and stayed the weekend. The baby was late in arriving and so we stayed at Popondetta.

The plane did get in and Judge Phillips and Mrs Phillips were on it. The pilot flew the Judge around the mountain, and he thought that everything was alright. The plane flew off and the Champions went on it - they were going on their holidays.

That was on Saturday and by that time the flames were licking up into the air and when it became dark you could see them from our dining room window; they went up into the sky as far as the eye could see.

Sunday morning came and the volcano seemed to be a little quieter. At eleven o'clock we were out in the rubber patch fixing the small trees, and also showing the children the volcano and explaining it to them. Suddenly there was a terrible explosion, it came up like a huge mushroom of smoke, gradually this spread over the whole area, while we stood and watched it. The children will certainly never forget just what a volcano looks like.

As we were standing there taking photographs of the eruption a boy came running with a note from Jack Scurrah, it just said 'It looks as if Higs gone'. Then we saw Jack coming down the road towards us. He and Fred had a talk and decided to start walking to Higaturu to help, as soon as the dust cleared.

I had to prepare food for everyone, get all the bandages and medical supplies I could collect together, get the machinery cleared out of the engine sheds, spread tarpaulins across the floors of the sheds and make an emergency war hospital for the people. I supervised all of this work and also collected all the 44 gallon drums I could find and sent boys with every available bucket to carry water to fill these drums and tubs. It was very fortunate that I did this as the streams ran hot and filled with mud and dead fish and other animals. When I had this much under control, I went home and started cooking pastry and scones.

A truck arrived from Sangara rubber estates, the windscreen was inches thick in mud. The people on the back had the pandanus floor mats over their heads - they and the mats were also covered in mud. I took them all into my house and got them drinks of anything they wanted - they were relieved I think to be down with me. Fred and Jack had met this truck, they however had kept on walking into Higaturu. The men who had arrived on the truck turned it around and went back the way they had come. It seemed like no time when the truck arrived back, I went to meet it and the man handed me Dennis Taylor, the Anglican missionary - he was badly burnt. Mrs Morris came to me and we decided to put him in her house as it was quieter over there and my house was already full of people, some of them still having their families missing and in a badly shocked state.

Very shortly the truck came again and the men had got any other vehicles they could find. So started the shuttle service - truck load after truckload of burnt and dying native people, parents holding babies all of them horribly burnt and covered in mud as well. Now we started, all the women worked tirelessly all that afternoon and all night and into the next morning. All we had for the treatment of burns was tins of dripping. Every native was given a place to lie down in the shelter of a roof. The women (European women) put dripping on all their burns and Jack Scurrah did a marvellous job of keeping us supplied with food from the trade store. He also had his staff making buckets full of hot Bovril and lacing it with rum. We had no morphia, nothing except rum and whisky to ease the natives' pain. We got this from the trade store.

On the Sunday afternoon I sent a boy with a truck to Gona mission to get Sister Elliot; I wrote a note telling her what had happened and asked her to bring all the morphia and syringes and whatever else she had in medical supplies. I never did find out what happened to that native. No word came and I sent a runner down, then I sent also a boy named Corima to Oro Bay mission with a note to Sister Henderson and Dr Biggs. Poor Sister Elliot, she arrived at 3 am. She had walked all the way from Gona Mission. Father Dennis Taylor had passed away at about two minutes to three. She had her morphia supplies and we gave them to the most needy.

It was dark now (Sunday evening), Fred and Rod Hart had gone in the mission Jeep through the eruption area to Owala plantation where there was a wireless to try and get through to Port Moresby. They got there alright, saw Searle and he sent the message. They started on their way back but just before they got to Sangara, their Jeep broke down. They left the Jeep and ran to Sangara and were lucky enough to get on a truck that was just leaving. This was well after dark and the men had gone to get anything from Sangara that would be of use - mattresses, refrigerator and medical supplies. They were as far as the airstrip at Popondetta when the volcano erupted again. Fred told me that the blast lifted the truck from the ground.

All this time I was at Popondetta and mud and stones had been falling there. It was almost nine o'clock at night, I had been working all day and we were taking it in turns to go to Jack Scurrah's to have a meal. It was my turn. I just got to the house and the mountain blasted again. It was a magnificent sight at night, the big cloud was interspersed with myriads of little lights, red, blue, green and yellow like great masses of coloured fireflies. I had to go back to the children but when I got back home, lights were burning but there was no-one there - the women had taken all the children down the road to ensure their safety.

Fred had told me not to let the people get out from the shelters on account of the stones. Also he'd told me to keep the native people sheltering at our house from leaving - if they made for the coast and a tidal wave came as a result of the eruption they'd all be drowned. A few did leave but I couldn't leave the injured to go after them so I just stayed and waited. The truck came in and Fred told me how narrowly they had escaped the second eruption. I told him that a few natives had left and he went in the truck after them. They soon arrived back.

We had taken a record of every shake after the blast. Fred said this had to be done for the vulcanologist. We put dishes out to collect the dirt and stored it for him to look at.

My baby was still being breast fed and had to be attended to. There was no water to have a wash as we needed it all for drinking purposes.

At midday on Sunday a QANTAS Dragon had flown over. I'd grabbed a bundle of babies' napkins and used them to form the words 'Please land on the ground', but maybe they didn't see this. I felt so elated that I might be able to get some of the badly burnt people out, however they dropped us a note 'there will be a ship in to Killerton at noon tomorrow' and with that they flew away. I've never felt so deflated as I did at this, there were all these people needing special treatment and there was a plane flying away empty.

All night the men kept watch on the mountain. Some of the European women had their children missing. Fred had been to Owala and seen Mrs Henderson's daughter but didn't bring her back through the danger area. Some of the other children had been killed. At about ten o'clock on Monday morning a plane landed. We women and our children and many burnt people were loaded on and taken to Port Moresby via Lae. Dr Morley had come to meet us, he had been our first doctor at Higaturu and knew all the people. Several more planes landed and took the hospital cases to Lae.

As we left Popondetta we circled Higaturu for the last time. There was nothing left, all our friends were dead, the whole place was covered in pumice and ash feet deep. This was the last time I saw Higaturu.

Our men had stayed behind to assist in rescue work. Earlier they had tried to get into Higaturu but the river below the station was boiling hot and could not be crossed. Now it had gone down a bit and the men could get in to see what had happened. The whole place was utter devastation, the houses blown to pieces. Iron telegraph poles were bent at right angles to the ground, around these were wrapped sheets of Marsden matting and pieces of roofing iron and over this was grey ash and pumice.

When we got into Port Moresby we were met by members of the Red Cross who were extremely kind to us all. Then we were given rooms in the Hotel Papua. The children were shocked, especially young Fred who had been old enough to see his small native mates and realise the pain they were in. He had, with Betty, come down to the engine sheds to find me, and seen all his friends that were burnt. I had tried to prevent the children from coming down to the sheds, however it was too much to be everywhere at the same time. When we were leaving Zeb ran in and got his tip truck and scooter, and Betty carried her doll. I had the baby to carry.

After we had been in Port Moresby for a few days I was moved into a house. This was much better for the children. Now I had to do the cooking and washing for the children and I'm sure that this work kept me level headed. Fred was still working at Popondetta. They were going into Higaturu and finding the dead, identifying them mainly by their jewellery, watches and rings. Sometimes we women were shown something and asked if we could identify it.

While I was in Port Moresby I learnt that Fred was working with the volcanologist. This entailed flying in and out of the crater between eruptions. I was told later that the stones coming up would make holes in the wings of their plane. Here I was in Port Moresby, and there was Fred in the plane taking photographs of the inside of the crater. I still have these photographs.

One night Mrs Henderson, a good friend of mine, came and visited me. I had not heard the seven o'clock news because that was the time when I was busiest with the children, feeding them and getting them to bed. She stayed with me. Nine o'clock came and as we were talking I missed that news too, also the 10.30 news. Mrs Henderson usually went home much earlier than this and I began to suspect that something was wrong. It turned out that it had been put over the news that Fred was seriously injured

and I hadn't been told. Mrs Henderson was there to keep me from hearing the news. Just after midnight, one of our officers came in, they'd been on the radio all night, checking up to see if Fred was going to live before they told me.

The officer said they thought he would live and an administration car would call for me early in the morning to meet the plane, which would be in at 5 am. When I went to meet him, he was on a stretcher and really looked as if he'd had it. The ambulance took him straight to the hospital. Fred had been in a Jeep with a native driver who was from the Mekeo country. This driver was used to driving on flat roads, not hilly country - he had lost control of the Jeep going downhill. Seeing the danger, Fred jumped out. The Jeep swerved and the Jeep, and then the trailer, rammed him against the cliff face; he had also been staked in the groin by a stick.

X-rays showed that the damage was not as bad as suspected, however he had four haematomas internally, one in each hip and one in each side of his chest. These would take a long time to dissolve into his system. He was strapped in plaster and after a few days was allowed to go home on a stretcher and then I nursed him and looked after the children as well. This did not last for long, he got up, plaster and all and decided to go to Popondetta and collect our possessions or what was left of them after the tragedy.

There had been an influx of people into Popondetta to help clean up the mess. A lot of these men had not brought the essential necessities. Both our house and Morris's house were raided for sheets, cutlery, cooking gear and china. Earlier we had been asked what we had lost, before we knew just what had happened. We claimed, I think, five pounds. It was not until later that we found out how much of our stuff was missing.

When Fred got off the plane at Popondetta he met the Administrator and was asked why he was out of bed. He explained about our things and was allowed to go and get them, but had to have someone go with him and look after him. We were asked if we'd like to go to Australia on leave.

Fred Kleckham was awarded an OBE for his efforts during the Mt Lamington disaster. This was conferred upon him at a ceremony at the DC's (Mal and Mary English) home in Lorengau on Manus Island where he had been subsequently transferred. Fred passed away in May 2002. Fred Kleckham Jnr (Zeb, the small child mentioned in the above story) said that after retirement his parents returned to Popondetta in about 1978 for two years. Fred was there to implement a Smallholder Oil Palm project. To his surprise, his old Popondetta bosboi came to find him - and a very emotional reunion ensued.

Son Fred added, 'Some of those people who were at Popondetta and Sangara may still be alive - we would like to find out. . . Mr Rod Hart was the Anglican mission mechanic at Sangara. Also Mrs Cowley, the DC's wife, who survived with her daughter because they were visiting Sangara. Also our neighbour Bluey Morris's wife Connie [Connie now a member of PNGAA - Ed]. We would like to communicate with them again.' He would also like to know if anyone has information about a Mt Lamington/Popondetta expats reunion. Fred Kleckham is at 26 Poinciana Avenue, PO Seaforth, via Mackay QLD 4741.

Ph 07 4959 0208, email: fredkleckham@austarnet.com.au

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SOLAR-POWERED WIND-UP RADIOS TO PNG SCHOOLS

The wind-up radio was invented by British inventor, Trevor Baylis in the 1990s. It won a BBC Design Award and has been endorsed by more than 20 international humanitarian organisations. It withstands most climatic conditions and does not require batteries or electricity but gives 30-40 minutes of listening time after about 30 seconds of winding. Trevor Baylis wanted to find a cheap means of communication so that vital health information could be spread throughout remote areas. Many thousands of these radios have been produced and distributed in South Africa. The invention has been further refined with the production of various models of solar-powered wind-up radios.

Radio Australia, the **Australia Papua New Guinea Friendship Association** and **Rotary PNG** joined forces to run a competition for PNG students. Individual students, or groups, were asked to write a letter, story, poem or song, telling what they liked most about their village or town - or they could draw a picture. The 70 best entries would receive a solar-powered wind-up radio torch for their school (donated by the Australia Papua New Guinea Friendship Association) and a Radio Australia T-shirt for themselves. It was called the Radio Australia 'Tuning In' Schools Competition.

More than 650 primary and secondary school students from throughout PNG responded to the call. The head of Radio Australia said, 'We were overwhelmed by the tremendous response from so many of our younger PNG listeners . . . Many sent in multiple entries, and all up we received nearly 1000 wonderful drawings, poems, stories, letters or photographs from PNG students telling us about the places they call home.' Some of the entries have been read out over the air and broadcast as 'sound bites' on Radio Australia's Pacific Service and its 'Pacific Beat' program.

And the results? The East Sepik Province was awarded twenty prizes, followed by Simbu Province with seven, and Bougainville and Sandaun with six each.

HELP WANTED: Ex high-school teacher Ron Sterland is considering **visiting PNG for a holiday and also visiting his old stamping grounds**, possibly with family members. He served at Malala (Long Island) and in the Bogia Sub-district, at Alotau and Lorengau, and at Yangoru (East Sepik). He would particularly like to hear from members who have visited PNG recently or who have contacts there. He would like to know about making travel arrangements either from Australia or while in PNG, about safety issues in main centres and nearby areas and on town roads and major highways; also ways of contacting Papua New Guineans he worked with or taught as he now has no personal contacts there. Ron can be contacted at: 9 Griffiths Street, Charlestown NSW 2290, ph 02 4943 2211, fax 02 4920 9906 and email: heathersterland@hotmail.com

Two aircraft stories by Bob Blaikie:

(a) FL(R)IGHT OF A KIAF

As we climbed away from Lae airstrip in the early morning I settled back in my seat in the Qantas DH84Dragon VH-AXL and looked forward to escaping not only from the humidity of Lae but also from the humdrum of the Sub-District Office. A few weeks on patrol in the Upper Markham Valley was to be a welcome change. Together with a small number of police and Baro my cook I was bound for Gusap in the middle Ramu Valley to begin a patrol back to Kaiapit.

However, I had a certain sense of foreboding as we left the airstrip and headed up the Markham Valley. We passed directly over the Lae cemetery where I could see the fresh graves of those killed when the Mandated Airlines Lockheed Hudson VH-BDN crashed into a house killing the occupants just two days before on 25 March 1950.

As we left the Huon Gulf and headed up the broad Markham River Valley we passed over the airstrip at Nadzab. It was here in September 1943 that Australian artillerymen supported American paratroops in a drop designed to stop the Japanese escape from Lae. Now it was a graveyard of wartime aircraft being melted down for the aluminium. Apparently little thought was ever given to the value of retaining a number of these historically important aircraft.

Further up the valley and away to the right was Kaiapit Patrol Post some 60 miles from Lae where I was to spend a happy ten months as OIC in 1951 and 1952. We then flew over the braided channels of the Maniang River which I vividly remembered fording on patrol the year before. The mighty Markham River with its many shingle-filled channels was next. It was in the area around the headwaters of the Markham in the high mountains of the Finisterres in the inhospitable Umi and Ufim valleys where, in January and February 1949, I spent a month on patrol with my then ADO, Gus O'Donnell, investigating numbers of murders.

From there it was over the barely perceptible Markham Ramu divide and on to the old wartime airstrip at Gusap. The pilot lazily circled the aircraft over the strip and we could see the miles of taxiways and the many revetments surrounding the airstrip. We then approached the runway from the east and I could see that the pilot was attempting to avoid the kunai and pitpit which were forcing their way up through the old airstrip surface.

We had barely touched down when the port wing hit the long kunai and pitpit at the side of the strip. The aircraft spun around in a ground loop spinning off the strip. How will I ever forget the noise as the aircraft tore itself to pieces. Then silence and quickly came the voice of the pilot, 'All out'. I don't think I have ever left an aircraft as rapidly as I did on that occasion.

We all gathered together a safe distance from the aircraft, being concerned that it might explode in flames. Cigarettes to calm our nerves were handed around. The aircraft was quite badly damaged and was lying forlornly in the kunai on the side of the strip. As Dragons were not equipped with radios in those days all we could do was sit and wait to be found and this we did all day. It was decided that we should put a signal on the airstrip informing passing or searching aircraft that we were all OK. As I was going on patrol I was well equipped with numerous mod cons and so we decided to write a runway sign with toilet paper weighted down by stones. It did the job.

Late in the afternoon we heard a DC3 on its way from Madang to Lae passing high overhead. Whether it was the crashed aircraft or our wonderful artwork on the airstrip that

attracted their attention I'm not sure, but the DC3 circled and came in to land. As it taxied up and came to a stop the pilot, Tom Deegan, put his head out of the cockpit window, and, seeing all of the toilet paper blowing over the strip said, 'Hey fellas, it can't have been all that bad'. Tom was on the regular MAL flight from Madang to Lae and had a load of passengers on board.

The Qantas Dragon pilot decided to return to Lae on the DC3 but there was little point in my going. I had come to go on patrol, and, after all, I had been delivered to my destination however unceremoniously. So why not continue as planned.

I set up camp beside the crashed aircraft and late in the afternoon, while walking along the strip, Laurie Crowley's red Curtis Robin very nearly landed on top of me. What a day for near misses. The aircraft was on its way back to Lae from the Eastern Highlands but bad weather prevented the pilot from going further so he stayed the night with me in my camp.

The following day an aircraft came in from Lae with Qantas officials as well as my ADO, Lloyd Hurrell, accompanied by a doctor. I was all prepared to continue my patrol but Lloyd and the doctor decided that, because of the accident, I should return to Lae for observation.

Qantas eventually sent a mechanic to Gusap and over a period of months he virtually rebuilt AXL and it went back into service. However its new lease of life was to be limited as it eventually crashed again at Koranka on 21 September 1951.

Such were the hazards of flying in Papua New Guinea. At least I learned never to forget my toilet paper.

(b) DC3 BITES THE DUST

Waiting around at airports has become a major part of modern air travel. It was no different in Papua New Guinea in the 1950s and was at times a major cause of frustration. It was in the first half of 1952 when I was stationed at Kaiapit in the Markham Valley as patrol officer. The native labour recruiter had been waiting at Kaiapit for days for an aircraft to fly him and his recruits to Lae - days of waiting and false alarms had built up his frustration.

Eventually we heard that an aircraft was on its way and, shortly afterwards, in the still hot Markham afternoon, we heard a DC3 on the other side of the valley as it slowly turned towards Kaiapit and then made its approach to the airstrip from the west.

I walked down to the airstrip and saw the aircraft coming towards me on its final approach with undercarriage extended. It gently touched down and then ever so imperceptibly at first seemed to veer off to the right. It continued to veer to the right running off the side of the strip and into the kunai. Then it suddenly came to a halt and tipped up on its nose. Together with others I quickly ran up to the aircraft and spoke through the cockpit window to the pilot, Tom Deegan. The nose of a DC3 is normally high up above the ground but here it was with the cockpit at eye level.

Tom was extremely agitated and was talking to any air traffic control centre he could contact telling them of his plight. At the same time he was concerned about possible damage to his aircraft. He asked me how badly the nose of the aircraft was damaged as it contained much of the radio and electronic equipment. Fortunately the nose had just ever so gently touched the ground and then had come to rest a little above it. I was just able to slide my hand between the nose and the ground, much to Tom's relief.

Tom and the co-pilot together with the only passenger, patrol officer Jack Erskine, left

the aircraft through the small door behind the cockpit. Except for Jack and a few bags of mail the aircraft was empty. As soon as the aircraft had come to a halt, Jack had rushed up to the main door and opened it but fortunately for him he did not jump. The door was high above the ground and he might have injured himself had he done so.

We examined the aircraft and found the propellers firmly stuck in the soft soil and it was this which was holding the aircraft in position. What had caused this near calamity? The aircraft had flown direct from Port Moresby to Kaiapit and, unknown to the aircrew, the starboard tyre had gone flat in the air after leaving Moresby.



DC3 in the kunai with its propellers in soft soil - Kaiapit, 1952

After Tom had told Port Moresby the cause of the incident Port Moresby airstrip was immediately closed to all traffic. Civil Aviation carefully examined the strip in an attempt to locate just what had caused the tyre to go flat and to prevent a recurrence.

Later in the afternoon an MAL DH Dove carrying the MAL chief engineer and others flew up from Lae bringing with them a spare wheel. After examining the aircraft it was decided to leave it in position overnight with a police guard.

The difficulty now was how to get the damaged aircraft back on its three wheels. A heavy rope was thrown over the tail to pull the aircraft back on its tail wheel while the propellers were being dug out of the soft soil. However, the problem to be overcome involved the possibility of the weight of the aircraft driving the tail wheel up into the fuselage upon impact with the ground. This clearly could cause major structural damage. It was important that the aircraft made a gentle touchdown on to the tail wheel.

What was needed was a counterweight. From the many interested village spectators a large number of eager youths were crammed into the cockpit. Then, as some carefully dug the propellers out of the soil and others gently pulled on the rope around the tail, the counterweights were released from the cockpit one by one until a balance was achieved and the aircraft gently settled back on its tail wheel to much cheering from the onlookers.

The engineers then changed the starboard wheel and began their careful examination of the aircraft and engines in their search for mechanical problems caused by the crash. There was no indication that the propellers had been thrown out of plumb or the engines damaged.

Continued next page

THE JACKAROO by Owen Genty

Under the pen name of Owen Genty, the author relates his experiences as a jackaroo during the '50s, in the NSW outback and Northern Queensland. City bred readers may find some of the explicit station activities either unbelievable or exaggerated, however this was life as it was in the outback. Personal and humorous, the writer takes us up to the late '50s when he departed for PNG. His next book in this trilogy, 'The Planter', is due for release late this year and covers a further fifteen years of the author's life in the Territory. 'The Jackaroo' retails in Australia for \$24.95 but is available to 'Una Voce' readers for \$20.00, cash or cheque, post free to Australia or NZ. Send orders to Owen Genty, PO Box 200, Queenstown, New Zealand.

When the engineers were satisfied that no damage had been done, everyone boarded and the aircraft took off and flew back to Lae. I went along on the flight but when I saw the chief engineer listening intently to the engines I wondered at the urgency of my trip.

An enlarged copy of the accompanying photograph was exhibited on the wall in the MAL office in Lae for some years afterwards.

A 'GRAVE' MISTAKE UNCOVERED

by Maxwell R. Hayes

In December 2002 Peter Cohen of Rabaul achieved the seemingly impossible: he brought the Rabaul European Cemetery into the light of day after removing the one to two metres of volcanic ash which had covered it since the eruption of September 1994. In doing so he discovered a headstone which was buried in the 1937 eruption and which had remained buried for 67 years. The headstone, which was broken into four pieces, bore the clear inscription: **In Memory of Mary Ann Horgren loved sister of Grace Schmidt. Died 14th Nov. 1916 Aged 53 years.**

Peter had suggested to me that Mary Ann Horgren was possibly related to Ludwig SCHMIDT hanged in Rabaul in 1936 for rape, pillage and multiple murder with others in the Sepik in 1934. This was not the case, as the Schmidt hanged was Austrian and a then newcomer to New Guinea, unlike other German Schmidts who had connections since the German era. Through my contact with Karl Baumann, the author of *The Parkinson Family, Queen Emma and Relations in German New Guinea 1878-1930*, I learnt that she had died not in 1916, but 1915.

I then went searching through the Government Gazettes of the British Administration of the Colony of German New Guinea. There in the issue of 15 November 1915 (the nominal date of publishing the fortnightly Gazette) was a detailed report under the heading, 'Death of an Old Resident', and outlining details of the death of Mrs Mary Ann Horgren at her residence at Dawaun on 16 November 1915.

Mary Ann Horgren was born in Samoa in 1863, the daughter of one of her father's several wives, and a half sister to the legendary 'Queen' Emma. Shortly after her husband's death in 1888, she with three young children arrived in New Britain to join her half sister in the emerging plantation and trading stations Queen Emma was creating. She was survived by her second husband Axel Horgren who died some nine months later.

How could the monumental mason have made two errors in this headstone? Not only was the date wrong, but the year also, and why was this never corrected by the numerous surviving relatives? We shall never know. And only by the most remarkable of circumstances did this error come to light - thanks to Peter Cohen.

TALES OF THE SEA by Ron Grimshaw

Captain Mudge, Rabaul harbour master in the late '40s, received a radio communication from the administration in Kavieng requesting a tug for an admin. vessel which needed repairs in Rabaul. I was master of the tug *Alia* at the time and made preparations for the 46 hour trip. Permission was given for my wife Joan to accompany me. We left Rabaul on a Wednesday with a native crew and a four-day supply of American army rations. Joan equipped herself with a 3lb empty Sunshine milk tin as there was no head (latrine) on the *Alia*.

We anchored on the west coast of New Ireland at dusk. Stan Tame, noted for his hospitality, was manager of Kalili plantation at the time and invited us to dinner. We had a delightful evening with Stan and at his insistence tried his hot peppers pickled in gin. We returned to the *Alia* with burning mouths, and running eyes and noses.

An early morning start and after several hours the engine stopped - a blocked fuel line. Whilst blowing through the fuel line to clear it I got a mouthful of diesel fuel. I raced for the deck, false teeth in hand, knocked my hand on the rail and my upper denture went to the bottom of the deep blue sea. Sans teeth I returned to the engine room and tried to start the engine. The starter motor solenoid flared and the solenoid burnt out.

Without an engine we drifted all that day and night. The next day the weekly plane to Kavieng flew over and we sent up flares. Unfortunately they did not see us. We drifted all that day and at night sent up flares with no response. We resorted to soaking a mop in diesel fuel when our flares ran out.

By the fourth night we were well south of the Duke of York Islands and in danger of ending up in the Coral Sea. We were out of water and almost out of rations. The water caught off the canvas awning tasted like Epsom Salts. Joan had run out of tins for her personal use and said, 'No matter where I hide them the boys cleaning up throw them overboard'. Swears she ended up with a tobacco tin.

I decided to send three boys in the dinghy for the long row of 14 hours to the Duke of York Islands with a request for a tow back to Rabaul. Sunday evening we were safely anchored at the SDA mission. We spent a peaceful night and next morning, getting ready for the tow, I was checking the anchor and to my dismay found it in the dead centre of three unexploded bombs. Never has an anchor been more carefully raised!

We arrived back at Rabaul on Monday afternoon. We were a pretty sight - me unshaven and toothless, Joan looking the worse for wear and feeling distinctly smelly.

My grateful thanks to the SDA mission and to the wonderful people at Vunapope mission who rushed my upper denture through in record time.

HELP WANTED: Dr. Hans-Joachim Dassel is a grandson of pioneering missionary, **Adolf DASSEL**, who worked with **Georg KUNZE** at the Lutheran mission on KarKar Island (previously known as Dampier Island), between 1892-1895, shortly before that mission was abandoned due to volcanic activity. He is researching the history of KarKar Island, the Lutheran missions in Kaiser Wilhelmsland and the legendary 'KarKar' **SCHMIDT**, formerly a planter there, and who later lived after WW2 at Gosford NSW. Dr Dassel made a field trip to KarKar Island in 1999, but due to the war found little material of interest. He would be grateful if anyone who could assist him, contacts him at: Rheinallee 123, 40545, Dusseldorf, Germany, phone 0011 49 211 5591757, email: hans-joachim.dassel@stua-d.nrw.de

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

THE GOLDEN YEARS by Keith Buxton - \$30 (incl. P&P within Aust)
 ISBN 09581.8610-3, 307pp, 100 photos

Reviewed by Jim Toner

Not a few wantoks will have contemplated putting into print their personal ramble down memory lane. One or two who did so should have resisted but this compilation comes across very well. Some of the anecdotes are of the 'you needed to be there' variety but others are unique PNG-flavoured experiences. An interesting chapter is titled 'Bad Apples'.

Keith Buxton went to PNG as an EMA (European Medical Assistant) in 1956 and was immediately introduced to the Ela Beach Native Hospital, what these days would be called a reality check. Within his first year of service as a *liklik dokta* he successfully amputated a leg at Dreikikir on radioed instructions from Dr Leo Petrauskas at Wewak. I have always said you never forget your first posting.

After a dozen years with the Public Health Department in the Sepik and Western Highlands, Buxton moved into the travel industry and the sale of artefacts. Some might see this as a desertion of public service but to me it indicates the adaptability of Australians towards perceived opportunity. Subsequently Buxton travelled everywhere from Tari to the remotest Milne Bay islands, finally leaving PNG in 1989.

The many B&W photographs include one of Wamp Wan, Mt Hagen 'big man', astride an elephant. I had quite forgotten that the South Pacific brewery sent Jumbo up the Highlands Highway to attend a Hagen Show. And that it distributed a circular along the way cautioning 'MAN I NO KEN KAIKAI ELEFAN' and threatening would-be diners with a 'BIKPELA SIK'. None bigger.

Keith Buxton left footprints all over PNG during three decades and the personnel index to his book runs from Abal, Tei to Yelland, Lloyd - pity he never met Zweck, Alex to round it off alphabetically. This is an interesting read for PNG people and Buxton's good nature - very necessary for some of the American tourists he encountered - comes through.

Available from the author, PO Box 3102 Maryborough, Qld 4650. Ph (07) 4121 3985

BIOGRAPHISCHES HANDBUCH DEUTSCH-NEUGUINEA 1882-1922
(BIOGRAPHICAL HANDBOOK OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA)

By Karl Baumann and two others.

Following on the recent publication of *The Parkinson family, Queen Emma and relations in German New Guinea 1878-1930* reviewed by Dr Peter Cahill in the March 2003 issue of *Una Voce*, members might be interested to know of this other recent publication. The second edition of the *Biographisches Handbuch* contains biographies of over 3000 persons who lived in German New Guinea in that period. Some biographies are short, others much more detailed. Quality paper, photographs, 520pp; it is in German. For further information contact Karl Baumann, Uhlenflucht 11, Fassberg 29328, Germany. Email: KBU1129328@aol.com

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'... This is R.B. Shaw's second novel. Many will remember 'Island in the Sky', an excellent yarn written by someone with personal experience. His ability to conceive a plot and tell it well was also most evident. When I reviewed it, his fast racy style and descriptions of the countryside delighted me. 'Fire Cult' does not disappoint. Shaw holds the reader's attention from start to finish. I intended reading 'Fire Cult' on the plane to U.K., but two days prior I made the 'mistake' of opening the first page. I had long since finished it before I left - such was the fervour with which I devoured the story. In the finale the reader is constantly excited as the book builds to a thrilling climax.'

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Something to be proud of, and A request for further help

Member Adrian Geyle, and 'Una Voce', have been instrumental in providing Dr Ian McNiven, Senior Research Fellow at Monash University, with what may be the **ONLY** documented example for all of Melanesia of the **manufacture of stone-headed war clubs using a bamboo drill**. The method was described and illustrated in Adrian's article entitled 'Clubs and Welcomes' in our September 1998 issue, p.18.

Dr McNiven is undertaking archaeological research in the Torres Strait and has found stone club heads like the ones found across much of New Guinea. He said he would like to know more details about the PNG drilling technique as it might help him understand how the club heads in Torres Strait were made. He has already been in touch with Adrian Geyle, but would like to hear from anyone who has **any information at all on club head manufacture**. His address is: Dr Ian McNiven, Senior Research Fellow (Australian Archaeology), Monash University, Clayton VIC 3800, or phone 03 9905 2910, fax 02 9905 2948, or email: Ian.McNiven@arts.monash.edu.au

LETTERS FROM THE JUNGLE (Ctd)

by Marge Jarry

Following are two more letters from Marge Jarry who went to Aitape as a bride in 1951 to join her husband, medical assistant Len Fisher. Some years after Len died, Marge married John Jarry in Port Moresby where they lived until 1995. Fortunately Marge's mother kept all her letters - the following letter was written on 30 July 1952:

Dearest Mum,

The doctor from Wewak flew in today bringing your letter and one from Sheila. I was especially pleased because Len is on patrol and Ronnie and I are alone. (*Len's first wife had died and Len looked after his young son Ron.*) Fortunately I have plenty to read but the letters from home are a welcome bonus. ... Life is very quiet here and I am amusing myself working a tablecloth. I don't intend to entertain royalty but as you know almost our only diversion is having our colleagues over for a meal occasionally.

Early yesterday morning one of the *doktabois* (native medical assistants) came running up to the house to tell me there was a *meri* (woman) just brought in from the bush and he thought her baby might be dead inside her. Would I come down to the hospital and have a look at her? Well, you know me! Never having touched a stethoscope in my life and loathing the sight of blood, here I was in this outlandish situation. The *meri* was lying on the operating table, huge with child, and I managed to smile at her as though I did this everyday! Donning the stethoscope I tried to detect a heartbeat and I thought I could hear two but I wasn't sure.

It was all so strange to me. In the middle of it in rides Father Michael, one of the Franciscans, on his trusty motor bike. 'Here, Father', I yell, 'You have a listen'. So there we were passing the instrument back and forth, neither of us knowing what was happening. Fortunately Len arrived an hour or so later and it transpired that there was one baby alive and one dead. Len took both away and the *meri* recovered quite quickly from her ordeal.

However, now all hell has broken loose because had there been twins alive the

parents would have received a handout from the Government. A few years ago when twins were born one was usually killed, but recently the Government, in order to stop this horrific custom, made it known that if both babies were kept, the parents were entitled to 3/6d. per week as a 'reward'. So now they think I could have saved the other one. Len said it had been dead for about two days. But all the parents were worried about was the 3/6d.

Ronnie and I went for a trip in a Tiger Moth today - even more cramped than an Auster. The pilot, a real tease, insisted on looping-the-loop a couple of times. I was scared but I would not let him know. Luckily, neither Ronnie nor I became ill but we were not far from it. Actually I have become quite used to small planes now - just as well as they are our only means of transport.

Last night we were invited to a 'sing-sing'. I've told you before about these. Anything calls for a party in these parts and because they know Len so well we were expected to go along. Frankly, they bore me stiff. All that bobbing around on the grass to the most monotonous 'music'. Strangely, the natives all sing so beautifully. They have a wonderful ear and can sing parts against each other in perfect harmony without being taught. Their painted faces and plumage create the exotic effect.

The women always make a fuss of Ronnie, and the children just stare at him in wonder. We had to be tactful about the food as definitely we will not eat wild pig, but the kau-kau (sweet potato) and pineapple was edible. We made our escape around ten o'clock but the revelry went on until 6am.

We have plenty of 'Do-Gooders' who come from Australia and Canada etc. and think the 'poor, benighted natives' are treated cruelly by whites but they do not realise that these people are quite happy without their interference. Of course the natives are glad of our help health-wise and rely on our administrative officers to settle disputes. Also, they depend on the missionaries for practical as well as spiritual help. But otherwise, they do not welcome inquisitive strangers.

Must stop now.

Love to everyone and look after yourself

Extract from letter written on 10 August 1952 -

Dear Pat

It is now over a year since I became a 'jungle dweller' and although I still find the life interesting, I am now longing to go on leave. Do you remember my telling you that I would never, never sleep under a mosquito net? Well, guess what? The very first night in the tropics I had to - it was either that or sleep on the floor while my darling was alone in the big bed! Actually I soon became used to it, and out nets are quite different from the awful ones I saw in Queensland. They are almost like a room and do not touch you at all. I always say mosquitoes do not bite me but I had to change my tune when I had my first dose of malaria and I shall do my utmost to avoid another attack, I assure you. Of course it could have been worse but for the fact that Len is very strict about our taking the paludrin tablets every day. This does not actually prevent an attack but it does ensure that the fever is fairly mild, and a couple of quinine tablets and Aspro soon cures it.

The place is extremely primitive. Can you imagine Yours Truly reading and sewing under a Tilley lamp? One becomes quite used to it and with two big ones swinging from the rafters I find the light quite adequate. No running water! But we have plenty of running boys to fill up buckets when required. Also I have a marvellous *kukboi*

(cook-boy), tall, quiet and respectful. He has taught me to make cakes and scones and even schnitzels (on the rare occasions we get veal or pork). All cooked on a fire stove which is the only cooking apparatus (apart from a small Primus) which we have.

Somehow I manage to fill in the days without being bored. I read a great deal and I am not halfway through Len's library yet. Also, the librarian at Lae sends me books on the funny little coastal steamer. It is a red letter day when the little tub comes in sight. Usually we start to scan the horizon about 6am even though it is generally early afternoon before she arrives. Everyone is excited and we all, black, brown and brindle, go down to the beach to watch the unloading. No wharf, not even a jetty, but a couple of outrigger canoes go out to meet her and many pairs of curious eyes see those laden craft tossing about before they finally shoot in to the sandy shore.

Everyone is anxious to help unload the crates, cartons and parcels which have been eagerly awaited for weeks. It seems like an eternity as we wait for letters and parcels to be sorted at the District Office and sent up to us by a runner. You can't imagine the thrill of receiving a gift from home or a parcel from David Jones or Myers. And, of course the letters and newspapers. Len and I hardly speak to each other for a couple of days so absorbed are we in reading magazines and papers.

The latest visit of the *Thetis* (we call it the 'foetus' of course) was Tuesday of last week and the captain, a bit of a drunk, announced that there was a ball on in Wewak and would any of us like to go back with him the next night. So Len decided that I needed a break and contacted some friends in Wewak by radio saying that I was coming to stay for a few nights.

Len insisted that for the sake of appearances I should have a chaperone - our *kukboi*'s wife, who appeared unwashed and who had never worked in the house. There are only two cabins on the boat - the captain had one and the girl and I were given the other. The idea was that after about an hour on the water we would put in at one of the little islands across from Aitape where the only Europeans were two missionary sisters. The captain said he had to wait for the tide for a couple of hours and said that I could stay on board or I could go ashore and one of his crew would take me up to the convent. Well, I did not fancy jogging up and down on the boat for two hours so I agreed to land. I am handed down to a canoe and rowed ashore, then carried across the wet sand by two natives. Then I follow one of them with a lamp along a tortuous coral track for about five hundred yards till we come to a small house which is the convent.

Here I am greeted in Pidgin by two elderly nuns who are Dutch. 'How are we going to talk?' I think. Well, as it happened, they could speak German, so between that and Pidgin we managed a conversation. It transpired that they knew Len from his periodic visits to their little hospital. The poor dears had lived on the island since 1911, apart from a three-year break when they were sent to Brisbane during the war. They were delighted to speak to a woman, and as nuns all over the world will, they produced tea and scones. I guessed that the most exciting thing that ever happened to them was their sojourn in Brisbane. They seemed to want to talk about it all the time! Anyhow, when the time came for me to go they were almost tearful as the boy with the lantern led me down the steps, along the coral pathway and back onto the little ship.

By this time it was 10pm and evidently the tide was right for we began to move quickly out to sea. I am a bad sailor at any time but with the *meri* on the floor of the cabin I realised I would be sick if she stayed. So, chaperone or no chaperone she just had to go and sleep on the deck with about twenty others. What a night! It was not long before I had

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to drag a chair out onto the deck. I simply had to get some fresh air. The old captain was snoring his head off in his cabin - don't know why I needed a chaperone! All night long the natives steering the boat kept up a repetitive dirge taken up by a dozen other voices. Talk about the 'Volga Boat Song'. I thought we would never reach Wewak, but at 8am we anchored and I think I slept all day. Then I went to the ball that night. Of course I missed Len but in that frontier town there was no dearth of partners, many of whom I had met before.

FIRST NIGHT IN THE BUSH by Mary Pulsford

We flew from Wewak to the Dagua airstrip 30 miles west of Wewak in a Dragon Rapide painted bright yellow. It was a sunny afternoon in April 1953. When we landed some village people came running up and helped to carry our cases up the winding road through second growth forest to Urip village where, on a little hill at the seaward end of the village, stood our house, built for Bob by the village people. We had been married just two weeks and at last had arrived at our home.

After showing me through the house - thatched roof over the living part, galvanised iron over the kitchen and store-room to catch drinking water - Bob said that he had to check the batteries, see that they were charged and get the radio transmitter-receiver working. The radio sat on a battered old army table in the central hallway with a number of car batteries on the floor beneath and a bird's nest of wire on the wall behind with a rheostat, voltmeter and ampsmeter in the middle of it. The radio aerial was connected to a fifty foot bamboo mast securely anchored to the hill near the house.

Soon after our arrival, a note arrived from the Powys who lived on a hill at the inland end of the village. The note said 'Come to dinner' and we gratefully accepted. David was in charge of the government school at Urip and his wife June was most hospitable and friendly.

After a pleasant evening with the Powys, we set off down the hill from their house at 9.45 pm, me walking in front of Bob who was carrying the Coleman lamp. Halfway down the hill, Bob had just said to me 'Get behind me, you're not watching properly where you are going' when I stood on a death adder lying on the path where the earth was still warm from the sun. It wrapped around my ankle and bit me. I flung my leg out and the snake flew off. I pushed down my sock, saw the fang marks, and said, 'I've just been bitten by a snake'. Bob said 'Sit down at once', and whipped off his shirt, grabbed a nearby stick and quickly put a tourniquet on my thigh.

The Powys were on their verandah watching us go down the hill. Bob called out,

'Mary's just been bitten by a snake!' June raced into the house, grabbed a new razor blade and condy's crystals and rapidly joined us. Bob quickly slashed the two fang marks and tied the wounds with a handkerchief. Then leaving me with June he went to the village to get a stretcher which he knew was there.

Hullaballoo in the village! Four men came back with the stretcher and I was carried back to the house and put on the bed I hadn't yet slept in. There was a walkway to the shower room past the window of this bedroom and half a dozen young village women jammed their heads into the window space, gazing at me with big round eyes. After a while we closed the window shutter.

Numbiandi, our domestic help, was asked to boil plenty of water, the wounds were bandaged and we all drank coffee. We read all the medical books we possessed on what to do and none told you what to do after two hours. We were instructed to release the tourniquet for five minutes every fifteen minutes but after two hours I couldn't stand it any longer and we took it off.

Bob got to work on the radio. At first the batteries were not adequately charged to get a signal out but eventually they were and at intervals Bob sent out a Mayday message. 'Mayday, Mayday, this is Dagua. My wife has been bitten by a Dog Easy Able Tare How Able Dog Dog Easy Roger.' In PNG in 1953 no planes flew at night and all radios were shut down, but at first light the message was heard in Port Moresby and rapidly transmitted via Lae or Madang to Wewak. As soon as it was received there, the DCA officer, Ray Taylor, raced out to his Jeep and tore down the hill to the Wewak airstrip where a small plane was taxiing up the airstrip carrying Dr Roth bound for Ambunti. Ray raced up the airstrip waving and shouting, and the pilot saw him and brought the plane to a standstill. The doctor collected antivenene from the hospital and flew out to Dagua instead of Ambunti arriving at our house about 7 am.

After the antivenene was injected very slowly with no ill effects, I was put back on the stretcher and carried to the airstrip by four strong village men with many chattering village people running alongside. I remember feeling embarrassed, and how extraordinary it all was watching the leaves of the trees from a horizontal position as I passed, when I'd only walked up that road the afternoon before. The doctor said I needed to stay in hospital for two days for observation so Bob packed a small bag for me and I was flown to Wewak.

I knew almost no-one in Wewak. Billy Taylor, the wife of the DCA officer who had been so helpful, was in the women's ward recuperating from an operation and her friendly presence was cheering. In the afternoon the wounds in my ankle were stitched up and in the evening kind Mrs Helton came to visit this new arrival but by then, after the lack of sleep and the excitement of the night before, I was sound asleep and didn't even know she was there.

After two days I tried to send a message to the District Office to say I was ready to go home but couldn't get anyone from the hospital to send it. In desperation, on the fourth day I dressed and hopped - with frequent pauses - from the hospital to the District Office, spoke to the chief clerk, Jock Sneddon and said, 'I'm Mary Pulsford and I want to go home to Dagua!' I flew home that afternoon, Bob meeting me at the airstrip with his Bantam BSA motor bike and gently carrying both of us home on it.

In the twenty following years that I lived in PNG, I only saw one or two live snakes at a distance when safely in a car!

**MINUTES OF SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING
HELD AT THE MANDARIN CLUB, SYDNEY ON 27 APRIL 2003**

Meeting opened : 11.37am.

Present: Andrea Williams, Marie Day, Florence Cohen, Pamela Foley, Harry West, Jenny Turner, Terry Turner, Joe Nitsche, George Oakes, Edna Oakes, John O'Dea, Ross Johnson, Pat Johnson, Gabriel Keleny, Ian Reardon, Helen Reardon, Margaret Wallace, B.C. Smith, Bob Cruickshank, A.M. Cruickshank, Don Lusty, John Bowers, Stuart Hoare, Clarrie James, Maureen McFarlan, Linda Evans, Alan Neilsen, Lee Neilsen, Jean Mulholland, Diana Parker, Pat Hopper, Helen Kenny, Philip James, Greta Ryan, Albert Speer, Mavis Nicholas, Cristine James, Fred Kaad, Clive Troy, Len Bailey, Alison Marsh, Jillian Marsh, Joan Mead, Robin Mead, Barbara Burns, Frank Smith, Craig Symons, Lyn Symons, Joan Stobo, Lyn Doorn, Roger Doorn, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Stuart Inder, Margot Grimes, Harry Doorn, Stafford Grimes, Nancy Johnston, Florence Wilkinson, Ernest Wilkinson.

Apologies: Bill Gammage, Geoffrey Gray, Terrence Kelliher, Robert Tebble, John Ring, Leo Butler, Kenneth Brown, Dorothy Searle, Evelyn Ashworth, William Guest, Paul Enders, Bob and Mary Pulsford, Owen Genty-Nott, Ann-Marie Bakewell, Harry Janssen, Ann Graham.

The President, Harry West welcomed members to the Meeting and then handed over to Ross Johnson who read to the meeting the Special Resolution to amend Rule 33 of the Rules of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc., by inserting the following: '(5) Only superannuated members of the "former services" are entitled to vote at General Meetings on matters affecting their retirement benefits and conditions.' Mr West proposed that this be accepted and asked for a show of hands for those agreeing. All present agreed, and with the proxies received Mr West declared the motion carried.

There being no other business the meeting closed at 11.43am

**MINUTES OF PNGAA 52ND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
HELD AT THE MANDARIN CLUB SYDNEY, ON 27 APRIL 2003**

Meeting opened at 11.45am.

Present and Apologies as for special general meeting.

MINUTES OF PREVIOUS AGM

Motion that the Minutes of AGM held 28 April 2002 were confirmed.

Moved Clarrie James, seconded Marie Day.

Carried

REPORT – PRESIDENT HARRY WEST:

Welcome to the Annual General Meeting. It is now 52 years since our Association was first formed to safeguard the superannuation rights of former Papua New Guinea government officers. In 1993 and again in 1996 there were major overhauls of the Constitution and our aims to accommodate change, broaden our horizons and integrate the rapidly increasing proportion of associate members. Incorporation under the Associations Incorporation Act (1984) came in 1996.

With all the work involved in the preparation and production of our book *Tales of Papua New Guinea* and the substantial arrangements for the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the wartime evacuation of women and children from PNG behind us in 2001, the Committee gave its main focus in 2002 to our future direction and our relevance to those with a deep and abiding interest in, and links with, Papua New Guinea. Particularly was it apparent that 27 years after Independence the majority of surviving superannuants were over 80 years of age and a rapidly diminishing proportion of our membership - which is now over 1300. After a Special General Meeting before our Christmas luncheon on 1 December 2002 we emerged as the 'Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc.' and today another

Special General Meeting attended to the special issue of only superannuated members voting at General Meetings on matters affecting their retirement benefits.

It will be apparent from items in *Una Voce*, the correspondence you have had and the booklet 'Rules of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia Inc.' which has been distributed, that an enormous amount of work has been done by the Committee – and particularly by Ross Johnson who chaired the responsible sub-committee. We believe that we now have an organisation well suited to our aims and objectives.

Our newsletter, *Una Voce*, is to an increasing degree the thread that binds us together and it is constantly improving under the untiring editorship of Marie Clifton-Bassett and her sub-committee – again with major input from Ross Johnson, particularly on technical aspects. The magazine has grown in content, layout has been modified, it is now stapled, more and better pictures are appearing and a new front page design is being prepared. Much of our success stems from the interest of our widely scattered membership and the increasing number of contributions we are receiving. The membership list printed annually facilitates contact and groups from all over the Commonwealth spread news of reunions and report on functions for the benefit of interested parties unable to attend. At the same time, the enlarged magazine and increasing production and postal costs mean that we will have to raise annual membership fees from \$12.00 to \$15.00 from 1 January 2004.

Our Christmas luncheon in Sydney on the first Sunday in December remains very popular and is the main social function of the year. The good attendance of country and interstate members is a feature. Unfortunately the luncheon held annually in April on the first Sunday after Anzac Day does not attract as many as we would like. Please don't be deterred by the AGMs – they are only very short and no one will be coerced to join the committee – although we are always looking for volunteers, particularly from younger members as too many of us are around the 80 mark, or beyond.

Although we facilitate a large number of annual and occasional reunions across Australia through publicity in *Una Voce*, Adelaide is the only city apart from Sydney where there is an annual social gathering specifically organized by our Association. Jan Kleinig took the initiative here some three years ago and Adelaide ex-New Guinea-ites have become a much more cohesive social group and clearly enjoy the experience. Sixty-one attended their last luncheon.

Our last annual spring day train trip from Sydney to the Blue Mountains took place in October and we lunched at Leura. This year George and Edna Oakes will host the group at their home at Woodford. Details will be in next *Una Voce*.

More than 30 years ago, late members Bill Seale, Les Clout and Les Williams started going to Mosman on Thursdays to lunch with Fred Kaad, who was lecturing at ASOPA. These Thursday lunches have continued ever since. Currently we meet at 12.15 for a light 'Dutch shout' meal at 'Jam' café, first floor Bridgepoint Shopping Centre, Spit Junction. Plenty of underground parking – everyone welcome; no booking required. Just turn up.

We all love Jim Toner and his dry humour. Thanks, Jim, for being such a marvellous contributor to *Una Voce* and the watchful eye you keep on all the ex New Guinea-ites who escaped to the Northern Territory.

Our membership on the Australian Council of Public Sector Retiree Organisations is of vital concern to superannuated members as it pursues matters of importance to them with the Commonwealth Government. Our representative for many years, Peter Clay, is stepping down for health reasons and I would like to thank him for the invaluable work he has done with this organisation and his advice on legal matters over a long period of time. We are fortunate to have an eminently suitable replacement, Tim Terrell, a Canberra resident, to take Peter's place.

The Committee continues to meet regularly and attendance is excellent. Once again I cannot speak too highly of this band of workers who put so much time, effort and talent into

the smooth running of the Association - Pam Foley, Andrea Williams, Marie Day, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Roma Bates, Ross Johnson, Frank Smith, Ian Reardon, Fred Kaad, Pat Hopper, Joe Nitsche, Don Drover and Graeme Baker. And special thanks to Len Bailey for auditing, and Dr. Peter Cahill for archive work. Greetings to our much loved Patrons, Roma Bates (absent today) and Fred Kaad.

Finally, a very special tribute to my dear friend of 58 years - and a good friend to most of you - Doug Parrish, who died on 26 February this year. He worked on our Committee for 30 years and was a past President. Always there was a substantial positive input from Doug - the constitutional changes, *Una Voce* development and expansion, and the compilation and production of *Tales of Papua New Guinea*. Even when very ill, and knowing he was dying, he enthusiastically participated in our most recent initiatives, as he wanted our '**Papua New Guinea Association of Australia**' to flourish well into the future. Farewell dear friend.

Mr Joe Nitsche asked for a minute's silence in respect for the memory of Doug Parrish. All stood.

FINANCIAL REPORT:

The Treasurer, Ross Johnson, tabled the Financial Report and Auditor's Report.

Motion: That the Financial Report be accepted.

Moved Ross Johnson, seconded Florence Cohen.

Carried

Mr. Gabriel Keleny rose to offer congratulations to the Treasurer and Committee for the work entailed in restructuring the Association's Rules.

CORRESPONDENCE REPORT: The Secretary, Pamela Foley, reported that there had been 637 items of inward correspondence, and in excess of 250 responses despatched.

Motion: That the Correspondence be accepted

Moved Clarrie James, seconded Marie Day.

Carried

ELECTION OF EXECUTIVE AND COMMITTEE: The President, Harry West advised that all positions had been advertised as becoming vacant, no new nominations had been received therefore as one nomination had been received for each position those nominees were elected unopposed. Executive - President: Harry West, Treasurer: Ross Johnson, Secretary: Pamela Foley, Editor *Una Voce*: Marie Clifton-Bassett, Assistant Secretary: Joe Nitsche, Deputy President: Pamela Foley. Committee - Graeme Baker, Roma Bates, Marie Day, Don Drover, Patricia Hopper, Freddie Kaad, Ian Reardon, Frank Smith, Andrea Williams.

GENERAL DISCUSSION: Mr. Alan Neilsen suggested that a segment in *Una Voce* be entitled 'Where are they now?'

There being no further business the meeting closed at 12.10 pm.

SUB-COMMITTEES OF ROAPNG, 2003

At the first meeting of the committee after the AGM, it was decided that the sub-committees for 2003 would be as follows (names underlined are the conveners):

Social Joe Nitsche, Pamela Foley

Caring Pat Hopper, Andrea Williams, Roma Bates, Frank Smith, Marie Day

Finance Ross Johnson, Graeme Baker, Joe Nitsche, Ian Reardon

Legal and Administrative

Fred Kaad, Graeme Baker, Don Drover, Ross Johnson

Editorial Marie Clifton-Bassett,

Ross Johnson, Don Drover, Pamela Foley, Graeme Baker, Andrea Williams, Joe Nitsche

Superannuation Fred Kaad, Ross Johnson

the smooth running of the Association - Pam Foley, Andrea Williams, Marie Day, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Roma Bates, Ross Johnson, Frank Smith, Ian Reardon, Fred Kaad, Pat Hopper, Joe Nitsche, Don Drover and Graeme Baker. And special thanks to Len Bailey for auditing, and Dr. Peter Cahill for archive work. Greetings to our much loved Patrons, Roma Bates (absent today) and Fred Kaad.

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At the first meeting of the committee after the AGM, it was decided that the sub-committees for 2003 would be as follows (names underlined are the conveners):

Social Joe Nitsche, Pamela Foley

Caring Pat Hopper, Andrea Williams, Roma Bates, Frank Smith, Marie Day

Finance Ross Johnson, Graeme Baker, Joe Nitsche, Ian Reardon

Legal and Administrative

Fred Kaad, Graeme Baker, Don Drover, Ross Johnson

Editorial Marie Clifton-Bassett,

Ross Johnson, Don Drover, Pamela Foley, Graeme Baker, Andrea Williams, Joe Nitsche

Superannuation Fred Kaad, Ross Johnson

ABRIDGED AUDITED ANNUAL ACCOUNTS

For year ended 31 December 2002

1. Statement of Income and Expenditure

2001 (\$)		2002 (\$)
	INCOME	
303	Donations	96
6,996	Functions (gross receipts - AGM & Xmas)	5,945
1,760	Interest	1,079
13,362	Membership Subscriptions	15,002
466	Raffles	464
3,796	Tales of Papua New Guinea (net)	4,983
26,683	TOTAL INCOME	27,569
	EXPENDITURE	
3,164	Administration Expenses	3,473
150	Caring Committee	102
200	Computer Allowance	
714	Depreciation (inc. loss on disposal)	1,429
	Donations	500
7,139	Functions (expenditure - AGM & Xmas)	5,724
1,430	Income Tax	1,558
	Software Purchase	122
100	Subscriptions	100
11,368	Una Voce - printing & distribution	11,921
24,265	TOTAL EXPENDITURE	24,929
2,418	Surplus / (Deficit) transferred to Members Funds	2,640

2. Balance Sheet as at 31 December 2001

2001 (\$)		2002 (\$)
27,046	Current Assets	28,212
5,092	Cash at Bank	16,229
21,610	Stock on hand	11,957
344	Accounts Receivable	26
	Investments - Term Deposits (Police Credit Union)	20,029
	Fixed Assets (written-down value)	2,211
48,163	TOTAL ASSETS	50,452
12,015	Current Liabilities	12,860
408	Accounts Payable	219
	Provision for Audit Honorarium	250
1,225	Provision for Income Tax	1,427
10,382	Subscriptions in Advance (Year 2002)	10,964
9,900	Long Term Liabilities - Subscriptions in Advance	10,894
22,005	TOTAL LIABILITIES	23,754
26,158	NET ASSETS	26,698
	Represented by -	
7,369	General Reserve	5,261
16,371	Balance forward from previous year	18,797
2,418	Net Surplus (Deficit) for Year	2,640
26,158	TOTAL MEMBER FUNDS	26,698

(The full financial statement together with the Auditor's Report, as presented to the Annual General Meeting, can be obtained on application to the Secretary)

REUNIONS

KIAP REUNION: This will be on **Sunday, 2 November 2003** at the Buderim View Restaurant at the **Buderim Tavern** from say 10.30 am. The Tavern management has set aside a large area with its own bar, 'tree'd off from other patrons. Lunch will be available from 11.30 am to 2.30 pm. Dinner will also be available, and the organisers state, 'If the numbers staying on are anything like the gathering of 2001 then it should be a grand affair.' They ask you to spread the word to those who may not have heard. Should the number desiring breakfast be in excess of fifty they can arrange for the Mooloolaba Surf Club to open especially for them. Please make a note when replying to advise of your interest in breakfasting at the Surf Club. Please advise your acceptance to either of the following by **24 October at the latest**. A list of suitable accommodation will be supplied. Denys / Helen Faithful, home phone (07) 5444 4484, faith@flexinet.com.au

46 Tarwarri Crescent MOOLOOLABA Qld 4557

Bob / Heather Fayle, home phone (07) 5444 7446, bobheatherfaylebob@yahoo.com.au
31 Moondarra Crescent MOOLOOLABA Qld 4557

FORMER KIAPS REMEMBER: In the weeks before Easter Vin Smith and Jack Baker had phone *toktok* regretting the recent losses of colleagues **Doug Parrish, Phil Hardy, Bill Kelly** and others. They decided to have a mini reunion at the Irish Club in Brisbane calling together a few contacts to celebrate the lives of their departed friends. Contacting **Ken Hanrahan** in Brisbane, the trio called up the outstations. The following attended a very fine Luncheon at the Club: **Jack Baker, Vin Smith, Ken Hanrahan, John Norton, Bob Browne** from Mapleton (and Doreen who went out with Rita Smith), **Dave Ross, Ian Douglas, Bruce Dunne, Johnnie Hayes, Peter McKenzie** (he of the Antarctic expedition after leaving PNG), honorary kiap **Paul 'Q' Quinlivan**, the man voted the best airport manager, ex MAL..Ansett/Mal, **ANG Paul Bolger**, and two education friends of kiaps and field officers, 'schoolies' **Ian Robertson and Henry Bodman**. Then along came **Willie Muskens** with Ian (Macca) McNamara in tow, he of the Sunday morning ABC 'Australia All Over' fame. **Bob Blaikie** sent an apology - he was in N.Z.

During the *kivung toktok* and feasting, copious wassailing was followed as a ritual, and remembrances were made and told of departed colleagues. In addition we heard news of further regretted departures - **Mert Brightwell, Ian Burnett and Campbell Fleahy**.

Macca was hastily introduced to the PNG culture and taped Will, Vin and Peter with some interviews on PNG life and why?... Two interviews have since gone to air and indeed Vin had calls from Sydney, Morningside, Palm Beach, Perth and Kununurra to say 'we heard you'!

The next Luncheon get-together is set down for **Friday 25 July 2003** at the Irish Club, Brisbane. As word gets around they are hoping for more old friends to remember friendship 'PNG style'. (The next **formal PNG Field Officers Reunion** is on Sunday 2nd November at Buderim on the Sunshine Coast - see above item.) Vin Smith

QLD ex kiaps web site: www.exkiap.net

NEXT SOGERI REUNION: The 60th anniversary of the commencement of the Sogeri School will be 4 June 2004. The plan is to meet the last weekend in July 2004 somewhere just south of Brisbane. It is understood that some UK people are planning to come for Sogeri's 60th year and as most of them are still in the workforce, July is their long holiday time. For details please contact Ms Marjorie Walker on 03 9803 9071.

SISTER SHIRLEY LUTTON'S EXPERIENCES

Shirley and her husband Wesley were with the Methodist Mission in New Britain from 1949 to 1962. On arrival Shirley took charge of the hospital at Nakanai. The following stories were sent to us by Rev. Jack Flentje (see Shirley's obituary p. 39).

A Bible Story

One Sunday evening just before dark a group of men came in from a village, about five or six miles away carrying a woman on a roughly built stretcher. She was sick and totally exhausted, her abdomen was as hard as a board and she was unable to talk so we asked them what had happened - in particular what had she eaten as the likely trouble was food poisoning. We tried to get the people to tell us the story - they had to tell us in their own way in their own time.

The men said she had been angry with a woman in the church that morning and in the course of the affair she said to this woman, 'Oh a fig for your Bible, I'll eat a page of it.' Forthwith she tore a page out of the woman's Bible, chewed it up and swallowed it, then stormed off out to her house and lay down to cool her temper. After a short time one of her friends came and asked her how she was, and she said she was fine but her friend said, 'Not a bit of a flutter in your stomach?' 'No I'm alright', she replied. Another of her friends was also troubled about what had happened. This time she was not so sure - she said she did feel a bit shaky, but who has not after a violent tantrum? One after another all her friends and acquaintances came in a steady stream and the fear and the shakes built up until they could see if they did not do something quickly she would die of sheer exhaustion if nothing else, and so they carried her in to the hospital.

Shirley was equal to the situation despite the fact that she had only been there a few weeks. She calmly said to the woman, 'My word, we are lucky the boat that arrived the other day brought fresh medicines and we have a new supply of the medicine for this sickness. I will give you a medicine to drink which will help you to rest and sleep and I will give you a couple of pills which will get rid of the Bible page when you wake up and you will be well again.' She gave the patient a good dose of opening medicine after a good dose of sedative and sleeping potion, and she settled down quickly and slept soundly till morning. When she woke up she rushed for the toilet and whether the page of the Bible had gone was not a matter of debate - everything had gone, and the woman rolled up her bedding and joyfully walked home.

A Small Miracle

One of the local pastors had been posted to a village up in the mountains in the centre of the island. His wife didn't want to go and she hit him. A few days later he came into the hospital with headaches and dizziness. Shirley examined him but found no damage to his head but the headaches got worse. A few days later on a Sunday morning, Shirley thought there was something hard under the skin on the eye socket beside his nose. On investigation she found a piece of wood, and after service she asked my help to keep tension on the bit of wood 3/8 inches in diameter with a pair of forceps. To help it draw out, she cut the skin around it until it moved.

To our amazement, I carefully drew out a piece of wood nearly two inches long which had gone in between the eye and the socket without doing much damage to the tissue. Shirley dressed the wound and it healed beautifully. The pastor and his wife and family went on their way up to the bush and he made a complete recovery. He reconciled with his wife and son. Eventually he became a minister of the Methodist church.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO MADANG/WEWAK CHRISTMAS 1954 by Leo Butler, ex Vacuum Oil (Mobil)

Flew sidesaddle Lae to Madang via Goroka in a chartered DC3 with Mandated Airlines Captain **Tom DEEGAN**, First Officer **Jim SMITH**. The aircraft was loaded with drums of fuel distillate and motor spirit (chartered by Vacuum Oil), left Lae approx. 7 am, flew up the Markham Valley through the Bena Gap and landed at Goroka approx. 8 am, the airstrip shrouded in fog. Goroka temperature 10-12 degrees, air crisp.

MAL agent **Sno BLACKLEY** greeted me and the crew and supervised the unloading of the fuel drums onto used DC3 tyres, then the native labour gang rolled drums into the Vacuum Oil (Mobil) depot which was adjacent to the airstrip alongside Gibbes Sepik Airways hangar (Sno was also the manager for Vacuum's agent, **Jim LEAHY**).

During the stopover Sno introduced me to some local identities: **Jim LEAHY**, **Peter MANSER**, **Bobby GIBBES** and young **Dennis BUCHANAN**. Also on hand were **Vic COX**, **Jack GRAY**, **Les GRAY**, **Vic SMITH**, **George GREATHEAD** and DC **Ian SKINNER**.

The DC3 was then loaded with sacks of coffee beans for the flight to Madang. Departed Goroka approx. 9.30 am, flew through light cloud over the Ramu Valley and landed at Madang at approx. 10.45 am. On alighting I was hit by the hot and oppressive air generated by Madang's tropical climate plus the heat reflection of the Madang airstrip which was constructed of white crushed coral.

Met at Madang by **Hec LONGMORE**, local Vacuum Oil manager, and transported along the road flanked by lovely large trees and beautiful hibiscus and frangipani. Accommodation was booked at the Madang Hotel owned and operated by the **GILMORE** family. Audit duties at Madang completed, it was time to travel to Wewak. Accompanied by Hec Longmore, we flew normal passenger service to Rabaul via Wewak with Qantas Service, **Captain Mal SHANNON**, flight passed old smoking volcano, Manam if my memory serves me, then passed the mighty meandering Sepik River, then landed at the old mission strip at Wewak. Met at Wewak by the local depot superintendent for Vacuum Oil, **Frank MARTIN**. We stayed at the unique and interesting Wewak Hotel, which billeted many prominent personalities including well-known crocodile hunters, native labour recruiters, and government employees who pioneered this vast area.

Frank Martin's house was situated on the top of Wewak Point and from it you could obtain a glorious view across the Bismarck Sea towards the Kairua Islands and along the coast towards Aitape. Audit completed in two days. I had some spare time and Hec introduced me to **Bishop Leo ARKFELD**, Catholic Bishop of the Mission of the Divine Word, who kindly asked me if I would like to accompany him in his Auster aircraft on one of his daily rounds to mission outposts in the Sepik District, in this case to Angoram, Ambunti and Maprik. Not being used to light aircraft, at times I felt nervous, but found the Bishop to be reassuring - the day was most pleasurable and educational.

I was told that Leo Arkfeld was the youngest bishop ever appointed at that time within the Catholic Church. He was from the mid-west of the USA. During this day's trip I met many priests, Christian Brothers, lay workers, nuns and many local people who serviced these mission stations. They ran their own sawmills, power stations, boats and

plantations and provided pastoral care to the local people.

During lunch at the mission the day before returning to Madang, we were served steak with salad but, being a half-conforming Catholic from Melbourne, I was slow in tucking in as it was a Friday and we had been told not to eat meat on Fridays. Bishop Arkfeld was quick to notice my dilemma and said, 'Leo pass me your plate', whereupon he blessed it and called it fish. It was a most enjoyable steak, washed down with equally enjoyable wine - a great finale to my visit to Wewak.

Returned to Madang per DC3 MAL to spend my first Christmas in PNG. The aircraft was full - there were no seats left on the sidesaddle configuration which was normal for these flights at that time. Most passengers were expats visiting friends in Madang or Lae and some were intending to spend Christmas in the cool climate of Goroka and Mt Hagen. Hec Longmore and I sat on bags of copra fibres which were loaded at the rear of the aircraft. We were both suffering badly after a big pre-Christmas party at the Wewak Club (Hec was well known and respected in the Sepik District).

Hec and his wife Jean had arranged a Christmas Eve celebration at the Madang Club hosted by one of his close friends, the Manager **Reg VOGLER**. On Christmas morning I was picked up from the hotel by Hec for a breakfast at his home with his wife and their young daughter. At about 11 am we left for Dylup Plantation where we were to spend the Christmas break with Alan Cammack and his family. The trip took about four hours through rough tracks, swamps and jungle country. We were met at a river crossing by Alan and his native *bosbois* and were ferried by punt across a rather large and fast flowing river. We were then taken in Jeeps and an old American weapons carrier to the guesthouse at Dylup Plantation. The guesthouse had a magnificent view out to sea. Accompanying us were **Claude TRUBERT** and **Gerard LAROQUE**, Vacuum Oil trainees from New Caledonia, who were spending some time in PNG to obtain experience in other divisions of Vacuum Oil before returning to take up managerial positions. As a bonus Claude and Gerard had befriended three young ladies from the Commonwealth Bank in Madang - they were very good company and great party girls.

Alan and his wife were admirable hosts, providing us with great food, excellent wining, dining, dancing, tennis, swimming, exploring, and boating trips. Alas, all good things have to come to an end, and on the fourth day we had to return to reality in Madang. Hec's many friends at Madang and other places include **Father Joe WALACHY**, **Father HOFF**, **Reg VOGLER**, **Peter HOWSE**, **Paul BOLGER**, **Tom BRIGGS**, **Eric SNOOK**, **Neil GRIEVE** and many more.

Life came back to reality when I returned to Lae after one of the most enjoyable experiences of my time in PNG circa 1948-1954. I hope these writings are not too boring for readers, but they gave me some great times to reflect on in my later years.

TREKKERS' HUT AT ISURAVA - A trekkers' hut has been constructed at Isurava on the Kokoda Track by the Office of Australian War Graves to offer shelter to the ever-growing visitor numbers to the Isurava Memorial and as a means of generating revenue for the local people. The hut accommodates 12 people in bunks and provides shelter for visitors to Isurava where sudden changes in weather and occasional strong winds are not unusual. The locals have agreed to maintain the guesthouse for trekkers who can expect to be charged a fee of 15 kina (about \$6.80) per night. There is no charge for visiting the Memorial. (From *Vetaffairs*, March 2003)

□ **Pat Hopper**

MEMORIES OF DREIKIKIR by Connie Morris

In December's *Una Voce* there was a story from Bruce Lawes concerning Dreikikir airstrip ('An Airline Story' p.3). That 'magnificent' airstrip was built by my husband, Blue Morris, plus helpers. The steep slope at the end was to assist the plane to pull up. It also helped with the take-off as the down run meant the plane built up speed, then swooped through the valley - hair raising!

Bobby Gibbes was the only pilot to land there successfully during our stay. He had the boys holding the plane until he'd revved up fully, then he'd shout 'let go pushim pushim'. He was unaware of the terminology of his words and wondered why the boys all fell about laughing their heads off. We appreciated his flying efforts and fondly remember the treat of fresh sausages for our Christmas dinner dropped from the plane as he flew overhead.

Once the Administrator Colonel Murray and Horrie Niall visited Dreikikir, and a refrigerator was carried in to us from Maprik for the occasion. This made the Sydney papers: 'Refrigerator carried to outstation through crocodile infested swamps' - what a lot of rubbish - hilly country not exactly your typical croc infested swampland. The day after the visit one wall of our home fell down and the front steps collapsed - not bad timing but so typical of living in the tropics.

THE WHITE RICE 'CARGO CULT' by Maxwell R. Hayes

After WWII and until the mid-1960s, native police, administration servants, plantation, mission and other employees compulsorily received a scale of rations as well as a small cash wage.

The scale of rations was dependent on whether the recipient was single, married and with/without dependents. It included brown rice (in lieu of which sweet potato could be substituted), wheatmeal flour, tinned meat or tinned fish, tinned margarine or beef fat, tea, sugar, salt, soap, Emu twist plug tobacco (strangely made in USA), matches and kerosene (for hurricane-lamps). In some cases fresh fruit was supplied. Newspaper sheets were usually given out freely. These were for rolling the long cigarettes made from twist tobacco or the village-grown leaf tobacco (*brus*) - only black and white newsprint was acceptable as coloured newsprint did not smoke well. On many occasions I have supervised the issuing of these rations to native police who would assemble with their families to receive the appropriate amount, usually on a Saturday. In addition to the consumables, there was a periodical issue of laplap material, eating utensils and other sundries.

It did not escape the attention of many natives that, whilst they were issued brown rice, we, ourselves, preferred white rice, and they did not want to use their meagre wage on purchasing white rice in the trade stores. There was then agitation for white rice to be issued as part of the scale. But the Administration, through its Dept of Information and Extension Services, stepped in and mounted a media and poster campaign to convince the locals that brown rice was better for them because of its vitamin content. 'What is this word "vitamin"', I was often asked. Was it some means of keeping power over them they asked. I had visions of another cargo cult, the 'white rice' cargo cult, emerging.

There were hints that there would be unrest (*mipela laikim wait rais, sapos mipela no kisim wait rais, behain igat trabel ikamap*) if white rice was not substituted as part of the scale of rations. At last the Administration relented and arranged new contracts with rice-growing organisations to supply white rice but with the inclusion of small vitamin

pellets looking quite like a grain of white rice. This rice appeared in rations and in trade stores.

I have seen, at the police barracks and in the villages, women spreading rice out and carefully selecting the vitamin pellets and throwing them away. This was surely some white man's trick, they would tell me. 'Now they let us have white rice, but it is not the same as the white man's rice so we have to throw away these things that look like rice.' They then consumed the much-sought-after white rice and no doubt suffered vitamin deficiency.

Late last year, nearly 30 years after I left PNG, I was recalling these events to a friend at a luncheon in Sydney. He surprised me by saying, 'Yes, I recall that, I was in the rice industry at that time and we called it VD rice'. I enquired further and he said, 'That stood for Vitamin Deficient rice - we had large contracts at that time for the supply of this vitamin enriched rice'. The things one learns decades after the event.

HELP WANTED: Geoff Melrose wrote: 'Gordon Thomas and three other survivors from the Japanese invasion compiled a list of all civilians held in Rabaul as prisoners during a roll call sometime prior to the sailing of the *Montevideo Maru*. Recently a friend sent me a copy, apparently handwritten in pencil by Gordon Thomas, of this list. Some doubt exists as to the date of compilation. What is more certain is that a number of crosses to indicate 'deceased' were added in the light of later information - perhaps in 1945 or 1946. In many cases these check out with knowledge gained from archival material. But three names leave questions. They are **Con BISCHOFF** (20 yrs), **Dick TAIT** (19 yrs) and **Bill SPENSLEY** (36 yrs). All three were members of the NGVR. The first two were friends of mine, while Bill Spensley was a friend of my parents.

At a New Guinea Women's Club meeting in 1942, someone told me Con and Dick were fighting as guerillas in the mountains behind Rabaul. That was the last news I had of them and for many years believed. A part of me still does - dimly now because other events took sway. That part has surfaced strongly because of the abovementioned list. Bill Spensley was known to be hiding out with one or more others at Sum Sum on the South Coast at least until the end of March 1942. All three are listed as being on the *Montevideo Maru*. I would be grateful for any information at all as to the fate of these men and the manner of it.' Geoff is at 48 Korie Island Road, Beechwood NSW 2446. 02 6585 6307

VALE - *With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends*

Mr Merton Walter BRIGHTWELL (18 March 2003, aged 81 years)

Mert was born at Bondi Junction NSW, joined the RAAF early in WWII and was a radio officer stationed at Calgary in Canada, involved in ferrying aircraft from their point of manufacture in Canada to England, via Miami, North Africa and Gibraltar.

He joined the PNG Administration as a patrol officer in June 1947. His service was mainly in the Highlands, New Britain and New Ireland Districts, and he was District Commissioner at Kavieng in the period leading up to independence.

He spent his retirement at Springwood, in the Blue Mountains of NSW. He had a reputation for being good company and a good communicator, cook and host. He had an avid interest in art, classical music and literature, and in retirement built up an extensive art collection and took an active and very successful interest in the Stock Exchange. He was a very generous man and provided the funding for many young Papua New Guineans to acquire a university education. He had a close affinity with the National people of PNG and kept in touch with many, in retirement.

From Harry West

Mr Ian Druce BURNET (26 February 2003, aged 71 years)

Ian's first posting as a cadet patrol officer was to Lorengau on Manus Island in 1955. He completed his year at ASOPA in 1958. His happiest memories were of Gumine patrol post. He patrolled the Bomai, and was posted to Lufa and various other posts in the Highlands. Ian transferred from the then Dept of Native Affairs to the Dept of Trade and Industry where he was an instigator for the setting up of the wool project in the Highlands. Subsequently he joined the Directorate of Transport which later became the Dept of Transport. He was instrumental in gaining funding from the World Bank and the United Nations Development Project for the Highlands Highway. He was appointed Secretary of that Department prior to leaving Port Moresby in 1974.

Ian was a pidgin interpreter for the first House of Assembly. He was also vice president of the Public Service Association. He represented permanent officers with actuarial negotiations in the early '70s. He was a member of the PNG Tariff Board and Passenger Motor Vehicle Board. He is survived by his wife Gwen, and sons Michael and Campbell. (His sons will enjoy reading his well crafted patrol reports.) Gwen Burnet

Mrs. Jean Katharine BULL (28 February 2003, aged 93 years).

Jean was the wife of bank manager Ken Bull - the couple arrived in Port Moresby in 1958. Ken had spent time in Bougainville during the war and had a great affinity with Papua New Guinea. For Jean the move was a great contrast to her life as a bank officer's wife in Sydney but she made the change graciously and became very adept at entertaining bank customers and friends and adapting to her new life. For the first time since her marriage she took a job and became a proof reader at the Government Gazette in Port Moresby under the guidance of Mr H Nicholls - a very happy time. When both her daughters married and settled in PNG she and Ken returned to open the bank in Lae where they spent some years and Jean worked again, this time in the Post Office. After another stint in Port Moresby, Ken's ill health necessitated them returning to Australia. Jean moved to Cairns in 1988 to be near to family after Ken's death and then to Atherton in 2001. Jean is survived by daughters Jennifer Collins and Christine King, six grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. From Jennifer Collins

Sister Shirley LUTTON (nee Grey) (25 June 2002, aged 85 years)

Already a senior nursing sister at a Uniting Church hospital, Shirley offered her services to overseas missions and undertook further training at the George Brown Missionary Training School in Haberfield, Sydney, studying linguistics and anthropology. There she met Rev. Wesley Lutton - they trained together and were named to work in the same district in New Britain. Shirley was to take charge of the hospital at Nakanai some 150 miles west of Rabaul as the crow flies, and Wesley was posted to the Baining station in the mountains behind Rabaul. The night Shirley sailed for Nakanai she and Wesley became engaged. Living conditions at Nakanai were primitive, and the hospital could not take in patients until construction was completed. In spite of the difficulties Shirley began work with enthusiasm, and coerced patients back to health with a mixture of commonsense and inventiveness. Rev. Jack Flentje who was at Nakanai at the same time wrote, 'Shirley loved and cared for all of us in the area, black, white, whether we belonged to the Methodist church, the Catholic church or no church at all.'

Shirley is survived by her husband Wesley and children Peter, Linley, Ian and Jennifer.

From Rev. Jack Flentje

** Two stories concerning Shirley and her work are on page 34.*

Mr Douglas John PARRISH (26 February 2003, aged 81 years)

Doug enlisted in the AIF in 1940, and the middle of 1943 found him behind enemy lines in the Sepik as a sergeant with a guerilla force known as Mosstroops. The official war history relates how in one engagement Sgt Parrish and a companion were attacked by - but put to flight - six Japanese and a dozen armed natives. In early 1945 he was commissioned with the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit, and served as a field officer while the islands were still being cleared of the enemy.

In May 1946 he took his army discharge in Lae, and immediately joined the New Guinea Administration in Rabaul as a patrol officer. For the next 15 years he operated in widely scattered districts of what became the Territory of Papua New Guinea. The PNG Administrator, Sir Donald Cleland, considered him an 'outstanding' field officer.

He declined a posting as a district commissioner to take up the lesser, newly created position of industrial organisations officer, charged with developing a framework for industrial relations, embracing both unions and employers, and the development of workers' associations in PNG's main centres.

His success there led to his appointment as PNG's Secretary for Labour, where he energetically dealt with the myriad of industrial matters, including occupational health and safety, that were emerging because of major industrial development such as the giant Bougainville copper mine. There was no supporting legislation in place even for the operation of heavy equipment such as cranes, or for inspectors to enforce safety conditions. Among many other initiatives, Doug established a research and planning division, and a standards office to control weights and measures.

His dedication to his tasks was all the more considerable in view of a period of personal tragedy. On leave in Australia, he, Candy and their 10-year-old twin sons were attacked by a man while they were parked at midnight beside the highway near Taree. Having first shot and seriously wounded Doug, the attacker sexually assaulted Candy. Despite her own horrors, she saved Doug's life by driving him to the Taree hospital, where his blood loss was stemmed. When the bullet was removed in Sydney, he was told he needed to remain there for three months to recuperate. While there, Christopher, one of the twins, was killed by a car on his way to school.

In 1971, with PNG self-government and independence on the way, Doug and Candy reluctantly left PNG for Sydney. Doug then embarked on a second career as an executive with the Bechtel Corporation, which sent him to Indonesia for twelve months to oversee new projects. He later became administration manager for the NSW Employers Federation for eight years, and for another five he was consultant to them and the Confederation of Australian Industry.

Doug was energetically active in our Association for 30 years. He was elected president in 1986 while Fred Kaad continued in the position of editor of *Una Voce*. In early 1989 Fred went overseas for an extended period, so Doug did the editor's job as well, intending simply to 'fill in' until Fred returned. Then in 1992 Doug handed over the presidency to Harry West and was able to concentrate on *Una Voce*. During his seven years as editor, Doug transformed the journal - he introduced the regular sections we have today, and encouraged members to contribute stories of general interest and archival value. He also put in a great deal of behind-the-scenes work towards the publication of our book 'Tales of Papua New Guinea'. He had a fascination for computers and was always ready to help committee members experiencing computer problems.

Doug's wife Candy predeceased him. He is survived by a son, Craig.

From Harry West

Mr Peter Alfred BROMAN (23 March 2003, aged 79 years)

After several years' war service in PNG, Peter became a cadet patrol officer in 1946 (later patrol officer) serving mainly on the New Guinea side. On his first leave he went to the UK to follow up work he was doing on his family tree. While doing research in Sweden, he found a cousin named Anne Marie Broman, a descendant of the original Bromans, but about 40 times removed. After a whirlwind courtship he and Anne were married and Peter returned to New Guinea after settling Anne temporarily in Australia. However the Administration was not very cooperative because he had overstayed his leave without permission and, in the aftermath of war, married accommodation was not readily available. The outcome was that Peter was transferred to the police force in November 1949 as Assistant Sub Inspector and Anne was able to join him.

When the PNG Volunteer Rifles was raised in 1950, Peter was amongst the first to enlist and in 1952 he was commissioned as lieutenant. During this period he was appointed ADC to the Administrator in addition to his normal police duties. In March 1956 as Sub Inspector, he left the force to take up the position of acting Official Secretary to the Administrator where he performed his duties with elan, skill, initiative and thoroughness. He was later confirmed in this position which he held until 1967 when he joined the Special Branch in PNG. Later he was retired on medical grounds and he and Anne settled in Brisbane.

His health improved to some degree and he helped Anne with the macadamia plantation she and their son John had established. While there Anne died from a heart condition and Peter was devastated. Over time his children and their families became more a focal point in his life. Peter is survived by his son John, and daughters Christina and Sonja and their families.

From Peter Harbeck and Max Hayes

Mrs Ethel May LANGE (early March 2003)

Ethel was the widow of Geoffrey Rudolph Lange, a health inspector. She lived in Rabaul from 1948 to 1956. No further details available.

Mr Peter Noel BYRNE (21st June 2002, aged 79 years).

Peter joined the army at the end of 1940. Later he trained in water transport and in 1944-1946 saw duty in Port Moresby, Wewak and New Britain. After the war, he completed his matriculation and studied Agricultural Science at the University of Adelaide, graduating in 1952. Peter married Jean Petersen in early 1951.

Peter went back to PNG in 1956 to work for the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries, being based at Bisianumu, Popondetta and Keravat. In 1960, Peter and two others began a consulting company, Plantation Advisory Service, based near Kokopo. In 1963, he took a position as assistant manager on Inus Plantation on Bougainville. He rejoined DASF at the end of 1964 as agronomist-in-charge at the Lowlands Agricultural Experiment Station (LAES) at Keravat, East New Britain. Peter was based at LAES until 1975 when he worked for the UN Food and Agriculture Organisation in Malaysia. He returned to PNG again in 1977, this time as chief horticulturalist with Dept. of Primary Industry and was based in Moresby for two years. Then Peter and Jean moved to Espiritu Santo Island in the then New Hebrides where Peter worked for FAO. They returned to Australia in 1982, living in Warwick. Peter undertook further consultancies for the PNG Department of Primary Industry, FAO and UNDP until 1988.

Peter is survived by his wife Jean, their five children (Jenny, Meg, Peter Michael, Patrick and Veronica) and 11 grandchildren.

From Mike Bourke

Mr Peter John GRIMSHAW, OBE, OAM (2 March 2003, aged 71 years)

Peter grew up in Adelaide and in 1947 went to Port Moresby as a schoolboy when his father was appointed Superintendent of (what was then) the Royal Papuan Constabulary and New Guinea Police Force (a position later reclassified as that of Commissioner.) Peter joined the Department of Civil Aviation and about this time became involved with the PNGVR. During this time Peter designed the original brass badge of the Constabulary which was worn by officers attending the Coronation in 1953. In 1954 Peter married Diane, also from Adelaide, and the couple moved to Cooma where Peter worked for the Snowy Mountains Authority. In 1964 the family moved to Canberra where Peter became business manager responsible for two of the four Research Schools at the ANU. He retired in 1997.

Peter never forgot PNG and made numerous visits there from 1964-97. He was indispensable with support at Canberra for the New Guinea Research Unit at Moresby until its hand-over by ANU to the new government on independence. He enjoyed his inspection visits and once walked up to the lakeside laboratory on Mt Wilhelm (at 11,500 ft) to the surprise of resident scientists. Peter took up a similar 'godfather' role with the North Australia Research Unit. He fostered a credit union and held a director's position until recently. His work in this area was recognised with an Order of Australia in 2001. He was made MBE for services to his university, later elevated to OBE by the PNG Government. Up until his death, he was also involved with Aboriginal history. In his spare time he successfully studied for a BA and M.Ed (Admin.), and completed a history of the PNG Police titled *Policing in Paradise: A history of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary, 1890-1975* before his fatal heart attack.

Peter is survived by his wife Diane, and sons Phillip and Geoffrey and their families.

From Jim Toner, Max Hayes and the Grimshaw family

Mr Robert Bruce McKay DIGBY (26 March 2003, aged 87 years)

Bruce attended high school in the Newcastle area, then joined Rylands Wiremills (a subsidiary of BHP) where he trained as a metallurgist and furthered his studies in engineering. He married Gladys in 1938 and their two children were born in Newcastle. After serving in the army in New Guinea and in Celebes, he returned to Rylands, then in 1949 joined Public Works Dept in Port Moresby as a mechanical engineer.

In the mid 1960s he joined the Dept of Labour as a safety engineer and in 1969 went to Lae as Regional Labour Officer for the Morobe District. During this time he became involved with Civil Defence as a regional coordinator. During his term as safety engineer he was heavily involved in setting up National Weights and Measures in PNG in preparation for independence. In 1971 he retired from the PNG Public Service to take up the position of executive officer of the PNG Metric Conversion Board. He retired from this position on independence and spent 12 months in Canberra. He and his wife then went to Honiara in the Solomon Islands where he set up National Weights and Measures. The couple remained there until 1981 when they returned to Canberra.

From the early 1950s Bruce was active in church affairs, involving himself in the construction of the new St. Johns church in Port Moresby and later becoming a lay reader. In Canberra he continued his involvement with the church. For more than 20 years he was actively involved with TADACT (Technical Aid for the Disabled ACT). For most of his adult life he was actively involved with the Masonic Lodge.

Bruce is survived by his son and daughter, three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

From Bruce's son, Brian

Mr James Rennie PIKE (28 February 2003, aged 69 years)

Before joining Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary in March 1955 as Sub Inspector, Rennie saw service in the Queensland Police. He served with distinction throughout PNG, and his guiding hand and practical experience, particularly at senior level made him a valuable asset to the force and PNG generally. His experience, integrity and loyalty to the officers and PNG national police serving under him ensured that he won a considerable degree of respect from all races.

In accordance with the retrenchment program of the Independence era, he was terminated at the rank of Senior Superintendent at a time when his expertise would have been of considerable value to the national government. Returning to Australia, he joined the Commonwealth Police in 1976 and served until 1988 when he retired suffering serious medical problems which later claimed his life. He died at Brisbane.

Rennie always saw himself first and foremost as a 'Police Officer' (in the old fashioned meaning of the word) over his 33 years service, and he lived up to the standards of true professionalism. He was awarded the RPNGC Centenary Medal and the Australian National Medal, of which he was justly proud. He is survived by his wife Mel (well known in Lae netball circles) and daughters. From E J Herbert and M R Hayes

Mr Campbell FLEAY (28 March 2003, aged 79 years)

Campbell first went to PNG as a 19 year old in January 1943 as a member of the Allied Intelligence Organisation. He served with distinction until the end of WWII and was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for, as he put it, 'doing a couple of minor jobs'. He then spent a short time in Australia and in August 1946 returned to New Guinea as a patrol officer. He served in Port Moresby, Rabaul and Kandrian.

In 1963 he transferred to the newly formed Dept. of Labour as a research and project officer. He never actually worked in that capacity as he immediately took over as the senior industrial organisations officer which entailed creating and developing trade unions in PNG (a government policy which at the time did not endear itself to many people). In 1964 together with John Herbert he visited every police station and office throughout the country and established the first Police Union which eventually was second in strength to the Public Service Association. During the next two years further unions were formed and the basis of collective worker representation throughout the country was well established.

Following success in this area he switched to industrial relations and for some years headed up the division. It was during this era that the whole structure of Industrial Relations took shape. His political nous and perceptive approach to solving industrial problems stemming from the emerging turbulence of the changing labour relations scene ensured that when independence arrived, practical, well-established negotiating and arbitration procedures were in place.

In 1972 he took over as Secretary for Labour from Doug Parrish and ran the Department until 1975 when he handed over to Kipling Uiari, the first Papua New Guinean Secretary. For some years following independence he remained as a senior adviser in the labour field to the new government and was awarded the PNG Independence Medal. He then returned to Perth where he remained until he succumbed to illness. In looking back over his years of service as a kiap he felt that his greatest achievement was, with the help of the local people, in building a DC3 airstrip at Kandrian for £10,000.

Campbell is survived by his wife Christina, daughter Helen and son Alan. John Herbert

Mrs Jessie ROSS (12 March 2003, aged 98 years)

Jessie was born on Thursday Island. She was educated in Sydney and trained at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. She went to Rabaul in 1927 and in 1932 married Guinea Airways pilot Les Ross. The couple lived in Lae until the war. Her parents were the Duncans of Rabaul. For about 20 years she lived at Sir Roden Cutler Lodge at Gordon NSW until she broke her hip last October.

From Jess's niece Deirdre Ireland

Mrs Ivy STANMORE (5 January 2003, aged 68 years)

Ivy was born in Manchester UK. She arrived in PNG in 1960. There she met her future husband Peter in 1962 and the couple married in 1964. Ivy first worked for the Dept. of Customs and Marine, then was associate to the Chief Justice Sir Alan Mann for eight years. She was very involved with the Ryder Cheshire Foundation. Back in Sydney she spent eleven years as associate to Justice Nagle at the Supreme Court. Ivy loved animals and spent her last years writing for 'Wolf Song' of Alaska on the perception of the wolf in mediaeval times; this was used for education purposes.

Ivy is survived by her husband Peter.

From Peter Stanmore

Mr Justin Mark FALLON (21 March 2003, aged 62 years)

Mark was a didiman, farmer, businessman and sportsman. Born on a dairy farm in Western Victoria he died and was buried on his 11,000 acre property 'Wonga' in the Riverina. Soon after graduating from Ag. College, Mark joined Dept. of Agriculture, Stock & Fisheries in Mt Hagen in 1963. He proved to be an outstanding extension officer. Before he left the government and with the blessing of Tom Ellis and Bill Conroy, and using hundreds of labourers, Mark drained 7,000 acres of Wahgi Valley peat swamps for resettlement.

Mark's agricultural ventures continued despite his deep involvement in heavy earthmoving machinery and construction work. On leaving the government in 1969 he produced some 5,000 tonnes of sweet potato and bred and sold 4,500 head of cattle. In 1980 he bought a 2,400 acre sheep and wheat property in NSW. This was sold in 1985. 'Wonga' was bought in 2001.

In the early 1970s Mark and Jim Wellwood formed Pangia Constructions which, apart from hiring plant to government and construction companies, was involved in civil engineering work in PNG and further afield, eg. Fiji. In 1976 Mark and Jim chose nine of their local employees and Pangia became a wholly owned National Company - Mark maintained involvement in its management. It was estimated that Pangia had an annual turnover of \$50 million. Mark was also General Manager in 1986-87 for joint ventures with Ipilil-Porgera and Dillingham Corp. In 1995 Mark helped his four sons set up Dekenai Constructions in PNG which they now maintain.

Mark excelled in football. His love of horse racing started in PNG and culminated in his part ownership of the winner of the Brisbane Cup in 1995 and 1997. He became involved in blue water sailing as part of the PNG team in the Sydney-Hobart and Southern Cross Cup in the early '80s. Later he purchased a 50 ft catamaran and with his sons as crew sailed in the Hamilton Island Series as well as cruising to Vanuatu and Fiji.

Over the last four years, despite being weakened with cancer, Mark continued upgrading Wonga station. As his wife Sherri said, 'Mark believed there was nothing he could not achieve if he put his mind to it'. Mark is survived by his wife Sherri, and sons Luke, Matthew, James and Timothy.

From Mick Belfield

Mr Jack Colin LAMROCK, (21 April 2003, aged 75 years)

Jack Lamrock joined the DASF in PNG in 1949 after graduating in Agricultural Science at Sydney University. His first posting was as an extension officer to the Mekeo Rice Scheme and by the time he left in 1975 to commence a new career at the University of Queensland he had long been a divisional chief in the Department and had made a significant contribution to the development and expansion of agriculture in PNG.

In 1952-53 he attended the Imperial College of Agriculture in Trinidad and on his return to PNG was posted to Madang and then Lae. He next went to Rabaul as New Guinea Islands Regional Agricultural Officer and fostered the rapid expansion of cocoa as a cash crop amongst the indigenous people, particularly the Tolais and in Bougainville. He played a prominent part in the establishment and growth of Vudal Agricultural College. Jack was a physically imposing man and his size and strength were matched by his intellect, energy and integrity. He is survived by his wife Shirley and family.

From Syd Saville

Mr Roy Samuel De MORIER (1 April 2003, aged 86 years)

Roy took up an appointment with the PNG Administration in 1946 and retired in 1972 to live on the Gold Coast, Queensland. During his time in PNG he was a labour inspector and for a few years in Rabaul a customs officer. Roy and Betty married in Rabaul in 1951 and the family lived in Rabaul, Madang and Port Moresby. Roy travelled to most areas of PNG and made many friends in that time. In retirement he became a keen golfer - his work for the Veteran Golfers Association led to a Life Membership for his efforts. He is survived by his wife Betty, and children Ann, Tony and Helen.

From Betty De Morier

Mrs Emese BAGLEY (11 March 2003)

Emese Bagley was the wife of Ian Bagley, headmaster of Lumi High School in the '70s and later inspector of high schools. Ian died some years ago but Emese stayed on in PNG with various projects. She was born in Hungary, spent her youth in the United States and lived in PNG for many years. She died at her home in London which is where her children lived. Emese had friends all round the world; she had a very full and active life, working, travelling and enjoying living. A memorial service for her was held at the Boroko Catholic Church on 23 March 2003. One of those unable to attend wrote, 'We will all remember Emese for her commitment to her work in PNG, her love of life, her wacky hats and her friendliness to everyone. She was an inaugural and integral member of our Moresby Bookclub. We will miss her.' From information from Robert Parer

Mrs Sue JAMES (26 March 2003, aged 71 years)

As a talented tennis player, golfer, singer and artist, Sue participated fully in the life of the Coonamble community for more than 20 years. She was a foundation member of the Coonamble Arts Society. She passed on her love of painting to other students of art, teaching in Coonamble, Wollongong and, more recently, Dubbo. Sue married Clarrie James in 1986 and the couple moved to Koorawatha, then to Woonona and finally Dubbo, her place of birth. Sue's works have been successfully exhibited. Ten of her paintings with a Light Horse theme are on permanent exhibition in the Commercial Hotel, Murrumburrah, the birthplace of the 1st Australian Horse which was formed there in 1897. Sue was well loved and respected, particularly in the Studio Eight Group. She is survived by her husband Clarrie, four children from her first marriage, 10 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren. She was also mother and grandmother to the extended James family of three daughters, two sons and 16 grandchildren. From Sue's husband, Clarrie

The deaths occurred recently of two well-known Rabaul identities. Unique is the fact their lives spanned three centuries, the 19th, 20th and 21st and both passed away within weeks of each other at the same Aged Care facility:

Mr Eric (Abe) ABRAHAM (20 April 1898 - 20 March 2003, aged 104 years)

A well-known figure in recent years, leading ANZAC Day marches in Brisbane, Abe was one of the 'Dungaree Diggers' who volunteered for service in World War I. Among notable battles he participated in, were the Somme, Villers-Bretonneux and Le Hamel. In 1998 he returned to France and was invested with the Legion of Honour. He was given the honour of a State funeral in Brisbane.

Abe had a successful career in the public service in Australia. Newspaper accounts of his life almost completely ignored his New Guinea connection. Arriving in Rabaul in 1922, he was Postmaster there until leaving in 1934 due to the ill health of his wife. Roma Bates, our co-Patron, knew him well and recalls the Post Office shared a bungalow with AWA and Abe lived there as well. In those days Morse Code was the main method of communicating with outstations. Abe taught Roma how to use the Morse code key so that she could send messages to her husband Charlie. He was a guest at Roma and Charlie's wedding. Abe was a keen tennis player and always a popular figure at parties. Roma attended his 100th birthday bash in Brisbane.

Two daughters, seven grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren survive him.

From Pat Johnson

Mrs Gladys Mary Jessie Beatrice FORSYTH (nee Field), (1897 - 12 April 2003)

Born at home in London, Gladys lived an amazing life of adventure and achievement. Her first job at age 16 was 'nannying' in India and then Mesopotamia (Iraq) where she experienced the first of three evacuations. Arriving in Australia in 1920 she subsequently became a triple certificated nurse and this led to her arriving in Rabaul in December 1928. Nursing at Namanula hospital she met and married Dick Forsyth in 1933. The second evacuation took place as a result of the 1937 volcanic eruption when Rabaul residents were evacuated to Kokopo. The third evacuation was on the *Macdhui* in December 1941 just prior to the Japanese invasion of Rabaul. Sadly her husband Dick went down on the *Montevideo Maru*.

Nursing and bringing up her daughter Beatrice involved her for the next 60 years until she turned 78 years of age. Nursing also allowed her to travel widely to England, Switzerland, France, Africa, New Zealand and around Australia. Gladys became a qualified wool-classer and achieved A+ results in Advanced French when 70 years of age. She was always optimistic and positive in outlook, and this helped her cope with many hardships throughout her life. Gladys was also one of the very special friends of Roma Bates with both sharing many interests of motherhood and travel and always keeping in touch. Roma recalls that Gladys was a very good cook – she made and sold cakes daily in the Burns Philp store in the 1930s. These were very popular among the 'singles' fraternity. Another anecdote Roma recalls was during the 1937 eruption - the population was waiting to be evacuated at Nordup beach with their few, but precious, possessions and Gladys had the family cat in a pillowslip.

Gladys is survived by one daughter, four grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

From Pat Johnson

Mr William John Charles (Bill) KELLY (8 March 2003, aged 79 years)

After schooling at Waverley Christian Brothers College, Bill joined the RAAF as a pilot, ending his war career as a Flying Officer with a Mention In Despatches. After a year studying dentistry, he went to New Guinea as a cadet patrol officer. However, he first married Margaret Eldershaw which he later said was the best thing he ever did.

His postings were first to Bougainville – Wakanai and Buin; then Kainantu and later across to Kundiawa as ADO, where he did a long patrol from Chimbu to the Purari and Papuan border. Like most Highland stations there were numerous but decidedly unruly clans nearby and it was to Bill's credit that Ian Downs, DO at Goroka (who was not usually lavish with his praise), said, 'Well I'm glad I've got Kelly at Chimbu.'

After two terms in the cool air, the Kellys found themselves at Esa'ala where, with the help of the local people (and possibly a little manipulation of funds?), Bill built wharves and other much needed infrastructure. When warned that Treasury might look askance at this, his reply was, 'They've got to find out first and in any case, the improvements have already been made.' Things went well until Bill was ordered into Samarai, where he found a Treasury officer waiting on the wharf for him - but in his usual resourceful fashion Bill fielded all the officer's questions and managed to talk his way out of the situation.

The next postings were to New Britain (1958-69) - Talasea, Kokopo and then Rabaul as DO, a very interesting period as those who remember their history will know. As if there weren't enough rumbles in the earth in Rabaul, Bill crossed to Madang as DO for a term but even there, in November 1970, an earthquake caught up with him (see Margaret's story in *Una Voce* December 2002 issue). Then came Moresby where Bill was Senior Land Titles Commissioner, a subject in which he had first become interested in the Highlands due to the endless fights over land there.

Finally Bill and Margaret retired in 1978 to live in Mosman and in 1995, moved to Brisbane where most of their family were living. Bill was a genial, generous, happy man with a twinkle in his eyes, and a master of understatement. Efficient but open minded, he was liked and respected by his fellow officers. He leaves Margaret, four sons, five daughters-in-law and nine grandchildren.

From Freddie Kaad

Mr Gordon Phillip (Phill) HARDY (21 February 2003, aged 79 years)

Phill was born in Port Moresby to Lillian and Herbert Hardy. After a happy childhood in Moresby and Samarai and boarding school in Sydney, he returned to PNG at age 16 and worked for Customs in Port Moresby. In WWII, he joined the ANGAU Army Unit, where his local knowledge and his fluency in Motu and Tok Pisin were much valued. He attained the rank of Captain - one of the youngest in the Australian Army.

Following WWII Phill joined the PNG Administration as a kiap and progressed through the ranks to acting District Commissioner serving in the Central, Western, Milne Bay, New Ireland, Bougainville, Western Highlands and Morobe Districts. He transferred to full-time legal duties in Lae as a District Court Magistrate before returning to Australia in 1977. Retiring for a few years, Phill later returned to the workforce in Australia as a legal searcher for a Sydney law firm, working to the age of 77.

Shortly before his death from cancer, Phill asked us to send his love and thanks to all his friends from the ANGAU Unit, Papua New Guinean friends living in PNG/Australia and many others who had worked in or were associated with PNG from Australia. Phill is survived by his wife Ann, children Bruce, Andrew, Cassandra, Chris and Dale, and nine great grandchildren.

From Phill's sons Bruce and Chris

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

MR. R. ANDRE	451 ESPLANADE	GRANGE	S.A.	5022
MRS. B. BAILEY	69 NORRIS ROAD	BRACKEN RIDGE	QLD	4017
MR. C. J. BEST	30 ORANA ESPLANADE	POINT HALLORAN	QLD	4165
MRS. M. BRIGGS	P O BOX 7464	EAST BRISBANE	QLD	4169
MR. J. BURTON	4 GWYDIR ST.	RIVERHILLS	QLD	4074
MRS. E. DE MORIER	6 LEMANS DRIVE	MERMAID WATERS	QLD	4218
MRS. K. DONNELLY	13 SCOTT AVENUE	COOTAMUNDRA	NSW	2590
MR. P. EDWARDS	59 BURGESS DRIVE	LANGWARRIN	VIC	3910
MR. R. FERGIE	1/10 PATERSON ST.	AINSLIE	ACT	2602
MR. G. GRIMSHAW	P O BOX 4034	KINGSTON	ACT	2604
MRE. HARING	18 SURVEY STREET	SMITHFIELD	QLD	4878
MR. J. HUNTER	P O BOX 591	BOWEN	QLD	4805
MRS. C. KNIPMEYER	23 NERINGA CRESC.	CHAPEL HILL	QLD	4069
MR. B. LAMING	38 ADALUMA AVENUE	BUDDINA	QLD	4575
MR. R. & MRS. L. LANE	2/21 HANWORTH ST.	EAST BRISBANE	QLD	4169
MR. R. LEE	LOCKED BAG 8	WAUCHOPE	NSW	2446
MR. B. J. LOCK	4/1233 NORTH EAST ROAD	RIDGEHAVEN	S.A.	5097
MR. N. LUCAS	P O BOX 783	MARYBOROUGH	QLD	4650
MRS. E. C. MACILWAIN	23/511 HENLEY BEACH RD.	FULHAM	S.A.	5024
MR. W. MCKIBBEN	P O BOX 151	KIMBE	PNG	
MR. A. NEESON	BOX 636	LAUNCESTON	TAS	7250
MR. G. NEILSEN	88 ALBION AVE.	MIAMI	QLD	4220
MR. W. READ	11 WILPIE STREET	BRACKEN RIDGE	QLD	4017
MR. A. SIAGURU	P O BOX 850	PORT MORESBY	PNG	
MS. M. SKELDING	P O BOX 159	GREENACRES	S.A.	5086
MS. M. SMITH	83 TEMPLESTOWE AVE.	CONDER	ACT	2906
MR. C. STEVENS	8 ALLAN ST.	ROSEVILLE CHASE	NSW	2069
MRS. G. TAYLOR	18 BANIKI ST.	MANSFIELD	QLD	4122
DR. E. B. THOMAS	P O BOX 106	POINT LONSDALE	VIC	3225
MR. R. N. WARREN	P O BOX 587	CAMDEN	NSW	2570

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

	<u>FROM</u>	<u>TO</u>	
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MRS. L. COMMERFORD		C/- L. BURGIN, 23 GRANADA DR.	HIGHFIELDS QLD 4352
MR. J. T. DICK	P O BOX 667	6 DONCASTER AVE.	PORT MACQUARIE NSW 2444
DR. R. DODRIGUE	U.S.A.	9A LYNDON ST.	BOX HILL SOUTH VIC 3128
DR. J. GOERLICH	GERMANY	MUENSTEREIFELER STR. 23,	D-50937 KOELN, GERMANY
MR. C. HARDY	LAKEMBA	P O BOX 220	LITHGOW NSW 2790
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Rev. A. TAYLOR	CROYDON	2/15-19 BEREFORD RD.	STRATHFIELD NSW 2135
MR. J. TOSH	BLI BLI	50/183 KARAWATHA DR.	BUDERIM MEADOWS QLD 4556