



# Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA  
P.O. BOX 452, ROSEVILLE NSW 2069

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**A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS**

**AND**

**A HAPPY, HEALTHY AND PROSPEROUS**

**NEW YEAR**

**FROM**

**THE PRESIDENT AND COMMITTEE**

No. 4, 1991 - December

Dear Member,

This issue is three weeks early to again remind you that the Association's Christmas Luncheon will be held on Sunday 1 December 1991 at the Mandarin Club and full details, together with booking slip, are on page 15. If you have not already done so, please send your cheque and booking slip to the Secretary at the address above as soon as possible.

Please help by ensuring that payment is made in advance, otherwise our Treasurer and other Committee Members spend a considerable time collecting money, checking lists etc., when they could be enjoying themselves the same as everyone else at the function.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that the 1992 annual subscription (\$8) becomes due and payable on 1 January 1992, unless, of course, you have paid in advance.

To ascertain your financial standing, please check the address wrapper from your current issue of *Una Voce*. At the bottom right hand corner of the address label is the year to which you have paid subscription/s, i.e., 1991, 1995, 2000, 2010 etc. If, on the label, the year shown is 1991, you are financial until 31 December 1991 and we would appreciate you forwarding your 1992 subscription without delay.

As at 31 September 1991 there were 35 members who had not paid their 1991 subscriptions, even though they had received reminder notices in the June Newsletter. It was with great regret that we had to remove the names of these members from our address list. This meant, however, that the Association lost in excess of \$200 as these members had already received the March and June 1991 issues of *Una Voce*, plus the cost of the reminder notices to them and others who did eventually pay their subscriptions.

Your Committee works hard to provide members with an efficient service whilst endeavouring to maintain subscription rates at the current level, but we can only achieve this if we can keep costs to a minimum. This is very difficult these days with the way costs keep rising unless we receive your co-operation.

So please pay your subscription when it is due.

## 1992 MEMBERSHIP LIST

The 1992 Membership List will be included in the June 1992 issue of the Newsletter and not the March issue.

Members, who are unfinancial as at 1 June 1992, will not be included in the list nor will they receive the June issue of the Newsletter.

## VISIT TO BLUE MOUNTAINS

Due to a late change in the date for the visit from 30 September to 14 October a number of members, who had originally planned to attend, were unable to go and only 16 members were able to make it. The change of date was to enable members to see some of the beautiful mountain gardens, which are open for inspection during the Blue Mountains Garden Festival, held this year from 11 to 20 October.

The weather was absolutely perfect and before lunch we were able to inspect the Reg Livermore Garden at Wentworth Falls, one of the largest and most varied. Then a pleasant lunch at the Wentworth Falls Golf Club, after which those who had travelled by train had to be taken to the station.

Five of us then proceeded to Leura and were able to inspect two of the nine gardens open for inspection. These two gardens were quite different in character, but both most attractive and just about at their peak. Because of the dry weather and very little rain and wind, azaleas, many other flowering shrubs and trees, spring flowers in abundance, rhododendrons in bloom or coming into flower were everywhere, in the mountains, truly magnificent.

Next year we may plan our mountain visit to coincide with the Rhododendron Festival held in the higher mountain areas (like Blackheath) in early November each year.

## HAVE YOU HEARD????

Lionel and Marj MANSFIELD recently became members and a very big welcome to you both. Immediately after the war, Lionel was in charge of the Commonwealth Department of Works in Rabaul New Britain and Marj was one of the first single lasses to arrive back. She was the daughter of Jack and Rube Allen, who owned Gilalum Plantation outside Kokopo and first worked as Secretary to Charlie Bates (then District Officer, New Britain) and much later worked at the Kokopo Sub-District Office. Sometime during this period, Marj and Lionel were married and Lionel opened a garage and engineering workshop in the Kokopo area, which he ran for many years. He and his staff were regarded as the "Mister Fixits" for the whole Kokopo area.

It is interesting that when Marj returned to Rabaul immediately after the war, she was probably the youngest amongst a team of working girls, many who had been in the Australian Army Medical Women's Service at the Army Hospital at Nonga. These AAMWS were discharged in Rabaul on the understanding that they would receive leave back to Australia after one year if they remained working there for that period. Most of these girls remained in PNG for many many years afterwards. I think I can remember most of them i.e. Pamela Foley (nee Bakewell), Vera (Weary) Holden, Lesley Holland (nee Hawken), Shirley Downs (nee McArthur), Florence Cohen (nee Fitzgibbon), Marie Bailey, Madeline Cherry (nee Guy), Linda Foley (nee Huggins) and Shirley Killminster. Most of them lived initially in quarters dubbed "The Avery".

Over the past few years Lionel, unfortunately, has been having a rough time. In December 1987 he had a malignant cyst removed from his throat and in September 1989 he had to have his Larynx and Pharynx removed. But as Marj comments "He has learnt to talk again and is doing very well so God willing he will be with us for a long time yet". Marj, all your friends from here and all over I am sure heartily endorse your remarks and very best wishes from all of us. Ed.

Jack and Don DUNBAR REID (and his new wife Shirley), Marj also reports, have left Kokopo for good. Jack is at present in Maryborough Hospital "ironing out all the kinks" and Marj says she thinks that he will take awhile to get back to good health as the move away from New Britain after all these years was a big thing.

John HUON DE NAVRANCOURT of Atherton Qld reports "Several recent items illustrated the frequent connections of the area with neighbouring PNG. Firstly, it was the unfortunate incident of an attack, in Port Moresby harbour, by "pirate-rascals" on a trawler where the skipper from Siassi was killed and the engineer, David Green, had his face severely slashed, requiring evacuation to Cairns. His PNG wife Stella, and their four children are living in Tolga, near our home in Atherton.

On 18th August a happier event was the celebration of the Fiftieth Jubilee as a priest, of Father Kevin English, most of the years in New Britain. The English family is well known in Malanda, where Father Kevin is believed to have been the first white child born during pioneer times in the area. During the Mass the Father mentioned the presence of Helen Huon and Josephine Sebastianell (recently widowed), his former students at Vunapope. A huge barbecue-smorgasbord saw more than 100 people, afterwards, gathering at the home of Tom and Joan English".

John recently made contact in Cairns area, with Dr. David Sinclair, son of ex District Commissioner and well known writer, Jim. During a lunch

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# HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

in Atherton David, a zoologist with Health Department, and John discussed problems of Histoplasmosis, a disease transmitted by bats, contracted by John forty years ago in a cave of West Indies, and believed to exist in "Undara lava tunnels" of Atherton Tablelands. In view of the tourist publicity about the area, John and David are planning an investigation. John says that Dr Stan Wigley will probably be interested in the matter as he conducted research on Histoplasmosis, when consultant on chest diseases in PNG.

Ray CARLAW, now in USA, reports that he and Florence are considering the idea of retiring in Canberra but will spend the next year close to their daughter and grandchildren in the USA.

Lynore VON DER BORCH of Adelaide is promoting a biography/autobiography of her great great grandfather, John Dunn, who at the age of 38 with his wife and young family, in 1840, emigrated to South Australia and set up flour milling in the colony: Stuart, Anthony, 1991 "A Millers Tale" (Water-wheel Books).

Lynore lived in Wau PNG in 1935-6 while her husband, Vondy, was medical officer at the Wau Hospital. She writes that in March 1935 she flew from Wau to Salamaua in a tiny plane to give birth to her first child, Christopher, who is now Professor of Earth Sciences at Flinders University. The pilot was Dick Mant and the Doctor in Salamaua Bruce Sinclair.

Olive HULL of Margate Qld, whose husband Jack was with the PNG Department of Posts and Telegraphs, recently wrote us a long letter and the following are extracts from it: "Jack and I are off again on another car, caravan trip around Australia and will be away for some months, possibly 8 or 9 or however long it takes us..... Recently saw Ian and Vi Fisher, ex PNG P&T, who have a block of ground at Wamuran, just north of Caboolture, next door to their son Glenn who is married to our daughter Janet. Glenn and Janet have some 40 acres and grow lychees.....

Mick Gallen (ex Police and Publican PNG) called and saw us a couple of weeks ago, he is keeping very well - Pat not with him but she is fighting fit also. Pat and Mick live at Malanda now, lovely up there on the tablelands. Mary O'Hello (nee Gallen) lives here at Redcliffe with family. Al Smith ex Electricity Comm. calls once a week for a cuppa and chat - he lives only 5 mins away also. Arnie and Daphne Nunn, ex Rabaul, live here and we often have a big chinwag in Woollies doing our shopping. Sometimes it is like a reunion at Woollies - one day there was myself, the Nuns, the Jack Caseys and Helen Cox obstructing the entrance.

Had a long chat to Gwenda Chant - Merv Chant's daughter, Merv ex Rabaul. Gwenda also on Peninsula with a family and Merv keeping well and lives at Brighton. Helen Hayes, Charlie Hayes wife - Charlie ex P & T - moved from Victoria to live here near us two years ago. Helen's son, Allan, lives in Darwin and we will visit him whilst on our trip. We also will look up Bett Macgowan and girls, she always makes us very welcome. Patsy Hutson and hubby and daughter also another one we visit. Patsy is Allan and Noela Hutson's daughter and has been living in Darwin since long before the cyclone. Noela and Allan live at Tin Can Bay and to my knowledge keeping well - Allan has some small problems with his eyes.

Our friend Bill Flynn, ex Lands Dep. Rabaul, has had his larynx removed but he is coping quite well. Bill and Norma live at Everton Park. Last time we visited Bill could speak quite well and we had a wonderful day. We will be visiting Dorrie Ross in Adelaide on our way to Perth.

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## HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

Dorrie is ex school teacher Court St. Primary School and taught our five children - and what a wonderful teacher she was. Dorrie went to Court St. to relieve for two weeks and stayed 14 years. Dorrie has just turned 92 this month and still lives alone except for a very faithful dog.

We will be in Perth for Christmas and will be spending it with Arthur and Irene Glassby. Arthur ex Forestry Keravat and PWD Rabaul and then worked for himself with a welding business. Rene used to work for John Mills, chemist Rabaul. We will then go to Fremantle for a week to visit Margaret Budd (ex nursing sister). Margaret travelled all over PNG delivering babies and taught the maternity sisters at Nonga Base Hospital. Last year when Margaret visited Qld she stayed with Dr and Mrs Nommenson at Buderim and we went up to Budderim and picked Margaret up - didn't see Dr. but saw Judy and she said her and Dr. keeping very good health, and Dr. in practice there.

From Fremantle we will make our way up the coast of W.A. taking our time of course, visiting Monkey Mia, Tom Price, Wittenoom, Broome, Mataranka, Ayres Rock, Alice Springs, Three Ways, Gulf of Qld, across to Cairns then down the coast and home. We love the caravan life, so easy going and meet such wonderful people along the way. We have such a magnificent country and we wonder why so many people go overseas before seeing Australia."

## NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

### NORTHERN TERRITORY (Jim Toner)

The 16th anniversary of PNG Independence was celebrated in Darwin in mid-September. It was a joint effort by the long established PNG/Australia Social and Cultural Group and the more recently formed Australia Papua New Guinea Society. Heavies on parade were the Premier of Manus Province and the Lord Mayor of Darwin. With over 300 people present for the mumu and dancing, the night had to be classified as a great success.

During August, Patrick Virgil Dwyer (PNG 1956-73) gave a two week leave pass to his better half and Margaret came to Darwin from Perth to play in a Masters squash tournament. She still cuts a fine figure on court as any education officers and kiaps studying at ASOPA in 1962/63, when she was Margaret McKenna, will recall.

This was a big year for Rita MGregor, widow of the late Jock, a Highlands kiap. She was awarded a Master's degree in Educational Administration by Deakin University and has just been made a FACE (see Fred Kaad - who is one of them - for elucidation). Rita met Jock when he was a PO at ASOPA in 1957. She is now a school Principal in Darwin.

Meeting Graeme Morgan (Nataff and Co-ops 1959-74) in London last month recalled the old music hall song:

"Oh, Mr. Porter. What shall I do?

I wanted to go to Birmingham but finished up in Crewe."

Following a bumpy ferry ride across the Irish Sea, Graeme, on ancestral turf at Holyhead railway station, enquired in his best Aussie Welsh as to how he might get to Ealing (a London suburb served by Underground). Travelling through the night he found himself next morning near Ely (a cathedral city in Cambridgeshire). Not one of the great train journeys of the world but faster, than driving in permanent second gear around rural England.

Graeme was accompanied by Heather, yet another lady chalkie to have found true love at ASOPA (1965/66) but they are now back in Canberra contemplating their bank balance.

## AIR FORCE'S MAGIC CARPET

by Geoff Masters

Around the world during W.W.II, the welcome mat was out for fighters, bombers and cargo planes, thanks to an incredible product as vital as pilots and aircraft.

Once a closely guarded secret, the product consumed the energies and production facilities of 29 industrial plants in the 1940's.

This amazing new discovery was perforated steel planking. It was rugged, reliable and very heavy - but it turned sandy beaches, muddy plains and jungle swamps into landing strips for fighters and bombers and without a doubt helped to win the war.

P.S.P. was the brain child of Gerald Greulich who was approached by the U.S. War Dept. in the late 30's. They were looking for ways to permit the Air Force to move anywhere with portable airfields. Greulich had no particular interest in aviation but did have a long record of steel product patents. He listened as officers discussed their needs and then produced a sketch of P.S.P. saying "Here's your airfield."

Soon his company laid out the first model runway and before long he had worked out the method of producing a single unit that became the key to hundreds of portable runways around the world.

What emerged from his idea was an item that looked like a lot of holes tied together with pieces of steel. One person remarked that it looked more like a sheet of roofing iron that had been hit by cannon ball. It was, in fact, a sheet of cold rolled steel with the addition of nickel, a quarter of an inch thick, ten feet long and fifteen inches wide with more holes than surface, incorporating a simple, quick, locking system which allowed units to be rapidly locked together. Each sheet weighed 80lb.

Somewhere along the way it became known as Marsten/Marsden Matting and it appears that this name may have come from the steel formula known as Mars. 10.

Aviation engineers who covered the earth's surface with P.S.P. had unmentionable names for it, nevertheless they became experts at laying, moving, removing and aligning it in their unsung battle with cold steel, hot steel, mud and sweat.

Little wonder aviation engineers used to boast a bit for reports in 1943 showed that 8 out of 12 airfields overseas used P.S.P. Each airstrip of 5,000 ft long and 150ft wide used 6,000 sheets of matting weighing 2,000 tons and took up 35,000 ft of cargo space.

In USA nearly every major steel manufacturer was sharing the load of producing P.S.P. along with other steel products. In 1943, trade journal Steel wrote, steel plants have already produced enough steel runways to build a four lane highway across the USA.

In the South West Pacific, the first P.S.P. airstrip to go down was No.3 strip at Milne Bay, closely followed by Jackson's at Port Moresby, Kila Drome just outside Moresby and other strips such as Berry, Durand, Schwimmer and Turnbull - all P.S.P. matting strips. The longest matting strip was Nadzab which was over two miles long and 300 ft wide. By late 1943 rapid methods of construction were developed and the Finchhafen strip was laid in one day, other groups were working on way to demolish the steel - no easy task, others work on ways to straighten sagging sheets.

Who could ever forget their first landing on a matting strip. In the words of one pilot, I shall always remember the noise it made under the wheels and the splash of mud flying up against the belly of the aircraft, the noise sounded like every rivet in the aeroplane was popping out but where would we have been without it.

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## AIR FORCE'S MAGIC CARPET (continued)

When it was all over it was estimated that some 200 million pounds of P.S.P. remained. In Papua New Guinea it was sold to the highest bidder by the Commonwealth Disposals Commission. Disposals Officer of the day Snow Middleton says it fetched threepence to sixpence a sheet depending on location. It was then torn up and sold for 10 shillings a sheet and used as fencing, bridge decking, roads, etc. Some ingenious person found a method to bend sheets into a triangle for use as posts.

In PNG today, P.S.P. can still be seen as road fences, decking etc. Only two matting strips remain, Kerema in the Gulf Province was made of the matting from Jackson's and Finchhafen in the Morobe Province is the same as the day it went down. Other sheets lie peacefully in the tall kunai grass and on the beaches.

When sold by Disposals, no one bothered to count the number of sheets, the Commonwealth Disposals Certificate merely stating 'A quantity of steel matting' at so much, this, of course, left it open for unscrupulous persons to add to the amount purchased as was the case of one lot of matting, proceeded to tear up the local airport as well.

(This article by Geoff originally appeared in *Wings - Autumn 1991*.)

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## WHEN THE BLOOD RUNS COLD AND THE SPINE TINGLES IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

by Bert E. Weston

There have always been stories of weird and inexplicable happenings, generally attributed to non-white races, which include fire-walking, bone-pointing, the Indian rope trick, the performances of the gully-gully man and of the witch doctors of Africa.

And anyone who has lived in Papua New Guinea for any length of time has heard of, or experienced, instances of the occult and of sorcery among the primitive tribes. What employer of PNG labour has not been approached at some time by one of his employees asking to be allowed to visit his home village hundreds of miles away by land or sea as a close relative had died over-night?

The invariable answer, when questioned as to the source of the bad news, was "Mi lookim wind (spirit) belong im long night."

My first impulse as a newcomer to New Guinea 60 years ago was to refuse the request as being a blatant try-out of a greenhorn employer, and one would put up with sulks and mopings for a few days as a result.

However, my attitude changed when, on subsequent recruiting visits to some of the villages, I found that the man had spoken the truth and a near relative had, in fact, died at the time and date mentioned.

If distance and remoteness were no bar, I never afterwards refused a request for compassionate leave on such grounds and was often rewarded by the arrival of several volunteer employees from that area.

Another manifestation of some kind of perception occurred when in 1928, at Lae, I pegged out the position of a number of postholes for a cargo shed beside the airstrip and left a team of raw and newly arrived labourers from the Sepik, many miles away, to dig the holes with bush knives.

On returning some time later I found no holes dug and the team huddled in a silent group some distance away. Asking through an

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WHEN THE BLOOD RUNS COLD ETC. (continued)

interpreter why no work had been done I was told that as soon as the first hole was started a "wind" appeared and told them that they were disturbing an ancient battlefield and burying-ground. With pegs relocated some considerable distance away the holes were dug with no further demur. Although there was no visible evidence of burial mounds or subsidence of graves I made inquiries locally and found that the Laewombas had fought a battle there with the coastal tribes many years previously. The Sepiks could not possibly have known that.

Throughout New Guinea there has always been a universal belief and fear of an evil spirit or devil man known as a "maselei" and I had an instance of this fear when tramping down the Markham Valley with a number of recruits just before the war.

We camped for the night in a small compound near the village of Jiviseng. There was a large open-sided shed in which the boys bedded down for the night and an enclosed house kiap in which my net and bed were set up.

Sometime after midnight, I was awakened by the entire team bursting into my hut, all in a state of terror and shouting "Maselei i come up, i walkabout long all boi." No effort of mine would induce them to move out and at daylight there was no trouble getting them on the track away from the place. What they saw I know not but they certainly had the "wind" up in more ways than one.

A man named Jim, whose word could be relied upon, often told the story of his appointment as plantation manager on one of the very remote Ninigo Group which was serviced every eight weeks by a small steamer from Rabaul. All went well and to schedule for eight months and then the ship failed to arrive at the end of the 10th month. Days drew out into weeks with resultant exhaustion of staple food supplies, tobacco, liquor and medical requisites and in those days there was no radio for news of the outside world.

Things were at a low ebb when one evening the boss boy came grinning to tell Jim that the ship would arrive next day bringing a red-haired man to take over as manager as Jim was needed back in the firm's Rabaul office.

Sure enough, sunrise brought smoke on the horizon and shouts of "Sail-ho" from the men.

Taken out by canoe, our friend was on board as the anchor hit the sand and was greeted by the skipper apologising for the delay caused by a machinery breakdown on the previous trip and resultant long wait for spares from Australia. But, he said "I have news for you, I am taking you back to Rabaul to another position and", as a red-haired man came forward, "here is your relief."

My most vivid experience of the occult occurred at Salamaua when it was whispered around that there would be a demonstration of sorcery in a nearby village. About a dozen interested Europeans and dozens of locals turned up at the appointed time and were shown a large and new sago palm thatched hut standing on stilts in an open space.

The sorcerer and his disciples huddled around a fire about 50 feet away and we were invited to enter the hut which we found to be empty. The door was closed and a long bamboo pole was then thrust through the side of the shed leaving about half protruding outside.

Leaves thrown on the fire raised a pungent column of smoke and then after a rising chorus of drumming and chanting from the sorcerer's attendants the pole began to tremble and shake until finally it was lashing about like the tail of an angry tiger.

The drumming and singing died away, the bamboo came to rest and we

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WHEN THE BLOOD RUNS COLD ETC (continued)

were allowed to again inspect the inside of the building. It was quite empty.

Again the ceremony was started with the pole inserted through another side of the shed. As the bamboo went into its trembling act, I was invited to take a firm hold of it. Immediately the incantations rose to a high pitch, the pole lashed about violently and I was hurled some distance to fall flat on the ground.

At this point, Jim Livingstone, the local warrant officer in charge of police, accompanied by a number of his men, burst into the clearing, cursing us for fools, scattering the assembled crowd and finally demolishing the hut.

I have no explanation for this occurrence and it left me with an impression of an enormously powerful and evil force on the hidden end of the bamboo pole.

I never wanted to be part of such things again.

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**MASKI! TOMORROW**

by Corbett Kimmorley

At the end of 1945, the war not long over, Raleigh Farlow was the District Officer at Salamaua, from where the civilian Provisional Administration looked after the lands and people south of the Markham River. North of the river was the Huon District, still under the military, with Dick White, then a captain in the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit, as its District Officer.

In January 1946 ANGAU retired from the field and Raleigh brought his staff to Lae and joined the two Districts up, so restoring the old Morobe District.

As well as the civil government coming back at that time, Lutheran missionaries also began arriving and seeking out what remained of their old stations. "Reckless Reg" was then the Assistant District Officer. He asked me to help Pastor Fred Scherle, an American missionary, through the confusion then existing in Lae, get things for him, and take him to Malolo mission in a government workboat. The three of us held a conference on this. The only detail about it which I now remember was Scherle's baffled exclamation "That guy sure wouldn't know!" as we left Reg's office.

However, we got things organised and made the trip across the Huon Gulf to Malolo in a boat which the Administration had taken over, and which still had its Army number on the bows. I left Fred Scherle there with a lot of stores, timber, and so on, which had been scrounged or bought in Lae.

Soon after this Reg got me to go in the same boat with another Lutheran missionary, the Rev. F. Pietz, down the coast to what remained of Hopoi Mission, and see him ashore there. He also told me to buy bananas with money or stick tobacco from the Bukaua villagers around Hopoi while I was ashore. They grew well there and I was to get as many as possible for the administration labour line. I felt that he had a partiality for bananas himself.

Rev. Pietz and I did the two hour run to Hopoi and the coxwain brought the boat in on the west of Cape Arkona, near where the German prospectors Oldorp and Broeker drowned in 1910 when the "Letty" sank. He anchored just outside the lines of waves running in to break on the Bukaua

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MASKI! TOMORROW (continued)

beach. Canoes came out and Pietz and I landed and went into the bush, guided by some of the people.

We were taken to a village house where a teacher brought out and opened some suitcases which he had hidden in 1942 and had kept concealed from the Japanese. The things in these had belonged to a missionary - whether it was Pietz or not I do not know, as I took little interest in his examination of the articles, being busy paying for fruit and arranging for it to be taken to the beach and ferried by canoe to the workboat. But I did say how surprised I was that the contents of the suitcases looked so good after four years hidden away in the humid climate, especially some shoes, which still retained their shine.

This comment, though true, was not well received by Pietz. I found out why after I returned to Lae. Pietz was looking his station over before lodging claims for war damage and had been told that I was to check on the condition of things. My remark apparently made him think that I was taking a tough line about damage.

However I did not know that I should be some kind of assessor, or that Pietz thought that I was, and so I had been tactless. Reg had instructed me casually - his priority had been bananas - lots of them to be landed in Lae that afternoon. So, having bought and had them loaded, I left the Rev. Pietz to go to Hopoi, and headed back to the beach.

There I saw that something was amiss with the boat. The weather - the wind - unnoticed in the forest, had freshened up and was driving a heavy surf onto the strand. The waves which had been rising inshore of the boat when the anchor was dropped were now building up out to seaward, and it was heaving and plunging as they ran under it. I wondered why the coxwain had not taken it into deeper water.

When, with some difficulty and only by the skill of the village canoe men I got on board, I found out why. The working of the wooden hull in the rising sea had fractured the seawater intake pipe inboard of a stop-cock which had been open. The crew, hearing the water rush in, had lifted an inspection panel in the floor board and turned off the cock. This stopped the leak, but also blocked a branch of the pipe which led to the cooling pump, so that the engine could not be used.

They had also heaved a second anchor overboard and this, with the first, had stopped the boat driving ashore. As a further precaution someone had turned off the valve below the hand operated bilge pump, so that the water taken in could not be pumped out, and it was surging around beneath the floor.

In the emergency the crew had quickly done all they could and had saved the boat, but it was still in danger if the sea built up any more. They knew that the broken pipe had to be blocked before the water could be turned on again to the engine but had nothing to do this with.

I decided to go back ashore and get some wood to make a plug for the broken pipe. Urgency was necessary - not only was the boat in danger but under its awning there hung a large number of bunches of ripe bananas, swinging and swaying together, and like to be ruined if not got to Lae soon. The crew wanted to eat some - it was now mid-afternoon and we were all hungry - so I told them to go ahead, and ate a few myself.

After some delay a canoe got me to land, and sodden I searched the wind blown beach for driftwood to cut a plug from. Finding a piece of the right diameter I then asked the village officials to lend me a saw, but all they could find was an old blunt hacksaw.

Back on the pitching boat it took four men to hang on and hold me

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MASKI! TOMORROW (continued)

steady while I sawed a plug from the drift wood and tapered it with a knife. Then, coated with waterproof grease, it was tommed home into the corroded pipe. Slowly the valve was opened. The plug stayed fast, there was water again for the cooling pump and the engine was started. The boat headed up on her anchors, and as soon as they were hauled in we went over the waves and out onto the long swell of the Huon Gulf and turned westward.

Night fell. Under its cover the crew and some passengers who had come early aboard at Bukaua, and I too, ate bananas. It was astonishing that so few could eat so many. The boat rolled slowly on, until the black bulk of Mount Lunaman with the massive ficus tree on it, which in those days made a landmark for small boat mariners, guided us in to the wharf at Voco Point.

Next morning nearly all the stems hanging from the awning were bare. Reg felt the loss of the bananas keenly, but I steered his mind off this and convinced him - or thought I did - that the boat must be repaired before going to sea again. A man from some workshop who was consulted by Reg agreed with him that the job was necessary.

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In 1952 I went to Lorengau in Manus. There were two workboats there, the "Habob" run by Len Lourie and another of which Joe Marquis was coxwain. They were no longer the drab khaki colour which they had been when taken over from the Army, but now painted white, with buff and black trim, they seemed to be different boats.

Len took me to the west coast and offshore islands during most of April, and a little later I went with Joe in his boat to Pityliu Island, to do the census there. The boat seemed somehow familiar, and its name, "Lunaman", raised memories of the flat hill and its ficus tree, black in the night, behind Lae. This made me think that it might have come from there, and aware how things were done or not done in Papua New Guinea I eyed the inspection panel in the floor with a growing suspicion.

This suspicion proved to be well founded when I put my hand in the slot in the panel and pulled it up. There beneath it was the valve, with one pipe leading from it to the cooling pump, and another cut off short where a greasy wooden plug had been driven into it. This plug was of better wood than mine had been, and more neatly shaped, and the jagged ends of the pipe had been evened off. But the repair was virtually the same temporary and hazardous one I had made six years before.

This surprised me not at all.

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## SUPERANNUATION

Members may have heard that widows and widowers of superannuants who were receiving pensions under the 1976 Act now are eligible to receive super payments at the full rate for 7 paydays before it is reduced to the widows/widowers rate. This applies only to those under the 1976 Act and at present not to us - it was made on the basis of changes in the invalidity provisions of superannuation payments.

The Superannuated Commonwealth Officers' Association (SCOA) and our Association are attempting to have the same eligibility extended to Commonwealth and PNG retirees and a motion to that effect was moved - unsuccessfully - in the Senate recently. We are pursuing this matter on behalf of members.

## THE TWIN

by E.A.S. Ross

About 1932 I was managing a small Copra plantation at Hisiu for the Misses A.M. and A.H. Gors. During this time a flu epidemic was raging throughout the Territory and was taking a very high toll among the native population. My total local labour force was 18 and at one time I had the whole 18 down with it and after a few days they seemed to be coming along fine except one employee who seemed to have given in to the complaint, and was very ill.

One Saturday morning I awoke to hear wailing and signs of distress coming from the employees' quarters, so I sent my cook over to see what was the matter. He came back with the sad news that the "sick" employee had passed away during the night.

I was fortunate in having my father, who at the time was managing OBU Estate for the BNGD Co., only about ten miles away. Having to cope with a death and all the things that seemed to go with it was a bit much for an eighteen year old, so I phoned my father on the party line for advice. His instructions were to make sure that the employee was dead.

My reply was "How do I do that?"

"Well you will have to put your hand on him, feel his pulse and see that his heart is not still beating!"

This situation did not appeal to me at all, but I knew that in about an hour my father would ring and enquire as to how I was progressing. I went over to the employees' quarters and after going inside I looked around in the half dark to see where the deceased was. I asked the Foreman to confirm that he was dead and he replied in the affirmative.

I knew that I would have to do as directed by my father so I got up on the sleeping platform and put my hand on his chest. To my amazement he sat up and said "I am very sick and think I will die !!!" Of course I was shaken rigid but managed to get back to the house for a good strong drink.

About four days later I was having morning tea on the front verandah when my cook arrived in an advanced state of shock, shaking from head to foot almost unable to speak. I made out from the few words that he could utter that there was a native out the back who would like to see me. I went out and to my amazement there stood what appeared to be the employee that we had buried some four days ago. I must admit that this sent me into a state of shock and I could not make my mouth work at all.

The visitor broke the silence and solved the mystery for us.

"My name is ERA MIKA and I am the twin brother of MIKA ERA who was buried four days ago. I have come to work for you for six months to tend my brother's grave." Of course he was an identical twin and had markings on him resembling his dead brother, even to the hair on his chest.

He said that he had been working in his garden on the outskirts of OROKOLO and at about 8 a.m. on the previous Sunday he had a strange feeling in his head that all was not right with his twin. He knew that his brother was working for me at HISIU so set off right away. As he got closer he realised that the brother was dead. He said, repeatedly, over the six months that he was with me, that he had not spoken to anyone about his brother from the time he got the feeling in his head and left OROKOLO until he arrived at HISIU and he knew all along that his brother was in trouble.

I have heard since then that there seems to be an affinity between twins, and that somehow they do know if some untoward thing happens to their twin.

## BOOK NOTES & REVIEWS

### MILNE BAY 1942

Authors: Clive Baker and Greg Knight  
Obtainable from: Baker-Knight Publications, 13 Veronica Place  
Loftus, N.S.W. 2232 (02)5216515 (495 pp) Price \$32 plus  
package and postage \$7 Total \$39.  
Review by: Geoff Masters

At long last someone has finally finished a book on "The Battle of Milne Bay". The writers, Clive Baker and Greg Knight have done a wonderful job. The foreword is by Sir Fred Chilton who is the last surviving senior officer of Milne Force, and who tells me he is 87 next year (the 50th anniversary of the famous battle).

The story starts with Japanese plan to take Milne Bay and the effect of hundreds of troops going into the Bay on the native population, the swearing in of Administration officers such as Mac Rich and Alan Timperley into ANGAU and their part in the early days.

First troops to go to the Bay 55th Garrison Batt. did most of mapping and preparation work before the 7th and 18th Brigades arrived.

It lists the number of Australians set in battle against the number of Japanese landed. It clears up for good the number of coconut trees taken out of Gili Gili for No. 1 (Gurney) Airstrip. There are approximately 400 photos, some never previously seen, plus maps. In the appendix it lists each unit with names of all senior officers and their position at time of battle.

An excellent book with a lot of detail.

(Geoff Baskett's comments on the book were "it is heavy to pick up and hard to put down! It's fascinating reading to anyone who was connected with the battle." Ed.)

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### A HANDBOOK OF NEW GUINEA MARSUPIALS AND MONOTREMES

Author: Professor James (Jim) Menzies (University of Papua New Guinea)  
Obtainable from: Kristen Pres Inc., P.O. Box 3098, LAE, P.N.G. or the Bookshop, University of PNG, PORT MORESBY, P.N.G. Price K20.  
Review by: Robert L. Pulsford.

The book is attractively printed and the paperback edition is comprised of 183 pages.

Sixty-one species are described and keys for the identification of whole animals and isolated skulls are provided. There are 15 black and white figures illustrating diagnostic features or geographical distribution and eight colour plates depicting 31 species or subspecies. There are also keys for the scientific naming of the animals described.

In layman's language the animals dealt with in this book are Cuscuses, Kangaroos, Wallabies, Bandicoots, Echidnas, some small marsupials and Possums. Marsupials are mammals with pouches and monotremes are egg-laying mammals.

Jim's book is both an authoritative scientific reference and at the same time valuable to the general reader and naturalist.

(continued next page)

BOOK NOTES & REVIEWS (*continued*)

**ISLANDS AND MOUNTAINS**

Author: Geoffrey Baskett MBE  
Obtainable from: Geoffrey Baskett, 29 Mercer Street, CASTLE HILL, NSW 2154.  
Price \$A10.00 plus postage NSW \$1.20 other States \$1.40.  
Papua New Guinea K10 postage free (Air Mail).

A teenager leaves Sydney for a six-week visit to Kwato, an island off the south-east coast of Papua. The visit turns into nearly sixty years of service to the nation of Papua New Guinea for which he is awarded the MBE.

This autobiography tells of the author's first ever flight in a trimotor Junkers aircraft.... day and night shifts on tractors and a gold dredge on the Bulolo Goldfields.... service on the islands and mainland with ANGAU during the war when he rose through the ranks from private to captain.... a flight from Sydney to France in a Hythe flying boat... accompanying a Papuan man and his wife as they travel with MRA through Europe, America and New Zealand... service in various capacities on the staff of the well-known Kwato Mission... founding a production complex for the production of Christian programmes for nineteen radio stations and finally his "retirement" to Australia.

Told in an easy to read conversational style with humour and vivid descriptions of the beauty of the islands and the majesty of the mountains of Papua New Guinea, this is an up to date story of what happens when a man allows his life to be directed by God, and follows where His Spirit leads.

(The foregoing is from a synopsis provided by the publisher but there will be a proper review of the book in the March 1992 issue of the Newsletter.)

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**TAKE NECESSARY ACTION**

Authors: Chris and Louise Harkness  
Obtainable from: Chris and Louise Harkness, Villa Dei Fioretti, 25 Ryries Parade, NORTH CREMORNE, NSW 2090. 432 pp., price \$24.95.

The book is fiction based on fact - in fact it is Highland's Fiction and was actually written in 1971.

The story is set in the Highlands and takes place 31 days prior to Independence. The events that are predicted in the story did not actually take place at that precise time but in fact, many of them occurred over the ensuing years. The story is told from every angle and brings in planters, administration, flying, medical, indigenes both educated and uneducated and gives views from all sides. Over the 31 days, the story builds up to a climax and the authors are sure that the people from all over PNG will relate to some of the incidences in the book.

(The foregoing is taken from a synopsis provided by the authors, who advise that the book should be available in January 1992. It will be reviewed in the March 1992 issue of the Newsletter. Ed.)

# RETIRED OFFICER'S ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Dear Member,

The Committee is endeavouring to upgrade as well as update the Association's Membership Records and we have only very meagre details about many members, their families and their service in Papua New Guinea.

Consequently, if you have not completed one of the new application forms in recent months, we would very much appreciate you completing the details below and returning this to us as soon as possible.



Doug Parrish  
President

## MEMBERSHIP RECORD UPDATE

Full Name: ..... )  
Full Address: ..... ) Please  
..... )  
..... )  
..... ) print.  
Telephone Nos.: Home.....Work..... )

I am a Superannuant/Non-superannuant (Delete one).

DETAILS OF PNG SERVICE: Year of arrival.....Year of departure.....

Localities in which served: .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Positions held: .....

.....

OPTIONAL: Date of birth.....

Spouse's full name.....

Children's names.....

.....

.....

Signature

Please return to: R.O.A.P.N.G.

P.O. BOX 452

ROSEVILLE NSW 2069

.....

Date



## THE ASSOCIATION'S CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

will be held on

**SUNDAY 1ST DECEMBER**, at 11.45 a.m for 1 p.m.

at: **THE MANDARIN CLUB**

Cnr Pitt and Goulburn Streets, Sydney

Please note: The venue will be the Oriental Room - on the 4th Floor

Cost will be \$20.00 per head - a banquet style meal will be served.

Drinks at Club prices:-

Beer	\$6.00 per jug
Wine	\$6.00 per carafe
Soft drink	\$6.00 per carafe

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

The Council car park, corner Goulburn and Castlereagh Streets, will be open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. for a charge of \$4.00. The Club is not far from Town Hall, Central and Museum Stations. Anyone needing assistance with transport could please ring Pamela Foley on 428 2078.

Seating arrangements will receive special attention to help those attending alone or those who feel they may not know many people. If you wish to be seated with your friends please let us know who they are when you make your booking. **PLEASE BOOK EARLY!** It is most important that we know in advance how many are coming so that we can liaise efficiently with the Club, and not have to pay for meals booked for and not used. If it is necessary for you to cancel, a full refund will be made if Treasurer Mrs. Elma Holmes is telephoned on 958 4996 by noon on Friday 29th November.

Please make your cheque payable to R.O.A.P.N.G. and send with the Booking Slip below to The Secretary, R.O.A.P.N.G., PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.

### LUNCHEON BOOKING

NAME.....(Please print Christian and Surname)

I will be accompanied by.....

.....  
Please print full names [for name badges]

If possible I would like to be seated with.....

.....  
Enclosed please find my cheque/money order for \$.....

## LAW AND ORDER IN GOILALA

Bob HOAD of Port Moresby recently wrote to Geoff Masters and with Geoff's permission I quote from portion of Bob's letter

"I have just returned from my sabbatical to the Goilala. We went to a place called GANE which is near KERAU, but on the opposite side of the valley. Work was started there on an airstrip in 1977 by a priest (he has since gone) and I go back there once in a while to give it a boost. People are still working with their picks, spades and wheelbarrows. All they have to do is to cut the top off a mountain and make it long enough; with some cuts being more than 30 feet deep. Have paid a number of visits to these places over several years. Wonderful country, which is more than I can say for the people.

Actually I had intended staying for about 4 weeks; but I was advised for safety reasons to leave. Village social order has virtually collapsed and the "rascals" are terrorising the village people. There is again another curfew in Port Moresby and the real criminals have been pushed back to the mountains. There is a new word in here in their language. It is "home-made" and refers to shotguns.

These "rascals" are recruiting indolent village boys aged 14 to 20 and collectively they go in a gang from village to village, looting houses, raping the younger women, and degenerating the older women in society. Breaking into priest's houses, stealing their vestments and otherwise looting and threatening violence.

The bible-translator (SIL - an American) in a nearby village at SOPU was chopped when he had an argument over a shotgun. His wife was also wrestling with the "rascals" who were threatening her with a "home-made". Just young boys and she was bigger than them. Fortunately neither of them were killed; but he is not out of hospital yet either.

Village people insisted that I have to have guards at night. It was quite exciting. It is more than 20 years since I had such an exciting patrol. But in those days I had police with me. We were the government, and they didn't have guns, either. Eventually the police from Port Moresby arrived and burnt a few houses down, and otherwise punished those who had given shelter and food to the "rascals". The gangs then split up and some came this way; and the people said to me, "you had better go now" and so I did.

Law and order broke down in the Highlands several years ago and now this anarchy has reached our mountains."

## THE MOUNT LAMINGTON ERUPTION

The following is the text of a letter (slightly edited) written on 21 January, 1951 during the eruption by Bill Schleusener to his family:

"

Cocoa Area,  
Sangara Rubber Plantation  
Via Higaturu, Papua

.....

10.30 a.m. Sunday

Things are crook and I'm writing fast - just 5 minutes ago I nearly went thru the roof with noise of a bang - God knows I think a mountain must have blown away - a pall of smoke, the like of which it's impossible to describe came forth at at least 100 m.p.h. sideways and has absolutely covered everything - I saw it sweep over Higaturu and No 1 Plantation and heading this way, but with a slight north .....

Now 11.30. A little more calm now - I left off back there to stem a tide of panicing locals and had a spot of bother until I was heeded by the mob. The cloud (well, from our back window imagine the Town Hall issuing forth, and a cloud from the Plaza theatre at Paddington right round town way to Auchenflower Station and covering all that sky rolling along toward you jet black). Finally got mob to wait and not 5 mins after down came the muck - mud galore which lasted nearly 20 mins, and you want to see my station - there's nothing standing, or what is isn't apparently worth two bob.

Then the cloud came, filled with lightning and thunder and the locals scared almost white, screeching and asking me what to do -- Hell, I hadn't a clue myself - however I packed 'em in the store, under the store, and here we are, coughing like blazes.

After mud ( my house not the best protection with leaf roof - hence store) came grit and gravel and now there's inches of it over everything - a white grey colour. I've women 'n kids stacked in with pieces of wet calico over each one's face, and outside the powder is coming down. I've heard of a dead world, but this is the first I've seen - no wind or noise now, just a thick fog, a frightful bloody smell and we're just waiting for the muck to clear - I've been to inspect a couple of creeks and they're just grey slush.

12.45 p.m. Perhaps a little calmer again state of affairs now. I've packed the workers to their houses with strict instructions what to do if there's any more. There's still an ugly grey fog about and still horrible stench, and from the Lamingtons come thunderous noises, but just what's going on I don't know cos can't see a thing - God what desolation - inside the house I've 1/2 inch almost of grey muck everywhere, covering everything.

Have talked with a couple of workers who must have broken records coming from No. 1 - can't say I was altogether calm myself. When I saw it coming, I must have stood for 2 mins in utter amazement before coming back to senses. Honest, I didn't know what to do until I had the gumption to stay put - that's when I started this - (I was going to say a north wind might keep it away, but it didn't). Then it was a matter of organising the panic, and I didn't have time to think of myself, for with a few huskies we went round, board over the scone, bringing the kids to the store from the huts.

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## THE MOUNT LAMINGTON ERUPTION (continued)

Another thing, just before it all started, I heard a plane but didn't see anything. I'm told by a worker who came from No.1 that there were 5 planes and possibly over the hill when it went up - Gosh surely this will get a line or two in the papers - it's not actually a picnic.

Still I'm O.K. (the worst is this pungent stink) and won't be on the run, for I reckon one place is as good as another. Noise is still thunderous from mountains, but until this smoke gets away, there's no knowing what's going on - strange that I wrote the Don R a description, last night of Old Bertha - I'll have to add to it now!

1.45 p.m. Fog business seemed to be easing up, but it's coming back in a giant cloud and locals are coming down to the store, so I'll go see to them  
-----

2.45 p.m. Fog seems to be dispersing, but not the locals I've dozens hanging about now - one worker has come from No.1 - news from Higaturu I can't count on, but I think it's pretty well wiped out and apparently some fatalities - I'll believe it on verification ----

Many of the No 1. workers are around with their goods and chattels ready to blow, but I'm not moving yet - this place is still here and God knows what's going on in other parts - so the workers have decided to stick until I too, find it necessary to get cracking.

4.50 p.m. now. Just received note from returnees (local Orakaivas) - Higaturu is apparently gone, and most Europeans dead - the road between Sangara and Higaturu missing so nobody has been up. Villages on the road wiped out, dead and dying all over the shop in hundreds, and the trucks are apparently carrying the wounded to Popondetta - I'll tally what's left of the labour strength (lots have blown thru to villages near and far) tomorrow and possibly go in to help after I straighten out my own mess - there's clear air here now, but haze over mountain, still belching for all it's worth, but no noise. The workers won't go to their rooms so I've got 'em by the score about the store for the night - which I hope will be calm. Daytime panic one thing, but night another.

I'm finding it hard to credit that people at Higaturu are no more!

Later again. Will get this in tomorrow for there must be planes coming to bring assistance, altho no doubt you will have heard of the catastrophe.

etc. etc."

(Bill also reports "Records will show that a repeat of the 'bang' about 8 pm on 21/1 scared the wits out of myself and by now, scores of indigenes".)

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## THE MOUNT LAMINGTON STORY

David Marsh and Bob Pulsford, who are working on the story, are still in research mode. They wish to thank all those who have volunteered valuable information. We have received enquiries from some who are anxious to see the results, but we ask you to be patient and wait till they are ready.

## POST W.W.II PATROLLING IN PNG

by Nance Johnston

We have heard a lot in the past of men who helped to open up Papua New Guinea pre-war, Messrs. Karius and Champion, Dwyer, the Leahys and Taylor, Hides and O'Malley, Taylor and Black, but little, if anything, of the post war Patrol Officers who did their small share in opening up certain other areas. I consider that some of these old Patrol Officers should be encouraged to contribute to the Newsletter, perhaps an incident or two, from their exploratory patrols, so that people, who later went to Papua New Guinea, also realise that these men helped to make it possible for them to live and work there. In some cases, these Patrol Officers went into the unexplored and uncontrolled areas, unaccompanied by another European, and without the benefit of two way radios and air drops, with just a handful of policemen, an interpreter and some carriers to face up to the unknown, including the murdering cannibal warriors.

In the Kikori/Southern Highland areas some blank spots on the Strat. map marked "unexplored" or "no information available" were filled in, post war, by men like Ted Hicks, Des Clancy, Bill Johnston, Eric Flower, Lyn Clark, Peter Sheekey and probably others I do not know of. There are commercial interests established in some of these areas, such as oil and the Purari hydro scheme, made possible by the men who provided new information or added to what was already known. Of course, there are other areas besides this one, where similar post war exploratory patrols, or those into the uncontrolled areas, were done, with incidents of interest that could be told.

Bill suggested, that if I wanted to contribute to Una Voce it should be from a women's angle. I have recorded my memoirs (1946-1975) but this is only because of men like Bill and his ilk, both pre- and post-war, making it possible for me to have memories of Papua New Guinea to write about, and to me, what they did is more important and interesting than my experiences.

If my suggestion is acceptable the attached extraction from Bill's diary might be suitable to start the ball rolling.

### PATROL REPORT No.6 1952/53 23rd APRIL TO 21st JUNE, 1953

The attached is extracted from the diary of W.J. Johnston for the 60 day exploratory patrol from Kikori to patrol east from Mount Murray and Crummer Peaks across to the MacGregor Peaks and Lake Tebera. He was accompanied by 8 police, 1 interpreter and 30 carriers, and these men patrolled over some of the worst limestone and rugged terrain that it was the misfortune of the patrol party to have previously experienced.

On the 11th July, 1953 it was officially noted "an excellent patrol and one which must rank as one of the best carried out in the Territory for some time".

### A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PATROL OFFICER

Monday 18th May 1953

Breakfast was cooked and all fires out before daylight to avoid our smoke from being seen at Ofa. At 6.30am we broke camp and moved east. Our Siligi guides had remained the night with us but they made it quite clear that they were not keen to go further so they returned to their area a short time before we moved on. This meant that we practically had to toss a coin to decide which of the numerous tracks to follow.

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POST W.W.II PATROLLING IN PNG (continued)

The continued success of the patrol possibly depended upon making a successful contact with the Ofa people as a patrol moving blindly through the limestone ranges would be unlikely to achieve much, so it was with a considerable amount of tension that we moved forward as I wished to get within talking distance before we were seen or heard.

About 8.15am someone was heard calling their pigs from the top of the spur we were climbing, so we moved with all possible stealth and a closed patrol up in the direction of the caller. Suddenly we came upon a young girl and a woman who stared in amazement for a split second and then fled, calling out that it was war, murder etc. A man appeared a short distance up the track and began to feather an arrow but we made a step towards him and he fumbled and decided to run. At the same time, Suabi, the Interpreter was calling out that we had not come to fight and that it was not war, but answering shouts were heard quite close assuring the girl and the woman that they were coming down.

No attention was being given to the Interpreter's calls and warning yells were echoing across the hills and Suabi told me that they were assembling and preparing to attack. Fortunately, there was a small spur a few yards ahead of the patrol which had been partly cleared for a garden, within a matter of seconds we had gained this and the carriers and gear pushed up on to it and assembled in the centre with the police in defensive positions around the edge. By the time that the patrol whip was up in position we could hear men in the bush to the right and rear of our position and at the same time a party of warriors came dancing and prancing into view down the track in front of us. I considered our position unassailable but did not wish to fire even a warning shot as I did not want them to run away.

The front party advanced to a point just out of arrow range when they saw our position. Then for what seemed a very long time we talked to them and they kept threatening, abusing and dancing forward a few steps. The younger men kept up a continual dance and chant even after things had began to sink into the heads of the leaders. One of the leaders eventually moved forward on his own and Suabi went down and met him halfway and they talked for some time and Suabi was able to establish the fact of our peaceful intentions and brought him up to our position where I gave him a present. This man returned to his party and calmed their fears, we then moved down and followed the party on the track for a couple of hundred yards until we came to a dubu hidden from view by a small hill. We made camp here at 9.30am after we were sure that any stray parties in the bush knew that a peaceful conclusion had been reached.

A short talk was given and they began to bring food for sale. Our European goods were a continual source of amazement.

A surprise occurred during the afternoon which would have been unpleasant if things had gone differently during the morning. It appears that when the party came to attack the patrol one man immediately went across to the Nesonu people, who were in the sago swamps over the range to the north, and told them tales of murder and destruction at Ofa. The Ofa men, who were in the camp, immediately left for home and the Nesonu went first to their village and followed our footprints.

The first we knew of it was when we heard the hoots and yells of the party as they came bounding down the track. The Ofa men went out to meet them and to calm them down but one had come up by a side track and danced into view in front of the carriers' tent and to show that he wasn't a man to be trifled with, put an arrow to his bow without pulling it taut and slowly stamped his feet and chanted while fixing the carriers with a malevolent stare. There were some very worried carriers for a few minutes until some of the Ofa men told him to behave himself. He had been covered the whole time by three

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POST W.W.II PATROLLING IN PNG (*continued*)

police. After a time, forty odd warriors, all dressed and painted for a fight, came into the camp. At the insistence of the Ofa man they left all their weapons, except of course, their axes, a short distance from the village.

The remainder of the afternoon, until nightfall, was spent in making friends, talking and showing them various goods. Finally, a rifle demonstration was given and at the completion there were seventy to eighty little men where previously there had been seventy to eighty big men.

Night guard mounted, but police jittery so it turned out to be a full guard till dawn.

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## THIRTEEN DAYS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

*Geoff Baskett's Patrol Report!*

I had two important reasons for spending the past thirteen days in PNG. The first was to attend the Centenary Celebrations of Kwato Mission in Milne Bay where I was a member of the staff from 1933 to 1960, and the second was to attend the Silver Jubilee celebrations of Kristen Radio which I founded in 1966. These were to be held at Lae in the Morobe Province, about 360 miles from Kwato in a direct line.

I travelled from Sydney overnight by train to Brisbane and spent three days in the home of Paul and Chris Morrell and their two children Ross and Kerry. They were friends of mine from the time they lived in Lae some five years ago.

On 16th August I boarded a Qantas Airbus together with 15 others who were also visiting Kwato. They included seven who had previously been on Kwato staff, and others who were the second and in four cases the third generation of Kwato families. As the Airbus was not very full, we moved from seat to seat getting acquainted and practically took over the whole aircraft!

Arriving in the heat of Port Moresby at 1.35 p.m. we changed into a Dash 7 turbo-prop, four-engined aircraft for a one-and-a-half hour's flight to Milne Bay. Gurney airport is some 200 miles east of Port Moresby and is the airstrip in Milne Bay for Arotau, the main township of that area. I was in charge of the initial clearing of this strip during the Second World War when the battle of the Coral Sea was in progress. This strip was later to be crucial in providing a base for fighter aircraft which helped repel the Japanese invasion of Milne Bay in 1942.

At Gurney airstrip, following an instrument approach due to heavy cloud cover, we were met by Chris Abel, the grandson of the Founder of Kwato Mission, Rev. Charles Abel. Chris Abel is the Manager of Masurina Lodge, owned by a Milne Bay Cooperative. All of our party stayed there that night in very comfortable air-conditioned rooms - our priority on arrival was for hot showers after travelling through the tropical heat. Some of the party had left Melbourne that morning when the temperature before dawn was 4 degrees celsius. Milne Bay's temperature was around 30 degrees!

On Saturday we all boarded a fifty-foot launch and after three hours' sailing along the jungle-clad coasts of the Bay and among the coral islands off the south-east coast, we arrived at Kwato Island. This 72 acre island is shaped like a boomerang with its highest point at 150 feet - a small plateau where the famous Kwato Church stands. One of the arms of the boomerang had been cleared for a cricket and football ground, and this was the scene of Sunday's welcome for the Governor-General. More than 4,000 people had travelled to Kwato from neighbouring islands by canoes and small launches.

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### THIRTEEN DAYS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

The islanders had build small thatched-roof shelters around the football ground which was bordered on two sides by white coral beaches. We walked across the oval and greeted people as they came running to shake hands and, in some cases, embrace their old friends. - some of whom they had not seen since before the war. We walked over the island revelling in stories of the past, and then sailed across to Samarai, the main port of entry for Milne Bay in the past when people travelled to the islands in passenger vessels. We stayed the night in a small guest-house enjoying a meal of fish, chicken and local vegetables of yam, taro, sweet potato, pumpkin etc. All cooked in delicious coconut cream.

Sunday the 18th August had been chosen as the day to celebrate the landing of the Founder, Charles Abel, on Kwato in August 1891. On Sunday morning we again boarded the launch for the two-mile trip across to Kwato. When we arrived once more at the football ground, we walked through lines of school- children dressed in colourful school uniforms of green and white, blue and orange, and deep blue uniforms. Some of the children wore their traditional costumes of bright yellow and brown "grass" skirts. (These are actually made of find strips of the sago palm fronds and are coloured with dyes from orchids, roots and berries). There were also lines of ladies in uniform dresses of many colours, all had been made especially for this occasion. It was obvious that a great deal of work had been put into the building of the shelters which also included a beautiful shelter about sixty feet wide, with a sway-backed thatched roof, which is the design of the old village houses in that area.

There was great excitement when the Governor-General and his wife and party arrived in two helicopters which circled the island and, as the children scattered to the safety of the trees, landed in the centre of the oval. As the choirs sang "God Save the Queen", the official party and everyone else stood to attention, and then followed handshakes all found as the guests made their way to the main shelter. Then followed a short service led by the Pastor of the Kwato Church, Pastor Naba Bore, and this was followed by Sir Cecil Abel, son of Charles Abel, who spoke in both English and the Suau language telling everyone of the early days and history of the Kwato Mission.

During a very tastefully arranged morning tea, the choirs from local villages and schools sang songs of welcome and the Governor-General moved round being introduced to other guests and talking to them. Later he and his party walked to the Church along a road which was shaded by many beautiful trees and shrubs. The Governor-General, Sir Serei Eri, was shown over the Church and told its history before he walked down to the "elbow" of the boomerang. This was the site of the first cricket-ground to be constructed on Kwato. It was formerly a deep swamp, but hard work and tons of rock and soil thrown in by the early Kwato students, changed it into the place where cricket was first played in Papua.

After inspecting the boatshed where a group of some thirty young men are being trained by a British Volunteer worker financed by a grant from the E.E.C. Aid Programme, the Governor-General made his way to another decorated shelter where he invested an earlier staff member, Arthur Swinfield, with the O.B.E.

Arthur was formerly the boatbuilder at Kwato and trained many Papuans in this occupation. The second generation of men trained by Arthur are still building excellent wooden launches in the Milne Bay area. Arthur later became one of the senior designers for the Royal Australian Navy during the war. He returned to PNG some years ago to design and help build a very fine, 60 foot vessel used in conducting tourists on diving expeditions round the coral reefs of PNG. After the investiture, I had the chance to present His Excellency

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### THIRTEEN DAYS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (*continued*)

with a sketch of the Kwato Church which Sherrilyn Church (!) had drawn especially for him. He was very grateful for it, held it up for others to admire and told me he would have it framed and hung in Government House in Port Moresby.

After a very fine buffet meal, the official party left by helicopter for Arotau and, later we also left for Arotau via Samarai in our launch. It had been a very memorable day, filled with emotion, beauty and gratitude to God for all He had done to bring about the founding and development of Kwato Mission which has been the means of bringing men, women and children to Christ, and training them to be responsible leaders of their nation. The following morning at Koeabule Mission near Arotau, the Governor-General invested one of the early Kwato nurses with the MBE. Mrs Garoinedi Tariowai is now 97 years old, possibly the oldest Papuan woman alive. She not only nursed thousands of patients at the Kwato Hospital, but trained many Papuan nurses over the years. At both of the investitures, Sir Serei Eri gave very fine off-the-cuff speeches, thanking the people for all their hard work and in which he praised the work of Christian missions and Churches in the development of Papua New Guinea as a nation and stressed the need for the nation to be founded and brought up in the Christian way of life.

Over the next few days, we were taken to two other areas of Milne Bay where Kwato villagers lived. They welcomed us emotionally, danced, sang and fed us with mounds of local food, and always regaled us with cups of tea, home-made scones and "Kwato buns", carrying on a tradition of the early English missionaries. In my opinion, a very worthwhile tradition!

I left the party on the morning of Thursday, 22nd August and flew to Lae, about 450 air-miles from Milne Bay. The first part of this trip was very exciting as I sat beside the pilot in a twin-engined turbo-prop Otter flying over a bank of clouds - I was very grateful for my Polaroid sunglasses as the glare from the bright sun on the white clouds was almost blinding. At Port Moresby I changed to an F28 jet aircraft and sat beside my friend Andrew Brownlie who was to be my host at Lae. On arrival at Lae he took me in a VIP taxi which he had ordered in advance. My first-ever ride in one of these luxurious cabs costing \$30 each for a 44km. ride to the town from the airport!

On Friday night I was the honoured guest at a party given by Kristen Redio to thank the staff and students of the Martin Luther Seminary who have allowed us to stay on their property and put up our production centre and accommodation facilities over the past 17 years. Roast pig, mounds of local and highland vegetables, water-melon, bananas, pawpaw, chicken and basins of rice helped to feed the two or three hundred guests. After the meal I was given the chance to speak as Founder of Kristen Redio and others shared their gratitude for the establishment of this centre. The dances which followed had to be cut short as Lae is under a 9 to 5 curfew. It was quite eerie driving through the completely deserted streets of Lae at 8.45 p.m. which are usually bustling with people at that time of night.

Sunday was a MIRACLE! Lae had been deluged with rain for the past six weeks and the roads were a mass of potholes. Vegetable gardens were suffering as a result and all Kristen Redio staff were praying for sunshine as their arrangements for the Silver Jubilee had been planned to be held outside the buildings. Not a drop of rain fell on Saturday and it was a day of bright sunshine! On Sunday, as though God had wanted to underline His goodness, down came the deluge again.

The celebrations were very impressive with about 500 people attending the ceremonies, commencing with a procession of choirs singing their way along one of the main roads accompanied by police motor-cyclists for half a mile or so to the Kristen Redio complex. All of us on the dais were garlanded with

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### THIRTEEN DAYS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (continued)

frangipani leis and the dais was beautifully decorated with flowers, ferns and palm-fronds. Following an ecumenical Church service with leaders from the United Church, Anglican, Lutheran and Christian Leaders' Training College taking part, speeches were given by Government and Church leaders. I was asked to speak as Founder and showed how God had led me in the first place to commence this work so the people of PNG could hear the Gospel through the radio. I paid tribute to the many people who had served on the Board and staff of Kristen Redio over the past 25 years and quoted the verse from the Psalms which says, 'Therefore I will praise You among the nations O Lord. I will sing praises to Your Name'. I was then presented with a beautifully carved "story-board" depicting the work of Kristen Redio among the villages of PNG.

In his speech, the Minister for Labour, the Hon. Tony Ila said that, as a leader, he believed that the nation must be built on the Rock of the only true Foundation - Jesus Christ. Following the speeches, the present Chairman of KR shared that the financial side of the work was suffering badly due to Churches not having kept up their commitments to support the work. He said the staff had worked a month without salaries and the telephones had been cut off for two months. This brought an immediate response from an Indonesian business man who promised a cheque for K2,000 (about Aus. \$2,700) and other gifts which totalled a further K2,500, for which we thanked God.

On the dais I was unable to wear a hat or use a sunshade, so I got quite sunburned as the result of God's miracle! Following an official luncheon, various groups took part in dances and choral items - all in brilliant sunshine ...

On Sunday I was asked to speak to the congregation of the United Church where I was Chairman for five years before coming to Castle Hill. Some 600 people attended the service and it was a wonderful chance to greet many old friends once again. That evening I was given another special dinner in the home of Leonard Valu, the present Chairman of Kristen Redio and a great friend of mine over many years.

Leaving Lae on 29th August I flew to Port Moresby and then on down to Brisbane. On the plane I found I was seated beside Bishop Bevan Meredith who I had known over many years. He was the only passenger on the aircraft of about 400 passengers that I knew by sight. I wonder WHO arranged the seating for that flight?!!

In Brisbane I was met at the airport at 9 p.m. (only 2 1/2 hours' flight from Port Moresby as it was downhill all the way!) and driven to the home of Paul and Chris Morrell again.

On Sunday, 1st September, I attended their Church, the Gateway Baptist Church which had about 600 men, women and children at the service. It turned out that I had met their senior Pastor, Brian Andrew, when he came as a volunteer carpenter many years ago to CLTC in Papua New Guinea. Others who had also met me in PNG came to greet me and make me feel at home in their Church.

That afternoon, the Morrells had organised a picnic for about 38 folk who had all been members of the Lae United Church over the past years and who were now living in Toowoomba and around Brisbane. We met at a beautiful park on the shores of a dam halfway between Brisbane and Toowoomba and it was fun greeting friends I had known and stayed with in their homes in the past. Many of the families hadn't met each other for three or four years, so there was great excitement comparing the growth and experiences of their children and sharing their adventures in the Land of Oz since they had left PNG. They all decided to make this an annual event and made me promise to return next year!

I travelled again by train from Brisbane to Hornsby, and Elaine Nutt, Vivienne and Alice kindly met the weary traveller at 9.05 pm on Monday 2nd

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THIRTEEN DAYS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA (Continued)

September. So ended a very eventful and highly memorable three weeks for which I thank God for many miracles, the caring fellowship of Christian friends and His promise for the continuing growth of the work at Kwato Mission and Kristen Redio.

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HELP WANTED

Would any member who was evacuated on the MV Neptuna from Samarai on Christmas Eve 1941 please contact:

Mrs. Rosemary Browne  
6 Woodlawn Drive  
BUDGEWOI NSW 2262  
Telephone: 043.90.9265

\*\*\*\*\*

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Mr. Eric G. Berg, who apparently lived on the Gazelle Peninsular in New Britain, please contact:

Mr. Hugh Frame  
Oxford University Press  
253 Normanby Road  
SOUTH MELBOURNE VIC 3205

\*\*\*\*\*

Terry White recently wrote to me as follows:

"I am currently researching for a book with the working title "The Benign Colonialists". It is my view that the Australian administration in pre-independent PNG have little to be ashamed of and much to be proud of. A view not always shared by many "Johnny-come-latelies: and by some academics. I would welcome any contributions any old hands might like to offer and who happen to share my view".

Terry can be contacted as follows:

Terry White  
75 Suncoast Drive  
Blackmans Bay  
HOBART TAS 7052  
Phone 002.29.1080

\*\*\*\*\*

Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of Kitty Oriel (nee Depremorre) please contact:

Mrs. Wendy Schwass  
PO Box 365  
MOUNT HAGEN  
Papua New Guinea

## VALE

Mr. Ronald J Green (12 June 91, aged 58 years)

Born on 28 Nov 1932 at Terang, Vic., Ron attended Warrnambool and Geelong High Schools. He went to PNG in 1955 as a cadet patrol officer. From then until 1959 when he commenced a one-year course at ASOPA, he was posted at Morobe, Wasu and Finschhafen. In 1957 Lesley and he were married whilst he was on leave in Australia. After returning to PNG, he served at Menyama, Bogia, Madang and Bundi. As the historian, Bill Gammage, one of his many friends, puts it, "Ron was really a nambis kiap".

In the 1950s, he commenced studying by correspondence and in 1968-69 completed a BA LIB at the University of Queensland. Between 1970 and 1976, he held postings of two years each: as ADO on magisterial duties at Port Moresby, next with the Dept of Social Development and Home Affairs, and then as Lecturer in Public Administration at the Administrative College. Bill Tomasetti fraternally remembers Ron's work at Adcol as 'honed by that prime source of wisdom in PNG: years of work in the field.' A fine all round sportsman, Ron excelled at tennis and Aussie Rules (he represented New Guinea in the 1950s).

Ron, Lesley and their five children left PNG in January 1976 and settled in Adelaide.

As a former lecturer recalls, 'Ron tackled the Graduate Diploma in Legal Practice course with great enthusiasm, bringing to his studies a professionalism, and was ever encouraging of younger students....' Admitted as a solicitor in 1978, Ron commenced practice with Chris Vass, a former kiap, and later practised on his own. Ron's legal career was characterised by his compassion to clients and his vital involvement in legal education. Barrister Geoff Britton, who was head of the Diploma course, considers that Ron was the leading mining lawyer in South Australia. 'His enjoyment of what he did in practice rather than financial rewards was refreshing..... he endeavoured to bring a simplicity to his lifestyle which he considered most should best reflect the way that we in a very lucky society should conduct ourselves.'

A man of modesty and high moral standards, Ron was an exemplary husband and father. To Lesley and Graham, Fiona, Petina, Vanessa and Katie goes our deeply felt sympathy.

(Just before going to print, I received a letter from another ex-kiap, Terry White, and the following is an extract from comments by him about Ron. Ed.)

"You will be aware that Ron and I shared a number of years as kiaps in the Morobe District. I had the privilege and the pleasure of having him accompany me on a number of patrols in the Finschhafen sub-district.

.....Later we went on to visit villages in the Komba and Timbe areas. We climbed on to the Sarawaged Range which forms the spine of the Huon Peninsular and when we descended to the nearest Komba village of Ilam, Ron received word of a friend who was in some strife in Lae. Without hesitation Ron climbed up over the range again and proceeded down the Markham Valley to Lae....one hell of a walk, to give what assistance he could. Such was the nature of the man.

Ron was a strictly 'straight from the shoulder' person. If he disagreed with you or considered that you had acted unwisely or made a wrong decision, he would be the first to let you know. One learnt to value that sort of person. He would never be swayed by idle gossip, would defend any maligned person until the facts were proven and would never hesitate to help anyone in need. Our loss will be the gain of those he has now gone to join in that "haus-kiap in the sky". There too he'll surely pursue his commitment to truth and justice."

(The Sarawaged Range at it's highest point is over 14,000ft. Ed.)



Mr. Philip Miles HOWELL (6 March 91 aged 83 years) (Reported briefly in June)  
Phil was born in Wallasey, England, in 1908 and came to Western Australia in 1929. He was a Medical Orderly Serjeant in the R.A.A.F. based in Singapore during the war and was one of the last to leave when Singapore fell. He also belonged to the "Sempawang Association". After the war he became a Health/Meat Inspector in Western Australia.

He went to New Guinea in 1953 and served in Lae and Madang. Whilst in Lae he became very involved in the Rifle Club and continued this interest when he went to Madang, being PNG Champion for several years.

Phil was responsible for the clearing and draining of the ficus which greatly helped in mosquito eradication.

He retired in 1964 to Perth in Western Australia where he was employed by the Public Health Department for relieving work as a Health Inspector.

He is survived by his widow, Margaret, who resides in Parth, a son John also in WA and a daughter, Christine, who lives in Melbourne.

Mrs. Vera Lenory SLINGER (16 September 91 aged 66 years)

Vera and her late husband, Cecil, were both born in Temora NSW and spent some time in Rabaul New Britain where Vera worked at Colyer Watsons and Steamships for varying periods and Cecil was a Project Manager with the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries. People from Rabaul regarded Vera as a very helpful and popular person. She is survived by her sisters, Flo Begley and Nellie Winbank and brother, Dave Cupples.

Mrs. Kate MIDDLETON (7 June 91)

Kate, who was always known as Ivy, was the youngest child of the Grahams and was the widow of Frank Middleton.

She would be remembered by many ex-residents of Port Moresby as she was the Cashier at Burns Philp for many years.

She is survived by her elder sisters, Mary (Baldwin) and Margaret (Leydin).

Mr. Robert William KYTE (30 September 91 aged 82 years)

Robert joined the Department of Trade and Industry in 1953 and was a Collector of Customs when he retired in 1964. He was residing at Port Macquarie prior to his death. (No further information available. Ed.)

Mr. William JOHNSTON (20 September 91 aged 84 years)

Was a Master in the PNG Department of Trade and Industry from 1959 to 1967. (No further information available. Ed.)

Mr. William Reuben BAILEY (8 October 91 aged 70 years)

Was a Dental Mechanic with the PNG Department of Health from 1957 to 1969. (No further information available. Ed.)

Mrs. Dorothy PETTIFER (2 June 91)

Dorothy was the widow of Jack Pettifer who was with the PNG Department of Posts and Telegraphs. She worked for the Electricity Commission in Boroko, Port Moresby, for a number of years before they retired to Byron Bay NSW.

She is survived by her three sons, Richard, Jack and Phillip.

Mrs. Olive BISHOP (25 December 90)

Olive, well known in Port Moresby, was the wife of Cyril Bishop who worked for John Stubbs.

She is survived by her husband, Cyril, and daughters, Kathy and Coralie.

Mr. Warner SHAND (24 October 91, aged 77 years)

Warner Shand went to New Guinea in January 1936 as a Patrol Officer, being posted to New Ireland, Sepik and Chimbu. He joined ANGAU when the Japanese landed, and ended the war as major in charge of the troops taking over New Ireland from the enemy. Post-war Warner served in various centres including Samarai and Kokopo. He then set up a law practice in Rabaul, and later branches in Lae, Goroka, Bougainville and Port Moresby. Ephraim Jubilee was made a partner, being one of the first New Guineans in private practice. Warner finally left PNG in 1988 although the practice still carries his name.

He is survived by his wife, Gaby, son Roger, and daughter Georgina.

#### WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

DR. D.C. ABBOTT	"GWANDALAN" FERN ST. SOUTH	GERRINGONG NSW 2534
MR. L.R.S. AUSTIN	LOT 30, MATHEW CRESCENT	BURPENGARY QLD 4505
MR. G.G. COLLETT	"LAHARA", GRAFTON RD MAIL,	GLEN INNES NSW 2370
MR. F.R. COLEMAN	16 FULLERS RD.	CHATSWOOD NSW 2067
MRS. J. CUTLER	14 ORCHARD GROVE	HEATHMONT VIC 3135
REV. W. LUTTON	6 HILLTOP CRESCENT,	IVANHOE VIC 3079
MR. L.R. MANSFIELD	119 MONACO ST. RIO VISTA,	BROADBEACH QLD 4218
MRS M. MANSFIELD	119 MONACO ST. RIO VISTA,	BROADBEACH QLD 4218
MR. P. PETRIDES	UNIT 4, 4 DARTER COURT,	LEANYER N T 0812
MR. F.V. REITANO	7 SAMARA ST.	SUNNYBANK QLD 4109
MR. H. SCHAAFSMA	15 CUTLER RD.	CLONTARF NSW 2093
MR. N.S. SUBBARAMAN	3 PINDARI AVENUE	CASTLE COVE NSW 2069
MR. K.H. Van HORCK	P O BOX 874, KIHEI,	HAWAII 96753 U S A
MR. T.W. WHITE	75 SUNCOAST DRIVE	BLACKMANS BAY TAS 7052
MR. B.S. GRIFFIN	31 YOKU STREET	ASPLEY QLD 4060

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

MS. M. AHERN	3 ASHBURTON ST.	CHAPEL HILL QLD 4069
MR. P. CORDUKES	9447 TURNBERRY DRIVE, POTOMAC	MD20854 U S A
MR. R.W. CARLAW	P O BOX 308, WASHOUGAL,	WA98671 U S A
MRS.A.M. GILES	296 SINGLETON RD.	WILBERFORCE NSW 2756
MRS. J. PENDRIGH	P O BOX 374	SANDY BAY TAS 7005
MR. F.T. RYE	P O BOX 1102	NOWRA NSW 2541
MR. A.L. WILLIAMS	3 MAYS COURT, AITKENVALE	TOWNSVILLE QLD 4814

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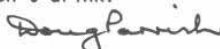
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VERY HAPPY AND HOLY

FESTIVE SEASON

I hope to see many of you at the Christmas Luncheon but take care during the holidays and over the Christmas and New Year period. Drive carefully but if you are going to drive don't drink!

Keep smiling.



Doug Parrish  
Editor