



Una Voce

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

Patrons: His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE

Annual General Meeting And Luncheon

To Be Held On **Sunday 1 May 2005 At The Mandarin Club, Sydney.** Full Details On Are Page 3 Of This Issue, Booking Slip And Payment Form Are On A Separate Yellow Insert. The Meeting Should Not Take Long, And Then The Event Becomes A Social Function Like The Christmas Luncheon. Would Senior Or Incapacitated Members Who Would Like To Attend But Do Not Have Transport Please Contact Our Secretary Or Assistant Secretary.

The President and Committee would like to thank all those who sent Seasons Greetings.

***don't forget to have a look at our website: www.pngaa.net

If You Do Not Wish To Have Your Name And Address Included In The Membership List Which Is Published In The June Issue Of *Una Voce*, Please Advise The Secretary.

ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL???

If you notice a **red sticker on the address label** of your copy of *Una Voce*, you are **unfinancial**. Please complete the Membership Renewal Form on the yellow insert.

Please note: Membership Fees \$15pa from January 2005.

In This Issue

**‘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: editor@pngaa.net By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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Website: www.pngaa.net

Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$15. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

PNGAA Office Bearers –

President

Harry West 02 9418 8793

Deputy President and Secretary

Pamela Foley

Phone 02 9967 2818

Fax 02 9967 2856

Assistant Secretary

Joe Nitsche 02 9451 2475

Membership Officer & Treasurer

Ross Johnson

Phone 02 9876 6178

Fax 02 9868 2068

Email: admin@pngaa.net

Editor of Newsletter

Andrea Williams

Phone 02 9449 4129

Fax 02 9449 4196

Email: editor@pngaa.net

Caring Committee

Pat Hopper 02 9953 7061

Superannuation Committee

Fred Kaad 02 9969 7217

The Objects of the Association:

- to foster and maintain an interest in contemporary and historical events in Papua New Guinea;
- to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans;
- to encourage the preservation of documents and historical material related to Papua New Guinea;
- to encourage members to contribute to the production and recording of the oral and written history of Papua New Guinea;
- to promote friendly association among all members;
- to continue to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services.

In so far as the original association was formed to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of superannuated members of the former services, including conditions applicable to their widows and dependants, the association shall continue to represent such members, their widows and dependants in all superannuation matters appropriate to their prior service in the former services.

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NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 54th AGM of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Incorporated, will be held on Sunday 1 May 2005 at the Mandarin Club, Oriental Room, 4th Floor, Cnr Goulburn and Pitt Streets, Sydney, commencing at 11:30 am. The AGM will be followed by a Luncheon at approximately 1:00 pm.

AGENDA:

1. Members present, apologies and receipt of proxies.
2. Confirmation of the Minutes of the 53rd AGM (circulated in June 2004 Una Voce)
3. Business arising from the Minutes.
4. President's Report.
5. Treasurer's Report and Receipt of Audited Financial Statements.
6. Certificate required by Section 27 (1)(b) of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984.
7. Correspondence.
8. Election of Management Committee –
President, Deputy President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer & Membership Officer, Asst Secretary, Editor Una Voce, 5 Committee persons, Hon. Auditor.
9. General discussion.

Notes:

1. Alcoholic beverages will not be available until after the AGM.
2. At the bottom of the AGM Proxy voting form is a Nomination form for the election of office bearers. Nominations must be signed by the Nominee, the Proposer and Seconder and should be forwarded to the Secretary at least seven days before the date of the meeting.

Members together with their families and friends are all welcome – but please let us know if you are staying for, or coming to, the luncheon by completing the booking form and payment details on the separate yellow sheet and returning it as soon as possible.

The cost is \$30 per person – this does not include liquor or soft drinks - would those attending please pay in advance and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and confirm numbers with the Mandarin Club.

Cancellations advised to either Ross Johnson (02 9876 6178) or Pamela Foley (02 9967 2818) by Friday 29 April will secure a full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers – after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

Parking is available at the Goulburn Street Car Park (cnr Goulburn and Elizabeth Sts) for a flat rate of \$10 however as parking vouchers at a cheaper rate may be available from the Mandarin Club, do not pre-pay your parking fee.

***AGM Proxy and Nomination form are on a separate green sheet.
Booking slip and payment form are on a separate yellow sheet.***

P. Foley Secretary, 13 February 2005

PNGAA – Your Association

With their 80th birthday well behind them, two of our executive would like to ease themselves ‘out of the limelight’ over the next period whilst, at the same time, maintaining their interest and ensuring those who come in have strong support, by remaining as ‘ordinary’ committee members.

With the AGM in mind please take the time to consider what you can do to continue the important work already in place. As part of a large group that is well supported, nothing is too onerous. We are currently working on an overview of the positions on the committee which should be available shortly.

Current Situation

The purpose of this is:

- To give PNGAA Members, prior to the Annual General Meeting, the opportunity to have a brief reminder overview and to reflect on how your Association functions and what the committee does in general.
- To explain the need for some new committee nominations - not to make any fundamental change - but rather to strengthen the PNGAA through some sensible forward planning and broadening of scope and vision.
- To invite Members to participate in helping to run the Association.

Background to the PNGAA

Many Members will be aware that the Association was started in 1951 as the ROAPNG – Retired Officers’ Association of Papua New Guinea – to safeguard the common interests of retired ex-PNG public service superannuants. Over the years, membership broadened to include first contract officers, then non-public service people with a PNG background and interest in PNG. In 2002 the Association was re-named the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, reflecting the broader constituency of Members.

In 2005 the PNGAA is stronger than ever and growing, with over 1,400 Members, an informative quarterly journal of some fifty pages, regular social activities, an active, forward-thinking committee with a broad range of experience, many valuable links, a caring committee, and a comprehensive website as good as any on the world wide web.

What does the PNGAA do?

The Objectives of the PNGAA are included annually in *Una Voce*.

The size and growth of membership demonstrates the strong abiding interest in our shared PNG experience, and raises the question: *What can we do for the future?*

The Committee of the PNGAA currently meets quarterly on a Sunday, usually for about three hours in the morning, to deal with various issues, correspondence etc., organization of functions etc. and other matters.

Additionally, some Committee members assist, also on a Quarterly basis, for a few hours, with the mail distribution of *Una Voce* to Members.

Current Needs:

What are our Association’s current needs? Well, we currently have a motivated, effective committee with quite a lot of experience and expertise, with various ages and backgrounds. However, we need to make sure that our PNGAA maintains its strength, and is not just overly reliant on a few often long-serving key people – Therefore, we are looking to broaden the committee by involving some new people, while keeping activities at a level which is manageable and appropriate to the needs of the Association.

Finally there is a definite need for some ‘new blood’ on the committee. Any of the executive listed with phone numbers on page 2 of *Una Voce* would be pleased to discuss any aspects with you. Please seriously consider nominating for the committee.

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – SING SINGS

At **Vanimo in 1952** as part of the ceremonials marking the coronation of E2R I invited all the villagers in the region to come in to Vanimo for a big *singsing*. They responded enthusiastically, According to the locals, the largest crowd of locals ever seen at Vanimo assembled. Many brought food but having undertaken to feed them I was obliged to draw heavily on an overspent petty cash imprest in order to buy more local fruit, vegetables, and pigs and also to supplement further with rations from the government store. My plan was that the *singsing* would start late in the afternoon and end at midnight. Alas!!!! Such was the fervour of the moment that many thousands pounded and screeched their way through the night and were still going come daylight. Turning them off proved harder than turning them on. E2R would have been well pleased with such demonstrations of colonial loyalty.

Graham Taylor

Remembering my student days around 1954/55, when we came home for the Christmas school holidays (the one and only once a year home visit) along with all the other students we were often invited to parties. On one occasion we were invited to a fancy dress party for New Years Eve at a kiaps home in Kainantu. Everyone had a ball and a wonderful time. Then someone suggested we go down to the airstrip to look at the various *singsing* groups, so off we went, at least 20 of us. To our astonishment the *singsings* stopped. The dancers gazed in amazement looking at us in our unusual fancy attire, before returning to their *singsing* and dancing in rhythm to their kundus.

Joe Nitsche

Ornamentation for *SingSings*

Raw materials such as wood, bone, clay, feathers, and shells were transformed into items of personal dress and ornament for *singsings*. Each item followed a basic traditional pattern which related to specific cultural regions. The people from the Northern District of Papua wore Bird of Paradise plumes with white cockatoo feathers. A tapa cloth mask was used by the Bainings people of New Britain for their famous Fire Dance performed on hot coals with live snakes. A yam mask was made by the Abelam people for their harvest festival. White lime and red clay were used to decorate spirit boards near Balimo in the Western District of Papua. Feathers, fibres and shells were used by the dancers on the Papuan coast, east of Port Moresby. Whilst fur and feathers were used in the Eastern Highlands, clay, feathers, shells and seeds were used in the Western Highlands. Trobriand Islanders used cassowary plumes and white cockatoo feathers. The Mekeo people used Bird of Paradise plumes for a headdress and necklaces of dogs' teeth and shells. Basic events such as birth, marriage and death were all portrayed in *sing sings*.

Pat Hopper

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – NEW POSTINGS

Deadline for entries 05 May 2005

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY - Jim Toner

Rik RALPH who has been in Darwin since 1976 is Going South Finish. A member of the 1964/65 Education Officer course at ASOPA who was pleased to get to their great reunion at Surfers last year, he and his wife **Ursula** have been teaching at Casuarina Senior College. Recently retired they are moving to the ranges near Maleny, Qld. Some readers will recall **Dick**, Rik's father, who was a principal figure at Education Department HQ in the Fifties.

David JONES, from the same course, says that he enjoyed his 15 years in PNG. He is semi-retired and with wife **Mali** will be staying on in Darwin where he arrived in 1982. Both he and Rik are PNGAA members.

Margaret KELLY from Brisbane, a veteran kiap's wife who sadly lost **Bill** almost two years ago, paid a one night visit to Darwin on her way to Broome, WA. She found time to tell me that I was the best bureaucrat she had encountered in her 30 years in PNG. Well, thank you ma'am. Or did she say biggest?

Sounding quite relaxed about turning octogenarian next July **Ken BROWN**, a 1947 vintage kiap, confided that he had originally applied for a cadetship in the field staff of the NT Administration but was knocked back on the grounds of being too short. However he strained himself skywards he could not quite achieve the necessary 5ft 10ins. A good thing his contemporaries "**Shorty**" **JORDAN** and "**Stumpy**" **CORRIGAN** had opted for PNG rather than the NT?

Eight countries from the former British Commonwealth continue to award Imperial decorations and 48 Papua Niuginians appeared in the New Year Honours list. They outnumbered the 35 recipients from the other seven countries but of course the PNG population far exceeds that of islands such as Barbados and Tuvalu. Next September when the Order of Logohu (Motu for Bird of Paradise) is introduced to supersede the Orders within the British system it is anticipated that awards can be spread even more widely than at present.

Talking of medals the diminutive lady weightlifter mentioned in the last edition, **Dika TOUA**, excelled herself at Christmas by lifting 105kgs - exactly twice her own weight. Her total uplift (snatch plus clean & jerk) would have won her a gold medal at the last Commonwealth Games in Manchester. If she keeps this up she could send the Kumul (or Logohu) flag to the top of the mast at the next Games in Melbourne for the very first time.

A rare chance to see an Archbishop's Bottom was afforded theatre-goers in Moresby before Christmas. Yes, the very reverend head of the Anglican Church in PNG trod the stage wearing the ass's head in a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Good to learn that an Amateur Dramatic Society is still alive there.

The lure of the bright lights have attracted many Papua Niuginians to Moresby and Lae - but Wutung? It was a patrol post on the border of West New Guinea and normally manned by a solitary junior kiap. Today it has a school which on advertising vacancies for teachers during 2005 received 700 applications! The attraction is apparently its proximity, perhaps 40kms, to Sukarnapura. Any chalkies slipping across the border should step carefully because an off-duty RPNGC constable attempting to make some money canoed from Vanimo to the Indonesian port to sell vanilla and is now serving four years in the *kalabus* there for unlicensed trading.... Incidentally, the Sepik villagers recently rolling in wealth when they were getting

K650 for a kilo of their home-grown vanilla, are facing the realities of boom and bust familiar to all agricultural producers - the price is down to K160.

A man in Marawaka, EHP, was allegedly murdered by his wife who came from not too distant Wonenara. His clan demanded K8000 and several pigs as compensation. The Wonenara people offered K2000 and two young girls. While it is said "there is nothing new under the sun" I cannot recall such a transaction being discussed amongst *wantoks* in the Highlands during the 'colonial era'. Anyway, a Police Sergeant flew into Marawaka and stopped the proceedings. He said "*I told the people that ladies were not a piece of material that could be used for compensation payment*". Quite right, Sergeant. Keep up the good work.

* * * * *

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig

Jane MORRISON, ex PNG nurse, is now CEO and Building Project Manager at Ardrossan Community Hospital in country SA. Like all hospitals and particularly those out of town, life can be interesting and a bit of a challenge. Rod has joined Jane and it looks as though they are going to be residents of Ardrossan for a while.

Iain MILLAR, ex kiap 1961-71, spent time in the Eastern Highlands and Milne Bay. Whilst recently trying to track down a number of artefacts he gave to the SA Museum back in 1972 he was willingly pressed into service with the group working on the Pacific Gallery collection, first established in 1897.

Barry CRAIG, former teacher and anthropologist in PNG and now Curator, Foreign Ethnology at the SA Museum is launching **Philip FITZPATRICK'S** book at the museum on Thursday 10 March. Philip's introduction to TPNG was in 1967 when he was posted to the Western Highlands as a cadet patrol officer. He stayed until 1973. His book, "Bamahuta: Leaving Papua" focuses on the time before independence as seen by a young kiap but it is much more than just a few woolly old reminiscences. Since PNG days, Philip has concentrated on anthropological work including providing advice on aboriginal title land claims. Since the early 90s Philip has also worked at different times with a logistical support company assisting in the search for oil and gas in the Southern Highlands of PNG.

PNG IN THE NEWS

► PNG will have its own awards and honours system known as the Order of Logohu, the *Motuan* term for the bird of paradise. The first honours list under the Order of Logohu will be made in September 2005, the 30th anniversary of PNG Independence. The system will consist of five classes, the Cross of Valour and eight medals in recognition of meritorious service in State services and community. These will include the Grand Companion (GCL) first class, Commander (CL) second class, Cross of Valour (CVL), Officer (OL) third class, Member (ML) fourth class; National Medal (LM) fifth class, Cross of Medical Service Medal (CMS), Distinguished Military Service Medal (DMS), Distinguished Police Service Medal (DPS), Distinguished Correctional Service Medal (DCS), Emergency Service Medal (ESM), Public Service Medal (PSM), Meritorious Community Service Medal (MCS) and Commendation Medal for Valuable Service (CMM). Info from *Post Courier* 18 November 2004

► After agreement by the project's partners, ExxonMobil, Oil Search Ltd, the PNG government's Mineral Resources Development Corp (on behalf of the landowners) and Nippon Oil Exploration, the Highlands Gas Project, recently re-named PNG Gas Project, is moving to the crucial front end engineering and design (FEED) stage of the development. This came about after two customers, Queensland Alumina Ltd (owned

by Comalco and Alcan) and the state government-owned CS Energy, agreed to buy PNG gas. The gas pipeline will cost \$3.5 billion and be constructed over 3,200 kilometres from the Hides and Kutubu fields in PNG's Southern Highlands, travelling beneath the Torres Strait, down Cape York and along Queensland's east coast to Brisbane. Whilst creating 30,000 long term jobs, it is also expected to boost royalties and other returns for the Southern Highlands population as well as lead to lower energy prices for major gas customers in Queensland. Committing to the FEED stage finalises the engineering design for the gas fields in PNG and means there is more likelihood the project will see completion. Once the gas is flowing, oil will be extracted together with the gas, providing a massive, reliable source of revenue for 30-40 years. Presently the gas is being injected back underground because of a lack of market, limiting the capacity to extract the oil. Eos, a joint venture between WorleyParsons and Kellogg Brown and Root of the US, was awarded the contract in December to conduct the front end engineering and design (FEED) studies for the PNG Gas Project. Info from *Aust Fin Review* 03/11, 07/12, 21/12/2004 and 12/1/05

► With commodity revenues booming and its macro-economy stabilising, PNG is axing foreign-exchange controls in order to attract investment.

Info from *Aust Fin Review* 14/12/04

► The Australian Strategic Policy Institute released a 62 page report in December, 'Strengthening Our Neighbour: Australia and the future of Papua New Guinea'. Amongst other things it recommends high-level dialogue of senior political leaders and key players in both countries' private and community sectors, regular prime ministerial meetings, assistance for PNG in attacking corruption, offering PNG access to Australia's capital and job markets and active support for its private sector.

Info from *Aust Fin Review* 14/12/04

► Sir John Kaputin was recently appointed to head the 78 member Africa, Caribbean and Pacific Group of States secretariat as Secretary-General. *Post Courier* 10/01/05

► Ok Tedi copper mine, abandoned by BHP Billiton in 2002 after complaints from non-government organisations, is now enjoying record earnings and the mine life has been extended two years. It now provides 15% of PNG's gross domestic product and 25% of its export earnings. Whilst there was an obvious negative environmental impact, it is now felt that this is outweighed by the enormous social benefit. The 52% owned by BHP Billiton has been passed on to PNG Sustainable Development Program Ltd, a non-profit body that funds projects in the Western Province. 30% is retained by the PNG Government and Canadian miner Inmet owns 18%. 'Dredging the Ok Tedi river over the past few years has helped reduce the sediment in the rivers, mitigating problems of flooding, forest dieback and river navigability.' Environmental studies are still being carried out. The new arrangement has become such a success though that a sister mine is being considered in the nearby Star Mountains.

* * * * * Info from *Aust Fin Review* 2/2/05

REUNIONS

Aviation Reunions:

TAL and TALAIR Staff are invited to attend the **TALAIR 2005 REUNION** to be held at Rydges Oasis Resort, Caloundra, **Sat 30th April - Sun 1st May 2005**. Accommodation can be booked if required. Email enquiries to: talair2005@bigpond.com. The Reunion website is: <http://users.bigpond.com/kdodd>

Klub Balus: PNG airline reunion (Ansett-MAL, TALAIR, TAA, Air Niugini, MBA, etc.) usually held annually in Brisbane around October. More details shortly.

Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Former Officers' Christmas Lunch

The Quays Restaurant of the Mercure Hotel, Brisbane, was the venue for the 11th RPNGC Former Officers' Christmas Lunch on Saturday 4 December 2004. This year the turnout was forty-three. They included **Howard and Pat Andrews** from Forbes, **Alistair and Jean Bain**, **Pat and Joan Barry**, **Barrie and Kitty Baxter**, **Bryan and Jacqui Beattie**, **Derek and Sharenne Bell**, **Gerry Bellis**, **Geoff Brazier** from Cairns, **Graham, Jennie and Dean Breman**, **Jean Carter**, **Frank Davies** in a wheelchair on a four-hour pass from Cleveland Hospital and his son **Martin, Alan Dyer and Helga Clegg**, **Dave Fitzgibbon** from Tassie, **Kevin Gascoigne** from Canberra, **Jim Gould** from Melbourne, **John Herbert** looking lively and still showing classic footwork after a third bout with cancer, **Ted and Phyllis Jarrett**, **Dave and Jeanette Illsley**, **Dud Laird** and **Barbara Oliver**, **Dave and Margaret Macey**, **Alasdair and Kath MacDougall**, **Doreen McGowan**, **Bill McGrath**, **Gordon and Linda Ramsay**, and **Robbie and Cath Robinson**. Apologies were received from **Watson Beaton** (soon to publish his memoirs in the UK – more controversial than contrite says the author), **Ivan Bell**, **Bob Cole**, **Grev Feeney**, **John Goran**, **Max Hayes**, **Bruce Inch**, **Sue Jewell**, **Ian Johnston**, **Col Parry**, **Olive Siggs**, and **Ted Spackman**.

The lunch was, as always, an opportunity to renew old friendships and look along the trenches during the annual ceasefire to see who had survived. This year we lost **Mick Gallen**, **Dave Collins**, **Ron Carter** and **Paul Tohian**. Their service in the RPNGC was defined by postings and stories, and a toast was proposed to their memory. Sadly, since the lunch **Peter Harbeck** and **Fred Thomson** have also passed away in Brisbane and Cairns respectively. Our oldest former officer **James Stratton** (1927-29), celebrated his 99th birthday on 23 November. **Bob Cole** is closing the gap at 91.

After the lunch there was much mingling and retelling of hoary tales. On a more serious note, there was some discussion on the recently commenced Enhanced Cooperation Program between Australia and PNG which follows recognition of serious deficiencies in law enforcement in PNG. Allegations against police in the website [Masalai i tokaut](#), articles in the *South Pacific Post-Courier*, and the conclusions in the 2004 *Report of the Administrative Review of Police* in PNG were also raised. The *Report* concluded that the RPNGC is close to collapse as a law enforcement body, as a result of many years of under-resourcing and political interference. The current situation of the Constabulary must be of concern to all former officers, regular and field, and it is hoped that the *Review's* recommendations are funded and implemented, and that they are effective.

The Christmas Lunch in 2005 will be held on Saturday 3 December at a venue to be decided.

Derek Bell

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5th SOUTH AUSTRALIAN LUNCHEON REUNION

Graham Taylor reported -

The SA Branch of PNGAA held its fifth annual reunion luncheon at Pulteney Grammar School, Adelaide on Sunday 29 October 2004. Master of Ceremonies, Graham Taylor, welcomed the capacity booking of 68 guests and acknowledged the presence of many who had attended previous reunion luncheons.

Graham extended a very warm welcome to special guests including PNGAA President **Harry West** from Sydney, **Bob Blaikie** from Brisbane and **John Robins**, a pre-World War 2 pilot for Guinea Airways, who made many flights into the Morobe District goldfields. In addition to Harry and Bob there was the customary sprinkling of former Patrol Officers including **Jack Page**, **David Ayling**, **Marcus Dilena**, **Peter Lyons**, **Ken Wallace** and **Peter Thomas**. Also some well-known medicos including **Roy Scragg**, **Clive Auricht** and **Anthony Radford**; a number of nurses and other paramedics; administration clerks, teachers, mission workers and others with backgrounds in plantations and commercial trading.

Guests observed the now well-established tradition of observing a period of silence as a mark of respect for relatives, colleagues and friends who had passed away since the last reunion. Many who had served with **Ian Downs** or had had contact with him in one context or another would have been saddened to hear of his death on the Gold Coast late in August. The lengthy obituary printed in the Sydney Morning Herald on 1st September was displayed.

Graham introduced Harry West, highlighting Harry's meritorious career and the high regard in which he was held not only by his fellow kiaps but by others with whom he had come in contact in the course of his service in the Territory. Harry has become a logical and legendary point of reference; a living encyclopaedia of people, places and events in Papua New Guinea.

Responding, Harry told of his appointment as a patrol officer while in military service at the School of Civil Affairs at Duntroon and his subsequent service as a Patrol Officer, Assistant District Officer and District Officer/Commissioner in a number of districts. He referred to his historically important role in facilitating the handover from ANGAU to the post war civil administration in Salamaua in 1946, his pioneering work plotting the route of the Markham-Highlands highway and his experiences in the acutely hostile environment of Telefomin where fellow Patrol Officers **Harris** and **Szarka** were brutally murdered.

Harry referred to his negotiations between the Australian and the Indonesian administration in West Irian concerning border treaty and cross-migration problems. Whilst explaining his involvement in the Mataungan uprising in the Gazelle Peninsula, Harry also reflected on his appearances before the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations in New York concerning the granting of self-government to Papua New Guinea.

Harry was thanked for his interesting and illuminating talk in which he had covered a wide spectrum of extremely interesting issues peppered here and there with some witty and humorous anecdotes.

Graham ended the luncheon with a vote of thanks to the organising committee **Ron** and **Josette Storer**, **Robin Radford**, **Peter Thomas** and **Jan Kleinig**.

The continuing support of PNGAA members and their guests is greatly appreciated. ▪

**Harry West Reminiscing at the
2004 PNGAA Adelaide Reunion Lunch
Sunday 31 October 2004**

Jan suggested that I should say something about the PNG Association, of which I have been President for 13 years, but I have kept members up to date in annual reports published in *Una Voce*, so I have decided just to reminisce and will answer any questions on the Association at the end.

My interest in PNG started in 1937 when, as an early teenager, I had a link with David Lyall, a young cadet patrol officer who worked with Jack Hides in remote parts of Papua under arduous conditions and great privation and met an early death. Then in 1944, Army routine orders sought applicants to attend a school of civil affairs for aspirant patrol officers. I was interviewed in Cairns by Colonel Murray, later the first Administrator of Papua New Guinea, Les Haylen, the Secretary of the Dept of Territories and a Federal MP, along with numerous others, and 40 ended up at Duntroon to face a bewildering array of notables, including anthropologists Ralph Piddington, Ian Hogbin, Camilla Wedgwood, Theodor Strehlow, along with James McAuley, Ida Leeson, Alf Conlon, John Kerr (later GG), Dr Lucy Mair, from the London School of Economics, and others. Most were high-ranking army officers at the time. After five gruelling months, 18 of the 40 were returned to their units, six were sent to Borneo and the remaining 16, including me, to PNG.

My first ANGAU posting was to Salamaua where I remained till October 1945, when civil administration was restored from military government in Papua and the former mandated Territory of New Guinea south of the Markham River.

The Transfer of Authority from Lt-Gen Sir Horace Robertson and Major General Basil Morris to the incoming Administrator J.K. Murray was to have taken place in Port Moresby with some ceremony. Murray and party, who had all the relevant documents, were to have flown from Lae to Moresby on the appointed day, but could not do so because of bad weather and it was hurriedly decided that Murray should go by trawler to Salamaua where the District Officer, Major Kyngdon would deputise for the generals, as the documents had to be signed on the soil being transferred. However, radio communications between Lae and Salamaua were out and Kyngdon could not be advised so Murray set out anyway. Nor did he know that on that day Kyngdon had decided to go from Salamaua to regional headquarters in Lae, and his trawler passed Murray's on the way. So fellow patrol officer Bert Wickham and I, being the only ANGAU officers available, as humble lieutenants, got to sign those important historical documents on behalf of the Generals.

I moved to Lae and my first job was to escort 300 highlanders home overland to Goroka. These labourers were the first group of highlanders ever moved to the coast and were flown out to work at the army base and kept under strict quarantine conditions, especially in regard to malaria. They were promised that they would be flown home, but when the time came all available DC3 aircraft were being used to repatriate Australian troops from Borneo. There was no semblance of a road past Nadzab, only the roughest of bush tracks from the Markham Valley floor through the mountains to the uplands. They were not happy about the 10 day trek home, to them through unknown and hostile territory, carrying food for the journey and heavy loads of ex-army equipment they had acquired. In spite of difficulties and my total lack of experience I managed to get them all to Goroka, with the help of Tom Fox of the legendary prospecting and exploring Fox brothers, and Medical Assistant Lance

Butler, particularly responsible for their anti-malaria programme. To my disgust and disappointment the Acting ANGAU District Officer at Goroka confiscated and destroyed all the items of ex-army equipment the highlanders had treasured and carried home under great difficulties. I have often contemplated the extent of the damage to goodwill and trust the district officer's stupid act engendered throughout the area.

I was discharged from the army in Lae in March 1946 and was soon back in the highlands where Medical Assistant Gray Hartley and myself under ADO Jack Costelloe looked after the whole of what is now the Chimbu Province. Most of it was classified 'uncontrolled' and tribal fighting was rampant.

Next came two and a half years study at the Australian School of Pacific Administration (ASOPA) in Sydney from September 1947 till March 1950, then a culture shock posting to Telefomin to take over from Des Clifton-Bassett who had opened the remote post at the head of the Sepik River a year or so earlier. He was evacuated with scrub typhus and Bobby Gibbes got the legendary Dr John McNerney in, just in time to save Bassett's life. Dennis Buchanan, as an 18 year old lad, loaded the Gibbes Sepik Airways plane that took me to Telefomin. He went on to develop Territory Airlines and later Flight West in Queensland. So difficult were flying conditions to Telefomin from Wewak at the time, when the aircraft used had no radio and because of numerous aborted flights, it was costing 24 shillings to fly in one pound weight of rice. Patrols were long and tough without portable radios or air drops or helicopters. I remember it was more than eight weeks before I found out about the 1951 Mt Lamington disaster. I was on the first contact patrol to the Oksapmin people, through the rugged limestone pinnacles at 12,000 feet from Telefomin. My final long Telefomin patrol was many days to the headwaters of the May River where, almost by miracle, we rescued an abducted Telefomin girl and persuaded Miamkaling, the headman of the feared Mianmin people, to accompany us back to Telefomin. I will circulate a photograph (previously published in December 2003 *Una Voce* p8). It shows the girl and Miamkaling, and Constables Buratori and Purari who were murdered along with patrol officers Szarka and Harris in the Telefomin uprising a couple of years later. I believe it to be the only photograph of the two constables ever taken, and therefore very important for police records.

On to Aitape in 1951, with much war damage to be assessed and recorded amongst the villagers, with great difficulty and much guessing, but a commendable and justified initiative by the Australian government.

A humorous memory of Aitape was the Medical Assistant who always put 'MA LLD' after his name – not Master of Arts, Doctor of Literature but 'Medical Assistant, Lik Lik Dokta'!

I also remember the lovely old German nuns on the equally lovely Ali Islands off the coast of Aitape. They were sent there as young girls, knowing they would never return to Germany. As fate would have it they were taken away to Hollandia by the Japanese during the war, but returned to Ali afterwards.

Next to Kainantu in 1952 under dynamic Ian Downs at Goroka, with instructions that the jeep road was to be extended through the ranges to the Markham River floor within a strictly limited timeframe. I assessed, with the concurrence of a couple of practical locals, that the route chosen by my predecessor would be impossible, and decided on an alternative, located by one Pokia, a Sepik police Lance Corporal. Fortunately it worked and the first motor track into the highlands became a reality. There is a monument at the top of the Pass to Rupe Havilland, the on-the-spot CPO who

supervised the mammoth pick and shovel task. Perhaps the greatest personal satisfaction of my career was to find that, years later, when the permanent Highlands Highway, professionally engineered, was put in, the location followed almost exactly the original track.

In 1956 I was closely associated with the first agricultural-type show in the Highlands initiated by Bill Seale at Goroka.

Gerry Pentland, one of the new breed of coffee planters but a World War 1 fighter pilot and local wag, put in a fine entry for the best collection of farm produce, but unfortunately for him an observant judge turned over an egg to find it stamped 'Egg Board of NSW' and Gerry lamented his disqualification.

Later the same year, while I was acting DC we made elaborate plans for the official visit of the Governor General, Field Marshall Viscount Slim VC, to Goroka. On arrival day he was to have visited Mt Hagen first but the airfield closed suddenly because of bad weather and we had the Governor General on our hands at 8am instead of 1pm!

On to Mendi to be acting DC in 1957, married in Goroka in early 1958 and to Wau for our honeymoon. Bad weather, and our light plane diverted to Bulolo. An horrendous night jeep ride to Wau on slippery roads in heavy rain, and then a few days later a telegram from Mendi to extend the honeymoon for a week, as the native material court house had been burnt down, the Supreme Court was arriving and the large combined sitting/dining room in the DC's house was the only space suitable for the court!

There was a small dairy herd at Mendi, looked after by two locals, *Susu* and *Milik*. They delivered milk each morning to the various households. One day they were caught topping up the buckets from a water race and were hauled into my office. They were relaxed about the situation – 'No worries kiap, we don't add the water till we get past your place'.

In mid '58 I was off to Hollandia (now known as Jayapura) to be the first Australian Liaison Officer to Netherlands New Guinea travelling on the Governor's yacht, which had brought my counterpart, Rafael Den Haan, to Madang on his way to Port Moresby. My position involved the exchange of grass-roots level practical administrative information, experience and procedure, nothing diplomatic.

I soon befriended the government anthropologist, Dr J.V. de Bruijn about whom was published a fascinating book, *Jungle Pimpernel*, on his wartime experiences around Wissell Lakes in the West Irian interior, where he did air watch work, similar to our coastwatchers. I accompanied him on a trawler on a month's trip out from Merauke, along the Casuarina Coast, where Michael Rockefeller perished with much publicity a year or so later, and for days up the meandering Digul River, through some of the most extensive swamps in the world to Tanah Merah, where the Dutch kept their Indonesian political prisoners before World War II. Dr Hatta's name was carved on a park bench. No prisoner could escape from this hell hole, surrounded by thousands of square miles of impenetrable swamps. Later, on a coastal vessel trip in the northern Vogel Kop area there was a scare with Indonesian patrol boats putting ashore small commando parties. At the same time similar small groups of fighters were being dropped by parachute in scattered places and district administration was collapsing.

After leave I was transferred to Rabaul in late 1959. At the time there was a 9 o'clock curfew. No New Guinea national could be at large inside the town boundary between 9pm and 6am unless holding a 'pass' from an employer. Everything was divided on a racial basis. Separate schools, hospitals, clubs and cemeteries for whites, blacks,

Chinese and mixed-race. Even separate spaces in churches. The swimming pool was for whites only. Burns Philp and Colyer Watson would only serve 'natives' if they had a 'pass' from a 'master'.

As the 60s passed, the Mataungan movement developed. I had a two months' break in mid '67 when I was sent to United Nations Headquarters in New York to be Australia's Special Representative at the Trusteeship Council's annual session where Australia's administration of the Trust Territory was reviewed. It proved to be an interesting experience. The Six Day War, initiated by Israel in the Middle East, was fought and won, and the head of government or foreign minister of most of the world's countries descended on United Nations headquarters. I was able to see Khrushchev banging his shoe in the General Assembly and walking down Fifth Avenue on the Sunday morning. I met Prime Minister Holt at the Australian Ambassador's residence.

Back to the Mataungans: 'MATA' means 'eye' and 'UNGAN', 'to look after' – the Tolais wanted to handle their own affairs. With more than 100 years of white domination, it was evident that they had gained little and lost a lot. Many of them were landless through the virtual stealing of vast areas of land by the Germans, that had not been rectified, and pressures on land were rising through the demands of cash cropping as well as subsistence farming and rapid population growth, related to excellent medical services. Having lost their land, economically, they saw the central government's move towards multi-racial councils as strangling them politically. There was drama. Police strength was built up in Rabaul to 1,000 – one-third of the Territory's total force. The Tolais were divided amongst themselves about 50/50, pro and anti multi-racial council, but everywhere was the overwhelming desire to handle their own affairs. John Kaputin brought home new ideas from the East-West Center in Hawaii. The Administration tried all sorts of approaches and brought in many local and overseas 'experts'. When the well-respected Papuan Oala Oala Rarua arrived, his mission was misunderstood and the eminent Tolai leader Nason Tokiala came to me in great secrecy and said: 'Mr West, *watch gud long dispela Oala Oala Rarua. Im I spi bilong Dr Gunther*' (Assistant Administrator). Opinions differed at the Rabaul, Moresby and Canberra levels and loyalties were divided.

Sir Hugh Foot came with a United Nations Visiting Mission in 1964 and advocated much earlier independence than had previously been proposed. Gough Whitlam came in 1970 and my clash with him led to hours of debate in the House of Representatives with senior politicians either praising or denouncing me, along party lines. What, to me, at Gough's meeting with the Gazelle Peninsula Multi-racial Council, was a brief, polite and essential factual correction was to him arrogant, bureaucratic interference. This related to the accidental gun-shot wounding of a native child at Pomio by a patrol officer. Years later, at a memorial service for Sir John Guise (PNG's first Governor General) at St Andrews Cathedral in Sydney, Gough was introduced to me and said, 'We had harsh words last time we met, didn't we?'

Prime Minister Gorton visited Rabaul not long after Gough and was met by about 10,000 Mataungan supporters at the airfield. An equal number of multi-racial council supporters awaited him at Queen Elizabeth Park. As the Prime Minister's plane landed, the mood of the crowd being addressed by Mataungan leaders was reaching fever point. Then the loudspeaker system failed. As planned, vital wires were cut by undercover police and reasonable calm prevailed, but the situation was tense until Mr Gorton left Rabaul. A navy patrol boat was positioned to evacuate him, if necessary.

Next, PNG Administrator David Hay arrived to tour the Gazelle Peninsular. I was instructed that there was to be no police presence, where ever he went. I conferred with Superintendent Bill Burns and we had no doubts that covert riot squad surveillance was essential. On the first day of the tour, the Administrator and I went first to Bai village as arranged. There was clear uneasiness, but fortunately we arrived earlier than expected. We moved on to Malaguna. As Mr Hay emerged from the car he was attacked, but District Officer Jim Fenton threw himself between the Administrator and the attackers, and took the blow. Bill Burns' riot squad of 30 was on the spot and the situation saved. We sped on to Kokopo and Mr Hay was moved back to Rabaul by sea. That day there were many attacks by Mataungans on council supporters throughout the Gazelle Peninsular.

Soon there was a top level conference in Moresby. Cabinet Ministers came from Canberra. Throughout a Saturday night Rabaul was in scrambled radio contact with Moresby. A special army communications unit had been flown in to provide the facility. Very early on Sunday morning the Ministers flew back to a Cabinet meeting in Canberra. The question was whether the Administrator should be given authority to use the army in a civil situation if the "Gazelle Problem" could not be contained by the police. Minister for the Army Malcolm Fraser, following long established convention said 'No' however Prime Minister Gorton, who had recently witnessed the circumstances first hand, said 'Yes'. Fortunately the unrest did not deteriorate beyond police capacity. Not long afterwards, in the Liberal Party Room, John Gorton used his casting vote against himself on a tied motion of confidence in the party leadership and Billy McMahon became Prime Minister. Thank You▪

* * * * *

...A few more lines on Singsings by Joe Nitsche

Singsings were performed throughout the nation with great gusto; at official functions or along the road, almost any place. Whilst differing from province to province or language groups, *sing sings* are performed by men, women and children. With heavily painted faces, and adorned in long sweeping majestic feathers, bodies rock in slow movement and dance to the sound of *kundus*. As the men beat the drums, some carrying bows and arrows, the women sing along and dance to the rhythm.

Around their necks may be worn layers of coloured beads, as well as pig tusks and dogs teeth and arm bands are also worn. Spectacular feathers from the King of Saxony, red birds of paradise, parrots, cassowary, eagles, goura pigeon, even from domestic poultry, along with human hair, ferns, leaves, cuscus fur, king shells and so on, are all woven into beautiful head dresses – however the head masks of the Asaro Mudmen are created from grey clay.

Preparing from early morning often before sunrise, dancers assemble in the streets outside the nominated arena, their numbers amassing, many arriving in vehicles, as the sun rises and the temperature increases. Many are covered in pig or vegetable fats or vaseline, their skins glistening in the sun; others may use clay, mud or charcoal to create different colours to their bodies.

Women are usually bare-breasted, wearing grass skirts or skirts created from lots of leaves. Some men may use only a few leaves, front and back, attached to a belt to cover themselves, whilst others may use tapa cloth, or aprons created from woven fibres and other types of materials. Often giant totems made from bamboo poles, strapped to the men's backs with coloured fabrics, sway metres above their heads. ▪

* * * * *

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT – Maxwell R Hayes

H.M.A.S. Sydney

11.9.1914

Dear Family

Just a line to tell you the news. As you see I am aboard the Sydney at present and Dr Prevost has promised to post this for me as they expect to return to Sydney after to-morrow. I have been on board the Sydney for 5 days now, and am attached to the 1st landing force under Lt Bowen and 50 of the RAN Reserve. The ship is cleared for action at present and is accompanied by the 3 destroyers. I saw Alec 5 days ago. He had a fine beard and at first I did not know him.

We are only 5° from the equator, at present and it is jolly hot especially at night as all the deck lights are closed to ensure a dark ship and consequently there is not a breath of air. I have just come out of the ship's surgery. It was 95° there.

I do not think it will matter to tell you now that our objective to-morrow is Rabaul & Herbertshohe in New Britain. We make a night attack at 3 am to-night. Probably there will be no opposition at all as on a previous occasion when 2 destroyers and the Sydney entered Simsonshaven (sic) (Rabaul) and steamed peacefully out again after a landing party had destroyed their post office. That was a month ago. The Berrima is following us and should arrive about a day later.

Our objective is 2 wireless stations close to Herbertshohe. One 4 miles away and the other about 7 to 8. We are not even certain that they exist and much doubt if they are defended. However we shall see to-morrow. If they do exist and we take them we shall probably mount guard over them for about a week till relieved. I am the only medical officer with the party and have one private. We shall each accompany one of the wireless station parties. Of course it is just possible that we may meet with naval opposition in entering the harbour, but if we do you will either hear all about it from Prevost or else you won't get this letter. Personally I think it will be a very pleasant little picnic.

We enter the harbour about 3 am and about 5 am my party goes on board a destroyer and is taken to Gazelle Point where the biggest wireless plant is supposed to be. I have had a great time on board the Sydney and nothing much to do. Also one is fed much better and more appetisingly than on the troopship and I like the society better. R... (illegible) is on the Sydney and Dennis an old Sydney University man. Well no more news and I must turn in, as I believe we are all going to be hauled out at 2am.

Much love to you all

Brian.

This letter on three flimsy pages from a writing pad in fading ink was penned just a few hours before Doctor, Captain Brian Colden Antill POCKLEY, A.A.M.C. was despatched on this fatal mission which was to ensure his place along with Able Seaman William George Vincent WILLIAMS, R.A.N. as the first two Australians to be mortally wounded in Australia's first battle against the Germans in World War I. The story of his bravery on this day is well known yet his meritorious deed has never been acknowledged in the form of a decoration.

With assistance from the Mitchell Library, Sydney: Albert Speer, MBE, and the Pockley family. ■

ROMBIN by Anne McCosker

Following Jim Toner's paragraph about New Guineans who helped the allies during WWII. (News from the Northern Territory. *Una Voce*, December 2004,) I would like to draw your readers' attention to ROMBIN.

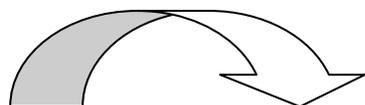
Rombin rescued Gordon Manuel, USAF, and hid him for 7 months on my parents' plantation, Matala, New Britain – with a large Japanese camp just across the harbour at Put Put. Rombin then led Manuel down New Britain to an AIB camp. On the way another USAF airman joined them. Before this Rombin and Manuel had reconnoitred the area between Matala and Rabaul, Manuel passing on information to the Allies after his escape. Rombin remained with the AIB parties until the end of the war giving valuable assistance to men such as Charlie Bates, Alan Roberts and John Gilmore. My father Stan McCosker who had been Rombin's mentor for almost 20 years had of course taught Rombin much about the ways of the white man. Their strong friendship playing its part in Rombin's fine war record.

A book, *Seventy Thousand to One* based on Manuel's story was written by the famous American war correspondent Quentin Reynolds, published 1947. Rombin is named in *The Final Campaigns* by Gavin Long and Manuel is mentioned in the *Coast Watchers* by Eric Feldt. Peter Stone writes of Rombin in his book. However for some reason Stone has cut out the end of the sentence about Rombin's background, '----- and later [Rombin] had been cook boy and then boss boy for the Australian Stanley McCosker - ----'. Nowhere in his book does Stone link Rombin and McCosker. The full story of Rombin and Manuel can be read in my book *Masked Eden* pp. 223-232; see particularly the unabridged text from State archives, in facsimile at the top of page 231. There is much valuable material regarding Rombin in *Masked Eden*, a fact commented on by Hank Nelson.

The Americans after WWII, in spite of all their protestations during the war, never rewarded Rombin. My father after a vigorous fight managed to get him some recognition from the Australian government

Manuel was killed in a car crash in 1945; otherwise Rombin may have received much more recognition, recognition he surely deserves. Rombin's picture is on the front and back cover of *Masked Eden*. This can also be seen on my web site, www.annemccosker.com/MaskedEden. ■

* * * * *



What's New on our Web Site

Recent additions to our web site (www.pngaa.net) include:

1. Kevin Lock, a teacher in PNG from 1961 to 1975, shares his photos of Rabaul (1961), Kikori, Orokol, Arehava in the Gulf District, Madang, the East Sepik and Popondetta. He has taken both people and scenery and there are a couple of great ones of the Catalina in Kerema Bay.
2. Photos of the beginnings of Rugby Union in PNG.
3. Photos of the Canberra Reunion in October 2004.

Interest in our web site continues to grow ...if you haven't yet visited it, take a look now! Please also remember to check for updates regarding reunions, news etc. ■

OPENING THE KASSAM PASS by Bob Cleland

An obituary of Ian Downs in the PNG Post-Courier, mentioned Ian as “the principal facilitator of the construction of the Highlands Highway.” Stuart Inder in the Sydney Morning Herald had words of similar import. Both are indisputably true, but Kassam Pass, linking the lowland road from Lae to the rudimentary Highland road at Kainantu, had to come first.

To set the scene, in 1952 there were few ‘roads’ in the Eastern Highlands. An old army track between Goroka and Kainantu had been resurrected, but mostly, there were only short tracks fanning outward from Goroka with a mere handful of wartime jeeps to use them. In October that year, Brigadier Don Cleland, on his first visit to the Highlands as Administrator, was convinced by Ian Downs, new in his posting as Eastern Highlands District Commissioner, that a road could be built from the Markham headwaters to Kainantu and finished by 30 June the following year. Ian was not the first dreamer and planner, but he was the first doer.

Ian got the 100 shovels and £2,000 he had asked for and 20 year old Patrol Officer Rupe Haviland became the principal man on the spot to choose a route and build the road. Any reader who’s built bush roads in PNG knows that Rupe had strong backup from his colleagues and relied heavily on his police, his *bossbois*, hundreds of village people and in Rupe’s case, a Landrover with a reliable driver.

Every few weeks, Ian would fly over Kassam with Ray Harris in the TAL Tiger Moth to gauge progress. A month before the Administrator was due to open the road he could see that Rupe needed an offsider to see to the logistic details, allowing him to concentrate on the road building. Just the job for a raw CPO – me!

The camping on Kassam was basic, work was hard and relentless during every one of the daylight hours, but every day showed progress as the road, by this time at the 4500 foot top of the climb out of the Markham valley, snaked down into the Arona valley north of Kainantu. The weather for weeks was dry and pleasant.

The Administrator’s party was to fly to Gusap from Lae and drive up the Kassam Pass to Kainantu on 1 July 1953. On 26 June it rained lightly. No problem. The twenty-seventh was fine. Ah! The rain’s gone. Twenty-eighth more rain and we repaired the few washouts. Twenty-ninth Ian Downs drove from Goroka to Kainantu in widespread rain preparatory to taking three Landrovers to Gusap to meet the official party. On the thirtieth, he drove out to Kassam camp early with the other Landrovers and after consultation with Rupe about the state of the road, he and I set out to take a first hand look. We were not far down the drop to the Markham when the wet and slippery conditions slid us uncontrollably into the bank (thank goodness for the inward-sloping road bench)! We were stuck.

I felt total dismay and really felt for Ian who was debating with himself (aloud) the pros and cons of cancelling the opening. Then came an example of his get-it-done attitude and lateral thinking which was so much a mark of the man. He decided it was worth a try to put small twigs no more than a foot long across each of the two wheel tracks. A nearby group of labourers (still working in the rain) was instructed and when about 100 yards was done, we lifted the Landrover out. The twigs worked beautifully.

We returned to the camp and, leaving Rupe to mobilise all the gangs onto twigging the road, left again with the three vehicles to get them down the pass. The labourers had completed about a mile and a half of twigs by then. They made all the difference. That

night we camped at *Wata Ais* near a Markham village, accompanied by the all-night drums and singing and dancing of the villagers.

Up early to drive the few miles to Gusap airstrip to discover that Ian's two way radio would not transmit! But the receiver revealed to us that Lae airport was closed tight with heavy rain and the official party was grounded. Highlands weather wasn't too bad though and soon Ray Harris in the Tiger Moth brought the Admin mechanic from Goroka to accompany the convoy. I'd been due to go back to Goroka in the Moth, so without seeing the official party, I climbed aboard and the enjoyable, low level, leasurely, open air trip softened my disappointment.

The official party, as well as The Administrator and Mrs Cleland, included Alan Roberts – a/Director Dept District Services & Native Affairs, Tom Aitcheson - DC Lae, and Gerry Toogood – immediate past ADO Kainantu, was able to get out of Lae early next morning and made it to Gusap in light rain which continued as they started the climb up Kassam Pass. By the time they got to the bad part, higher up, the twigging of the road extended no less than 14 miles, enabling them to get to the top and on to Kainantu for lunch.

Kassam Pass, the road into the Highlands, rejected by army engineers as impossible, dreamed of by many, was open for traffic. It was the ability of Ian Downs to dream and see a way through, his drive and energy and his ability to forge a strong, inspired and loyal team which achieved the impossible. ■

* * * * *

TSUNAMI by Jim Toner

What seemed to PNG *wantoks* in 1998 a terrible trick of nature - 2200 Sepik people killed by the tsunami at Aitape - of course pales by comparison with the recent Sumatran catastrophe. Now that we better appreciate the enormous strength and speed of waves generated by sub-ocean earthquakes I recall a similar event during 1960.

In Rabaul some SOQs were located on a narrow strip of land between Mango Avenue and the harbour. My donga was within spitting distance of a little used jetty. It was just wide enough for two men to pass but snaked out at least 30 metres over the water. One morning the *hauskuk* called me to view the jetty. It had been buckled upwards in two places and looked like a miniature roller-coaster at a funfair.

The suggestion was that there had been an earthquake in Chile with a resultant wave rolling across the Pacific to uplift the jetty. This theory I was inclined to describe as far-fetched but there being no apparent local cause I filed it away mentally until now. It does seem that if a tsunami can surge across the Indian Ocean from Sumatra to Tanzania and cause damage one could, unimpeded, manage to cross the Pacific. In fact I now learn that the earthquake off the Chilean coast on May 22, 1960 was the largest of the 20th century (8.6 on the Richter scale). It killed some 60 people when its tsunami struck Hawaii and more when it reached the Philippines and Japan.

If, as it seems likely, the wave still had some kick in it by the time it reached New Britain a day later then presumably the people of the eastern beaches of New Ireland, Bougainville and Milne Bay would have observed something. I wonder if any members then serving in those districts have observations? ■

Dr Peter Cahill collects archival material on PNG (photographs, documents, maps and patrol reports) for the Fryer Library at the University of Queensland. His email address is p.cahill@uqconnect.net

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LARRIKINS I HAVE KNOWN By Bob Scott

I found it very sad to read of the passing of Captain Graham Veale and his wife Betty. Many memories came flooding back of some of the antics we got up to together when Graham was Harbour Master, Rabaul. Once when I was diving a sunken wartime wreck in the middle of the Harbour, I had positioned my small ship on top of the wreck, flying the mandatory diving in progress flag. Down on the ship I could hear the thump, thump of a very large vessel coming up the Harbour. The sound grew stupendously loud as it passed what seemed like overhead and then the crash of an anchor letting go and the continual rattle of chain. The ship I was on shook as if something had hit it. Looking up I saw a big rust cloud coming through the water at me. I couldn't see which way was up so followed the deck until I came upon clear water up on the bow. There was anchor chain everywhere and a grinding noise made me look up to see an anchor chain wrapped around the foremast and disappearing up to the surface 120 feet above me. This massive anchor chain was rising and falling in the slight swell, which in turn was crushing the bow gun ammunition locker spilling the contents of 3 inch artillery shells onto the deck below the Gun Platform. I swam off the bow and sighted below me a massive anchor that had been dropped fair smack in the middle of 5 half buried depth charges in the sand below. Hitting the surface like

a Polaris missile I was met with a gigantic steel wall parked 10 feet from my workboat.

Climbing on board I shed my gear and started yelling straight up in the air until finally a head appeared and a ladder was lowered. Cranky as all hell I demanded of the Lascar crew the whereabouts of the bloody idiot who parked his ship on top of mine while I was in the water. I was taken to the Captain's cabin and burst through the door only to be met by Graham and the Captain drinking on a bottle of Scotch!! Yelling obscenities about International Law and the parentage of the Ships Captain I was finally pacified to the point where Graham asked me what was wrong. Breathing deeply I very calmly took a sheet of paper and drew out where the Captain by God's luck dropped his bloody anchor in the middle of and not on top of the depth charges.

Not wanting to be on board for an extra second I bolted for the door only to be yelled at by Graham Veale not to take another step. Stopping in my tracks he then added that I was not to leave the Ship! That is without him by my side as we raced for the rope ladder to get off the ship before something blew up. It was not until we were about a mile away standing to did I notice he had taken the bottle of whiskey with him. We drank that as we watched the ship very skilfully disengage itself from the underwater wreck and link-by-link retrieve its anchor.

Well a bottle of whisky makes good mates and sometime later I was running lines and pilot service for vessels entering the roadstead at Kimbe, North mid coast of New Britain. Graham would fly down a ships pilot from Rabaul, I would meet him, take him out to the ship and escort the vessel through the navigable channel and tie it up at the wharf. After loading palm oil the process would be reversed. Sometimes the Pilot couldn't make it to the Kimbe for one reason or another so Graham would fill in.

On one occasion I cut across the reefs in the *piccaninny* dawn to save time as the ship had been waiting offshore all night. A 'grey out' is where no light is reflected off the water surface in early morning and alas I ran up ever so gently on a reef. I then told Graham to put on a mask and snorkel and jump in to guide me back off the reef. A short discussion then ensued as to who had senior rank on board and who should get in the water. I won, as it was my boat. Muttering about sharks, sea snakes and the cold gloomy water and quality of hired help from Graham, I went below to heat up some coffee, with Graham now in command and steering, when bump! We were up on another reef.

Another discussion followed as to who should get in the water. My argument being he was still wet. I really loved his sense of humour as he through me over the side. Being watched by the offshore Ships Captain when we finally arrived he was very reluctant to put his ship in the care of these two bedraggled characters that claimed to be Pilots.

The last time I met Graham he gave me an endearing report along with a bottle of whiskey. The report, recommending that my vessel be fitted with underwater wheels and it be renamed the 'Overlander'. I drink a toast to you ole pal, from an old old bottle of whiskey. ■

REMINISCENCES OF MOROBE DISTRICT (Circa) 1954

By Leo Butler

During a visit to the PNG headquarters for Vacuum Oil (Mobil) in Lae, I spent approximately four months where part of my duties as Field Internal Auditor also entailed visits to Port Moresby, Madang, Wewak, Rabaul and Kavieng.

In Lae I was accommodated at Mrs Stewart's Hotel Cecil and was introduced to her daughter's Ela (Mrs Birrell) and Flora who was then single but later married Leo Bowman. Mrs Dorothy Stewart, a relative of Mrs Flora Stewart, was also one of the people assisting at the Cecil. After my daily work duties I was originally transported to and from the Hotel by the manager of Vacuum, Doug Gore-Brown, who replaced Charlie Heavey. Leo Bowman was appointed Sales Manager at Lae, covering Morobe and Eastern Highlands. We became friends and he subsequently took over from Gore-Brown, kindly providing me with transport. Leo introduced me to many local identities who drank in the 'Bamboo Bar' at the Hotel Cecil. Some names which I recall were – Jim Birrell, Jack Rice, Kevin Hilliard, Tom Hilliard, George Pike, Ray Spreag, Bill Stuart, Alex Malcolm, Jack Stammer, Ray Stockden, Dick Davis (Accountant), Mal Shannon (Qantas), Paul Bolger (Mal), Jack Punch (Builder), Theo Mason (Peanut farmer), Bob Bunting and Lea Ashton (ABCO).

Jack Rice and Kevin Hilliard ran a transport company as well as conducting logging operations in the Morobe district. Hilliard and Rice were clients of Vacuum and often carted drums of petroleum products up the Markham Valley to customers at Sangan, Kaiapit, Nadzab and Gusap. Vacuum Oil had arranged with Jack Rice to take a load of drums of petrol and distillate by road to the Vacuum agent in Kainantu (Buntings). Their Kainantu manager was Jack Scurrah, an old PNG identity.

Normally supplies in drums to Kainantu were taken by DC3 aircraft ex Lae. To reach Kainantu by road it was necessary to cross the wide and fast flowing Umi River, as at that time no bridge was available.

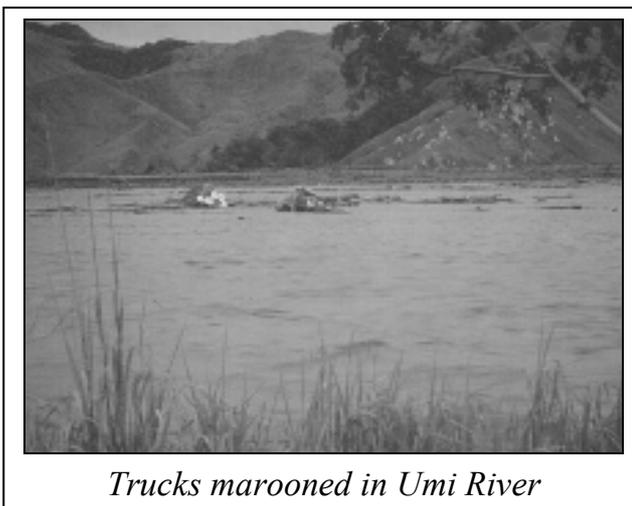
As I had completed my work assignment in PNG I was invited by Jack Rice to accompany the convoy of three ex-army GMC's (6x6) along with one jeep. I was looking forward to this great adventure into the wilds and mountains of PNG. We left at 6am on a Friday morning and reached the fast flowing Umi around 3pm that day. Jack and Kevin decided it was too deep to cross so they set up camp on the banks of the river and decided to hopefully cross in the early hours of Saturday. We slept in the trucks and in the tents erected by Jack's native *boss-boi* and his other native drivers. Naturally Jack, Kevin and Leo consumed adequate quantities of rum and whisky overnight to keep out the cold. After an interesting night talking about experiences in PNG we all awoke at dawn to find the Umi had receded quite considerably.

The first GMC crossed successfully plus the Jeep, but unfortunately when the next two trucks crossed about half way into the river a wall of water came surging down the Umi. Both trucks hit deep holes and the force of the additional water tipped the trucks over. Thus they were marooned half-way across but fortunately both trucks became wedged against the rocky bottom and stayed in place. We lost about 10 drums of fuel from one truck which flowed down the Umi and eventually ended up in the Markham River then flowed out to sea in the Huon Gulf. I understand some drums were later recovered over near Busama.

When the water had receded about two hours later, Jack and Kevin with natives waded out to the marooned trucks and attached winch cables from the truck that had made it across the river. Once the trucks were winched across the river and Jack and Kevin got the motors operating again we pressed on towards the Kassam Pass.

Because of the delay we had to again set up camp overnight before continuing to Kainantu. Jack and Kevin had provided well with food, drink and blankets. At daybreak next day we were on our way. It was tough going climbing through the pass but we finally made Kainantu later that afternoon. We immediately made our headquarters at the Kainantu Pub, enjoying hot showers, a change of clothes and a good meal.

We discussed our most eventful trip in the usual PNG tradition of beers, rum and whisky. A most interesting adventure for me, a city boy, used to the comforts of soft living in Australia. I returned to Lae per DC3 aircraft leaving Jack and Kevin to unload and organize back loading of coffee to Lae. I understand on the return trip they successfully negotiated the Umi without incident. The trip remains in my memory as another interesting part of life in that wonderful country of PNG.



* * * * *

All Creatures Great and Small by Patricia Poircuitte

This incident occurred in May 1929 when my parents Bert and Louise Spence with their infant son Richard lived on a plantation at Kokopo, New Britain. My brother would receive his daily *wash wash* in the mandatory giant clamshell by Mum, who was exceedingly 'great with child' and to enable her to perform this labour she would squat on a banana crate. These crates were, and still are, made with wide spaces on the sides for ventilation. This particular one had been lightly packed with odd pieces of chinaware wrapped in newspapers.

The day finally came when even this became too awkward for Mum, who reluctantly handed the task over to the *meri* and instructions were then given for the crate to be unpacked and sorted out.

Imagine the ensuing screams from two bois, the *meri*, Mum and infant when out of the crate slithered a large snake and her brood of little ones. Had the crate not been unpacked the consequences could have been too awful to imagine. I cannot now recall the fate of the serpentine mother and her family, but two days later my mother was safely delivered of her daughter Nancy at Namanula Hospital, seemingly none the worse for the shock.

The Cox Incident by Ken Humphreys

The Cox Incident occurred at Namatanai on New Ireland on 26 October 1914. The victim was the Reverend William Henry Cox, a British national, who was Chairman of the Methodist Mission in the Bismarck Archipelago based at Ulu in the Duke of Yorks. Although the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (ANMEF) had occupied Rabaul in September, Namatanai had not yet been neutralized. Occupation was expected by the residents as Kaewieng Station had been garrisoned on 17 October.

The circumstance leading up to the incident was the presence in Kalili Harbour on the west coast of New Ireland of the *Deutsche Handels und Plantagen Gesellschaft* 300 ton three masted schooner *Samoa* (Captain Brithaupt). She was based in Apia, German Samoa, but had called Rabaul on 27 August enroute Kaewieng where she was to repatriate and recruit labour. I assume the *Samoa* did call at Kaewieng which had been visited by the German Second Class Cruiser *Geier* (Captain Grasshof) on 30 August enroute Kusaie. Why Brithaupt decided to secrete the *Samoa* in Kalili Harbour is unknown. As it happened Apia wireless was closed down by the New Zealand Samoan Advance Force around 8am on 30 August (New Guinea time) so Grasshof may have informed Brithaupt of that fact, thus the *Samoa* had nowhere to go. It was a difficult time for Germans in the Pacific as the important wireless and underwater cable centre at Yap had been bombarded by *HMS Minotaur* on 12 August.

There was a British passenger on board the *Samoa* who attempted to smuggle a pass to the Methodist missionary Paul Wenzel at the mission three kilometers south of Namatanai. The letter was signed Green RN and the writer stated he had tried to escape the *Samoa* but was wounded in the attempt. Apparently a villager had been paid to deliver the letter but, in confusion or fear, gave it to the District Officer Otto Bruckner.

In Namatanai a discussion on the war and its effect on indentured labour commenced over lunch at the house of Maximilian Braunert, the Medical Officer. Present were planters Hermann Hornung, Paul Koster, Carl Hopfel and a Belgian named Wienand plus Otto Philips, a businessman. During the lunch information arrived that Cox had been seen riding a horse on the Namatanai road enroute Wenzel's house. That inflamed the discussions. Around 3pm the party went to the Residency where Bruckner was preparing to go bush with the station cash box to avoid surrendering the station and cash to the ANMEF. This was a pointless procedure in the War Plan laid down by the German Governor. A similar documented situation had occurred at Madang where District Officer Richard Gebhardt left his station on 22 September but ended up being interned in Guam on 14 December!

At the Residency the party started to enjoy Bruckner's mix of Resch's Export Lager and Long Bottle Pilsener plus Fatherland brews, possibly a wicker basket full. When Bruckner departed at dusk the men were thoroughly intoxicated, in particular Hopfel who couldn't stand. To his credit Bruckner told the party not to do anything foolish regarding Cox or Wenzel. The most vocal Cox accuser was Dr Braunert who wanted to teach Cox a lesson as Cox had enjoyed the support of the Protectorate administration for some time; a few blows would do. Hornung, Koster and Philips were not keen on that idea as they had taken the oath of neutrality when previously

visiting Rabaul. However around 7pm the group set out under a full moon. On the way to Wenzel's house they met Medical Assistant Otto Paul who was ordered by Dr Braunert to accompany the punishment party. In the meantime Bruckner had met Wenzel on the southern road and asked him to warn Cox that something untoward may occur. But while those two were talking well away from the house, the party went up the back stairs, grabbed Cox and dragged him into the yard. They spread him over a washtub with Otto Paul holding him down by the neck. Wienand then caned Cox around 30 times then Dr Braunert applied the coup de grace of five strokes. The incident occurred around 8.15pm, Bruckner having departed south in his sulky just before the altercation.

After the assault Cox made his way home to Ulu on the mission schooner *Litia* and then reported the incident to Rabaul. The ANMEF Administrator Colonel Holmes dispatched troops on 9 November aboard the Neu Guinea Kompagnie 194t *Madang* to arrest the perpetrators. But at midnight she returned to port having sprung a leak. Two days later the troops set out again on the Norddeutscher Lloyd 438t *Meklong*. Holmes also ordered the Assistant Judge Advocate General Captain Manning to investigate and report when the *Meklong* returned with the miscreants. The Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18 Vol X states that Manning visited Namatanai to obtain witness statements but the shipping logs and German evidence does not support that interpretation. Events then unfolded –

November 22 1914 - At 2pm the *Meklong* returned to Rabaul with six Germans – Dr Braunert, Otto Paul, Koster, Hornung, Philips and Policemaster Paul Schafer. Why Schafer was arrested is not recorded. He was not involved. Also not recorded is how Bruckner was later brought to Rabaul. He was eventually cleared of any guilt by Manning. Wienand had fled into the bush and as he was the main culprit, a second troop was sent to Namatanai on the schooner *Balangot*.

November 23 – *Balangot* returned Rabaul without Wienand.

November 24 – Troops departed Rabaul for Namatanai on the motor ketch *Lorengau*.

November 28 – Manning submits his report to Holmes advising that a trial should be held. Holmes rejects the advice and decides on public corporal punishment –

Dr Braunert	30 strokes of a cane
Otto Paul	10 “
Paul Koster	25 “
Hermann Hornung	25 “
Otto Philips	25 “
Wienand	30 “

Note that Wienand was still at large and accordingly had not been interviewed by Manning. Wienand's guilt was assumed by Holmes.

On Sunday 29 November it was circularized in Rabaul that a public punishment of the Germans would take place in Proclamation Square at 10am next day, that being the park where the Union Jack was raised on 13 September commencing the British occupation carried out by Australian forces. No indigenes were to be present. The Rabaul civilians were instructed to attend and invitations with provided transport were extended to the heads of the Roman Catholic and Methodist Missions. News of the punishment shocked the European population and the German judge, Gustav Weber

queried Manning as to why there was not to be a trial. Manning washed his hands of the whole affair and told Weber to speak to Holmes. At the time Weber was assisting the ANMEF in legal matters as provided for under international law. The public servants who agreed to advise the ANMEF for three months at their pre-war salaries were –

Judge Weber	10,700 Marks per annum
Clerk of Court Franz Grumbach	6,400 “
Treasurer Eugen Grundler	8,300 “
Postmaster (Rabaul) Carl Weller	7,500 “
Horticulturist Gustav Bredemann	8,900 “
Postmaster (Herbertschohe)	
Otto Hoheisel	4,200 “
Customs Wilhelm Schulz	8,000 “
Draughtsman Kuno Kohler	5,450 “
Surveyor Georg Becke	7,700 “

(1914 Exchange rate 20½ M = £)

Bredemann was the Curator of the Rabaul Botanical Gardens. Local pronunciation of his surname led to the Pidgin ‘*Didiman*’ for an agricultural officer.

Weber then made a written protest to Holmes which was delivered by Bredemann who spoke better English. Holmes asked Bredemann if he preferred a court martial of the six Germans with a possible verdict of execution to which Bredemann replied in the affirmative. A second petition signed by the Rabaul civilians was presented to Holmes at 8.30am on Monday morning. They requested a trial before a legally constituted court. Holmes rejected the petition. There were also protests from English residents including the British Consul Frederick Jolley who was the manager of Forsayth Gesellschaft. One problem for the accused was that there were no solicitors of barristers in New Guinea except Judge Weber. All legal advice came from Sydney which explains the large amount of postal matter addressed to Sydney chambers.

Meanwhile the prisoners were languishing in galvanized iron sheds behind the Hamburg South Sea Gesellschaft store. Their diet was bully beef and biscuits. Koster was suffering from dysentery and all had malaria. They begged to be shot instead of caned and one, Dr Braunert, attempted suicide. Unfortunately they were under the control of Provost Marshall Captain Ravenscroft, a cruel vindictive looter who spoke perfect German; a feared and hated man. When the time came to leave for the square the prisoners were photographed in front of the sheds but no print has apparently survived. At 10am Holmes made a speech and read out the punishments. He also stated that because the accused had all confessed to Manning no trial was needed!

The prisoners in turn were laid on a cabin trunk with hands and feet secured and arms held by soldiers. To their credit no German uttered a sound of pain. There were official photographs taken and as the mailboat *Morinda* was in port, photos were taken by crew and passengers. Plate 385 in Gash & Whittaker’s *A Pictorial History of New Guinea* may be an official photograph. Koster was too ill to be caned that day but by 4 December he had received his 25 strokes. On 1 December the *Lorengau* had returned to Rabaul with Wienand who admitted his guilt to Holmes and so received his caning: confirmed later by a Holmes report to Melbourne Defence HQ.

The aftermath was that the German civil servants withdrew their assistance to the ANMEF on 1 December and Jolley resigned as Consul on the 2nd. Interestingly Wienand, as a Belgian, was allowed to return to his plantation while Dr Braunert, Hornung, Philips and Otto Paul were deported to Sydney on the *Morinda* after their punishment. Policemaster Schafer and Bruckner were also dispatched on the *Morinda*. Koster went south on 4 January aboard the *Matunga* for internment at the Liverpool German Concentration Camp. Happily Dr Braunert, Schafer, Bruckner and Otto Paul were allowed to travel to Germany via America. The fate of Hornung and Philips was internment. Judge Weber, for some reason, was not deported from Rabaul until May 1915, then allowed to return home to Germany.

Holmes was duly chastised for his actions but it did not affect his career, he rising to Major General commanding the 4th Division in Europe. He died of shrapnel wounds on 2 July 1917 and is buried in the Trois Abres Military Cemetery in Steenwerck (Plot 1 Row X Grave 42). Captain Ravenscroft met his nemesis in May 1915 when he faced a court martial on nine charges of stealing and receiving stolen property. He was found not guilty but the Federal Attorney General Billy Hughes considered the hearing a miscarriage of justice and recommended that Ravenscroft's commission be cancelled and that was gazetted in July. Ravenscroft then returned to his profession as a real estate agent.

Query:

I am open to advice on where Proclamation Square was. My thoughts, based on a 1913 map, is the then vacant block later bounded by Sulphur Creek Road, Toma Street, Central Avenue and Tavor Street. ■

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Marjorie Head, prompted by the Bishton Diaries of Dec 2004 (p 50) **writes about Doris Booth** - Phil and I met Mrs Booth on one of our visits to the Admin leave centre at Wau. . We had been introduced to her by Mrs Price, the Guide Commissioner. She was a B4 gold miner who had a mine, Cliffside, half way down the Wau/Bulolo Road, and she invited us to afternoon tea. She collected us in her jeep and we drove over a swinging bridge suspended across the Bulolo River. We had a very pleasant afternoon; she gave me a grenadilla, which I had never seen before, and told me how to use it. She told us how her house had been taken over by the troops during the war and showed us her pantry, which she had left as it was when she returned after the war. The pantry walls were black from smoke, and covered in 'pin-up type' pictures and graffitti left by the troops. "

* * *

John Robins, a new member from Adelaide and ex airline pilot with Guinea Airways, writes – I was fortunate to fly many trips into highland 'dromes and on one occasion I had on board two senior oil geologists, Dr Washington Grey of the Shell Company and Dr 'Pop' Lomas of Vacuum, an 'Island Exploration Co' trip. On 27 Dec 1938 I flew them from Madang into Hagen. The following day, the 28th, Hagen – Mingendi where we stayed with several R.C. priests and brothers. They had blown the end off a low line of hills, which made it much easier to land with heavy loads. When they got down to the bottom of the ... and rocks, they discovered pestles and mortars and flint spear heads. They, the geologists, estimated these treasures were about 6000 years old and possibly covered when Mt Hagen last blew up. I wondered if they were sent down to the Bishop at Alexishafen. Perhaps a following Patrol Officer heard about them. ■

HELP WANTED

(What a coincidence that the following was sent in just after our Dec04 Una Voce went to the printer...our thoughts are with those affected by the trauma of the Boxing Day Asian Tsunami)

Owen Genty-Nott is seeking photos (digitalised/e-mailed preferably) of the tsunami which flooded Rabaul during 1971. He writes - I was at the time, Rear Commodore of the Yacht Club and present there when our smaller yachts and dingys began to move up through the lawn, some forcing their way up into the roof of our covered section; picking up empty kegs, Japanese glass floats, in fact anything buoyant, and sliding them up into the town, making Mango Avenue look the aftermath of a major flood, without the rain. I was busy enough, with Yacht Club affairs and those of my wife's salon, evacuating staff, moving supplies etc. Too busy to take photos, which I now regret. At the time I was a Civil Defence Warden in Rabaul, and now thirty-five years later, I am the C.D. Warden for Akaroa, on the Banks Peninsula, New Zealand. I would like copies of any photos available, principally to show here in Civil Defence meetings, to explain to the local residents that there are many similarities between Rabaul and Akaroa, geographically and topographically. The chances of similar tsunamis here are quite high, and these photos, I'm sure, would aid in the awareness of our local community.

I can be contacted by e-mail on < oweng@xtra.co.nz > or phones +64 3 304 8034 / mobile +64 27 433 8292. My address is 9 Onuku Rd, Akaroa 8161 New Zealand. *(If you do not have access to email, you may forward them to the Editor PNGAA who will scan and on-forward them to Owen Genty Nott, returning the photos to you.)*

* * *

I am researching the career of my uncle **Captain Arthur Lovell**. He was Chief Pilot of Ansett. I have learned that in WWII he did some dangerous flying evacuating civilians from PNG. I have a hunch that he may have been in the crew of the two ANA DC3s which flew into Rabaul in late 1941. Could anyone please assist me with information as to the crew of these DC3s? Mark Mulvany, 6 Dover St Caulfield Sth Vic 3162 Email: mulvany@melbpc.org.au. Phone 9530 0274 (H) 9225 6888 (W) or Mobile 0401 991 730

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Would anyone know the whereabouts of **Louise McMullen** whose parents were on a plantation near Port Moresby in the late 1940s? Louise attended Frensham at Mittagong from 1946-1948 and had two brothers, Frank and Kenneth who attended Scots. A friend from her Frensham days, Judy, would love to hear from her. Please contact Judy via Jan Dykgraaf on phone # 02-9489 5274.

* * *

Janet Johnston would like to hear from anyone who knew her parents, **Sydney Dudley (known as Dud or Andy) and Rita Anderson**. Her father was employed by Burns Philp from approximately 1928 and worked as a Clerk throughout NG. After marrying in 1935 he joined W.R. Carpenter and Co in Rabaul and later moved to Kavieng before being transferred to Pondo Plantation. Janet is particularly keen to find out details of her father's escape from Rabaul in January 1942. Later that year he joined ANGAU and was attached to the 2/22nd Battalion until 1946. If anyone has any information, please contact Janet at 25 Grevillea Cr, Stonyfell. SA 5066 PH: 08-8332 2282

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GETTING RUGBY LEAGUE PREVIEWS TO THE SPORTS SUB.

By **Richard Jones**

Back in 1967-68 I was a single bloke earning my basic living as a primary school teacher at Boera. Boera is a few kilometres past Porebada on the Papuan coast. It wasn't very far out of Moresby, but in the wet season the dirt roads became slippery slides and virtually impassable for anything other than the village passenger trucks with their high suspensions.

Getting to town in an ordinary sedan from the area and back again, was impossible during those 'wet' weeks. This made things tricky for me. I was in the embryonic stages of my journalism career and in the late 1960s was the twice-weekly *South Pacific Post's* Papuan Rugby League writer. Night AFL and NRL matches are commonplace now. But way back in the sixties, Friday night rugby league games in Moresby were one of the highlights of the sporting week.

So come Thursday morning the *Post's* sports editor would need the rugby league preview copy to set into hot metal (no computer type-setting back then) ready to slot into his Friday edition pages.

Because of the nature of the Porebada-Moresby road some innovative thinking was needed to ensure the copy arrived in town on time. Boera to the next village, Porebada, was okay right through the year. It was the second stage in the wet season which was tricky. Village trucks churned the roads into rutted quagmires, impassable for ordinary 1960s Japanese-manufactured cars.

I had a volunteer, a Boera village lad named Gonogo Ganiga, who said one sodden Thursday morning in 1968 he would do the run for me. Soon after dawn Gonogo boarded one of the regular Boera village trucks which made the morning run into town. He was armed with my typed-out story and clad in one of my rain-proof jackets. Because of the difference in our sizes Gonogo used the jacket as a head-to-toe protective garment!!

The day at work proceeded as normal. The truck which Gonogo had boarded that morning arrived back in late afternoon with the courier on board. He told me what had happened and I was forever thankful for Papuan ingenuity. Because of the rain, ComWorks or whichever department it was whose job was to maintain the road infrastructure, had stopped the truck somewhere around Idubada Technical School. All the Boera people had disembarked and trudged in the pouring rain from well outside town past Hagara Primary School and Hanuabada village, past Konedobu with all its PNG headquarters admin. offices, to the bottom of Lawes Road.

Gonogo ascertained from some of the young village men where the newspaper offices were situated in Lawes Road and went along to drop off his parcel. It must have arrived there safely. No one from the *South Pacific Post's* sports desk ever complained about dripping wet material arriving at the office. The weekend rugby league preview appeared as normal in the next day's edition.

Gonogo received an extra privilege or two from me for his efforts and, indeed, when it was his turn to do the courier run the next time I made sure his roster fell on a sunny day.

Originally penned for the ASOPA 1962-63's group reunion (June 14, 2002) ■

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

YALI'S QUESTION: Sugar, Culture and History. Authors: **Frederick Errington and Deborah Gewertz** 2004, ISBN (cloth) 0-226-21745-0, ISBN (pb) 0-226-21746-9, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago 60637 Please purchase through your book retailer.

Recently a book appeared on the new acquisitions stand of our university library which may be of interest to some members of the Association. It is called '*Yali's Question, Sugar, Culture and History*' by Frederick Errington and Deborah Gewertz. It is an account by two anthropology professors of the Ramu Sugar project. Errington and Gewertz already had PNG experience when they commenced their work at Ramu Sugar (RSL) and had three extended stays there. The book is a very comprehensive account covering the pre-contact history of the area with the situation at Ramu Sugar up until 2001. Amongst the people interviewed were Doug Parrish, referred to as 'president of the Retired Patrol Officer's Association' (sic), Lady Barbara Jephcott and David Colton, still chair of the Ramu Sugar Board.

It traces the project from the purchase of land by Doug Parrish and Neil McNamara in 1956 and the gestation of the project, particularly the role of John Christensen of DPI. The position of Booker Tate as the management company is discussed also the life of both expatriate and local workers and the traditional landowners and their relationship with the project. Particularly interesting were accounts of the local workforce's adjustment to the working environment of Ramu Sugar and the concerns of local workers about life after Ramu Sugar. Families must then leave the estate and their anxieties about where they will live and, if in the village, their likely reception there are discussed.

There is also discussion of economic aspects of the project, the role of tariff protection in the success of the project and the clout wielded by Coca-Cola Amatil through its buying power.

I found particularly interesting some personal vignettes in the book. Jock Campbell was chairman of Bookers. He had gone in the 1930s to work on his family's sugar estate in British Guiana. He was shocked at the conditions of employment of the sugar workers, who were still treated much as their predecessors, the slaves, had been. He resolved to make things better when he had the opportunity. He believed the profit motive must be combined with a commitment to public morality with a concern for employees, customers and the nation in which the enterprise operates. Campbell became Lord Campbell of Eskan and was a prominent supporter of the British Labour Party.

Other interesting personalities described were Joe Herman, Engan born American citizen recruited by RSL from the States as Community Relations Officer and Robin Wilson Tolai manager of seasonal employees and later outgrowers. Wilson's sudden death in 2001 led to an extraordinary outpouring of grief by the extended RSL community.

A piece of trivia: the Booker prize for Literature is sponsored by the same Bookers who manage RSL!

A personal update: when I drove through RSL in April last year I saw extensive plantings of oil palm and also last year RSL purchased the Dumpu cattle station which was no longer in Jephcott hands.

John Howard

Witch Doctor by **Anne McCosker** ISBN 0-9750591-0-6 Soft cover 70pp Cost: \$22 including p&p and GST in Australia. Published by Matala Press. Orders to: PO Box 829 Maleny Qld 4551 or from matala@mcbuckley.freereserve.co.uk Cheques payable to Matala Press.

See excerpt *Namanula Hill* on page 38

Bamahuta – Leaving Papua by **Philip Fitzpatrick**

ISBN 1 74076 1367 Soft cover 313pp Cost: \$29.95 (incl postage in Australia). Published by Pandanus Books c/- Australian National University, Research School of Pacific & Asian Studies, Canberra. ACT 0200 Orders also through their website www.pandanusbooks.com.au. Or Ph: 02-6125 3269 Published 2005 (February).

This is a book you will not be able to put down.

The adventures of Philip Fitzpatrick prior to independence are told with wit, humour and pathos. The style is refreshingly crisp and this makes for the telling of a compelling and intriguing series of stories.

There are some unforgettable moments.

Fitzpatrick reduced to his leopard skin jockettes leading a patrol in the oppressive heat of the Western District comes face to face with a group of nuns with their habits hitched up around their knees and wearing white rubber boots. One of the nuns, a French Canadian, who once worked as a dancer in a strip club, reacts in an unpredictable manner much to the consternation of the group.

The story of the contact with the border crossers on the West Irian border, carrying the still conscious elder who has been disembowelled by Indonesian soldiers as an example to potential refugees, is heart rending and disturbingly real.

Seconded to the Security and Intelligence Branch in Moresby, Fitzpatrick is rostered for night surveillance duties around Government House during the visit of the Australian Prime Minister, John Gorton. What eventuates is a series of hilarious incidents.

Woven through these adventures is the question of the timing of independence. Fitzpatrick appears to avoid the temptation to overstate the obvious and instead skilfully canvasses the attitudes of others, although he could be forgiven for a little self indulgence.

His relationship with Ihini, the young, attractive Papuan journalist on the Post Courier, is an integral part of the story. Fitzpatrick generally resists telling us the detail and leaves the reader to fill in the gaps. Perhaps it might have been better not to tell us of Ihini's fate.

This story will be irresistible to those who have lived, visited or heard of Papua New Guinea. To those who have friends who only borrow from libraries or from others, do everyone a favour and buy an extra copy.

John Kleinig

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We are hoping to screen '**Walk Into Paradise**' in **Sydney** in August or September this year. This is a new, high quality release print of the original film produced in 1955 and released the following year. It was filmed mostly near Goroka and is about a patrol led by Mr Patrol Officer Chips Rafferty to confirm an oil strike in the Highlands. Freddie Kaad also plays a part. Keep an eye out for details of the screening which will be in the May issue of *Una Voce*.

ACCIDENTAL LEGACY OF GREAT BENEFIT By Dick Doyle

This simple old son of the soil can't help but notice the extremely beneficial, all be it accidental, legacy now helping many thousands of islands and coastal people of PNG. This legacy ensures a vital source of cash for these people otherwise not attainable. It is also much more beneficial than other aid/grant sourced projects that I am aware of and is worth millions of Kina in the long term. It goes direct to the people who do the work and to their families with few to no filters.

I refer to the thousands of hectares of coconut palms planted by the early investors over 100 years ago, mainly Germans; but also by the famous Queen Emma with her part Samoan part American family, and other people from Europe, survivors of the Marquis de Ray scam. These investors planted up big areas of the Bismark Archipelago and Bougainville and north New Guinea. After the Australian takeover of German controlled New Guinea 1914 to 1920, Australian investors expanded and maintained the previously German owned plantings, especially after 1920 when the Germans who pioneered these properties had to leave New Guinea after a rather shameful buy-out that the Australian expropriators had nothing to be proud of.

The low price for copra and ever escalating costs, have forced most investors out of copra production, except in close to market situations. Thousands of hectares on coconut plantations are now derelict or becoming so.

In places such as Witu, 80 nautical miles NW of Kimbe villagers are harvesting coconuts from derelict plantations and getting cash income. The villagers need cash for school fees, clothes, household utensils and small luxuries etc. The work is hard with low returns but the people must have cash and copra is the only tried and true way they know. The ever growing population is not usually covered by existing village coconut stands in many locations and these virtually abandoned plantations are providing a great benefit.

The original investors would not have had this result in mind when they started out over 100 years ago but the reality is that it is far more beneficial to the grass roots populations than almost any other schemes that come and go from time to time.

Coconuts do not appear to be as highly regarded by those who fund the more current agricultural schemes in PNG, but they provide many benefits and would be worthy of greater support.

There is an urgent need to replace rapidly ageing palms. Ownership of old plantations is a grey area though, which may never be fully finalized, but ownership could be based on acceptable levels, (some type of agreement/a subsidy or grant perhaps?). There is a need for more education and awareness too, as most of the people do not realize the danger they and their descendants are in regarding future cash income.

Coconut is easily maintained, not like cocoa. Vanilla is unproven in the long term and easily stolen. It does not replace copra. Nothing does, particularly for isolated island locations.

It would be good to see some way to replant/rehabilitate coconuts in areas where populations are causing poverty and hardship in a vicious spiral. A turnkey system would work, if properly supervised (where assistance is given by the larger companies in re-planting). It appears that some of the money available for poverty reduction could be going to the wrong charities and people. If this were investigated enabling some to be redirected into coconut rehabilitation it would reap long term benefits for the people of Papua New Guinea. ■

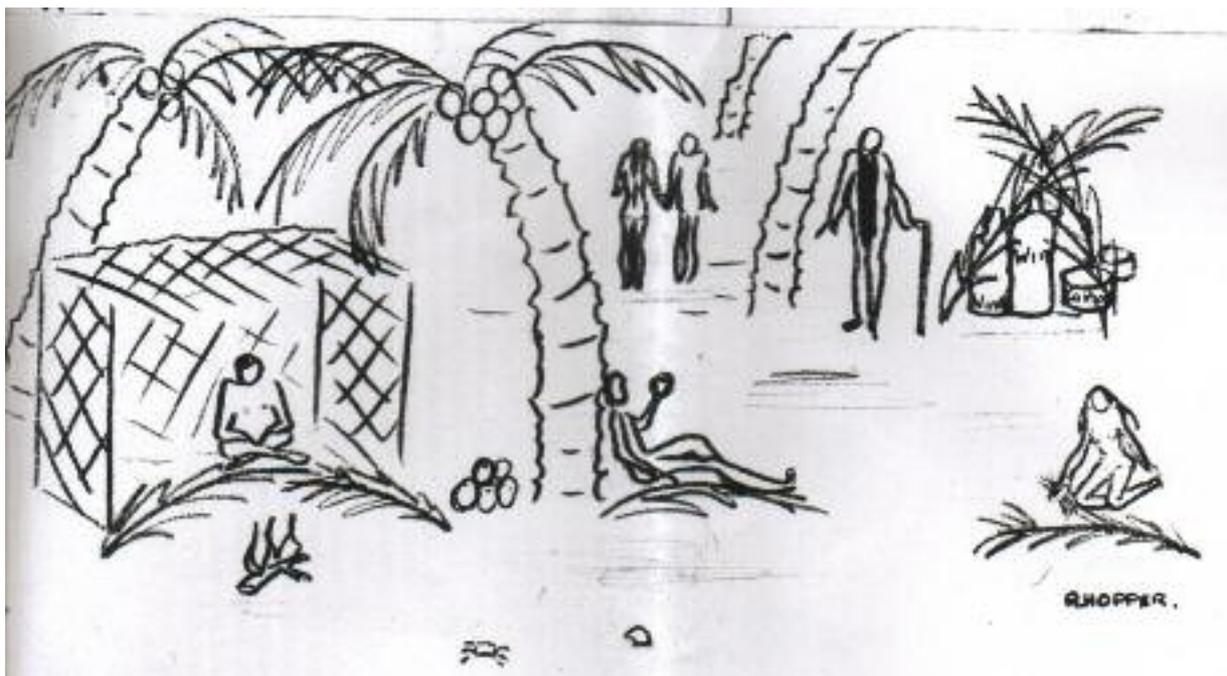
NUDISTS IN PNG by Pat Hopper

New Guinea had its sun worshippers who in the early 1900s emigrated from Germany and settled on an island in the Duke of York group near Rabaul, New Britain. There were four or five of them under the leadership of August Engelhardt – a tall blond with flowing hair and beard and a very intelligent man although described by locals as a ‘crack-pot’. He was a graduate of Bonn University and spoke



several languages. His religious principle consisted of worshipping the sun through the medium of the coconut palm, a product of the sun which provided him with his only food and drink and shelter. He sun-baked for hours but also had a secret cache of beer, wine and tinned food which he enjoyed in the shade of a mango tree.

Gordon Thomas, editor of the Rabaul Times, visited him many times and said he donned a *laplap* for his visits. Gordon enjoyed his company and his extensive library. One of his followers, Willy BradKTE planted up Kabakon Plantation for him before moving onto New Ireland. Engelhardt was interned in a camp at Rabaul at the beginning of World War 1, a shadow of his former self on the official diet, unable to sun-bake, and he died soon afterwards.



GERMAN EXPLORATIONS IN THE UPPER SEPIK

By Dr Barry Craig

K. Humphreys (Una Voce, 3, Sept.2003: 23-5) does us a service in reminding us that it was Richard Thurnwald who first entered the highlands of Papua New Guinea, arriving at Telefomin in September 1914, long before and away to the west of the more commonly known explorations into the Eastern and Western Highlands regions. Humphreys' summary of Thurnwald's explorations in the upper Sepik concludes with a question about the naming of the Sand, Yellow, North and Green Rivers.

First it must be noted that one part of the 1910 expedition by the joint Dutch-German Boundary Commission failed to penetrate far into the Bewani Range south from the coast and turned back after realising that the river they were following (the Keroom or 'Turnaround' River) was leading them back into Dutch territory instead of south towards the Sepik. The other group travelled up the Sepik to explore the border region, arrived at the mouth of a river flowing from the west-north-west into the upper Sepik in October 1910, thus giving that river its name. A southern tributary of the Sepik downstream from the October River is marked 'Berg-fluss' on the German map published by Behrmann in 1923. The Kaiser Augusta Fluss Expedition of 1912-13 camped in the vicinity in August 1913 but it is unclear who gave this tributary the name 'August River', as even Thurnwald, who ascended for a few days up the river in February 1914, refers to it as the 'Berg' ('hill', 'mountain').

The tributary of the Sepik called the 'Hauser', into which Green River flows, was so named by Thurnwald in late February 1914 'on account of the many isolated houses on its banks'; and the 'Grun' (Green) also was named by him 'on account of its clear green water'. In March 1914, he followed a northern tributary of the Sepik a short distance upstream and named that river the 'Gelb' (Yellow) because of its 'limy yellow water'. All these explorations are in his 1914 report in *Mitteilungen aus den deutschen Schutzgebieten* 27: 338-48. Another report by Thurnwald in 1916 in *Mitteilungen...* 29: 82-93, recounts his 'dash to the source of the Sepik River [Telefomin] and to the sources of the Sand and North Rivers'. From his base camp at Meander Mountain, just below the junction of the Yellow and Sepik Rivers, he set off up the Sepik to reach Telefomin on 19 September 1914 and returned to Meander Mountain on 9 October where he first heard the news of the outbreak of World War I.

He decided to continue his explorations along northern tributaries of the Sepik, but cancelled his plan to walk through to the north coast, 'so as not to fall unexpectedly into the hands of the English'. He first explored the Sand River, a western tributary of the Yellow River, reaching the foothills of the Bewani Mountains on 19 November 1914. He apparently named it the 'Sand' on account of the many sandbanks he encountered. He spent December travelling up the 'Nord' (North) River, apparently named by him also, because it came from the north. He noted the 'Horden', a tributary of the North River flowing from the north-west, but did not explore it; 'Horden' may refer to the German word for 'hordes' or 'tribes'. Thurnwald returned down the North River in the first week of January 1915 and came across his first 'greeting card' from Major Martin - Thurnwald's depot on the lower North had disappeared. When he got to Meander Mountain, he found his whole base camp had been ransacked and he arrived by paddle canoe at Marienberg in mid-January in tattered clothing, boots worn through and hardly any food. Subsequently he was befriended by Captain W.M.

Balfour Ogilvy (from Renmark, South Australia), the District Officer at Madang, who kitted him out and allowed him to return to Marienberg to complete his research with two Banaro informants of the Keram River, from June to October 1915. After completing his research, Thurnwald left for San Francisco via Sydney in November 1915. ■

GOLD BRICKING by Ken Stagg

Arriving at my local government office in the gold-mining town of Wau, nestled in the mountains of central Papua New Guinea, I was surprised to encounter an excited group of locals crowding the entrance. A distinguished gentleman in a tropical outfit and Tawa Waliya, the town manager-in-training were studying a map. What excited the locals was the presence of a television cameraman who was recording the scene. Neil, Tawa, the cameraman and I held a meeting in my office.

I told Neil that I was the Wau/Bulolo Town Authority's Executive Manager on contract to the Morobe government for the 1987-89 period by arrangement with CUSA, a Canadian foreign aid agency (Canadian University Service Overseas). Neil's story was that he came to Wau to dig up some gold ingots which he buried in the town during the Japanese attack in the Second World War.

'My unit was flown from Australia to hold the Wau airfield which was coming under Japanese attack. As a sapper, I was to blow up buildings which might fall into enemy hands' he explained, continuing, 'When I dynamited the bank, the door of the vault blew off, exposing a stack of gold bars'. At night, with the enemy within range of the airfield, Neil returned to the ruins of the bank, grabbed four ingots and hurriedly buried them beside the bank's concrete foundations. The Japanese advance was repelled, the invading army retreated and Neil's unit was dispatched elsewhere in the Pacific area. Some years later, Neil joined surviving members of his army unit on a reunion visit to Wau. While having his photograph taken standing on the former concrete base of the bank vault, he made the decision to return to dig up the gold and donate it to the recently independent country of PNG. Back home, Neil told the story to an Australian television company which agreed to accompany him and record the recovery of the gold and the presumed hand-over ceremony to a PNG government representative.

As Neil and Tawa headed to the former location of the bank beside the airfield, I telephoned the Chairman of the Town Authority to fully inform him about the impending recovery of the gold bars. I also visited the police chief to request a police escort for the recovered gold to the headquarters of the bank in Lae. Meanwhile, a gang of labourers had started to excavate a spot on the lawn of the police station, which now occupied the site across from the airfield marker dedicated to the memory of the Australian troops who died defending the airfield. With no result from the dig, Neil and Tawa headed to the local pub for lunch. I took the TV director to the mine manager's house where we told him Neil's story. The mine manager provided a liquid lunch and offered the loan of a hand-held metal detector and, if necessary, a bulldozer. We all returned to the police station where Neil waved the metal detector over the lawn and indicated, by beeping, where the crew should start digging. By mid-afternoon, the area was littered with mounds of earth as though it had been under attack from a herd of crazy gophers. *Cont....*

Tawa wandered behind the police station and discovered parts of a concrete slab on the bank of the river which meandered through the town. Neil agreed they resembled the base of the bank vault beside which he had buried the gold. A local businessman said that he remembered the slab being moved by a bulldozer when the area was levelled during construction of the new police station. While the crew re-filled the holes they had made, I returned Neil to his hotel where we lingered in the bar as he recounted his experiences in the Pacific theatre.

Neil returned to Australia the following day, a bitterly disappointed man. I was left wondering. I inclined to believe Neil's story that he actually did bury some gold bars in town during the war. If his story were true, did someone unearth them? Wau is a small town in which everyone knows everyone else's business – perhaps others recall the re-construction there, particularly of the 'new' police station, and maybe someone else has the answer to the mystery of the missing gold ingots.... ■

SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED TO RABAUL STUDENTS MR HAYES and N FURNESS

In January 1942, the 2/22nd Battalion, Australian Army, fought a bitter battle against superior Japanese forces at Rabaul. From the original infantry battalion of 936 troops only 26 remain live. Feeling that the 2/22nd Battalion 'Lark Force' Association could do some good with its limited funds, the association committee in March 2004, decided to award a scholarship of Au\$3000 to a promising student of the Malabunga Secondary School outside Rabaul. The scholarship was to pay for educational expenses, books, school fees, uniforms, etc.

In the selection process Mathew Bernard FOLEY OBE, (himself a Coastwatcher and sixty year resident of Rabaul) was asked to assist, and the Headmaster, Mr Panuel MINUKE forwarded the resumes of three students, two girls and one boy, all prefects of the school, to the association committee. The committee then thought it appropriate to vary the scholarship to Au\$2000 to each of the three students. As the depleted funds of the association did not allow for that sum, the amount was increased by a very generous donation by member Jeff DONALDSON (an ex-officer of that battalion), thus making a total of Au\$6000 available.

Due to the usual problems with the postal service, the original cheques were lost, payment stopped and the process reinstated by telegraphic transfer of funds. Finally the scholarships were presented at the school graduation parade in December 2004 to the acclamation of those attending.

The association has also presented a perpetual shield to the Australian Defence School of Music at Watsonia Barracks, Melbourne, to be awarded annually to the most promising music student in memory of the Salvation Army Band who were part of 'Lark Force' and who, with the exception of one musician, did not survive the war.

January 23 2005 was commemorated in Melbourne at the Shrine of Remembrance by eight association members with friends, to mark the battle in 1942 when Rabaul fell to the Japanese. ■

**COMMISSIONER FOR SUPERANNUATION ANNUAL REPORT
(Extract)
COMSUPER 2003-2004**

The following extract is provided for the information of superannuated members of PNGAA.

The PNG Schemes

Contributions

All benefits are paid from the Consolidated Revenue Fund. All pensions have been fully purchased and no contributions were paid during 2003-04.

Pensions

During the year the number of pensions in force declined from 371 to 355. The table below set out the number and type of pensions payable under the scheme.

Table A1: PNG pension commencements and cessations 2003-04

	Pensions at 1 July 2003	Commencements	Cessations	Pensions at 30 June 2004
Males				
Retirement	103	-	8	115
Invalidity	31	-	1	35
Dependant	0	-	0	0
Sub-Total	134	-	13	121
Females				
Retirement	21	-	2	19
Invalidity	4	-	1	3
Widow	212	8	8	212
Sub-Total	237	8	11	234
Total	371	8	24	355

Expenditure on PNG pensions during 2003-04 was \$13 497 024 (\$13 729 908 in 2002-03).

The Papua & New Guinea Schemes - The Commissioner for Superannuation is also responsible for the payment of pensions under the *Superannuation Ordinance 1917* of the Territory of Papua and the *Superannuation Ordinance 1928* of the Territory of New Guinea. The funds that were established under these ordinances have not existed for many years and the full cost of these pensions is met from Consolidated Revenue.

Miscellaneous

Cost of administration

Administering the PNG schemes is estimated to have cost ComSuper \$12 700 during 2003-04.

The full 2003-04 Annual Report of the Commissioner for Superannuation is obtainable from *The Manager, Publications, ComSuper, PO Box 22, Belconnen ACT 2616 Phone 02 62279110* ■

NAMANULA HILL by Anne McCosker

Two WWI veterans, and friends of many years, met for the last time on Namanula Hill the afternoon before the Japanese invaded Rabaul, capital of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea, in 1942.

RL (Nobby) Clark, MLC, Chief Civil Warden, hoping to protect civilians left behind, formally surrendered them to the Japanese. The manner of his death remains a mystery. Stan McCosker escaped to Australia. Despite his and others' efforts, many facts regarding the Fall of Rabaul are still unknown to most Australians.

I'll stand and guard Australia's soul,
You, Mac get away.
We're surrounded by stupidity,
Australians should be told.

Years of work destroyed.
Our plans for Rabaul
Killed now by a few
Men who have no vision.

The army's gone, the airforce too
Much of Administration.
Mac, you must leave,
Record all this confusion.

I'll stand and guard our nation
In the dreadful hour before me,
Some one must face these Japanese
With pride and dignity.

Go, Mac, get away
Remember what you see
Word this into the future,
Keep faith in Memory.

**Were two men with one will,
Moulding history
For country and kin
On Namanula Hill.**

* * * * *

(As taken from *Witch Doctor* by Anne McCosker, see Book News page 31)

Happy New Year from the Athens of the Antipodes, Adelaide on Airvos, aka the Airvos Apartments.

By Rick Nehmy

(Rick writes from Port Moresby where he is part of the Enhanced Co-operation Programme)

The title of this article comes from our discovery that, of the current 9 ECP staff in our apartment block, 5 are Adelaide boys.....and, to make things worse, two of the others are Melbourne and Collingwood supporters respectively. The lone Kiwi, a rugger bugger, is feeling a bit left out. (The 9th went on leave the day after he moved in.)

Our apartment block is on a sharp corner of Airvos Avenue, near the National Broadcasting Commission sign that has been there since at least the mid 70s. We overlook the new Yacht Club (opened in 1999), the bay, Hanuabada, Tatana and to our right is the Australian Government Compound. To the very right is Government House, and very early some mornings we can hear amplified pidgin coming from that general direction – we assume it's either general political speech making or peaceful protest. The Aviat Club is almost directly below us to our right, and the mango tree is still alive and fruiting copiously. Across the bay is the NapaNapa refinery, with its smoky refinery flame going 24 hours a day.

There are 12 apartments, and best evidence is that the block was built for Australian Defence personnel in 1984 – consequently, each column of 4 has identical apartments (it's a 4 * 3 block), but the three columns are of different standards, as befits army rank. The apartment block has a communal pool, BBQ area and children's playground, full fencing with razor wire, three guards during the day and a fourth with a dog at night. We have an option of having a security guard accompany us if we wish to go anywhere, but Di and I are yet to take up that offer. There is also a full time gardener who is often working when we leave for the Yacht Club at 0525 each morning (see below).

The range of physical security systems is quite overwhelming – besides the bars and grills on windows, we have security systems which include both audible and silent alarms, separate distress alarms, and of course burglar alarms. However, all the alarms so far have been as a result of our unaccompanied male colleagues burning their dinners and setting off the smoke alarms. Within each apartment is a solid door which creates a separate internal safe haven. We also have 2 way radios which we are supposed to carry at all times. The apartment block and grounds have security lighting everywhere, so at night we live in an eerie twilight, where it never really gets dark.

Our (new) car is almost impossible to steal if we are not in it, and has a GPS locator in case it is stolen, but the retrofitted security system did not mesh well with the central locking and security system already on the base vehicle. Consequently we have a three stage manual locking and unlocking process to remember each time we use the car, and one of the door locks is already malfunctioning.

We have our standby generator and water supply, and while the city was without water for 2 weekends recently (planned shutdowns) we were fine. It took about 4 weeks to get our phones connected, and I am on dialup (groan). I understand that broadband runs at around K770 per month. The mobile phone system operates on prepaid cards,

and, after only 18 months, has filled its 50,000 limit. The company wishes to expand to 200,000.

We get a basic satellite TV package covering Australian free to air plus some Asian channels, but pay more for an extra 8 channels including various movie and sports channels. The provider shows a new movie each night at around 7:30 and repeated later in the evening (we had the new Bridget Jones just before Christmas) but the quality isn't always the best. DVDs range from around K20 or so, VCDs from K12. Very popular are the three in 1 themed DVDs for around K65, ie Terminator 1, 2 and 3, or 3 Matt Damon movies, etc. I should note that, with the free to air, ABC is from Queensland, Seven is Imparja from the Northern Territory, Nine from Perth, and so on, so we need out wits about us if we wish to tape a program that starts at 7:30!

Di and I go to the Yacht Club at 5:30 every morning – Monday, Wednesday and Friday Di attends aerobics sessions while I jog the two breakwaters (I estimate a full lap as being somewhere around 2.8 to 3km) while Tuesdays and Thursdays we walk the breakwaters together, along with a crew of regulars. We see joggers/walkers on the streets, but for us the Yacht Club is close, easy and safe. I am trying to swim at the Avait a couple of times a week, and trying to keep up my squash. Some of my colleagues have joined up with various squash competitions, and others are playing golf. The Golf Club is guarded by Sepiks, some of whom carry bows and arrows.

There are no movie theatres left, although some movies are shown from time to time at the Arts Centre, but, as always, there is great eating out. In terms of health, touch wood, neither of us have had any problems. There are various options around – Dr Glen Mola is still practicing, Jim Jacobi is retired here in Moresby, and there are various hospitals and clinics, including a 24 hour hospital, and a medivac service. My GP is an Indian cardiologist, and my physio a Chinese GP who worked with the Chinese Olympic team for 20 years. Medicine in Port Moresby is truly multicultural.

Almost everything is available in the big supermarkets, but of course at a price. The big two are Andersons Harbour City (next to the Yacht Club) and Boroko Foodworld (in Gordons), and then there is the Malaysian owned RH hypermarket, and the SVS and Stop and Shop chains. One of these in North Waigani has a fresh food market inside the fence, and we are told that it is a “safe” market as, when it first opened, a few pickpockets were caught by highland sellers and immediate justice imposed – ie their fingers were chopped off. We visit small fresh food markets occasionally, but not the two big ones at Koki and Gordons, although ECP police are now patrolling the Gordons market. Fresh meat and seafood is very readily available, and at very good prices. Our Christmas Tiger prawns were K25 per kilo. Despite security warnings to the contrary, we also use the mini street market near us (the bottom of Lawes Road) for fresh fruit and greens. In the Supermarkets the highlands vegetables (when available) are fantastic, but we have yet to bring ourselves to pay K15 for a punnet of Australian strawberries. A lovely delicatessen recently opened in the Airways Hotel (overlooking the Airport, down from the Gateway).

We recently visited my old provincial Headquarters, Alotau, for a short break. It was great. Alotau is thriving, and very peaceful. We did a day trip to Samarai and Kwato (but not on the airconditioned ferry that shows a movie during the trip.) Samarai was a little depressing, with only one shop and a small trade store operating, the club gone

but the RSL Hall still there. Sub District Office is gone, but nearby a new District Headquarters has just been built. Samarai was clean and tidy, but overgrown and just a little 'tired'.

We also did a day trip across the bay, and walked from Gwawili to WagaWaga (repeating the first walk I ever did in PNG) and snorkelling on the wreck in the little bay there. On the way we crossed a recent landslide that took out eight houses, and at Daio Mission I spoke with Dorothy Tobesa, who fairly recently retired after 31 years in the Public Service. (In 1970 I had posted her original public service job application for her.) She took one look at me and recognised me immediately – made my year. I also saw Mahuru Mark's grave near Gwawili – he died in 1995 at the age of 93, and was Council President for many, many years. It was one of four graves near a new church – another grave being that of a young soldier killed during the Bougainville conflict.

On our way back across the bay I managed to fall out of the boat – only my second time ever, the first being only a few km away but over thirty years ago. Very embarrassing.

* * * * *

LOUVRES XP THE FINAL VERSION *(some light reading for those with computers!)*

Dear Microsoft product user,

It has come to our attention that a few copies of the Wantok edition of Windows XP may have accidentally been shipped outside PNG. If you have one of the Wantok editions you may need some help understanding the commands.

The Wantok edition may be recognised by looking at the opening screen. It reads LOUVRES XP with a background picture of a Heinz baby food jar containing a white powdery substance and a pepper stick superimposed on a field of litter. It is shipped with a *Buai* screen saver, where small red dots cascade towards the screen, enlarging into red blobs until the whole screen is a bright red colour. When the computer is locked, a cyclone wire pattern is superimposed over the screen saver.

Also note:

The Recycle Bin is labeled *Troimwe pipia*

Dialup Networking is called *Painim ol wantok*

The Mouse is referred to as *Lik Lik Rat*

Control Panel is known as *Oli save wokim wanem?*

Hard Drive is referred to as *Haitim ol samting we?*

And instead of an error message, you get a broken louver with the sound of breaking glass and a voice which says, 'Sori'

Other features:

OK = *em nau!*

Find = *stap we?*

Reset = *traim ken*

Yes = *ating*

No = *nogat*

Go to = *go long hap*

Help = *mi no save*

Stop = *maski*

Cancel = *pinisim*

Also note that Louvres XP only works between the hours of 7.45am and 4.06pm Mondays to Fridays, and closes down again at noon on Saturdays. A function exclusive to Louvres XP is the in-built SP stubby holder. To access, click on the CD player function on a standard computer.

Some programs that are exclusive to LOUVRES CP included:

Salim Pas = a word processor

Dro piksa = a graphics program

Em I haumas? = calculator

Kalang = CD player

Lukim Piksa = a graphics viewer

Dinau = M/S accounting software

Louvres XP also has a considerable collection of games not available in other Microsoft applications:

Raskol: A map of Port Moresby with all restaurants, banks, supermarkets and tradestores marked. Starting in down town Port Moresby, players have twenty minutes to drive to Gerehu. The player who manages to hold up the most premises on the way wins.

Haus meri: There are 25 valuable items hidden in the house. The player who finds most of them in five minutes wins. Bonus points are added for gathering household items such as soap, toilet paper and food along the way.

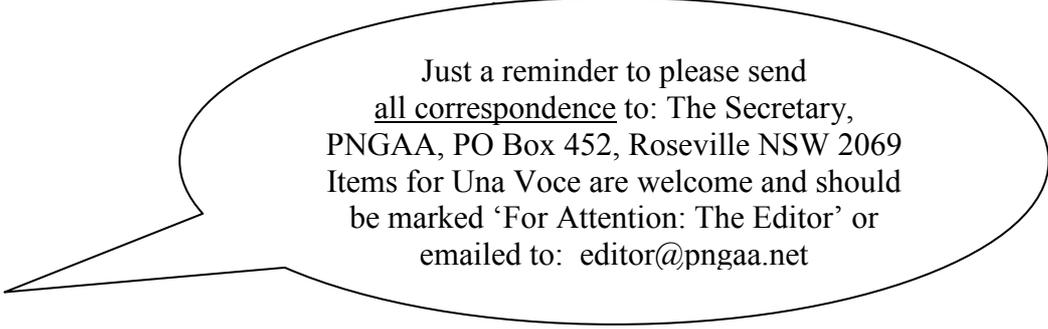
Mangki: There are seven fruit trees behind a cyclone wire fence, guarded by two Dobermans. The player who can gather the most fruit from the most trees and get it back over the fence without getting caught by the dogs, wins.

PMV simulator: Follow any NCD PMV route in a realistic three dimensional setting. Points are scored for avoiding collecting passengers, for dropping passengers at the wrong stop, and for the longest distance traveled on the wrong side of the road. Bonus points are scored for exceeding the speed limit, creating a traffic jam, and for minor collisions. Double bonus points are scored for skittling pedestrian at the Koki Market crossing.

Note that the deluxe version of the PMV simulator comes with its own smoke card which emits copious amounts of black smoke from your computer speakers.

Buai: A PMV simulator add on. You are the *boskru*. Test your accuracy spitting wads of buai at passing pedestrians from a speeding PMV. Bonus points for hitting the targets with white shirts.

We regret any inconvenience it may have caused if you received a copy of the Wantok edition. You may return it to Microsoft for a replacement version. ■



Just a reminder to 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: editor@pngaa.net

THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON

PNGAA wishes to thank Ted's daughter, Margaret Carrick, for permission to publish this edited version of the story of one man's life in New Guinea. Copyright to this series of articles is retained by Margaret Carrick.

In the last issue (December 2004) Ted was instructed to set up a wireless station in the Goldfields and we followed him on the arduous trek from Salamaua to Edie Creek. In this instalment we see life on the Goldfields in 1926-27

EDIE CREEK (Part 2)

The few miners who were on the field were very pleased to see me; I think there were about thirty or forty miners there at this time. They told me that the Administration officials at Salamaua had reported me missing, as no one had heard of me until Joe Bourke had come across two old fellows who were behind me, making their way to Edie Creek. On one of the occasions when I had sent the carriers back to relay some of our gear, I had received a note from a Major Power saying that he and his mate, Erskine, had been stranded as their carriers had deserted them and asking my assistance to get them into the goldfields. Unfortunately I had not the time, or the carriers available, to help them, as it was at that stage when the men of Katamani had jumped us. Joe Bourke was a Police Master patrolling the Buang track and he made arrangements with the natives at Mapos to get Power and Erskine back to the beach. I believe Erskine died on arrival at Salamaua and Power was shipped to Rabaul, where he died. I understand they were both Englishmen and pretty old and New Guinea was not a place for old men.

Among the stores I had brought from the beach was a two gallon demijohn of whisky and to mark my arrival on the Edie Creek field, I invited some of the miners that I knew to come along and celebrate the occasion. We lined our enamel pannikins along the ground and I opened the demijohn, but to our dismay and astonishment the contents were green, like Creme de Menthe. We tasted it and it tasted like whisky, but we were too far from medical aid to take any risks, so it was all poured back and I sent the demijohn back to Salamaua and asked Burns Philp to credit my account with same. A day or so later, Bill Royal (the discoverer of Edie Creek) invited me down to his hut for a drink and he produced a demijohn and out came the green fluid again. I asked if it was alright and he said he had been drinking it ever since he came to the fields and it had had no ill effect. I had several drinks with Bill and cursed my luck in sending my demijohn back without first finding out whether it was good or not.

On arriving at Edie Creek, I pitched my tent on a small knoll overlooking Bill Royal's hut, which was on a flat at the junction of the Edie and Merri Creeks. Fortunately, all the wireless gear arrived in good order and within a week I was on the air. A wireless station had already been erected there and I made contact with Betts, who was operating the station.

I pegged out a claim adjoining Darby's Eldorado lease, which was right alongside the wireless station. To get water on to my claim, I had to go about one hundred yards up Edie Creek and dam a small creek, then cut a water race from there to my claim and while cutting the race, I cut through some very good gold. A few days later, a friend of mine, Hall Best, arrived on the field. He had come in on the Buang track behind me and told me that the natives at Katamani had jumped him and he had to shoot his way

out. He was looking for a bit of ground to work, so I put him onto the spot where my water race cut through. He did very well, but got onto something better later on.

There were new arrivals practically every day, but many of them were sadly disillusioned. The trouble was that Edie Creek and Merri Creek were only about fifty feet wide, some parts a little wider and some narrower. The big six, who included Bill Royal, Albert Royal, Dick Glasson, Joe Sloane, Bill Money and Chishoim, had each pegged 240 acres, which was permissible those days under the mining ordinance, but 240 acres, only fifty feet wide, covers a lot of country. The result was that the big six leases covered miles of creek and when the new arrivals came in there was very little ground for them to peg; most had to side peg the terrace, along the leases already pegged. The leases belonging to the big six were fabulously rich; it was possible to wash an ounce to the dish in any of their leases. Joe Sloane was getting as much as 280 ounces a day from one box. We used to get our flour in twenty-five pound tins and I've seen eight or nine of these tins, full of gold, in Bill Royal's hut.

Of course the miners resented the big six having all the ground to themselves and the old miners reckoned that the finders of the field, Bill Royal and Dick Glasson, should have received reward claims and the rest of the field should have been cut up into two hundred by one hundred feet claims; had that been done, the field would probably have accommodated a thousand miners. Still, a number of miners outside the big six were getting good gold, quite a few getting over a hundred ounces a day. To stay in the field, the miners reckoned they had to get at least twenty ounces a day. There were no permanent government officials on the field when I arrived. Bill Grase was there for a short time, then went. Some time later War Oakley came and stayed a short time, then a Gold Mining Warden was appointed from Queensland - Warden Maclean and his assistant was John Meehan. There was a lot of unrest on the field, so the miners formed an association and eventually got the Commonwealth Government to hold a Royal Commission, Old Ned Coakley, a rough old Irishman, told the Commission he thanked God for moonlight nights and hurricane lamps. Old Ned had a claim on the Midas Creek, adjoining one of the big six leases and, as fast as he would work his claim towards their boundary, he would move his pegs along.

To appease the miners, about the time of the Royal Commission, the Administration decided to excise six claims of one hundred by two hundred feet from each of the big six leases and dated retrospectively about a month. They sent a radiogram to the mining warden to this effect, in plain language, which I received and took to the Warden, for we both saw what a serious effect it would have if the information leaked out. Next day, to my great surprise, a miner came to me with a radio for the Administrator, Rabaul, saying he had pegged one of these excised claims, but that the Warden had refused to register it. I asked the miner where he had got the information about the claims, but he would not tell me. I tried to bluff him out of sending the radio, first by telling him that the other miners would tar and feather him, then by quoting regulations whereby, if he made use of information illegally obtained, he could be fined and imprisoned. My bluff worked and, after a lot of argument and persuasion, he told me that he went into the Warden's tent for some information and saw and read the radio lying on the table. He had gone away and pegged the claim and came back to ask the Warden to register it. I went to the Warden and asked if he had had an application to register one of the claims. He said that he had and I asked if he knew who had told the miner. The Warden replied that he hadn't, so it must have been me. I then told him

how it had happened and we decided that something had to be done before the news spread. Warden Maclean had not been on the field long and asked me what I thought. At that time the Miners' Association was functioning under the presidency of Tex Thomas, one time heavyweight champion boxer from Western Australia and I suggested that he should be consulted. It was decided that Tex Thomas would select six miners whom he could trust and that they should proceed at midnight to peg the six excised claims and hold them in trust for the Miners' Association, which would then conduct a ballot for them. (The claims had to be pegged at midnight because it was illegal to peg on a Sunday.) The ballot was held on Chisholm's Flat at the junction of the Merri and Edie Creeks, causing great excitement. All the miners on the field, including myself, were in the ballot, also all those known to be on the way in or out and those at Salamaua. I forget who the lucky ones were now, but I know they all did well. Charlie Cough was one of them and I know he got over seven thousand pounds in a couple of weeks from his claim. Charlie was later killed while recruiting in the Aitape district.

There was an old character on the field at that time named Wallace Anderson. After this pegging incident, he said to me that he thought he was a friend of mine. I asked what he meant and he said that I had known about those claims and he thought I should have let him in on it. I told him, if I was a man like that, I could have pegged one out for myself. I don't know exactly what Wallace was doing on the field; I understand he was a writer, for he certainly didn't do any mining. At the time he spoke to me about the excised claims he was living in a very rough, dilapidated old hut with an earthen floor which had turned to mud, in which Wallace seemed happy to paddle although it was nearly up to his knees.

Ernie Banks, who was later mine host of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Rabaul and still later captured by the Japanese and never heard of again, had a very good claim on Edie Creek. There was one Chinese carpenter on the field, who used to make a rough coffin for the deceased and other times he was kept busy making sluice boxes for the miners. Ernie Banks was getting very good gold, often over one hundred ounces a day. I used to pass Ernie's claim quite often and it was a common sight to see two or three coffins perched up on piles and the boys working assiduously under the coffins, shovelling the wash into the sluice box. As the ground was worked out, the coffins were covered with the tailings from these workings. Among the numerous miners who died on Edie Creek was a Captain Ewing. He was buried on Harry Darby's Eldorado lease and there was quite a crowd of us standing round as the coffin was lowered into the grave. Darby started singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" and he was told to cut it out, but Darby said that old skipper would rather have us singing than mourning, so we all joined in and sang.

There were times on the field when food was very short. I remember Christmas Day 1926, all I had was rice and salt and I decided to pay my friend Hall Best a visit. He was no better off for food than I was, but he had a line of boys, who had been on the road for six weeks and he had been expecting them any day for the past week or so. Hall kept on about how he would deal with these boys when they did arrive, but in the middle of this tirade there was a roar as the line of boys was seen coming up the creek. Hall forgot about punishing the boys, as he was so pleased to see them and to get the stores. Burleigh Gorman, who used to do the packing on the beach, generally put a bottle of whisky in each pack of rice, so that Christmas we had tinned chicken and

plum pudding with copious quantities of whisky to wash it down. Our Christmas Day started badly, but finished up as a most wonderful day.

George Naess, later shot by the Japanese at Gasmata in New Britain, had a claim on Chisholm's Flat. One day his boys dug up a stone pot, very much resembling a chemist's mortar pot. I don't know what happened to it; George intended sending it to the Sydney Museum. It was found under about nine feet of overburden and there was a lot of conjecture as to its origin. It more or less proved conclusively that there had been someone on Edie Creek hundreds of years before Bill Royal discovered it. On another occasion, I was talking to George as he washed up his box and he had about six or seven ounces of gold in a dish, which he put on the ground while we were talking. The Chinese carpenter's puppy came along and lapped up the gold and we turned round just as he lapped up the last of it. I had a boy with me and I told the boy to grab the pup and put him in a *bani*s (yard). Then I gave the pup half a bottle of beer full of castor oil, which had the desired effect and the next morning one of my boys swept up the droppings and washed them in the creek, recovering between two and three ounces of gold.

One day Normie Neal came to me and showed me a lump of quartz about the size of a football. It was impregnated with gold and he told me where he had found it. It looked as though it had just broken off a very rich reef, as it was not water worn and had not travelled any distance, so we decided to peg the surrounding area. As I already had a lease on the lower Watut I was not eligible to peg another lease, but I had a power of attorney from George Clarke in Sydney, so I pegged one lease in his name and we agreed to go fifty-fifty. Normie Neal pegged another lease, also Ernie French, Walter Digby and Sap Underwood. I know there were six leases pegged, but can't remember the sixth party.

After we had pegged the six leases we went prospecting to try to locate the lode. We were working up the side of the mountain, when my stick struck something hard. I thought it was the root of a tree, but looking round could see no tree near enough, so I raked away the moss, which was about three feet deep and there was the lode; my stick had struck an outcrop of the reef. I called the others, Walter Digby, Normie Neal and Ernie French and we broke off a lump of the reef and got old Jimmy Jones to assay it for us. He said, on a very rough assay, it was 365 ounces to the ton, an ounce for every day of the year. We tried to keep it quiet, but Warden Maclean came to me and said he believed I was on to something good and he would like to see it. I told the others in the syndicate and, of course, we had to let him see it. When I took him up, he asked me to wash a dish of rubble on the surface and I took a full dish down to the creek. There were lots of small pieces of quartz which were showing gold, but these I just threw out and at the end of the wash up there were nineteen ounces of gold in the dish. We called it the Day Dawn Syndicate and everyone on the field came to have a look at it.

Cecil John Levien asked us what we wanted for it and we said a quarter of a million and he fell backwards off his stool. The Ellyou Company took a six months option on it for 20,000 pounds. They spent 40,000 pounds on it and wanted to give us 100,000 shares in a company to be formed; we asked for 120,000, but they would not budge. Another company in Australia gave us 15,000 pounds for a six months' option for half the mine and exercised their option. They then owned half the mine and we, as the syndicate, owned the other half. The company formed Day Dawn (New Guinea) Ltd

and worked the mine, while we got half the profits. The company's shares on the market at one time reached ten pounds, but though our syndicate owned half the mine, we had no shares to sell. After some consultation, the company agreed to give 16,000 shares to each of the six lease holders, George Clarke and I receiving 8,000 shares each and the others in the syndicate 16,000 each. That was in 1934. We did very well out of it, but had too much faith in the mine to sell our shares and, when the mine petered out, most of us still had them. Walter Digby sold his and went into the racing game. He owned "L'Aiglon", which won a Sydney Cup and he had another smart galloper called "Gay Knight". Getting back to Edie Creek, there were lots of fellows coming and going and it was very hard to keep up the supply of food. Some of the miners, who had no ground to work, would hang on till they had only enough food to see them out and they would sell the remainder of their gear, such as picks, shovels etc. I went to one of these sales one day and bid thirty pounds for a bottle of whisky, but I didn't get it. It went higher than that.

Early in 1927 there were quite a number of boys disappearing on the way to and from Salamaua. All carriers were using the Gadagadu track and some of them were raiding the natives' gardens, so the natives were waylaying the carriers and killing and eating them. It got so bad that the carriers were refusing to go on the track and we, on the field, were finding it hard to live. It was impossible to grow anything on Edie Creek, as it was 7,500 feet above sea level and very cold. The mining warden had conclusive evidence that the natives of Kaisenik were the main culprits doing the murdering of the carriers, so he called on the miners to form an expedition to restore order. Most of the miners sent one or two boys and some of the miners went themselves. I sent one of my boys, Boha, who was very keen to go and he told me on his return, that he had shot three of the natives. I believe there were about 120 natives killed and, of course there was a lot of trouble over the killing of the natives, but it had the desired effect and the carriers were not molested afterwards.

Just before Easter 1927, I received word that a plane was arriving at Wau on Easter Saturday. Warden Maclean and I went down to Wau for the occasion and stayed with the medical assistant, Cyril Lambert, who was a fine host. To pass the time while waiting for the plane, we played poker; no one had money, but everyone in the game had gold at Edie Creek. After a couple of nights' playing, Cyril Lambert held most of the IOU chits, but he tore these into small pieces, saying that we gentlemen were his guests and should forget about the IOUs. Easter Saturday passed, also Easter Sunday, but there was no sign of the plane, so Warden Maclean and I decided to return to Edie Creek. Thanking our host, we started up the Kaindi Mountain and had been on the track some time, halfway up the mountain, when we saw the plane arrive at Wau. (Finding the Wau 'drome was just) like trying to find a needle in a haystack. They had to fly over mountains of ten thousand feet and more and there was ridge after ridge of them to negotiate and then to find this -little green patch in the wilderness. However the feat was accomplished and within a few months, planes were coming in and out every daylight hour.

While on the goldfield, I was the correspondent for the "Sydney Morning Herald" and for the Melbourne "Argus". I would radio anything of interest. There were other correspondents; Normie Neal represented the Sydney "Telegraph" and the Melbourne "Age" and Tex Thomas, the Sydney "Truth". Most of the miners' meetings were written up, and I was the wireless operator, who had the job of sending the press messages, which

were cluttering up the ether as they all went from Edie Creek to Salamaua, then to Morobe, who sent them to Rabaul, then on to Townsville and by landline to Sydney. All these messages had to be sent manually, with the result that we correspondents and the doings of the Miners' Association were roundly cursed by all who had to handle the messages. Eventually we correspondents decided to all send the same message, which relieved the tension everywhere and made my task much easier. I was always writing to the "Herald" which used to pay me six cents a line, which was pretty lousy, but the idea was to keep the Australian public interested in Edie Creek. This was before and during the Royal Commission and, at that time, Bill Royal was in Sydney. Bill knew me very well and it must have irked him to see all these articles of mine, so he got in touch with my boss, George Clark of AWA and told him to remove me. He even accused me of divulging information from the radios that passed through my hands. I demanded an enquiry, but I understand Bill Royal retracted his accusations and I was told to forget the whole occurrence. When I saw Bill Royal next, I approached him about his accusations, but he just laughed and said I was a bloody nuisance and he wanted to get me out of the way. The big six eventually sold out to some company and, with the thousands they got from the company, plus what they made beforehand, soon went.

A chap I knew while I was in Kieta, Diwai Wood, found the biggest nugget while I was on the field. It weighed over 500 ounces. He had been playing poker the night before and had lost over five hundred pounds, so his find more than compensated for his loss. There was no money on the field and all debts were paid in gold, which we valued at four pounds an ounce. When we sent our gold to Sydney it used to return us about four pounds seven and sixpence per ounce, but the odd seven and sixpence went in agency fees, freight, insurance, etc.

I had two boys on the field and they worked my claim and, when I was not busy with the wireless, I would work with them. My best day was eighty seven ounces and for months I was averaging forty and fifty ounces a day. Old Ned Oakley had a Scot partner named Strawbridge who got sick and went to Sydney to recover. He was away for some months and, during his absence, Ned had got on to good gold and was making plenty. When Strawbridge returned, old Ned tried to make out there was no partnership. The case came before the Warden's court and, expecting a lot of fun, I went along for the hearing. These two old characters were at each other for everything and they made use of adjectives I had never heard; there were more bastards in their families than would populate a large island. When John Meehan tried to restore order, Warden Maclean told him to let them go on. The Warden awarded Strawbridge one thousand pounds and dissolved the partnership. I saw old Ned after the court finished and asked how he felt about the decision. He said it was cheap at the price to get rid of the old bastard. I know Ned got much the better of the decision, as in those days he was getting over one hundred pounds a day.

Life on Edie Creek was very rough and hard. There were no roads and whenever one moved about it was via Edie or Merri Creeks. In most places, the sides of the creeks were very precipitous, which compelled one to walk along the creek bed. The water was icy cold and, if the creek happened to be flooded, which was quite often, it was extremely difficult to get along without stepping in a hole and then finding oneself being washed rapidly down the creek. Most of us lived in tents. It was very cold and I used to have a fire going all night and have five or six blankets on my bed. When pitching our tents we would drive stakes into the ground to a height of about four or five feet, about six inches apart and fill in the six inch space with dirt, then erect the tent over this, which meant that the tent, instead of being down to the ground, was four

or five feet above it; this enabled one to stand in the tent and made it more roomy. My bed was a piece of heavy canvas about seven feet long by seven feet wide. This was stitched up along one side, making it about three and a half feet wide. Two poles were pushed through this lengthways and fastened onto four stakes driven into the ground. When travelling from Salamaua to the goldfields, this canvas bed was very handy, as I used to put all my clothes in it and roll it up, like a swag. It didn't matter how much it rained on the track during the day's march, I always had a dry change of clothing at the end of each day. I made several attempts to grow things, such as beans and lettuce, but had no success. The ground was covered with a thick mat of moss, three or four feet deep and I think this had the effect of souring the ground. The trees were all very high and constantly dripping with mist, consequently everything I ate came out of a tin and this lasted for fourteen months. My health was feeling the effects of this hard life and I asked to be relieved. Charles Beckett took over from me and I gave him my claim on leaving. I heard he made between three and four thousand pounds out of it.

I left Edie Creek and went down the Kaindi Mountain to Wau to await the single-seater Moth plane, which was to take me into Lae. One of my boys wanted to walk, so I sent him to Salamaua with a line of boys going down for stores. When it came time to leave, I sat in the front of the Moth, with my boy Pikai sitting on my lap and the pilot behind. It was my first adventure on a plane, but I was prepared to take any risk rather than face that walk back to Salamaua. The trip was quite uneventful and we arrived in Lae in forty minutes; my trip going in had taken me five weeks and six days. When we arrived in Lae, my boy Boha was there to meet me, but Pikai, who flew down with me, was nearly white with fright. We went by pinnace to Salamaua to await the arrival of the Burns Philp steamer "Montoro". There were quite a few graves in the local cemetery in Salamaua; most of the deaths were caused by Japanese River Fever, later called Scrub Typhus. This scrub typhus was the cause of a lot of deaths among the Australian soldiers during the 1939-45 war. The "Montoro" duly arrived and I was soon on my way to Sydney for a good holiday. *(To be continued ...)*

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

Most Reverend John Ignatius O.F.M., D.D., D.Ph. Bishop Emeritus of Aitape

(17 September 2004, aged 96 years)

From a humble beginning at Rydal near Bathurst NSW, and early training for the Priesthood at Holy Cross College, Ryde, NSW, Father Ignatius, as he was for so many years affectionately known, sailed to Europe in March 1927 for eight long years of study. First at the Franciscan's Novitiate at Killarney in Ireland, then at the Gregarian University in Rome, where all courses were in Latin, and finally the Zouvain University in Belgium, where classes were in French. He was ordained a priest on 02 July 1933 and returned to Australia in April 1934. For the next 12 years he was involved in advanced teaching at Franciscan theological colleges in Victoria and NSW. In Nov 1946 he sailed to New Guinea on the *MV Montoro* as superior of eight young Australian Franciscan priests, to face the long war torn strip from Aitape to Vanimo and its hinterland and establish a Vicariate, 'The Mission of St Francis SALANUS, Central New Guinea'. Hardship and isolation were the order of the day in this remote part of PNG, at the time. In 1956 Father Ignatius was consecrated Bishop. After decades of service on the Aitape coast he retired to the Star of the Sea Friary, Waverley NSW.

Harry West

Peter Noel HARBECK E.D.; L.S.G.C.M. and bar (both PNGVR medals) (7 December 2004, aged 78 years)

Born in Deniliquin, Peter later decided he did not wish to pursue a career as a chemist and went to PNG, joining the RPC & NGPF in 1949 at Police HQ in Konedobu. In late 1950 Peter was seconded to the PNG Vulcanologist, Tony TAYLOR G.C. for a period of three months at Sangara Plantation, near Higatura, where he organised the evacuation of locals when the settlement was wiped out in the Mount Lamington explosion of January 1951. He later served at Bulolo and Madang, resigning from the RP&NGC in 1956 to establish TOITUBU coffee plantation at Banz in the western highlands. He later became the agent for SHELL Petroleum Company, Gibbs Sepik Airways, Talair, and ran Banz timber and joinery along with other small businesses. Peter joined the PNG Volunteer Rifles in 1951, where he carried out a distinguished 22 year military career in which he rose through the ranks to become Major, commander of Charlie Company. He saw active service in the Vietnam War.

In 1981 Peter and Lucy returned to Australia, settling in Brisbane for two years. In 1984 they went to Goondiwindi and operated a SHELL road house from Boga Billa until 1988, when he retired. They then moved to Cooroy in the hinterland of the Sunshine Coast QLD. In 1991 he joined the Noosa Coast Guard and in 1998 was elected Commander which he fulfilled until he resigned in 1999 due to poor health. Peter and Lucy returned to Brisbane in January 2002 to be nearer family and better medical facilities. Through all these years Peter was still very much involved with PNGVR. Peter is survived by Lucy, 4 children – Tom, Brett, Grant, and Janet, two step-children, Neil and Pia, and 9 Grandchildren. Lucy Harbeck

Note: Max Hayes and Tom Dowling, whilst also writing about Peter, advised that Peter's funeral service was well represented by members of the PNGVR ex members association, and the eulogy was delivered by Colonel Harry N. Green, M.B.E.; E.D.

Dr Paul Enders (13 February 2005, aged 86 years)

(We hope to include details next issue)

Margaret Mackay Blick (13 March 2004)

MT Blick/E Meszaros

Deidre Lillian Allen, nee Wright (19 July 2004)

Born in Sydney Deidre applied for entry to ASOPA as a cadet education officer as soon as she completed the Leaving Certificate at Fort Street Girls High but was ineligible because of her young age. She reapplied and in 1965 commenced training with the first group of high school education officers. On graduation from ASOPA in 1966 she was sent to Sogeri for prac teaching and from there was posted to Popondetta and then Kerawagi at which school she held the position of Deputy Principal. Deidre married the late Cliff Allen in 1969 in Sydney and daughter, Lauren, was born in Moresby in 1971 with Toby born in Lae in 1973. In 1974 the family moved to Sydney where the marriage ended. Deidre moved to Canberra to be near old friends from her ASOPA and PNG days, and in 1992 she married ex kiap Norm Wilson, one of those old friends. Deidre was an exceptional personality and had many talents. She was a top pianist and for most of her working life continued academic studies, completing a Psychology degree in 1996, a Masters degree in Education in 1997, and achieved registration as a psychologist in June 2004, just prior to her sudden death. Deidre never lost her love for and interest in PNG. Her friends will miss her enthusiastic and often impromptu entertaining. This particular friend will remember her whenever a champagne cork pops. She is survived by her husband Norm, daughter Lauren and family, and son Toby. Heather Morgan

Jack Bertram Charlton Bramell (15 October 2004 aged 81 years)

Jack grew up in Brighton-Le-Sands with his mother and sister while his father spent a great deal of his time working in New Guinea – where Jack would later spend 31 years of his working life. He worked in his uncle's abattoirs after leaving school. Jack then went to work in New Guinea; firstly as a Patrol Officer prior to the war, then as a District Commissioner and later a Land Titles Commissioner. In 1940, at the age of 28, he returned to Australia to join the RAAF to become a pilot flying Catalinas. The Second World War brought him home to visit his mother, now living in a flat at Rose Bay. Here he met his future wife who lived in the same block of flats and in 1946 Jack and Pat were the first white couple to marry in Port Moresby after the war. They then lived in many isolated regions of NG with Jack often away from home. Jack worked to have schools and hospitals built in some of the more isolated regional areas of NG. They lived in places like Kikori, Rigo, Popondetta, Rabaul, Lae, Madang and finally Port Moresby before returning to Australia in 1967.

Jack then began a new 'career' as an upholsterer for the next 15 years. His life was full and rewarding. He was an explorer and an adventurer with a great deal of initiative and a tremendous sense of humour. He punctuated the lives around him with amusing anecdotes from his past about the dangers he and Pat faced. Throughout every aspect of his life he was supportive of those around him. Jack and Pat were married for 45 years when she passed away in 1991. Jack is survived by daughters Reioni, Shane and Tina.

Arthur Ernest Wilkinson (13 August 2004 aged 101 years)

Ernest was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, in 1902. He migrated to Australia in 1922 and worked on station properties in Victoria and NSW as well as four years with Parramatta Hospital. He joined PNG Health Service in 1930, working in native hospitals in Manus, Wewak, Kavieng, Aitape, Angoram and Salamaua. In 1940 he joined the AIF from Salamaua and sailed in the Queen Mary in 1940 for the Middle East. On his return to Australia and after completing a Malaria Control course he was posted to NG, Indonesia and the Celebes. After returning to Australia at the end of the war he married and went back to PHD in NG working in Rabaul, Sohano and Goroka. Retiring in 1972 he returned to Australia to live in Collaroy with his family and spent happy years playing golf at Long Reef. He joined the Collaroy RSL and Beach Club, and Probus Club at Mona Vale. He had a great collection of NG stamps and native artefacts. Ernest is survived by his wife Flo, his children, John and Anna, and four grandchildren.

Flo Wilkinson

Frederick David Thomson (17 December 2004) was born in Sydney on 12 September 1931. He worked as a station hand and an apprentice electrical fitter for several years before joining the NSW Police in 1956. He joined the RPNGC on 9 October 1964 serving in Port Moresby and Lae. Fred was designated Police Armourer but spent his early service in the uniformed branch and CIB in Lae. In the latter capacity he was also the station photographer. He retained his interest in guns all his life. He transferred to Special Branch in 1969 and left the RPNGC with the rank of Inspector 2nd class in 1971 and joined the PNG Security Intelligence Organisation, where he remained until June 1975. Fred and his wife Kath operated a motel at Chillagoe for several years and subsequently spent many years working on cattle stations in the Northern Territory and North Queensland. Fred was a fine professional police officer, well respected among his peers, and made many friends during his service in PNG. He is survived by Kath, three children and ten grandchildren.

Derek Bell and Max Hayes

Nari Elspeth Hamilton Watkins nee Campbell, (28 Nov 04, aged 78 years)

Nari was born in Rabaul where her father, Cam, was the manager of the first Commonwealth Bank there. After two years the family moved to Raua Plantation, an isolated property in Bougainville, where she was the first white child ever seen by many of the people. Nari was eventually sent to boarding school in Melbourne. She was 17 when war came to Bougainville. With the Japanese invasion expected Nari found herself heading south on the *MV Macdhui*, with other expatriate women and children being evacuated, leaving her parents behind on the plantation. On arrival in Australia however, Nari heard a radio report that the Japanese had invaded New Britain and were expected to move on to the Solomon Islands. She decided to join the war effort instead of going to school; but a girl had to be twenty-one, or have her parents' permission to join up. Nari ran into the engineer of the old steamer who used to visit the plantation every six weeks and got him to convince the draft board that she must have been easily 21 and she was in. In the service Nari learnt to drive trucks, eventually driving important personalities, most notably Bob Hope, around. Because of her knowledge of Bougainville she was drafted from the WASBEES for a time to service in intelligence in Townsville to help with the battle of Bougainville, during which time her parents escaped the Japanese by American submarine. Nari was then sent to India with the WASBEES where she met and married an Englishman, Captain Peter Forster. With her parents they returned to Raua to rebuild it after WWII. A son, Michael, was born but unfortunately Peter was killed in an accident a few months later. Later, after her father's death, a family home was set up in Moss Vale and Nari returned to Raua to run the plantation. Farnborough, a dairy farm, was later bought for the family in Moss Vale. Nari travelled between the two but eventually returned to live full-time on Bougainville. She met Les Watkins and they married in 1960, with Diana born in 1961. During this time Nari wrote her first semi-fictional novel, *Laua Avanapu*. Nari and Les contributed to developing PNG as independence approached, with Nari very involved in matters cultural. A home in Moss Vale meant that time could be divided between the two places. Nari returned to Bougainville for one last time after Les passed away in 1982. She spent the last two years with daughter Diana and her husband Toby on a farm in Wallendbeen, near Cootamundra. Nari is survived by Diana, Michael and four grandchildren.

Diana Bassingthwaight

June Gwennyth Turner (11 December 2004, aged 81 years)

June had been involved in radio presentation, theatre (both on and off the boards) and dances in Melbourne before joining her husband John, a Medical Assistant at Kerema, in April 1950. As with many others, she experienced a massive culture shock! Following Kerema they were posted to Mumeng and with three daughters they next moved to Kokopo followed by Kavieng, where June took a job with New Guinea Company. Finally they moved to Rabaul where June remained working with New Guinea Company and later Planters' Association. June grew to love and respect the country and its people and also enjoyed learning a number of dialects. On retirement the family moved to Forestville, Sydney, still playing host to expats; many lifelong friendships that had been forged in PNG. June's remaining family consists of her three daughters, their husbands, seven grandchildren and one great grandson.

Lisa, Sara and Jane (Turner)

Val (Hooley) Sheppard (late 2004, aged 78 years)

Living in Redcliffe, Qld, she was known by choice as 'Hooley-Dooley'. Hooley spent 27 years in PNG from 1962-1989 – in Madang, Goroka, Bulolo and Mt Hagen.

Jo Corrigan

Joseph William BACKHOUSE WX 4711/WX 500762 (13 Dec 2004, aged 89 yrs)

After war service in the Middle East, Borneo and New Guinea, Captain Backhouse, after being part of the war crimes investigation team investigating Japanese atrocities against servicemen and civilians during WW2 in New Guinea, was appointed to command the 1 Australian War Crimes Compound at Rabaul from Nov 1947. Part of these duties required him to be in charge of firing squads of condemned Japanese war criminals, a duty which he did not relish. He spent some time at Manus at the 3 Australian War Crimes Compound until late 1949 when he separated from the Australian Army. He returned to Brisbane, but decided that New Guinea presented opportunities. He then returned to Rabaul, and for almost a year was employed by John Stokie MC (a pre-war TNG police force warrant officer and war time Coastwatcher) who had acquired several plantations on New Britain. Towards the end of 1950 he purchased a run down plantation called Nambung in the Bainings from a Mrs Wood, the widow of the pre-war owner. Together with his wife, Sylvy, he built this up to become a very profitable plantation. In 1972, they returned to Brisbane, leaving the running of the plantation in the hands of a manager. He was invited back to Lassul Bay for the Independence Day celebrations on 16 September 1975 and sold Nambung to the local people in 1980. His wife predeceased him and he is survived by relatives, one of whom Kym Osley wrote his biography, "Uncle Joes's Story, a biography of Captain Joseph W. Backhouse" published by Print on Demand, University of Queensland, 2002. MR Hayes and the 'Courier Mail'

Ronald John CARTER (27 October 2004, aged 73 years)

Ron was born in London. He was with the Royal Air Force before joining the Metropolitan Police in 1951 and then the Essex County Constabulary. He joined RPNGC as a Contract Officer in 1967 with rank of Sub Inspector and served in Port Moresby, Lae and Mount Hagen. After leaving PNG in 1974 he joined the Australian Commonwealth Public Service and worked in the Family Court and Parliamentary branches. MR Hayes

Peter Andre Charles KELLY (5 May 2004, aged 90 years)

Peter arrived in Port Moresby in January 1958. He was Officer-in-Charge at the Out Patients' Department at Taurama Native Hospital. While there he also patrolled the Koiari District at intervals. He was transferred to Bomana Hospital as relieving officer for approximately 12 months. His next consignment was as Principal of the Medical Nursing College at Rabaul and he also took part in a medical patrol of New Britain. From Rabaul Peter returned to Port Moresby, to the position of Principal of the Medical Nursing College in Boroko before leaving the Territory for Australia with his family in February 1968. Peter is survived by his wife Breda, son Peter, daughter Anne, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Breda Kelly

Eric A Sutherland Ross (10 January 2005, aged 90 years)

Eric first went to PNG in 1921. In over 40 years there he lived at Sapphire Creek, Koitaki, Eilogo, Hisiu, Port Moresby, Misima, Kikori, Daru, Salamaua, Wewak, Wau and Kokoda. Eric joined the RAAF in 1940 and was with them until 1945. He left PNG in 1966, living at Springwood in Queensland and then Carbrook.

Rev Fred Kemp (19 Feb 2005, aged 88 years)

Served with the Methodist Overseas Mission at Misima, Kiriwina and Port Moresby from 1948 to 1968. His family are keen to hear from anyone who knew him. Please contact Anne Tanner Ph:02 9449 5211

Robert Brian DANIEL (1 January 2005, aged 59 years)

Born in Ballarat, Victoria. After three years service in Victoria Police, he then served two years National Service in the Military Police of the Australian Army, before joining the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary on 5.2.1968 on contract for 12 years. He served at Port Moresby, Lae, Goroka and was O.I.C. Henganofi for 18 months. With impending Independence, the conditions of contract officers were changed and he resigned in Feb 1974. On return to Australia he was personnel manager for Alcoa at Geelong, Victoria, and later in charge of revenue protection for Victorian Public Transport Corporation. He settled in Queensland, and had only moved into a new house six weeks before his sudden death. He is survived by his wife Marilyn, and three daughters.

M.R.HAYES, D.T.BELL, M.BAKER

William (Bill) James BATES (13 January 2005, aged 75 years)

Bill was born in Belfast, Ireland, and was one of twelve children. When he turned 18 he migrated to Australia. He worked in and around Melbourne for a short time before applying for a job in PNG. His application was successful and within a few days he was on his way to a new life in PNG. His first job was at the timber mill at Bulolo. Following this he was employed by the Commonwealth Dept of Works in Pt Moresby. He then took some time off and went to New Zealand where he obtained an aircraft pilot's licence. Back to PNG he took up a position with Dept of Works and Supply, spending time in Rabaul and then Manus where he met his future wife, Eunice. In the early 1960s he was in Pt Moresby and was offered the District Works Manager position at Daru where he stayed until 1974 when he was transferred back to Moresby. He worked for a time at PWD Headquarters, Boroko, and was then offered a job with the Dept of Health. When the Western Provincial Govt was suspended Bill was given the job of Administrator. This was followed with stints in Mendi as Oil Projects Liaison Officer and then another Administrator job in the Enga Province. He left PNG early 1995 and took up residence at his home in Clayfield. He passed away suddenly and is survived by his wife Eunice, daughter Andree and son Michael. Ian Pendergast

IaKirara Kaputin (9 December 2004, aged 95 years)

IaKirara was the mother of nine children, including Sir John Kaputin, a PNG politician from 1972 to 2002. Her husband, Daniel, pre-deceased her.

Info from Post Courier 11 Dec 2004

Nigel Chee Fai LEE (early Jan 2005)

Son of Wilbur and Anna Lee of Buka Passage

Courier Mail

Tau Justina Doyle (21 November 2004, aged 49 years)

Tau was from Witu Island, WNB, and lived at Langu Plantation for two-thirds of her life. She married Dick in 1972. After copra and cocoa prices crashed, Tau would often have to look after Langu when Dick went away on business/tourism services. Tau enjoyed several trips to Singapore as well as visiting Malaysia, Philippines, USA and Queensland. Many visitors were fortunate to experience her love of cooking which was inspired by both PNG foods and those from countries she had travelled to. Tau had a strong sense of what was right and the sight of this tiny lady berating a six foot nephew (or other wrongdoer) was always entertaining for those fortunate to witness. A proud moment in Tau's life was the 1994 crowning as Miss PNG of Tania. She was also proud to have three daughters contributing to the PNG economy, all holding jobs in a difficult employment situation. Tau was buried on the small cliff overlooking Langu Anchorage, near the 1946 grave of Gladys Baker, a previous owner of Langu. Tau is survived by her husband, Dick, their three daughters, Melissa, Tania and Nancy, and five grandchildren.

Dick Doyle

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr Y T AKI C/- Operations Training, Ok Tedi Mining Ltd PO Box 535,
HAMILTON CENTRAL, QLD, 4007

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Mrs B M BENTON PO Box 1090 , MOOLOOLABA, QLD, 4557
Mrs J BLAIK 52 Grayson Street , HACKETT, ACT, 2602
Dr C M BURKE PO Box 1224 , KENMORE, QLD, 4069
Mrs G B BURKE PO Box 1224 , KENMORE, QLD, 4069
J & D CHAMBERS PO Box 3581, MOUNT GAMBIER SA 5290
Mr P CHARLEY 186 Pittwater Road , GLADESVILLE, NSW, 2111
Ms J CHARTERS 8/3-7 Luke Street , HUNTERS HILL, NSW, 2110
Mrs W E CLARKE 69 Smith Road , WOODRIDGE, QLD, 4114
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Ms C GILHAM 240 North Road , EAST BRIGHTON, VIC, 3187
Mrs L R GRAHAM 1 Kearney Street , MAREBBA, QLD, 4880
Mr M GWARE PO Box 4191 , LAE 411 MP, PNG,
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Mr B F HARTLEY 74/3 Lincoln Road , PORT MACQUARIE, NSW, 2444
Mr H S HOLMAN 62 Dartford Road , THORNLEIGH, NSW, 2120
Mr G R JEPHCOTT PO Box 1691 , GOROKA EHP 441, PNG,
Mrs J JOHNSTON 25 Grevillea Crescent , STONYFELL, SA, 5066
Mr D A KEATING PO Box 73 , NEW FARM, QLD, 4005
Mrs A KENNEDY PO Box 115 , COONAMBLE, NSW, 2829
Mr R LAWRENCE 18 Anglo Street , CHATSWOOD, NSW, 2067
Mr M M LEAN PO Box 123 , WOODGATE BEACH, QLD, 4660
Mr G LEECH PO Box 1101 , CANNING RIDGE, WA, 61153
Mr P LEYDEN 7 Erawar Close , WESTLEIGH, NSW, 2120
Mr K A LOCK 5 Kotisina Gardens , MUNSTER, WA, 6166
Br Barry LOUISSOM Vunakanau Christian Brothers PO Box 67, RABAU ENBP 611, PNG
Mr P A LOWING 705/50 Burton Street , DARLINGHURST, NSW, 2010
Mr R D MACKAY 77 Mt Spec Road , PALUMA, QLD, 4816
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Mr C ROSS C/- OACC PO Box 396, SEEB 111, OMAN,
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Lt Col. (R) R F STUART Lot 4, One Tree Hill Road , KERSBROOK, SA, 5231
Mrs J P TANGYE 16 St Luke Street , RANDWICK, NSW, 2031
Mr L VAN LIEN PO Box 49 , JANNALI, NSW, 2226
Mrs M WHITTLE 131A Victoria Road , WEST PENNANT HILLS, NSW, 2125

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