



# Una Voce News Letter

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No. 2, 1997 - June

Dear Member,

This issue of the Newsletter is divided into two sections as follows:

- The Newsletter itself with pages numbered \*2\*, \*3\*, \*4\*, etc totalling 32 pages.
- The Membership Address List together with the minutes of the 1997 AGM and the Financial Statement, with pages numbered 2, 3, 4, etc totalling 24 pages.

We hope this will assist you if you wish to retain sections for future reference.

## CPI ADJUSTMENT TO SUPERANNUATION

The increase in the Consumer Price Index for the twelve months ending 31 March 1997 was 1.3%. Superannuation pensions will increase by that percentage from the first pay period in July, ie 3 July. ComSuper advises that the letters notifying individuals of the change to their superannuation are going out in early July.

## VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS - ADVANCE NOTICE

This year the trip to the mountains will be on Thursday 3 October. Members wishing to go by train are advised to catch the 9.02am train from Central Station which arrives at Wentworth Falls at 10.51am. Lunch will be at the Grandview Hotel, Wentworth Falls.

## CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Please note in your diary that the Christmas Luncheon will be on Sunday 7 December. (This function is always held on the first Sunday of December)

## 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.

# ROYAL PAPUA NEW GUINEA CONSTABULARY - CENTENARY MEDAL 1988

From Maxwell R Hayes

To commemorate '100 years of community service by Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary', a special commemorative Centenary Medal was issued by, and for regular police officers of, the RPNGC in 1988. The medal, the obverse of which depicts the RPNGC badge surrounded by laurel wreaths and the figures '1888-1988', is suspended from a ribbon with broad bands of police colour blue on either side of colours similar to those of the PNG Independence Medal 1975. An identical miniature is also available.

On a recent visit to RPNGC headquarters at Konedobu, I made a submission to the Commissioner of Police that this medal be issued to all former regular police officers of the Constabulary who served prior to 1988. The Commissioner agreed to this submission, subject to:

- . production of a valid Certificate of Service or other proof of satisfactory service in the regular police branch of the RPNGC,
- . only one medal being made available to each applicant, and
- . there being no entitlement to this medal to former auxiliary field officers of the Department of District Administration or its predecessors (unless they had prior service as a regular police officer of the RPNGC).

Widows of former regular police officers of the RPNGC may apply for this medal on behalf of their late husband.

Due to financial constraints within the RPNGC, there are no funds allocated for the issue of the medal and applicants are responsible for the cost which will be in the vicinity of \$40 plus postage. The miniature medal will be in the vicinity of \$20 plus postage.

As RPNGC headquarters are not in possession of police officers' personal files prior to Independence in 1975, a claim for a Certificate of Service cannot be verified by RPNGC HQ. No correspondence will be entered into by RPNGC HQ from former police officers of the regular Constabulary (and/or their widows) seeking Certificates of Service or other proof of satisfactory service.

As I have, for several years, been compiling a list of former regular police officers of PNG from 1884-1988, and thus have the only list of same, I have offered to assist with the verification for entitlement process. Any former regular police officer (or their widow) of the RPNGC prior to 1988 (which included service with the pre-war RPC and the NGPF) should forward details to me at 41 Clay Drive, Doncaster, VIC 3108, so that service can be verified. The application will then be forwarded to the medal minters who will contact the applicant direct.

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**FLIGHT WEST AIRLINES** based in Brisbane, owned by Sir Dennis Buchanan, will start services between Townsville, Cairns and Port Moresby in mid July, with four Fokker F28-4000 Twinjets for use on newly secured international routes.  
(From *SMH* 18-3-97 and *The Independent* 27-3-97)

## HAVE YOU HEARD???

**David MONTGOMERY** of Grabben Gullen NSW writes that he is still very busy supplying seed potatoes to domestic and international markets. He said, 'Our potato seed technology company Technico Pty Ltd is now very involved in a number of countries - USA, India, China, Indonesia and Thailand. Hope to move into the European Union also this year. Exciting times in the world of the (not so) humble spud.'

**Bob BLAIKIE** of Mt Gravatt QLD said, 'I am still at Griffith University as head of one of the residential colleges which keeps me more than busy ... A few weeks ago had lunch with Ken Hanrahan, Max Orken, John Dagge and Paul Quinlivan. Turned out to be a bit of a long lunch.' Bob said he was fortunate that most of his family live not too far away. His elder son Ian is with Bridgestone Australia - he and his family live in Brisbane. His elder daughter Christine has taken one year's leave from Ipswich Girls' Grammar School to take up a position as a Visiting Professor at Chinju National University of Education in Korea. He and Christine communicate every few days by Email. His second daughter Jennifer is a community nurse in Sydney and will be married to Tony Perkins in July. Bob's younger son William and his family have recently moved to the Gold Coast. William is a Senior Instructor at the School of Military Intelligence at Canungra. Bob adds, 'I get called on to baby-sit from time to time.'

We received a letter from **Margaret LEYDIN's** niece, explaining that Margaret, of Peak Hill NSW, finds letter writing difficult now as she is partially sighted. Margaret is grateful for the newsletter - she enjoys reading it and hearing news of old friends. She still manages to visit her sister, Mary Baldwin, in Caloundra. Margaret said that if anyone she knows intends passing through Peak Hill she would be delighted to see them.

**Maxwell HAYES** of Doncaster VIC spent six weeks in Port Moresby last December/January, his first trip back since departing 22 years earlier. Max was with the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary (RPNGC) from 1959 to 1974, serving mainly on the New Guinea side, with seven years in Rabaul. Max writes, 'I was met by Paul Dunks, a friend of mine from Goroka days over 30 years before, and conveyed to my lodgings at Korobosea with Keitha D'Arcy, previously a teacher at Malabunga High School, but now a piano teacher in Moresby.... The Papua New Guinean nationals are still as friendly as they ever were, but of course the new breed of 'raskols' cannot be said to be so....

There is an extensive system of PMVs (passenger motor vehicles), which are now mini buses and not the back of trucks as I once knew. The official fare for any distance is 50t, but all seem to pay only 40t which is accepted with a smile. However if you tender a 50t coin or a larger note, you will pay 50t. Buses mostly run to capacity and wait until filled. They cease about 6pm. I am told that about 90% of the buses are owned and operated by Western Highlanders. Few expats travel in the PMVs, but the people were very friendly and helpful and, after the novelty wore off, accepted me quite readily. Sometimes the buses do not run the full scheduled distance and the 'boss-crew' will happily refund all or part of the fare....

Tabari Place is closed to traffic at Hubert Murray Highway - in the square there, there is a market with a very good range of baskets, bilums and carvings, as well as the common red bird of paradise which sells around K20-K30. I would dearly have loved to bring one south with me, but declined when I thought of the perils of detection. There are two large and very busy supermarkets within this area as well as a number of trade stores and eating houses... Numerous 'banana' boats may be seen around Ela Beach and towards Koki which still has an interesting food and clothing market. At Gordon's there is a market with clothing in all shapes, colours and sizes.

I was fortunate in being there when there was a hand-over parade of RPNGC from

Assistant Commissioner Philip Taku to Assistant Commissioner Sam Inguba. The drill was precision and the performance excellent. It made me nostalgic and I wished that I was back in uniform again. The RPNGC have a very difficult job to do especially as the 'raskols' strike at random. There were still two expat officers from my era at RPNGC headquarters, still in the same building at Konedobu. These were Andrew Sterns (with 31 years' continuous service) and Denis Samin who left many years ago and returned. Apart from three other expat officers recruited in the mid 80s, and a recently recruited bandmaster, there are now no expats in the RPNGC which numbers about 5,000.'

**Grace WATSON** (nee Gaffney) - Chris and John Downie of Currumbin QLD wrote, "Recent news of Grace relates sadly, her second joust with cancer. She is currently being nursed at home by her daughter Elizabeth and son-in-law Andrew Robertson who teaches at Manly West.

Sally-Ann is with Air Traffic Control at Tullamarine. Christopher is completing a double degree in Computer Science and allied 'whiz-bang' stuff, and Phillipa is in her fourth year of Architecture in Sydney, studying Heritage Architecture."

**Bruce DUNN** of Mount Isa Qld wrote, "I had three visitors here recently, **Ian ROBERTSON** and **Bob TURNER** (both ex Education) and **John DOLAN**. After showing them Mount Isa, including a tour underground at the Mount Isa mine, the four of us in two four-wheel drive vehicles set off for Lawn Hill National Park for three days of canoeing and bushwalking. Then we travelled via Gregory River to Burketown and left the vehicles there and flew over to Sweers Island in the Gulf of Carpentaria - a small fishing resort (maximum 20 guests and never to get any bigger) run by two couples where the food is excellent, the company great, and the fishing marvellous. We brought out an Esky full of fillets (mackerel, cod and sweetlip) but left plenty of fish there for others to catch. After three nights on the island we flew back to Burketown, then drove to Karumba - a port on the mainland. We stayed there overnight and tried out their prawns and cold ale and next day drove back to Mount Isa. The visitors then departed for Sydney, Brisbane and the Sunshine Coast. I've been here for over two years now and enjoy it enough to stay for another year or two or three or whatever, then I'll return to my small farm (which I've leased out) on the Sunshine Coast."

## NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

**Jim Toner** (Northern Territory) writes: "In earlier issues I mentioned PNG officers such as Syd SAVILLE, Alan MORRIS and Otto ALDER who reached the apex of the NT Public Service ie a departmental headship. Another wantok to scale these heights is **Peter PLUMMER**, now Head of the Department of Health & Family Services. Peter went to TPNG in 1965 as an Education Officer and by 1968 was lecturing at Ward Strip Teachers' College. He came to the NT with wife Jan in 1980 and was Principal of Batchelor College near Darwin for some years. Interestingly enough another wantok, **John INGRAM**, took over from him when Peter moved into Darwin. The latter is now in his second Sir Humphrey role having previously been Head, Dept. of Mines & Energy.

Another 1980 immigrant was **Pat LOFTUS** who was with Pubsol in Moresby in the late 60s. He established a law partnership in Darwin where he became a defence counsel of Rumpolian renown. While there is no actual Timpson family here, Pat was first choice for a 2 am phone call by many of the Top End's 'perpetrators'. In 1989 Pat reversed roles and went to Hong Kong as Crown Counsel. There he worked with the Organised Crime Bureau becoming a special adviser on Triads. One of his memories is a successful prosecution in what was the world's fifth largest seizure of heroin, nearly half a ton. Now back in Darwin in advance of the imminent handover of Honkers to the Chinese, he anticipates a quieter working life while recognising that barristering here is

never uneventful.

A colleague of Pat's at Pubsol (and of Neil Grant at Adcol) **Peter WAIGHT**, recently retired from ANU after twenty years where he was a Senior Lecturer in Law. He once told me that a legal treatise he had published was a candidate for the worst seller of 1980 but I'm sure if he gets his memoirs of PNG Supreme Court circuits into print he will do much better. And as a ROA member he might start with the odd contribution to *Una Voce*."

**Doug Franklin (Brisbane)** writes: "I had a long phone conversation with **George ALLEN** who was in the PNG Police from 1949 to 1967 and became Senior Inspector, Northern District. He was Police Prosecutor in Port Moresby for five years and was at Bulolo for five years. George, now 78 and still driving, has a very clear memory of some of the events that took place at the time of the Mt Lamington eruption on 21 January 1951. (Interesting information provided by George will be printed in a later issue.)

**Noel and Genny CAVANAGH**, ex Dept of District Administration, of Nambour Qld were in Europe in April. They visited Paris for a few days. Then they looked up close didiman friends from Koroba days, **Dave and Pam ROSE**, who have a large dairy farm near Oxford. Noel said what a wonderful part of the world it was and how much they liked England. They then went on for a week in Ireland.

**John ECCLES** of Ballina NSW is currently doing a locum at a local veterinary practice. He said he only recently relinquished his practice in PNG and was looking around for his next move. He had been to Darwin and was very impressed with the opportunities there. Port Macquarie was also on his list of places to visit. I asked him about **Dr Arnold NINGIGA**, the first National to become a Veterinary Officer. Assisted by me, Arnold had attended The Royal (Dick) Veterinary College in Edinburgh to obtain his Post Graduate Diploma in Tropical Veterinary Medicine. John said that Arnold had gone into commerce with The Shell Company and was operating the Manu Autoport on 3 Mile Hill at Badili, Moresby, and had been running another Shell Service Station.

**Brian and Mary MENNIS** of Aspley, Brisbane, formerly of Lands Department Rabaul, Mt Hagen and Madang, are well and keeping busy. They are keen to join the Association and I have sent them the paper work.

**Glen JACOBSEN** of Suambu Plantation, Lae, wrote in January saying that she had heard from **Dr Russ STEPHENSON** of Dept of Primary Industry, Nambour Qld and formerly of University of PNG. He had been able to provide some recommendations with regard to her ginger crop. Glen said that the whole of '96 weather at Lae was different. 'We had rain but it was more even. You should see the fruit trees this year - the mangosteen trees are loaded with fruit and have preferred the drier weather.'

**Max ORKEN** of Sunnybank Hills Qld who is in his 80s keeps well and goes to the Brisbane Irish Club every week for a get-together with **Paul Quinlivan** of the Gap, Brisbane, **Sir Coleman O'Loughlen** of Ellengrove, Brisbane, **John Hayes** of Algester, Brisbane and whoever else makes it. He said that he had heard from **Will MUSKENS** of Kilcoy Qld regarding the proposed April 1998 one-off meeting of pre Independence personnel. Max said that he thought that **Keith DE LACY**, formerly DAS/DPI, the current MLA for Cairns in the Queensland Parliament, would make a good chairman for the meeting (with which I fully agree). Keith, the former didiman, is never lost for words and has the rare talent for surrounding people with laughter. He served as an Extension Officer in the Highlands, then Popondetta Agricultural College and finally as Chief Education Officer in Dept of Primary Industry HQ at Konedobu."

Roma Bates spoke to **Elizabeth SOWERBY** on the phone. Elizabeth asked her to tell her friends that she is unable to write but sends her love and best wishes to everyone. Roma also informed us that **Nan WATKINS** is now in a nursing home.

## HORSES ON PATROL

by Chips Mackellar

Remember the allowances we used to get paid? Patrol allowance, boot allowance and so on? Well, in addition to these, as far as I am aware, I was the only kiap ever to be paid a saddle allowance. It was approved by the Public Service Commissioner, for supply, while on patrol, of *horses, fodder, saddlery and accoutrement*.

When I first arrived in Madang in the early 1960s, I was amazed at the size of the horse herds which then served no useful purpose, other than to keep the grass down between the coconut trees of the big plantations then owned by the Catholic and Lutheran missions. While the smaller plantations had only three or four horses, the larger plantations had as many as 40. Introduced before the war to supply remote inland mission stations, the horse had been superseded by light aircraft which did the same job, and a lot faster. Nevertheless, the horse herds which had survived the war were still there, slowly increasing in size by natural breeding, and all waiting for someone to take them on patrol.

To this day I can never understand why we busted our guts climbing mountains on foot, or sloshing through flooded flatlands, or plodding through the sweltering kunai, when it would have been so much easier with horses doing it all for us. But wherever I was stationed, no kiap, except me, ever seemed to be interested in using horses on patrol.

There were, however, two basic problems. The horses, although sometimes tame enough for mission kids to ride them around bareback, were generally unbroken to serious work; and there was always insufficient riding equipment. Although each mission station generally had a few left over saddles and bridles, these had long since rotted from years of humidity and neglect, and were no longer serviceable. The only answer seemed to be to supply my own equipment and to break the horses myself.

Although I had grown up with horses in North Queensland, I had never before broken one. But a few long foot patrols through the hot Madang hinterland soon convinced me that I could make patrolling a lot easier for myself if I used horses, and in order to do so I would need to do a crash course in horse breaking. There was no one in Madang to teach me how to do it, but I bought two books which proved to be so amazingly useful that I have kept them ever since, and they are still on my desk today as I write this story. One is *How to Make Cowboy Horse Gear* by Bruce Grant, and the other is *Breaking and training a stock horse* by Charles Williamson. The authors were retired Texas cowboys, and both have long since gone to the big Rodeo in the sky. But they left behind them, for others like me to learn, the traditional skills the cowboys used in the days of the Old West.

'Horse breaking', I was to learn, is not the same as 'bronco busting', which is a cruel and dangerous method of breaking a horse's natural spirit. 'Breaking', I found, didn't break anything. It uses simple animal psychology, or what we might call 'good horse sense'. I was amazed to read for the first time at page 29 of Williamson's book that *in less than 30 minutes, the average barn-raised colt will 'freeze' when you say 'Whoa' and the commands of 'whoa' 'hold it' and 'come here' can be taught in an hour*. But it was true, and all the rest was just as easy.

So, it didn't matter if I was in Saidor, Madang or Bogia Subdistricts. Whenever it was time to go on patrol, I would approach the mission closest to the patrol route and ask to hire a horse.

At first, the standard reply was, you are welcome, but alas none of the horses is

broken and we have no saddles. No problem, I would reply, I'll break the horse for you and supply my own saddle. And I did. And thereafter there was always a well trained patrol horse waiting for me whenever I passed that way again.

The saddle at first was a problem, because the Australian saddle only has one girth and was never intended for the rugged mountain tracks of PNG. However, I soon twigged that the secret lay in the use of American style equipment, because a double rigged American saddle has two girths, better able to distribute the load during steep mountain climbing, and is otherwise better rigged for mountain work.

There was one other consideration. In the hot coastal climate of PNG, a grass fed horse burns up more energy than it would if it were in a temperate climate. It needs to eat while working, otherwise it will tire quickly. Australian bridles have bits which obstruct a horse from eating. On the other hand, an American hackamore has no bit, and allows a horse the freedom to eat while plodding along the track.

So, American gear it was to be, and following instructions from the book I made my own hackamore, and from an American mail order catalogue I ordered a Texas double rig saddle.

When the saddle arrived in Madang, all the kiaps and all the didimen assembled on the wharf while the crate was off-loaded from the ship. Customs officers, equally curious, cleared the crate immediately, and everyone stood around in a circle as we opened the crate, then and there, on the wharf. And as the saddle came out of the crate, everyone stared in amazement at this latest example of patrol technology. For, complete with its roping horn and wooden oxbow stirrups, Cheyenne cantle and hand tooled flaps, my saddle looked like an escapee from the Wild West.

But that saddle served me well, and although my horses changed from one mission station to the next, the saddle went with me everywhere as I patrolled the flat lands of the Ramu Valley, the hills behind Saidor, and the coastal plains along the shores of the Bismarck Sea.

And these mission horses were amazing. They were in bred, cross bred, line bred, and anything but thorough bred. In fact they were no recognisable breed at all. But they swam the rivers while I rode in a canoe beside them, and they rafted across swamps on four canoes lashed together, and they trod the narrow mountain trails without fear of the precipitous drops into the valleys below.

Of course, there were some sheer mountain tracks and some one-log bridges they could not negotiate. In such places, the tracks had to be rerouted and the bridges widened with one or two more logs. But these innovations served a useful purpose, because after the horses had passed, the modified tracks were then negotiable by motorbikes, and as the years rolled by, these motorbike tracks were later widened into four-wheel drive roads.

The result was that wherever my horses went on patrol, a road of sorts would eventually follow. Therefore, not only did these horses give me more comfortable patrolling, they also played a useful role in opening up the Madang hinterland to its present day development.

There was, however, one patrol I could not take horses. The Adelbert Mountains were so close to Madang that its villages could look down on the coastal settlements of Dylup Plantations. But the Adelbert villages were so isolated from each other by plunging ravines and towering cliffs that sometimes villages on adjoining crags although within earshot of each other were days apart by walking track, because of the incredible terrain. It was such difficult patrolling that kiaps avoided it like the plague and it was no place to take a horse. So, I took a donkey... but that is another story.

For all the years I was stationed in the Madang District, I always used mission horses on patrol, and it was not until I arrived in the Morobe District that I had horses of my own. Kaiapit lay in the heartland of the Markham Valley, and its broad alluvial plains were good horse country. However, there were no mission stations nearby from whom I could hire horses.

But, at Dumpu, there was a big cattle station, with real live Australian stockmen in elastic sided boots and big hats, and Brahman bulls, and stockyards, and a homestead which looked like it had been transplanted from North Queensland. And along with their beautiful cattle they bred their own stock horses, equal to anything you might have found in the big cattle runs of North Queensland. I bought two of their best stock horses and kept them at Kaiapit - a dappled grey mare, and a fiery chestnut gelding.

Because of the broad flatlands of the Markham Valley, most of the patrolling there was done by vehicle. However, there were times when the horses were indispensable, for example, when flash floods wiped out bridges and creek crossings and made our feeder roads impassable to vehicles. The horses, of course, could still get through.

Some time in 1971 came a transfer to Menyamya which was an isolated mountain station deep in Kukukuku country. It was accessible in those days only by light aircraft, although foot patrols could of course get through with some difficulty.

When I was told of my transfer, I was devastated. 'What will I do with my horses?' I lamely asked District Commissioner Ron Galloway, 'I can't fly them in.'

'Ride them in,' he said.

For a moment, I was dumbfounded. Then he explained. DASF (Department of Agriculture, Stock & Fisheries) and the missions had for years been in the process of establishing cattle projects in the Kukukuku grasslands, by flying small calves in, in Cessnas. These calves had since grown up, bred up, and from these humble beginnings a cattle industry had developed, to the extent that cattle were now available for market. The problem was, without a road, there was no way to get them out. An access road had been commenced both from the Wau end and from the Menyamya end, but construction at both ends had stopped because of the impossible terrain.

Just as roads had followed my horses in the Madang hinterland, so the plan was for me to find a way for my horses into Menyamya, so that a road might follow them there.

Eventually, it did. But this trail blazing expedition into Menyamya took weeks, and because these were the first horses into Menyamya, when they arrived, they made headlines. Literally that is, with their photos, together with a Kukukuku warrior, on the front page of the *PNG Post Courier*. At the time I felt miffed, because my photo never made the front page, but my horses' photo did.

Although the Kukukuku had by now become used to seeing cattle, they were totally amazed by the horses. At Menyamya I built a paddock for my horses adjoining my house and, for months after our arrival, fascinated Kukukuku would sit in a line along the paddock fence, huddled in their bark cloaks, just staring at the horses.

But soon the Kukukuku began feeding the horses. This habit began when the horses were attracted to the lines of Kukukuku people by the smell of roasted kaukau which the Kukukuku would eat while watching. Tentatively, young Kukukuku children would offer kaukau to the horses through the fence, and thereafter the horses associated the Kukukuku with food.

So whenever the horses passed a group of Kukukuku on a narrow mountain trail, the horses would sniff them out gently to see if any kaukau were offering. Sure enough,

the Kukukuku would produce kaukau from their bilums, which the horses would munch, much to everyone's delight. And so it came to pass that the horses became a useful contact medium between us and the Kukukuku.

At that time the policy was to open up the previously isolated Kukukuku country to the world outside. So, while the road to Wau was under construction again along the route the horses had come to Menyamya, we were also opening up the country internally, with roads radiating out from Menyamya along the valley walls. The horses were perfect for this task because they could negotiate the narrow foot trails easily, as we pegged out the routes for the future roads.

Even after the roads were built, the valley walls were so steep that a sudden rain storm could cause landslides and close the roads to vehicular traffic. But the horses could still get through, by walking over the landslides.



Menyamya and the high grasslands of the Kukukuku country. In the right foreground is the Lutheran Mission. You can see the road to Wau, leading off to the right, above the mission.

As the roads snaked out along the valleys, the road heads became more than a day's ride from Menyamya. It then became necessary for us to camp out and for this purpose the Kukukuku built small horse yards beside the rest houses for the horses to stay in overnight. The Kukukuku had experience in building stock yards for the mission cattle projects so they knew exactly what to do. The only problem was that in the Kukukuku grasslands, there was a shortage of bush timber, and on these steep mountain slopes, there was a shortage of flat land. For these reasons, the yards tended to be small, so small that there was hardly enough room inside for the horses to walk around. Still, the only other alternative was to tether the horses at night, so a small yard was better than no yard at all. Soon, from the highest mountain peaks, these little yards and their adjoining rest houses could be seen scattered along the valleys, like pony express stations.

When camped out along the roads at these rest houses, I would bring both horses with me from Menyamya, riding one, with the other following behind, nose to tail. Thereafter I would ride each horse on alternate days, leaving the other in the yard. As

pickings were slim in these small yards, I fed the horses on the best Riverina racehorse mix, airfreighted in from Lae, and kept on patrol in ordinary patrol boxes. I would leave the box in the yard and open it at mealtimes. The horses would eat directly from the box, and then to keep out the rain and the damp night air, I would close the box until next meal time. And sometimes, late at night, I would awake to the sound of munching in the horse yard and I would know that the Kukukuku, huddled in their bark cloaks to keep out the cold mountain air, were also feeding the horses.

Gradually, the Kukukuku got used to me and the horses. Nevertheless the Kukukuku remained as wild as they always had been. J.K. McCarthy in his *Patrol into Yesterday* said that the Kukukuku tribes were the most bloodthirsty and vicious in New Guinea, and he was right, and in the more remote areas things had not changed much since McCarthy had passed this way. Even our own police were terrified of them, and I always carried a revolver strapped to my saddle horn, just in case. Of course there were still Kukukuku living in the distant hamlets who had never yet seen a horse, and one day I met one, face to face.

On this occasion, I was riding alone along a windswept mountain trail, ahead of the road work gang. I rounded a bend, and came face to face with a lone Kukukuku warrior, standing astride the narrow mountain track. Out of sight of my work party, I was alone with this fierce little warrior on the grassy wall of the plunging Menyamya Valley. The mighty Menyamya gorge towered high above us, and the river roared far below.

The Kukukuku was holding his traditional stone club, with which I knew he could crush a skull like an eggshell. The track was so narrow that there was no way around him, and the horse stopped, unable to pass. Knowing that the Kukukuku could bound up and down these grassy slopes like mountain goats, I asked him to move off the track and let me pass. Instead, he continued to stare at the horse boldly, even though he had never seen one before. The horse, on the other hand, unaware of this tense Mexican stand-off, began to sniff the Kukukuku in a friendly manner searching for the usual kaukau he had learned to expect when meeting Kukukuku along the track.

Fearlessly, the Kukukuku allowed himself to be sniffed all over, then casually he said, 'What is this thing, Kiap? Is it some kind of bulmakau?' 'No,' I said, 'it is a horse.' I was amazed at his composure, confronted as he was by what must have been, to him, an enormous unusual animal.

'Is it for eating?' he asked again, casually. 'No,' I said, 'it is for riding. You sit on it, just like I am sitting on it now.' '*Mi laik trai im*,' the warrior suddenly announced.

I certainly would not have wanted to sit on an animal as big as a horse, which I had never seen before, yet I was so astonished at this warrior's courage that I dismounted and offered him a ride. The Kukukuku scrambled up the grassy slope beside us, and stepped into the saddle, still holding his stone club. I then walked ahead, and the horse followed, giving this fearsome warrior his first adult experience of mobility, other than on his own two feet.

'Stop!' the Kukukuku called suddenly after about 40 yards or so, '*As bilong mi pen*,'\* and he dismounted. Then taking a final look at the horse, he concluded, '*Mi no laik*.' And he walked off, leaving me alone with the horse on that windswept mountain track, high in the grasslands above Menyamya.

When my term at Menyamya was due to expire, I was told that my next posting would be Wabag, in the Enga District. I knew that the population there was so dense that there would be no more wide open spaces for the horses, and that my mounted kiap days were over. But my horses had been such faithful companions and had done such terrific

work at Menyamya that I could not bear to sell them. Instead, I gave them to Lloyd Hurrell at Wau, knowing he would give them a good home.

When the time came to leave Menyamya, I rode the horses out along the same route I had ridden them in, but this time the route was a nearly completed motor road to Wau. This road was a fitting tribute to the work done by these magnificent horses at Menyamya.

After I left Menyamya, I never rode another horse again. But the saddle stayed with me for the next 10 years, and I brought it here when I returned to live in Australia. Unfortunately, big Texas double rig saddles don't fit easily into small suburban residential units, and although I knew it would break my heart to part with it, there was, at the time, no other practical choice. So I took the saddle and its hackamore to the nearest saddler, and sold it.

I have no idea where that saddle is now, and its current owner will never know its history. But if this saddle could talk, it could tell wondrous tales of river crossings and swamps and jungles, of narrow trails and plunging ravines, and of the windswept high grasslands in some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world ... memories which, even to me, are now slowly fading away.

But I still have a few mementos of this wonderful experience. I still have the books I mentioned, reminding me of how it all began. I still have the hat I wore everywhere I rode a horse in PNG, and hanging on the wall behind me is a pair of spurs I wore with all my horses on patrol. *\*my bottom hurts*

## 'BUNG WANTAIM' PROGRESS REPORT

### ONE-OFF GATHERING OF PRE-INDEPENDENCE PERSONNEL April/May 1998

Will Muskens writes, "Although the response from the notice in the March edition of *Una Voce* was not numerically strong, the tenor of the replies was extremely encouraging. Without exception, every respondent expressed emphatic support for the proposal to stage a major assembly of pre PNG-independence field staff/outstation personnel and their support service providers.

Our next move in July will be to bring together a committee in Brisbane to plan the event in detail, under the chairmanship of an eminent person who has achieved success in life both in PNG and Australia.

Preliminary contact with several academics specialising in PNG affairs indicates that we will be able to present a most interesting list of guest speakers for the formal part of the event, the basic format of which will possibly be as follows:

Friday afternoon	arrival of participants and registration
Friday evening	cocktail reception
Saturday	day sessions - formal program
Saturday evening	official dinner
Sunday	exhibitions, films etc. Outdoor lunch in park

Further details of precise dates and program details will be advised when the planning committee considers all the options. It is planned to have co-ordinators appointed in each capital city to assist in contacting people who may be interested in attending."

**SOGERI REUNION UPDATE:** By the time you receive this, the reunion will be barely two weeks away ie **4-6 July** at the Destiny Resort, Nambucca Heads Qld. If you still wish to make a booking for all or part of the reunion please contact Marjorie Walker on 03 9803 9071 asap. (See page 13 of March *Una Voce* for details.)

## LONG AGO IN OLD PORT MORESBY

by Jean Cox

The recent discovery of a bomb rack (a container for a bomb) amongst the valuable junk in our shed in Dungog brought back a lot of memories. About 40 years ago the bomb rack was a trophy from the early postwar years in Moresby when Jackson's Strip was a fascinating place for old and young treasure hunters. My son and his father spent some happy hours at Jackson's, rabbiting around in the revetments and finding in wrecked equipment invaluable material for mending and making all kinds of things - even the odd invention such as that claimed by my eight-year-old to be 'a new kind of aeroplane'! It was a nice dream for a youngster, but inevitably Jackson's became closed to all but legitimate salvage collectors.

However, they then discovered Tuaguba Hill where the American troops had paused at some time and discarded much assorted equipment when they moved on. It was fascinating booty, but dangerous. We had to declare the place out of bounds when live bullets appeared. It was quite likely that grenades would be next.

The last trophy from the old camp site was a tin hat, presented to me with enthusiasm for use as a hanging basket for ferns!

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## UNEXPECTED RECOGNITION

Member David Stewart ISO resigned from the Copra Marketing Board in December 1983 (but was a consultant until the end of 1984). He recently received a letter from the PNG Cocoa & Coconut Research Institute (CCRI), which reads,

'It gives me the greatest pleasure and honour to invite you and your dear wife to the Opening of the Coconut Research Station in Madang, named after you. The Opening is on the 15th of May 1997. As part of our heritage policy, we decided to name the Station after you for your invaluable and distinguished service to the coconut industry in Papua New Guinea, spanning 32 years including successful development of wholly indigenous management team to take over from you and run it successfully so far. Your presence would enhance the celebration of the occasion... We will take care of your travel and accommodation in Papua New Guinea on your acceptance...' It was signed by Valentine Kambori, Chairman.

The letter contained a description of the establishment of the Station and a resumé of work being undertaken. The Station has 11 technical officers and 100 labourers.

David said, 'It comes as somewhat of a surprise to receive this letter after all this time and I am more than proud of that fact.'

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**NEW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AT GURNEY, ALOTAU:** A new international airport became operational at Gurney, Alotau, on 7 May 1997 with the arrival of the inaugural Milne Bay Air (MBA) flight from Cairns. The airport was earlier officially opened by the sidelined Prime Minister Sir Julius Chan in the presence of Milne Bay Governor Tim Neville, Provincial and Local Government Affairs Minister Peter Barter and other guests. The cost of the airport was K8.2 million. Governor Neville said the touchdown of the first MBA Dash 8-102 direct from Cairns would change Milne Bay forever. (From *The National and Post-Courier*, 8-5-97)

**THE 1992 PAPUA NEW GUINEA ELECTION: CHANGE AND CONTINUITY IN ELECTORAL POLITICS**, Department of Political and Social Change, ANU, Canberra 409pp, \$30 +\$3 p&p Ph: 06 249 5915. Reviewed by **J B Toner** \*

Not published until last year (the editor, Professor Yaw Saffu, acknowledges petty academic politics at UPNG as an impediment) this collection of 11 papers is still a good read in the light of the imminent national election in PNG in June.

If things go as they did five years ago, then -

- An average of 15 candidates will stand in each of 109 electorates
- 80% of electors will vote (each receiving an ink stripe on a fingernail in recognition)
- 60% of the current members of the Parliament will fail to regain their seats
- Independent candidates will garner 63% of the vote while some 13 parties will share the remaining 37%
- Only 16 women will stand and all will lose
- Disappointed candidates will petition the Court of Disputed Returns in no less than half of the constituencies
- The PNG Electoral Commissioner will find it prudent to shave off his moustache and conceal himself in a hotel.

Of course stats don't reveal everything, eg there were but two candidates in Namatanai (somebody had the temerity to challenge Sir Julius Chan) while 48 hopefuls put their name down in Sinasina (resulting in election of a Member enjoying the support of 6.3% of the voters).

However, in a 'zestful parliamentary democracy' as PNG historian Professor Jim Griffin has called it, there is more to ponder on than figures. Most of the disturbances stimulated by the 1992 election occurred in the five Highlands provinces but there was a stoush as far away as the Duke of York Islands. Steps taken in advance to preserve law and order in the Highlands included road blocks to confiscate guns, curfews, alcohol bans (where they did not already exist) and a mass parade of 1300 policemen on Pope John Paul oval at Mt. Hagen.

Such measures did not prevent ballot boxes being stolen at Tambul, Wapenamanda and Kompiani. Nor the spectacular hijacking at Nipa, by an armed gang, of 28 boxes being taken from Tari to Mendi by road. Five were recovered with their contents tampered with but the remainder were not seen again. This despite a 16-man police escort.

Violence begets violence and there were instances of police burning houses in the Simbu before the election as a warning (*mekim save*) or afterwards to punish unruly supporters of losing candidates. Most aspirants found the going hard outside their clan area, even someone as distinguished as Sir Joseph Nombri. Attempting to campaign at Kerowagi market he was pelted with mud and at Koge in the Sinasina his vehicle was stoned. In the subsequent week police visited Koge, burned seven houses and seized pigs and muruks. Their commander justified his men's actions saying that to ensure a free election candidates had a right to speak anywhere. Meanwhile villagers standing in the ashes of their homes complained about violation of their human rights.

There are, of course, 15 provinces outside the Highlands and interesting articles analyse less traumatic electoral proceedings in Manus, the East Sepik and New Ireland. However, the lengthy paper by Dr Bill Standish, an observer of elections in the Simbu since 1972, is perhaps the most outstanding, certainly the most thought-provoking. There is no space here to touch on his account of massive intimidation at the polls during the 1993 Provincial election after which the new Premier told his Government, "We got here

by foul means not fair, but we are in power now, and here we shall stay." Say no more - except perhaps that some 250,000 votes were counted from a population thought to number 185,000 including children.

Doomsaying about our former home and Territory is not a first choice but I have to say that this monograph obliges me to look towards this year's election with some trepidation. On the other hand, despite the tumult of the 1992 election, PNG has seen five years of parliamentary operation and governmental stability distinctly superior to many comparable countries. \* Jim Toner is a former Kiap.

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**Note re the 1997 PNG elections:** Polling commenced on 14 June. There are 2.6 million people on the electoral roll. Around 2,300 candidates are standing for the 109 member National Parliament in Port Moresby. Some electorates have over 40 candidates, the greatest number, 61, vying for the Northern Province Provincial Seat. The result should be known before the end of June. From Doug Franklin.

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**CHARLES ABEL AND THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA 1891-1975**  
by David Wetherell. Melbourne University Press, 1996. 344pp. Reviewed by Nancy Lutton

*Nancy Lutton has sent us an extensive review, the major part of which is printed below. The full text may be obtained by writing to the Association or by ringing the editor (02 9958 3408). From 1973-1980 Nancy was the archivist in charge of the Abel Family Papers deposited at the University of PNG Library and was responsible for arranging and describing the papers, producing a guide. At the same time she researched the papers for her MA thesis. Her resource material is the same as that used by Dr Wetherell in his book. Nancy was Chief Archivist with the National Archives in PNG from 1989-92. Nancy writes:*

Charles Abel is a well known name in Papua New Guinea. He was a missionary using some unorthodox methods, and who particularly argued for industrial missions. He settled at Kwato Island near Milne Bay in 1891. In 1918 he parted from his parent body the London Missionary Society (LMS) over his methods, and formed his own Kwato Extension Association (KEA). Later he gained American support from a body called the New Guinea Evangelization Society (NGES). The Kwato converts were generally considered to have had better opportunities for education than many other Papuans and two served in the Legislative Council during the 1950s. Abel's four children all followed him as missionaries at Kwato after his death in 1930. One of these children, Cecil Abel (later Sir Cecil) was much later a key player in the formation of the PANGU Pati and the push to Independence in 1975.

... It is quite clear that Wetherell's methods of research are quite different to mine. He appears to start off with a set of theories, then searches the material for selected quotes to support these theories, without worrying whether the quotes match the time of the action under discussion, or are otherwise completely out of context. I mention also that I am a professional archivist, not a professional historian, so perhaps I have historical method all wrong.

Wetherell appears to admit that he views the phenomenon of Abel and Kwato from a 1990's perspective. In his preface on pp xiv-xv he says:

'Charles Abel's robust, freewheeling Protestantism has long since fallen out of fashion; it derives from the England of the Non-conformist press and Free Trade. His intense belief in the virtues of metropolitan British society, his condemnation of Melanesian culture where our tendency has been one of respectful curiosity, his 40-year practice of

removing young children from their parents and settling them on an island over which he had absolute control; his certainty where we are sceptical and his occasional flippancy where we tend to be serious: these things estrange him from the contemporary mind.' Then he goes on to say that this is a pity because Abel's writings were good prose. In my mind he does not come back to the important question, that is that the 40-year period mentioned above is the turn of the century, 1891-1930, when both Europeans and Papuans and indeed, most of the world, had far different views on how society should be organised. After the compliments on Abel's writing, Wetherell then briefly refers to the various schools of anthropology of the period, the earlier generation of Tylor and Frazer being superseded by Malinowski and functionalism from 1920 (by which time Abel had been at his post 30 years). The prevailing view before then had been one of social Darwinism.

I saw no evidence in the resource material that Abel hated Australians as such. Wetherell again and again returns to a theme that Abel, an Englishman, hated Australians, that he regarded Australians in New Guinea as of the lower orders (p. xiv). He does this by substituting the word 'Australian', whenever he describes Abel as railing against white men exploiting Papuans. In colonial situations such as Papua and New Guinea, (though this book deals only with Papua except for the summing up in the last chapter of what happened after World War II until Independence), one could define European attitudes to indigenous people as either benevolent paternalism or exploitation. In Papua, at least, all the Lieutenant-Governors or Administrators before World War II, except Robinson, could be cast in the former mould, and so could all the missions.

There were those, however, who could be described as exploiters - people whose sole purpose was to make money for themselves, and to use native labour to do so, or to obtain land or mineral wealth at minimum cost to themselves, by fair means or foul. The benevolent paternalists were always concerned to lessen the impact of the exploiters, and Abel was very active in this. Certainly the Royal Commission Report of 1906, which recommended increased expatriate land settlement, struck fear into the hearts of the benevolent paternalists, but as it happened, Sir Hubert Murray, an Australian, soon showed himself to be the most benevolent of all, and as such won the support of the missions, including Abel. The benevolent paternalists were not exclusively from Britain, nor the exploiters exclusively Australian. Furthermore, Abel had a great many Australian supporters in the churches and made friends amongst Australian politicians. ...

Quotes pulled out of context to illustrate a current point are endemic in this book. In discussing (p 108) the establishment of the ENESI plantations scheme by the philanthropists Nicholson and Stewart in 1911, Wetherell uses a quote dated 1916 about black men becoming 'partners with the white men in the commercial enterprise', and the next sentence a quote dated 1921 about the necessity for workers' wages being halved because of low finances. Then the concluding sentence following reads, "He [Abel] became convinced that Providence had singled him out for a great purpose, the rescuing of a race from extinction." There is no reference for this statement so the reader wonders how the two quotes just given lead up to it. Certainly it was a widely held view not confined to Abel. In another case, at the time of intense dissention with the LMS Papua District Committee 1912 to 1914 (p118), over the need for special finance for Kwato because of the industrial work and plantations, Wetherell suddenly inserts four outsider descriptions of Kwato and the affections of its converts for the Abel family, as being a strong argument for Abel. One quote is dated 1925, one 1909, and the other two have no citations at all. There are scores of such examples.

... Wetherell pointed out that all the missions introduced sports, and some other missionaries besides Abel were very good at their sports (p49-51 and p149-154). He

added that all the other missionaries just thought sport had moral value and was enjoyable, while (p 149), "Only Kwato exalted sport as a practice essential in the rescue of a race." The quote given to support this erroneous assumption is of Abel discussing development of character in three of his converts. For each of the three he mentions also their skills in cricket as part of their characters. The emphasis is Wetherell's not Abel's.

Wetherell also makes out Abel to be a millenarian. He was undeniably an evangelist and fundamentalist, and those he clicked with closest, such as the Americans, were similarly inclined. Wetherell describes the Tokeriu cargo cult of Milne Bay 1893 (p 39-41) and how Abel and his colleague Fred Walker and several Papuan teachers dealt with it, but not in any detail - there is plenty of source material available and it is an interesting story which should have been told more fully in any biography of Charles Abel. It shows Abel as both courageous in entering hostile villages and perceptive in his understanding of the reasons behind such movements. These positive qualities are ignored by Wetherell. Instead he says:

'At a time of sudden change and wild anticipation, both Tokeriu and Abel recommended retreat from the confusion of cultural contact to a place of deliverance, one in the hills of Milne Bay, the other to Kwato Island in China Strait, there to prepare for better times, perhaps a golden age. There was a millenarian strand in the prophecies of both.' (p40-41) He doesn't say which was Abel's particular 'time of sudden change and wild anticipation.'

Wetherell returns to the millenarian theme several times. ...

Another of Wetherell's theories is that Abel was disgusted by Papuan culture because of a remark in his book *Savage Life in New Guinea* about very dirty people in some villages. Certainly the elimination of tribal fighting, sorcery and infanticide had an effect on the basic culture of the people. Of even greater effect was the introduction of hygiene, medicine, and education about a wider world. Except for dancing, however, Abel appreciated Papuan artistic skills. Abel, and most other missionaries in the Victorian age, certainly disapproved of dancing anywhere but as manifested in Papua they considered dancing was sexually suggestive. Abel wrote several manuscripts which have survived, one on general Papuan customs, another on a pig hunt, and one entitled "Matopu the sorcerer - a legend". Wetherell quotes from another, "The Papuan as a musician" mentioning only (p35) that Abel found "the boom of the drum or *boiatu* as the very voice of the devil." In the manuscript, Abel also described the *bogigi* used for signalling, the *hino* as a peaceful instrument, the *huelele* or panpipes, and a jew's harp or *gururu*. But mention of the positive would not suit Wetherell's theory. Abel took a keen interest in learning about his people. Lamberto Loria, the anthropologist, became so friendly with Abel that the family later visited him in Italy. Loria had stayed with Abel and left him notes of how to go about finding out more about Papuan customs, and these notes survive. Wetherell does acknowledge Abel's appreciation of the artistry of Papuan boat building (p30 and p33) and of Papuan design, but these are brief mentions. There is now evidence (too late for Wetherell...) that Abel was a positive patron of Papuan art. A book called *Mutuaga: a Nineteenth-Century New Guinea Master Carver* by Dr Harry Beran, shows very conclusively that Abel was Mutuaga's patron.

Abel's settlement scheme has been roundly criticised not only by Wetherell but by many writers, including myself. If children wished to be educated at Kwato, they had to live there and make a complete break with their village. Parents might visit them as often as they liked, but they were forbidden the village. As they reached adulthood they tended to marry each other and settle as lay preachers on plantations where they were also managers. Here their children were reared in the same atmosphere. Consequently, they all became anglicised Papuans. But consider the alternative form of employment for Papuans and New Guineans on plantations. Wetherell mentions the 'supposed evils of

the labour traffic' (p144) but takes that statement no further. Was it evil or not? Expatriate planters were obliged to employ labour through an indenture scheme, for up to three years' duration. Only the man was taken from his village, his wife and children were absorbed into the general village economy, or at least that was the theory - in many cases the families were left with no male protection and on return, the man, often not well treated on the plantation, then found it difficult to settle in again. Surely putting the whole family on the plantation was more desirable. After-work activity was certainly quite different in the settlement scheme to that in the village, but lives seem to have been rounded and full. It did create an elite, but was this a bad thing? In the 1950s the government needed an elite in order to train Papuans and New Guineans to take responsibility for eventual self-government. Before the war, only the missions provided education in Papua, while in New Guinea there were very few government schools. The pastors and clergy educated by the missions were also of the elite. Most other villagers, though mission educated, remained at a very low standard - known as drop-outs today. Although Wetherell points out emphatically that Kwatos were not the only elite, it is in a manner that suggests that Abel's methods were therefore a waste of time. However, considering their small numbers, Kwatos were very noticeable in Papua at large.

Wetherell blames a lot of Abel's more hard-line policies on his wife, Beatrice, whom he describes as a snob. She had attended a finishing school in Brussels as a girl and became proficient in the domestic arts, including manners and style. She was also a competent musician. If she was such a snob, how did she come to marry Abel, described as 'lower middle class' by Wetherell? Indeed Wetherell makes much of this, especially Abel apparently remarking to Lenwood when the latter tried to curb his expensive schemes, that it was a matter of class. To me, there is a sneer as Wetherell quotes eye-witness accounts of how she turned a small house made of native materials into a perfect English cottage (p22-23) and later how Papuan women were trained in her methods. But he hastens to add that Milne Bay women, being from a matrilineal society, already had higher status and poise than most Papuan women, and therefore Beatrice Abel's influence was not as great as might be presumed. One would have thought that the greater sophistication of the Kwato women would have made them even more interested in innovations. Wetherell continues the attack on Beatrice even at her burial, which was conducted by the Anglican Bishops Strong and Newton. Then without any previous mention of the Samarai businessman AFC Bunting, he remarks that Bunting, also in Papua for 40 years, was buried by the same Bishops a few days later and that, "To the commercial community on Samarai, Bunting's passing was possibly the more significant event of the two." (p211) The ill-will towards Beatrice in this quite unnecessary and nasty comment, nothing to do with the topic in hand, simply takes the breath away.

...Writing of how Abel took part in approving or disapproving of marriages for the Kwatos, he mentions that Abel said Dalai, a leading convert, was not on the market to a would-be suitor. So Dalai "grew to old age a spinster" (p164). A real service done by the Abels to the Kwatos was to show that women could live a full and satisfying life without marriage, so breaking the expectation of Papuan society that there was no place for an unmarried woman. As mentioned before, Milne Bay women already had status, so for them it was not such a radical change as in some other societies.

Wetherell describes Cecil Abel as 'wayward' (p228). Why? Because he became engaged to a Roman Catholic girl and neglected to let the KEA committee know of it? Because he did not keep to planned itineraries on speaking tours in America? Because he introduced Moral Rearmament to Kwato? Because he eventually married a Papuan and "divided Europeans and Papuans at Kwato" (p233)? It wasn't the Europeans and Papuans who were divided. Cecil became alienated from both groups and resigned from the

mission at that point. Knowing Cecil very well in later life, 'wayward' is not quite the word I would use. He was an enthusiast, perhaps overly so, about things that interested him, and while the enthusiasm was high would neglect other commitments.

There are so many errors, twisted facts, and nasty allusions in this book, no one reviewer could mention them all. Wetherell cannot even get his acknowledgements right. I am acknowledged for 'collecting the diary of Eva Arousseau' (p xix). I did not. My thesis, which Wetherell uses in the notes quite frequently, also told the tale of that diary - how Rev John Gwilliam sat beside a blind 94 year old Miss Arousseau for five hours and read the diary to her before obtaining her permission to deposit it in the New Guinea Collection at UPNG. The index is incomplete - no entries for millenarian, settlement scheme, fundamentalism, evangelism, or even cricket or games which cover a further five pages over and above the three page entry under sport. These are just the obvious ones - I did not check exhaustively. There is no glossary in spite of the frequent use of Papuan and Samoan terms, nor are these terms in the index. Two maps are hidden on pages 8 and 9, both rather small and hard to see. They really need to be endpapers as readers frequently refer to maps. There are four family trees. That of the Abel family shows Ian Smeeton as Hereward, a name he has never used, and Semi Abel as Semi Bwagagaia. The latter was certainly her grandfather's name but she and her siblings used their father's name, Andrew. ...

If you always disliked the influence of missions in Papua New Guinea, then read this book for a good laugh at the Abels' comeuppance. Otherwise, think of it as historical fiction, for very little is truly factual or based on judicious research of the source material.

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#### RESPONSE BY DAVID WETHERELL

*David Wetherell received an advance copy of Nancy Lutton's unabridged review of Charles Abel and the Kwato Mission and had only a couple of days to reply. The only point in his response not included here is one not included in the abbreviated version of Nancy's review, above. Again, the full text is available from the editor. David writes:*

Ms Lutton notes that she writes as an archivist rather than a professional historian. Her comments, it seems to me, may be divided into two categories: (1) alleged 'errors' - which, on closer scrutiny turn out to be quibbles, some being the result of her own misreading; and (2) matters of substance.

In category (1) should go the following: ..... A second quibble arises from the Acknowledgments page, in which my tribute to Nancy Lutton herself should have been shared with the Rev. John Gwilliam, who actually arranged for the transfer of Eva Arousseau's diaries, though both were involved in the securing of the diaries for the Michael Somare Library. Third, on p211 there is the juxtaposing of Abel's interment with a Bunting family burial within a few days of each other in 1939. The comment that this is 'nasty' to Beatrice is due to Ms Lutton's own misreading: a comparison was drawn between the burial of the business man Arthur Bunting of Samarai and the ashes of Charles Abel of Kwato - not Beatrice Abel. The words 'to the commercial community on Samarai, Bunting's passing was possibly the more significant event of the two' (p211) was by way of highlighting the parochialism and insularity from Kwato of the neighbouring Samarai township. (Material drawn from personal communications with 70 informants during 20 years, some from Samarai itself.) Ms Lutton also thinks the maps are too small.

Such comments taken from the review as these serve to illustrate the prosaic literalness of my critic and the minor nature of some of her quibbles.

The second category must be taken more seriously. Nancy Lutton criticises me for

stating (or implying) that Abel 'hated' Australians. This is a statement which I did not make. All the book is saying is that Abel, along with Beatrice and his elder daughter Phyllis, did not hold some Australians in Papua in high esteem, as is indicated in their private papers. See pp64, 70-1 etc, as well as pp223-4. The robust accents and slang of some Australians living in Papua did not particularly appeal to them, or others, for that matter. In the days when British tastes and manners were upheld as models of correctness for Australians, the Abel couple simply reflected the prejudices of their generation. Australian pre-World War I racial prejudice was anathema to humanitarians including Abel, but he did not 'hate' Australians. He had Australian supporters like Sir Hubert Murray and friends such as the Young missionary family, as Ms Lutton correctly points out.

With Ms Lutton questioning my description of the younger Sir Cecil Abel as 'wayward' I scarcely know how to deal. It is fully amplified in chapters 8 and 9 in the book: see the debacle concerning his former fiancée Nadia Danilevitch. He was also described as chivalrous, a 'prince' in his gentleness, self-controlled, wise (p191, 226), respected and urbane (p233). As for blaming me for detecting snobbery in Beatrice Abel, Ms Lutton herself describes Mrs Abel as 'a trifle snobbish' in her MA thesis (p11). Even Beatrice's daughter Phyllis Abel wrote, 'after all, there is a lot of snobbery among us' - or words as nearly the same as the 48 hours at my disposal will allow. But, as stated in the book (p198-9), some of Beatrice's children seem to have been completely free of snobbery.

Further, Nancy Lutton chides me for omitting a few source references for some assertions. In an edited book of some 700 references, it becomes tedious if every statement made imposes upon the reader the slavery of having to consult a supporting page note. Here is one example: my statement on p108, 'He became convinced that Providence had singled him out for a great purpose, the rescuing of a race from extinction'. Does the following direct quotation from Abel give sufficient support? - 'I believe God has a very great work for me to do, and my son after me'.

An interwoven statement which she identifies as lacking a supporting source is, 'Only Kwato exalted sport as a practice essential in the rescue of a race' (p149). The following citation from Abel's writing should satisfy even the most fastidious critic: 'At almost every point these people are declining...a disaster is sweeping them off the face of the earth...'; the increase of the Kwato population is corroborated in their 'good sport and healthful exercise' and the 'superior stamina, which the local Christian youths showed in various physical competitions with their heathen neighbours' (hence the 'race' was being rescued). Sources available from editor. The sporting statement, it should be noted, was written in an age preoccupied with eugenics, the study of the means of improving racial stock by careful selection of parents.

As for the apparent criticism of my assertion of a 'golden age' adventism (pp38-41 and 141-2), I believe the evidence points convincingly to a millennial strand. This may be found in Abel's own emphasis in his letters to New York, as well as in the teaching of D L Pierson and other American supporters. (Again, the source for a published essay on Arthur T Pierson's millennialism by Professor Norman Etherington is held by the editor of *Una Voce*.)

Last, for drawing our attention to references from Abel's 'The Papuan as a Musician', including instruments such as the *bogigi*, Ms Lutton deserves our thanks. Personally, I have learnt much from the careful re-ordering and cataloguing of the Abel Papers which was Nancy Lutton's accomplishment. She, and her former assistant Florence Griffin, have placed present and future historians of PNG in their debt. Such historians naturally wish that these Papers should remain open to qualified researchers.

Surely the best way to build up a comprehensive picture of the Kwato mission and other missions is for the owners to allow their papers to be accessible. As various postgraduate researchers view the collections, a fuller picture of the crucial missionary and commercial phase of PNG history will emerge.

But in regard to other points made in the commentary above, I don't feel readers will want me to go through them all. While appreciating Ms Lutton's comments, I believe it would be helpful if future reviews lifted the discussion to a higher level (including theory, of which there is precious little in the book), rather than one confined to a querulous and arid debate concerning documentation. Writing the commentary cannot have been an easy task. Nevertheless, it must be said that if my book had been written as carelessly as some comments in the review, there would have been good cause for censure.

My own reading of the commentary leaves me with the distinct feeling that we agree on far more than Nancy will admit. We would both probably differ from the stringent picture of Kwato and Milne Bay in the 1920s provided in *Nadia\**, a 120-page book based largely on the diaries of a former missionary Nadia Danilevitch which was recently published in England. By comparison, *Charles Abel and the Kwato Mission* will be found to have been mild and reticent. \*Publication details available from *Una Voce*.

*Charles Abel* is obtainable from Melbourne University Press, PO Box 278 Carlton South Vic 3053, Ph 03 9347 3455, \$24.95, but \$20 to ROAPNG members, + \$2 postage.

\*\*\*\*\*

**'WRITE SOMETHING AMUSING FOR UNA VOCE'**, said Harry West.

For my old boss, recently stricken with that elderly gentlemen's problem, herewith:

A long time ago on an isolated station in PNG one lady confided in another in the strictest confidence that her husband - call him George - was, as she put it, very Big in bed. Naturally the second lady kept this totally secret until at last that night when, in bed herself, she told her spouse. He was commonly referred to around the station as The Six O'Clock News with the result that by the time the men - there were only a dozen - convened at the Club on the following evening, all had been apprised of George's greatness.

Being a bit conscientious he worked back and was the last one to arrive at the Club. As he came through the door there was a sudden hush. Some stared at him, some stared anywhere but. George stood there with a bewildered expression on his face until, to break the embarrassing silence, a Cockney started to sing, "He's gottta luvverly bunch of coconuts ...." And the Australian ex-servicemen smartly joined in, "BIG ones ...."

Well - you had to make your own fun on a small station. By **J B Toner**

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**Letter to editor from the daughter of Frank Harold Hennessy, (2/10 Field Ambulance AIF), killed in Rabaul when the Japanese landed: 'I am writing to thank you for putting my letter in your paper. I have heard from so many wonderful people. I will write to them all as soon as I can. Some people gave me names of books to read and I am having trouble finding them even in libraries as they are out of print. If anyone has any books written by survivors of Rabaul I would be interested in buying them. Once again thank you, and thank all your wonderful readers, Sincerely Bev Jessep.'**

(Beverly's address is 37 Mooranga Rd, Mirrabooka NSW 2264, ph 049 73 4236)

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## THOSE WHO WENT BEFORE (*Continued from March issue*)

Talk by Peter V Best for the Petroleum Club at Port Moresby Travelodge on 4-8-1994

However, the ultimate test for the presence of oil is the drill. And it follows that skill, hard work, and untiring effort by drilling teams and all those involved in the essential back-up services such as Halliburton, Schlumberger and Baroid, associated along with others as required (once at the Kuru 1 blow-out, Myron Kinley!), have played vital parts in the successful outcome.

Earlier, at Puri 1, where yours truly worked a few days as a relieving roughneck during a 'flu epidemic .. the tool pusher even more relieved, I'd say, when I left .. there was Sante Fe Drill Co. with Verne Coates, Charlie Spence and Buck May. They had been at Kuru 1 and at the Eastman relieving well at 1A, and at No. 2 and 3, but the BP Team was still active at Barikewa No. 1 and moved into Puri later. Arthur Phillips had been their man at Wana in 1950 and several APC likely lads from South were trained into the BP drilling teams and took over more and more .. many going on elsewhere to new achievements.

To keep the PNG search on the boil new partners were sought. Such was Gulf Oil. They brought with them Ted Gurney, who had done seismological work with United Geophysical Corporation (UGC) at Moonie. UGC had been one of the parties here with people such as Doug Gray and Cal Leavitt both of whom later were in at the Moonie discovery in Queensland. After serving as UGC Party Chief and doing work in Thailand and Indonesia, Ted, now in PNG, was very instrumental in keeping Gulf on the job and his hand was at the helm when the first signs of commercial oil came along. I'd had plenty of contact with the Parker Drilling people. Bill Wilhelm and I became good mates at the time of the drilling of the tests at Darai, Kanau and Orie. These were part of the program of the then PNG Petroleum, the Japanese farm-in with Oil Search etc. Keith Seaegg, another old pal from the Omati/Barikewa/Kuru era came back for this effort as did Joe Glance, also from BP London, who'd earlier been in PNG as a geologist. Joe took over management along with Yoshi Hayashi, and Kambayashi San and others all under the chairmanship of Morito Naganuma. Parker Drilling has continued on. Earlier contacts of mine were Gerry Nicholson and Steven Granger.

During these times there were others, not directly connected with the Company, who greatly assisted towards the well-being of the field people - people such as George Page, and later his son John, who ran the 16mm Film Hire business in Cuthbertson Street. Before the days of video and what have you, the circulation of these films helped with morale. Malcom McLeod of a firm called Tropical Radio supplied us all with radios and record players on constant upgrades as techniques revolutionised them, and Brian Bell and his organisation made sure that we had the batteries for them. Always at Badili

Headquarters were such as Dudley Gillespie of Personnel Department, really staunch and popular, who made sure that all our requirements were met pronto.

As for our indigene partners there was Archie Baldwin who was in charge of all they required, and who greatly supported schemes of training and up-grading. Pioneers in the expansion of the survey operations were Sioni Sioni and Tari Alisini of Milne Bay, and John Naime along with Louis Peteru all of whom became nuclei of the survey training scheme started in the early fifties which expanded into other PNG spheres.

So, all manner of operations, mainly in the Delta and West continued through those early decades: UGC with onshore, inter river stream and offshore surveys; along with Geoprosco and other seismic companies.

On the Port Moresby waterfront at the APC wharf, Jimmy Kemp ran things along with his able assistant Badu Gagori. So attached indeed was Badu to this job that when in later years the wharf was transferred to the PNG Admin, he likewise was transferred to the Harbours Board to continue to look after it.

Greatly assisting the Company in its training schemes were Neil Nicholson of Steamships based at their slipway and Dave Middlebrook in charge of the Steamie Coastal Shipping. He had a brother, John, another great 'before' noted for his work in his Papua Agencies. Another pair of brothers were the Lohbergers - the one, Ernie, ensured that his clients were able to maintain their engineering profits, the other, John, watched that some of these were skimmed off!

As the Company progressed so also did the many Papuans and New Guineans who were fast learning many of the skills connected with the ongoing exploration work, not least that to do with drilling. Parker was again involved at the Goari site on the Paibuna River and many of the skills learnt elsewhere were applied here. Bill Wilhelm was there too and we got together to get the drill line in by rice-power. In short, it was too heavy to fly in on one of John Simler's Columbia Choppers, unless cut and that was not wanted. So, great cauldrons of rice and bully were placed at either end of the seven kilometre span between river and rig where windlasses had also been set up. Village people, men and women and lads and lasses, had been recruited to pull the heavy steel cable in by hand along the water pipeline track already there. All were happy with the feed to start, the gleeful fully-supported carriage of the cable up the track, the cheers and feed at the end, and the take-home pay to round off the day. The Goari Test was unproductive.

It is to be hoped that those people in PNG areas where success has not been achieved, and who suffered disappointment after giving their support, may yet prosper from the overall benefit to the Country.

I mentioned John Simler with regard to his helicopter business. He earlier had piloted the Catalina operation and the Beaver float plane, all part of the APC back-up. Earlier were the Bell helicopters of Arni Summaridleson and his team with such as Ed Fenton, Jan Patcha, Frank Minjoy and Bob Wilson who I think, in the early fifties, was the first Australian, civilian at any rate, to receive a chopper pilot licence. One of John Simler's colleagues, Alan Turill, went on to 747s - not a bad jump from Catalinas. I met up with him once on a flight from UK when he turned out to be the pilot. Alistair Montgomery was another of the Catalina service which was later a TAA effort and as such, apart from servicing the APC work, also maintained commercial routes from Deboyne (near Misima), Samarai, Esa'Ala to Port Moresby and westward to Kerema, Baimuru and Kikori, also to Daru and D'Albertis for Kiunga. These pilots also took turns at operating the Beaver float plane that was able to alight in the smaller areas. Some of them operated, along with Phil Oakley, the earlier Sea-Otter amphibious biplanes owned by APC. Apart from all these, the ground crews, the landing strip maintenance crews, all had some part to play - all those 'went before' ... and Nev Wiles APC Transport Supervisor who so skilfully guided the huge crates containing the Sikorski Helicopters

along Ela Beach when they arrived, to become the first to fly-in the light drilling jack-up rigs to drill in the APC areas.

Nev Wiles was responsible for allocation of the very varied fleet of Company vehicles from staff sedans or Land Rovers to the massive drill trucks that carried heavy loads into the sites, that is, where there were roads! Wilson Narara was one of the team to look after Accounts. Also based in town was the Mail Clerk and his organisation. This formed a very vital part of morale-boosting as, with such a cosmopolitan staff, great care was needed to route and sort mail for dispatch either to worldwide destinations or to the various field locations. In the later era of the Badili-based APC this function was under the care of Bernard Monalua, Personnel Assistant Badu Gagori. Simaela Kiliyon ran the Drill Store. Many years earlier the Australian who had been in charge of the mail room was considerably put out when he tipped out a mail bag just received off the Catalina from the then Turama River based Gravity Party to find a couple of live baby crocodiles scrambling around bits of egg and chewed-up mail. Binnie Hales and his mate (me), who had sent the then unhatched eggs to town to be photographed expertly as the young ones hatched, received a rather direct response from the Admin. Manager as a result.

In the field many administration matters were handled by Field Assistants. Most labour matters were in their hands - also, for long surveys, care of portage of equipment and foodstuffs. Men like John Senior and Frank Duke and others mentioned earlier were quite indispensable. Often food and supplies, even cash to feed local carriers, would be air-dropped in by Catalina. Drop sites needed to be cleared and marked and smoke made to guide drop approach. Foodstuffs packed in large cylindrical cartons weighing as much as three hundred pounds were known as Storepedoes. These had parachutes attached and were tossed out of the Cat blisters by whoever happened to be on board at the time! Sometimes 'chutes failed to open and the lids of the Storepedoes would fall off. It's amazing how much butter will spread in free fall from a couple of hundred feet - even when frozen to start with!

These foodstuffs were packed by those most essential members of the 'went before' mob, the Stores and Catering Departments - the first under the care of Bill Cliffe, Jim Horne and their colleagues and team, the latter under the care of John Lonergan, David Price and their team. So many involved - and memory so frail - but at least there are some names that those of us on the receiving end would never forget. Likewise the medical organisation .. Doctors Finlay, Wilson, Tonakie and others plus, throughout all areas, Medical Assistants running clinics and at times mini-hospitals - people like Haydn Courtier, Harry Bromley, Ron Slater, John Jarman, and many Native Orderlies all expertly attending to whatever need might arise.

Very much in the oil exploration scene, albeit on the fringe, were many Admin. officers, such as Patrol Officers, Assistant District Officers and District Commissioners and, of course, the Police lads, often escorting geological surveys or taking care of minor problems in the Districts. Sgt. Major Bagita was well known and liked in areas where he came in contact with the oilmen. In a similar way, the Missionaries - the medical ones, such as at Kapuna, the Calverts and the Andersons; Speed Grahame of Aird, and Harry and Eva Standen at Emeti on the Bamu River - later a stretch of the river near the latter, used as a Catalina alighting area, suddenly converted the Standen's Mission Post into an entrepôt for the exploration going on upstream. The Standen's Mission Post was once near the mouth of the river and was known as The Mission in the Mud. Earlier on, when on the Vailala River, Hohoro Well had been drilling, there was Stan Dudeney of the London Missionary Society ever ready to help the explorers.

The Hohoro Well was long before the advent of helicopters which did not come on to the scene until 1954, and they were the small Bell Type. The long days of the war Bill Hoyles sat it out as caretaker at Kariava Site which had been left on a Care and

Maintenance basis on the outbreak of hostilities.. The full size snooker table then at that suspended test site was later brought to Port Moresby, restored and presented to the Port Moresby Club in Armit Street where it was restored mainly by Ron McNally, local dentist cum sawmill owner, and with the closure of that Club thought now to be at the Port Moresby Race Club .. talking of which .. better get a move on.

But, whilst still on the subject of clubs, mention must be made of the Aviat Club at Konedobu, for some time under the Presidency of Ron Dougherty, formerly a driller with APC and a Life Member of the Club until his untimely demise. The Club, later with Graeme Whitchurch OBE as its President, remains a great gathering place for many of today's participants in the oil game, not least Chris Warrillow of long dedication to Government Service along with his many colleagues in the Department of Minerals and Energy and the Geological Service.

And as we here contemplate the food before us I think of all those wonderful meals prepared by those chefs in the many messes at all the drilling camps and at Badili and at Middletown ... of such as Ron Strachan, Norman Foster, Reg Moriarty, and a host of local chefs (one of whom, Bobby, is now at the *Galley*) who became renowned for culinary art at Wana, Omati, Puri, Era Base, Morehead, and all the other sites of longer duration like Kuru and Barikewa, and of Ichi ... and into the time of Chevron and success which one day will call for further nostalgic notes for those of today who will with the passage of time become those who went before ...."

*Peter Best retired about 10 years ago but has been back in PNG a number of times to assist different Companies. These days he is endeavouring to sort out his archival collection of notes and diaries, media matter and photographs, striving to contain much of it all in a book which, he says, may never reach publication and yet hopefully will remain a record of stirring times.*

# THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS HAVE NOT RENEWED THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1997

*In many cases failure to renew is simply an oversight. Would financial members please jog the memory of anyone they know who is unfinancial.*

MRS V ANDERSON	Southport	MR CC KING	Duncraig
MRS TA AULT	Sale	MR TH LAM	Woodridge
MR C BALLARD	Turner	MR IW LANEY	Surry Hills + + +
MR JR BARTLETT	Adamstown Hghts	MR NM LAUER	Goonellabah
MR AP BEALE	Bilgola Plateau	MRS SE LAUER	Goonellabah
MR OE BLISS	Caulfield	MRS D LEVY	Laurieton
MR P BRIGG	Atherton	MRS J LYNCH	Cromer
MR A BRODIE	Kedron	MRS E MACLEAN	Clontarf
MR RR BRYANT	Deloraine	MRS V MANNIX	Revesby
MRS GM BURLEY	Belmont	MRS Y MORTON	Channel Islands
MR N CLARK	Ravenshoe	MR L NEWBY	Bowral
MR ED COLLINS	Malanda	MR AJ NOBLET	East Malvern
MR H COX	Woody Point	MRS G ODGERS	Camira
MISS C CUMMINGS	Windsor		
MR C DIERCKE	Garden Suburb	MR GJ RAMSAY	Nth Wilberforce
MR S EDMONDS	Castle Hill	MR KJ ROSS	Chifley
MR MA FOLEY	PNG	MR B SHARP	Flynn
MR A GIBBINS	UK	MR ES SHARP	Lane Cove
MR DJ GRANTER	Balgownie	MR IL SKELLET	Pymble West
MR GRANTER	Balgownie	MRS G STEWART	Bullcreek + + + +
DR L HAMMAR	USA	MR IA THOMPSON	Bolivia + + + +
MR TE HEINSOHN	O'Connor	MRS K TRIGGS	Crawley
MRS M HEWISON	Manly	MR P VELLACOTT	Albert Park
MR F HOMMERLEIN	Indooroopilly	MR WA WARBY	Yeronga
MR H JAMES	Mermaid Beach	DR K ZWANZGER	Cairns
MR V JANOUSEK	Potts Point		

20/13

## 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.*

**Mr John J. MURPHY** (5 March 1997, aged 82)

In September 1945, Captain John Murphy was in a Lae hospital recovering from beri-beri and malnutrition - the effects of two years as a prisoner of war in New Guinea.

Sixty-three men had gone into the Rabaul POW camp but only seven emerged - six Americans and one Australian, Murphy, who had become their leader. He might have expected to receive a medal for his bravery and resourcefulness in keeping even these few alive. Instead, he was served with four serious charges, including treachery. Two of the charges carried the death penalty.

As with all POWs of the Japanese, John Murphy and his fellow prisoners endured random atrocities, overcrowding, appalling insanitary conditions, hard work in the hot sun, malaria and dysentery, with no medical supplies or attention... Most died.

At night, Murphy stole food and anti-malarial drugs from the Japanese stores. He was tortured but still intervened to prevent others being beaten. He taught himself to read and speak Japanese, both to win concessions from the camp commander and to glean valuable information about their activities, some of which he was able to get back to HQ through the local people. He kept prisoners' depression at bay through a tricky blend of badgering, humour, religion and the making of playing cards and cigarette-rolling machines. Murphy used the Japanese concept of honour - 'bushido' - to the prisoners' advantage; he told stories, assigned tasks and enforced rules. Survivors spoke of him as a fearless hero and a born leader, all crediting him with having saved their lives.

Through a combination of internal army jealousies, mistranslation of Japanese testimony, the desire to find a scapegoat for such loss of life, misinformation, and a perverse suspicion of the one Australian who survived, Murphy was accused of having collaborated with the enemy. Just one day into his trial in January 1946, the extent of his bravery and the enormity of the looming miscarriage of justice became clear. He is thought to be the only Australian soldier to have been Honourably Acquitted after a general court martial. But, the parliamentary apology, court costs, compensation and honour given to other POWs never came.

John Joseph Murphy was the eldest of 11 children. He was educated at Christian Brothers College, Maryborough, and St Joseph's College, Nudgee, before completing a year of medicine and another of arts at Queensland University in 1934-35.

While awaiting an offer of second year medicine, he became patrol officer in the Salamaua, Lae and Kundiawa regions of New Guinea. In 1941 in Rabaul, he married a Melbourne-born secretary, Marjorie Ward.

After a short period in the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, he was assigned to the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit (ANGAU) and the Allied Intelligence Bureau (AIB) where his knowledge of the people, geography and culture of the country (he'd also compiled the first dictionary of Pidgin English in 1942) was an invaluable skill. His task was to provide information to Allied HQ about Japanese troop movements and supply depots, to disrupt their communications and also to rescue downed airmen. He was in close and constant contact with the enemy for 16 months and was Mentioned in Dispatches. He was captured in New Britain in November 1943.

After the war and the acquittal, he returned to PNG where he progressed to be District Commissioner of two of the largest of the then Territory's provinces, Western and Gulf districts.

In 1969, with Marjorie and his son Kerry and daughter Dale, he returned to Australia where he wrote later editions of the *Book of Pidgin English*, did voluntary work for the University of Queensland library, wrote the history of a pioneer administrator in PNG, recorded his own life experiences and became renowned for telling ghost stories to the children who lived in his suburban Brisbane street.

An intensely practical man... He bore no grudges and got on with life...

Murphy believed he survived the prison partly because he was lucky, but his survival

depended also on his being fit and strong when captured, on his knowledge of the jungle, his unshakable Catholic faith, and his determination to try anything, eat anything and stay positive. He had a sharp, irreverent, risqué wit, a superior intellect, a stubborn streak, inventiveness, charisma, amazing courage, a palpable love for his family and a level of optimism that defied reason. Murphy was a brave man, a hero still unsung.

(Condensed from Susan Kelly's obituary in The Sydney Morning Herald, 25-4-97, with thanks. One Man's War by John Murphy and Dr Susan Kelly will be published next year.)

John was an honoured life member of the NGVR and PNGVR ex Members Association. Its President said John's help was invaluable during the establishment period of the Association.

John is survived by his wife Marjorie, a son and daughter.

#### **Lt-Cdr John Robert KEENAN DSC RANVR (11 April 1997, aged 81 years)**

John was a teacher in Victoria before becoming a cadet patrol officer in 1937. His first posting was to Rabaul, where, two weeks into his first term, he was involved in the major volcanic eruption. His first station was Gasmata - the station did not reopen after the war. Just prior to the war, John began a course at Sydney University for those who had completed their term as Cadet Patrol Officer (this was pre Aust. School of Pacific Administration days). In 1939, with war imminent, he learned to operate a 3BZ radio and how to code. His next posting was to Bougainville - this was at the time that Eric Feldt was establishing reporting posts throughout Northern Australia, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. John married Phyllis whilst on leave in Australia - just before Pearl Harbour. In 1942 he enlisted in the Royal Australian Navy and soon after was sent to Vella Lavella and then to Bougainville. He arrived there by US submarine. Eric Feldt, in his book *The Coast Watchers* said, 'They had three months supplies with them in water tight containers including teleradio. Keenan and Josselyn were put into rubber boats at 1.30am on 13-10-42 and paddled ashore landing on a deserted beach a few miles from Mundi Mundi plantation. Some supplies had been lost in the breakers, the most important being binoculars. On the next day they made a reconnaissance of Mundi Mundi and found it clear of the enemy.' Eric Feldt described the 9-day back-breaking task of transporting their supplies to their camp site, the construction of a lean-to shack, and the search for a better observation post. They found one on a ridge in the jungle overlooking the strait - The Slot - 'and built a hut for themselves with a storeroom nearby. Also a hut for the native assistants and a lookout in a tree. They installed the radio and began reporting enemy movements. There was ample scope with movements of warships, barges and aircraft moving to and from Munda.' John's services as a Coastwatcher earned him a DSC.

In early 1946 John returned to PNG as Assistant District Officer at Finschhafen to establish civilian government. Included in his area of administration, and additional to the several thousand local natives, were a RAN Naval Base, a RAAF Stores Depot and a detachment of a USA Recovery Unit. John then served in Rabaul, Madang and New Ireland (as District Commissioner) and Port Moresby. He left PNG in 1954 to make a new career for himself in Tamworth NSW, where the family lived happily for 17 years.

John is warmly remembered by the residents of Nambour Qld, particularly the elderly. He and his wife lobbied the government concerning the rights of residents of retirement villages - the outcome was the enactment of the Retirement Villages Act 1988. Largely due to John's work, Australia was the first country to legislate in this area.

He is survived by his wife Phyllis, his brother Frank, two sons and their families.

(The foregoing is condensed from articles in the *Sunshine Coast Daily* 15-4-97, *The Sunday Mail* 20-4-97, the *Nambour Community News* and a personal letter. Doug Franklin provided the details from Eric Feldt's book.)

#### **Mr Barry BLOGG (14 April 1996, aged 69 years)**

Barry Blogg, formerly of Alimp in the Nebilyer Valley, Western Highlands, died of pneumonia following a long illness. He is survived by his wife Judith and sons Julian and Christopher.

(Information provided by Pam Foley.)

**Mr Brian 'Black Jack' WALKER DSO** (21 April 1997, aged 84 years)

For more than two years after the first shots were fired, Group Captain Brian 'Black Jack' Walker tried to get away to World War II. Finally the war came to him, in Darwin in February 1942.

Walker served as a fighter pilot through the Japanese bombing raids on Darwin. Then, a year later, following a brilliant series of shipping attacks and ground strafing operations in New Guinea, he led the Beaufighters of 30 Squadron RAAF in the battle of the Bismarck Sea. It was a battle that stopped massive reinforcements reaching enemy divisions facing Australians on the Markham River in front of Lae. When the smoke cleared the heroic 30 Squadron was awarded six Distinguished Flying Crosses. Walker, as squadron commander, received a DSO.

The Japanese convoy - carrying an estimated 6,400 fresh troops - and its naval escorts were devastated. Eight merchant ships were sunk and 40 Zero fighters destroyed.

Few officers of the wartime RAAF could so perfectly have fitted the popular image of a fighter pilot. Walker was lean, nonchalant and dashing. He enjoyed fast cars, a fierce game of squash and had a taste for nightlife. Yet beneath this carefree exterior lurked a dedicated career professional with a love of flying and a consuming interest in aeronautical science.

Brian Reginald Walker was born at Lyndoch, in the Barossa Valley, and educated at St Peter's College, Adelaide. He joined the RAAF in 1935 and at the outbreak of war was a flight lieutenant. After his demands to be sent overseas were rejected, he was appointed commanding officer of the newly created 25 Squadron but his hopes that the entire unit might be switched from Perth to the Middle East came to nothing. In 1944, following a period in Beaufighter training units at Wagga and Tocumwal, Walker was given command of a three-squadron wing of Spitfires near Darwin. Although their main purpose was defence, he used them for surveillance and against Japanese shipping.

Although the end of the war meant the end of active flying for many RAAF pilots, for Walker it signalled the start of a new career in aviation. Demobilised with the rank of group captain in 1946, he immediately joined De Havilland Aircraft as chief test pilot.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of Walker's testing experiences was a 1950 collision on the tarmac at Bankstown between the Vampire jet fighter he was landing and a Gypsy Moth, also landing, in which a pilot was under instruction. The Vampire tore off one of the Moth's wings, smashed the trainee pilot's cockpit and proceeded along the runway with the unfortunate Moth jammed on its nose. Miraculously, no-one was seriously hurt.

Walker retired in 1985, having notched up the remarkable total of 14,000 flying hours on 136 types of aircraft. It was a career perhaps unique in Australian aviation.

He was a modest hero. Of his DSO he said only: 'They just gave it to me ... one of those things.' Air Commodore W. H. Garing DFC DSC, former Officer Commanding Operation Group in New Guinea, said simply this of Walker: 'Australia owes him plenty.'

Walker married, first in 1940, Maisie Manion of Adelaide and, second in 1952, Marigold Atkinson of Melbourne. He is survived by four daughters (Kim, Linda, Sally and Tina) and by his partner since 1974, Maggie Manhart.

*(Reprinted from The Sydney Morning Herald, 24-4-97, with thanks.)*

**Mr Kone VANUAWARU** (15 March 1997, aged 54 years)

Kone passed away suddenly of a heart attack at his Koki home in Port Moresby. Many field officers will remember Kone as one of the early Papuan kiaps serving in the Western Highlands, Central and other provinces. Kone was born in Lalaura Village, Marshall Lagoon, in the Central Province. He completed his secondary education at Toowoomba QLD and entered the Public Service as an Assistant Patrol Officer, rising to the rank of District Officer. He resigned from the Public Service in the mid seventies and entered provincial politics, serving two terms as premier of the Central Provincial Government. His latter career was as a lobbyist. He was involved in youth sport (particularly cricket) in Port Moresby.

Kone is survived by his wife Geua, four sons and a granddaughter.

*(The foregoing was written by Roy Andrews of Chirnside Park VIC.)*

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

Allan was born in Perth in 1915 and had a typical Australian childhood and youth of those days. In 1936 he chose employment with the Government Secretary's Office of the Mandated Territory. Arriving in Rabaul in 1937 the year of the major eruption of Matupi and Vulcan, he was posted after short periods at Rabaul and Kokopo, to the district office at Wau, then the thriving centre of the burgeoning gold industry.

Enlisting in the AIF in July 1940, he joined the 2/25 Infantry Battalion of the 7th Division and took part in the fighting in Syria and North Africa and, after their return to Australia, the action against the Japanese on the Kokoda Trail. On the conclusion of this campaign, he transferred to the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit and was commissioned as a lieutenant serving as Patrol Officer/Assist District Officer in areas such as the Goilala and West Papua. In April 1944, leading a small detachment of New Guinean police, he went ashore with an American group making an amphibious assault on Japanese positions on the New Guinea Coast around Aitape. After assisting the Americans with the establishment of their perimeter, his task was then the risky business of patrolling across the Toricelli Range and establishing Administrative influence among the areas to the south, notably the Palei. Retreating elements of the Japanese 18th Army were likely to be encountered anywhere in the area. He was awarded the Military Cross for courage and leadership in effectively completing the patrol and contact programme and during a substantial engagement with the Japanese forces.

Allan returned to Perth for demobilisation in June 1946 and shortly afterwards rejoined the civil administration of PNG. There was a great deal to be done in reconstruction and rehabilitation particularly on the northern side of New Guinea and in the Islands to the north where long occupancy by the Japanese and violent conflict had disrupted food production and damaged resources. Still a bachelor, but by now very experienced 'field staff', he was shunted about to a number of posts, requiring active bush work. An inevitable reaction to the social and economic dislocation of the war years, animist ancestral cults were surging in various parts of the country and in this political climate Allan was developing a reputation for eliminating the propensity for conflict by a peaceful conciliatory approach to threats of both the racial and internecine type. In the eight years following war's end he made major contributions in South-West Bougainville, Madang, the Rai Coast and Manus.

By the time of his marriage to Phillis Johnston in 1954, Allan was progressing into the District Officer/District Commissioner levels. This included a return to Bougainville, residing at Sohano, and receiving credit for a peaceful outcome to some of the more threatening elements of the Hahalis welfare cult then operating on Buka Island, and a tour of duty in New Ireland where an organised reactionary movement among the villagers had similarities to the 'marching rule' cults of earlier days in the Solomon Islands.

After a period as Chief Executive Officer of the Department of Native Affairs in Port Moresby, further appointments to districts followed - to Southern Highlands at Mendi and Eastern Highlands at Goroka. The latter appointment was undertaken as the 1960s wore on, in a climate of increasing sophistication of the local people and an obvious speeding up of the political processes in New Guinea. This led to a continuous demand for protocol services: a stream of visitors of political, business and religious significance had to be received and entertained and provided with organised itineraries. This period was really the culmination of his career as a district administrator.

Towards the end of the Goroka tour of duty, Phil's health was deteriorating and it was arranged that his next posting should be in the less demanding Manus District. Here he was able to renew his friendships with indigenous leaders such as Paliau Maloat, who had been a central figure in the disturbances of the period following World War II, but was now a respected political leader, occupying a seat in the House of Assembly of Papua New Guinea. Allan and Phil retired to Avalon NSW in 1972.

In his private life, Allan was a retiring, almost diffident, person but had a capacity for forming enduring friendships. He had a great interest in travel and in the arts. He was a lover of books and reading, especially History, Geography and Ethnology and promoted the broad education process - scholastic, cultural and sporting - as a social development tool. He also saw

good order and calmness in government procedure as of prime importance in dealing with the often fiery nature of his constituencies. Allan's manner was to react calmly to trouble and to counter threats of violence, conflict and payback with the presentation of desirable objectives in social progress, particularly health, education and the recreations

After his wife's death in 1987, Allan made more trips overseas and within Australia until failing health intervened. He continued living at his home at Avalon, enjoying the company of former PNG friends and new friendships he had made in his area.

Allan was a member of a scattered family with no relatives in Sydney.

(The foregoing was condensed from a longer obituary by W L Conroy.)

**Mr Kevin Sylvester SHEEKEY (1 February 1907, aged 85 years)**

Kevin was born in Goulburn NSW. He was an articled clerk to a solicitor there before joining the Territory of New Guinea Administration in Rabaul in 1935, where he worked in the Department of the Government Secretary.

He was in Rabaul during the volcanic eruption in May 1937 in which there was heavy loss of life and serious disruption to normal activities.

One of the highlights of his early career was accompanying the Administrator on his historic 1939 flight from Lae to Mt Hagen and Wapenamanda to make contact with the Taylor-Black expedition in the then remote Western Highlands. The plane, a Ford tri-motor piloted by Tommy O'Dea, had to carry all the fuel it required for the return trip. "With Tommy O'Dea, the Administrator, Roy Cox and myself, none of us were allowed any clothing but what we were wearing and cargo, apart from fuel, consisted of a case of beer and some whisky for the Taylor-Black expedition. At Mt Hagen the plane became bogged and what a sight it was to behold ourselves and some 300 Mt Hagen people, cheered on by another 3000 warriors waving spears, lifting it out of the mud."

In February 1940 Kevin joined the AIF and saw service in the 2/1 Anti-Tank Regiment in England, the Middle East, Greece, Crete ("and an extraordinary evacuation from Crete in a fleet of crippled ships saved by a British battle fleet"), then Egypt, Ceylon and Papua New Guinea.

Following discharge, Kevin returned to civilian life in the PNG Administration in Port Moresby, where he remained a senior executive in the Department of the Administrator, specialising in International Affairs and Public Relations. At the same time he completed a BA and Graduate Diploma in Public Administration from Queensland University. He retired to Brisbane in 1968 and then spent a decade with the University of Queensland Library becoming the Physics Librarian there.

Kevin married Mittie Commins in 1945 but she predeceased him in 1961 following a severe and unexpected heart attack. He married Molly Burns in 1963. Kevin is survived by Molly and children Margaret, Helen and Diana and their families. A son Christopher predeceased him in 1981. He is also survived by a younger brother Peter of Mosman NSW. He is buried at the Southport QLD Lawn Cemetery.

(The foregoing was written by Kevin's brother, Peter.)

**Mr Joseph ROTSAERT (7 May 1907, aged 69 years)**

Joe was born in Brugge Belgium and spent his early years under Nazi domination in the 40s. He joined the Belgium army in 1944 and rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He travelled widely and eventually arrived in Australia in 1952. In 1954 he went to PNG and took up a position with the Dept of Labour. He visited Japan on a number of occasions and during this time married Ushio, who returned with him to PNG. In 1972 Joe joined the Industrial Organisations Bureau and served as Head of the Bureau on a number of occasions. After returning to Australia in 1975 he worked with Social Security and Taxation until retirement in 1992. A modest man, Joe was a dedicated officer and maintained good relationships with local and overseas officers. He died after a two-year illness. He is survived by his wife Ushio, a daughter and two grandchildren.

(The foregoing was provided by John Herbert.)

**Mr Len SMITH** (14 February 1997, aged 85 years)

Lennox Smith died in Alotau Hospital, Milne Bay District. Ray Thurecht reported news of him in the June 1996 Newsletter (p.6), and Dr Douglas Abbott in the December 1996 issue (p.4).

Len was born in Warrnambool and did an apprenticeship in watchmaking and jewellery with local traders. As a member of Toc H he started a scout troop which still exists today. At the outbreak of war he joined the AIF and served with the 2/6 Battalion in the first part of the desert war. He was transferred to the field workshops because of his knowledge of instruments. In 1942 he went to PNG as a member of the Sixth Division. On discharge from the army he spent about six months getting organised to start a jewellery business in PNG. He eventually obtained the necessary permission to set up the business after a major oil company in PNG put pressure on the Australian government. The company wanted Len to put all their technical equipment back into operation.

His first shop was in Lawes Road, the next site behind the present Yacht Club, and finally Cuthbertson Street where, from the balcony of his house behind the shop, he had an uninterrupted view out over Port Moresby Harbour. Here he used a massive pair of field glasses captured from the Japanese to watch everything in and around the harbour.

Len retired at the age of 61. He had suffered severe injuries in the Middle East when apparently his skull was cracked in a bomb blast. About 12 years before he retired, his war injuries caught up with him and he underwent surgery to save his life. Unfortunately the operation destroyed his sense of balance. He was unable to travel in motor vehicles because it made him violently ill. When he did travel, he would go by sea, walking the short distance from his home to the wharf.

Len's brother, Reginald, said that Len's decision to retire to Samarai came about because his first house boy, Narawy, was from the Milne Bay District and this meant there would be a continual flow of visitors from that area. Reginald continued, 'While I was there in 1977, we had visits from John Guise, lots of priests of all persuasions, millionaire blue-water sailors and a few beachcombers. He was well liked by the locals and among other things fostered the local Girl Guide troop. Although a professed atheist, he liked to entertain and argue with visiting clergy.... I know he helped all the churches financially as when the Roman Catholic Bishop of Milne Bay Province, Sir Desmond Moore, phoned me about Len's death he said not to worry about funeral expenses as Len had done a lot for them.'

Len was renowned not only for his jewellery (he probably supplied the majority of engagement and wedding rings of Port Moresby residents of the time) but for his dedicated work in recording the tides at Samarai. His house was within 20ft of the high tide mark, with a beautiful view. An article in a 1987 issue of *Paradise*, Air Niugini's in-flight magazine, stated, 'When he conceived the idea of developing a tide gauge as a hobby 15 years ago, he needed to find materials. Scientists have since marvelled that his device consisting of biscuit tins, jam jars, drawing pins to mark heights, and a host of other 'ingredients' could ever have worked let alone survive long enough for some of the parts to be used again in a second gauge built years later.' The article stated that Len was virtually housebound because of ill health but that an interest in the environment led to what became his all-consuming interest, monitoring the sea.

Ken Ridgway, of the (then) CSIRO Division of Oceanography, based in Hobart, Tasmania, said, 'The important thing is that Len's meticulously-kept records of day-to-day variations in sea levels date back before most scientists recognised the importance of monitoring this region.' The article explained that the western Pacific, especially north of PNG, the site of the widest stretches of warm water in the world, is the area where scientists believe changes that lead to El Nino/Southern Oscillation (ENSO) first occur; Len's tide gauge was one of only two in operation on mainland Papua New Guinea during the 1982-83 ENSO event. The other was at a Belgian research station on Laing Island near Bogia. Len's recording station formed a link in what became an international network of sea-level gauges to be maintained for 10 years from 1984. In the western Pacific, sea-level stations were installed at Port Moresby, Alotau, Lae, Madang, Wewak, Manus Island and Kavieng.

Len was the owner of PO Box No. 1 in Port Moresby - he bequeathed it to Del

Underwood of Steamships when he left. On hearing of Len's passing, Dulcie Johnson wrote, 'I used to watch Len Smith opening PO Box 1 in Port Moresby every day and noticed there was never anything in it. So I vowed I would put one letter a month in his box. From the day he went to Samarai I did just that, and received the occasional message to say how much he appreciated them. The mission people were very caring and of course have buried him in their cemetery.'

Len is survived by his brother and numerous nieces and nephews.

(The above was from an article in the *Post Courier* of 13-4-1973, an article by Jennifer Pringle-Jones in *Paradise*, Issue 63, July/Aug 1987 and information from Len's brother.)

**Dr Antoni HART (Zatwarnicki)** (4 February 1997, aged 77 years)

Toni was veterinary officer in the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries during the early 1950s. He was looking after the Pakistani calves which were held in quarantine at the Kila-Kila veterinary station at Port Moresby. The cattle were a present from Pakistan under the Clombo Plan for experiments by CSIRO in breeding more heat-tolerant animals for northern Australian conditions. When the quarantine period was completed, the calves were transferred to Australia and Toni was working mainly on the cattle tick eradication project. This took him to many parts of the Territory, where he made many friends.

Toni had an eventful life. When the Russians invaded Poland in 1939, he escaped by skiing across the Carpathian mountains into Hungary where he was well received. Later when the French formed a Polish Legion, he volunteered for service and was sent to France. In 1940 when the German army broke through the French lines, Toni's unit was near the Swiss border. Once again he avoided capture by walking across the mountains into Switzerland. For a while he was interned with other Polish soldiers who crossed the border, but later was able to study at Zurich University and obtained his qualifications as a veterinary surgeon. After the war he came to Australia and PNG.

After service in PNG, Toni obtained a veterinary appointment in the British Colonial Service and was posted to Nigeria. On conclusion of his tour of duty in Africa, he returned to Australia and established a veterinary practice at Fairfield on the outskirts of Sydney. He lived and worked in Fairfield until ill health forced him to retire in 1994.

His wife, Joan, sister of Len Dexter of Ukua plantation, Papua, predeceased him.

(The foregoing was written by Gabriel Keleny.)

**Sir Sydney FROST** (April 1997, aged 81 years)

Sir Sydney Frost became a judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory of PNG in 1964. He became PNG's Chief Justice in 1975 and was knighted by Prince Charles. He retired in 1977.

Thomas Sydney Frost was orphaned at 11 and, along with two brothers, was brought up by an older sister and her husband. In 1933 he won a 'free place' to study law at the University of Melbourne - he was an outstanding student. He graduated in 1937 and took up legal work. In 1940 he joined the Melbourne University Regiment and then enlisted in the AIF. He served with Intelligence behind the lines in Bougainville and fought in the Battle for Pearl Ridge. After the war he returned to legal work, and in 1961 became a QC.

After approximately twelve years' judicial service in PNG, Sir Sydney returned to Melbourne where he was a royal commissioner and chairman of the enquiry into Housing Commission purchases and, in Sydney, chairman of the inquiry into a plane crash in Botany Bay.

'He made an immense contribution to marine conservation in 1978 as chairman of an inquiry into whaling, in which Australia was then still involved.... His report, known as the 'Frost Report', received overwhelming bipartisan support in Parliament and continues to be quoted worldwide. It culminated in the Whale Protection Act 1980 and the 1985 moratorium.'

He married Dorothy Kelly in 1943 while on leave and had a daughter and two sons.

(The foregoing was condensed from *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 30-4-97)

**Mr William John RENDELL** (12 May 1997, aged 79 years)

William Rendell retired in August 1974 as a Senior Stores Supervisor with Social Development and Home Affairs. (No further details available.)

**Mr James (Jim) WATSON** (15 September 1996, aged 67 years)

Jim died in Brisbane after a short illness, of cancer. Born in Nabalua on 29 March 1930, Jim trained in Sydney as a manual arts teacher prior to arriving in PNG in 1955, where he taught in Port Moresby, Sogeri, Finschhafen, Madang and Rabaul. In 1961, in Madang, Jim married Grace Gaffney, a long time teacher in Primary A schools. The family left PNG in 1973 and settled at Capalaba (Brisbane).

Jim is survived by his wife Grace and their children Elizabeth, Sally-Ann, Christopher and Phillipa, and his sister Amy.

(The foregoing was written by Chris and John Downie.)

**Mr Percival Thomas WARD** (27 May 1997, aged 82 years)

Percival Ward retired in January 1970 as a Works Supervisor with Public Works. (No further details available.)

**Mrs Sherry WALTON** (4 March 1997)

Sherry, who was a nursing sister at Samarai, Wau and Lae for many years, passed away at the Maleny Hospital. She is survived by her husband Bill, a son and a daughter.

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

**Mr David John OSBISTON**, (18 September 1996, aged 77 years)

David Osbiston, a member, was a primary school teacher, serving in Rabaul, Popondetta, Mendi, Lae and nearby localities. He retired in January 1971. He was not married.

**Mr Alan Samuel GOODALL** (May 1997)

Alan Goodall of Alexandra Hills Qld was formerly of Rabaul. He is survived by his wife Dolly, children and grandchildren. (No further details available.)

**Mr Bill ANDERSON** (22 February 1997)

Bill Spent many years at Bulolo and passed away peacefully at Townsville.

He is survived by his wife Nell and son Chris.

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

**Mrs Robbie WEISE** (12 April 1997)

Robbie, with friend Marcia Bastow, went to PNG in May 1951. She was secretary to various department heads before becoming Michael Somare's private secretary. She retired to the Gold Coast in 1975 where she became very involved with community affairs and was an active supporter and committee member of the Gold Coast PNG Club. Robbie is survived by her husband Bill, a daughter and son, and grandchildren.

(Condensed from the May 1997 issue of *Garamut* with thanks.)

**Mrs Janet Lynette ABBERTON** (April 1997, aged 50 years)

Janet Abberton, of Toowoomba and formerly of Port Moresby, was the daughter-in-law of Tom and Joan Abberton. Janet is survived by her husband Grahame, children and extended family. (No further details available.)

**Mrs Meri EDGAR** (May 1997)

Meri, wife of Bill Edgar (dec'd) of PNG, died in the Nazarene Nursing Home, Redcliffe Qld. She is survived by children and grandchildren. (No further details available.)