



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
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Print Post Approved PP224987/00025

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No. 3, 1995 - September

Dear Member,

We have been celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the cessation of World War II and the "Australia Remembers 1945-1995" program has included three pilgrimages by veterans to commemorate sites of particular importance to Australian operations during the war.

One of the pilgrimages was to PNG and we were very fortunate to have one of our members, Doug Franklin, selected to participate. Doug has supplied us with a report of his trip and some details of their reception by the PNG people. These are included in this issue.

Also included are a number of articles, pertaining to the war in PNG, which have been collected over the years.

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

It is suggested that you now make an entry in your diary and on your calendar of the following and you firm up your arrangements now, so that you and your ex-PNG friends are able to attend our

**1995 Christmas Luncheon on Sunday
3 December 1995 at the Mandarin Club
corner Pitt & Goulburn Streets Sydney**

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

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NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Doug FRANKLIN (Brisbane)

(Some personal observations by Doug of the Pilgrimage to PNG which he reports in detail elsewhere in this issue.)

.....Everywhere we went the PNG people shook our hands and patted our backs, saying thank you, thank you. The biggest welcome was at Popondetta where at least 10,000 people jammed the memorial service area in the middle of town, clapping and kundu beating almost continuously.

To go from Sanananda to Buna we had to be embarked by "banana boats" (small fibreglass canoes) with eight Veterans at a time with life jackets on, from the beach out to a large 24 metre catamaran. It was a tricky operation because there was a sea running. Some of the media people were excellent and helped to hold and lift each Veteran from the tossing banana boat up a ladder on to the catamaran which had come over specially from Lae.

At the Lae Service, held at the War Cemetery, Bart Philemon gave what I thought to be the best speech on behalf of Papua New Guinea. He thanked the Veterans and Australia and said that the PNG people will never forget that Australia saved the country from the Japanese.

It was not easy to speak to every one of the 117 Veterans but I did ascertain that the following were either Veterans and former Govt. or private enterprise personnel in PNG.

Jim Ross	- ex Samarai and ANGAU
Alan Hooper	- ex PIB, ANGAU and DDA Papua
Tom Dietz	- ex DDA
Jim Miller	- ex DCA 1936 forward
Charles McGirr	- ex Bulolo '48 and Lae RSL Manager '59-61
David Houghton	- ex PWD Training Moresby
Don Hook	- ex A.B.C. Moresby
Noel Owers	- son of Gerry Owers
Bede Tongs	- Father of Gary Tongs, Treasury Mendi 69-73
Bill Harry	- ex Papua (I think ex 2/22nd Rabaul, Lark Force. Ed)
Jim Miller	- ex DCA Chief Airport Inspector & Fly River 1936

I remember being awakened at about 5.00am on the day of our arrival at Moresby by lights shining in the cabin porthole. It was the Pilot boat alongside when the ship was outside the Basilisk Passage entrance to the harbour. I could see the lights on Tuaguba Hill - they looked beautiful. Later that day we were entertained at the residence of the Australian High Commissioner, Mr Bill Farmer, on Tuaguba Hill. At least 120 people were there. I spoke to Wally Lussick looking fairly trim and well.

In summary, the Papua New Guinea Pilgrimage, as part of "Australia Remembers 1945-1995" year was an outstanding success. We were told that over six months planning had gone into it. Just the transport in PNG side of it with 117 Veterans, a full military band, which travelled on the ship, the medical team which went everywhere with the Veterans and the media contingent made it a huge operation. The Hon. Minister for Veterans' Affairs Mr. Con Sciacca M.P. and his staff, especially R.Adm. Neil Ralph R.A.N., the Pilgrimage Director, are to be congratulated on a magnificent job well done.

Jim TONER (Northern Territory)

In the June issue I mentioned Ken TRESIZE, once one of Harry Jackman's brightest and best in the Co-ops Registry. Concurrently Ken got a mention in the Queen's Birthday Honours list for PNG. Congratulations Sir 'Terasisi', Knight Bachelor.

(Continued next page)

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS (continued)

When Claude MATTINGLEY arrived at Mendi in 1955 he had already been a Capuchin Brother for twenty years. There the genial artisan made a major contribution to the physical establishment of the Catholic Mission. In those days, if memory does not fail me, the clergy living quarters were built on 10ft stumps and access was by a trap-door in the floor and a ladder which was pulled up at night. Well ... the Friars were from Pittsburgh which had come into existence as Fort Duquesne - so they knew a bit about repelling attacks by the natives.

Last March Claude clocked up sixty years as a Brother and there was a considerable celebration at St. Fidelis College near Madang where he lives in frail but honourable retirement. After forty years in PNG, a Pennsylvania winter wouldn't suit at all.

Ann CHOWNING commenced research in the Nakanai area of West New Britain in 1954 and has made numerous visits since. Last Christmas she retired from the chair of Anthropology at Victoria University NZ and, when clearing her desk, sent me a copy of her 1989 article titled "Sex, Shit, and Shame." (In the competitive world of academic publications, securing the reader's attention is a prerequisite). She describes how extreme shame was felt by a Nakanai male if a woman, other than his closest female kin, knew anything of his anal functions or referred to them. Professor Chowning, who has now swapped windy Wellington for balmy Auckland, says that Nakanai men defecated secretly in the bush but if observed by a woman the alternatives were for him to kill her lest she speak of it, or to kill himself. However, this anal denial and shame appears to have died out due to the dispersion of children in schools and the experiences of men living away from the Nakanai.

I cannot recall any of my WNB wantoks in the Sixties mentioning this odd, and burdensome, obsession and none of them were renowned for avoidance of delicate topics. Strange.

COMMONWEALTH PHARMACEUTICAL BENEFITS SCHEME

Miss Westbrook of Lane Cove NSW, one of our members, has brought to our notice that in the last Federal Budget the Medicare Levy was increased by .1% and the safety net limit for Pharmaceutical Benefits was increased to \$600.00 for both married and single taxpayers.

This will mainly impact those persons who have made provision for funding their own retirement, particularly single people. This is an iniquitous impost on retirees and members should take the matter up with their Federal Members. Miss Westbrook has already taken the matter up with State and Federal Health Ministers, the former stated it was a Federal matter and the Federal Health Minister referred it to her Department which was most unsympathetic. So get cracking folks!

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Jim HUXLEY of Carlton NSW reports that Kerry and Lyn Larkin have started on a longtime dream. They are off to Malawi in Africa after Dr. Larkin's acceptance of a two-year posting as Associate Professor of Surgery at Malawi University.

Kerry, 59, was an Administration medical officer in Papua New Guinea for a number of years. He served at Port Moresby and Bulolo. Before her marriage Kerry's wife was Lyn Shorthouse, younger daughter of the Cecil Shorthouse's of Port Moresby. Since her marriage she has worked alongside Kerry as receptionist, nurse and general assistant. She will continue to work as his assistant during their sojourn in Malawi.

Mrs Larkin's elder sister, Maureen, is Mrs George O'Rourke. The O'Rourkes now live in the Brisbane suburb of Mansfield. They lived in Port Moresby, where George was advertising manager of South Pacific Post for many years.

The Larkins lived in Rockhampton for 24 years, but Kerry has wanted to work in a Third World country for many years and he grabbed the chance when he was offered the position in Malawi. He will work for the International Federation of Surgery, which is closely connected with the United Nations Organisation. During the past year Kerry worked for the University of Queensland's Department of Surgery. He has shared that time between teaching surgery and medicine.

An Australian Rugby Union representative front-row forward, Kerry played in two internationals against the New Zealand Maoris, in 1958. In PNG he played Rugby League with the DCA club in Port Moresby and with Bulolo. He represented in inter-Territory games with Papua.

While in Malawi Lyn, besides assisting her husband in his work, will counsel terminally ill cancer patients, mainly children.

Malawi, which is the fourth poorest country in the world, is about the same size as Victoria, but houses a population similar to Australia's.

The Larkins left Australia in the third week in July, after spending a short holiday with the O'Rourkes at their Mansfield home.

Bob BRYANT of Deloraine, Tasmania, is a new member and the following is a quote from his letter when joining: ".....I can hear Freddie Kaad saying 'Bob Bryant? Where the hell has he been for the past 20 years?' Briefly I have a heart condition which prevents me from living in sub-tropical conditions hence my proximity to the Antarctic! The fact that Patricia is a Tasmanian also encouraged us to settle here. We have a small farm on which we run a few sheep on the outskirts of Deloraine equidistant between Launceston and Devonport. We live in proximity to the Great Western Tiers, a range of mountains similar to the Highlands of New Guinea.

I see Ric Giddings (ex Kiap) occasionally on trips to Hobart, he and his wife run a Colonial Accommodation establishment on the outskirts of Hobart. My only other contact is as a member of the Brisbane based NGVR/PNGVR Association."

(Bob, a big welcome to the fold and we all did wonder what had happened to you. Harry, Freddie and I reciprocate your kind regards. Ed)

Harry WEST and **Freddie KAAD**, our President, and Deputy President, in mid-July, decided that Sydney was too cold and in true Aussie management style went north - leaving all the hard work to their committee. We didn't mind that so much but were more than a little irritated when we complained about the 12-14 degree cold here only to be told that they were enjoying 24-26 degrees! In what seems to be developing into an annual pilgrimage, they got

(continued next page)

HAVE YOU HEARD??? (continued)

as far as Bundaberg before being waylaid for a few days by Les Brady (ex coffee, Kainantu and affectionately known as "4QG"). There they looked at the history of Bert Hinkler, the first Australian to fly solo from England to Australia, and the vast sugar industry. They were also introduced to "Dark and Stormy" - not too enticing girls, but a mixture of rum and ginger beer, both brewed in Bundy - highly commended for medicinal purposes, but in small doses!

Then a week or so with the hospitable Margaret and Bill Kelly at Sunshine Beach, next to Noosa seeing the Storers (Treasury) from Adelaide, Ann Smith from the Blue Mountains and locals like the Jack Smalls (Rabaul), the Rhys Healys (PHD), the Sid Neilsens (Edcn), the Jim Sinclairs (DDA) and Betty and Harry Roach. The latter took Freddie fishing along Laguna Beach where they threw back the little ones but took home some good sized bream. After that a couple of days in the rolling hills behind the Sunshine Coast, a beautiful scenic area where arts, crafts and good food flourish. Visitors should not miss the Mary Cairncross Nature Reserve near Maleny where birdlife abounds in the rainforest and across the road there are wonderful views of the Glasshouse Mountains. There they saw Laurie and Robyn Doolan, Ted and Pattie Higgin who have a magnificent home atop a hill and a horse stud, but missed the elusive John Frew.

Then over to Tyalgum at the foot of Mt Warning to see what Geoff Burfoot (DDA) was up to with his herbs, geese, fruit trees and cattle and to sample his excellent Asian cooking. Back to the Gold Coast where they attended the bi-monthly luncheon of the PNG Club there and much appreciated the warm welcome and seeing so many friends. (Freddie told that dynamo Ira Halliday that he hadn't received a copy of "Garamut" for ages and was promptly told "no subs, no Drum" so now he is financial again!)

Vin Smith acted as chauffeur and P.R. and showed off the Robina area with its 4 golf courses and huge new city now being built, electric train station included. Really worth seeing, but the question is - where does the water come from and the sewerage and rubbish go to? Next stop was Brisbane, and the main attraction - the Goroka Reunion. Norm Mullins had the unenviable task of M.C. but did it with panache, giving a personality history of Goroka's early days, recalling a wonderful array of the colourful characters who in their various ways did so much. Unfortunately most of them are now gone, but it was good to be reminded of them. With 360+ people there were many familiar faces, just as many unfamiliar, and also lots of sons, daughters and younger brothers and sisters whose family resemblance proclaimed their names. The Leahy and Collins clans were there in force, Meg Taylor looking very well, with air transport represented by the Gibbes and the Brian McCooks. Ian Downs and many other friends and strangers too numerous to mention.

In Brisbane they also had a Russian dinner cooked by Ronnie Galloway which taxed their capacity and that of other guests including Ken McKenzie (P.I.R.). They lunched on the South Bank with the J.J. Murphys and the Ken Jones' and Ronnie Galloway. They also saw Harry's son David and Tony Cooke, the Don Clarkes (Rabaul chemist) and Tim Kelly - the driving force behind the Wickham Hotel in Fortitude Valley, which recently won the title of Best Restaurant in Brisbane. Finally back to Sydney, calling on Peter Coote (Rabaul and Witu) who has a very interesting 100 acres at Alstonville. Freddie was particularly pleased at being able to see Vin Smith and Tony Cooke, who helped pull him out of the burning plane after the crash in 1964, and Brian McCook the pilot who eventually found the plane.

It was winter when they left but when they returned to Sydney they found that winter had suddenly turned into summer with temperatures in the high 20s. But the trip had been most enjoyable and they returned exceedingly refreshed.

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Roma BATES, of Dulwich Hill NSW, recently had a bad fall and the medication she was given put her in hospital for more than a week.

However, we are pleased to report that Roma has recovered from her fall but we think this might have slowed her down just a tiny little bit.

Dawn and Mike NEAL, previously of Avalon NSW and now of Nowra NSW, report that they have now settled in and are well and happy in their new abode.

David and Sue CHENOWETH were in Brisbane earlier this year on a holiday from their home in Spain. In a recent letter David reported that whilst in Brisbane he saw Max Orken, Colman O'Loughlin and Paul Quinlivan at the Irish Club. He commented: "They are all great storytellers (in the sense of history!) and I enjoyed our meetings very much."

The *Una Voce News Letter* is packed with interest, probably a reminder that the people who went to Papua New Guinea were a bit out of the ordinary anyway."

Ken and Rosemary BROWN of Budgewoi NSW, reporting on Ken's 70th birthday last July, wrote: "It was a wonderful three days. Nearly all the field staff who worked with me in Western District between 1971 and 1974, and some young ones too, turned up.

The bonus was Benson Gegeyo who was my understudy and currently Managing Director of PNG Water Board.

I understand Colin Middleton, Jon Bartlett and Paul Bourne, who organised the reunion, are going to write up something about the occasion and send it to you."

(We regret to advise, Ken, that we have heard nothing from them as yet.)

Daphne WHITE, Health Secretary, St. Mary's Hospital, Vunapope near Kokopo, East New Britain Province, in June wrote to Paul Hopper, Pat's son, as follows: "Received to-day the parcel of Cord Clamps, an item so basic, but in short supply at present.

The eruption has caused many inconveniences and being the only hospital on the Gazelle is one of them. From 250 beds to take on another 400 made things expand out of proportion. Deliveries here at Vunapope have been in excess of 230 a month and Paparatava and Napapar 50 per month, so the birth rate did not suffer.

Thank you for the clamps, many nurses are grateful for them, and I am sure babies will have a more comfortable time in the first days of life with a clean cord stump free of infection."

John DOWNIE of Currumbin Qld had a double bypass operation two weeks ago at St. Andrews Memorial Hospital in Brisbane and early reports are that he is doing well.

John, all your many friends here in Sydney wish you a very speedy and complete recovery to good health again.

NOTICE: Reference the article on the opposite page by Peter Ryan, he discusses PNG in much greater detail in the Sir John Latham Memorial Lecture which he delivered the following day at Sydney University. His lecture is contained as a feature article in the September issue of Quadrant magazine which can be obtained from most newsagents. I attended the lecture and I believe that the Quadrant article, titled "Unfinished Business From World War II", should be compulsory reading for any person interested in PNG. Editor.

AUSTRALIA'S POLICY - PAPUA NEW GUINEA

by Peter Ryan

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Gareth Evans, can now count his chickens as they come home to roost. Unfortunately for the rest of us, many of them will perch in Papua New Guinea too close for comfort.

In 1975, the then prime minister, Gough Whitlam, with deep unwisdom, forced a sham and premature independence on our former colony. Ever since, a frightening foreign policy problem has been swelling up like a boil, just across Torres Strait. PNG was not ready for independence in 1975. It had 10 per cent of the qualified people needed to manage an independent country. It had a small culture of responsible and honest public administration.

Paul Hasluck, our only territories minister of talent and energy, held that portfolio from 1951 to 1963. His policies on education, political development, health and economic growth were all directed squarely towards PNG independence -- just as soon as this was sensible. It was the essence of Hasluck's thinking that the people of PNG should first acquire some measure of basic education and be able at least to read and write. Otherwise, an illiterate population would be at the mercy of an indigenous educated minority; what assurance was there that they would govern in the interests of the people as a whole?

Whitlam's decision of 1975 can only be called a scuttle from responsibility. It was imposed against the will of the PNG people, who were cajoled by the promise of large Australian financial aid. The finishing touch of folly was that this money was not in any way tied to specific projects or to demonstrated results. It was simply sent as a global sum of Budget support, to be spent by PNG governments as they wished. They soon demonstrated what this was.

Less than three years after independence, PNG's first prime minister, Michael Somare, saw what was happening. In a speech in Port Moresby's Parliament in March 1978, he said that he did not want his government to be the one that "entrenched the interest of a small elite and let the national goals of a fair, honest and equal society sink into the Waigani Swamps". He was trying to legislate for a "leadership code", a statement of ethical proprieties for ministers, MPs and high office holders. There was to be a "leadership tribunal" to enforce it.

This legislation did not easily pass the House. Already, in that couple of years, too many parliamentary snouts had been thrust firm and deep into the trough of public funds. Much of this money had to come from Australian taxpayers.

The leadership code sanctions were ineffectual. If an investigation started to breathe too heavily on some official's neck, he could simply resign (or be removed) and the investigation had to stop. Only last week the PNG Forests Minister, Andrew Posai, under investigation on the gravest charges of financial and official impropriety, "disappeared" from official cognisance in this way.

Corruption in PNG was amazing, not only in the speed of its development, but in the generality of the hold it secured. There are 109 members of Parliament, and at one stage more than 90 of them were under investigation for corruption. Then corruption became officially sanctioned and institutionalised, with the introduction of the outrageous Electoral Development Funds (or "slush funds").

Some 32 million kina (\$32.15 million) a year is divvied up between members, to use as they like. Since Australia gives PNG about \$320 million each year in aid, about 10 per cent of it goes in handouts to individual politicians. The pattern of corruption is all pervasive. The Public Service

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AUSTRALIA'S POLICY.... (continued)

is heavily tainted; the police, thuggish and incompetent, have their hands persistently extended for petty bribes.

Meanwhile, no street and no highway is safe to travel and the occurrence of murder, rape, riot and robbery are appalling. For every dollar of Australian aid sent to PNG, perhaps less than 50c finds its proper target in the school, road, bridge or health facility for which it was intended. For the last 20 years, Australian governments have continued to throw away public funds with gross and prodigal irresponsibility. It is not as if we were unaware. As long ago as 1991, the Australian auditor-general warned that PNG aid had cost us \$4 billion, and that most of it had been wasted.

But it was not simply waste. This money had the baleful effect of cementing a corrupt elite of indigenous "leaders" -- politicians, cabinet ministers, high officials, businessmen -- into a powerful ruling caste. They are enormously rich, immensely powerful, and almost devoid of patriotism. One member of it said to me: "I've just purchased another nice little duplex on the Queensland Gold Coast. You'd be mad to invest your own money in PNG."

Imran Khan recently gave his views of what had happened in his native Pakistan: once it had been ruled by "white sahibs"; when the British left at independence, the rulers became "brown sahibs". So in PNG, the "white masters" have left, and the "brown masters" have taken over.

More than 80 percent of PNG's people still live in (or near) the subsistence gardening economy. The money they so badly need for schools, hospitals, bridges and roads does not get through the sticky fingers in Port Moresby. At this late stage, the Australian Government is starting a shift from the open slather of untied Budget aid to support earmarked for specific projects. This has provoked squeals of rage from the PNG elite, who denounce the change as an "affront to national sovereignty" and "a paternalist insult to PNG pride". Some of this has been offensive -- not merely snapping at the hand that feeds but threatening almost to bite it off. Neither pride nor sovereignty have anything to do with it. They fear only the disappearance of their wealth and power.

In an article published on these pages last week, and pitched at a level somewhere between querulous and plaintive, Gareth Evans sought to put PNG back in its place, but it won't work. The rot has been going on too long, and most of the blame lies on the Senator's doorstep. He long ago made himself thoroughly disliked in Port Moresby, and I understand that he has not been there since 1993. Some good neighbour! He has left the running to the B team, under Gordon Bilney, the Minister for Development Co-operation and Pacific Island Affairs, with disappointing results. Recently, (and doubtless to oblige certain PNG politicians) Bilney tried to write off the appalling law and order situation as a media beat-up. Bilney knows that this is not true.

Evans, with the A team, has been ceaselessly active and vocal around the globe -- Cambodia, Somalia, Ulan Bator -- you name it; but then state, if you can, what crucial Australian interests are involved in those places. Now every one of his policies has torn apart, and hangs in tatters from east to west. One sympathises - he seems to want to put his heart in the right place. But all he has achieved is to fit himself to Canning's cruel definition of the Jacobin: "Steady patriot of the world alone - the friend of every country but his own". In PNG a mere shift to tied aid will not serve. The central problem is corruption, which Evans's recent article did not mention.

Australia must rethink its PNG policy right down to its foundations. There are solutions, but they will require patience, imagination, courage and a great deal of money.

PNG may lack the glamour of Washington DC, or the United Nations, but there it is, right next door, forever.

(Text of an article by Peter Ryan in "The Australian", 7 August, 1995, titled "Evans must lance PNG boil".)

SIR HUBERT MURRAY'S GRAVE

by Stuart Inder

The reports from Harry Jackman and Chris Warrilow, in *Una Voce* 1995 issues 1 and 2 respectively, about the poor state of Sir Hubert Murray's grave in the old, now disused, European cemetery beyond Hanuabada make sad reading. Australia undertook to care for Murray's grave following PNG independence in 1975, when it was in good order, and there has been a lot of lip service since, but no lasting results. With the celebrations for PNG's 20th year of independence now on us, it's surely time for some genuine commitment by Australia.

The grave was overgrown when I visited it in 1982 and, for a piece I contributed to PIM (May, 1982), discussed its future with the Australian High Commissioner and the then administrator of Port Moresby City Council. There was no lack of goodwill in either quarter; the problem was that Australia had no authority over the cemetery, and apparently nobody else did either. The council administered only the new general cemetery at 10 Mile, and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission tended the war cemetery at Bomana.

The council told me that when council workers cleaned up nearby roads they sometimes tidied the old cemetery, and that the War Graves Commission cut the grass around the graves of those Australian servicemen interred there (these were personnel who had died since World War II, and thus were not buried at Bomana). The Commission people did not tend Murray's grave, or that of the many other early expatriate residents buried there.

Murray was lieutenant-governor for 32 years. His funeral service in Port Moresby in 1940 was a major event, broadcast throughout Australia, and the Papuans burned fires on the nearby hills for 40 days and nights. The Latin inscription on his red granite headstone (if it is still there), says: "If you seek a monument, look about you."

The neglect of his grave was no surprise to Sir Percy Chatterton, who told me he would not expect an independent PNG to maintain an old European cemetery. Papua villagers traditionally buried their dead in or near the village, and graves were not kept up for long periods in the European fashion. In light of Sir Percy's comment, we can't expect Port Moresby to reserve such a valuable piece of land for ever, but if the only way we can preserve Murray's grave is to have it moved to the general cemetery - which Harry reports the War Graves Commission has offered to do - I think it would be a pity. Murray is buried in a place both pretty and full of history - that is, PNG history, whether black, white or redskin.

Not far from Murray is one of his predecessors, Chief Judicial Officer Christopher Robinson, Acting Administrator in 1904 when he attempted to arrest the killers of missionaries James Chalmers and Oliver Tomkins. In the short battle, a number of Papuans were killed and Robinson was ordered to face a Royal Commission in Sydney. Depressed, he shot himself dead at the flagstaff in front of Government House, which is nearby. His tombstone says simply: "In memory of Christopher Robinson, who died 20 June, 1904, aged 32. RIP"

WANTED TO BUY

Japanese swords and PNG artifacts

Alan JOHNSTON

Tel. (Work) 018 869 563 (AH) 02 605 7140

This is the 16th item on the latest

10 Group 5 list

GA 5

→ its title is

AUSTRALIA'S WAR IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA - 1942-1945

incorrect in
that list

There are three great war cemeteries in Papua New Guinea - at Port Moresby, Lae and Rabaul. In them are buried, or commemorated, 7,989 Australian war dead. These soldiers, sailors and airmen died in the campaigns fought between January 1942 and August 1945 to evict the Japanese from Papua New Guinea.

Thousands of Australians served in Papua New Guinea. The Royal Australian Navy records that it helped transport 450,000 Australian soldiers, sailors and airmen there between January 1942 and war's end. Many of these were men returning for a second, third or even fourth period of duty. All told about 200,000 saw service in Papua New Guinea during the second world war. They were part of Australia's largest single overseas military commitment during that war.

Every branch of the Australian armed services lost men in battle in Papua New Guinea. But the greatest burden of this jungle war fell on the Australian infantrymen. Of all those killed in the struggle against the Japanese in Papua New Guinea, 84% were from infantry battalions, independent companies and others fighting on foot. During the fighting in Papua in 1942 and 1943 infantry casualties rose to 92% of all battle casualties. The bulk of other fatalities and wounds were borne by the immediate support troops of the artillery, engineers, signallers and ordnance corps. Others died through accident and tropical disease.

The very nature of the jungle battle terrain in Papua New Guinea produced these terrible infantry casualties. Throughout the campaigns the infantry were ably supported by air-force, naval and artillery bombardment. However it was the ordinary soldier, armed with rifle, Bren gun, Owen gun or grenade who had ultimate responsibility for taking an enemy position. The front advanced only as fast as he and his comrades were able to kill the enemy in their well sited and bravely defended foxholes or bunkers. David Dexter, Australia's official historian of the fighting in 1943, described succinctly the kind of war fought by the Australian infantryman in Papua New Guinea:

"I have tried to tell the story of the front line ... if operations along a gloomy jungle track, or on a rain-drenched razor-back, or in stifling kunai grass can be so described ... it is a story of individuals and small sub-units on patrol, in ambush, in attack or defence: this was not a war of massed battalions but of the forward scout, the section, the platoon and the company."

On this one man front in Papua New Guinea Australians from office desks, factory production lines and farms learnt, as the enemy had learnt, how to become jungle fighters. Gone were the open spaces of battle on which Australians had made such a name for themselves in two world wars in Europe and the Middle East. Men acquired quickly the skills of concealment, stealth and surprise attack in a dense jungle setting. Because Australians mastered these skills they survived to win the only battle in their history where Australia itself was seriously threatened by a powerful, determined and disciplined enemy.

(Extract from a pamphlet prepared for the "Australia Remembers 1945-1995 - Pilgrimage to Papua New Guinea".)

AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS 1945-1995 PILGRIMAGE TO PAPUA NEW GUINEA

by Doug Franklin

From the time the ship left Brisbane the whole show was a masterpiece of organisation and planning. From the Veterans point of view there was not a single hitch, though I know that the Vet. Affairs Dept. team on board, especially Rear Adm. Neil Ralph R.A.N., Pilgrimage Director, and Ms. Pam Barnard, Pilgrimage Co-ordinator, had many sleepless nights and ship to shore signals to Lt. Col Gary Young, the PNG Deputy Head of Defence Staff, Australian High Commission, in Port Moresby.

There were a total of 117 Veterans, 22 from Queensland. Out of the total there were 10 ex Royal Australian Navy. I was not able to assess how the 10 were made up but I spoke to men ex cruisers, destroyers, corvettes, sloops and frigates were represented, and I represented fairmiles.

While, as is the law for ships carrying a large crew and normally cruise passengers there was a full Russian medical team on board, the Vet. Affairs Department brought a full medical team too, including surgeons, anaesthetist and six nursing sisters with operating theatre experience. No group of Veterans went ashore anywhere without one or more of the above and a medical emergency kit including oxygen. At every location the nurses watched us for heat stress and handed round drinks of iced water brought from the ship. Where we had to sit in the sun they provided us with umbrellas. This policy paid off because there was not one case of serious sickness among any of the veterans for the duration of the Pilgrimage. Our Nurse/Carers were good lookers too and as may be imagined after some glasses of amber liquid when back on board after a hot day there were some strains of "Nursie, come over here and hold my hand."

At each of the war locations Dr. Richard Reid, War historian from the Canberra War Museum, had prepared a booklet - 13 all told, which told the story of the war at that location. These were Moresby/Bomana, Milne Bay, (3), Buna, Gona and Sanananda (1), Kokoda, Rabaul, Lae, Madang, Wewak (2), Coral Sea and Centaur. A full memorial service was held at each of the larger places with the 1/RAR Military Band, which travelled with the ship, providing music for the hymns and wreath laying ceremonies. The hymns, softly played, Abide With Me; For All the Saints who From Their Labours Rest; Oh Valiant Hearts and others gave solace to the Veterans and the assembled companies, which included many Papua New Guinea veterans. Included were Raphael Oambari now aged 82, the young man in the famous war picture helping the blinded Aussie soldier in bare feet along a bush track near Gona. The soldier was Private G.C. Whittington.

At the Bomana War Cemetery near Port Moresby, where the first service was held, there are 3079 known graves and 700 unknown. At Lae, 2360 known and 444 unknown. At Rabaul 1225 graves, a total of 7807. Many were 19 year olds who lost their lives at Kokoda, Gona and Buna. The latter has been described as the bloodiest fighting of the whole Pacific war.

It is noteworthy to mention that Richard Reid, who is a young man, migrated from Northern Ireland in 1972. He is a school teacher by profession but became interested in Australia's war history. He has done a first class job in writing up the story, in narrative form, of the war at each location.

Dr. Reid spoke to us every day at the shipboard briefings after Rear Adm Neil Ralph had described the next day's events. Dr. Reid said that unfortunately many details of individual actions in WW II have never been properly recorded. He asked that all veterans please put pen to paper now, and no matter how small the incident, action or experience may have seemed at the time, it may never have been recorded. The War Museum in Canberra is ready

(Continued next page)

"AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS...." (continued)

to receive any piece of information which you can remember. Just say the unit or ship, the place and date and what happened. The official war histories could not record all the individual stories and detail. But this must not be lost. Also if Associations have to be wound up in the years ahead or veterans pass on, please send all your records and memorabilia to the Canberra War Museum. It will be sorted and carefully stored in perpetuity.

The Hon. Con Sciacca MP, Minister for Veteran's Affairs, and Mr Wilson Tuckey MP, his opposite number, were each on board Mikhail Sholokhov from Moresby to Milne Bay; to Oro Bay and then to Lae. They were both marvellous to the Veterans; always ready to talk and to ask us what we did 50 years ago. They were also good leaders when we were ashore. There was talk in the Australian media about the MPs over-doing their role. This was a lot of nonsense and absolutely untrue.

At Popondetta there were at least 10,000 Papua New Guineans to greet us at the memorial service in the centre of town. One man I spoke to said the whole town and surrounding population had taken the day off. Mr Con Sciacca said that he was so moved by the welcome and cheering locals that he threw away his prepared speech. Everywhere we went the Papua New Guinea speakers thanked us and Australia for saving their country from the Japanese and were sorry that so many young Australians had given their lives.

There were plenty of media people both on the ship and following us when we were ashore. Many of them worked very hard indeed, running with huge TV cameras on their shoulders in the PNG heat. In all they were excellent. But one or two reports in the Australian papers about the veterans having a "rowdy meeting" on the ship as to who should go to Wewak on the side trip were not true. We all knew from the beginning in briefs from Canberra before we even left home that it would be logistically impossible to transport all the 117 veterans to each of the war memorial locations to be visited. If too many applied to go to Kokoda from Popondetta for example, then first priority would be given to the veterans who had fought at Kokoda. If there were still too many then a ballot would have to be held. We all agreed that this was fair and the only way to do it. It was the same with the other places including Wewak. For that side trip a C-130 RAAF Hercules was lined up for the return trip from Madzab. We were told that it could carry 44 persons. The final number was made up of 27 veterans including Ned Kenna V.C. and his wife, the balance being a doctor, a nurse, bandsmen for the Last Post bugle call and drummer for drum beat, the Minister of Religion, himself a veteran, to conduct the service, the Defence Force catafalque party, Vet. Affairs Pilgrimage Director, TV crews to record the scene for the people back in Australia and Mr Con Sciacca MP. It took a lot of organising and Rear Adm. Neil Ralph and his team did a first class job throughout and are to be congratulated.

In conclusion, we were asked to do all we can, as veterans both on the Pilgrimage and at home to remind the younger generation what we all did 50 years and more ago. One Tasmanian veteran I spoke to said that at home some schools have adopted a veteran during this special "Australia Remembers 1945-1995" year. He goes to his school and talks to the children and to the teachers. This seems to be a great idea. I have already been asked to speak at the next local Rotary Club meeting here at Samford. There are many in the community who have never heard of "the Brisbane Line" or about the Coral Sea Battle, the first in naval history when the opposing ships never saw each other. There is a growing interest in the community, witness the improving attendance at ANZAC Day ceremonies. We can all do our part.

There was a memorabilia notice board on the ship and I was able to take up space for several days with the story about the 56 corvettes and what they did in the various war zones, with ships names and places. Likewise for the 33 Fairmiles. There was a lot of interest.

For myself it has been the greatest honour of my life and I am grateful and thank all those who made it possible for me to represent them.

A PROVINCE BORN FROM THE ASHES OF WORLD WAR II

There are three stories that can be told about the experiences of the Holy Spirit Sisters in Papua New Guinea during World War II.

Five Sisters from Marienberg on the Sepik River, together with three Divine Word Missionaries and with the help of many New Guinea nationals and some Australians walked for five horrific months through the jungle, and up and down the treacherous mountain valleys of New Guinea until they reached the top of the Owen Stanley Range where they were received by the Australian Army, who then repatriated them to Australia. In the long run, they were the lucky ones.

A month before these missionaries had left their mission on the Sepik, the bishop and missionaries from around Wewak were prisoners on a Japanese ship en route from Kavieng to Rabaul when the Captain received orders to kill all prisoners. All were shot one by one at the stern of the ship, so they would fall overboard from the ship travelling at high speed. On that day 18 Holy Spirit Missionary Sisters died. That was St. Patrick's Day, 1943.

The third group were also prisoners of the Japanese, and during their captivity were moved from place to place. On 6 February 1944 Japanese soldiers were below deck and the missionaries, both Catholic and Lutheran, and some mixed race people were on the deck as the ship *Dorish Maru* made its way in a north west direction along the coast. American planes began strafing the ship. On their third run, one of the Sisters stood up, and it seems that the plane crews realised that this Japanese ship was carrying missionaries. The strafing stopped, but not before the ship was strewn with shattered bodies. On that day and during the twelve weeks that followed, among those who died were 36 Holy Spirit Sisters. The bishop of that diocese also died. The ship continued its journey, its final stop being what is now Irian Jaya. Finally American soldiers rescued the survivors, and brought them to Australia. Various convents offered food and shelter. Among these was Nazareth House at Wynnum. It was from there that Sisters moved to Raff Farm, Aspley, on 27 March 1945.

(An extract from a newsletter titled "Whispers of the Spirit" by the Holy Spirit Missionary Sisters, Carseldene, Queensland, Vol. 3 No. 2.)

W W II MEMORIAL PLAQUES - MOROBE PROVINCE

"Herewith several photographs which I thought may be useful or of interest to our Association, if not, perhaps to other organisations or individuals.....

We spent many happy nights in the Niall Community Centre. The two photographs of the plaque headed "7th Australian Division" were obviously taken years apart. The obelisk was, perhaps still is, on the site of Markham Road a few miles out of Lae. During my few years as Secretary of the Lae Sub-Branch of the RSL, my local staff and I kept the area clean.

The plaque "Lae" was, I think, at the top of the escarpment between Lae Club and RSL Club. I think the "Wau" plaque was at the bottom of the airstrip and behind it is the "pass" through which the track from Wandumi approached Wau."

(From Don Barnes of Mitcham SA, one of our members, and on the opposite page are copies of the Plaques to which Don refers.)

N.G.V.R. PLAQUE

by Jim Huxley

A plaque commemorating the men of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles who perished when the 'Montevideo Maru' was sunk in 1942 was unveiled at the Shrine of Memories, Anzac Square, Brisbane, on Saturday July 1.

The plaque was installed by the New Guinea and Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Ex-Members Association, located in Brisbane. Among those who attended the unveiling and dedication of the plaque were family and friends of those who perished, and members of the NGVR and PNGVR. The NSW NGVR and ANGAU Association was represented by Jim Huxley, who served with both the NGVR and ANGAU.

The ceremony was conducted by the president of the NG and PNG Volunteer Rifles Ex-Members Association, Colonel Harry Green MBE, ED, EM. The unveiling of the plaque was performed by Jack Goad, who served with the NGVR mainland unit. His father, Jack Goad Snr, was one of those who died in the 'Montevideo Maru'.

The plaque reads:

NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES
1939-1945 WAR

RABAUL	MADANG	BULOLO
MUBO	WAU	LAE
SALAMAU		LOS NEGROS

THIS MEMORIAL COMMEMORATES THOSE MEMBERS OF THE NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY AND WHOSE FINAL RESTING PLACE IS IN THE HULL OF A JAPANESE PRISON SHIP THE 'MONTEVIDEO MARU'.

THE SINKING OF THIS SHIP WAS ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TRAGEDIES DURING THE PACIFIC WAR WITH NO SURVIVORS AND THE LOSS OF 1035 ALLIED PERSONNEL WHICH INCLUDED MEMBERS OF THE NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES FROM LARK FORCE.

THE 'MONTEVIDEO MARU' HAD FOUR TORPEDOES FIRED AT IT'S STERN BY AN ALLIED SUBMARINE ON 1st JULY, 1942 AT 0230 HOURS OFF THE LUZON COAST IN THE PHILIPPINES. APPROXIMATE POSITION 18 DEGREES 37'N 119 DEGREES 29'E. THE SHIP WENT DOWN WITHIN 10 MINUTES, STERN FIRST.

THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF THE 'MONTEVIDEO MARU' IS KNOWN ONLY TO GOD.

RECORDS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES ON THE ILL FATED SHIP WHICH SAILED FROM RABAUL, PAPUA NEW GUINEA EN ROUTE TO HAINAN ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA WERE LOST DURING THAT PERIOD OF HOSTILITIES AND IT IS TO THE MEMORIES OF THESE MEMBERS THAT THIS MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED IN 1995, THE YEAR OF REMEMBRANCE.

THEY SERVED WITH HONOUR AND PRIDE
LEST WE FORGET

DEDICATED BY
NEW GUINEA AND PAPUA NEW GUINEA
VOLUNTEER RIFLES EX-MEMBERS ASSOCIATION
(THROUGH TRIALS TO TRIUMPH)

(Continued next page)

N.G.V.R. PLAQUE (continued)

(The following is an extract from the printed programme prepared by the New Guinea and Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Ex-Members Association for the ceremony.)

Brief history of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, Rabaul, and the sinking of the Japanese naval auxiliary ship, "Montevideo Maru" (7267 tons).

The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles was first raised in Rabaul in 1939 after the continuing Japanese expansion throughout Asia which is well documented as history records.

The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles had its first baptism of enemy fire when the Japanese attacked Rabaul from the air on 4th January, 1942. The Japanese landings commenced on 23rd January, 1942 and the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles attached to Lark Force manned machine guns and mortars thus living up to the traditions of their forefathers, fighting and giving a good account of themselves until resistance was of no further avail. The enemy outnumbered the defenders by seventeen to one on the ground and with superior weapons, naval and air power, as well as no support from the Australian mainland. Some New Guinea Volunteer Rifle members reached the New Guinea mainland with the help of people like Frank Holland M.B.E., who is with us today, and some of these Members later became Coastwatchers and advisers to A.N.G.A.U., P.I.B., N.G.I.B. and later in the war with the Americans at Manus Island.

Following the fall of Rabaul on 23rd January, 1942, 80 members of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles attached to Lark Force were among those rounded up and became prisoners of war. Some of these men were later tortured for information and made to live under very primitive conditions in an unmarked compound thus being subjected to air raids by the R.A.A.F. both in the camp and whilst working as forced labour in the Blanche Bay area.

In the end of May, 1942 the Japanese Army placed the camp under the command of the Japanese Marines. In the early morning of the 22nd June, 1942 the prisoners which consisted of 849 Military personnel and about 200 civilians were roused. All the prisoners with the exception of the Officers and a few civilians were placed in groups of fifty and according to eye witnesses were marched to the Japanese Auxiliary Naval ship the 'Montevideo Maru' (7267 tons). Although these men were half starved and ill they fondly farewelled those prisoners remaining and helped each other along, the stronger supporting the weaker. A Japanese guard when asked, told them they were bound for Hainan Island off the South China Coast. The 'Montevideo Maru' sailed later in the day but never reached its destination. It was at 0230 hours on the 1st July, 1942 with the 1035 prisoners in the hull of this ship, with all the hatches battened down, that an Allied submarine sighted the vessel off Luzon Island in the Philippines, approximate position 18 degree 37'N 119 degrees 29'E. The submarine fired four torpedoes at the ship's stern. The ship sank stern first within ten minutes with all prisoners lost. Seventeen Japanese personnel, including the ship's Master, managed to survive the sinking and made it ashore. This party was later attacked and the majority killed, including the ship's Master, by Allied stragglers and Philippine guerillas. Only 2 of the ship's personnel reached Japanese Headquarters at Manila.

The sinking of the 'Montevideo Maru' was Australia's greatest single tragedy of the of the War in the Pacific but maybe the greatest tragedy is that the Australian Government could not inform the families of the prisoners of their loss until late 1945 due to security reasons.

Their final resting place in the hull of the 'Montevideo Maru', the exact position known only to God.

(Continued next page)

N.G.V.R. PLAQUE (continued)

A joint American Army Naval Assessment Committee on Japanese wartime shipping losses confirmed the sinking of the 'Montevideo Maru', also the Japanese Navy notified the owners of the 'Montevideo Maru' on the 20th July, 1942, that the vessel had been lost.

This year is Australia's Year of Remembrance and it is only fitting that on this day, 1st July, 1995 and the Fifty-third Anniversary of the tragic sinking of the 'Montevideo Maru', that those who gave their lives for their Country should be remembered.

LEST WE FORGET

LIFE OF POLOM ANTIPAS KASI 1922-1993
CARRIER, SCOUT, FARMER & SEAFARER

Polom (Paul) Antipas was born around 1922 and died in 1993. He was a son of Eliasa Kasi of the coastal village of E'ec near Bukaua and Lae, Morobe Province. Before he died he gave the following account of his life:

1930-35 Attended Lutheran tok ples school at E'ec near Bukaua.

1936 Went to Wau/Bulolo goldfields in a 3 engine balus.

1937 Led missionaries up the Markham Valley from Lae to Menyamia

1938-41 Captain of traditional trading canoes in the Huon Gulf.

1942-45 Carrier and scout with the Australian forces, World War II. Marched with soldiers from Bukawa (Lae). Saw action at Finschhafen, Sidor, Song River, Kar Kar Island, Madang. Met up with the Americans at Wewak. Saw action in (Hollandia) Dutch new Guinea. Sailed with RAN or USN from Madang to Wewak. Returned to Manus Island, Ambon Island and Finschhafen with (Captain) Tom Laurie then to Lae with Australian Army. His brothers Tisoc, Tasong and Patou were also carriers.

1946-49 With United Nations forced in Jayapura, Irian Jaya. Worked with Burns Philp coastal shipping. Drove taxis for Tom Laurie, who returned to PNG after the war, at Kieta and Rabaul.

1949-51 On patrol with Australian kiaps and luluais in Papua. Travelled by compass. Finding gold at Kiunga, Oil at Daru. Making roads at Port Moresby, Goilala, Kikori and Garaina. Walked the Kokoda Trail to Popondetta. Patrolled Mount Lamington volcano after the eruption. Flew from Moresby to Lae by Ansett/Qantas.

1952-54 Taxi driver in Wewak. Stayed with his uncle Bai, from Bukawa, who was secretary to the kiap, Mr (Murray?) Anderson who recorded the history of the Bai family.

1955-85 Married Gia at Tamigidu Lutheran church. Returned to E'ec to raise a family of eight children and follow traditional gardening, fishing and seafaring pursuits. Worked from time to time with Burns Philp coastal shipping and Robert Laurie customs agents at Lae.

Polom Antipas Eliasa Kasi led a full live and took an active part in many of the momentous changes which took place in PNG in his lifetime. He was a fine man and is missed greatly by his family.

My wife, Kathy, and I have been trying to piece together the life of her father Polom (Paul) Kasi and the family history. We would like to hear from anyone who worked with Polom Kasi and whether anyone knows of (Captain?) Tom Laurie (Lawrie) or Mr Anderson the kiap.

Please address your reply to Ross & Kathy Wilson, 34 Cooke Avenue, Alstonville, 2477, NSW. Telephone (066) 285938.

ARMY PROJECTIONIST

by Geoff Masters

At the last Anzac Day march, someone produced a photo of the original team of projectionists who went to New Guinea. Looking at the picture and talking to various unit association members, it appears that only a few in that photo are still alive. I am one of the lucky ones - to date, anyway! - but then I was the youngest of them all in those days.

Life as an army projectionist was not all beer and skittles - there was no beer and I do not recall any skittles. One thing we did not have was army routine, for being a 2-3 man crew and away from headquarters, we were autonomous. We drew rations each week as required, all in cans, of course. Dried potatoes, apricots, apples, canned juices, corn flakes, canned milk, tea (who could ever forget Berri Orange Juice?). I can't recall if coffee was issued or not. All these were stores in the truck along with bedding, and of course, the precious motion picture film.

Projectors were C&W, on Raycophone sound heads, all mounted as one unit and coupled to eight inch arc lamps. I think they were Raycophone also. The amplifier was mounted on the front wall between the two projectors - two large windows, able to be opened, allowed us to screen out the rear of the truck. At the other end of the truck was the rewind bench. Film was stored underneath it. The power supply unit was on a trailer, towed behind, and consisted of a Ford V8 engine driving a Hodson and Gault 25kva 415v 3 phase generator. The truck was parked far enough away from the generator so that noise was minimal. The cable drum was on the rear of the trailer. The speaker was usually placed in the projection cabin when travelling. The screen was placed in a wooden box shown on the side of the trailer. The steel frame with the speaker mounted was hardly ever used - it was found it was quicker to string the screen up across some existing poles on trees, and mount the speaker at the rear of the screen or on the side.

A typical day would start around 7.00am, with someone starting the generator to boil water for a cuppa. We had an element mounted on a strip of timber, which was placed in a tin of water, and heated for our morning brew. A most expensive cuppa! After breakfast, the screen was dismantled, folded and packed away, cables wound in, the speaker taken down, film stored, bedding put back into the truck, generator hitched up to the truck, and off we would go to the next site where we would usually arrive around noon.

If we were close to an American unit we would drive over for a good meal, then back to our site and erect the screen and install the speaker. Cables would be run out and connected to the truck, the film wound and by 4pm or so we were ready for that night's show. If a unit was camped close by, we would walk over for our evening meal, otherwise it was a can of something around 6.00pm. We would usually string lights near the generator to play two-up, crown and anchor, etc. - at no charge, of course.

The stringing up of lights for two-up was considered illegal. One night the Adjutant of our unit (and a most officious person) made a visit to the cinema site and upon seeing the lights strung up for gaming, demanded to know who had done it. I admitted that I had, and was immediately demoted from Sergeant to Private, and told to report to HQ for court martial the next day. That following day I drove to HQ and was paraded to the Commanding Officer. He was a much more tolerant person, and after listening to the Adjutant, turned to me and told me to put my lights up. He then proceeded to dress down the Adjutant in no uncertain terms. I was told to return to my site and the Adjutant was transferred to Darwin within weeks. After that, the games continued to go on.

(continued next page)

ARMY PROJECTIONIST (continued)

The show would start around 7.30pm, screening to hundreds of troops who had walked for miles, most with an empty four gallon drum on which to sit. Our first item was an Australian newsreel (either Fox or Cinesound) and always well received. ("News from Home" newsreels came later). Then, into the feature, which went on uninterrupted providing the Japanese didn't come over to bomb the place. Prior notice of attacks were given in the form of a yellow alert, but normally we would not cease screening until the red alert was given. Screening would resume when the all-clear was sounded. During the non-screening the troops would stay put and simply smoke - one wonders what this scene must have looked like from the air, but we were never bombed. Perhaps the bombers were only concerned with their target, which, thank goodness, they didn't appear to hit very often. The Japanese never really did much damage to the Port Moresby area, considering the number of planes and raids that they sent over. Inspection of the seating area the next morning would reveal lots of shrapnel. It always amazed me that no-one was ever struck down by the shrapnel coming down from the anti-aircraft shells.

Recently, while researching Army archives for a proposed book, I uncovered some interesting information pertaining to the cinema units. The original Commanding Officer of the units was a Colonel Cohen (later Brigadier) who was domiciled in Melbourne. He appointed Captain J.J. Collins to set up the cinema units. Collins was later promoted to Major. Sydney was chosen as the base for the units because this was where most of the film companies had their headquarters. Unfortunately Cohen's correspondence in the Archives has an embargo on it until 1995, and cannot yet be researched. Still, it is interesting to read other official documents regarding the cinema units, and see what was said about us - *prima donnas and roving band of gypsies* were some of the remarks. Still, I feel proud that our units brought entertainment and comfort to Australian troops on the front-line, sometimes under deplorable conditions.

All projectionists within the unit were given rank of Sergeant to Warrant Officer Gde II. Truck drivers were made Corporal. With the lack of relief projectionists, we generally worked seven days a week for months on end. Looking back, it was a wonderful experience, with a great crew, none of whom I can ever recall having an argument.

Written in memory of: Bert Hinchey, Cliff and Wal Field, Alex (Blackout) Brown, Doug Collins, Bill Martin, Don Sims, Joyce - , Roy Skipper Len Remington, George Arkles, Bill Woods, Ray Tuxford, Jack George, - McClintock, McCoombe and our CO in Sydney Major J.J. Collins, and in PNG Major Tyack.

HELP WANTED

It would be appreciated if anyone knowing details of the evacuation of the women and children from the Lutheran Mission at Madang or elsewhere prior to the Japanese landing; and details concerning the internment of the Lutheran Missionaries by the Japanese and their ultimate liberation; could please contact:

Mrs. Roma Bates
38 Dixon Street
DULWICH HILL NSW 2203
Tel. (02) 560 2648

A PIECE OF THE ACTION

It was a long time ago, back in the latter half of 1943. The place was Port Moresby, during the great build up for the successful Lae campaign.

New Guinea Force Headquarters was in a barren valley just inland from the old township and harbour. It consisted of long native type huts that housed the multiple administrative sections, controlling the entire Army operations in the New Guinea sector. It was a highly efficient and professional headquarters unit, working under a team of senior officers who had distinguished themselves in the earlier campaigns of World War II, and were now planning the forward operations of about 100,000 men and women in this theatre.

Security was a primary consideration, and this was in the hands of a small department, staffed by two young officers and a sergeant/typist. It was backed up by a Field Security Section of an officer and a small group of well trained specialists, all with NCO rank. They had a roving commission, watching the wharves and Army depots throughout the inland base of Port Moresby. There were a series of large operational airfields, all but one operated by the American 5th Air Force. They had their own Security personnel, as did the RAAF in their own operational area.

With a diversity of Allied services, there had to be some liaison, and this was achieved by an informal meeting every Sunday afternoon at the American Army Security unit, whose members of all ranks usually turned out to be members of the FBI, seconded for military duties.

Moresby itself spread out from the original little tropical port with its residential areas placed on the hillsides to catch the sea breeze. Repeated air raids as well as the needs of the military had utilised all available space in the township, and it was not until one drove up the one road to the dry country beyond that the extent of the military base became apparent.

The first airfield at the 'Four Mile' was Ward's. The next and largest was Jackson's at the 'Seven Mile'. Each had a large runway, with miles of taxiways and revetments either cut out of the hillsides or built up as crescents on the flat. These sheltered the 5th Air Force Liberators, the main strike force against the Japanese bases in New Guinea and New Britain. The squadrons by now kept up to full strength, but we all realised that they could be vulnerable to saboteurs as well as to actual spies. Most of the aircraft were of standard type, but there could be at times some individual aircraft that were purely experimental or fitted out with new and very secret equipment. The security on these, and the other four smaller airfields was under constant review, and strangers could expect to be challenged.

The war on this front was in sharp contrast to the war in Europe. There, in all the continental countries were large civilian populations, with many Resistance groups, as well as the Special Forces placed there by the Allies. Here in New Guinea there were no white civilians at all. All expatriates had been evacuated to the mainland, or enlisted into the armed forces. There were missionaries, priests and nuns still believed to be in enemy controlled territory, having remained at their posts in the Japanese invasion. We had a card index of everyone we believed to be in this category. It was unlikely that any of those people, if indeed there were still alive, could be an active threat to our security.

The question was, could any enemy agent get into our base area, for espionage or sabotage? While we debated this question, it was solved for us by an innocent eighteen year old private soldier from Melbourne.

The man in question was quite well educated, and in his last years at school became obsessed with the thought of joining the forces and following the example of his elder friends and relations.

(Continued next page)

A PIECE OF THE ACTION (continued)

The time came when he was called up on his 18th birthday, and enlisted in the Australian Army. He was well built, very healthy and most enthusiastic, but his medical examination placed him in Class B - and he found he would not be sent to a training battalion for eventual service outside Australia. All he could hope for was a quiet job in a base unit. He was bitterly disappointed, and being a bright and very willing lad became an orderly in the Reception Depot at Camp Pell, from where the drafts were despatched on their way north. He made a study of the movement procedures of the drafts going north, and realised that the Movement Officer actually knew no one on his draft, and relied on his Sergeant to get the men through the barrier and on to the train. Provided that the number on the draft agreed with the headcount through the barrier all was well. Any discrepancies could be ironed out at the next Reception Depot. The lad had a long weekend leave due to him, he did not tell his parents but withdrew all his money from the Savings Bank and marched out of camp on a draft for Spencer St. Station, destined for Sydney. At the barrier he dropped his pack, snarled up the traffic and was told to hurry on to the train. The first hurdle had been jumped, and he was on his way to join the Army in New Guinea.

For the next week or more he kept moving. If asked for his papers he said that the Sergeant whose name he did not know, had them with him. He got on to each train in the same manner, and when he reached a Transit Camp, found a bunk as he was directed but did not go to the Orderly Room as he was also directed. In the usual chaotic organisation of the Movement system he was unnoticed.

Still moving on his own, avoiding any contact wherever possible, he reached Townsville in a few days, and just walked onto the 'Duntron' which was a troopship for the run across to Port Moresby. Here conditions were a little harder for him. The troops were allotted to cabins and their names checked off the Movement Orders. He found a dark corner of the deck, and missed the head count. His next stop was at the Transit Depot in Port Moresby, but then his plan fell through. He now realised that the only way out to the war zone was by small boat or aircraft. And on both of those there was no chance of being a stowaway. There WAS a checkpoint on the road out of town, and a lone soldier walking on his own would not get any further towards the airfields. He was now a prisoner in Moresby itself, unable to move into the Transit Camp because of the degree of control existing there. He would need papers to get and passes even to get out to the Canteen in Moresby township. So he moved in to camp under the stage of the open-air theatre, while he worked out his next move. Being outside the camp meant that he could get no meals. There were no cafes, or shops of any kind left in the town. All he could do was to wander into the Army Canteen at night, buy Cherry Ripes and Violet Crumbles, Chocolate Frogs and the like from his dwindling resources. He knew that he must avoid the Military Police who came into the canteen on occasion, but he did not realise that a Field Security Corporal had noticed him here on subsequent nights, a lonely young man always avoiding company.

So about the third night another Corporal joined the first one, and they came to his table and quietly asked questions. He became confused and refused to answer. One of the Corporals left and came back with a Military Policeman, and the game was up.

Everyone was very kind to him, he was given food, and his parents were notified, and the Army authorities in Melbourne took him off their list of those Absent Without Leave.

In the Transit Camp he was placed under open arrest and not allowed to leave it while his case was discussed at New Guinea Force Headquarters. It

(continued next page)

A PIECE OF THE ACTION (continued)

was claimed to be unique, as those soldiers going A.W.L. always went the other way. This case was the first exception.

The Administrative Branch first considered that he should be sent back to Melbourne to face the A.W.L. charge. But this would need escorts and a lot of evidence to be collected in New Guinea and in the camps along the way. After all, there were lots of jobs in Port Moresby for B Class men, so he was simply transferred into a suitable unit and all charges were dropped.

But it was still a shock to the Security officers in the base to see how easily a trained saboteur or espionage agent could get through the system.

Security generally was tightened up and one loophole that had worried us for some time was eradicated. American transport and supply ships came into the anchorage, and had to wait their turn for the wharf facilities. It had been the custom of many American skippers to give some of their crew some shore leave for a few hours after what had been a long voyage across the Pacific. But there was nothing for any visiting sailor to do ashore. Unlike any other port, Moresby had no white civilian population, and there were no bars because the island was 'dry', and no night clubs, souvenir shops or cafes of any kind. So the American sailors usually came inland, looking around the camps, depots and airfields for friends from their home town, school or college. This was all very well in the past, but there was now a grave risk of a saboteur or agent coming in this easy way.

The solution was simple - any sailor located beyond the check-point out on the road to the airfields and dumps would be immediately detained by the Military Police and taken to their lock-up.

He would be held there until well after midnight when a Naval Patrol would go out into the anchorage and approach the ship to which the seaman claimed to belong to. The skipper would be aroused and taken ashore to positively identify the man, bail him out and take him back to the ship. The cat and mouse game was most effective and closed the port area to all visiting seamen unless they were on official duty.

This arrangement proved to be very satisfactory, and as far as we knew, our Base security was never compromised.

(This article was sent to me some time ago and I have no idea who it is from but I suspect Geoff Masters! Ed)

A. S. O. P. A.

Students from the 1965/66 intake are organising

REUNION OF EX A.S.O.P.A. STUDENTS OF THE 60s

SATURDAY 7 OCTOBER 1995
(Labour Day Weekend in NSW)
MIDDLE HEAD MOSMAN

Please contact one of the following:

JUDY CREIGHTON/TERRY O'KEEFE	HEATHER TORRENS/MORGAN	BILL MOLONY
Tel. (06) 205 6166 (w)	(06) 288 6918	(06) 293 1333 (w)
(06) 254 5310 (h)		(06) 251 5228 (h)
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BOOK REVIEWS & BOOK NEWS

"A SHORT HISTORY OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA" by Dr. J.D. Waiko.

Published by Oxford University Press of Melbourne 1993: ISBN 0 19 553164 7:
275pp paperback RRP \$24.95.

Review by: K. W. Humphreys

Dr Waiko has drawn from many reputable sources for his material, but to no avail. This is not a good review as the book should have been written when those who remember the Australian administration have passed on.

My interests lie in the history of PNG from 1884 to 1921. So I was disappointed to gain nothing from the text. The author had access to archives and references that I can only dream of, so why are there historical mistakes and questionable statements?

Page 34 - McLaughlans Creek in the author's home Province does not exist. The creek was named McLaughlins in 1896 after a gold miner.

Page 39 - A reference to Ioma in 1904. Ioma was not opened as a replacement for Tamata until May 1905.

Page 48 - The German police-soldier is stated to have been armed with a M88. I assume that means the Mauser Commission Rifle issued to the German Army in 1888 with a Mannlicher system of clip loading? One reference book does not credit Mauser or Mannlicher with a 1888 model.

Page 61 - I read the text as stating that the Yodda and Gira goldfields were being worked in 1914. Both fields were deserted by 1909.

Page 85 - W.H. Lucas, 1920 Chairman of the Expropriation Board, was never "president" of Burns Philp. He was Island Inspector prior to 1920; never on the board of Burns Philp.

Page 98 - a good reason why the book should have been pulped - Edie Creek is spelt Eddie Creek! Shame!

Page 109 - "In 1941 Japan entered the war in support of Germany and Italy and bombed Pearl Harbour..." - a simplistic view considering Germany and Italy were not at war with America.

League of Nations Mandate forbade the construction of fortifications in New Guinea." As I interpret the mandate, fortifications for the defence of any mandated territory were allowed. Additionally it can be argued that any restrictions on fortifications only applied to Central African Mandates. In any event Japan, Germany and Italy had withdrawn from the League well before Pearl Harbour.

- "Japan also planned...to invade...including Australia..."

further down the page -

"...the Japanese had no plans for invading Australia..."

Page 113 - "At Oro Bay (in WW2), a town was built to house 250,000 people... seven hospitals, more than nine hotels and two wharves each over a mile long."

"Nearby, at Popondetta, there were 23 aerodromes."

"...Australian 1st Army..."

All I can find on US Army Oro Bay maps are one hospital, a fuel jetty and extensive Liberty Ship wharves on the southern shore, plus the usual installations of a major base. Where were the nine hotels? Did they sell Fosters or Coors? Were there 23 aerodromes at Popondetta? Twenty three runways at Horanda/Dobodura seem more likely, but I count only eleven between Soputa and Embi.

Was there an Australian 1st Army? Surely that term could only apply to the 1914-18 AIF.

(Continued next page)

BOOK REVIEWS & BOOK NEWS (continued)

General Comments:

The author has used the words "colonial" and "foreigner" with abandon. Did he write the book for domestic or international academic consumption? His thoughts on land tenure and alienation are subjectively naive and display a lack of research beyond the shores of PNG. Every country has land alienation problems. Nations just move forward.

PNG has emerged from her so-called colonial past with a reasonably fortunate result and her historians should be thankful of that and not cry foul. If Whitlam had lost the 1972 election, PNG may still be an Australian Territory and a UN Trusteeship. Australia under a strong right wing Liberal leader may have defied the UN, as most countries have done, and heavily garrisoned PNG as a defence barrier. There would have been no independence, any such movement being brutally repressed. Perhaps Australia may have thrown Papua to the wolves in the face of Indonesian demands and let the UN worry about New Guinea.

The book is only a shallow overview of PNG history and really has no place in a substantive library.

Camilla: C.H. Wedgwood, 1901-1955: a life, by D. Wetherell and C. Carr-Gregg. (The modern history series, 10) New South Wales University Press, P.O. Box 1 Kensington, NSW. Australia 2033 1990, 242pp bibl index ISBN 0-86840-387-3, \$24.95.

Women have taken an active role in the development of anthropology since its fledgling days at the turn of the century, and it is surprising that the biographical depiction of these pioneers is so scarce. This excellent biography of British born Camilla Wedgwood (1901-1955), a student of A.C. Haddon at Cambridge and of B. Malinowski at the London School of Economics, expands our understanding of anthropology as it took shape in England and Australia, thus complementing such standard biographies of American anthropologists Margaret Mead (Jane Howard, *Margaret Mead, a Life* (CH, Jan'85) and Ruth Benedict (Margaret M. Caffrey, *Ruth Benedict: Stranger in this Land*, (CH, Nov '89). Wedgwood's substantial contributions included fieldwork on Manam and Nauru, detailed analysis of educational curriculum needs in post-WWII Papua and New Guinea, and the administration of Women's College, University of Sydney. Wetherell (history) and Carr-Gregg (social anthropology) both at Deakin University, Victoria, Australia, have done an outstanding research job drawing not only on Wedgwood's prolific personal correspondence, diaries, field reports, and official memoranda, but also on correspondence and interviews with those who knew her. Clearly written, the book is strongly recommended for undergraduates and graduates with interest in the history of anthropology, women's studies, cross-cultural education, or area studies concentrating on Australia and New Guinea. *P. Waterman University of South Florida*.

(An extract from Choice - Current Reviews for College Libraries - May 1991 Vol. 28 No. 9.)

(Continued next page)

BOOK REVIEWS & BOOK NEWS (continued)

*Eldorado Publishing Pty Ltd
announces the imminent publication of*

"A Life So Nobly Given"

by

Chris & Louise Harkness

Assisted by Lt Col R Forbes Cockburn

Preface by Brig Charles F Flint OBE

Chris & Louise Harkness (well-known authors of "Take Necessary Action" and "New Guinea The Whagi Impact") carried out extensive research to produce the biography of young Sydney architect, Captain James Moore Henderson 2/5 Field Coy Engineers, Seventh Division AIF. The events leading up to his tragic death in action during the Syrian Campaign in June, 1941, will touch the hearts of not only those who took part in the War, but also those who were left behind - to wait and to worry. This volume contains indepth details of the famed "Silent Seventh" Division and the men with whom Lieut Henderson (later Captain) served. **A Life So Nobly Given** is a captivating story of humour and tears - encompassing not only the dramatic events of the conflict in the Middle East during WWII, but also giving an insight into the never before documented architectural history of Australia. It also expands on the pre-war Australian lifestyle with vivid clarity. This book (including photographs) will retail at \$17.95 per copy (plus \$3 postage within Australia where applicable).

A donation of 10% of the profits will be made to the Concord Hospital Volunteers Service Auxiliary.

Obtainable from Eldorado Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 131, CREMORNE NSW 2090
Tel/Fax (02) 9909 1205.

PNG - 20 YEARS INDEPENDENT

LUNCHEON AT THE IRISH CLUB BRISBANE

24 September 1995

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HELP WANTED

Jim Sinclair has commenced his history of Lae/Morobe District and would appreciate hearing from any members or others who had service in the District.
Jim's address is:

James Sinclair

5 Yoomba Crescent

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RABAU before the eruption

By Roma Bates

(The following is a report by Roma of a visit with her family to Rabaul just two weeks prior to the eruption. For members, like myself, who spent some time in Rabaul, Roma's report will bring back many happy memories. Ed.)

"When M.V. "Fairstar" sailed from Cairns for PNG ports, it carried an excited Bates Family Group of 8 (David, Lyn, their girls, 12 & 5, Jack, Ross and my Madang friend of many years, Mavis Nicholas.) Also aboard were many Army, Navy and Airforce personnel and nurses, making a nostalgic journey to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Coral Sea Battle including Lyn's father Jack who was with the Army and fought in Madang and surrounding district.

First port of call was Rabaul, the scene of a large part of my life, therefore a Special Place for me. The sun rose as we passed the Duke of Yorks and turned into Blanche Bay. We were hanging over the rail with cameras and videos at the ready, but too early for use. Slowly "Fairstar" sidled past the familiar landmarks ... Praed Point, the Mother looming largely with the North Daughter beside her, Matupi crater, Vulcan, the Beehives. Rabaul came into view, asleep in the dark shadow of the Mother, the early morning mist slowly rising ... many small craft and some luxury yachts riding at anchor. Oh! How familiar that scene was.

We had not long tied up at the wharf when the Town Brass Band arrived and played us a rousing welcome with "When the Saints Come Marching In" and other well-known tunes. A very nice gesture and a very good band. Looking around the harbour before disembarking, nothing seemed to have changed in 50-odd years .. even the wharf seemed familiar .. perhaps the Beehives were smaller?

While David was organising the hire of 2 cars for the day, I strolled along the lines of women from all parts of the Territory, who had spread their wares, curios etc on the grass verge to tempt the tourists. They seemed much the same as of yore, different carvings perhaps, but the bilums were made of acrylic or other artificial fibre, some carvings were good but mostly it was tourist trash. One woman from the Highlands had her little girl all tricked out in Kapul fur, bead necklaces and many strings of shells around her short lap-lap, especially for the tourist to photograph - at a price - fair enough; a better bargain than the curios.

As one "lapun" to another, I spoke to one of the vendors who was selling some beads, etc., and we chatted a little about old times; inter alia she asked me if I remembered Mrs Green who had a property on the North Coast, she was Mrs Green's housegirl...also Mrs Coote .. and of course I did, I knew them both very well indeed, but when she asked me to take a message for Mrs. Green, I had to tell her that Mrs Green had long since died .. much wringing of hands and she shed a few tears. I was touched that, after all these years, there was still a fond memory of her "Missus".

Cars organised .. David drove one and Ross the other and we turned into Malaguna Road heading for the cemetery, our first stop. The family was interested to hear their father/grandfather had the Rain Trees the full length of Malaguna Road replanted post-war, to replace the magnificent avenue of Rain Trees the Japanese had cut down entirely to shore up their tunnels in the area. Pre-war, Rain Tree Avenue - as it was called for many years before changing to Malaguna Road, was one of the glories of pre-war Rabaul - a legacy from the Germans, as were Mango and Casuarina Avenues and the Botanic Gardens. I was a little disappointed to see the present trees looking so gnarled and needing t.l.c. .. but of course they're nearly 50 years old.

(Continued next page)

RABAUL BEFORE THE ERUPTION (continued)

As we drove towards the town I recognised a few buildings but there are many, many more these days; big businesses and one gi-normous one being erected for Anderson's supermarket. The Catholic Church was imposing standing on its original site and further along was the new Anglican church on its original site. The family politely interested that it was in the original church on that site that I used to play the organ every Sunday, teach Sunday school with Gladys Forsyth and Ina Meares, and eventually was married there - as was their Aunt Patsy.

On we went to Didiman's corner (Mango Ave and Malaguna Rd) and eventually found the cemetery. Michael Duncan, who was David's close friend, is buried there and we both wanted to remember him. Mavis' husband Ron is there too, and with tears in our hearts we paid respect to both of these dear friends. Such a peaceful, lovely spot in the erstwhile botanic gardens, lush with tropical vegetation, Michael resting with an enormous old frangipanni tree shading him. How fortunate we photographed it all as the eruption a fortnight later would have destroyed it.

We then proceeded to the Bung (market) which is on the corner of Malaguna Road and Casuarina Ave (Chinatown). It is HUGE. An open-sided building of concrete and galvanised iron, with many "wings" off the main area, pulsating with vendors of every kind of produce ... beautiful vegetables and fruit, many artefacts, curios, bilums (traditional materials and we bought some). Walking around and talking to the women I was surprised how easily I slipped back into "pidgin" - also taking snaps of the appealing children. I was delighted to see parrots and lorikeets for sale ... attached to a long cane, just as they used to be. I loved the atmosphere ..the "mekpas" of beans or peanuts, coconut baskets of Kau Kau, a "karamup" of galips - which we bought with salivatory glee. I felt more at home every minute. All of us quaffed kulaus with relish - how good they tasted!

Off we went to Mango Avenue with its many shops, cafes and the Post Office where we bought stamps and souvenir envelopes of Coastwatchers' Memorial to send to N.G. friends overseas. A little further on we decided to have lunch in a cafe - run by local people although I think a European organises it. Lunch was good. We were intrigued by a notice taped to the cafe window which read:

LOST

DOG - three-legged, half ear
blown off - deaf in the other,
blind in one eye, recently castrated.
Answers to the name of LUCKY.

REWARD

Surely a joke? Wasn't it?

We continued on our way along Mango Ave., so many new buildings and houses to when I left in 1949. B.Ps burnt out store still stands. Turned up Namanula Road and interested to see so many more houses everywhere. More streets on either side and streets half-way up Namanula Hill. A good paved road winds up Namanula Hill and we drove round where the hospital used to be, to show the family where the Residency was nearby, but alas! there is nothing there and the area has reverted to bush. Continued along the ridge to where old Government House used to be - now occupied by the National Emergency organisation. The old concrete pillars at the entrance to the driveway still stand and a notice advises they date from German times. I remembered pre-war the sentry-box which always stood just inside those pillars and when the Administrator was in residence a police constable would be on duty there. We (my parents and sister Patsy) lived in a two storeyed house not far from those

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RABAU BEFORE THE ERUPTION (continued)

pillars. Opposite where we lived there is now a small Apex Park and Look-out overlooking Rabaul, but the million dollar view of Rabaul has not changed, it is just a bigger town; the panoramic landscape still dazzles. It was always my favourite view from way back in 1927; I would have liked to scout around to see if the old Bridle Track from there down to the Botanic Gardens still existed .. it was such a beautiful walk, especially with swain in tow.

Took many snaps and videos of surroundings - the Mother looking magnificent in her lush green. Some young women with their children were relaxing in the Park and I told one of them I had been looking for the old hospital and Residency .. they have gone, she replied, "We got rid of a lot of colonial buildings at Independence". Ah well! If they hadn't, I guess the termites would have by now.

All along the ridge of Namanula Hill and side streets off it there are houses - nice ones too. At the crossroads we turned left to go down to Nordup .. some houses both sides of the road .. and arriving at the beach, it looked the same as it ever did 60-odd years ago. I remembered Waterhouse who had a school for youngsters pre-war .. and they sang like angels .. and Frank Boisen who ran a bigger school there post-war. Memories were crowding thick and fast as we drove along towards Nonga; my sister Patsy had her own canoe there, we picnicked every Sunday after Sunday school, rain or shine, with Ina Meares, Gladys Forsyth and Margaret Jamieson, sometimes Nancy Burke would join us .. our children loved it so, and so did we. Nordup was everyone's favourite picnic area.

Presently we turned off the road and went down to the beach at one of our "spots" .. the lush tropical growth, the sound of the waves, the black sand, the callophyllums overhanging the water, the same smell, the piles of coral bleaching in the sun .. nothing had changed. Remembering all those years of happy times, tears were not far away. And now my grandchildren were delighting in the crashing waves - just like their Aunt Patricia at their age used to. For auld time's sake, I gathered a few shells to take home.

We continued along the road - it seemed longer than before - some villages here and there, none I could see built of native materials - such a pity; no sign of the gi-normous Military camp - 8MD - and I couldn't pick its location in the all-enveloping bush. Presently we came upon the new hospital built by the Japanese - a gift to Rabaul. An impressive large 2-storey white concrete building, with other buildings around it .. close to the turn-off to go back to Rabaul over Tunnel Hill.

The family were mildly interested that the road was so named because there was a long winding tunnel (dug through the mountainside in the German times) when we used it in 1927, but over the years it gradually fell in and eventually collapsed altogether, but the name stuck. It connected the North Coast to Rabaul on the other side of the South Daughter.

Back on Malaguna Road, I pointed out the street named after their father/grandfather so, of course, we all had to pile out and have our photos taken under the signpost "Bates Street".

Decided to drive along the Kokopo Road ... past Ravuvu (full of memories pre- and post-war) no swimming baths there now. Eventually pulled up at Vulcan, and went down on the beach there and I recounted an abridged version of the 1937 eruption and also the tragic story of the "Montevideo Maru" and the cairn which Charles had had erected at the spot, or near it from which the ship left. We tarried a little before returning to Rabaul - not enough time left to go on to Kokopo which I would have liked to do to show the family the enormous tunnels near the Blue Lagoon into which the Japanese pulled their submarines, well out of sight of Allied planes. But we did see

(Continued next page)

RABAUL BEFORE THE ERUPTION (continued)

a village on our way back which advertised it had a Japanese Barge tunnel, as we stopped there, looked at the line of women with their artefacts for sale, before paying entrance money at a native material fence to see the tunnels etc. It was HUGE and reached far back into darkness .. a petrol lamp illumined a small part of it up front but one could see there were other barges further in from the two we clambered on to. The barges were large with superstructure and funnel .. all now rusting away. An interesting visit and popular with the tourists who joined us there. I was glad the children saw an example of how big were some of the tunnels the Japanese honeycombed the Gazelle Peninsula with.

Back in Rabaul we had some time to spare so we went looking for the cairn from Vulcan - I knew it had been moved to somewhere in Rabaul, but we couldn't find it. No-one seemed to know what we were talking about. Pulled up at the War Museum which, pre-war, was the site of the Single Girls' Quarters - known as "The Virgins' Retreat" which was opposite the New Guinea Club. During the Japanese occupation a huge excavation was made beneath the Virgins' Retreat and it was used as the Japanese War Room or Map Room complete with all mod cons, electricity etc., air filtering systems; now part of it is the War Museum and contains some items of interest, particularly the radio transmission equipment used by the Coastwatchers. At street level on the grassy verge there are several pieces of Jap equipment .. mobile anti-aircraft gun and a miniature tank. On the other side of the road was the concrete shell of post-war New Guinea Club which was burnt out some years ago, but the iron grille of two birds of paradise at the entrance remains intact.

It was time to return to the ship so had to abandon the search for the cairn. Driving along Casuarina Ave pointed out to the family the tennis courts where their father and I first met, and further along, the Sports Oval the scene of many of their father's/grandfather's cricketing, baseball and football successes. The stuff that memories are made of.

Late afternoon we sailed for Talasea and it was with nostalgia rampant that I took a last look at Rabaul .. the Mother .. Beehives .. Matupi and Vulcan, little dreaming that in a fortnight both these volcanoes would be in full eruption once again. De je vu INDEED!

Trying to marshall my impressions overall .. Rabaul doesn't seem to have changed that much .. it is 45 years since I left and I expected to see big changes, to find it hard to recognize areas, but not so. Certainly there are a lot more streets right, left and centre, and therefore many more houses; maybe if we had driven down every street instead of meandering over to Nordup and Nonga I would have noticed big changes.

The little I had to do with the Post Office - a big building at the top of Mango Ave - and the Westpac nearby, also a big building, was enough for me to be impressed by the local staff with their knowledge of technology. The lasses in the cafe were as capable as any in Sydney of the same level, and surprise! surprise! the cafe toilet was squeaky clean and adequately furnished with clean towels etc.

I was surprised how many spoke English.

The meri's blouse is still the most favoured style of garment. Women and children were very clean, well-fed and looked healthy.

Men - the usual style seen on TV, baseball cap, shorts, T-shirt.

Houses .. some with high fences and barbed wire, no gardens worth mentioning .. always the grass needed cutting. Those grass seeds are still the menace they always were.

No canoes did we see - boats with outboard motors these days.

The luxury yachts - I was told, Rabaul is the favourite port of members

(Continued next page)

RABAU BEFORE THE ERUPTION (*continued*)

of the World yacht Club, because of its harbour, natural beauty and interesting history. There were a few at anchor.

Because of the adverse exchange rate - 1 Kina worth \$1.45 - everything seemed over-priced; one bought very little therefore.

One discordant note .. one of the passengers of our acquaintance, an elderly gentleman, was mugged whilst walking around the town and was very shaken.

Rabaul is still beautiful and an interesting place to visit. I enjoyed it and the many memories it stirred."

(The following are some comments Roma made to me about her trip overall and as space permits I will endeavour to include her report on other places they visited in future issues. Ed.)

"It was a happy return to PNG and I am glad I went but wish we could have had more time everywhere (except Lae which I class as forgettable). Hard to sort out my impressions overall with only a few hours in each port, but for what it is worth I felt PNG was "getting there" despite the hiccoughs one hears about. After all, we have much worse in Oz with all our education and background training. Delighted so many spoke English - really good English; the lovely young girls in the banks with their up-to-the minute fashionable clothes and nail polish, make-up and their attempts to control and train their hair in fashionable style. Their facile use of computers and other technical aids impressed me no end.

Over time I have so often heard how much "whitey" is hated so my few contacts that proved otherwise were heart-warming. The police boy didn't need to offer to get me a flag, let alone refuse payment, but he bent over backwards to get me what I wanted. That they were less than a dollar each is beside the point --- it was the kindness and help that counted.⁽¹⁾

I spoke to many women in Rabaul and they were all very friendly and chatted happily - the only off-key contact was the lass who off-handedly told me they got rid of a lot of colonial stuff at Independence. Everywhere else the native people were happy to chat and eager to give information. And they all gave the impression of being very happy with their lot, but of course they wouldn't be likely to tell a stranger otherwise.

Perhaps the women have advanced more than the men, they were much less shy, talked freely with confidence - even in the villages we visited. In Yabob village (near Madang) Lyn was interested in the potmaking and asked a few questions about it -- as we were leaving the woman gave Lyn a small one, which was embarrassing as we hadn't anything to give in return but Mavis suggested giving the old woman Elizabeth⁽¹⁾ (an obvious "elder" of the village) some money to buy sweets for the children -- and it was accepted without offence or embarrassment. Another example of their goodwill. So, with the example of goodwill at 2 levels - the sophisticated P.B and the village woman, maybe we are not disliked as much as I thought."

⁽¹⁾ mentioned in a later part of Roma's report to be included in subsequent issues of the Newsletter)

A B-FORE AND TWO B-AFTERS

by Maggie Reid

I was five when we arrived in Port Moresby after four stopovers and thirteen hours flying from Sydney in 1946 (now its five and a half hours from Sydney with a stopover in Brisbane). Canberra had neglected to advise the Department of Treasury that my mother and I would be accompanying Dad (the late Reay Weidenhofer). So after three days we had to move on to Madang.

My first memories of Port Moresby were topping and tailing it in a stretcher bed with my mother, the late Joan Weidenhofer, and food such as bully beef, hairy Chinese cabbage which I hated thereafter, tinned tomatoes, tinned fruit and boiled custard sauce at the single women's quarters. My next memory is flying to Madang from Lae in a Dragon bi-plane with open cabin, the like of which I had never seen in my short life.

I was unwell and grumpy. In Port Moresby the woman in charge of the Mess had thought I had German measles, but my mother said I had had it the previous November. (She had recorded 'measles 1945' - was the word German dropped in wartime?). She was amazed to learn that we could be quarantined because, she was told, if natives caught it they would run straight into the sea to cool themselves from the fever and would develop pneumonia.

Dad said I probably had a cold, when my mother confided her fears when he arrived with a jeep to take us to the airstrip, and to say nothing about it (to my shame). My mother felt like a Judas each time she looked at me; this was all against what she had been taught.

At Lae airport we met up with a chap from the Medical Department who took a fancy to me, despite my grumpiness. My mother apologised for my behaviour and explained that I was unwell. He said I had German measles but again she replied that I had had it. "I'll bet she has it," he said. My mother decided to make a dash for it if he reported her. Later they laughed together over the 'incident' (again to my shame).

Our first house was a Navy hut on the water's edge in Madang near the four or five similar huts that made up the hospital. My only playmates I recall were Linda Evans' daughters, Patty and Lynne, and possibly the sons of Dr and Mrs Deland. Otherwise I doubt if there were other small children in Madang in 1946. Apart from Linda, Mrs Deland and my mother, I don't think there were other white women, apart from the indomitable nursing sister, Taffy.

They were indeed pioneering days. My mother cooked on an enormous Army wood stove at the hospital and by the time food arrived at our hut it was cold. We shared a shower and toilet built out over the water's edge for easy plumbing. The worst deprivation was fresh or tinned food when shipping strikes in Australia delayed supply ships. But that's another story, and it involves the generosity of Americans still at Finschhafen.

If anyone wishes to correct my memories I would be most grateful, as I am writing my memoirs of growing up in New Guinea for the family. I am fortunate to have the published and unpublished writings of my mother, who was well known as Joan Stevens, compere of the 9PA Women's Session. I would very much like to know if, when the Last Post was played, was it customary for Europeans, men at least, to stop whatever they were doing and stand to attention.

(Should anyone wish to help Maggie with her memoirs, her address is:

Mrs Maggie Reid
209 Page Street,
MIDDLE PARK, Vic 3206.

And Maggie, the 'Uncle' Wal and 'Auntie' Ming are the people you thought they were.)

PNG INDEPENDENCE DAY 1995

16 SEPTEMBER 1995

Members are advised that the following functions will be held in Sydney on this day:

- (1) Church Service (Mass) will be held at 8 am St. Peters Church, Surry Hills, corner Devonshire and Crown Streets.
- (2) Flag raising ceremony at 10 am at the Sam Cracknall Stand at the University of N.S.W., followed by light refreshments.
- (3) 20th Anniversary Dinner Dance at 7 pm at the University of N.S.W. Square House, dress casual, cost \$40.00 per head. Interested persons please contact Marie Bassett (02) 958 3408 or Joe Nitsche (02) 451 2475.

HELP WANTED

Here's one for the ladies! It concerns the advent of electric "golfball" typewriters in Port Moresby.

In 1958 postal training for nationals commenced in a hut at Konedobu. In 1959 a training college was built at Boroko and opened in 1960.

To assist in the training T.P. & N.G. mint stamps were overprinted "SPECIMEN I" on a typewriter. These were then used in mock-up postal situations. Most probably SPECIMEN I was typed on the stamps to prevent stealing. Some English and Canadian collectors have some of the above postage stamps in their collections and wish to know if the overprint is genuine.

They describe the typewriter printing as:-

".....study reveals it has been applied by typewriter ... possible an electric typebar or even an IBM golfball ... machine is quite new, due to the excellent alignment of the typeface and 'on feet' positioning ... ribbon used is a bi-chrome fabric ... most of the SPECIMEN I are in red ... pitch of the letters is Pica."

As most field typewriters were rescued from the revetments at Mafeking, it could be possible that Konedobu P&T had the latest in electric typewriters. If so the overprints pass one test of genuineness. If NO electric typewriters were in Moresby in 1960, then the overprints may be bogus!

Further info is "... all letters in SPECIMEN are perfectly struck and in perfect alignment ... each letter was struck with equal emphasis..."

QUESTIONS: (1) Do you know of a lady member who was employed by Admin in Port Moresby circa 1960?

(2) Can anyone recall when electric typewriters came to Moresby?

Replies to:

K. W. Humphreys
P.O. Box 291
CALOUNDRA QLD 4551
Tel. (074) 91 2031

HELP WANTED

Would anyone knowing anything about Clem Deniston DOWIE, previously of Madang, Wewak, Rabaul and perhaps other places in PNG, please contact the Editor, who is engaged in a research project in which Clem was involved.

The Editor can be contacted by phone or fax on (02) 488 9693.

THE PEEPING TOM

by Chips Mackellar

I was once stationed in the Trobriand Islands, in the eastern extremities of Papua New Guinea. These islands were known throughout the Pacific as *The Islands of Love*.

In their natural state, Trobriand girls wore nothing other than a short grass skirt. It was they who invented the mini skirt, a thousand years ago. They were bare breasted, with long black hair, and their skins were the colour of honey. They were so free with their favours that their sexual habits became the subject of a famous anthropological study. Malinowski's *The Sexual Life of Savages* can be found in all good libraries throughout the world. These islands were so attractive to passing yachtsmen and other visitors, that some found the place irresistible and stayed there for years. As a result, there was always a small community of beachcombers living in the Trobriands. The beachcombers considered themselves to be connoisseurs of these beautiful island girls.

When untouched by civilisation, these girls kept their men in such a state of perpetual sexual exhaustion, that sexual offences of any kind were totally unknown in Trobriand traditional society.

But the price of progress is trouble, and trouble came to the Trobriands in the form of education and technology, and all the other "benefits" of the western world. These benefits gradually upset the natural balance of the islands.

A particularly devastating problem emerged when the girls became westernised. The local beachcombers referred to this problem as "the panty syndrome." They said that trouble always started when a Trobriand girl stopped wearing a grass skirt and put on her first pair of panties. For as long as a girl wore a grass skirt, so they said, she was part of the traditional scene. But as soon as a girl started to wear panties, (plus all the other things that western girls wear), she made the transition into the western world. The change was often traumatic. Traumatic that is, for the men.

While I was A.D.C. Trobriands, one such westernised girl graduated from Sydney University, and returned to the islands to teach at the mission school. She was still as beautiful as when she had left, but when she returned with her wardrobe of western clothes, she also brought home with her, a wardrobe of missionary morals. She was no longer free with her favours.

The island swains who had known her before she went to university, were totally mystified by this change in sexual behaviour, and one became so traumatised by it that he began to cause trouble.

The house in which the teacher lived on the mission station was built on low stumps in the manner of the tropics. For a man standing outside, the bedroom window sill was neck high. This particular man began to annoy the girl by peeping through the window when she undressed. The missionary complained, and we tried to arrest the man for unlawfully on premises.

But the more we tried, the more we couldn't catch him. I had police staking out the mission, and hiding in the bushes, and when the girl screamed, the police would give chase. But you see, a barefooted peeping tom in the dark, could easily out run a flat footed policeman clumping along behind in his size ten boots. So, after a succession of peeping tom incidents, the missionary became hysterical about my inability to catch the culprit.

The beachcombers, who considered themselves experts in these matters, suggested that if the girl would only give him one good look, the peeping

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THE PEEPING TOM (continued)

tom might forever after leave her in peace. But the missionary was not amused at this suggestion. He insisted that the girl was entitled to the full protection of the law, and if she did not get it, he said, he would complain to the Administrator.

I was therefore goaded into taking extraordinary administrative measures. I contacted the Superintendent of the Major Crime Squad in Port Moresby. Don't panic, the Superintendent said, from his air conditioned isolation three hundred miles away, I'll send out our best profiles detective.

Two days later, a very smart young constable arrived on the scheduled flight from Port Moresby. He had recently returned to PNG from a one year's secondment to the FBI as part of a U.S. Foreign Aid programme. For the next week, he rushed around Kiriwina Island during the daytime in my newest vehicle, and took copious statements from all manner of people. At night he amassed heaps of overtime by producing graphs and histograms and flow charts and other statistics which completely amazed the local constabulary. At the end of the week with much gusto, he presented me with a profile of the Trobriand Island peeping tom. It fitted every man on the island.

I thanked the well educated constable, and returned him to Port Moresby. Two days later, the peeping tom struck again, and again we lost him. I contacted the Superintendent again, and this time he said he would send a police dog.

"A dog?" I asked, "can a dog identify a peeping tom?"

"He can follow a trail," the Superintendent said. "All you need to do is follow the dog, and you will then catch the culprit." It sounded so easy. I was convinced.

A police charter aircraft arrived at our airstrip the next day, and I went out to meet it. The dog handler saluted, while the dog sat at attention beside him; a beautiful German Shepherd, complete with tawny mane, and bushy tail, and piercing, frightening eyes.

"What's his name?" I asked.

"His name is Rex, Sir," said the handler.

"Hello, Rex," I said. The well trained police dog ignored me, and looked to his handler for instructions.

"Shake hands," the handler ordered. Police Dog Rex glared at me through amber eyes, and raised one paw. I held his paw gently and said "Welcome to the Trobriands, Rex."

Two nights later the peeping tom struck again, but this time we were ready. Police Dog Rex was first on the scene, and with two sniffs from his well trained nose, he was hot on the trail.

The trail of the fleeing peeping tom led off the mission station and into the jungle. But it wasn't long before Rex's leash became entangled in the undergrowth, and we had to unleash him. Rex bounded on ahead, while the handler and I ran behind, stumbling blindly through the jungle in the darkness.

Rex was well ahead of us when the trail he was following led out of the jungle and into a village clearing. In the middle of the clearing, a scrawny village bitch on heat was surrounded by a pack of mangy dogs. They were all squabbling and snarling at each other, but when Rex bounded onto the scene, the entire pack of mongrel dogs attacked him.

We were too far behind to help, and for a moment Rex was on his own. He was of course, better fed, better trained, and a lot bigger than they were, and by the time we arrived, he had beaten off the whole pack and

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THE PEEPING TOM (continued)

scattered them in all directions. But the commotion had so aroused the village, that people came running from everywhere, and the handler and I spent the next fifteen minutes trying to calm the excited people.

Finally, when we had got the village people to settle down again it was too late. The scattering of dogs and people had confused the scent. Police Dog Rex sat alone in the village square and hung his head in shame. He had lost the trail.

We returned to the station and waited, but to no avail. Now alerted to our new secret weapon, the peeping tom lay low for weeks, and Police Dog Rex was recalled to Port Moresby to other duties.

Two nights after Rex had gone, the peeping tom struck again, and again we lost him in the dark. The missionary was absolutely ropeable, and he made some ungodly remarks about our inefficiency. This time, he said, he was going to arrange to have questions asked in parliament, in Canberra.

I sat in my office next day, and looked out across the blue lagoon. I saw outriggers sailing in the distance, and I saw children playing on the beach. I saw fishermen hauling in bountiful catches, and I saw Trobriand girls flirting under the palm trees. It was all so beautiful and peaceful, that I wondered why the marvels of modern police science could not solve a simple crime in this idyllic setting.

Suddenly, I had a brain wave. If the smartest policemen can't catch the peeping tom I thought, maybe the dumbest policeman can. I called the Sergeant, and said to him, "Who is the dumbest policeman on the island?" He told me.

"Tell him to report to me." I said, "I need him for that peeping tom job."

The Sergeant looked at me as if I had gone troppo, but he went off and fetched the dumbest policeman.

The constable who stood before me in my office was the latest addition to the detachment, and he really was dumb. He looked like a nightmare from the past. He had bushy hair all over his body, and from under his low flat forehead, his narrow eyes stared vacantly at me. I wondered how he had ever made it through the Bomana Police Training College.

"Just the man I want." I said, "Constable, I have a job that only you can do. Follow me."

I took him to the teacher's house. It was mid morning, and all the children were at school. Nobody saw us, as I pointed under the house, just beneath the window. I knew this policeman was too dumb to ever be a detective, but on the other hand, I could rely on him to obey a simple order without question. And that was all that was needed to solve this case, I had decided, -- a simple order for a simple policeman.

"Sit here." I told the Constable, "every night, after dark, until I tell you otherwise. One night, a pair of legs will appear in front of you. They will belong to the peeping tom. He will be looking through this window. When the girl screams, seize the legs, and don't let go. Do you understand?"

"Yassir" the dumb cop said.

Four nights later, I was woken by a frantic knocking at my front door. I staggered out of bed and looked at the clock. It was 3 a.m. The Sergeant was at the door.

"We caught the peeping tom" the Sergeant said, "but we need your help."

"Why?" I asked. They could have told me in the morning.

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THE PEEPING TOM (continued)

"When you gave the constable his orders, you never said anything about releasing the peeping tom" the Sergeant said. "The constable is holding the peeping tom by the legs and won't let go"

I dressed and followed the Sergeant to the mission station. There, by torchlight, hundreds of school children, mission workers, and others were assembled outside the girl's house, all talking excitedly. The peeping tom was lying on the ground, whimpering in shame. Night duty police had handcuffed him, and were standing around controlling the crowd. The girl, fully clothed, was silhouetted against the lamp light in her room, the epitome of the beautiful Trobriand Island girl. She was glaring out the window at the peeping tom and if looks could kill, he would have been a dead man.

The dumb cop had his arms locked around the legs of the peeping tom, in what looked like a permanent rugby tackle.

"I caught him. I caught him," the dumb cop said from his supine position on the ground, "just like you said, Sir."

"Well done, Constable," I said, "now release his legs and return to barracks....."

.....And although all this happened more than twenty years ago, this story still has relevance today, and I use it like a parable.....

For during my Commonwealth Public Service training sessions for middle managers, some of whom will no doubt become our nation's future leaders one day, I often tell this story. For them, it contains two important management principles.

One is: Even the dumbest officer in the Department has a useful role to play within the corporate organisation.

And the other is: Be sure to make your instructions clear and concise, lest you, too, be woken at three o'clock in the morning.

HELP WANTED

Partly to augment ethnographic fieldwork on prostitution carried out there between 1990-92, I wish to correspond with anyone with personal knowledge of Daru Island, capital of Papua New Guinea's Western Province. I am also interested in any and all published and unpublished sources and references to which you may be able to direct me.

Lawrence Hammar,
15314 S.E. Rupert Drive
Milwaukie, Oregon 97267
U.S.A. Tel.: 503-786-7016

MEMBERS GONE MISSING

Newsletters from the previous issue addressed to the following members have been returned and it would be appreciated if anyone knowing their current whereabouts would contact the Secretary:

Mrs. B. A. Bull, 7 Apanie Close, WINGHAM. NSW 2429

Mr. D. P. Eyre, PO Box 99, URANGAN. QLD. 4655

Mr. D. J. Osbiston, Wessex College, CHIPPENDALE. NSW 2008

Mrs. O. Palmer, 39 Mitchell St., SUNNYBANK. QLD. 4109

WOMEN IN PNG

by Peter Best

I was ever wide awake in the appreciation of the great part played by women, both expat and local, in all aspects of life in PNG. In the fifties, my tasks with the oil company took me into the Gulf and Western areas. There I became friendly with the Rev. Eva Standen who, with her husband Harry, ran a Mission Station known as Mission in The Mud at the mouth of the Bamu River later moved upstream to Emeti. She was a lady of great courage and determination and she greatly assisted the local people, some scarce-known at that time even to Govt. patrols - even those by Ivan Champion, with medical and educational work. Also her assistance to ourselves was great and there is much more I could say about all she accomplished, but no time now.

In the Gulf, at Kapuna, there was a LMS Hospital run by Dr. Neville Anderson and wife, a social worker. Their work and that by their successors, the Calverts will never be forgotten by the oil men and will ever be remembered by the local people. Many of the girls were trained in nursing there, along with lasses from Samoa, and this was the pattern throughout the LMS area right up to the then Dutch border at Rouku where wives, if not themselves doctors also, busied themselves with welfare, educational and cultural works. And, indeed at all the Mission outposts such was the case.

Inland from Yule Island penetration through rough terrain was by mule-pack and here Sister Marie-Paul was an indomitable achiever along with the mainly Continental-European co-workers ... some of the Sisters have put in very long service/s, Marie-Louise Perry and Bernadette Wilson began a blood Bank at Red X Hall, Ela Beach in the 50s. Nearer Port Moresby, at Gemo Island across the harbour there was once a Hansenside Colony mainly run by a most charming Sister Constance Fairhall. Later she did great work for Women's Clubs ... mainly in the Hohola area where, for a time, she was assisted by Sheila Abel, widow of Russel Abel of Kwato. She had been at Kapuna in 1953 between the change from Andersons to Calverts. Along with Constance Fairhall and those at Kwato there were many others in the Medical/Nursing field who, apart from their main work in clinics and often bush-material hospitals, also set up training schedules for a host of PNG girls and young women.

To mention a few in the limited time for this little talk: Sister Fairhall was active from 1932 to 1970, Sister Camillus, who ran St. Therese in Scratchley Road for twenty years and was active from 1950 to 1976, and, of course, our dear Elizabeth Sowerby nee Kiernan, who arrived in 1948 and looked after Madang into the mid-seventies, likewise Sister Genevieve from 1947 to 1976, well known and loved at the Nazareth Convent on the Laloki for many years. Jeannie Nixon at Hula and the Rev. Sue Rankin in the Rigo area, along with Ellen Kettle, for whom I am grateful for some details here from her book "That They Might Live."

For Girl Guides Mary Lalor, who lost her life so tragically. All these wonderful and dedicated women and many, many others were active throughout PNG in the medical field, and, of course, the tales of their sister's work during the war years are legion.

Then there were the ladies who were the wives .. the wives of the traders, the Public Servants, the Plantation men, and others of the broad field of commercial endeavour in a fast-growing country. To mention names now puts me at risk of not mentioning others! But how they worked. Not only raising families, but as often as not, helping their menfolk in their tasks of running the store or the plantation or what have you. Many, married to senior Public Servants, were required to play hostess to visitors from around the place or from Overseas. Most were active in such as the Country Women's Association and local womens' clubs. With the advance in the status and

(Continued next page)

WOMEN IN PNG (continued)

responsibilities of PNG national males it was essential that their wives were not left behind. To this end there was a growing coming together and ever-opening doors for local women.

Apart from this 'in-house' exchange of ideas and customs, as it were, there were of course many wives who were also School Teachers and who became loved and expert in this field also. Not only wives, but many young single lasses from all over many to find husbands, others to take greater parts in the developing country. Along with those indigenous ones such as Alice Wedega, an early member of the country's Councils, and Josephine Abaijah, the first woman member of the House of Assembly, and others like Dot Gunther whose husbands were prominent. Some were experts in their own field. I can think of Dr. Dorothy Shaw, whose work on coffee rust as Government Plant Pathologist did so much to save the industry. Lady Cleland who was so active in many areas and development and Andree Millar for orchid lore dissemination. And the Port Moresby hospital X-Ray Dept. prospered under Dorothy Searle and her late husband, Ken. Matrons like Bedelia Mulcahy and many others along with Sisters in Govt. hospitals too many to here list, but their work and dedication well remembered ... along with all the Secretaries and Cashiers of industry, commerce and the Public Service.

And from an earlier era, Camilla Wedgewood, Anthropologist, who did great work, and of whom 'tis said that she was once led around the Territory seeking a secret birth-control only to be shown on her exhausted return to Port Moresby a certain flower in the grounds of Government House! In the Badili Headquarters of the then Australasian Petroleum Company several women were employed in the palaeontological laboratory there. One such, Mrs. Blumberg along with her husband did great work there. Of the three female assistants, one went on to a senior job in the Bureau of Mineral Resources in Canberra. Several young men had their early training there, as indeed did many throughout the Company's vast area of operations. The then Miss Anita Brookman, a telephonist with Post & Telegraphs, trained several national women on the switchboard there. She worked with the then Joyce Wallace...known to all of you as Joy Nash - who from 1950 to a year or so ago in Brisbane completed her long service in telephony having seen in the computer age in PNG. Anita was much in demand at social functions for her well nigh perfect impressions of Gracie Fields. And who could forget wonderful 'Woodie' Troeth at Rouna Hotel.

Libraries were mainly run by women. Ruth Carter at the now sadly destroyed Ela Beach one - and others whose names escape me. At the radio Station in its 9PA days, Danae Shacklady for many years was in charge of the Record Library. The list is endless throughout all fields. I remember the wife of an American oil-man who used to drive a high-powered American car around Port Moresby in 1st or 2nd gear, explaining to astonished on-lookers that her husband hadn't got around yet to teaching her the other gears! Or the wife of a Geophysicist who, not having been seen for a couple of days was was found in bed petrified at the Geckoes on the ceiling! And the wife of a well-known Company Manager disturbed in the night by a naked intruder who told police that she couldn't remember his face but whose vivid description of other bits of him led to an early arrest!

To the menfolk life in the tropics was a challenge and adventure, but to the women who accompanied them it was often a time for them of great adaption. Such for Lexie Burns, who, along with other 'tray ladies' employed by the Hotels - she from 1948 - went on to run a world renowned restaurant, catering for the Queen, the Pope, and many other occasions of State.

I've not mentioned honours and decorations. Neither have I detailed those no longer with us - and some very close to us here - but all live on in our memories....."

(Text of a talk given by Peter at the Gold Coast Papua New Guinea Club Inc. 4 April 1995.)

WW II ARMY MISTAKES IN PNG

Bert E. Weston

Sometime ago, the "Sydney Morning Herald" published an article dealing with the way in which Australian and American headquarters in New Guinea disregarded information gained from decoded Japanese signals relating to an enemy landing at Buna and an overland advance on Port Moresby. If acted upon the information could have saved much loss of life in the Buna/Kokoda campaign. At times, advice and information given by pre-war residents also was disregarded. I experienced several examples of this, both for and against the "Herald's" statement.

Following fifteen years residence in the New Guinea coastal township of Salamaua I became an AIF officer during the Second World War. Whilst stationed at Port Moresby I was called in to army headquarters in mid-1943 where I was introduced to a number of the American and Australian intelligence staff. After being sworn to secrecy I was informed that an American force of about 1,000 infantry of the 162nd Regiment, under Colonel Archibald MacKechnie, was to be landed on the beach in Nassau Bay, just south of Salamaua. I was asked whether, from local knowledge I could offer any information on the proposed landing site.

I informed them that it was a most dangerous beach, that it sloped steeply and that it was subject to almost continuous high surf. I also informed them that a much safer area of beach lay next door, which was protected by an island. However, the Americans knew better and adhered to the original planning, with the result that many landing craft were either swamped or capsized and much equipment, stores and radio sets were lost. Nevertheless, the men struggled ashore, soaked and bewildered, and camped on the sand. During that night the inexperienced young Americans became terrified at jungle noises and, when a few Japanese fired shots, there ensued a lot of wild shooting which resulted in eighteen Americans being killed and twenty-seven being wounded.

Some weeks later I was called in by American headquarters and shown an aerial photograph of Salamaua which depicted a track leading to a jungle clearing in which they thought that they had found a bomb dump and, if so, it would be bombed out of existence next day. I burst out laughing, to be joined by all present, when I identified the site as the local sanitary depot and the "bombs" as sanitary pans.

Again, late in 1943, I was called in and shown a map of the coast east of Lae. I was informed that it was planned to land the 9th Division opposite the manager's residence on Singaua plantation, twelve miles east of Lae, with the object of an advance to capture the township. There was great concern when I disclosed that a coral reef lay offshore of the plantation in about five feet of water but was hidden by the muddy outflow from the Markham River except when waves broke over it in rough weather. The landing area was at once moved some miles further east, to open waters, opposite Hopoi native village!

VALE

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

Mr. Allan Llewellyn Banks (Alby) KING (29 June 1995, aged 84 years)

Alby died at Newcastle from injuries suffered when run down by a motor cycle. He was born at Warialda NSW on 31 July 1911 and after some years of service in the Commonwealth Banking Company of Sydney Ltd he joined the Commonwealth Public Service and took up an appointment in the New Guinea Administration at Rabaul in 1938.

In January 1940 he volunteered for service in the AIF and after initial training sailed for England in the Queen Mary. On board ship his athletic prowess came to the fore in winning the AIF sprint championship. Later that year he was posted to Greece where, on Easter Saturday 1941, his unit was overrun by Nazi advancing forces and he was taken prisoner. Alby later escaped from his captors and remained free for 19 days before being recaptured. Thereafter, he was subjected to harsh treatment for the remaining four years of the war.

On repatriation to Australia he returned to New Guinea and served in Rabaul and Lae until his final posting to Treasury Headquarters in Port Moresby. In 1968 with failing eyesight he took early retirement to Newcastle and resided there until he died. Alby was pre-deceased by his wife Gwen in 1959 and is survived by his sister, Nancy, his daughter Lindy, her husband Theo Burmog and their two children Sarah and Peter.

Alby was a fine allround sportsman, a gifted cricketer, and an "A" Grade golfer, playing in numerous inter-territory championships. His failing eye-sight greatly restricted his activities in his retirement years, yet he worked devotedly for members of his strata body corporate and the Ex-Prisoners of War Association who will sadly miss his services. Nevertheless they, with Alby's legion of friends drawn from acquaintances at war, work and play will have fond memories and be grateful for the honour, privilege and pleasure of being known to one of such a warm, loving and friendly nature. We all mourn his passing and feel deeply for Lindy, Theo, Sarah and Peter and his sister Nancy in their loss.

(Provided by Jack O'Shea and the following are extracts from a letter from Terry Turner.)

"My first meeting with Alby was in the old Treasury building in Konedobu in 1950. I was going to my first posting as District Office clerk at Kerema, and I spent a week with him learning the intricacies of the outstation cash-book. His advice and patience served me in good stead for many years to come. On my transfer to Treasury in 1956 I got to know him better. He had been left to bring up his only daughter, Lindy, after the tragic death of his wife, and this he did in an exemplary way.....

At the outbreak of war he was one of the first New Guinea Contingent to join the AIF. I think his Army number was NGX7. He served in the UK and in the 2/1 Anti-Tank Regiment in Greece where he was captured, and was a POW in Germany, incidentally in the same Stalag as the late Gerry McLaughlin until war's end. Alby returned to PNG Treasury after the war and held various senior positions in the Department. He was a great sportsman, playing competition cricket in his early days and tennis until ill-health in the form of deteriorating eyesight forced his retirement from Treasury in 1969. We were looking forward to seeing him at a PNG Treasury Officers' Reunion at Katoomba in mid-September. The reunion will not be quite the same without him. Vale, Alby."

Mrs. Daphney Levina BRIDGLAND (nee Percival) (6 July 1995, aged 69 years)

Daphney was born in Clayfield on 13th November, 1925. She was one of the first 8 students enrolled at Clayfield College, later going on to Eagle Junction State School.

During the war she held a secretarial position at HMAS Moreton Naval Base. She dreamed of a singing career, but her father did not encourage this. However on her own initiative she wrote to Marjorie Lawrence for advice and was granted an audition. This had a positive outcome and Daphney was much encouraged by Marjorie Lawrence, who felt she had great potential. She studied in Melbourne at the Australian Conservatorium of Music, and was offered the opportunity to understudy leading roles in several operas.

Plans of a singing career were changed when she met and married Leon Bridgland, and went with him to New Guinea, living first at Sogeri and later in New Britain. She loved to entertain, was always interested and ready to participate in local affairs, and was active through the C.W.A. in supporting movements to facilitate a change in the status of indigenous women. She developed a deep and abiding friendship with the Tolai people, who knew they could depend on her for help when needed.

Wherever she lived she created a secure and loving environment for her family, took great pride in their accomplishments, and maintained a close and happy relationship with all her own family. Her love of music and her singing continued to give pleasure to all who knew her.

Daphney is survived by her daughters Robyn, Ann and Rosemary.

Mr. John George BEST (20 June 1995, aged 73 years)

John was born in Hobart, Tasmania on 9th September, 1922. His family moved to Richmond, NSW and John was educated at Sydney Technical High School. He went from school into the army as a signalman. He then went to Sydney University and became a Geologist. His work in this field took him to New Guinea where he met and married the voice of Rabaul, Pamela Ann Palfreyman. Two children, Tony and Kathy were born while they lived in New Guinea. They moved to Canberra for a short while, where Nick, their third child was born. The family returned to New Guinea and lived in Port Moresby.

On completing his work with the government John and the family moved to Sydney and John worked in private enterprise. His passion for Geology took him all over Australia and South East Asia.

John and Pam divorced in 1980, (Pam died in 1992 suffering from multiple sclerosis). When John retired he moved to Kurrajong in the Blue Mountains. He continued to work in his field assisting the local community in areas relating to geological assessment. He moved back to Tasmania to research his family background on the Best side and to also pursue his passion involving volcanic activity in North West Tasmania.

He died of a heart attack in Burnie, Tasmania. His remains are in a crypt along with his forebears, that go back to the second fleet, in Richmond Cemetery.

During John's later years many of his friends and acquaintances would have been perturbed by his often strange behaviour. However, many of them would not have known that in John's midlife years he was diagnosed with manic depression. This altered the course of his life. His marriage broke up and in time his illness caused the loss of family and friends. He is now at peace and is survived by his children Tony, Kathy and Nicholas and five grandchildren.

Dr. Francis TUZA (21 June 1995, aged 80 years)

Dr. Frank Tuza, or Fefe as he was called by his friends, went to PNG in 1950. He was a member of the group of European medical practitioners who were recruited by Dr John Gunther (later Sir John) to staff the post-war medical service of PNG. After introductory courses at ASOPA at Mosman and at Port Moresby the doctors were posted to different hospitals and outstations. Fefe was posted to Buin in the far south of Bougainville.

We learn much of the life of the Tuza family at Buin - and probably of many other families in a similar position in different parts of post-war PNG - from the book by Fefe's daughter Anna "As the Catalina Flies." She describes very vividly the life of the Tuza family at such an outpost as Buin, as seen through the eyes of a very observant girl between the ages of 5 to 10. Her father is the active practical man, who finds solutions to problems encountered in his professional and everyday life, including a polio epidemic introduced by visitors from the Solomons, and conducting the anti-yaws campaign, using penicillin, one of the outstanding medical successes of these years. The almost magical attraction of places such as Buin on people from another continent is reflected in Anna's recollections, written some 40 years later and in her sister Juti, born at Buin, who still feels that she somehow "belongs" there.

After Buin, other postings followed: Sohano, Daru, Port Moresby, Goroka, Lae. Everywhere Fefe was respected for his medical skill and knowledge and for his friendly, humorous, easy-going manner. His last position was at PHD head office as Assistant Director (Preventive Medicine).

Following his retirement from PNG, the family moved to Sydney, where Fefe took up a position with the NSW Dept. of Health. He had a long, eventful and active life. Unfortunately his last year or so had to be spent in nursing homes due to his deteriorating health.

He is survived by his wife Anna, his partner for 50 years, daughters Anna and Juti, sons-in-law Jonathan and Paul, grandchildren Ben, Nicola and Karin.

(Provided by Gabriel Keleny in consultation with Mrs. Tuza.)

Mr. Stephen John TYLER (12 June 1995, aged 41 years)

Stephen was born in Port Moresby 20th August 1953 and killed on the Myocum-Byron Bay road in Northern NSW 12 June 1995. The son of Stan (ex PWD Port Moresby, Goroka, Mt. Hagen & Madang) and Olive Tyler, he had his third birthday in Goroka, did 6 years primary school at Mt Hagen then 6 years at St. John's College, Woodlawn (near Lismore NSW), before going to Teachers College, Armidale, for 3 years.

Later on he attended a one year course for care of handicapped children at Westmead NSW and then taught handicapped children at Kingswood Special School, then at Leonora and Katoomba before being transferred to East Murwillumbah where he continued his work with the handicapped. He later acquired a B.A in Education.

Stephen attended the Wahgi Valley Reunion at Nerang about two years ago where he met a lot of old friends from Mt. Hagen days.

He is survived by his wife Cheryl, children Patrick and Jacqueline, and brother Jim and family.

(Provided by Stephen's father, Stan)

Mr. William Pearce (Bill) LLOYD (1 August 1995, aged 66 years)

Bill spent many years in PNG in New Britain, New Ireland, Madang and the Highlands. He has an interesting history and details will be included in the next issue of the Newsletter. He is survived by daughter Helen

Mrs. Marjorie Noelle JAMES (17 June 1995, aged 72 years)

Marjorie was born to adventurous loving parents at Port Headland, W.A. on 23rd December 1923. Her father, Bert Heath was a pioneer aviator in World War I and also one of the aviation pioneers in New Guinea.

Marjorie moved to New Guinea with her parents and brother Ronald when she was 8 years old. Later, she was educated at school in Adelaide and joined the A.W.A.S during World War II for 2 years. In 1948 Marjorie went to stay with brother Ronald in Canada, returning to Lae in 1951, where she met and married Neville, who went to PNG with Bulolo Gold Dredging Company in 1951 and later joined the PNG Administration.

The early years of their marriage were busy with postings at Lae, Madang, Rabaul and then Port Moresby where Marjorie worked at Moresby Hospital doing clerical duties. Their three children Vicki, Brian and Linda were all born in Lae. Marjorie left the Territory in 1972 to ready a home on the Gold Coast for Neville when he retired.

Ronald is still living in Canada and sister Shirley has made her home on the Gold Coast. Marjorie loved company as her many friends know, and their door was always open to all her friends. She worked on the committee of the Gold Coast New Guinea Club for a number of years and she will be sadly missed. Marjorie is survived by her husband Neville and children Vicki, Brian and Linda.

(From information provided by Wally Sidebottom.)

Mr. John Henry EVANS (25 April 1995, aged 69 years)

John was born in England and went to PNG some time after the war. He worked for Hastings Deering in Rabaul, Lae and Port Moresby.

He married Judy O'Callaghan (Sister in Moresby and Rabaul) at Easter 1959 in Rabaul.

John and Judy left PNG in the 70s and settled in Sydney where John worked with the Main Roads Dept until his retirement.

He is survived by his wife Judy.

Mr. George Argyle (Dick) GLASSY (3 August 1995, aged 69 years)

Dick went to PNG in 1955 flying a Lockheed Hudson out of Madang for Adastra Aerial Surveys.

He joined Mandated Airlines in 1956 flying DC3's and became Chief Pilot. In 1965 Dick moved to Mt. Hagen as Manager of the ANSETT-MAL Light Aircraft Division, returning to Lae as Chief Pilot in 1967.

In 1973 Dick joined AIR NIUGINI as Chief Pilot and remained with them until 1985 when he retired and moved to New Zealand. In 1989 he came to Australia and settled in Cleveland in Queensland. He became seriously ill in mid-July and passed away 3 August.

Dick is survived by his widow Betty, daughters Shona and Margaret and sons Ken and Peter.

Mr. Norman William FELL (15 June 1955, aged 87 years)

Norman was a Headmaster with the PNG Department of Education from 31 March 1949 and retired 9 April 1963.

He is survived by his widow Jean. (No further information available)

Mrs. Philomine Katterina SCOPE (27 June 1995, aged 86 years)

Widow of Henry Wesley Scope, an Engineer with the PNG Electricity Commission from 5/12/59 to 4/4/62. (No further information available)

Mrs. Ancie Schindler (4th May 1995, aged 80 years)

Ancie's was the first marriage after the war, probably for the Mandated Territory, certainly for Lae, when on 30 May 1946 she married Aub Schindler, who was in charge of the Highlands Experiment Station D.A.S.F. Aiyura, Eastern Highlands. There she spent 27 years of joys and sorrows (1946-1973), mostly joys in the eternal springtime of Kainantu Sub-District. Raleigh Farlow D.O. Lae officiated at the wedding and the Matron of Honour was Nancy O'Brien of Mililat Plantation, Madang. Peter Swanson was the Best Man. The breakfast was enjoyed on board the old M.V. Montoro on which Ancie had travelled to PNG with Taffy Jones, Bill and Kath Cahill and their parents, Ted Fulton, Nancy and Ned O'Brien, Reg Boyan, Doris Booth, Norm Wilde, Jim Leahy with whom Aub worked at Aiyura, and many other T.P.N.G. identities. Her honeymoon was spent at Malahang (top storey of Peter Swanson's) in quarantine for eleven days (measles on the Montoro).

Ancie brought up to PNG her Chow Chow Eddie (a bitch) who had 40 pups at Aiyura, mostly sired by Jack Fox's cattle dog. The other sires were the male back crosses to the chow dam.

Years followed of wifeing, mothering, entertaining, gardening, home-craft and dog breeding. In 1953 Ancie took up her old profession of school teaching when she started a small Primary School for the European and local children on the station and environs. This was later changed to the Aiyura Primary School by the Department of Education. A school was built near the airstrip in 1955. At one stage for 18 months Ancie and Joan Kerwin taught sixty children in six classes in one room undivided by any sort of partition. Joan was from the Summer School of Linguistics which later supplied other teachers for the school. At Aiyura, Ancie formed lifelong friendships with Joan Carne, Flora Nitsche, Betty Bell, Marjorie Purnell, Yvonne van Horck, Dien Booiij, Pat Tudor, Mary Wommersly, Rose Hughes and many A.D.O.'s wives among whom was Val Connolly.

Ancie bought a black Volkswagon in which she travelled over the Highlands to Okapa and Mt. Hagen and many times to Goroka.

In 1960 Ancie and all the family, now including three children (5 to 11 years) made a seven month trip to the U.K. and France to show her children to relatives there.

In 1962 Aub left the Administration and with Ancie took over a coffee plantation at Karanka, 27 miles from Kainantu over native tracks and roads. Ancie started a school for the local native children on the boundary of the plantation. At the beginning of 1964 she returned to Kainantu and took over the Kainantu Primary 'A' school. By 1967 she had included among her pupils advanced native and part native children and when over seventy pupils had been enrolled, a head teacher was appointed. Ancie being a "Temporary Female Teacher" had to become an Assistant Teacher. Of these head teachers Keith and Wendy Fisher became lifelong friends of Ancie. She was a great raconteur - one of her tales is of a girl who chalked a four letter word on the school wall and had to scrub it out - her parents were worried about it and asked Ancie what word it was, "W.A.L.L." said Ancie and drove off. Such was her mischievous humour.

By this time she owned a Mercedes Benz and it too travelled over the Highlands and to Lae on improving roads. Her neighbours in Kainantu were Marie Fraser, Goldhardts, Ann Vierling, Gilmore, Muriel Larner, Barry Holloway, van Leewins and other well-known identities. Her dogs had become a well known cattle dog/chow chow strain, which had spread over the Highlands. One of these pups had joined a Qantas pilot team and had clocked up hours of flying in all types of aircraft.

In 1973 Aub leased out Karanka Plantation and with Ancie, having well and truly influenced the future of the Kainantu Sub-District, left T.P.N.G.

(Continued next page)

to return to Australia. Here Ancie caravanned across Australia and in 1980 she travelled to British Colombia to visit relatives.

Her children, Peter became a Doctor of Medicine with a practice in Toowoomba, Ivan a Veterinary Surgeon with a practice in Rosewood, Qld., and Gillian studied child care and is married to a Journalist and lives in Brisbane.

Late in the 1980s Ancie became a well liked member of the Brisbane Womens Club and West Toowong Bowling Club.

On the 4th April Ancie was able to celebrate her 80th birthday with 50 of her very good friends from childhood days to recent times at the Kenmore Tavern.

Ancie loved life. Her ashes are buried in the memorial grounds of the Mt Thomson Crematorium. She is with us all in her three children and eleven grandchildren, who remember her with love and respect.

(Details provided by husband, Aub)

Mrs. Yvonne Gabrielle Bartlett (2 March 1995, aged 71 years)

"My mum and dad first went to New Guinea in 1948 and their first port of call was Bougainville, where my father took up a position with the Treasury Department. Mum always loved the beauty of New Guinea and in those days they used to leave their doors open at night without fear of being harmed.

Mum and dad were later transferred quite a few times around New Guinea because of dad's work up there. They were in New Guinea for 24 years, mum always loved to travel so she did what came naturally to her. Mum loved people and now when I think about her I remember how popular she was, always having people around her, they seemed to flock to her like bees to the honey. I thought and still do that she was a very beautiful woman, dad was very protective of her but most of all very proud.

We were all very pleased to have been reared in a place like New Guinea and to this day we are very grateful to both mum and dad for the experience. In 1974 my father Ralph Earnest Bartlett was medically boarded out of Lae where mum and dad had resided along with their four children for some 10 years.

My parents then retired to Brisbane in late 1974 and after a 15 year battle with illness my father passed away in 1988. My mother never complained, working well into the night to ensure his comfort and well-being. I returned from NSW for the funeral and took my mum back to Sydney with me where she resided with me for 5 years until our return to Brisbane in 1993. My mum had been diagnosed with terminal lung cancer in late 1990, but like always mum refused to give in to her illness and always remained positive and never thought about it. Mum was given 6 months to live in 1990 but through will and determination she out-lived all the doctor's diagnoses.

My mum always lived for her children and was a devoted mother to them all, unselfish, giving continually and never thought of herself. Mum worked tirelessly for all of us and when her illness took its toll she still wanted to do all the things she had been doing but could not any longer.

Mum passed away on 2 March 1995 in the Wesley Private Hospital, she went peacefully with all her children by her side. Mum will never be forgotten for all the beautiful and wonderful things she brought into our lives, she was not only a wonderful mother but a best friend, confidante and she loved us all unconditionally no matter what we did.

Mum will be missed terribly by her children Clinton, Grant, Prudence and Jacqueline and her nine grandchildren.

(Details provided by daughter, Prudence.)

Mrs. Doris THOMAS (9 August 1995, aged 92 years)

Doris was formerly of "Rainau" Plantation, Kokopo, New Britain and was the widow of Theo (Mick) Thomas, who died 8 October 1992.

Doris first went to New Guinea 12 November 1937 on the *M.V. Montoro*. She married Mick shortly after stepping off the boat, and he was the only person she knew that day in the Church of St. George the Martyr in Rabaul, where her two bridesmaids were Joan Rowe and June Ewen. Her mother-in-law, Mrs. Grace Thomas, was in Australia at the time, but her father-in-law, William (Bill) Thomas was there, and was most supportive of her until his death in Mamanula Hospital, Rabaul, on 10 September 1948.

After a still-born son, Doris had a daughter, Rosslyn, born 13 June 1940 in the same hospital. The three Thomas females were on the *M.V. Macdhui* when she sailed from Rabaul Harbour in January 1942, as the Japs were landing.

They returned in 1946 on the *Neptunia* and went back to Bita Paka, where Mick had been operating a trading store before the war. (He was parachuted into Timor as part of the Z Special Force during the war. Afterwards he was involved in getting plantations operating again). They built another house on the site of the old one. Soon Mick was able to purchase "Rainau" Plantation, which had belonged to Mrs. Schmidt (one of Queen Emma's sisters). The plantation had been badly damaged during the war, and had to be cleaned up and replanted. A house was built, which was just a quonset hut with a verandah attached to the front and back.

Once he got the plantation going, Mick started to research the growing of cocoa, and after a trip to Samoa in the early fifties, became the first man to grow cocoa in the Gazelle Peninsular. During the subsequent years "Rainau" became quite a focal point for visitors and other planters who wanted to join him in cocoa production, so Doris was kept busy with the hospitality involving the provision of many lunches, morning and afternoon teas.

Later Mick became President of the Planters' Association for a term and Doris was always very supportive of him during this period.

They left New Guinea during 1974 and bought a completely undeveloped property at Nowendoc, near Walcha in N.S.W. When this had been cleared, they set up a Brahmin cattle stud, and also bred quarter horses. (Mick had also bred cattle and horses in New Guinea). After about ten years they retired to Forster, on the North Coast of N.S.W., where they lived until Mick died. Doris then went to Sydney to live and moved to a nursing home in March of this year because of her extreme frailty. She is survived by her daughter, Rosslyn, who provided these details.

Mrs. Dorrie ROSS (1 September 1995, aged 97 years)

Dorrie was the widow of Claude Ross of Rabaul Shipping and was for some 25 years a teacher at the Court Street School in Rabaul.

(Full details in the next issue.)

Mrs Kathleen Agnes COTTRELL-DORMER (27 April 1995, aged 82 years)

Kay was the widow of William Cottrell-Dormer who died in 1986 having spent many years with the PNG Department of Agriculture Stock and Fisheries at Port Moresby, Mekeo and Samarai. (Full details next issue)

Mr. John Preston WHITE (24 May 1995, aged 80 years)

The following details were omitted from the Vale item in the last issue. John was the Administrator of the Trust Territory of Nauru from 1958 to 1962.

Mr. Jean Henri HUON de MAVRANCOURT (27 July 1995, aged 78 years)

Born in the south of France he trained and worked as a journalist before the outbreak of the second world war. He joined the French underground resistance and fought against the Nazis during the war, for which he was subsequently decorated with the Legion D'Honneur.

Following the war, he sailed to South America where he worked as a teacher prior to travelling to Papua New Guinea. For 20 years he worked as a public health officer in isolated and difficult conditions. In 1972 he moved to Atherton in Queensland where he was involved in many voluntary community services, including the establishment of the first Alliance Francaise of Far North Queensland.

For his work towards community ethnic services, he received the Migrant Service Award in 1985. He was frequently outspoken on matters that concerned him and most recently wrote numerous letters to the media denouncing the French nuclear tests.

He is survived by his wife Helen, his four daughters and seven grandchildren.

Mrs. Thelma PRICE (13 May 1995, aged 88 years)

Widow of Alexander Vivian Gordon Price, Specialist Medical Officer with the Public Health Department in PNG from 5 March 1934 to 5 February 1963 and passed away 17 April 1978. (Full details next issue)

Mr. Vin TOBAINING (2 April 1995, aged 80+ years)

One of Papua New Guinea's founder and great supporter of Local Government in the country passed away last weekend at his home village in East New Britain.

In a message of tribute to the late Tolai leader, National Parliament Speaker and Kokopo MP, Mr Rabbie Namaliu, described the late Vin Tobaining, more than 80 years of age, as a man of distinction and a strong advocate for greater participation by nationals in politics and government long before self-government and independence.

The late Vin Tobaining was a member of the former Legislative Council for New Britain from 1961 to 1963, during which he was also a member for the standing committee on regulations and orders and of the standing committee on public works.

In 1961, the late Tobaining was chosen as a member of the Australian delegation to the United Nations General Assembly. Mr Namaliu said in his struggle to win local-level governments, Vin Tobaining was elected as president of the Vunamami Local Government Council - the second to be established - in Papua New Guinea in 1951, and subsequently of the Gazelle Local Government Council again long before independence. He was instrumental in the formation of the Tolai Cocoa Project in the fifties.

"He also took part in the discussions on the establishment of the East New Britain Provincial Government." Mr Namaliu said Vin Tobaining was widely respected as a traditional leader, and as an elected leader at local government and higher levels. "His counsel was valued by many of our leaders including Sir Michael Somare and the late Sir Iambakey Okuk."

Mr Namaliu said the late leader was a founding member of the Pangu Pati. "Vin Tobaining enjoyed tremendous respect among the people of East New Britain, and he was highly regarded by government leaders since independence, as well as by the former Australian Administration. "The people of East New Britain and Papua New Guinea have lost one of our most distinguished leaders and citizens," he added.

(From the PNG POST-COURIER 5 April 1995)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

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MR. J.	BALDERSON	2/7 LAUDERDALE AVE	FAIRLIGHT	NSW	2094
MRS. R.	BARRAND	20 IVEY ST.	LINDFIELD	NSW	2070
MISS P.M.	BARTLETT	3 TIPUANA DRIVE	CAPALABA	QLD	4157
MR. P.V.	BEST	20 DJERRAL AVE.	BURLEIGH HEADS	QLD	4220
MR. R.R.	BRYANT	"BROOKFIELD" RSD 983	DELORAIN	TAS	7304
MR. H.J.	CORDER	236 NORTH RD.	BRIGHTON EAST	VIC	3187
MR. R.J.	COSTELLOE	P.O. BOX 2090	CAIRNS	QLD	4870
MR. B.W.	CRANE	164 SETTLEMENT POINT RD.	PORT MACQUARIE	NSW	2444
MR. E.J.	EARL	P.O. BOX 24	BOWNING	NSW	2582
MR. P.	ERSKINE	SUITE 3, 40 WASHINGTON ST.	TOORAK	VIC	3142
MS. C.A.	FOLEY	46 ALPHA RD.	WILLOUGHBY	NSW	2068
DR. L.J.	HAMMAR	15314 S.E. RUPERT DRIVE MILWAUKIE OREGON 97267 USA			
MR. B.	INCH	P.O. BOX 56	COOLAMON	NSW	2701
MR. N.P.	JAMES	2 SCOLLER PLACE	MERMAID BEACH	QLD	4218
MR. A.	LOCK	9/1 HAMPDEN ST.	MOSMAN	NSW	2088
MR. J.	McGETTIGAN	54 DORIS AVE.	WOONONA	NSW	2517
MR. I.	McPHERSON	37 LORD ST.	MT. COLAH	NSW	2079
MRS. M.	McVEY	2 FIELDING ST.	BUDERIM	QLD	4556
MISS H.V.	MIDDLETON	36-40 KERRS LANE	NAMBOUR	QLD	4560
MISS M.E.	MIDDLETON	36-40 KERRS LANE	NAMBOUR	QLD	4560
MR. G.E.	MILLER	2/15 BELLEVUE PDE	HURSTVILLE	NSW	2220
MR. R.	MORRIS	4/41 BRADMAN AVE.	MAROOCHYDORE	QLD	4558
MR. D.	TARRANT	60 MOSELEY ST.	GLENELG	S A	5046
MR. P.	VANDEREYK	12 GLOUCESTER RD.	EPPIING	NSW	2121
MRS. M.	WEHNER	419 ALBION ST.	BRUNSWICK WEST	VIC	3055

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MR. C.	BALLARD	27 FROGGATT ST.	TURNER	ACT	2601
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MR. B.F.	COSTELLO	26 NOBLE ST.	CLAYFIELD	QLD	4011
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MRS. E.	JOHNSTONE	C/- S.ROSS, 21 VERMONT ST.	ASPLEY	QLD	4034
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MR. C.J.	NORMOYLE	PO BOX 5024	BUNDABERG	QLD	4670
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MR. H.	QUINTON	PO BOX A977	SYDNEY SOUTH	NSW	2000
MR. E.P.	SCOTT	PO BOX 2973	SYDNEY	NSW	2001
MRS. H.	WATSON	DEE WHY GARDENS	NTH DEE WHY	NSW	2099
		104/152 FISHER RD.			

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CORRECTIONS:

MRS. J.	MAVROMATIS	3 GARDEN ST.	KINGSFORD	NSW	2032
COL. D.	RAMSAY	121 EDGECLIFF RD.	WOOLLAHRA	NSW	2025