



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC
P.O. BOX 452, ROSEVILLE NSW 2069
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No 1, 1997 - March

Dear Member

The President and Committee would like to thank all those kind members who sent Seasons Greetings and thanks - this was much appreciated.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND LUNCHEON

**Our Annual General Meeting and Luncheon
will be held on Sunday 27 April 1997
at the Mandarin Club**

Full details about the meeting and luncheon are to be found in the centre pages.

Senior or incapacitated members who would like to attend but have transport problems please contact our secretary, Joe Nitsche, or our assistant secretary, Pamela Foley, whose phone numbers are listed above. They will endeavour to arrange transport.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1997

As previously advised, our membership rate has been increased to \$10 p.a. as from January 1997 - the first increase for seven years. This will not affect members who have paid their subscriptions in advance at the previous rate.

Subscriptions were due on 1 January 1997. If you are unsure whether you are financial or not, please check the address label on the envelope which contained this issue. At the bottom right hand corner of the label is the year to which you have paid your subscription - if the year shown is 1996, you are financial only until 31 December 1996, and we would be glad if you would forward your renewal as soon as possible. If you are unfinancial there should also be a 'RED' note in the newsletter to help jog your memory. See page 41 for renewal form.

RE MEMBERSHIP LIST

The membership list is a service to members. It will be printed in the June issue of *Una Voce* - if anyone does not want his/her name and address to be included on this list, please let us know.

FROM THE COMMITTEE

Our Association President, Harry West, is recuperating after seven weeks' radiation therapy for prostate cancer. Fortunately, exhaustive tests indicate that the cancer has not spread beyond the prostate. The Committee is sure that all members join them in wishing Harry a good recovery.

Harry thinks it is timely to remind readers that a high percentage of men develop prostate cancer in their 60s and 70s. Frequently there are no early indications of its presence. However a visit to a general practitioner and a simple P.S.A. blood test can reveal prostate irregularities and point the way to early treatment. Informative pamphlets are available free of charge from the Cancer Council, 153 Dowling Street, Woolloomooloo NSW 2011, ph. 02 9334 1900.

NEW COMMITTEE MEMBERS

The Association would like to hear from anyone interested in becoming a committee member. We are always on the lookout for new members, especially younger ones - the average age of the present committee is 70+. Our meetings are held every two to three months, on Sunday mornings. If you think you might be interested please drop a line to the secretary.

DISCLAIMER

Una Voce is produced for the information of members of the Retired Officers' Association of Papua New Guinea Inc. It is written with care, in good faith, and from sources believed to be accurate. However, readers should not act, nor refrain from acting, solely on the basis of information in *Una Voce* about financial, taxation or any other matter.

Having regard for their own particular circumstances, readers should consult the relevant authorities or other advisers with expertise in the particular field. Neither ROAPNG nor the editor accepts any responsibility for actions taken by readers.

Also, the views expressed by any of the authors of articles included in *Una Voce* are not necessarily those of the editor or the ROAPNG.

CHANGE TO DEEMING RATE

From **23 January 1997**, lower deeming rates will be used to work out Social Security pension and allowance payments (except for family payments). The lower rates will also apply to Veterans' Affairs pensions from 30 January.

The new deeming rates, which are used to calculate income from financial investments are:

4% for the first \$30,000 of financial investments held by a single person, or \$50,000 if a pensioner couple.

6% for the balance of financial investments above these amounts.

If you have financial investments and also get a part payment, your payment may go up. If you already get a full payment, you will not be affected.

For more information contact Social Security on 13 2300* if you are a pensioner, 13 2468* if you receive an allowance, or your local Veterans' Affairs office if you are a Veterans' Affairs pensioner.

* Calls to these numbers can be made from anywhere in Australia for the cost of a local call. Mobile phone calls are charged at mobile phone rates.

(DSS/Veterans' Affairs Notice in Sun/Herald 26-1-97)

NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES - ANGAU ASSOCIATION - ANZAC DAY MARCH

This Association marches every Anzac Day in Sydney. After the march they have a reunion, annual meeting and luncheon at the RSL War Memorial Club, Kensington NSW. Some members cannot march so they join the marchers at the Club. Wives and other family members are invited to the luncheon - this enables wives to meet at least once each year. The march and reunion this year will be on Friday 25 April, forming up in Hunter St. near Castlereagh St. at 0845 hrs; the luncheon is at Kensington RSL at noon.

For further details please contact Adrian Leyden on (02) 9477 3795 or Peter Russell (02) 9869 7531.

INFORMATION SOUGHT RE FRANK HAROLD HENNESSY

We have received the following letter: 'My father was killed in Rabaul when the Japanese landed. I am trying to find somebody who knew him in Rabaul as I never knew him and I would like to know someone who did. My mother has now passed on and as she would get upset if I tried to find out about my dad, I could never make enquiries before. I have been given your address as I know he was in New Guinea at an earlier time. I have written to SCMA for his service record but there is a 6 month waiting list for information from them. His name:

Frank Harold Hennessy NX 27487

2/10 Field Ambulance AIF

Hoping you can help. Sincerely, Beverly Jessep'.

If you have any information please contact Ms Jessep at 37 Mooranga Road, Mirrabooka, NSW 2264 Ph (049) 73 4236.

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HAVE YOU HEARD???

Your President and Committee would like to thank the many members who sent Christmas and New Year Greetings - this was much appreciated.

Marjorie HEAD of Gympie Qld wrote. 'We were sad to read of the death of Sir Mea Vai. We knew him during Phil's Scouting days in Moresby and were guests at his wedding, in 1956 I think. Mea married one of the members of my Hanuabada Sea Ranger company. It was a day we remember well, as it was also the day we moved into our own house. Until then Phil, then employed as a wood-machinist, was not eligible for government housing, and we were continually on the move, minding leave houses. However government policy changed, artisans became eligible for housing and we were allocated one of those prefab houses that the government had imported from the UK, in Second Street, Boroko.

We moved our belongings in, dressed and raced off to the wedding at the old London Missionary Society church at Metorea, and to the reception afterwards, which was held in the co-operative store at Hanuabada.it was a most enjoyable occasion.

We returned late to our new home to realise that we had made a serious omission, we had neglected to inform the powers-that-be of our occupancy, and the necessary pan had not been installed in our 'small house' at the bottom of the garden. This resulted in a very hasty trip to our new neighbours, hurried introductions and even more hurried use of their toilet facilities.

Throughout our time in PNG Mea and his wife remained good friends, and they visited us once when we were living in Brisbane. He was one of those quiet achievers, who gave of his best whatever he did. He worked tirelessly for the Scouting movement, and it was with sadness that we read of his death, at what must have been a relatively early age.'

Writing on Australia Day, **Harry JACKMAN** of Angaston SA said, "The 'Service to community health through research in malaria entomology and mosquito-borne diseases' appearing under 'Mrs Dora Margaret SPENCER, Tenterfield, NSW' in the Australia Day 1997 Honours List will no doubt have made some aficionados of such lists wonder why malaria research has been undertaken in so cold a place. Well, most of the fieldwork - eight years, from 1953 to 1961 - was done in PNG. In three delightfully 'non-medical' books, *Doctor's Wife in New Guinea* (1959), *Doctor's Wife in Papua* (1964) and *Doctor's Wife in Rabaul* (1967), Margaret describes how she and her husband Terry gained the respect and friendship of the villagers, a prerequisite in any anti-malaria campaign, and gave the Public Health Department full value for money. Their task took them to many localities, eg Minj, Nondugl, Mapamoiwa, Rabaul, Buka, Mortlocks, and included much time on patrol. The Spencers' empathy towards Papua New Guineans is central to the three books. Their contribution to medical science has earned them international renown for its integrity and quality."

Lillian WHITCHURCH of Launceston Tas wrote, '...I had my 80th birthday two days before Christmas and celebrated with around 40 friends - some going back to schooldays. I have just had another cornea graft on my left eye ... I am hoping to get a little better vision. One of these days I may get down to writing of my experiences in

HAVE YOU HEARD??? *Continued*

PNG when helping to lay the foundations of girls' education there. I would love to hear from some of my previous pupils at Lae, Daru, Kerema, Dregerhafen, Mumeng and Brandi (near Wewak).'

The following is an excerpt from the Annual Bulletin of the 2nd/22nd Battalion 'Lark' Force Association, kindly sent to us by Betty Woods of Frenchs Forest: 'Des LENNON still has interests there (Rabaul) and not so long ago visited there from his home in Adelaide. He owns two house properties across Tunnel Hill Road - both unaffected by the volcano. Florence COHEN was there last June. Her son Peter is in charge at the wharf which scarcely ceased operations and is up and running at full bore. Matupi, spasmodically, blows up a bit of ash but our Memorial is in good shape. There is some restoration under way and currently three hotels/motels are operating ie Hamamas Hotel, Kaivuna and Travelodge. An enthusiastic Restoration Organisation has been established, comprised of local people - mainly Nationals - and restoration work is already in train. It is too early to estimate how far this will go but it seems that quite a degree of restoration can be anticipated. The magnificent harbour will never lose its attraction. Some East New Britain Provincial Government Sections have re-established at Kokopo which does not possess any natural harbour protection.'

Jack WHITE of Duffy ACT wrote, 'Norma and I enjoyed catching up again with David and Gillian MONTGOMERY at their coastal property near Tuross Heads for a New Year's get together with many of their friends. David continues to farm at Crookwell, with potato seed production as a speciality, while Gillian is an active lecturer in child development at the Goulburn TAFE. Norma enjoys golf, bridge and the family, while I dabble in golf and electronics having unloaded my activities in agribusiness.'

Committee Member Pat HOPPER of Neutral Bay NSW wrote, 'On a recent trip to Europe I visited Germany and spent some time with Horst and Elisabeth HOERTLEMAN. Horst was the manager of Breckwoldts in Rabaul for many years. They now live in the village of Ramesloh on acreage about 10 kms from Hamburg. Horst has been the Consul for Papua New Guinea for many years and while I was there he was appointed Consul for the Solomon Islands. Now a member of the Retired Officers' Association, Horst hopes to be in Australia for our April lunch.'

Frank WILSON of Ocean Shores NSW said that he had just been lent some short stories written by Olaf CHRISTENSEN, *Gold, Pearl-shells, Feathers and Sharks*. He said he had heard from a friend in Melbourne that Olaf is a very sick man, with cancer, but is still full of fight.'

Alex ZWECK of Henty NSW sent us some news which he thought might interest folk who served in the Southern Highlands. He wrote, 'Several years ago I made contact with Father Paul Farkas of the Capuchin Mission and we exchanged letters for a couple of years - then they ceased from his end. I knew he was going on leave to the States. Then this week I received a letter from him. He has been very ill, heart trouble etc. He has recovered but has been advised not to return to PNG and is currently living at a friary

HAVE YOU HEARD??? *Continued*

in Pittsburg Pennsylvania in semi-retirement.

For the record, Father Paul gave 41 years of his life to service with the Mission in PNG, commencing about 1954 or '55. He served at Tari, Southern Highlands District, then for a period in Madang at the Seminary - then poor health forced him back to Mendi to take on a less stressful job. Mendi is the headquarters of the Capuchin Fathers - the Bishop Ferman Schmidt (since retired I think) was resident there.'

New member, **Hollie KERSHAW**, wrote, 'Muriel Larner introduced me to your publication ... wish I had known about it a long time ago! Passed it on to **Rodney DONNE** who was a patrol officer in various Highlands areas in the late 60s and up to 1975... Rodney is CEO at Burnside City Council in the eastern suburbs of Adelaide.'

Florence CHESTER of Palm Beach Qld reported some good news: 'I now have a fourth great-grandson, the latest one will carry on the Chester name. Joshua John Marjoribanks Chester was born on 23 November 1996 to my grandson John and his partner Nicole. John is my younger son Allan's elder son. Makes one feel a little old!!!'

Beryl SIDEBOTTOM of Carrara Qld wrote that her husband Wally had spent the major part of 1996 in hospital. Beryl said he was now home again and she was hopeful he would be alright through Christmas/New Year.

Our Patron Les WILLIAMS and his wife Margarette have moved. Their new address is Residence 127, Willandra Village, 81 Willandra Road, Cromer NSW 2099, Ph 02 9981 4734. They are delighted with the change.

In December, **Grahame COLLETT** of Glen Innes NSW wrote, 'Farming is a lot more enjoyable when the rain falls, a wonderful season here at present.'

Twenty years ago new members, **Doug and Annette ROBBINS**, established Springbrook Mountain Lodge high above the Gold Coast Region in the heart of a fauna sanctuary and surrounded by National Parks. They have operated and expanded it ever since. Doug headed for PNG as a patrol officer in 1969 - he and his wife spent two years at Tufi where they enjoyed '20 miles either way of idyllic fiord coastline (followed by mosquito infested swamps) white sand beaches, coral reefs, fish, and cooked crabs at 30c each!' He said that his most interesting patrols took him to the wilds of Safia (the usual description being unprintable) in connection with the proposed Musa Gorge hydro scheme. Two weeks before cyclone 'Hannah' flattened Tufi, Doug and Annette were posted to Kokoda. Doug ended his NG service in Local Government at Popondetta and returned to Brisbane in 1973 with the coming of self-government.

Another new member, **Chris TOMS**, wrote saying she was not known by that name to some of her PNG friends or colleagues - her name then was **Chris McGENNISKEN**. Terry, her husband in PNG, died from cancer some years back. Chris's daughter, born in Lae in 1953, now Leigh Woltmann has just completed an orientation course at the Batchelor Health Training College prior to taking up a position

as lecturer in Gove, Arnhem Land NT. Leigh has been a Senior Nursing Sister at the Gove Hospital for the past six years and has gained her Bachelor and Masters Degrees.

Some news from our secretary, **Joe NITSCHKE**: 'The people of Tamworth certainly know how to celebrate. First the 'Country Music Festival' attended by a number of our members each year, especially by **Frank and Betty SMITH** who were flat out, line dancing along with a huge crowd. Then a couple of weeks later the 'Tamworth Film Academy Awards Ceremony', on a low key though (to keep the press and media away), hosted by Producer and Director **Gerry and Judy CHAN** in honour of their twins David and Colleen's 21st birthday on February 2 1997. Some 70 stars from the Hollywood film world attended the celebrations, like Arnold Schwarzenegger, James Bond, Superman, King Kong, Raymond Burr, Robin Hood, Kevin Costner, Maureen O'Hara, Clint Eastwood, Evita, Sally Fields, Alfred Hitchcock to name just a few, but many, many more. The decorations were typical Hollywood style, lots of fun with the presentations of the Oscars to the chosen few, lots of speeches, good food, plenty to drink and a great night was had by all.'

Ivy STANMORE of Turramurra NSW wrote, 'The years rolled away and a great 'talk fest' ensued last November when **Bert and Doris BYWORTH** of Paradise Point Qld celebrated their 80th birthdays and also entertained old PNG friends, **Mona SHAW**, my husband **Peter** and myself. We three came up from Sydney for the occasion. A wonderful lunch and a relaxing afternoon with many reminiscences of past times in PNG completed a perfect day.'

During their years in PNG, Bert and Doris saw service at Ihu in the Gulf District and at Kerevat in New Britain as well as in Port Moresby. Both are still very active in the community and Bert is currently enjoying studies in connection with a course through the Open University.

Paul RYAN of Nairobi, Kenya, advised that he is thinking of returning to Australia next year. Paul worked with Forestry prior to his departure from PNG in 1972. He then spent 14 years in Vancouver Canada, first of all having a gallery selling PNG art/artifacts throughout Canada and the US. After two years he got back into forestry joining a pulp and paper engineering company where his work entailed much overseas travel and included a year's stay in Burma. In 1983 he went out on his own, becoming a consultant - 'some of the most enjoyable work I've done, though quite hectic and with a certain sense of living "on the edge"'. In 1986 he was asked to take up a position with the World Bank - this necessitated a move to Washington DC where he spent six years. Since January 1993 he has been manager of several forestry projects in eastern and southern Africa. Paul has two sons by his first marriage, both working in Vancouver.

Albert SPEER sent us details of the launching of **Dame Rachel CLELAND'S** book, *Grass Roots to Independence and Beyond*. It was launched by H E Brigadier-General Kenneth K Noga CBE (Ret'd), PNG High Commissioner to Australia, in the Commission's Haus Tambaran in Canberra on 18 December. Special guests included Les and Dulcie Johnson, Lady Elizabeth Kiki, Professor Hank Nelson and Mrs Nelson, Professor Gerry Ward and Mrs Ward, Professor Ken Inglis and Mrs Inglis and Bert Speer.

HAVE YOU HEARD??? *Continued*

Eve **JOHNSTONE** formerly of Aspley Qld advises that she has been very ill but because of her age doctors do not recommend an operation (see last page for change of address notice).

New member, **Ailsa RYALL** of Lawson NSW, appreciated the back copies of the newsletter we sent to her. She added, 'Our dear friends **Jim and Hazel CRAWFORD** made my time on Muschu, as a new resident, an episode in my life which will remain forever with me. Their wonderful friendship and support made it a happy time.'

Jack and Masori FLENTJE are selling their home at Sunbury Vic and are buying another to share with their daughter, her husband and their five children (now all teenagers and one just 21). Their eldest son, David, is now a Captain flying Boeing 727s with Jamaican Airlines. Jack said David is rejoicing in the tropics again especially as so much of the food and vegetation is similar to what he remembers in PNG. David lost his first wife through cancer at the time of the Pilots v. Airlines trouble - since then he has been unable to find employment with airlines in Australia. He remarried two years ago.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Jim Toner (Northern Territory)

Overlarge objects have been erected in some of Australia's small towns with the intent of attracting visitors. The Big Pineapple is a readily comprehensible advertisement but why sleepy Kilcoy (Qld) should install a giant statue of a yowie is unclear. Naked male figures are a potential source of diversion for the hoi polloi and this one appears to possess a generous appendage which is intermittently repainted, realigned or removed.

The local newsagent was questioned about this by AAP reporters and he said that at one time the yowie's genitals were covered by a laplap. Thinks Jim: does this sound like a wantok? Indeed it was, **Will MUSKENS** of DDA. He was the ADC Goroka sub-district 25 years ago and also served in New Britain. So, if you ever drive up the range there is a fellow member of our Association on hand to point out the main attraction.

Vanuatu has been the scene of political upheaval recently and a former DO (Lands) at Mt Hagen found himself abducted by its paramilitary forces last November. **David SCHUPP**, an Australian-funded officer in the Department of Finance at Port Vila since 1991 was allegedly slapped during an interrogation regarding a long-running pay dispute. However, he was released after some hours while 200 soldiers finished up in gaol. One suspects they never did get the pay they sought.

At a January wedding in Perth the MC proposed the Loyal Toast. This motivated the father of the groom and his wantok to leap to their feet with a cry of 'Up the Republic'. With names like **Patrick Virgil DWYER** and **Brian Redmond HEAGNEY**, this was no surprise. Amusing but indicative of the dissension we shall witness in the next few years. Brian, former PO and creator of a trading empire in the Highlands, rests on his laurels in Perth but Patrick, who worked his way through five departments in PNG,

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS *Continued*

toils with the WA Police Force in its community policing office.

Young Joey Dwyer, a graduate engineer, took his bride to the Gold Coast for a honeymoon but after three days was called back to WA by his company for some emergency on his project. H'm, teach him to work for Private Enterprise.

Talking of second-generation nuptials, Mitikapa, son of another well-known kiap turned entrepreneur, **Graham POPE**, recently married Michelle, daughter of **Nahau ROONEY**. The latter as Member for Manus 1977-87 is one of only three women ever to sit in the House of Assembly (which, of course, Graham had done a decade earlier).

Doug Franklin (Brisbane)

The AGM of the Brisbane-based Australia-Papua New Guinea Society was held at Malangan House Brisbane on 16-12-96. One of the innovative projects reported to the meeting is assistance to be given to establish an ethnic radio programme to cover the wider Brisbane area. Over 3000 PNG Nationals reside in the area and have little contact with everyday news from home. Secretary Hank Cosgrove said that arrangements were in hand to inaugurate a half hour programme each week over a Brisbane commercial station. Application had been made for a \$6000 Government grant to assist with the establishment of the programme, to be conducted in Pidgin. The Society is looking for a presenter for the programme and organising access to a regular supply of information from Port Moresby.

There were many former PNG residents at the meeting. Doug spoke to **Lorraine and Lloyd YELLAND**. Colin Simpson in *Plumes and Arrows* wrote, 'The efficient Medical Assistant at Tari, Lloyd Yelland, had many patients coming into the station every day for treatments of everything from coughs and colds to arrow wounds and lacerations that result when two women have an argument in the garden with digging sticks.' That was in the early fifties before Tari had a hospital. Lloyd and Lorraine were in good form and enjoyed the party after the meeting.

Also there, was **Frank HOLLAND** who had been in the timber business based in Rabaul pre-war. After the Japanese landings early in 1942 Frank became a Coastwatcher. Eric Feldt in his book said that when Rabaul was captured, the small Australian defence force there was driven fugitive into the jungle. Their escape appeared impossible. He went on, 'Frank Holland, tall thin and dour, whose speech was pure Hemingway, walked day and night to reach the south coast. Here he met some members of the European police and learned that a large party of the foremost Australian troops had been intercepted and massacred at Tol, in Wide Bay.' Frank told me that eventually he escaped to Australia and joined Z Force, the special commando group of men who conducted the daring raids by the Krait and other vessels.

Others there were **Jim ARMSTRONG**, Burns Philp and Customs, Madang 59-81, **Theo ADAM** who spent 32 years in PNG, latterly as Manager of Minogere Hostel in Goroka, **Joe FISK** of Hornibrooks and **Rod EIVERS** of DASF

At the election of office bearers for 1997 **Ron HOLGATE** (DCA 1963-78) was elected President. Other committee members are **Ray WEALE**, **Hank COSGROVE**, **Rose FLOOD**, **Noela McCORMACK**, **Berry COSGROVE** and **Rod EIVERS**.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS *Continued*

The crash of a Navajo aircraft at Porgera on 9-12-96 cost four expat lives - **Mark PARSONS**, **Ray** and **Dale FRANKIEWICZ** of Bromley and Manton Ltd and the pilot **Nicholas LEE**, son in law of well known PNG couple **Joan and John COLEMAN**.

Miraculously, **George LEAHY**, elder son of Sir Danny Leahy, was in the back of the plane and survived. He has spent a lengthy period in Royal Brisbane Hospital. His injuries included a broken pelvis, fractured right hand and severe burns to his left arm. George said he had less than two minutes to untangle himself from the cabin debris, kick out a perspex window and crawl out to safety before the aircraft's fuel tanks erupted in flames in two sharp bursts.

In recalling what happened George said that he could see there was a bit of cloud hanging around the airstrip as they came in to land, particularly where the touch down area was. He said, 'Perhaps because of this, the pilot didn't seem to be taking the normal track into the runway. He took a different manoeuvre, which entailed turning the plane quite sharply. I can only guess he lost control of the plane during this movement.' (Brisbane *Sunday-Mail* 12-1-97). The aircraft flipped over, crushing the cockpit.

George compared his chances of surviving to winning Gold Lotto - his numbers came up. First he was not knocked out by the crash, second he was in the rear of the aircraft, third he had the strength to boot out a window, fourth he managed to squeeze out of the small window and fifth he got away from the plane and lay low waiting for it to blow up. Finally, the mining company had an aircraft waiting to evacuate one of its own employees direct to Cairns after a vehicle accident and he was put on the same plane.

George and his family reside at Samford near Brisbane and he expects to make a full recovery.

Doug had a call from **Tessa JONES** née **WASHINGTON** who was born in Port Moresby in 1926. Her grandfather had gone up to Papua in 1892 and was captain of the ship *Merry England* which plied between Daru and Thursday Island. In 1908 he became the Resident Magistrate on Woodlark Island. Tessa and her husband Laurie live at Ascot in Brisbane.

Gordon and Beverley DICK have moved from their home at Kareela south of Sydney to Port Macquarie, to be nearer the flower growing project they have been building up over the past eight years. It is 20 years since they left Konedobu DPI HQ where Gordon was in charge of Agricultural Education and Training. Since going finish Gordon has done agricultural consultancy assignments at home and overseas and counselling work in other fields. Beverley holds a responsible position with the University of NSW and has been on long service leave. The Christmas Bells (*Blandfordia grandiflora*) business is growing, with exports to Japan, Holland and USA. In addition, Gordon has taken on the role of a licensed Owner Builder - they are building their new home in the coastal heathlands 17k north of the town.

Stan CARSWELL (Transport Dept Mendi) is well and at Cairns where he is on the local Chamber of Commerce contributing greatly to Cairns/PNG bilateral conferences.

Barry and Beverley BEIL ex DASF and Coffee Marketing Board, Goroka, are well, living on their small crops farms at Victoria Point near Brisbane. They have been there for 17 years now and had hoped to 'retire' soon but the land sales market is weak, Barry said. It was bad luck when Beverley fell and broke her right wrist, slipping on wet concrete - a painful experience, not helped because initially the fracture was set

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS *Continued*

incorrectly. Those with orthopaedic knowledge will know what this meant when the plaster came off six weeks later. Six months on, the effects of the necessary corrective surgery were still being felt by Beverley. Their family are all well.

Sandy STEPHENS who headed the UNDP funded Rural Life Development project in PNG from Port Moresby in the 70s has retired from the FAO HQ in Rome and returned home to New Zealand. It was to retire, but she says she is busier than ever with continuing assignments on behalf of the NZ Government in China, Solomons, Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand and PNG. Her home overlooks the bay at Nelson, South Island.

Syd and Heather SAVILLE said it was pleasant to have Christmas at home at Burpengary Qld after the past two festive seasons overseas at Manila and Port Moresby respectively. Syd has had another busy year with consultancy projects for the Oil Palm Industry Corporation in PNG and the Cocoa Quality Improvement Project for the Philippines. During their travels in Queensland last year they caught up with **Ian PENDERGAST** in Cairns, **Eric and Eileen WILSON** and **Fred and Marj KLECKHAM** at Seaforth up near Mackay Qld.

George and Terry GREENWOOD ex DASF Daru and Mendi, and **Stafford ALLEN**, Pyrethrum Mt Hagen, continue to do well with their pig business at Walkamin, Nth Qld. For a change, pig prices have been good and they took time off for a holiday in England followed by visits to Brisbane and Melbourne.

Norm and Nancy CLARK, formerly of Goroka Piggery, are both well at their congenial retirement location at Ravenshoe in the mountains inland from Innisfail, Qld.

Dr Mike NUNN, who headed up the Veterinary Lab Centre at Kila Kila for many years and became Assistant Secretary Livestock Division of DPI, left PNG with his family in 1990 and took a position with the Dept of Primary Industries and Energy in Canberra. He has been Principal Veterinary Officer with the Bureau of Rural Resources. This is a semi independent advisory body that aims to provide objective scientific and technical advice to Government on forestry, fishing and agricultural industries. A lot of Mike's work is involved with projects in PNG and Indonesia. In the past year he has been busy with a major review of Australia's quarantine programme. Mike said that **George MALYNICZ** ex DPI Goroka and Konedobu HQ is back in England where he set up a tourist company with Anna while he also works at a small animal clinic.

Doug concluded, 'It is always interesting to read what former PNG officers are doing today ... taking up the challenge of a new career in Australia or elsewhere.'

FURTHER HELP TO VUNAPOPE HOSPITAL

In June 1996 we reported that a group of ex-Rabaulites in Sydney had arranged for urgently needed medical equipment to be sent to the Mission hospital at Vunapope, Kokopo, East New Britain Province. This was the only hospital operating after the Rabaul eruption. Now we hear that another container with medical equipment from Alpha Healthcare left Sydney before Christmas for Vunapope Hospital. Again the freight of \$9,000 was paid by Mr Eric Storm from the estate of the late F P Archer of Bougainville and Rabaul. Items include a range of instruments, items of hospital equipment (eg assorted crutches, instrument trays, bowls, bedpans), an ECG machine, a dental drill, an anaesthetic machine, 20 beds, and much much more.

SIR MICHAEL SOMARE VISITS TASMANIA: In October 1996 Sir Michael Somare visited Tasmania to deliver the 1996 James McAuley lectures at the University of Tasmania campuses in Launceston and Hobart - the first non-Australian to do so. Before joining the University of Tasmania, Jim McAuley, poet and academic, had been a lecturer at the Australian School of Pacific Administration in Sydney and while there had become deeply interested in the Melanesian way of life. Sir Michael said, 'We have survived 21 years of independence under our Constitution, free of military coups, devoid of overthrown constitutions, and wedded firmly to principles that we can readily accept - one person, one vote; freedom of information and speech, and equality of development.' *Sunday Examiner* 13-10-96 (From **Bob Bryant** of Deloraine Tas. who said he enjoyed meeting Sir Michael again. Sir Michael was accompanied by **Graham Whitchurch**.)

APRIL 1998 - a one-off gathering of pre-Independence personnel

There is planned a one-off assembly and get-together of field staff, outstation personnel and those who gave support services eg pilots, trawler skippers, RTC operators etc. The idea is to meet in Brisbane during April of next year for two or three days of formal and informal (social) gatherings.

It is not intended that this be an on-going yearly reunion style of gathering. What is planned is that pre-Independence field staff and others, including missionaries and private enterprise, be provided with a unique one-off opportunity to meet, socialise and discuss the very positive role played by the thousands of men and women who served in the bush and on outstations of PNG for so many years.

The event would be conducted by professional organisers. Sponsorship would be arranged to reduce costs.

The Queensland person who originated the idea, Will Muskens, said, 'As time passes, there has been a growing perception that Australia's role in PNG after the war and prior to Independence was one of 'colonial master', to the extent that the many meritorious achievements are overshadowed by the few mistakes. This gathering will provide an opportunity to examine what must surely be regarded as the unique and positive role played by the thousands of men and women who served in the bush and outstations of PNG for many years. Former field staff are scattered far and wide throughout Australia - a well organised gathering with a substantial and stimulating program will hopefully entice as many people as possible to come out of the proverbial woodwork...' Will Muskens is confident he can assemble an enthusiastic and competent organising committee from ROAPNG members and others in the Brisbane area.

For further information please return the coupon below or write to the interim address, 'Bung Wantaim', C/- Secretary, PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069. This is a provisional arrangement only and at a later date the project will be handled by the Brisbane organisers. Tentative numbers, expressions of interest, ideas and support are required to enable further planning.

Name:
 Address: Post Code:
 Phone No: If attending, possible number in party:
 Any comments greatly appreciated:

SOGERI REUNION, 4-6 July 1997 to be held at Destiny Resort, Nambucca Heads Qld.

The reunion commences with Saturday lunch, but some are planning to book in for Friday night. The activities officially conclude after Sunday lunch. Those planning to go are asked to make their accommodation/breakfast booking direct to the Destiny Resort asap, and to remit \$50 per person to Marjorie Walker, 31 Josephine Ave, Mt Waverley, Vic 3149 Ph 03 9803 9071, together with full name/s, address, phone no, and years at Sogeri, also asap. The \$50 is to cover catering/use of function room and facilities costs. Cheques to be made out to Sogeri N.H.S. Arts a/c in Australian dollars.

Please make Destiny Resort booking with Ms Joanne Saliba, Manager *Destiny*, Box 157, Nambucca Heads NSW 2448, Ph 065 688 044, Fax 065 686 083. (\$70 per room twin share, less 10% - \$63. \$10 each extra person. Full breakfast is optional @ \$5 per person.) The last Sogeri reunion was in May 1994.

SAMARAI & MILNE BAY AREA REUNION - For residents Pre-War to 1965

Saturday 11 October 1997 at 12.30pm (for 1.00pm lunch)

Venue: Kirribilli Ex-Service Club, 11 Harbour View Cres, Milsons Pt, Sydney

Dress: Smart Casual

Cost: \$30 per head - includes Buffet Luncheon (Drinks own care)

Transport: Sydney residents, if you have a problem getting home, please let the organisers know and they will assist in arranging same.

For further information and map showing location of Club, please contact:

Ralph & Valerie Allan (nee Grant) - 214 Beecroft Rd Cheltenham NSW 2119

Ph (02) 9868 3875 or Jack Cooper - 90 Jersey Rd Woollahra NSW 2025

Ph (02) 9327 1931 or Mike Walke - 22/17 Frazer St Collaroy NSW 2097

Ph (W) (02) 9876 9582 (H) (02) 9982 8915

Please send a \$5 deposit asap to Mike Walke together with your name, address and contact number. The balance of \$25 to be forwarded no later than 11-9-97.

**REPORT ON ROYAL PAPUA NEW GUINEA CONSTABULARY REUNION
held on 7-12-1996:**

The fourth annual reunion lunch for former officers of the RPNGC and their wives/partners was held at *Pelerman's on the River*, Nerang, Gold Coast. Forty-eight attended, mainly from SE Qld, but also from Melbourne, Sydney and Moruya (NSW). **Derek Bell** reported that a very convivial lunch was followed, for about 20 stayers, with dinner and overnight accommodation at the adjacent motel. Next morning many headed off to the Gold Coast markets at Carrara. Those attending were: Bryan and Jackie Beattie, John Trewin, Ivan and Anne Bell, Gordon Ramsay, John Herbert, Max Hayes, Col Parry, Frank Davies with daughter and son-in-law Marion and Lyn Gorrie, Jack and Shirley Graham, Bruce Inch, Howard and Pat Andrews, Ken Cox, Rennie Pike, Olive Siggs, Sue Jewell, Gerry Bellis and family, Tom Shacklady and Gwen, Alasdair and Kath Macdougall, Derek and Sharenne Bell, Vince and Anne Keenan, Bob Cole, Jim and Joan Dutton, Jim Gray, Ernie and Marie Young, Ted and Phyllis Jarrett, Jean Carter, Barrie and Fina Read, Robbie and Cath Robinson, Chris and Linda Coady, and Jennie and Graham Brehman. Apologies were received from Barrie Baxter, Brian Chape, Ron Currie, Paddy Erskine, John Pembroke, Watson Beaton, Grev Feeney, and Kevin Gascoigne.

RABAU (BITA PAKA) WAR CEMETERY: *This item is from the Annual Bulletin of the 2nd/22nd Battalion 'Lark' Force Assoc. reprinted from the Annual Report of the Office of Australian War Graves, kindly provided by Betty Woods, Frenchs Forest NSW.*

'Located some 48 kilometres from Rabaul, the Rabaul (Bita Paka) War Cemetery was constructed by the Australian Army Graves Service in 1945. It was taken over by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission in 1947. It is the smallest of the three cemeteries in Papua New Guinea and contains 1,141 burials, including 500 unknown.

Each grave is marked by a bronze plaque set on a low concrete pedestal. The reason for this deviation from the traditional Commission headstone is that the Rabaul area is in an earthquake zone and use of low pedestals minimises any misalignment caused by earth movement.

The Rabaul Memorial to the Missing also stands within the Rabaul (Bita Paka) War Cemetery. Its bronze panels bear the names of 1,225 veterans (of whom 1,216 are Australians) who died in New Britain and New Ireland and who have no known grave.

The Cemetery has a First World War section which contains the graves of 28 men of the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force and the Tropical Force that was dispatched to wrest control of New Guinea from the German administration. On 11 September 1914, the Force mounted an assault on the German wireless station at Bita Paka and the five Australian servicemen who died in the action are buried in this section.'

The Bulletin adds, 'The War Cemetery at Bita Paka also includes one or two Fijian soldiers in named graves together with a large number of Indian servicemen (in unnamed graves) who were brought to Rabaul by the Japanese after Singapore fell, for labouring purposes.'

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

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

DAME RACHEL CLELAND Unit 2, 'Roseneath', 24 Richardson Ave., Claremont, WA 6010
Telephone (09) 384 7681. Please send me by Surface Mail copies Hardcover at A\$49.95
..... copies Softcover at A\$24.95 of *Grass Roots to Independence and Beyond*. Please add
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*In the last Newsletter we put out a call for articles by older members and by members who had lived on the Papuan side. Nance Johnston was one of those who responded. She sent a number of articles, some taken from Bill's yet-to-be-edited book, *Through the Eyes of a Kiap*, and some written by herself. Two articles are included here and others will be printed later. This photograph of Nance and Bill was taken in 1949 during their period on outstations in the Milne Bay District. Of those early post-war years Nance said, 'We survived the hardships and never were we bored. The total isolation did not worry us ...it was the life we had chosen, we were together, young, healthy and confident...'*

ISOLATION IN POST WAR PAPUA

by Nancy Johnston

In September 1947, after living in primitive conditions with idyllic tropical surroundings at Bwagaoia on Misima Island we were transferred to Kulumadau, Woodlark Island, for Bill to open a patrol post. Life was an adventure and we were not perturbed at the prospect of isolation. There was no wireless receiver/transmitter available but we were promised one would be on the next boat and there would be six-weekly visits by the Government trawler with our stores and supplies. Neither promise was kept, we were fourteen months without a wireless transmitter and there were intervals of three or four months between the visits of the trawler bringing our half filled orders from the stores in Samarai.

Our house, reputedly, was the old school building, built early in the century when gold mining was flourishing on the island. It was made of corrugated iron with timber panelling inside and the contents were an old wooden table and three chairs. The only furniture issued to us was a Silent Knight refrigerator which only worked if propped lopsided. There was no electricity and water was carried in buckets from a nearby creek. Makeshift furniture was made from packing cases and we scrounged what we could from pre-war junk including bits and pieces of a fuel stove and a rusty wire bed mattress which, in reality, was in better condition than the one we slept on at Misima. That one had a lid of a tea chest covering a large hole in the wire mattress which was then covered with an army blanket substituting for a mattress.

At the time of our arrival native foodstuffs were not available - a cargo cult was in progress and the prevailing drought conditions did not help. We had brought a six weeks' supply of rice from Misima for the native staff but with no local vegetables available to help along and the trawler not coming within the six weeks as promised, the situation became desperate. The police, medical orderlies, hospital patients and prisoners needed to be fed. Bill, in desperation, took a canoe across the open sea to Gawa and Kaiwata Islands to obtain food for the hungry people. He was subsequently

reprimanded by Headquarters for his 'foolish' action and told not to do it again. Our plight had been drawn to their attention but it made no difference to our situation.

We too were short of food. Until we reared some poultry for eating and grew some taro, yams and sweet potato, we relied on bush pig, pigeons, fish and turtle. We even ate parrots and stingray. I had the unique advantage of being able to shoot parrots for the soup pot through the kitchen window with a .22 rifle. With Christmas being three months after our arrival and the trawler not calling, and not having Christmas cheer and greetings, we took a canoe to a beach, shot some pigeons, cooked them in a camp oven with rancid tinned butter and called it a day.

When the trawler did arrive we took stock of our half filled order, realising it was likely to be another three months before more stores arrived. Many items had been substituted with inferior goods. If we were an example, the outstation people really got a rough deal from the stores in Samarai in the early post war years. We did not receive potatoes or onions for eleven months and the tinned meat was usually beef steak pudding, so named because, on opening the tin, a flaccid piece of pastry was found covering a few bits of anaemic meat in some watery gravy - it was disgusting and inedible. This meat was substituted for tapered bully beef. The flour, without exception, came in weevil ridden hessian bags. With time the 'protein' value of the flour increased! Our experiences at Woodlark, where we made do with things and did without others, are too many to condense to a few pages.

What a wonderful sound it was when the natives set up the call 'sailo'. The visit of the trawler was a big event. It meant MAIL and that we saw other European people, the skipper or perhaps a Government officer from Misima. The visits of the vessel, three or four times a year, and the mail and newspapers we received, was our contact with the outside world. It was good to hear the local gossip and what was happening in the world. We stayed up all night, sorting and answering official and family mail so replies could leave at first light the next morning. Personally, we did not consider it a lonely life, but we missed not having frequent news from our families.

The only transport was by foot or canoe so Bill decided, instead of relying on native owned canoes for patrolling, to build a large ocean going double canoe. It was my job to handsew the sails from old discarded navy blue serge police ramis. It was an ongoing job, the material was old and rotten and consequently tore in the wind. We had a 'social' life - some weekends we spent living and sleeping on this canoe. In addition, we used a pit on the old mine site, that had filled with water over the years, as a backyard swimming pool. A heavy roller, found amongst some discarded mining equipment, was used to make a tennis court by hardening and flattening the surface of some level ground. Lime from burnt coral was used for painting the lines and long pliable sticks, woven together, made an adequate fence. The net was made by the local people, using the same materials they used for their fishing nets.

There was no proper medical help. The hospital, built from bush materials, was staffed by three Native Medical Orderlies and, being without a wireless transmitter, we had no way of calling for assistance if needed. Bill and I stayed fit and well and the police and labour line were kept healthy by Bill lining them every morning and, armed with a large beer bottle filled with cod liver oil and a jar of ascorbic acid tablets, the men were given their daily dose. Bill stood elevated on a flight of steps at the back of our house and, as each man ambled past, he opened his red betelnut-stained mouth for Bill to throw in a tablet, followed by the upending of

the bottle of cod liver oil so the recipient got a good swig to wash it down.

We survived the hardships and never, were we bored. The total isolation did not worry us but it was a dreadful time for our parents, not hearing from us for months on end, not knowing how we were faring or if we were dead or alive. It was the life we had chosen, we were together, young, healthy and confident and did not consider we were unfairly treated. But we were. We later learnt the wireless set, provided for Woodlark, was retained at Misima for unofficial use.

However, the time spent at Woodlark was an experience we would not have wanted to miss, it taught us to be self-reliant in so many ways and we left with no regrets. The letter Bill still has, from the District Officer at the time of our departure, is written praise on the way he handled the patrol post and how we survived the situation without complaint. Kulumadau was not manned again for sixteen years when we were surprised to read in the *South Pacific Post*, that Woodlark had been opened for the first time since the war. Our time there in 1947/48 was forgotten history.

Our next posting, to Sehulea on Normanby Island, was again complete isolation, particularly for me because Bill was away most of the time on patrol and there were no other white people there. The local people could not speak or understand the English language, they were primitive but friendly people. There was plenty of seafood and native vegetables and as a precaution we brought with us an over-supply of tinned foods, so except for mail we were not worried about the workboat not calling.

The house was built from bush materials with a thatched roof, the walls and doors were made from plaited sago palm and everything was bound together with strips of skin from the lawyer cane. The floor, made from split curved black palm, had large cracks between the strips, it had a corrugated effect and took me a couple of weeks to get used to walking on it. The outside thatched eaves kept the rain from coming through the windows which were openings in the walls. The whole structure was frail and it would have been a joke if locks had been put on the door. The water for household use ran from a nearby creek in a split bamboo 'pipe' to a drum at the bottom of the outside steps. The pit type toilet was in a grass hut some distance from the house amongst the trees and, as in other places, the clothes were boiled in a drum and rinsed at the creek. There was no refrigerator or wireless transmitter/receiver. Medical help was at Esa'Ala, a three day canoe trip away where there was a Medical Assistant, or at Samarai if a doctor was needed. There was no plane service to Samarai, so the latter depended on the availability of shipping from Esa'Ala.

The drums in the nearby village beat throughout the nights and the noise from the dense bush took a lot of getting used to but, like many other things, it was a matter of time for it to become an accepted part of my life. We bought a small lighting plant but after Bill departed on a six week patrol, taking the lamps with him, on the first night, for the first time, the engine refused to turn over which meant I was without lights. So, by using a bottle filled with kerosene, and a piece of string for a wick, I made a tiny lamp with a flame the equivalent to that of a lighted match stick.

Seldom did I get frightened to the extent I was terrified, but in the dark early hours one morning I was scared by an obvious noise under the house and I could see a flashing lamplight through the large cracks in the bedroom floor, clearly indicating someone was there. Then a voice called, 'Sinabada, a pass from Taubada' and a letter from Bill was pushed through a crack in the floorboards beside my bed. On looking

back, it is hard to imagine how I sat alone, isolated in the middle of nowhere, every night for six weeks, with a tiny flickering flame. I was fortunate the local people were more caring than harmful so really, in hindsight, there was little to be afraid of but when alone and isolated with no one to turn to, some situations seem worse than they really are.

It was a lonely time, not having lighting and a wireless for outside contact and news. With no wireless for company, or nearby friends, relatives or neighbours to call on as would be the case in civilisation, I often sang loudly, mostly old Sunday School hymns, to break the silence and the only English I spoke was to my dog. He was a good companion and before going to bed at night we went outside together, he against the tree, before accompanying me to the toilet in the bush hut - he then slept beside my bed.

We were saved from further isolation when Bill was selected to attend the long course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration at Middle Head, in our home city of Sydney. The day and overnight trip to Samarai, by the small workboat, would rate as the worst we ever experienced in our intra Territory travels. The waves crashed over the forty foot vessel the entire night and there was no relief or escape from the stormy weather and ensuing rough sea. I was sea sick and felt like dying. Bill held me at the side of the boat whenever I was sick and this caused us to be continuously drenched. The only place to lie down was on a long wooden seat along the side of the boat where the waves were crashing over. We arrived in Samarai wet and miserable and I asked the District Officer, who had arranged our movement, what would happen if children were involved and he said, 'If that was the case, the trawler would be sent'.

Needless to say, our families were delighted at the prospect of having us 'home'. I know they had unvoiced thoughts that perhaps we would get some sense and give it all away and settle in Sydney, but by the end of the course, now with two babies, we had decided life in Papua and New Guinea was what we wanted. We happily returned on the *Malaita* with our two piccaninnies, Alan and Christine, to a posting at Kikori, our most memorable station, where I experienced loneliness, frustrations, traumas and sadness. That is another story.

WANTED TO PURCHASE: Ian Downs would like to buy-back copies of his book 'The Last Mountain' from any members willing to sell. Ian explained that he has family members to whom he would like to give a copy, but the book is out of print. If you would like to discuss this with Ian, please ring him on 07 55 711 604.

HELP WANTED: Bob Piper, in Canberra, has published two aviation/wartime books which include many stories on PNG. He has now completed a third small children's book, titled *Mokuku*, on the stories, culture and legends of the people living in the Suau area of Milne Bay. The draft includes sketches and illustrations by Margaret Low and Jim Voute - both ex PNG. Can anybody advise the name and address of a publisher who is sympathetic and interested in publishing this typematerial? Bob is at 7 Brazel Street, Higgins ACT 2615 ...ph/fax 06 254 8376.

FIRST CONTACT PATROL, 1953

Extracted from *Through the Eyes of a Kiap*,
the memoirs of Bill Johnston during his service with
the Department of District Services & Native Affairs 1946-1975

A young, powerful man, whose sister had married a man from an uncontrolled group and was killed by her husband, brought her fresh skull to Kikori to show me where the axe blade had penetrated the bone. He offered to lead a patrol part of the way to the offender's village because he wanted to remove the threat that this lawless group was to his people. I agreed to take a patrol into the area.

Because of the nature of this patrol, I decided that I would build up my policemen's self confidence by giving them training in how to deflect arrows with their rifles. Suabi, the highland interpreter, was given the job of firing the arrows at the police as they took turns to stand in front of him. The heads of the arrows were removed so it was only the shaft that was being fired at the police. Even with this precaution the police were not too happy at the prospect of facing the arrows, their apprehension was clearly pictured in their faces. On the other hand, Suabi was having the time of his life and the sardonic expression on his face betrayed this fact. The idea was to hold the rifle in the port position to catch the arrow on the wood part of the rifle and deflect it to the side or above the head.

On this patrol everyone except the carriers was to carry an emergency supply of food, ammunition and a few bits and pieces so they would be self sufficient for a few days if something drastic happened and we were split up. My gear was reduced to the bare minimum. Food, and trade goods to buy food, were the priority items. The only luxuries I carried were a few limes, onions and a bit of curry powder. In the next couple of months we would all lose ten or twelve kilos of body fat. I didn't believe in having it easy while the rest of the party was walking with heavier loads and were on iron rations.

We left Kikori station on the 23rd April, 1953 and headed up river for Wairope on the Sireru river. The man from Wairope kept his word and led us up into the mountains behind his village. It would have been an impossible task to find a path over the formidable barrier of limestone ridges and mountains that separated his people from the uncontacted northern group. In the past, I had travelled over some bad country but nothing I had done had prepared me for this terrain. It was much harder for the carriers with two men loads. A person needed both hands free to negotiate the continual up hill struggle. The limestone was weathered to a razor sharp jagged mess. Despite the brass studs on my boots, there were numerous places where the only way I could negotiate a walk up a fallen tree trunk suspended over pits of what could only be described as sharpened limestone spears, was by putting one hand on the butt of a police constable's rifle held on his shoulder and carefully following him as he sure-footedly inched his way up and across the obstacle. In such locations, a small slip could easily have been fatal. Imagine how carriers, with a heavy load slung on a pole between two men, must have felt. Once over the southern fall of the mountains the country became easier to cover. There was not the continual heavy rain to wash away all the soil from the limestone base.

When we were a few hours from the first of the uncontacted villages our guides

showed us the direction to take and they returned to their own area. We moved carefully and alertly, as a compact group, and saw some signs of human habitation and eventually broke out of the bush into a village area. It was totally deserted. A quick check revealed that this was a temporary condition, everything had been left in the men's longhouses and surrounding huts. I was at a loss to explain this until we heard the drums in the distance. This told us that the village inhabitants had all gone to take part at a celebration in the next village and then Suabi, the highland interpreter, listened to the rhythmic beat and said they were having a 'drug party'. The people gathered a particular root from the bush and then pounded it into a pulp on a large board and slowly poured water on to the pulp and drank the mixture as it ran off at the base. This mixture made them intoxicated. The beating of the root had to be done to a certain beat and that is what we were hearing.

We decided we would make camp in the deserted village houses. All night the beating of the drums was heard so we knew we would not be disturbed. The hills and bush would make our fires invisible to the people in the next village so we cooked a meal and mounted guards and tried to get a bit of sleep.

Early the following morning we left for the next village. About two hours later we made our first contact, a middle-aged woman and a young girl saw us on the track when they were about fifty metres away. They immediately scattered back the way they had come. They raised the alarm by calling and screaming out. Then we heard the voices of men saying, 'hold on we are coming'. The interpreter was feeding me this information as the pair of us were leading the patrol. I decided we had to do something fast. The patrol was on a small track and we were surrounded by thick timber. I looked ahead a few yards up the track and saw a freshly cleared area where a food garden was to be planted, a small fence had been erected from the felled trees and branches and it enclosed the area. Expecting such a possibility as a surprise meeting, the patrol was a compact group so I was able to quickly get them all into the garden area and had the carriers take cover behind their loads and the police and myself took up positions behind tree stumps with rifles at the ready. We had no sooner taken up a defensive position when the first of the warriors, whose yells and whoops we had been hearing, burst out of the bush ahead of us.

A period of tension ensued. I don't know for how long, I wasn't looking at watches. Suabi, the interpreter, eventually began to get their confidence, their war cries had stopped and they were just looking and trying to make up their minds as to their next move. We were in a good defensive position. Suabi eventually moved slowly forward from our group and when he was able to shake hands in the mountain fashion with the warriors' leader, I began to relax a little. We had made a successful contact and went from that group to others. By using the proper tactics at all stages we managed to surprise all but one of the groups, who had been warned of our possible arrival by someone from one of the previous groups we had contacted.

This group was a very large one. There were large longhouses all over the place and the area for miles around had been denuded of trees. Whoever they were, they were taking no chances as we did not see hide nor hair of one of them. Yet I knew, as I walked through some of their longhouses, that there were possibly hundreds of eyes watching every move made by the patrol. I made sure that not a cent of damage was made to any of their things. I left a few gifts of beads in some locations and did nothing about the stakes, standing in front of some of the longhouses, with the tufts of human hair waving in the breeze.

The patrol came upon the scene of a recent massacre of a small group who had ventured, unwittingly, into an area which a larger group considered to be their territory. There were mutilated bodies of women, children and youths but no adult males - there was evidence of cannibalism so presumably only adult men were considered worthy to eat. There was the belief amongst some groups that when you ate a person you inherited his strength and skills. Discarded shields and blood stained spears littered the track, an uncooked hand and foot were left near the fireplace, so apparently the raiders had eaten their fill. The raiding party, in a mad frenzy after killing their victims had hacked into the trees. The corpses of women and children who had been outraged lay around the area, some were caught in the branches of the fallen trees. I was looking at some remains and realised it had been a young baby. I thought, 'What sort of man could do a thing like this', when I heard Lance Corporal Boroho's voice raised in anger against one of the patrol party. I listened, alert to the possibility of some sort of altercation starting. I relaxed and thought, 'Good for you', when he said, 'Haven't you got any respect and where do you think you came from - a hole in a tree?'. The corpse of a woman was spreadeagled in the bushes and the shaft of a spear was protruding from her vagina. One of the constables had made a lewd remark about the woman which Boroho had overheard.

We had met the perpetrators of this attack only two days previously but of course we did not know then what they had done. One of them had elected to guide us part of the way on a route that would bring us into Lake Tebera. When he left our company, as a gesture of friendship, he told Suabi not to drink from the Didi creek because there was a big tabu on it. Suabi told me and the rest of the patrol. We were following the Didi and I walked across and could not see why it wasn't drinkable. It was fast running, clear and reasonably deep. When we walked around the site of the killings the reason for the warning was obvious. Snagged on a log, about two feet under the surface, was the body of a youth swaying gently in the current. The group was only about four or five hour's walk back along our route but there was no point in taking a few prisoners for education purposes. They had not been previously contacted and Government policy was that murders committed before contact or the establishment of Government control over an area were not punishable under our law. I thought about how we had taken them completely by surprise when we walked out of the forest and down a kunai covered hill above their village. A group of men, armed with bows and arrows, had hastily assembled and moved a short distance towards us. They stopped when I gathered the carriers in one spot and, leaving a few police to protect them, moved with the interpreter and a couple of police towards this group. They retreated to the dancing area in front of their longhouse and formed a line. We kept walking towards them. At arrow range you could see, from the expressions on their faces, that they were completely bewildered by our continued progress towards them. As one man, they suddenly broke and ran away. As we passed the women's houses, in front of the longhouse an old woman, too feeble to run away, grovelled on the ground, tears running down her face and wringing her hands, obviously pleading with me to spare her life. I made a reassuring motion and passed on, alert to the possibility of a Bowman suddenly appearing from behind a hut or the interior of the longhouse. However, there were no 'would be heroes', they were possibly still running and making up scenarios of their gallant defence of home and hearth against impossible odds.

I thought about these things as I viewed the carnage about me and I was angry.

We did not stay long at the murder site and pushed on as fast as possible to put as great a distance between there and a suitable camp site before nightfall, the reason being the patrol party's fear of the spirits of the recently slaughtered people.

During my service, I became adept at reading a person's body language. I was working in the foreign language, Motu, through an interpreter and a dialect, and found that I almost knew exactly what a person was saying by the tone of voice, gestures, facial expressions and whether they were telling the truth or not. I feel that, in certain circumstances, I could almost predict immediate future action.

On one occasion, we had made camp for the day. All the chores associated with making camp had been finalised, most of the people had drifted back to their village and, like the patrol party, were preparing the evening meal. I had washed and changed into my dry night time gear and changed my boots for sandshoes. I was walking around the freshly cleared area near my tent fly when I noticed there was a young man, in his twenties, standing on a tree stump on the perimeter of the small cleared area. He was watching me in a manner that reminded me of the way a cat stalks a bird. I began to give him a visual scrutiny. Yes! He was under stress! Trying to make a decision about a very important step. Yes! there was a pulse throbbing noticeably just under his breast bone. Then something made me think he was not a member of the nearby village group. Possibly he was a visitor from another uncontacted village who had come over post haste when the news of our arrival had been passed on by someone who had fled this village immediately on our arrival. He looked as if he had travelled hard and fast in recent times. He had the usual long handled battle-axe shaped axe resting on his shoulder and his hand never left the handle. The thought hit me, 'He wants to sink his axe into me and then bound off into the bush to become an instant legend'. He was just waiting for a favourable opportunity in which to strike, hence the nervousness and suppressed tension. So I smiled at him and told him in English, which he could not understand, what I would do with him and his axe if he made a threatening move towards me. I made sure I never got closer than two bounds from him so that he would lose the height advantage of the tree stump after the first bound. At the first sign of attack from him I would move just as fast or faster towards him. I was pretty sure he had never experienced that tactic before and once I got a hold on him, under that raised axe, his proposed day of fame would end entirely different from how he had intended. The act went on for a few minutes with me just being teasingly out of range of one bound.

Then suddenly the tension left him and I could almost see him uncoil. I knew he had 'chickened out'. He had abandoned his plan for instant fame. Possibly he realised that I had read his intentions and, without the element of total surprise, he had little chance of success. With a resigned air he turned around, got off the stump and slowly walked away. I am certain I did not misread his body language and I don't think I overrated my ability to handle any situation he could throw up. I was young, fast and definitely bigger than he was. The experience taught me the lesson of the need to be constantly alert because situations still existed, during my time, in parts of Papua New Guinea, which had to be brought to a level to be officially termed "controlled territory".

One picture remains in my mind. It was the afternoon after we had made our first contact. Everything had settled down and I was sitting under my canvas tent fly - it had been erected on a flat piece of ground almost in the village area. On one side there was a steep drop into a small gully. I looked up and saw a native standing under

the fly, he had popped up from the gully side. He had an arrow fitted to his bow string and the bow was almost half pulled back and he was swaying from foot to foot, and so was his half cocked bow. He was staring at me. I stared back. Then there were yells from his fellow villagers who had spotted him and were calling out to him that everything was alright, there was no need to try and kill anybody anymore. This man was a late arrival, he had seen the fly erected in the village area and the strange people walking around. He said he thought everyone had been killed and he was going to avenge their deaths by killing the white man, the obvious leader of the party. I didn't believe him. I think it was just an act to big note himself otherwise he would have put an arrow into me from hiding and made his escape.

I had to start making my way back east. This meant back tracking to the last group contacted. I had only a rough idea where I was but I think I was just west of the Crummer Peaks because, on the way to this deserted group of villages, we had to climb over a fairly high range. It was high because, in our ascent, we had left the tree line behind and moved through an area of moss and spongy plants. On the first trip it had been covered with thick mist and we could only see a few feet on either side of us. When we returned it was a beautiful clear day and we could see for miles. What was disconcerting was the sheer drops all around the route, drops previously concealed by the heavy mist and swirling clouds. I think I left a few finger prints embedded in the rocks of that mountain on our return trip.

We made a few rafts from bush timbers and started down river. There were still a few rapids high up the river and on one of these descents one of the rafts and its occupants parted company. All of the men, except one, swam down the rapids and caught up with and reboarded the raft in less turbulent water. The exception swam to the bank and climbed up on the rocks. I don't think I have seen a funnier or more desperate individual as that man, stark naked - he had lost his lap lap in the swim - jumping from rock to rock and calling out for us to stop and pick him up. I don't suppose anyone has ever thought about how to stop a raft and manoeuvre it to the bank in a rapid. We certainly didn't even think about it, everyone laughed and waved at him and told him not to worry about not having a lap lap because when he was being cooked by the cannibals he wouldn't feel the cold. We pulled into the first back eddy in calmer water and waited for him. He sheepishly rejoined us about five hundred metres below the rapids. I continued down river and made my way home.

I returned to Kikori sixty days after I had left. A lot had happened - as for the young men who had done the hard work of carrying the gear and being threatened by some very wild men, they, like myself, had gained an experience they would remember for years. The following morning one carrier came to me and asked, 'When are we going again? Don't leave me behind'. I said I would not forget to take him. I already had an idea I wanted to take the Mount Karimui people down a peg or two because I had received word by the bush wireless at Gurimatu, that they would eat the next single white man patrol into their area. Two white man patrols were one thing, but a single white man patrol they would knock over as they had done to a previous Patrol Officer a few months earlier. I had my own ideas about that and I was intending to change the Mount Karimui people's ideas on the subject, but the sudden death of my daughter changed my life completely. (PATROL REPORT KIKORI NO. 6-1953/54)

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

BALLANTYNE: a graphic novel by James H Kemsley and Peter Foster.

Review by Dr Peter Cahill*

Ballantyne is an imaginary kiap in postwar New Guinea. Jim Kemsley has drawn on his experiences as a member of ANGAU, a didiman and a small ship's master for his adventures supported by erudite discussion in the bars of the Cosmo, Cecil and Madang Hotels and assorted RSLs. *Ballantyne* currently features as a comic strip in the Sydney *Sunday Sun-Herald*.

To every kiap who roamed the ridges of New Guinea - and the country in between - and saw himself as a latter day Sanders of the River *Ballantyne* will be familiar. It is essentially a comic book which should endear it to kiaps who can remember their extraordinary experiences as New Guinea slowly - oh, so slowly - recovered from the Pacific War. *Ballantyne's* adventures are reasonably factual with the occasional flight of fancy enlivening the story.

Definitely recommended as light, memory-nudging reading for those who were in DDS&NA/DDA/DNA/DADMR and for those who can recall. *Masta Ballantyne em i strongpela kiap tumas!* The second in this fascinating series is due out soon.

Available from James H Kemsley, 7 McEvoy Street, Robertsons Beach VIC 3971. (Balcom Books no.1, Victoria, 1996, 62 pp, illus) \$7.95.

*Dr Peter Cahill developed an interest in PNG history while serving in the Department of the Administrator, Konedobu. He has since specialised in research on the Gazelle Peninsula of New Britain.

KAINANTU - THE GATEWAY TO THE HIGHLANDS by Hollie Kershaw. This book, written in 1986, is a history of the district and its development up to that date. While researching, Hollie said she did a lot of interviews with people like Noel Stagg, Ludi Schmidt jr., Barry Corin and Jim Taylor, all of whom have since passed on. She said that while visiting PNG last year she learned there is still some interest in the book. There are 25 copies left. (Softcover, 132pp, bibliography) Cost in Australia is \$12.50 incl p & h., overseas it is \$14, incl airmail postage. Available from Hollie Kershaw, 11 McAllan Avenue, Beaumont SA 5066. Tel 08 8379 6253 or Fax: 08 8379 3030.

CHARLES ABEL and the Kwato Mission of Papua New Guinea 1891-1975 by David Wetherell. Charles Abel, founder of Kwato Mission in Milne Bay, was one of the most acclaimed missionaries in the South Pacific. The influence of Kwato remained long after the Mission itself began to decline, with descendants of Mission families playing significant roles in PNG during the 1960s and 1970s. Dr Wetherell's book provides a portrait of this controversial man and the dynasty he founded and contributes to the debate on the role of missions in the expansion of empire. Dr Wetherell taught in PNG between 1963 and 1970. Pp344, paperback, illus, bibliog, index. Obtainable from: Melbourne University Press, PO Box 278 Carlton South VIC 3053, Phone 03 9347 3455, Fax 03 9349 2527. Regular price \$24.95, but \$20 to ROAPNG members, plus \$2 postage.

We hope to review this book in the June newsletter.

THE PLANTATION DREAM Developing British New Guinea and Papua 1884-1942
by D C Lewis Review by Bill Marr*

Australia's stewardship of pre-independence Papua New Guinea is topical again with the mercenaries-for-Bougainville uproar; indeed on March 2 the *Sun-Herald's* Candid Commentator flatly declared, 'While Australia was colonial master of PNG it did very little to create a modern administrative structure.'

D C Lewis' book, *The Plantation Dream*, is timely then, giving a younger generation a detailed but very readable account of motives and methods in plantations generally from 1884 to 1942 - and perhaps telling more than a few 'old hands' things they didn't know about in their own time.

Mr Lewis teaches in the Indigenous Health Programme at the University of Queensland. In 1960 he went to Madang as a Cadet Education Officer 'fresh from the Australian School of Pacific Administration'. A posting to Kar Kar Island left indelible impressions and clearly prepared him to write a history of plantations 'in quite another region of Papua New Guinea and in another age'.

Three themes emerge. First, the plantation industry in PNG, except for occasional rather unexpected booms, was not reliably prosperous in the period of this study; for reasons of scale and transport its commodities were not competitive with those of nearby South-east Asia. Second, PNG was 'an ungenerous country for agriculture, less fertile than its verdure suggested'. Third, successive ministries in Canberra and Melbourne were concerned primarily with PNG as a strategic holding and were not prepared to take risks with development.

It does not surprise, then, that Lewis' story identifies more notable 'names' than commercial triumphs. Foremost and most familiar is that of Sir Hubert Murray, long-time Chief Justice and Lieutenant Governor. Never a planter, Murray was a man of the law, knowing that the law was there to protect the Papuan people as they were drawn into plantation work and that Murray was the 'gubamant', there to uphold that law. Murray's greatest - he had many - opponent was George Archibald Loudon, planter and businessman, a leader of 'Port' society and role model to every other planter's sons. (Loudon's picture shows him seated outdoors, handsome, immaculate, and looking - as critics described him - 'clever as Satan'.) Miles Staniforth Cater Smith, Papua's Director of Agriculture from 1907 to 1930, is in the book. His critics said he stayed so long in hope of succeeding Murray, but the older man outlasted him, dying of pneumonia aged 79 while still on a judicial circuit. William Cunningham Bruce, 'Police Commandant, planter and proprietor-editor of the *Papuan Times*', kept alive various controversies - especially with Murray - 'tilling the soil of righteous indignation in long editorials'.

Notable among the planters themselves, is the name of Thomas Leslie Sefton, of Koitaki, who died in 1954 'after a stroke had reduced him to a shadow of his old loud and masterful self'. This reviewer spent a school holiday on Koitaki in 1937. Was 'TL' loud? Well, yes - his roar of 'God spare my days!', ranging in emphasis from raw rage to a feigned pitiable appeal for understanding, must have gone into 'native' legend, for they could never before have heard anything like it. Certainly they kept on their toes when the Taubada rode around - the picks of the road gang would thump and thunder when he was near and rumble while he was still afar.

Was 'TL' masterful, as Lewis notes? Yes again - with bells on! Shortly before Christmas there was a line-up of nine plantation offenders, including - bad news! - some 'boss boys'. The predictable afternoon shower was over and the fresh-washed air was soon full of 'TL's' recriminations, bellowed in his not-too-accurate Motu. Physical action

replaced ominous word. A flailing riding crop melted to a stump against sturdy brown shoulders, giving way to some handy lefts and rights as 'TL' wallowed his way along the line; the ninth man - a big fellow too - cannily collapsed on the lawn before he was hit.

The session ended as abruptly as did the shower and in less than a minute 'TL' was telling a pop-eyed schoolboy, 'We don't usually treat the natives like that but they broke the country's law and what's worse they broke my plantation law.' (They had been playing cards.) Well, there you are. No one was charged, or fined, or forbidden to enter Port Moresby - a feared penalty. Nothing appeared on anyone's record. And when a Christmas steer was later killed and eaten, replete 'natives' lolled in the firelight and chanted the customary impromptu songs, one of which was said to include tactful references to the Taubada and his beneficence.

These reminiscences are sixty years old now but they authenticate the store of details which Lewis has engagingly worked into his book. There can be no doubt of the labour-management tasks faced by responsible planters. Their whole existence turned on their ability to get work done by a variety of villagers who were presented to them by paid-by-the-head recruiters - unskilled labour which had not yet learnt even simple obedience to orders. What a challenge it must have been to handle a workforce which included some tribes given to a culture of violence and others with sworn inter-tribal hostilities. 'Violence was a recourse that all employers believed it necessary to hold in reserve,' Lewis writes, 'one that they believed Papuans understood.'

Not all was harsh and repressive for the 'natives' however. Murray's officers policed the treatment of 'natives' regulations diligently, Lewis notes, and management was aware than fines for abuse of 'natives' were in effect paid by the plantation shareholders, not the offending assistants. Scales of rations and standards of accommodation were clearly laid down and monitored. Plantations maintained their own minor stores for the 'natives', although policy seemed to favour the discharged 'native' taking home to his village as much of his terminal pay as possible. It has often occurred to this reviewer that more could have been done to encourage consumerism among the 'natives', establishing more common ground on which to build a wider society with more acceptance of responsibility. Lewis seems to accept this when he writes, 'The intrusion of European commerce led to no growth of a class of 'native' traders, small businessmen, or skilled managers.'

By concentrating on the period 1884-1942 Lewis avoids any large study of the new nation-state as it emerged or of 'what went wrong' later. One returns to his introduction for Lewis' own overview, 'The European intervention in Papua had seemed unavoidable, the settlers indispensable, the kind of economy they brought the only one they could have brought ... I am not sure that planters and plantations were wrong to be there. That was just how the world was going to be for some time.'

Those who read *The Plantation Dream* should not miss Lewis' very last paragraph, about the old Port Moresby Cemetery, 'behind Hanuabada Village'. Name after well known name comes up, each with a thumbnail scrap of information - all one needs to know, really - 'Murray, Bruce, Weaver, Loudon, E J Frame ... Tom Sefton's headstone has been knocked over. Papuan children play there.'

Knocked over and not stood up again, with a bag or two of sakrete to hold it steady? Tom Sefton's headstone? God spare my days!

* Bill Marr has known the Seftons of Koitaki since 1936. In 1996 Bill was the oldest Arts student in the University of Sydney.

(For details of where to obtain this book and its cost, please see bottom of p.34.)

SO YOU DID'NT LIKE MILNE BAY?

Had you caught the sheen of water
When the rising sun shone gold
And the morning breeze came whisp'ring
Of rich promises untold;
Had you heard the waking chatter,
Strident screechings of the calls
From the feathered throngs that revelled
In the green and echoing halls;

Had you seen the Bay at noon-day
When the gleaming sun beat down
Painting gold upon the palm-trees
Forming each a queenly crown;
When the heat was coolly tempered
By the "bauri" - Northern breeze -
Playing on the sparkling waters
And caressing languid trees;

Had you seen her in the evening
As she paused before her rest,
When the feather'd clouds, like curtains,
Gently dimmed the blazing West;
When the mist closed round the mountains
And the bird-throngs hushed their praise;
Curling smoke from palm-thatched houses
Mingling slowly with the haze;

Had you gloried in her night-time
When the Southern Cross hung still,
As the full gold moon rose slowly
From the sharp black Sidea hill;
While the palm-trees, tall and stately,
Seemed to drip with silver rain;
Hearing songs of care-free dancers
Rise and fall in ancient strain;

Then I know you would have loved her,
As the sailor loves the sea,
And in leaving there'd be something
That still called you plaintively.

But you saw her in her tantrums
When the stinging rain poured down
When the rivers spewed their rubbish
Turning azure seas to brown;
O'er her sodden lands you waded
Through the pools of liquid mud,
Often lying in the ditches,
Reeling from the bullet's thud;

Then you cursed, (and who shall blame you?)
For the mountains held the clouds
Whereby aerodromes were hidden
Within Nature's rain-soaked shrouds:
While your enemies worked havoc,
Fit companions of the gloom,
Sultry Nature shielded Evil
Like a diplomat of doom.

Then you fought with stalwart courage
Winning over sweat and pain,
Courage conquered land, then conquered
Men, and hurled them back again.
Deep within your hearts you hated,
Fetid canker none would stay,
Savage hate of rain and deathtraps,
Ingrained loathing for Milne Bay.

Well, there stands the Bay, serenely,
All unheeding curse or praise!
Sharing out her moods and passions,
Blending, tearing - phase on phase,
So we leave her - love or hate her -
Nature's own, an unbreached store,
With her mornings, gales, and mountains
E'er inspiring peace and awe.

Geoff Baskett.
June, 1944.

This was written during the war while I was still with ANGAU and stationed in the Milne Bay area. Having met many of the men who had been in the Milne Bay action at the time of the Japanese invasion, I heard many comments showing how much they loathed the Milne Bay area, so I thought I should take the chance of sticking up for a part of the world that I had grown to love over the eleven or so years that I spent in what is now known as the Milne Bay Province. It is vastly different now, but my memories of dawn over the Bisimaka Bay in the Wagawaga South area are just as unchanged as ever!

Geoff Baskett, January 1997

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Forty-sixth Annual General Meeting
of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc
will be held on **SUNDAY 27 APRIL 1997, at 11.00 a.m.**

at the MANDARIN CLUB
Oriental Room, 4th Floor
Corner of Goulburn and Pitt Streets, Sydney

Agenda:

1. Members present, and apologies;
2. Confirmation of Minutes of the Special General Meeting held on 28 April 1996
3. Confirmation of Minutes of the 45th AGM (as circulated in June 1996 *Una Voce*)
4. Business arising from the Minutes;
5. President's Report;
6. Treasurer's Report and Financial Statement;
7. Correspondence;
8. Sub-Committee reports;
9. Election of Executive Committee:

President, Deputy President, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer,
Asst. Secretary, Editor *Una Voce*, 5 Committee persons, Hon. Auditor.

Note: Accompanying this notice is a Nomination Form for the election of office bearers. It would be appreciated if nominations (signed by the nominee, proposer and seconder) could be forwarded to: The Secretary, ROAPNG, PO Box 452 Roseville 2069, to reach the Secretary **at least seven days before the date of the meeting. No nominations will be accepted after that date** (this is in line with the Rules adopted at last year's Special General Meeting of the Association held to approve incorporation.)

10. General discussion.

Members, Associate Members, their families and friends are all welcome - but please let us know you are coming by completing the booking form opposite and returning it, with cheque, to ROAPNG, PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069 as soon as possible. The cost is \$22 per person - this does **not** include liquor or soft drinks. We would appreciate it if members would pay in advance, and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and advise the Mandarin Club of numbers; also it minimises delays at the dining room entrance.

Cancellations advised to Elma Holmes on 02 9958 4996 or Pamela Foley on 02 9428 2078 by Friday 25 April will secure full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers; after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

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

Parking is available at the Goulburn St parking station (cnr Goulburn and Elizabeth Sts) for \$4.00 flat rate between 9 am and 11 pm. The parking station is only 100 metres from the Club.

FORM OF APPOINTMENT OF PROXY

I, (full name)
 of (address)
 being a member of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc hereby
 appoint (full name of proxy)
 of (address)
 being a member of that incorporated association, as my proxy to vote for me on my behalf
 at the Annual General Meeting of the association to be held on the 27th day of April 1997
 and at any adjournment of that meeting.

.....
 Signature of member appointing proxy

Date

NOTE: A proxy vote may not be given to a person who is not a member of the association.

3<-----

NOMINATION FORM FOR OFFICE BEARERS, 1997 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
 (See Notice of Meeting, Agenda Item 8, for details)

I, (being a Financial Member) hereby nominate:

..... for the office of

I, (a Financial Member) second this nomination.

I, (a Financial Member) accept this nomination.

3<-----

ARCHIVAL MATERIAL ON PNG

We have been asked to reprint the address of the person collecting PNG archival material - reminiscences, memories, photographs and printed material - which will eventually be placed in the Fryer Library within the Univ of Qld Central Library. He is: **Dr Peter Cahill**, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly Qld 4068

A DRAMATIC ARRIVAL

By Marjorie Kleckham

In 1949 Marjorie Kleckham, accompanied by her children aged 3½ and 2, was travelling to Popondetta to join her husband. Port Moresby was clouded in, so her plane landed in Lae. She and the children were cared for overnight by Mrs Stewart who was an old friend of her father, Edward Geoffrey Sheldon, a surveyor. This was her first visit to PNG. She wrote:

'I was advised that we would be flown to Popondetta in a Dragon aircraft - a primitive biplane, two engines and two wings. It matched the overall level of development of the whole country at that time. We were duly loaded into the Dragon with our cargo and on our way to Popondetta where my husband would be waiting, having arranged the landing there with the pilot who did the regular flights. But this was not the regular pilot. In fact he was brand new to the country and had never flown to this area before. He flew over Popondetta and on to Dobadura where he was to pick up a passenger to take to Lae. This man told the pilot that Popondetta was 'over there', waving his arms in the general direction. We took off again and headed 'over there'. Very soon a large bitumen strip appeared in that direction and we landed. We were bundled out with our baggage and left. I tried to argue with the pilot telling him that Popondetta was a grass strip, as my husband regularly cut the grass to maintain it. But he was adamant and flew off to pick up his other passenger and go back to Lae leaving me and the children on this disused wartime airstrip. My husband, seeing the plane fly back to Lae, thought that we had gone back with it when he was not at Dobadura to meet it.

The afternoon wore on with no sign of anyone coming and I had to prepare for the worst. At one edge of the airstrip I found some old fuel drums and two sheets of old iron. I rolled the drums onto the strip and carried the iron to where I had placed them. I put one sheet under the drums and the other on top. Under this rude shelter I put my suitcases and sat on them with the two children. There had been a huge build up of cloud during the afternoon, and that night it burst into a tremendous thunderstorm with torrential rain which ran inches deep on the airstrip and soaked us and our belongings to a sorry sodden mess.

It was a terrifying situation. The awful storm and the surrounding jungle and hostile environment were more than enough to cope with. Having two small children to worry about and protect I think kept me sane and saved me being completely terror-stricken. I sang to them and told them stories for much of the night. At first light I told the children not to move and walked the sides of the airstrip to find a track away from it. I found one, but a short walk along it showed that it had not been used for some time. A further search revealed a track in constant use so, collecting the children, I set off and in about half an hour walked into a native village.

The effect was staggering. The dirty dishevelled woman with two frightened children was something of an apparition to the villagers and caused considerable uproar. We were soon taken to an empty house and after some sign language were presented with a bunch of bananas and some green coconuts for breakfast. After more sign language and much repetition of the word 'Popondetta', a runner was despatched there and with a number of villagers as escort we set out to follow. After several swift river crossings and many miles of wet slippery track through dense rain forest, I arrived at the Popondetta trade store to be presented to the manager there as his wife and family.'

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A SNAKE WAS MY PATRON

by Frank Wilson

In late 1934 I had arrived in New Guinea and spent a month or two getting the feel of things, and paying off my fare and entry fee by supervising the beginning of Arthur Ray's plantation, *Panmauia*, on the east coast of New Ireland. At that time Vic Maxwell was Manager of the Kavieng Club and owner of Wassanga/Meteissong plantation. Vic's manager at Wassanga Plantation had just given very short notice and a replacement was needed immediately, so Vic asked me to fill the gap.

The Manager, Scott Garland, with Mrs Garland had been on Wassanga for some years. Mrs Garland had returned home with a new baby. Picture this - Mr and Mrs Garland sleeping in the double bed, protected by mosquito net, new baby in a low bassinet beside the bed also protected by mosquito net. Under bed and not protected slept a small dog. During the night scuffling noises awoke the Garlands - frantic search for the torch. The beam of the torch revealed a large carpet snake wrapped around and in process of swallowing small dog.

Mrs Garland, seeing that the dog was about the same size as her baby, realized what may have happened and decided that she would not stay another night in the Wassanga house. She left next day and Scott Garland asked Vic Maxwell to find his replacement 'QUICK SMART'.

The only European available on New Ireland at that time was 'yours truly'. I have been fond of carpet snakes ever since.

.....

Notes on Wassanga and Lavongai (New Hanover): Wassanga was planted by the Germans and had a 'herring-bone' set of drains, the main back-bone passed the drier. Nuts thrown into the drains during the wet season finished up at the gate across the main drain at the drier. In the dry periods we used carabu (cattle).

Lavongai was a leper area and labourers were not allowed to leave nor could outside workers be recruited. Every few weeks a liklik doctor would patrol the island and check all villages and workers for signs of leprosy. On one visit the doctor arrived with a very new patrol officer, his name was F N Warner-Shand.

While I was on Wassanga Vic Maxwell, the owner, obtained some thousands of Para rubber tree seeds. There was a bush area at the back of Wassanga and it was here we intended to plant the rubber. I prepared the nursery, planted out the thousands of seeds, waited and waited, but not one seed germinated. After the war John Dowling, at my suggestion, planted cocoa in this area.

TRAVEL NEWS From Isobel Ireland

Last July, Isobel Ireland, from Meadowbank in Sydney, took an eighteen-day trip to the Australian outback. The group travelled by coach to the Gulf via the Blue Mountains, Orange, Charleville (all cold!) and Longreach. She wrote, 'The country on the way was balm for our smog jaded souls. It kept changing dramatically - long stretches of dry, drought-ridden landscape but then after what looked like a clean cut-off, miles of lush greenery ... to change just as suddenly back to the dry. It was quite amazing how the areas seemed to be so clearly divided - almost man made, which it wasn't. There was no irrigation here though we did see quite a lot of it further on. Did you know they actually irrigate very successfully with the boiling-hot bore water? It is run into dams to cool it. How ingenious! In some towns, such as Cunnamulla, one has to be careful (because of the hot water) washing hands in the public toilets, there distinguished as 'Ewes' and 'Rams'. This area is mainly sheep with a few cattle and then we came to cotton. I had no idea we had such a huge industry in those areas.' By the end of the second day out of Sydney the group reached Mt Isa, and enjoyed some warmth at last.

Isobel described Mt Isa as 'a huge place, dominated by the mines and their chimney stacks, one in the heart of the city, belching very white smoke.' She added, 'It didn't seem to be pollutant though, the city is so very clean and busy.' While at Mt Isa the group took part in a simulated entry to a mine. Isobel found out later that to really go into a mine one has to book three months ahead and be dressed in overalls, boots, miner's helmet, the lot. She said she was very disappointed that she couldn't do it.

She continued, 'We then moved on to Karumba, on the Gulf... it was lovely. At sunset we all got back on the coach to see the beauty of the actual Gulf and take photos. Not as good as New Guinea but very exciting.' Isobel said that several times she experienced feelings of great exhilaration by being there, standing on a famous spot or seeing things she had never expected to see. The next day the group had a ride on the famous Gullflander train which she was sure had 'square wheels' but was really only a small rail motor that serviced the properties which it crossed.

They alighted at Critters Camp to be met by the coach again for their onward trip to Undara Volcanoes National Park. She said, 'This was our next highlight as we were

accommodated in a train. They are actually the old box cars from the Queensland railways, placed in the bush as though they are going round a big curve. All very comfortable to sleep in ... the bed is made on the old seats. Communal areas are carriages arranged around a barbecue area - the carriages create small intimate eating areas. Next morning, after a very comfy sleep in the lovely bush air, we walked to the bush breakfast, a full breakfast of porridge, bacon, eggs, fruit juice and of course billy tea. After that we inspected an open cave made by the cooling lava in our very beginnings. The night before we had seen a film on the lava 'tubes'. The tubes ran off in rivers and now appear like valleys with high walls on either side - all black basalt, some huge, and all picturesque and exciting. We wished we had a week to stay to see it all. I believe the tubes are the longest in the world and of course there aren't many in the world.

'The trees are interesting too. The woolly butt gum is very evident. It is supposed to resist bushfires as the fire can't climb past the woolly butt. There's also a diamond barked eucalypt - the fire burns to the top of the diamond and dies. All this, with a snake lying in the grass at the entrance to the cave, made us feel very Australian.'

The group then headed for Cairns via Lake Eacham and the Gillies Highway, and journeyed back to Sydney via the coast road.

Isobel provided further details on the lava tubes from information supplied to visitors: 'When the volcanoes were active, spewing their lava over the surrounding countryside, the lava that flowed away from the Undara crater began to cool until the outer layers of the flow solidified into rock. This formed a tunnel, with the molten lava still flowing inside. Insulated from the outside world, the internal molten lava continued to flow until the eruptions stopped and the remaining lava flowed out of the tunnel leaving only a hollow pipe.... It is assumed that further earthquake activity or weathering has caused the lava tube roof to collapse at various intervals along the tube, which are now the entry points to different sections of the tube.'

HELP WANTED: Ern Smith of Burleigh Heads would like to hear from any member who may have a copy of the English translation of a Swedish book, written about 1913-14, by Birger Morner (Count Morner). The title of the Swedish edition is *Arafis Tropiska*, the subject is New Guinea folklore, social life and customs. Ern said that the reason he was trying to contact a book owner was that he wanted to request photocopies of four or five pages missing from an 80-page English translation he received from PNG (his material is on A3 photocopied sheets.) He said he believed there was an English version but he does not have any positive information. Ern would very much appreciate any help. His address is 17 Tern Drive, Burleigh Heads, Gold Coast Q'ld 4220. Ph (07) 5535 5237

HELP WANTED: Frank Smith wishes to obtain a copy of 'That They Might Live' by Ellen Kettle on behalf of the family of a nurse now deceased (the book is unavailable through normal sources). If you are able to help, please ring Frank on 02 9809 1767.

THE PLANTATION DREAM is published by and available from The Journal of Pacific History, C/- Div. Of Pacific and Asian History, RSPAS, Aust. National University, Canberra ACT 0200. Fax 06 249 5525 (xvi + 347pp, illus., maps, notes, bibliog., index) \$A35 + \$5 p&p. Also available from *Pacific Book House*, 17 Park Ave., Broadbeach Waters Qld 4218, Ph. 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114.

MORE WARTIME RECOLLECTIONS

By R E Emery - as recorded on tape in October 1996

Members may remember Bob Emery's story of the bombing of Madang, the retrieval of abandoned stores and the rescue of soldiers stranded on New Britain, published in our September 1996 issue. Bob now describes what happened to the stores they retrieved, and other incidents which took place in 1942.

'I am now attached to the 5th Independent Company, and mainly occupied in reconnaissance work and contacting and dealing with the locals. The Company had finished the raid on Heath's Farm a couple of weeks earlier and had recovered from that. Of the casualties the most notable was the Commanding Officer, Major Kneen, who was killed. He was a big loss to the Company. The next in command was Captain Lang who took over, but he disappeared after three or four weeks, I don't know what happened to him, and then the next Commanding Officer was Captain Taylor, I think his name was. There were no ANGAU representatives down there just after the Heath's raid, or a month after.

The new CO, Taylor, sent for me one day and asked me could I organise food supplies from the locals, vegetables etc. They had about 200 men to feed - this is a Company - and he said they only had enough rations for about another 10 days as they had been waiting for stuff to be dropped by air for weeks and it hadn't arrived. Well, that was fairly easy to understand because we were only about 22 or 23 miles from Lae which was held by the Japs and they had complete command of the sky at that time with their Zero planes and it wouldn't be very easy to get planes to drop supplies to us. Well, I knew that we had been getting food supplies from the locals for about the previous three or four months and they were getting a bit short themselves. I told him this and said, 'We will have to send further afield and we really need some Police Boys,' and we didn't have them either, and I said, 'But if you are so short of rations I think I can get you some groceries if you let me go up to the head of the Ramu, up to Kainantu. There's a helluva lot of groceries and food supplies up there that we organised out of Madang and they've been stored up there somewhere, that is if somebody hasn't already eaten them.' Well, he was a bit astounded and he said, 'How long will it take you to organise that?' 'Well,' I said, 'if I left this afternoon, walking (the only way to get there is to walk) it would be three days to walk there and that is walking pretty flat out for about 10 or 12 hours a day, and it might take three days there to organise carriers, and three days to come back - a minimum of 9-10 days.' I didn't tell him that I was breaking my neck to go because it was getting a bit dangerous down where we were, only about 25 miles from the enemy, and he said, 'What supplies would you want?' and I said, 'Half a dozen sticks of tobacco and a tin of meat will do me, I'll buy the rest from the locals as I walk through, with the tobacco.' 'Well,' he said, 'I'd like you to start straight away, Emery ... get going.'

Well, this was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, so I packed my light travelling equipment which consisted of a rucksack, a groundsheet, a mosquito net and a thick flannel singlet for when I got cold, and a tin of meat and half a dozen sticks of tobacco. I walked down to Kirkland's Crossing which was about a three hours' walk and got there about an hour before sunset. There was a canoe there and I asked the locals to give me a ride up to Chivasing Village - this was up the Markham a bit. I got to Chivasing Village just on dark and found a place there with the aid of the locals to sleep for the night. I told them what I was doing and that I wanted to get away early in the morning and if there

was any young fellow there who'd like to come for a walk he could come with me, he might be able to help carry my rucksack.

Anyway I slept - rested - I didn't sleep a dickens of a lot because I had the walk ahead of me. I was up before daylight, ready to go. A local, standing alongside me, said he wanted to go with me, so we got going. Well, I reckon the hottest walking in New Guinea is the stretch from Chivasing to Kaiapit. You are walking in kunai all day, there's no shade, no trees, you get an odd island of trees, but they are not on the track. Round about midday we stopped for about half an hour and had a bit of a feed - a couple of bananas or something like that that I got from the locals the night before, and on we went. We got to Kaiapit just about dusk. I walked straight up to the House. Kiap and got the locals to cut me a bundle of kunai to put on the floor, spread my groundsheet over that, rigged up the mosquito net and started resting. I had had a bit of a wash in the creek not far away. The tultul turned up after I had made myself comfortable for the night. He was a nice sort of bloke, he had been working for years for the white men and he was interested to know what was going on. He gave me a couple more bananas, half a paw paw and a nice piece of cooked kau kau. I opened my tin of meat and gave him a bit of it and gave my friend who was walking with me all day a bit of it and we had a nice feed.

We got going again first thing in the morning, walking, walking, walking. We crossed the Markham round about midday or a bit later and kept on going and we got to the last village on the other side of the Markham - we are now on the South side and we are getting close to the mountains. Up till now we had been walking on practically flat ground. I decided we'd stop at this village that night because it looked as if we would start climbing the next day and would be climbing all day and that is what happened. In the morning the bloke that came with me from Chivasing retired with a couple of sticks of tobacco to cheer him up and another bloke came with me and we started climbing. We climbed all day, well it seemed like all day, but about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were still walking - it's cold, it's drizzly rain, showers, and it's foggy and we were walking in fog - and I said to this local, 'For Heaven's sake, where is this place?' And he said, 'O Masta, i no long we nau, i klostu, klostu.' About five minutes later, all of a sudden there's a log fence right across the track and the only way to get over was to crawl up a bit of a ladder, which we did, and on the other side we were in a garden. We went about another half a dozen paces and there's a house. I walked into the house - it was the Agricultural Officer's house at Aiyura. In the house there's a white man who I knew quite well, Jim Brough, sitting down having afternoon tea and he's eating fresh cooked scones with butter and cream and what looked like strawberry jam. Well this was pretty good tucker compared with what we had been getting where I had just come from. He made me very welcome and I had some tea and scones and then I said, 'Do you know anything about this cargo that was brought up from Madang a month or two ago, or three?' 'Oh, yea, yea,' he said, 'We got it all here. It finished up at Kainantu and then they decided to bring it over here because if the Japs took the place they'd find it at Kainantu.' I think that was a good idea because Kainantu is out on a public road more or less and there were a dickens of a lot of people going backwards and forwards at this time, most of them refugees and it wouldn't have taken them long to clean up all these groceries. Jim said, 'We built a big storehouse out in the bush here not far from Aiyura and it is all stacked up there.' 'Well, good!' I said. 'I want about 100 boy loads of supplies to take to the 5th Independent Company down near Lae.' 'Oh well,' he said, 'that's no problem, I can organise that for you.' So I left that to him and I spent the next couple of days resting and eating. Incidentally the garden was full of strawberries, ripe as anything - you could eat

strawberries all day if you wanted to. Well I ate them until I got sick of the sight of them. They were milking a cow - they had fresh milk and cream and were making butter. And Jim had this all to himself. This place had been run by Ron Brechin, the Agricultural Officer, who was a Roseworthy Diploma of Agriculture bloke - I had been at Roseworthy when he was there. Ron had been responsible for the milking cow and the butter and everything else and he had taught the locals to milk the cows and how to handle the milk. He was also the gardener. Jim Brough was caretaker while Ron was at Kainantu looking after the refugees from Madang and everywhere else. They were walking in and he was feeding them - that's the old people and the sick and everybody else who didn't want to stop close to where the Japs were. After resting there they walked on up to Bena Bena or Goroka or somewhere and they were flown out, but that's another story.

I spent three days resting and eating strawberries and fresh scones etc. While I am resting, Jim is organising the carriers and the cargo and on the fourth morning I was ready to leave. We left Aiyura and were walking downhill now to the village where I slept just before I got to Aiyura. We got in round about midday with all this cargo. I got the luluai and tultul and told them we wanted a couple of rafts made to put this cargo on, and we wanted a couple of locals to run each raft. They hopped into that. I had plenty more sticks of tobacco now - I got some from the store - so we were able to pay them well. I can't remember whether Jim Brough went down the river with me or not, I think he went back to look after the place. I slept there that night while the blokes were making the rafts. All they had to do was use driftwood which had drifted down the river. We loaded the stuff the next morning and off we went with a couple of locals on each raft and me sitting on one of the rafts with them.

We camped that night down the Markham somewhere, it might have been near Kaiapit, but we were still on the river and we pulled ashore. The next day, off we go and we get into Chivasing the next afternoon. I had been away from Nadzab for about 10 days and anything could have happened while I was away, so I wanted to find out from the Chivasing people whether it was safe to go on. They reckoned there were no Japs at Nadzab, so on we went and next morning we got to Kirkland's Crossing with these two rafts loaded up with merchandise and I went ashore and found the Quartermaster's representative. I handed all the cargo over to him - it was his job to look after it after that - but I had the foresight to pick out a few tins of choice rations and hide them for our own use later, because once the Quartermaster got his hands on it, well the officers got first pick and all we got was what they didn't want and it was dished out very sparingly.

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While we are getting rid of the cargo, this is around about 9 o'clock in the morning I suppose (Chivasing is not a long way away), Jock McLeod walked into the camp. I knew Jock quite well and got talking to him and it appears that while I was away, Dick Vernon, Bill Chaffey and another 5th Independent bloke were sent in to get a Japanese prisoner. Dick Vernon, the local bloke, was killed on this trip and they didn't get a prisoner. The Japs followed our party back up the road and raided the camp. The Japs had got a couple of our blokes on a previous raid before the 5th Independent blokes arrived - we never heard another word about them.

All the AIF blokes now were on the other side of the Markham, not the Lae side. Prior to this they had had a camp alongside the villages, but the villagers had now asked them, if they couldn't keep the Japs away, would they keep away from them because all we were doing was drawing the crabs on them, so now they had pulled them all back and we had no contact with locals on the Lae side of the village and they hadn't had any

information for about a week from the other side. Jock was going over to see the Gabsonkek people to find out, if he could, what the enemy was doing and whether they were coming up that way. Jock knew them very well, and they knew him because he was a kiap. I said to Jock, 'Can I go with you?' and he said, 'Yes, yes, you come with me.' The canoes were kept at Kirkland's Crossing under some big overhanging trees during the day - not on the other side where there was no cover for them. Because Jock and I were in a hurry we took a chance, and got a couple of the locals to take us over. We walked up to Gabsonkek village which was about an hour and a half walk, I suppose - we were pretty cautious because we didn't know who we were going to meet on the way. We got in to Gabsonkek and were made quite welcome, just the two of us. The locals knew we were both New Guinea men. We got a lot of information and stopped there for an hour or two talking and then we decided to go back.

We headed back to Kirkland's Crossing and when we got back it was about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, it was a very hot day. It was risky crossing the river at this time because you never knew when the Jap Zero were going to fly up the river from Lae and have a shot at you. It only took them about half a minute to get from Lae up to where we were, so we had to sit down there and wait until dusk before the canoe would come. We both had no dinner and it was stinking hot, so we sat there on the side of the Markham for an hour or so and then decided we could swim across. We swam across but we both nearly drowned on the way. For one thing, we had overlooked the fact that it was fresh water and not sea water and I was wearing a belt that had attached to it a Bowie knife, a revolver, a container full of bullets and a compass, and all this stuff was heavy and it was really hard to keep afloat in the fresh water. It was rather touch and go there for a while.

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Regarding rafting down the Markham: Prior to the war I was planting coconuts in Lae on my agricultural lease there. I had about 150 acres of coconuts planted when the Japanese took over. I used to get the seed coconuts from Nadzab up the Markham. There was a very big variety of nut up there and an old bloke who had a plantation at Narakapor, that's not far from Nadzab, used to collect them for me. Then I had two or three locals, smart sort of blokes, who used to go up when we had about 500 or so ready to shift, tie them all together and they would float down the Markham - they would make them into a raft. I went down with them a couple of times so I had had a bit of experience of this rafting business. I walked up to the head of the Markham three or four times during the war, and coming back I always rafted down the Markham. I couldn't see much sense walking down if you could get on a raft.

When I arrived at the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles outfit at Nadzab, they had had patrols in very close to Lae for some time and they used secret tracks to walk in there. Anyway, the Japs caught up with them and both of the parties had to leave in a dicens of a hurry, but now the Japs knew the secret tracks and it was a bit of a problem to know now how to get in close to Lae and avoid the enemy at the same time. About the time that the 5th Independent Company was brought in, we were informed that the NGVR and the 5th Independent Company were going to be called Kanga Force and the CO of this was Colonel Fleay. Prior to that our boss had been Major Edwards - Bill Edwards - he was still with us.

Anyway, they sent for me again because I knew a little bit about the place and wanted to know did I know of any good track for a patrol into Lae. Well, this is just after the 5th Independent Company arrived and there's all these young highly trained

commandoes, they are all very fit, looking for a fight, they're going to shift these Japs in about five minutes they reckon, and they wanted to do a raid in Lae and they wanted to know how they could get in there. I said, 'There is an easy way you haven't tried yet'. And they said, 'Well, what's that,' and I said, 'Go down the Markham on a raft at night time.' They reckoned that was a wonderful idea. When I mentioned it I thought - these commandoes, it will be right up their alley. Well, about a day after I had told them this, the boss sent for me and said, 'Look, Emery, we want you to go down the Markham on a raft,' and I said, 'Why me, for God's sake, what about these commandoes?' and he said, 'Oh no, you've done it, you know all about it.' I was about the oldest bloke there then, and I was more or less worn out - anyway I found that I had put myself in and I had to go. I was allowed to pick a companion for this trip and any gear that we wanted that they had, all I had to do was ask for it. A friend of mine, Bill Murcutt, had said to me two or three times, 'If you ever get a chance to take me on one of those patrols, I'd like to go with you.' So I asked Bill and he was all in favour of this rafting racket, going down the Markham at night, so we got the job.

We collected rations and a compass and a few other odds and ends we thought we'd want. Prior to this the raft had always been made by locals but we had woken up to the fact that a local could walk into Lae from where we were up at Nadzab just as fast or faster than the raft could and we knew that there was a bit of communication between the locals who were helping us and the Butibum blokes who were working with the Japs. So we reckoned if we were to get the locals to make the raft, well, straight away they'll know what we are going to do and the Japs will be waiting for us when we get in there. So we decided we would make the raft ourselves. Bill and I drew enough rations to last us for about a week. One of the main things we got hold of was a big damper which had just been cooked. We didn't have any biscuits in those days - the ration biscuits which are very easy to carry and you don't have to cook them. You could always get rice but you had to cook it and we didn't want to light fires in Lae, so we took this big damper and a few other tins of stuff, and camping equipment, as much as we could carry. Then we headed across to the Markham and found a place alongside the river in the big kunai. We spent about a day there collecting timber that could float and tying it all together. Bill Murcutt had produced a big coil of light rope - I don't know where he got it from - and it was very handy for tying these logs together. Eventually we had quite a respectable sort of a raft made out of logs and we put our cargo on it and were ready to go. We set out just before dark and floated down the Markham that night. It was very dark - that was one of the reasons why we were going at this time - there was no moon, and it was a pretty hair-raising sort of a trip. It was so dark that I couldn't see my companion on the raft and he was only about two yards from me, he was on one end of the raft and I was on the other, and he couldn't see me.

Here we are travelling along in the dark. The river winds all over the place, there are sandbanks and little sandy islands here and there and the deep water goes round them and if you're not careful when you come to these sandbanks you finish up on top of them and you've got to get off the thing and push it off into the deep water again. Then there's big logs that have come down in a flood and only the top of the tree is sticking out of the water. These big trees were all pointing downstream and they sloped up - you would hear water whirling past them as you came to them, you couldn't see them - and if you hit one in the dark, all of a sudden the raft would start to lift up because it was running up the log and then with a bit of luck it would slip off and drop back into the water again. This happened two or three times and that made it a fairly exciting sort of a trip. Round about

midnight we stopped for a while, we had been going fairly well, and we had a bit of a spell and a bit of a talk and then we kept on going and kept on going and round about four or five o'clock in the morning we went past Markham Point. You could just see Markham Point because it was high up against the starlight. We knew we only had another mile or two to go and that's what we wanted to do. It was just getting daylight. We wanted to get off the raft and get on the land. If we went farther there's a landing place there and I knew of a track which would take us through the big jungle across to the side of the aerodrome - that's what we were aiming for. But about half a mile before we got there, or a mile before we got there, the river sort of divided, there's a big island in the middle of the river and a lot of water went down between the island and the land and the raft shoots down there, and we've got no control over it and we've just got to hope we don't hit anything, and there's another big log jammed right across and before we knew where we were our raft just dived underneath it and we had to jump off very quickly and grab what luggage we could. We lost most of our rations.

Well, here we were now standing on the bank, sorting out what we had managed to save. We had lost practically all our camping equipment and we had enough food left to last us a couple of days but we didn't have changes of clothes or anything like that. We had lost our mosquito net and groundsheets and we were also in a place on the side of the bank where I had never been before and where there's some of the biggest lawyer vine I have ever seen. We mucked around there for a couple of hours and it seemed to me that it was nearly impossible to go down the way we wanted to go on the river bank - we could have gone on the water quite easily. After two or three hours - we hadn't had much sleep the night before - we decided to go back up the river and see if we could get out that way. It was this lawyer vine that was holding us up, or kunda which they called it there, and we didn't have the knives or the axes or anything else to cut our way through it. We spent the day trying to get away from the side of the Markham and we slept that night sitting on another bit of a log, in the rain - or tried to sleep. The next day we crossed the Markham Road very carefully because the Japs were using it and we cut our way through the jungle on the Atzera Range side of the road. It took us all day now to get down past Edward's Farm where we were at night time. We had a bit of a spell, and then we decided to walk down the main road in the dark. Up till now we hadn't seen any sign of the enemy or heard any sign of them and it almost looked as if they'd abandoned the place. Well, we walked along the main road, in the middle of the night, in the dark. We were both only wearing sandshoes so we didn't make any noise, and eventually we got to the creek just before you get to Jacobsen's poultry farm. This creek I knew had a bridge over it and the bridge had a roof over the top of it to keep the weather off, and I reckoned that if they were going to have a guard anywhere that's where they'd have one. We got within about 50 yards of this bridge, no sign of the enemy or anything else, and we stopped there and decided we would wait a while and if we could get across this bridge we could keep on walking right into Lae. We lay there on the side of the road, in the dark, and my hell it was dark alright, but you could see the outlines of the roof of the bridge against the starlight and we spent about half an hour, we were resting and waiting, quietly. There's no sound or anything and we had just about made up our mind that we could just walk across the bridge when somebody struck a match on the bridge and lit a cigarette, and the next thing we hear voices and this would be the guard you see. Well, it just shows you, doesn't it, how lucky you can be! So we had to change our mind now and head back into the bush.

We spent about three or four nights in the bush collecting what information we

could, with practically no sleep and very short of food. We knew that we had to walk back about 18 to 20 miles with any information we collected - we had no radio or telephone. I came to the conclusion that it was no good hanging around there until we got so weak from lack of sleep that we couldn't get back, so I decided that we'd go back with what information we had and that is what we did. We walked back home, back to Gnasawampam where we started off from. That was a helluva walk because we walked all night and walked all the next day with practically nothing to eat - there was plenty to drink, there were pools of water on the roads all the way and we followed the Bumbu Creek to start off with. Anyway we got back with our information and that was the end of that.'

After reading Bob's previous article (Una Voce September 1996, p.13), Harry Jackman of Angaston SA wrote, 'By the way, very few lower ranks have as many entries as Bob in the Official History of Australia in the War of 1939-1945.' At our request, Bob supplied details of his Military Medal. It was awarded for 'distinguished and most conspicuous service and devotion to duty between 1st March, 1942, and 29th September, 1942'. The reconnaissance with Rifleman Murcutt, described above, was one of eight occasions mentioned in the citation.

HELP WANTED: Frank Smith wishes to obtain a copy of 'That They Might Live' by Ellen Kettle on behalf of the family of a nurse now deceased (the book is unavailable through normal sources). If you are able to help, please ring Frank on 02 9809 1767.

HELP WANTED: It would be very much appreciated if anyone knowing the whereabouts of the following ex-field staff would please contact **Doug Parrish**, Tel. 02 9488 9693 or PO Box 328, PYMBLE NSW 2073:

**Brian McBride, Sir Barry Holloway, John Joseph Jordan,
George Benjamin O'Farrell, J B Moyle, John Alan Johnston, G E McGrath,
N Van Ruth, Ivan Smithmanus, Gavin Carter, Peter Kraehenbuhl, D C Lindsay,
S E Robins, G Donovan, and M Dixon.**

NEWSLETTERS RETURNED: The newsletter of Mrs E M Spottiswoode of Morisset NSW has again been returned marked 'Box Closed'. Two others have also been returned: they are to Mr G M Murray of Torquay Qld and Mrs E M Maclean of Newport Beach NSW. We would be grateful for any information regarding these members.

~<

RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP

The membership year is the calendar year. Fees cover from 1 Jan. to 31 Dec.

I (full name - please print)
wish to renew my membership of the Retired Officers' Association of PNG Inc to end of
December (please state year) at the rate of \$10 per year (overseas members please add
recommended postage - available from the secretary). It is suggested that you renew for two or
more years.

Enclosed is \$ Cheques to be made out to ROAPNG Inc. (Please do not use staples)
Return to: ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

If you have changed your address and have not already notified us, please do so below:

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THE BUNTING CORRESPONDENCE

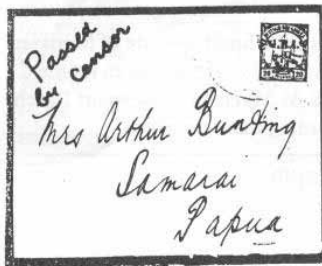
By K Humphreys

The mention of the Bunting family name in December *Una Voce* brought from the files three postal items of Great War vintage. It appears that Mrs Arthur Bunting (Ella Florence) was a keen stamp collector, possibly in company with her brother-in-law Robert Maurice. I have a record of two items associated with Mrs Bunting and one with R M Bunting.



The illustrated postcard is endorsed 'Please don't remove stamps'. Those stamps were sold by the Australian occupation force at the German post office in Rabaul. On the left is an Australian Kangaroo stamp overprinted North West Pacific Islands. Such stamps were overprinted in Melbourne for use in the occupied Pacific colonies, but because of political reasons were only used on Nauru and in New Guinea.

The stamp on the right was originally perforated OS (Official Service) for government use within Australia, never to be sold over a post office counter. However as a matter of necessity, supplies were sent to Rabaul in 1914 and sold to the civil population and troops. A *SS Morinda* rubber handstamp cancels the two stamps, indicating that the writer was a passenger from Rabaul. Mrs Bunting is not listed as a passenger from Rabaul to Samarai so, unless she gave the card to a friend for posting, the writer is unknown. The *Morinda* departed Rabaul on 4 April 1915, called at Samarai on the 7th and arrived Sydney on the 17th.



The other illustrated item is an envelope addressed to Mrs Arthur Bunting, Samarai, Papua. It is franked with a German 20 pfennig stamp surcharged to two pence halfpenny sterling by the occupation force. The letter was postmarked on 8 April 1915 and bears a manuscript 'Passed by Censor'. The story behind this letter is that Mrs Bunting had sent a quantity of mint German stamps to Rabaul for surcharging into sterling values for her collection. This contrived surcharging was sanctioned by the Rabaul Administrator.

Mrs Bunting would have had to pay to the Rabaul post office the sterling value of her surcharged stamps. As luck would have it, the Namanula printer who did the surcharging kept a record of his work and his little black book has survived: sold for \$2,090 in 1994. His entry for 8 April states that a private lot of stamps was delivered to the post office for 'Mrs A Bunting, Papua' and was signed for by postmaster Lt. EC Johnston. As regards the retail value of the above items, the postcard had an estimate of \$1,200-1,500 when auctioned in 1990. The envelope sold for \$1,870 in 1989.

The RM Bunting item is a Rabaul registered letter addressed to Samarai and posted in September 1917. My xerox is too poor for it to be illustrated here. However the letter had a retail price of US\$260 in 1990.

THOSE WHO WENT BEFORE

a talk by Peter V Best

for the Petroleum Club at the Port Moresby Travelodge on 4 August 1994

"This little chat is not intended to be a history of either the search for oil in Papua New Guinea or a history of the involvement of any particular group.

The fact is that people from many groups from all over the world became involved, one way or the other, in the exploration. So many, indeed, that it would just not be possible to mention all of them. So, inevitably I'll have to talk only of those whom I knew, or through them of some knowledge of others, or of those with whom I worked, and in some instances, tactful reference to those whom I still know.

Mostly, for individuals mentioned, I'll not attempt any biographical discourse nor will I mention what became of them. Their contribution remains of undying value. No, you'll just hear a few anecdotes which I hope will stress the human, at times humorous, side of all the activity.

Well now, where to start? I suppose right at the beginning .. January 1950 in the office in Queen Street Melbourne of the Australasian Petroleum Company Pty Ltd (APC), where I had my first interview for a job as a surveyor with the seismic work then going on in what at the time was known as The Territory of Papua and New Guinea. The Company, made up then of Oil Search Ltd., Anglo-Iranian Oil and Vacuum Oil, later moved its office from Melbourne to Sydney.

I'd heard of APC through one George Hooker with whom I'd been working in the bush with the State Electricity Commission of Victoria. He'd lent me a copy of the Empire Survey Review in which there had been an article by an Anglo Iranian Oil Co. senior surveyor, S.E. Evans. It was to do with erecting theodolite platforms to enable sights over low scrubland, I remember. Impressed, I had told George that I'd like to work with such a man. George told me Sam, as he was known, was at that time working in Papua with the oil company and that they, APC, were currently advertising for survey staff. So, there it was, George was my first direct contact with Papua New Guinea.

At the interview I found myself talking to a Mr Montgomery. How often do we meet people for the first time, later to discover backgrounds that were mightily impressive. Such was my later discovery, for this was none other than J.N. Montgomery who had been an active field geologist in New Guinea since the early twenties. Here I run into a bit of a problem in so far as I have now referred to the country as TP & NG, as Papua, as Papua New Guinea, and now as New Guinea. The fact is that there were explorations going on in various areas north and south, so where the north is concerned I'll use the term New Guinea, where it is south, then Papua. But, of course, we all know that since 1975 the whole country is Papua New Guinea. I do not recall meeting Mr Montgomery again, except a week or so later when I was in the office to confirm my signing-on and getting ready to leave for Papua. In later years, however, through my own studies and in books by others there was much I was to learn about his work and that of his colleagues.

At Port Moresby the plane was met by APC Staff Supt. Joe Aldridge and one Phil Bliaux. Phil Bliaux was certainly one of those who 'went before'. He was to become my Party Chief in the Seismic No. 1 Refraction Party to which I was allocated. Phil took over from 'Binnie' (Fred) Hales who was recalled to Port Moresby to become Geophysical Adviser to Chief Geologist Noel Osborne. This 'Binnie' had a brother also working in the Company. He, to avoid confusion, was known as 'Binnie the Two'. The name 'Binnie' came about through that UK stage personality, Binnie Hale. Phil, and both the Hales had come out from London as members of D'Arcy Exploration arm, later re-named BP Exploration. All were geophysicists.

Phil and I were to get together on and off for the next forty years or so. As Seismic 1 Party Chief he was responsible for much of the seismic operation through the Delta area, initially mainly arcual refraction work (nine mile radius arc with central shot point used to fire large charges progressively as two 'observer' parties moved stage by stage along segments of the arc cut and marked by the surveyors). Phil had a great sense of leadership and humour .. perhaps they go together? Anyway it was he who introduced volley ball into our jungle seismic base camps.

In those early days, it must be remembered, supplies were brought in from Port Moresby only by ship - no walk-in freezers. The bulk of food was from tins - vegetables, if at all, were local produce if a village was handy. Later, with Catalina aircraft, things improved. In base camps, for a few days' spell in between sorties, our morale was maintained by Phil demanding that we all join in a nightly free-for-all session of volley ball. Even in camp areas with little flat dry ground (in the often inundated Delta) there was generally enough to mark out a volley ball area. Bamboo poles were stayed with geophone cable, the net was often an old (sometimes new) mosquito net, the ball a trade soccer ball ever likely to puncture from striking some overlooked tree or sapling stump. Anyone who carelessly tossed the ball into the river was expected to jump in, crocodiles or not, to retrieve same. Such games worked off all manner of possible discontent or imagined grudge amongst a group of thirty or forty party members .. men from various parts of the world and backgrounds.

Our PNG workers were often in fits of laughter watching our antics at such sport, as indeed were we when we watched them at their mostly barefoot soccer free-for-alls. At times canoe races were arranged and Christmas/ Easter celebrations always included a greasy pole event. Such was the sort of camp life Phil mainly supported. Later there were other seismic parties working refraction in the Delta, but to be in 'Seismic 1' was special. Stalwarts of such organisation were Merv Steer and Harry Strudwick both of whom later developed along with Col Ritchie interests in their own seismic support group. Merv was especially famous for having three pets whose names all started with 'T' - Tad, the bull terrier, Terence the tortoise, and Toby the parrot - all of whom generally accompanied him on his field trips .. mostly in the Delta at that time by outboard motor dug-out canoe, seine boat or bomb scow.

Phil Bliaux later moved to Port Moresby to become Chief Geophysicist, a position which he continued to occupy in an advisory capacity after he had settled in the Mount Hagen area in the late 50s to develop a coffee plantation. Sadly, in the late eighties ill health forced his retirement to Australia not having seen the oil flow at last - except that which came from the limited-flow Puri No. 1 well in November 1958.

Some of the other members of these earlier seismic parties will come up for mention later on but back now to the Hales. Binnie the One returned to UK. Binnie the Two and I transferred to a Gravity Survey party where I happily set up marks for him to

read his Worden Gravity Meter over many many miles of Western Province hills and dales - along river banks and across terrain such as that between the Turama and Aworra Rivers which last caused the only note of dissension (and that temporary) between us.

This arose over a major variation in relative gravity readings across this divide - a variation so large that it could have been due, so Binnie suggested, in all probability to a major error in the survey elevations. This, I denied but re-ran the survey through the twenty-five miles in question. Requiring to camp at various points in the very difficult jungle-clad hilly terrain I and my team of local survey workers were tipped out of our respective camp beds by a very severe earth tremor acute enough to also rip the tent-flies in two. I duly recorded the exact location, and later convinced Binnie that my original survey results were correct. He was able, in his final report submission, to suggest only the existence of an anomaly. It was not until some years later, Binnie having (sadly for me at losing a pal) returned to UK, that the drilling of the test wells Komewu 1 and 2 revealed the existence of a fault that on the one hand explained the localisation of the earth tremor I'd experienced, and on the other, the reason for the gravity anomaly.

Returning a moment to that first day in Port Moresby and my meeting Phil for the first time. Also in Port Moresby with Phil was one Don 'Bwana' Lamb a man with many years' experience in the oil areas of Iran. He, Phil and I duly left Port Moresby by sea. Our transport was a single cabin 20 ton scow known as a copra-boat. It was called the 'Kamonai', the skipper a slim Australian, Ted Lineham, on his first trip. There were four passengers, Phil, Don (or Bwana as I soon learned everybody called him) a Max Walker to do with the drilling rig and myself. Our accommodation was under a tent-fly supported by bamboo poles on the cabin superstructure. The three hundred or so mile journey to Port Romilly in the Delta was an experience a submariner might have enjoyed. Eventually it was over and soon we arrived at Wana up-river. There we could see a drilling rig partly assembled, just the derrick itself. The tool-pusher, Arthur Phillips, who'd come down to the jetty to meet us, said to me that Sam Evans was anxious that I should go up to him immediately I arrived. On enquiring as to where he was, Arthur pointed to the derrick and said that he was up there, and sure enough that's where I found him as I laboriously climbed up the steel ladders to the top of the 135 foot high structure, being admonished the while not to shake too much as it was affecting the bubble of the theodolite that Sam had strapped there with lawyer vine to the crown-plate. In his sing-song Welsh voice Sam told me that he wished me to see how flat the Delta was and how like mine surveying it would be. One would know where one plunged into the jungle and hoped that one would know where one was in the middle and where the hell you were when you'd come out again.

Sam's main job was to set up overall survey control throughout the area covered by the seismic work and to tie-in the various test drill sites as the exploration developed throughout the Delta and into the northern foothills. Extensive air photo coverage controlled by astro-fixes at extremities of work area became essential to this. To assist in all this and to man the increasing number of seismic parties there were a number of surveyors. Among these, Jim Miller, whose father was at one time Staff Manager in Port Moresby, did sterling work in overall control after Sam had returned to the UK. But the seismic work was but part of the Company's effort. There were extensive geological surveys going on also and, of course, drilling as suitable locations were determined. And with very limited facilities available in Port Moresby there was then the need for the Company to have its own workshops to maintain its own vessels, both sea-going and smaller for river work, and even to employ its own pilots to operate the various types of

aircraft used from time to time. All this organisation required admin back-up, catering services, medical facilities and staff, and transport with maintenance back-up both in Port Moresby and in the growing number of field areas.

There were, of course, the big local firms such as Burns Philp and Steamships, Queensland Insurance and Harvey Trinder as it was then. Many in those organisations could be said to be classed as 'went before' along with Hornibrooks, Curtain Bros., even Wimpeys ex UK and later Bishop Bros. Always there was great cooperation from them towards the oilmen .. from such top managers and/or executives as, with Steamships E.V. Crisp, Guy Cadden, Del Underwood, Bruce Blaikie and Don Harvey, and with Burns Philp Bernie Ryan, Jack Godfrey, Bert Goodsell and Athol Rogers, and many many more at all levels. Those such as Alec Liddell and Norm Corbett of Steamies and John Goodwin of PMF who cooperated with rush orders for freezer and grocery lines phoned in at a moment's notice from John Lonergan or Les Isherwood were especially helpful. Les, by the way, went on to take over the management of the Public Service Club (later the Port Moresby Club) until, after the death in Port Moresby of his wife, he transferred to the Police Department at Konedobu, eventually retiring to UK. Such clubs provided diversion for APC people. Then there were the hotels, the Papua Hotel and the Moresby Hotel - top and bottom pubs we called them - and later on in 1956 the Boroko, ably run by Wally Morrissey and his wife. 'Nice pub, Wal, but too far out of town!' George Clipstone was at the top pub and I just can't offhand recall many other names. At the bottom pub there was a lively bar known widely as the 'snake pit'. Heaven help any new chums who might fall foul of those tough drilling types, Bluey Scott or Shamus Ryan, who could often be there on spell from the bush. Another great 'before' was Woody Troeth who ran the Rouna Hotel up the range - a great spot for the oil guys to breathe a bit of fresh mountain-like air.

And then there was the Royal Papuan Yacht Club formerly the Aquatic Club, visited by HRH the Duke of Edinburgh when Jimmy Kemp was looking after a typical Saturday P.M. One of the Club's enthusiasts was Rob Burgess who was a greatly esteemed member of the APC band of Field Assistants with the seismic parties in those earlier times.

Another notable was Bro. George whose periodic visits to the APC Badili Yards ensured that redundant junk lying around was put to good use at his home ground at Yule Island Catholic Mission. News from Samarai Island that Capt. Ray Taylor had survived the sinking of the MV Bev was a relief for, apart from the joy of his survival, the future would see him in Gulf waters and the Kikori River area where his nautical expertise was to greatly aid the oilmen.

The APC Stores Departments alone employed a considerable number of people, both expat and local. In the mid-fifties something like five hundred expats along with five thousand or so indigenes were on the Company's books. In the Badili headquarters office jolly John Ahearne, a Vacuum Oil man, presided over general administration. Top authority there was shared with the General Fields Manager, generally appointed through British Petroleum - in John's time, one Len Hunter, followed later by Arthur Longbottom. In the same office block was Don Houston, responsible for Engineering. His staff included engineers and project designers one of whom, Keith Nash, was later to become the last of the APC Managers in the then distant days of the Seventies. Ralph Ernst was a particularly skilful interpreter of Trimet aerial photography and he produced some excellent maps. He went on, after a curtailment of oil activity, to the Dept. of Forests where there too he took care of mapping and of a vast collection of air photos. His wife,

Pixie, another 'went before' was for many years secretary to successive managers.

Across the way was another office block. This was the Geological Office. Jimmy Miller had his spot here, also a number of draughtsmen and one lass, Muriel McGowan, daughter of the Director of Public Works, who assisted with geological mapping. She later married one of the Company's Field Assistants Wally Larnier. He later served in Korea. Sadly, deteriorating health after his return led to his untimely death. At Kainantu, where her husband had set up a tea plantation nearby, Muriel later developed a handicrafts fabric business along with the local women. This business soon became known throughout the country, not only for the products, but as an example of a successful joint enterprise.

Wally had been but one of that staunch band of employees known as Field Assistants. Their main tasks involved administration of indigenous employees and recruitment in government-approved areas both for workers to be trained in various areas of the Company's activities and for carriers employed locally, along with one or other of the Field Assistants, on some of the remoter geological sorties. The brothers Gordon - John and Bill - whose family name is preserved along with the old homesite, in Gordons, a suburb of Port Moresby, were two such Field Assistants. Jock Finch became well known in the recruiting areas as he and Ivan Hoggard journeyed in the good old Potrero under the skilful captaincy of Stewart Fraser-Fraser. The MV Potrero finished its days on VariVari Island on the Papuan Coast. It and another member of the APC fleet, the MV Davara, were on the way back to base in Port Moresby Harbour at Napanapa, one towing the other - can't remember which, when in the middle of a dark and stormy night the leading vessel struck the island. Next morning Jack Bell, on the regular radio schedule, queried identical lat and long for both vessels and the reply came from the tow-ee that this had occurred, as he had run up the ar...e of the tow-er.

Jack Bell served for many years as the Company's man in charge of radio communications. His location was known as the Radio Shack and was located on the sea side of Scratchley Road at Badili. From there communications with all field and drilling areas were maintained. There was also a daily weather report very essential for aircraft operations. Yes, Jack Bell, or 'Dingdong' as he was often known, was very much a 'went before' as were those others who assisted him over the years in caring for the confidentiality and efficiency of this very vital function.

Captains Arthur Latch, Dave Boneham, Wally Garrod, Fred Thomas, Subumei and several other Masters from Kiwai Island in the Fly River were all well liked and clever navigators running various Company craft either across the Gulf or through the maze of tricky inland waterways, negotiating sandbars, here and there reefs - even in the rivers such as Omati, and coping with strong tidal currents and risky Tidal Bores experienced in several of the rivers of the West. All the river launches, canoes and such like were by Company regulation under the control of local helmsmen and operators, many with years of efficient and safe service.

One of the sea-going scow masters, Captain Aneri, received a special award, plaque and commendation from the Territory Administrator for his action in casting-off lines of several vessels moored alongside the wharf at Middleton when the wharfshed/outboard motor shop burst into flames. He single-handedly ran on to the burning timbers and severed lines by hand and with an axe, then took the lot all tethered together out into midstream away from danger.

From time to time, to allow for leave rosters, the Company would take on temporary shipmasters. One such was Ray Parer, the well known aviator, member of the

renowned Parer family. He was bringing the MV Kibeni with a load of explosives into the WassiKussa River. I had been given the task of meeting the vessel downstream from our base at Arufe to bring a gang of labourers down to unload the cargo into the dynamite store located in a remote clearing there. As our workboat rounded a bend, we were astonished to see the Kibeni apparently out of control drifting sideways on the languid current. Bosun Subumei brought the workboat alongside the vessel and quickly ran lines aboard to assist in heading us all in an upstream direction quietly riding the current. No sign of anyone aboard until I went astern, and there, crouched down around the skipper, Ray, almost the entire crew fiddling about under the rudder quadrant until suddenly with a cry of joy Ray jumped up clutching a little brown hen. Quickly getting the crew back to their duties he explained to me that the little hen laid him an egg every day for his breakfast and so he just had to hold steerage until the little creature had been safely extricated from the jaws of death.

These smaller sea craft were used to transport provisions. Some had limited freezer capacity, but mostly they carried stores and equipment and dry goods to the various seismic and geological bases as well as to the drilling areas. One such had been sent up the Fly River to Everill Junction and confluence of the Strickland River in the mid fifties to bring back to Port Moresby the members of the so-called Shangri-La expedition into the Lavani Valley area. This expedition was led by geologist John Zhender accompanied along with others by Desmond Clancy, an Admin Assistant District Officer. John, not merely a 'went before' but very much a here and now! Des Clancy, later OIC Mendi had a great career in PNG, later leaving to work in Western Australia. John Zhender was but one of a great group of dedicated geologists. J.N. Montgomery has already been mentioned elsewhere. Along with him in the thirties' Sepik work was G.A.V. Stanley and S.W. 'Sam' Carey, and Ted Edwards. All did extensive geological surveys in the often unknown and uncontrolled areas through terrain hitherto thought impossible to penetrate, to exist in or to traverse.

Details of the ongoing careers of this illustrious band are not for now. There are records available such as contained in Frank Rickwood's book, *The Kutubu Discovery*. Frank Rickwood, not only a 'went before' but very much a 'here and now', is surely one who merits special recognition from the appropriate local bodies for his untiring efforts to bring to Papua New Guinea its own oil industry.

PNG has indeed been most fortunate in having had geologists of world repute playing some part here in all that went before, experts who later became prominent in careers in other areas. Not only field personnel either - and both men and women worked here. Mrs Blumberg and Doreen Ashley ably assisted Felix Kicinski and others in the palaeontological laboratory at Badili under the general direction, after Noel Osborne had left, of such successive Chief Geologists as Harry Warman, Peter Kent and Bill Sykes. In all this, varied field assistance from local trainees was of high value. Here, as with other indigene training schemes - that of Apprenticeships for instance - APC was a prime mover and supporter.

(The rest of this article will be printed in the June issue of the Newsletter.)

HELP WANTED: Pam Quartermaine would like to know the address and if possible the telephone number of Miss Barbara McLaughlan who was a senior education officer at Konedobu in the 1960s and left PNG for Sydney in 1968. She may have worked at Sydney University in the 1970s. Pam's address is PO Box 609, Fremantle WA 6160.

VALE

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

Miss E M (Lynne) McALISTER (30 December 1996)

Lynne McAlister was a Nursing Sister and Matron of the Health Department. During her service in PNG she had been posted to many of the District Hospitals, later becoming Matron at Lae and Nonga. One of her early postings was to Wewak early in 1953, a wartime building on the hill. This was shortly after the aeroplane crash of the late Dr McInerney, which was a very unhappy time for all the residents, during which Lynne's professionalism gave much support. Lynne was very interested in improving the health of the indigenous women, and to this end the local people, as well as others, helped to build a small Maternal and Child Health building on the flat near the native hospital. This contained a labour ward and two other small wards for indigenous mothers.

During the farewell service in the Chapel of Mt Olivet, Brisbane, Sue Davies, who was one of the babies Lynne had delivered in Wewak, gave the eulogy to the congregation which included relatives and several former Wewakians.

(The foregoing was written by Reg Collins.)

Dr Kenneth Hector BALDWIN (21 November 1996, aged 68)

Ken Baldwin was born in Port Moresby in 1928, the eldest son of Mary and Archie Baldwin. Following evacuation to Australia in December 1941, Ken spent the war years in Brisbane returning to Moresby in 1946 to work firstly with Government Stores and then the Australasian Petroleum Exploration Company (APC) at Kariava as Field Assistant. He returned to Brisbane in 1948 to study dentistry at Queensland University.

After graduation Ken joined the Department of Health and was Dental Officer for the Papua Region for three years. This involved travel through most of the Papuan Districts. In 1958 he married Viive after he had entered private dental practice in Rabaul where he practised for about seven years. After a stint of some six years in Armidale NSW, Ken and family made their final move to Caloundra in the early seventies.

Ken was an above average sportsman, participating in cricket, tennis, middle and long distance running and football. Severe emphysema and asthma caused Ken to leave his profession which he loved and to which he brought great humanity in 1991. He laboured manfully against the odds since that time.

Ken is survived by his wife Viive, mother Mary, daughter Riina, sons Derek, Ken and Charles and brother Derek.

(The foregoing was written by Ken's brother, Derek Baldwin.)

Mr T STEVENSON (1 August 1996)

Tommy Stevenson passed away at the Nambour Nursing Home after a long illness. He will be remembered by his friends from his many years in PNG. He worked for Burns Philp Ltd from 1956-1982 at Port Moresby, Lae, Madang and Rabaul. He had been living at Tawantin following his return to Australia.

(Reprinted from the November 1996 issue of Garamut, the newsletter of the Gold Coast Papua New Guinea Club Inc. With thanks)

Dr Kenneth Ronald LAMACRAFT (19 November 1996, aged 84 years)

Ken Lamacraft died suddenly on the Gold Coast Qld. Ken was born in England and went to various schools in England and Jamaica. The family then settled in South Australia where Ken attended Adelaide Teachers College and later took a Diploma in Fine Arts and studied engineering. During his early career he was in primary education, then in secondary technical, later transferring to art, becoming Principal of the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts.

Ken's primary degree in Arts was at the University of Adelaide, and his degree in Education at the University of Melbourne followed by a Masters degree in Education at the University of Sydney. Later he took his Doctorate in Education at the University of South Africa, Pretoria. During WWII he served in the Royal Australian Air Force.

In 1957 Ken took up an appointment as Chief of the Division of Technical Education in Papua New Guinea in order to set up and develop a system of vocational education for that country, including a correspondence school for technical subjects. During his time in PNG he was particularly involved with the development of small residential technical schools, as well as increasing the capacity of the three main technical schools at Port Moresby (Idubada), Lae and Rabaul, which involved much travelling throughout the mainland and islands.

Ken was also Chief Scout Commissioner for PNG, and started reconstruction of the PNG scout organisation along modern lines. One of his activities under its aegis was the inauguration, with three others, of the Annual Port Moresby Choral Festival.

On his return to Australia in 1966, he was for a time lecturer in Newcastle for the University of Sydney, and then lecturer at Sydney Teachers' College. Later he was Senior Consultant in Staff Training etc, with an interstate management consultancy, before establishing his own company in this area of expertise, which he continued to operate until his death. Although he officially 'retired' in 1977, he continued as part-time lecturer in Business and Administrative Studies, Consultant for Schools Commission, NSW etc. The Lamacrafts migrated to the Gold Coast in 1984.

Ken published many articles, reports and courses on education, on Papua New Guinea, on Japan, and on other subjects, as well as three textbooks and one descriptive book (joint author). He was an active member of various organisations, and held a number of offices including President of the World Education Fellowship (Australia) 1983-85, and Member of Council of the Australia/Japanese Society, NSW.

While in the Air Force during the war, Ken became interested in the Japanese language and later in education in Japan. Eventually this led to over 20 visits to Japan, accompanied by wife Jeanne, living with the people in various areas, attending conferences and studying educational methods. He became fluent in reading and writing Japanese, with some facility in speaking the language.

Ken enjoyed painting in both water colours and oils. He was active in sports, playing hockey and competition tennis in earlier years, golf, and later lawn bowls. Ken was a knowledgeable and accomplished person, with abilities and skills in many fields.

Ken is survived by his wife Jeanne.

(The foregoing was written by Dorothy Shaw.)

Mr Russell Harrison ANDREWS (1 January 1997, aged 74 years)

Mr Andrews was employed in Posts and Telegraphs. He retired in 1971. (No further details available.)

Mr Arthur F J HIRD (28 August 1996)

Arthur passed away after a long illness. He and his wife Mona lived in Port Moresby and Rabaul during the mid 60s. Arthur was permanent army and was attached to the PNGVR. Besides his army service, Arthur will be remembered by many as a rugby referee. In retirement he lived with Mona on Bribie Island.

(Reprinted from the November 1996 issue of Garamut with thanks)

Mr Bill HEAPY (14 September 1996)

Bill was well known as a Shell fitter in Port Moresby and Madang/Highlands area. He married Dot and was transferred to Wewak as manager of the Shell Depot. He and Dot returned to Port Moresby where Bill worked as refueller on Jackson's Airstrip. He then resided in Brisbane and in retirement he moved to Bargara Qld. Bill died of a heart attack.

(Reprinted from the November 1996 issue of Garamut, with thanks)

Mr John NORMAN (16 November 1996, aged 54 years)

Remembered in education for his time as maths subject master at Kwikila High School, deputy head at Goroka High School, headmaster at Wabag High School and Secondary Inspector in the Western Highlands during the years 1975 to 1988. Remembered as captain of the Goroka Golf Club in the late seventies and an active member of the Mount Hagen Golf Club in the eighties. Remembered by all who knew him as a romantic Welshman, lover of music and fine foods, fond of ladies and alcohol, and always ready to tell a joke or an entertaining anecdote. Twice married and twice divorced, he sadly took his own life at Miami on the Gold Coast on 16 November 1996. He never quite found a niche for himself after he resigned from education and left Papua New Guinea, the happy golden years of his life.

(The foregoing was written by Pam Norman.)

Ms Jean SAMUELS

Jean Samuels, an early post-war resident of Lae, passed away recently following a stroke. Jean commenced work at the Regional Health Office at Lae in the sixties as secretary to the Regional Health Officers, Dr Jameson, Dr F Tuza and Dr L Malcolm. After leaving PNG she retired to Slacks Creek and married Mr Geb Hill, a family friend. During the last few years they retired to Clairview, near Mackay. A much liked lady by those who have worked with her.

(The foregoing was written by Reg Collins.)

Mr George MILLIST (10 December 1996, aged 68 years)

Following 12 years in the Navy, with Japan and Korean War activity and extensive survey duties, including first ship to survey Rabaul Harbour post war, George left the Navy in 1956 and joined the Bureau of Mineral Resources, Canberra as a Cartographer (map-maker). He arrived in Port Moresby in 1969 to set up the Mapping Section of the Geological Survey (under the auspices of monocled 'Sandy' Renwick). He was a keen golfer at the Boroko Club. In 1973 he met Fay Reeves (Customs Dept, Trade & Industry 1961-65, then Treasury/Finance) and following PNG Independence they came to Cairns, married in 1976, owned Stratford Newsagency for seven years and semi-retired to a small acreage at Malanda on the Atherton Tablelands in 1982.

George died suddenly of a heart attack. He is survived by his wife, Fay, and his daughter Lynnel Seal and family in Canberra.

(The foregoing was written by George's wife, Fay.)

Mrs Eileen LEYER (October 1996, aged 91 years)

The Leyers, Eileen and Tom, were married in the Burnett area of Queensland in 1926, then moved to Thursday Island, and later Port Moresby. After evacuation, Eileen spent the war years in Brisbane until the family, united again, moved to Alexishafen, then Madang. Tom Leyer had a slipway beside the Briggs and McLean woodworking business and son Bevan worked on various plantations and for the Department of Native Labour.

Eileen was very well known as the voice of Madang in RTC, where she worked with Dulcie Donald, Sheila Hansen and John Lee, during the 1950s and 60s.

In 1964 the family - Tom, Eileen, Bevan and Elizabeth (Beth) with three young daughters, settled in Kilkivan near Gympie Qld. Tom passed away in 1978, but Eileen stayed on as a spare hand on the farm. It was a delight to see that dignified handsome woman, with the cultured voice, tending 'her' pigs or helping with cattle work. In latter years with failing eyesight and other health problems, she moved to Noosa to live with her widowed brother, and from there entered a nursing home in Gympie, where her family were able to visit regularly. Eileen's one great love in life was her family. She is survived by her son Bevan and his wife, three granddaughters and eight great-grandchildren.

(The foregoing was written by Eileen's daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Leyer.)

Mrs Ivy ITZSTEIN (17 February 1997, aged 67 years)

Ivy Itzstein went to PNG in 1953 to join her husband, Des, who was with Posts & Telegraphs. The family lived in Madang, Lae, Rabaul and Port Moresby. Ivy ran child-minding centres in Lae and Rabaul and later worked in Posts and Telegraphs. In Port Moresby she worked in the Philatelic Bureau and the Boroko RSL. She and Des left in 1974 to retire in Perth. Ivy is survived by her husband Des, and children Carol, Des, Lynette and Barry and their families.

(The foregoing was supplied by Ivy's daughter Lyn.)

Mr John Joseph MURPHY (7 March 1997, aged 82)

John Joseph Murphy, former District Commissioner, died on Wednesday 7 March a few days before his 83rd birthday. His funeral service took place at the chapel of his old school, Nudgee College, on 10 March. His obituary will appear in the next issue.

Mrs Lorna McGUIGAN (21 January 1997)

Mrs McGuigan was the wife of the Late James Henry McGuigan. (No further details available.)

Mr William John (Bill) EDGAR (January 1997)

Bill Edgar, late of Redcliffe Qld, formerly Papua New Guinea is survived by his wife, son, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (No further details available.)

Mr Darcy WILLIAMS (14 November 1996)

Darcy passed away peacefully at Nedlands WA. Darcy spent many years in PNG and worked in Wau, Bulolo, Lae, Goroka and Madang. He was very involved in most sporting activities, notably golf and football and was a champion billiards and snooker player. He was also very interested in horse racing. He was a jockey in his young days and rode the famous Peter Pan in his training on the track.

Darcy is survived by his daughter and her family.

(From the February 1997 issue of *Garamut*, with thanks.)

Mr Christopher Michael FOLEY (20 December 1996, aged 45 years)

Chris was the eldest son of Michael and Pamela Foley. He was born at Kokopo, and spent his early years in New Britain outstations and the Highlands. He was the youngest of the initial 10 pupils at the primary school established by Ancie Schindler in 1955 at Aiyura in the Kainantu Sub-District. Following secondary education at boarding school in Sydney, he returned to PNG and joined Territory Airlines (later 'Talair') for the first of several periods with that airline over the next few years in positions of Traffic Officer, Port Superintendent, Branch Manager and Area Manager, in Mount Hagen and Minj. During this time Chris and his sisters Kerry and Kate were active on the Highlands social scene, including being involved with the Speedway Club and the Clean-Up Hagen Campaign. Later he spent a period in Australia with the Department of Minerals and Energy, working in the Simpson Desert, and then an interesting year delivering luxury yachts around the South East Asia/South Pacific area, before joining Qantas Airways in 1992 where he was still a staff member at the time of his death.

Following several months in hospital last year Chris received a liver transplant which in itself was considered successful, but the complications which subsequently arose proved too much after an already long fight with illness.

Chris is survived by his sisters Kate and Mary, his brother Peter, and his mother. (The foregoing was supplied by Chris's family.)

Mr Ian David GIBBINS (27 January 1997, aged 60 years)

Former Patrol Officer Ian Gibbins began his working life as a technician in Pathology Department, Newcastle Hospital. He was very proud of the fact that he was a direct descendant of a First Fleeter, Frederick Merideth, a crew member of HMS Sirius.

In 1957 Ian joined DDA as a cadet patrol officer and was posted to Kairuku, Central District, for two terms. He established a patrol post at Bereina on the edge of Mekeo country in 1960-61. His third term was spent at Balimo in the Western District.

Ian left PNG to join Unilever working in Sydney and Canberra before moving to the UK in 1968 to be in Unilever's Public Relations Dept. Two years later he established his own public relations company in Bristol. At the time of his death he was a consultant with J Rothschild Assurance.

In 1992 Ian became a Freeman of the City of London. For many years he was greatly involved in the Australia-Britain Society and in organising commemoration ceremonies of ANZAC Day, particularly for the 75th year. He was an enthusiastic cricketer and hosted events for members of the Australian Test team during their tours. He attended our 1994 Christmas luncheon and was delighted he was able to yarn with many folk he knew.

Ian is survived by his wife Anna and adult children Victoria and Alexander. (The foregoing was provided by Ken Brown.)

Mr Kevin Sylvester SHEEKEY (1 February 1997, aged 85 years)

Kevin retired in 1968. He was an Executive Officer with the PNG Administration. Further details in June Newsletter.

Mrs Jean BENTINCK-PITT (5 November 1996, aged 84 years)

Jean Bentinck-Pitt died in her sleep in her Melbourne unit. Her late husband, Reg Bentinck-Pitt, will be remembered as the magistrate in Port Moresby and Madang. Jean is survived by two sons Lawrence and Ray Jennings.

(From the February 1997 issue of *Garamut*)

Mrs Freda Jane ELLIS (29 January 1997, aged 82 years)

Freda Ellis's daughter Lynne Schupp sadly wishes to inform everyone that Freda passed away on 29-1-97 in Perth WA. Freda moved from Buderim in Queensland to Perth in 1993 to be near her family and had a long battle with Alzheimer's Disease.

Freda will be warmly remembered by all her many friends from PNG days. Freda was the wife of the late Tom Ellis and spent over 30 years in PNG from the mid '30s to the late '60s. She will be sadly missed by her family and friends. (By Lynne Schupp)

Freda arrived in Rabaul in the mid 30s for a holiday. Being a competent secretary she was soon employed by the Administration and moved into the single women's quarters opposite the New Guinea Club, named by Club members 'The Virgins' Retreat'. Freda married Tom Ellis who was employed as a liklik doctor at Rapindik Native Hospital. She and Tom spent some time gold mining on the Sepik then moved to Wau where Freda worked for District Officer Vertigan. After wartime evacuation she returned to PNG, and in the 50s Tom and Freda were posted to Madang. Roma Bates, a long-time friend, said Freda was a most understanding and compassionate woman and that 'from people's needs through to town organisations, she made time for it all.' In Madang Freda worked at the District Office - as well as typing, she carried out various jobs such as organising air and sea charters for Administration field staff and managing the two cemeteries. She also ran the library. In her spare time Freda was behind every organisation that started up in Madang (and there were many) either as secretary, treasurer or committee member. Everyone knew, if they wanted something done or needed advice, Freda was always ready to help. She had a great talent with flowers and was often called upon for wedding bouquets and other floral tributes. She left Madang in the 60s to care for her ailing mother in Melbourne and ran a florist's shop there for many years before joining her husband Tom in Noosa. She and Tom eventually retired to Buderim. Freda is survived by a daughter and two sons.

(Information kindly provided by Roma Bates.)

Mr Colin Ernest STEWART (21 December 1996, aged 71 years)

Colin Stewart was with Posts and Telegraphs in PNG. He retired in 1968. (No further details available.)

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

Ron was born in Bangalore, South India and educated by the French Mission. He was an outstanding student; however these were depression years and Ron, to his delight, was accepted from a large number of applicants into Police Training School in Nasik, Central India, where he graduated as a Police Officer. The war came and he was seconded to British Foreign Service in Bahrain where he was involved in counter espionage in the oil fields.

In 1949, seeking a more stable life for his family, he migrated to Perth. He endured many hardships while becoming accustomed to farm work in the bush, and emerged a well respected and able member of the local farming community. In 1952 Ron was accepted into the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary. His postings included Port Moresby, Rabaul, Buka, Kerevat, Kokopo, Kavieng, Samarai and Lae. In 1960 he was seconded to the Australian Government and posted to Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean. Ron retired from the Police Force in 1972 and settled in Brisbane.

Ron was an excellent all round sportsman and loved his tennis and cricket.

He is survived by his wife Phyl, three daughters and grandchildren.

(The foregoing is taken from the eulogy delivered by his son-in-law, Peter Maddern.)

Mrs Margaret ROBICHAU (9 November 1996, aged 98 years)

Margaret Robichau, affectionately known to her many friends as Mrs Robi, passed away peacefully at Caloola Nursing Home, Wagga Wagga. She went to New Guinea in 1954 to visit daughter Betty Crowley (now of Junee, NSW). Robi stayed on and worked in Lae until returning to Australia in 1971. She is survived by a daughter, a son, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (From the February 1997 issue of *Garamut*, with thanks.)

Mr Noel McILWRAITH (12 January 1997, aged 69 years)

Noel died in Brisbane. He spent many years in PNG working as an aircraft engineer for Qantas in the 1950s and then TAA in the 60s. Later he joined Air Niugini and was transferred to Port Moresby where he remained until his retirement in the mid 1980s. On his return to Australia he lived on the Gold Coast. He is survived by his sister and her family. (From the February 1997 issue of *Garamut*, with thanks.)

Mrs Annie DELAND (12 February 1997)

Mrs Deland was the wife of the Late Dr Charles Mervyn Deland. (No further details available.)

Mr John Wyndham LUKIN (9 January 1997)

John Lukin, late of Palm Beach QLD, formerly of Sogeri PNG, is survived by his wife, children and grandchildren. (No further details available.)

Mr Stanley Fyfe GOULD (December 1996)

Stan Gould of Browns Plains Qld, formerly of Madang PNG, is survived by his wife, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (No further details available.)

Mrs Frances SCHNEIDER (December 1996)

Frances Schneider of Tanah Merah Qld, formerly of Rabaul PNG, is survived by her husband, children and grandchildren. (No further details available.)

Mr Malcolm Arthur (Mal) BEIER (November 1996, aged 49 years)

Mal Beier of Westlake Qld, formerly of Port Moresby, is survived by his wife and family. (No further details available.)

Mr Allan GOW M.C. (8 February 1997, aged 81 years)

Allan Gow passed away in the War Veterans' Home, Narrabeen. He had been living at Stokes Point, Avalon, in retirement. Full details in next issue.

Mrs Edna CORBETT (25 December 1996, aged 82 years)

Edna went to PNG as a nursing sister in the WAAFs in 1944-45. There she met her future husband Les (of Colyer Watson, Rabaul). They married in early 1946 and lived in Rabaul until retirement to Brisbane in 1974. Edna moved to Melbourne to a retirement village two years ago. She is survived by two sons and six grandchildren.

(Information kindly provided by her son.)

Mr Hank SCHAAFSMA (26 February 1997, suddenly)

Hank was in PNG from 1961-75. Full details in next issue.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

Mrs N	Aiken	27 Wheeler Parade	DEE WHY 2099
Mr R S	Cox	122 Stewart Ave, Hamilton South	NEWCASTLE 2303
Mr H R	Egerton	35 Bruce St	COOKS HILL 2300
Mr M	Eggleton	7 Austin St	LANE COVE 2066
Mrs L	Farquarson	PO Box 24	BOWNING 2582
Ms R R	Gough	25 Duval St	WYNNUM WEST 4178
Mr G M P	Gray	7 John St	MT LAWLEY 6050
Mrs W	Hawken	59 Wilks St	CAIRNS 4870
Mr M J	Hill	Bexley Stamps P/L, PO Box 13	BEXLEY 2207
Mr H J	Hoertelmann	Auf Dem Brenneck 10, 21220 Sevetal	GERMANY
Mrs C	King	PO Box 349	LAE PNG
Mrs M	Kleckham	Post Office	SEAFORTH 4741
Mrs C	Leahy	PO Box 965	GROKA EHP441 PNG
Mrs R G	Leahy	PO Box 2354	LAE 411 PNG
Mrs D	Leonard	PO Box 14 Machans Beach	via CAIRNS 4878
Mrs E F	Millist	PO Box 348	MALANDA 4885
Mr R J	Minnican	4 Glen St	SEACOMBE HEIGHTS 5047
Mr R W	McLennan	PO Box 4218	KINGSTON ACT 2604
Dr J	Mulholland	11/1 Mackenzie St	LAVENDER BAY 2060
Mr F	Ng	PO Box 1313	BOROKO PNG
Ms P A	Norman	2/73 Aralia St, Nightcliff	DARWIN 0810
Mr D G	Robbins	Mountain Lodge, Repeater Station Rd, SPRINGBROOK	4213
Mr R T	Ross	30 English Court,	SWINGER HILL ACT 2606
Mr W	Rutledge	31C Nelson St	WOOLLAHRA 2025
Mrs A	Ryall	9 San Jose Ave	LAWSON 2783
Miss M I	Snell	PO Box 4	LAWSON 2783
Mrs L	Webster	8 Hearnshaw St	NORTH RYDE 2113

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

Mr L R	Austin	123 Mathew Crescent	BURPENGARY 4505
Mrs G M	Chalmers	11 Haswell Place	CHIFLEY ACT 2606
Mrs O G	Dent	87 Immanuel Gardens Retirement Village	
		Private Bag	MAROOCHYDORESTH 4558
Mr E	Glover	19/34 Astra Retirement Village, Campbell Pde, BONDI	2021
Mr C	Hardy	Unit 11, 46 Sproule St	LAKEMBA 2195
Mr A D	Hunt	'Seasons' 1/111 Burnett St	BUDERIM 4556
Mrs E	Johnstone	C/- Mr R Duke, 14 Page St	EVERTON PARK 4053
Mrs M	Larner	Sandalwood 11, Forest Place, 356 Blunder Rd, DURACK	4077
Mrs N	Primrose	Carramar Retirement Village Noosa/Cooroy Rd TEWANTIN	4565
Mr J	Van Griethuysen	704 Main Western Rd	MT TAMBORINE 4272
Mrs J	Zigas	Hoefbladlaan 127, 2555 ED, The Hague	THE NETHERLANDS

MEMBERS REJOINED:

Mr K E	Connolly	69 Hillview Pde	ASHMORE 4214
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