



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC
P.O. BOX 452, ROSEVILLE NSW 2069
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President:	Harry West	(02.9418.8793)
Deputy President:	Pamela Foley	(02.9428.2078)
Secretary:	Joe Nitsche	(02.9451.2475)
Assistant Secretary:	Pamela Foley	(02.9428.2078)
Editor Newsletter:	Marie Clifton-Bassett	(02.9958.3408)
Treasurer:	Elma Holmes	(02.9958.4996)
Caring Committee:	Pat Hopper	(02.9953.7061)
Patron:	Les Williams	(02.9981.4734)
	Fax:	(02.9958.3408)

No 3, 1997 - September

Dear Member

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Please note the following event in your diary, and firm up arrangements with your ex-PNG friends:

**1997 Christmas Luncheon on Sunday
7 December 1997 at the Mandarin Club
corner Pitt & Goulburn Streets Sydney**

We would like to see members encouraging their adult children who grew up in PNG to come to the luncheon and meet others with similar early experiences. Full details will be in the next issue of *Una Voce* which you will receive mid-November.

1998 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - ADVANCE NOTICE

The 1998 AGM and luncheon will be held on Sunday 26 April. This is an opportunity to meet old friends and enjoy catching up with news. The AGM takes up about 30-45 mins - after the AGM, the event is just like the Christmas Luncheon.

VISIT TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

Oops! The date we gave you in the June issue was incorrect - the date is Thursday 9 October. These occasions are happy ones, with pleasant company, a change of scenery and Spring in the air (15 attended last year, down a little from previous years). If going by train from Sydney, the train to catch is the 9.02am from Central Station which arrives at Wentworth Falls at 10.58am. The trip costs \$2.00 return for those with Seniors Cards. Lunch will be at the Grandview Hotel, Wentworth Falls. Please check the train departure time with City Rail a week or so before to make sure there has not been a change. (City Rail No. in Sydney is 13 1500.) If interested please contact Pam Foley 02 9428 2078, or Joe Nitsche 02 9451 2475 before 2 October so that we can advise the hotel.

FROM THE SECRETARY

Just a reminder that membership fees are \$10.00, due on 1st January each year (overseas members are required to pay additional postage - please contact me for details). Please address ALL CORRESPONDENCE including membership fees to me. -JoeNitsche

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.

LETTER FROM DOUG FRANKLIN, OUR BRISBANE CORRESPONDENT

"In the past year or so I have found myself with an ever increasing workload on our farm. The cattle and horses take up a lot of time. Also the routine management jobs with yards, buildings, painting, fencing, water supply etc.

Looking back through my files I see that my first printed contribution to *Una Voce* was nine years ago. I have only missed one edition since, while we were away in England. Some 35 issues mention my name. It has been a rewarding duty and very much an honour and pleasure to have been able to help in a very small way behind the scenes... whether with stories about many top people who did so much for the country or, sadly, Vale notices like the one enclosed...

Regretfully I am asking you to take my name off your list of correspondents - partly for the reasons above but also because I feel that it is not good for one person in probably a hundred or more in the SE Queensland area to be a correspondent for too long. In fact it is good that many members do write in directly with their news and this should be encouraged. I know that there are many excellent and capable people who should be able to take on the job that I have been doing and I shall try to find someone.

This opportunity is taken to express my grateful thanks to the committee and to everyone in ROAPNG for the wonderful assistance and support that you have given to me over the years. In a way it has been like being back in Papua New Guinea, meeting and keeping in close contact with marvellous people. I shall of course always maintain my membership and support for the Association."

Doug - We should be thanking you, not you thanking us. The newsletter would not be what it is without the support of its contributors - and over the years you have been one of the most loyal. The committee and members are indebted to you for the care with which you carried out your work for us. Quite often you found a piece of PNG news which otherwise would have gone unreported. We are sincerely grateful for all you have done.

PNG NEWSPAPERS ON INTERNET: Member John M Howard of Stanmore NSW writes, "Members might be interested to know that both Papua New Guinea daily newspapers are accessible on Internet: *The National* at <http://www.wr.com.au/national/> *The Post Courier* at <http://ww3.datec.com.au/postcour/postcour.nsf>.

They are updated daily Monday to Friday and include local, business and sporting news and even 'The Drum' and no advertising!" John added that the above sites and other interesting PNG sites are also accessible through CocoNET Wireless at <http://www.uq.oz.au/jrm/coco.html>

He said that, unfortunately, *The Independent* is not available on Internet.

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Association President, **Harry West**, participated in the annual Sydney 'City to Surf' 14 km run/walk on Sunday 10 August to celebrate his 75th birthday, and apparent complete recovery from prostate cancer. Harry clocked in at 149.50 minutes to finish at position 32,163 in a field of 40,319. He thought he might be in line for a prize as the oldest competitor, but that honour went to an 89 year-old. **Florence Cohen**, formerly of Rabaul, has been a regular City to Surfer since she came to Sydney several years ago and was a competitor again this year.

Jim Gillman of Forest Lake Qld has just completed his second term as President of Yeronga Bowls Club. He said if any members visiting Brisbane would like a game of bowls would they please contact him on 07 3372 4766 - in summer they play night bowls as well. He said that his wife Betty, known as Bros during her nursing days at the old hospital in Moresby, is suffering from memory loss. He added, "Our son Anthony has given away flying on Bougainville where his helicopter took more than 50 rounds of BRA fire. He is now Operations Manager at Helicopter Resources in Perth."

Edith Cotton of Kalamunda WA wrote, "It is eight years since Wal died (DASF) but as I did a number of years of nursing in New Guinea, first at Malahang Native Hospital, then at Madang while we lived there, I still feel a great interest in the country ...I send my copies of *Una Voce* to son Frank (DDA) who is at present living with wife Sue in London, so your news is well read."

Harry Jackman, 'Navel of the World, Angaston SA, Pop.1950', writes: "The district governors of Rotary International are more than just a bit like bishops in apostolic churches and district commissioners in colonial PNG. If you don't agree then you were not at **Peter Thomas's** induction as a district governor for 1997/98 on 6 July at Tanunda in the Barossa Valley. In April, Peter and his wife **Beverley** had attended a huge Rotary conference in California at which, so he later told me, he impressed all and sundry by pointing out that Rotary District No 9500 which he would shortly lead is four times the size of California. The District covers an area of 660,000 square miles, from Alice Springs to Kangaroo Island, and from Port Lincoln to the north-western suburbs of

IN THIS ISSUE

- 3 Have You Heard??? and News from Correspondents
- 7 By Donkey through the Adelberts - Chips Mackellar
- 12 Reunions
- 13 Memories from Outstation Life - W.J. Johnston
- 17 A Wedding in Madang - Nancy Reason
- 19 Trials and Tribulations - Nancy Johnston
- 25 Book News/Reviews
- 27 PNG General Election 1997 - J.B. Toner
- 29 Reflections at Bomana - Peter Ryan
- 31 A Visit to Milne Bay Province - Geoff Littler
- 33 Interview with Mr Ping Hui, formerly of Rabaul
- 35 The Loss of Submarine AE-1 in 1914 - K. Humphreys
- 38 Forgotten Murders - Still a Mystery - J.B. Toner
- 40 Vale
- 44 New Members, Change of address

Adelaide and it has 55 Clubs with 1720 members. Peter's career in PNG had included District Officer (Local Government) of the Northern District under District Commissioner David Marsh, but even the redoubtable Swampy only reigned over 8120 square miles, a paltry one eightieth of District Governor Thomas's current bailiwick. As for any other former kiaps who have been or are a district governor in Rotary, I know but one, **Eric Flower**, who was Charter District Governor of District No 964 during 1982/83. His area reached from the northern extreme of the Gold Coast to Ballina, Lismore and Grafton in the south, and west to Goondiwindi and St George - 44 Clubs. 'The job', so Masta Pulpul has written to me, 'involved visiting each club at least twice during the year, attending committee meetings throughout the District, and generally a more than fulltime job - all voluntary, of course.' No wonder that a district governor's term is restricted to one year! Eric was succeeded by **Peter Green** who had been an accountant at Port Moresby and a couple of years later by **Alan Morris** who had Taurama Autoport in PM.

Apropos *Bung Wantaim* of Pre-Independence Personnel in 1998: what about a decorous gathering of survivors from the Stud Book? (Yes, Reggie Collins, we still have the copy of PNG Gazette No 41 of 12 August 1953, listing permanent officers as at 30 June 1952, that you kindly gave Grace.)"

The following was written by **Geoff Coyle**, now on leave in London. It was slightly edited and sent e-mail from Cambodia by **Vin McNamara** to **Bob Pulsford**.

"The opening up of Cambodia in the 90s has seen some old PNG hands putting their skills and experience to work further North. From time to time they meet at the Happy Hour of the Australian Embassy, or have a meal together at the Ettamogah Pub, Sihanouk Bvd., Phnom Penh.

Several former colleagues from the PNG Administration's Dept. of Education and the University of Papua New Guinea (UPNG) have continued to collaborate in Cambodia. **Vin McNamara** spent several years as AusAID (formerly AIDAB) adviser to the Ministry of Education, Youth and Sport, preceded and currently followed by freelance work with UN and Bank agencies. Over much the same period AusAID funded **Geoff Coyne** as Adviser to a project it established at the Royal University of Phnom Penh. The project has produced very competent graduate teachers of English (according to some, too competent - many get snapped up by the commercial world and the aid agencies.) Geoff is now about to start on another AusAID funded project, to strengthen the Public Examinations system and selection for university entrance. **Nick Bricknell** put in most of 1994 working for the Queensland Education Consortium on a seminal Education Sector Review for the Asian Development Bank (ADB). **Charles Currin**, adviser in the seventies on PNG's Secondary Schools Community Extension Project, has since moved on via UNICEF's Regional Office at Bangkok to work as a Senior Education Specialist with the ADB at its Manila Headquarters. His work has often brought him to Cambodia, particularly during the reconstruction period in the early 90s, following the Paris Peace Accords.

David Sloper has put his years of experience with John Gunther (UPNG) to good use with a series of continuing consultancies to the National Higher Education Task Force of the Royal Government. The same body has received assistance also from **Jim McPherson**, currently of PNG's Commission of Higher Education. **Mark Bray**, formerly of the UPNG and now of the University of Hong Kong, pays regular visits for UNESCO, UNICEF and other agencies advising on community financing of schools. **Elton Brash**, a former Vice-Chancellor of the UPNG, since an adviser to universities in much of the region, was commissioned last year by AusAID to lead a team advising on the development of the Royal University of Phnom Penh.

Bruce Blaikie, formerly Steamships manager in Moresby, has been in and out of Cambodia since 1992 (CARE, working for UNHCR on the repatriation of refugees from Thailand, then the UN administration UNTAC, as a financial controller then polling station officer in the elections) more recently with ILO (1994-95 employment generation through road building) then in 1996 on an ADB project preparation team with the Ministry of Rural Development."

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

Jim Toner (Northern Territory) writes: "Those interested in the welfare of young women in Port Moresby (and junior kiaps in town on a course and just interested) will recall the YWCA at the top of Three Mile Hill. It was a fine modern building and its boss in the early '70s was **Rose Gurupatham**. She moved to Darwin in 1973 where the YWCA facility was less attractive. This didn't matter too much as it was destroyed in the following year by Cyclone Tracy. Auntie Rose, as she is known, was responsible for the renaissance of the Y afterwards and was awarded an OAM. She has remained in Darwin since retirement and celebrated her 80th birthday last June.

Bob Welsh, the former PO in both the NT and PNG, now running the Department of Housing & Local Government office in Katherine, had a welcome visit recently by **Ken Bond** who was an ADO in the Southern Highlands 25 years ago. Ken, who also did some time with ATSIC, is now one of that elite group of younger ex-kiaps who live in Cairns but commute to PNG for short-term projects. Inside Bob's mature figure there is obviously a youthful petrol-head anxious to get out because while in Canada on leave earlier this year he purchased a 1966 Corvette. This 8 cylinder beauty comes off the docks at Melbourne at the end of August and Bob, tongue out, looks forward to driving it back to Katherine. As Tim the Toolman would say 'Errghhh!'

The odd reader may recall my little anecdote regarding a fellow member, **Grahame Morgan**, on his last trip to England. When he asked a British Rail functionary to direct him to Ealing (London) he was put on a train to Ely (Woop Woop). The same oracle was obviously on duty at Paddington station; when a Japanese lady intending to take a job in Istanbul told him she wanted to go to Turkey. Presumably this should have been via Heathrow airport but he cheerfully put her on a train to Torquay (darkest Devonshire).

I was sorry to read in the March issue of the passing of **Mrs Eileen Leyer**. We never met but I knew her voice well as the mistress of RTC Madang in the 50s. Some have said that she was the iron lady before Mrs Thatcher was thought of. The fact was that to do her job - sending out and taking down radio messages to and from a mob of Highlands stations within a given time, often battling hostile climatic conditions - required discipline. And we operators had to be on the mark when Mrs Leyer called you up for a Sked otherwise you were history.

Paul Mason, the renowned coastwatcher, established a trade store in Mendi in 1958 and his wife, Noelle, would occasionally come over from Bougainville to inspect it. She would then despatch a radio report to Inus plantation and her signal would always conclude with "Much love to Paulipops". This referred to her son, then aged about 4 yrs. For some reason, Mrs Leyer always had trouble with the endearment and I can recall having to shout into the mike: "I say again ... Peter, Able, Uncle ..." Many years later when visiting Bill Kelly's house in Port Moresby a handsome young fellow was introduced to me as the son of the Bougainville hero. I did a double-take, extended my hand, and said "G'day Paulipops. We meet at last". It's nice to see a jaw drop."

Doug Franklin (Brisbane) wrote that he sent a carefully chosen card to member **Muriel Gough** for her 101st birthday on 26 August. On her 100th birthday he presented Muriel with a card and flowers on behalf of the Association. Doug wrote, "Pam and I will be going to see Muriel, with her daughter Rita ..., on Sunday 7 September. It was through (the Association) and Joe that I learned about Muriel's centenary birthday."

Following is further news from Doug: **Jim Sinclair**, the prodigious author and raconteur of Papua New Guinea annals in so many fields, has been in Lae completing his latest work on the history of that important city and capital of Morobe Province. His firsthand knowledge including field experience of the province is sure to make the new book another most valuable record for posterity.

Lady Carol Kidu, a naturalised citizen and widow of the late Chief Justice Sir Buri Kidu, has won the National Parliament seat of Port Moresby South, Open Electorate in the recent Papua New Guinea elections. A graduate of Queensland University she was a popular teacher at the Port Moresby International High School at Boroko in the 1970s. She learned Motu and speaks it fluently."

No 1 INDEPENDENT COMPANY HISTORY RESEARCH

Clive Baker of Loftus NSW writes: 'I am currently assisting with the writing of a Unit History for the 1st Independent Company (Commandos) who served a short but dramatic period in the islands around Rabaul. They were at Kavieng, Namatanai, Buka, Lorengau, Vila and Tulagi. If anyone has old maps or photographs which we could borrow or other information of 1939-1945 we would be most grateful. We also need photographs of some of the water craft: *INDUNA STAR, BALUS, MORINDA, GNAIR, MS MALAITA, RUANA, SHOWER, EDITH, FEDELIS, MANGUNA AND NUGGET*. Some of the civilians with whom the Commandos came in contact were:

Buka: Ken Bridges (ADO), Jack Keenan (PO), Frank Green, Eric Guthrie, Wallace and Mrs Brown, Eric Robson, Rolfe Cambridge, Mrs Faulkner

Namatanai: W Kyle (ADO), G. Benham (PO)

Savo: Leif Schroeder

Kavieng: Gerry McDonald (DO), Jon Morell, Mr Edwards (ADO), D. Lightbody, Phil Levy/Levi, Sister May/Maye, Mr Doyle, Harry Miller, Bill Attwood, Mr Livingstone

Tulagi: Charles Widdy, Mr Marchant (Res Comm).

Any contributions will receive full recognition and we will be happy to accept any information, particularly the period mid-1941 until the end of the war. We would also be interested in childhood experiences of that period.'

Clive's address is: 13 Veronica Place, Loftus, NSW 2232,
015-284-760 or Phone/Fax (02) 9521 6515.

PNG INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS:

A Flag-raising Ceremony to celebrate the 22nd Anniversary of Independence will be held on 6 Sept at 8.00am in Centennial Park, near the Federation Pavilion, followed by breakfast and sports day at the Ash Paddock.

A special church service will be held at 9.30am on 13 September at St Peters Church, Surry Hills (includes a performance by the Wantok choir).

A dinner dance will be held at the Auburn RSL, 33 Northumberland Road, Auburn on Sat. 13 Sept., 7pm-1am. Tickets \$35. For further information please ring our Secretary, Joe Nitsche 9451.2475.

BY DONKEY THROUGH THE ADELBERTS

by Chips Mackellar

In a previous story, I told how I became a 'mounted' kiap, patrolling mainland Papua New Guinea for many years, on horseback.

I told how I took my horses everywhere throughout the Madang District during the 1960s, through swamp and kunai, rivers and rain forest, always amazed at the agility and stamina of these sure footed PNG bred Mission horses. I did say however, that there was one patrol when I could not take my horses, and this is the story of that patrol.

The Adelbert Mountains are not high by PNG standards. They do not rate as 'highlands', but rather as ordinary coastal hinterlands. In fact, the Adelbert Mountains were so close to Madang that their villages could look down on the coastal settlements around Dylup Plantations.

But geographically close though they might have been to the settled Madang coastline, villages in the Adelberts were isolated from each other and also from the rest of the Madang District because of the towering cliffs and the plunging ravines of this rugged mountain region. Sometimes villages on adjoining crags were within earshot of each other, yet they were days apart by walking track. This was because of the incredulous mountain topography. It was such difficult patrolling in fact, that kiaps avoided it like the plague. And it was no place to take a horse.

So after I drew the short straw to patrol the Adelberts one year, all the other kiaps were giving me a bad time in the Madang Hotel. They teased me that I might have to walk for a change, and they made jokes of me climbing vertical rock faces with my saddle dangling on a rope, and so on. There were even those so unkind as to suggest that even though I could not take a horse there, I might be seen crossing these mountains on my saddle astride a pole, held aloft by a team of carriers. It was all in good fun until one of the didimen witnessing my discomfort said "Why don't you take a donkey?" and suddenly the talk was all serious.

I had seen little donkeys carrying big fat Arabs during a previous overseas trip to the Middle East and I remember marvelling at the time, at the incredible strength of these little animals. The didiman who made the suggestion told me that a nearby village had been given four donkeys for some kind of livestock project, but that the project for some reason not explained to me, had failed. The donkeys, however, were still there, and though they were no longer used for their original purpose, whatever that was, they might be available for me to take on patrol.

So, accompanied by this didiman, I went next day to the village just outside Madang, to inquire. The Village Councillor said I could take one of the donkeys, but like all donkeys he said knowingly, this donkey was a 'bighead'. Would it buck? I asked tentatively. No, he said, but it would only obey one handler, and that handler was a young child. Moreover, that child could only control the donkey by the carrot and stick



principle, which he operated in tandem with his mother. They had no carrots of course, so they used pawpaw instead, the principle being the same, you see.

My saddle was too big for the donkey, and he had none of his own. There was no bridle, and the donkey, being a *bikhet*, refused to be led by a rope. I would have to ride bareback, holding on as best I could, and there was no way I could control the donkey's movements alone. The whole idea did not seem very promising at first, but spurred on by the horrible thought that I might otherwise have to *walk* across the Adelberts, I decided to road-test the donkey. He was only waist high, and I mounted him simply by standing on one leg and swinging the other across his back. When seated, I could almost touch the ground with my toes.

The donkey did not seem to mind my weight. In fact, as I was later to learn, my weight did not seem to affect his performance at all. However, I envisaged that there might be a problem in getting the donkey to move and stay on course. Not to worry, the Councillor reassured me, the donkey will simply follow the child.

And he did. And I know you won't believe me, but this is the way they got the donkey to move: First, the child stood in front of the donkey, with a pawpaw in a bilum. The child would call the donkey, and show him the pawpaw at the same time. As the donkey moved forward towards the pawpaw, the child would swing the bilum around behind him, and walk off. The donkey, with the pawpaw clearly in sight in the bilum on the child's back, would then follow, intent on closing in on the pawpaw. But he would never quite get there, because the child was always one step ahead of the donkey. Now and again, the donkey would tire of this game, and would simply stop in his tracks. The child's mother following along behind would then catch up to the donkey, and smack it gently with a stick on the rump. Starting forward in response to the smack, the donkey would suddenly develop a renewed interest in the contents of the bilum, and would begin to close in on the pawpaw again.

The road test of the donkey in that village outside Madang on that day proved quite successful, notwithstanding some unscheduled stops and starts. But the donkey, you see, was part of a team which included the child, and his mother, and I could not take one without the others. So, some negotiation followed with the didiman and the Councillor and the child's parents and the end result of these negotiations was that I hired the donkey for the duration of the patrol, together with the child and his parents whom I signed on as carriers. The didiman was so pleased that he had at last found a use for one of the project donkeys that he then agreed to transport the donkey by DASF (Dept of Agriculture Stock & Fisheries) vehicle to the road head, and on the appointed day, the patrol began.

As each patrol always developed its own dynamics, the police quickly identified all the patrol personnel for easy reference purposes. The child became "donkey boy" and his parents were "moma papa donkey". All reference to the donkey automatically included its accompanying family. Thus when the senior NCO reported each day "donkey ready" that meant that the child's bilum contained a pawpaw, the mother was ready with her stick, the father was packed up and ready to go.

With the donkey well integrated into the patrol's retinue, we soon settled into a useful routine. The order of precedence went like this: The patrol was guided by two Tultuls, one from the village of departure, and the other from the village of destination. Thereafter came the interpreter, the police bugler who also doubled as my orderly, the child with the pawpaw, me on the donkey, the child's mother with the stick, the child's father carrying the family personal effects, the junior police NCO at the head of the carrier line, then the carriers interspersed by police, and finally, the senior police NCO bringing up the rear.

This order of precedence was not strictly in accordance with DDA Standing Instructions for General Field Administration (Volume 1, page 32, Para 10), but then we were, after all, in extraordinary topography, so I had adjusted the Standing Instructions with appropriate local variations, in order to accommodate the donkey.

At the end of each patrol day, the donkey got to eat the pawpaw he had been following that day. He must have thought it was all worth while, because the following day we would start all over again with a new pawpaw in the bilum. Thus, with the donkey following a different pawpaw in the bilum each day, that is how I patrolled the Adelberts.

In the beginning, all went well, then four days out of Madang, we came upon our first major obstacle. The foot track went straight up, zigzagging from one rock to another, six hundred feet from bottom to top. It was a typical Adelbert mountain track. I was doomed to walk the Adelberts after all, I thought... But not so. True, I had to dismount on this occasion and clamber up the cliff face on foot, just like everyone else. But the unladen donkey continued to follow the pawpaw up the cliff face, by jumping from rock to rock, just like a mountain goat. At the top of the cliff, I remounted the donkey and continued riding until we reached the next major obstacle.

Thereafter, I had to dismount for every vertical ascent or descent, but for any other ascent less than vertical, the donkey continued to carry me unperturbed, as I clung on bareback like a monkey. The strength and agility of this little donkey was amazing. And so were his eating habits. He would not eat at all during the day, but once we arrived in a village for the night he would be given the pawpaw which he had followed faithfully during that day, and by then he would be ready for a decent feed. In consultation with the family we would select, within the village precincts, a young banana tree for the donkey's evening meal, negotiate a price for the tree, and lead the donkey to it. Eating first the leaves, and then the trunk, the donkey would totally demolish the banana tree. Then, on the exact spot where the tree used to be, the donkey would curl up like a dog and go to sleep. The child's parents would then make their camp fire beside the donkey and cook and eat their meal there. Later, all four would sleep around the fire until morning, just like a typical village family camping out with the family dog.

Because of the donkey's position at the head of the patrol line, the speed of the patrol was governed by the speed of the donkey. So when the donkey was hopping happily from rock to rock like a mountain goat, the patrol proceeded at a fairly brisk pace. But you see, donkeys are by nature, ornery, cantankerous and stubborn, and sometimes when the mood visited him, the donkey would stop, and refuse to budge. When this happened, the patrol would also have to stop.

There was no predicting when these unscheduled stops might occur. Sometimes they happened in the pouring rain, or when the patrol was negotiating its way along a narrow rocky ledge, of some horrible, precipitous Adelbert ravine.

These unscheduled stops were always inconvenient, but we soon developed useful techniques for dealing with them, by using variations of applied donkey psychology. There was of course the "carrot and stick" method, using the pawpaw in lieu of a carrot, in the manner already explained. When this did not work, we used the "push-me pull-you" method. For this method the mother would move to the front, and with an arm around the donkey's neck, try to pull him forward. At the same time, the father would put his shoulder to the donkey's rump, and push from behind. Inducing the donkey to take a single step was often all that was required to break his gridlock, and we would then be mobile again.

However, on one memorable occasion, no amount of coaxing could get the donkey to move. We were stopped, near a village, on the sheer wall of a craggy ravine. The track

was so narrow that the carriers could not pass the donkey, and they had put down their loads and were resting. The Police Corporal made his way up from his rear echelon position in the carrier line to inquire into the hold up. "*Wanem?*" he asked abruptly. "*Donkey les**" the donkey boy announced. The Corporal looked around for inspiration, then seeing the front line carriers sitting around a small fire smoking, he came up with a brilliant idea. "Light a fire under him," he suggested. I had no wish to harm the donkey, but a small fire might work. "Okay," I said. The Corporal took part of the carriers' fire and deposited it on the ground beneath the donkey's belly. This new tactic momentarily surprised the donkey, and feeling the heat, he moved forward several paces to avoid the fire, then stopped again. "Move the fire," the Corporal commanded. The carriers put the fire beneath the donkey again, and again with the same results. So we kept moving the fire, and the donkey kept moving forward a few paces. Finally, after five movements of the fire, the donkey tired of this game, and walked off happily down the track again, towards the village.

But the worst delay on the patrol route occurred through no fault of the donkey. Towards the end of the patrol, we came across a monstrous gorge which separated two villages, each within sight of the other, on opposite walls. The sides of the gorge were perpendicular, and there was no track down to the bottom. But, since time immemorial, a suspension bridge had connected the two villages.

Made from vines and native rope, this suspension bridge was a masterpiece of traditional engineering, and it was strong enough to take the whole carrier line. However, the footway consisted only of twisted vines, and there was no way the donkey could walk across.

My heart sank. To think we had come so far, only to be thwarted during the final days of the patrol. I sent the carrier line with my cook boy and some police across the bridge to set up camp in the village on the far side of the ravine, while the Corporal and I, together with the donkey's family, considered the options.

We thought about detouring around the gorge but that would have taken days. The only other alternative seemed to be to send the donkey back home along the way we had come. However, the donkey's family, being from coastal Madang, were in unfriendly country up here in the Adelberts, so for them to get home safely, I would have had to supply them with a police escort. Suddenly, the Corporal had another brilliant idea. "Why don't we carry the donkey across?" he suggested.

We all agreed that the donkey was small enough for four policemen to carry him upright, each lifting one of his legs. However, this was provided that the donkey did not struggle, kick, or bite. Yet, looking back to our experience with him so far on this patrol, he had never done that. All he had ever done, when blocking the patrol, was to prop, with his legs rigid, which was, after all, an ideal stance for him to adopt if we were to carry him.

Still, I needed to be sure, before risking the safety of my personnel on the suspension bridge. I needed to be convinced that the donkey would cooperate.

This time wisdom came from the mouths of babes and sucklings, or more precisely, from the mouth of one child, the donkey boy. And standing there on that rocky mountain ledge, what we all got then was not a lesson in child psychology, but a lesson in donkey psychology from a child.

Like us, the donkey boy explained in his own way, the donkey is a social animal, with a herd instinct. This particular donkey has become attached by his herd instinct, to the donkey boy's family. The donkey is far away from his home paddock, and his only point of social reference is his family. If we leave him behind here alone, and cross the bridge without him, he will try to follow. But knowing that he cannot cross the bridge

alone, he will call for help. Donkeys, the child reminded us, are ornery, obstinate and stubborn. But they are not stupid. So if the family stays on the far side, the donkey will know that the only way he can rejoin them is to be carried across the suspension bridge, so he will not struggle, kick or bite.

I was convinced.

So, following the child's instructions, we approached the suspension bridge; the Corporal, the donkey's family, and me on the donkey. The donkey took one look at the bridge and propped suddenly. But this time there was no "carrot and stick", no "push-me pull-you", no encouragement of any kind. I dismounted, and walked across the bridge, marvelling at the intricacy of its construction. The Corporal and the family followed. They ignored the donkey, who was left alone beside the gorge.

And it wasn't long before the donkey's mournful braying could be heard from across the gorge, and I looked to the child for direction. "Not yet, Kiap," said this little boy with the wisdom of Solomon, "let him cry more."

We were already late, and I had a lot of work to do in this village. "When the time comes," I told the Corporal, "take some police back and see if you can help the donkey across." The Corporal acknowledged and disappeared, and I began the village census.

And all that morning, the doleful braying of the donkey could be heard reverberating across the gorge.

As the day wore on, I became enmeshed in land disputes, civil claims, adultery cases, native labour compensation claims and all the other assorted matters of routine village administration, and towards late afternoon I realised that the donkey had stopped braying. Then, as darkness fell and I was returning to the rest house, I saw the donkey boy enter the village, closely followed by the donkey and four policemen.

I took the pawpaw from the child's bilum, and fed it to the donkey. "Was there any problem?" I asked the Corporal.

"No Sir," he said, "we just carried him," as if carrying donkeys across swaying suspension bridges was a routine police patrol function.....

And a few days later, back in the Madang Hotel, the other kiaps listened with envy as I told them how I rode that donkey through the Adelberts.

And one old hand who had done that patrol before, was amazed. "But how did you get the donkey across that suspension bridge?" he asked.

"No problem," I said, "we just carried him."

And to this day, I still don't know if they believed me.

All this happened 35 years ago, but the experience is still with me as if it happened yesterday. And whenever old kiaps are together at reunions and other gatherings and we are swapping yarns and reminiscing, I still tell this story of how I patrolled by donkey through the Adelberts. * *The donkey is lazy/tired.*

Our special thanks to Chips for all these wonderful stories. People tell us they love them and some say they always read them first.

THE MILLENNIUM BUG and COMSUPER. Frank Rounsevell wrote to Comsuper asking if they foresaw problems associated with the 'Millennium Bug' and received the following reply, "Comsuper is aware of the problem and has done some preliminary analysis to see what will be the impact on its computer systems. Early indications are that there will not be a problem with our ability to continue to pay fortnightly pensions to retired members. Rest assured, however, that our policy is certainly not one of "wait and see"... Frank has also written to Social Security and ComCare but so far has not received replies.

'BUNG WANTAIM' PROGRESS REPORT: In the last two issues of *Una Voce* we reported on a planned one-off gathering in Brisbane of pre-Independence field staff, outstation personnel, support staff, missionaries and private enterprise personnel. Initially it was thought it would be possible to hold it in April/May 1998, but it will now probably take place **about this time next year**. Will Muskens of Kilcoy Qld, who originated the idea, reported that he intends to have a feasibility study done by a professional events organiser to ensure that everything is done properly and that the reunion is financially viable. He said that 10-12 months are needed to book venues for an event involving a large number of people over a period of two to three days. (See March issue p.12 and June issue p.11 for more detail.)

SAMARAI & MILNE BAY AREA REUNION (For residents Pre-War to 1965): The organisers have received over 200 responses - all have paid their deposit, in some cases the full amount. Needless to say the organisers are overwhelmed!! The function will be a luncheon on **Sat. 11 October 1997** at 12.30pm (for 1.00pm lunch) at the Kirribilli Ex-Service Club, 11 Harbour View Cres, Milsons Pt. Sydney. Time available for the function is approximately five hours. If you wish to attend you have only until 11 September to forward your fee (\$30.00 per person) to Michael Walke, 22/17 Frazer Street, Collaroy NSW 2097. Cheque to be payable to 'Samarai Reunion'. For further information please ring either Ralph & Valerie Allan at 02 9868 3875 or Jack Cooper at 02 9327 1931 or Mike Walke at (W) 02 9876 9582 or (H) 02 9982 8915.

KAINANTU REUNION PLANNED: Stefanie Evans and Rosemary Reeves are in the process of organising a Kainantu Reunion in 1998. If you are interested, please forward your first name and surname, address and contact numbers to Stefanie or Rosemary. They are also collecting names and addresses/contact numbers of people who lived in the area. If you have any such addresses, please forward them by December or earlier to either:

Stefanie Evans, PO Box 311,	or	Rosemary Reeves, 14 Goldwyn Street,
VIRGINIA QLD 4014 Australia		McDOWALL QLD 4053 Australia
Ph: 07 3265 1957/Fax 07 3265 1767		Ph 07 3353 3837
e-mail revans@powerup.com.au		

Following is a list of ex-Kainantu residents - can you help with any of their addresses?

Archer, Paul & Sue (ex KPT)	Lou, Allan & Marianne (ex trade store)
Burnett, McFarlane	Lyons, Peter & Julie (ex Kiap)
Butters, John	Marshall, John (NML)
Coll, Gary (KTU Lodge)	Miller, Hugo (ex Jascar- coffee buyer)
Fisher, Wendy & Keith (ex KTU School teachers)	Miller, Les & Elizabeth (ex trade store)
Forster, Ted (Mr Victor Niugini Mining)	Orr, Graham
Frazer, Ray (Gold mining)	Patrick ??? (Ramu Coffee Factory)
Freyne, David & Jannett	Perry, Bev & John (ex T-School teachers)
Frew, John & Alison (ex Kiap)	Plumber, Lyn
Gillmore, Graham	Plumber, Tony (ex Kiap)
Harding, Margaret	Ranson, Elanore & Allan (QPI)
Heath, Margo	Rehder, Ken
Heath, Bill (ex Jascar)	Rogers, Brian
Heenan, David & May (ex KKB Butcher)(NZ?)	Sevenoaks, Ken & Kay (Jascar mechanic)
Hill, Rick (ex Kiap)	Trivett, Ralph & Phillo
Hoerler, Karl (KTU Coffee Factory)	Tudor, Pat (ex trade store)
	Wright, Beryl & John

MEMORIES FROM OUTSTATION LIFE - TRUE & HEARSAY ANECDOTES

by W.J. Johnston

I suppose some of the following will seem petty and odd to someone who has never lived on a small outstation. To try and put it into perspective it should be realised that we usually worked a ten to twelve hour day, five days a week, plus at least five hours on Saturday, and sometimes on Sunday - our only recreation was what we made for ourselves; death and violence were constantly with us and there were frequent absences by the husbands on patrol duties. The members of the staff became like family. Nance and I felt we had to provide a happy social atmosphere and I like to think that we succeeded despite some of the tensions that life with small children can cause in Papua New Guinea.

Everyone who has served as a junior officer has, at one time or other, experienced some form of petty abuse of authority. For many years after the war the conditions on outstations were spartan. A table, a chair and a bed were the standard issue for a single officer. The luxury was a kerosene-burning refrigerator. In many cases, these items were housed in a native material house without running water, a shower bucket pulled up over a pulley and roped to a cleat, and a pit toilet. I salute the cadet patrol officer who, as the bottom man on the outstation social totem pole, was the only one without a refrigerator. You have to live in the tropics to understand the situation this caused. Never a cold drink, no way to keep food from spoiling.

The word got around that a refrigerator for the Cadet had been approved at District Headquarters and one would be sent on the next supply vessel. Word also got around that the Assistant District Officer's wife wanted the new refrigerator for her house. The Cadet could have her old one. The refrigerator duly arrived and the Cadet made sure it was installed at his house before it could be sent anywhere else; he thought he had solved the problem but realised this was not to be when he was ordered, by his ADO, to accompany a patrol that would take over a month. He realised, during his absence, the new refrigerator would possibly be swapped for the old so, to have his revenge, he emptied the kerosene out of the tank and filled it with petrol, which could be flushed out on his return. His suspicions were confirmed, the new refrigerator was exchanged during his absence and consternation reigned supreme when the tank of the new fridge subsequently 'exploded'. A delightful way to prove a point. The refrigerator was ordered for his house - how could anyone justify a swap?

I can understand the Cadet's feelings because a similar thing happened to me on my first station. My ADO did not wait for me to go on patrol. I lived in what used to be the Resident Magistrate's house before two new houses were built. The problem was the old house had an old claw-foot enamel bath. The newer houses, occupied by the District Officer and the Assistant District Officer did not. Without a word of any kind or even a knock at the door, half a dozen prisoners, supervised by a policeman, arrived and disconnected the bath and took it to the ADO's house. I preferred a shower so it did not worry me but it was a petty act.

The good young men were in the majority. It must have been difficult for some of them to readjust in Australia when, after twenty years or more in Papua New Guinea, with young families to care for, they were told they were no longer wanted. It was indicative of the calibre that the majority became quite successful in their chosen professions. Only a few people know of the contribution they made and there will never be any recognition of this other than from this few. Some who seemed indestructible are dead, there are others whose whereabouts I know, but a large

number are mysteries and I wonder about them from time to time. Graham, Tony, Frank, Bob, David, Rodney, Ron, Peter, Tim, Bruce. I can clearly remember some of their young faces, others I can only just remember.

One of the qualities a single member of the field staff had to possess was a basic knowledge of cooking. Of course, some officers never realised this and their health and possibly finances suffered as a result if they relied completely on the skills of their domestic servant. I remember telling one-eighteen-year old how to make a curry out of tinned bully beef. When I asked him how the meal turned out he replied, "Oh! OK I guess, but it didn't have the chunks of meat in it like when Mum cooks it!" So I should have been forewarned when he exclaimed after his first few sips of Creme de Menthe, "It's great, it is just like lollywater." I was not watching him closely but the next thing I was aware of was the mad scramble to get out through the flywire door. Sad to say, he didn't make it! If ever you want a time-consuming, frustrating job - try cleaning a screen door after such an incident!

Bruce was a good lad. I did not know the details of his background but, at eighteen, he was a real "babe in the woods". He knew very little about life in general and his job as a cadet patrol officer in particular, but he had what it took to learn. Unfortunately, in some respect, the only vacant accommodation was sharing quarters with Arthur, a bachelor about fifteen years his senior. Arthur was the District's Chief Clerk, he possessed a brilliant mind and he liked his grog. Arthur's standard comment, usually on a Monday morning was, "Geez, if I had known last night how thirsty I was going to be this morning I would have drunk more"! Bruce had never tasted alcohol in his life until he met Arthur. This became somewhat of a challenge to Arthur until one day he announced, "Well, I have finally taught Bruce how to drink - now all I have to do is to teach him how to buy it!" On a cadet's salary that was going to be difficult.

Arthur did his job well, it was well beneath his total capacity. I protected him on a couple of occasions. The District Commissioner had his suspicions and I can remember one occasion when I was covering for Arthur. He was flat on his back sobering up under the counter of his office, I had a foot on his chest holding him so that he would not roll off on to the floor when the District Commissioner came walking down from his office and asked if I had seen Arthur. "Yes", I said, "He was here a few moments ago, he must be around somewhere!" I was hoping Arthur wouldn't snore or make some noise as I leaned across the counter standing on one leg and the other planted on his chest holding him in place under the counter. Arthur eventually fell in love and more importantly she with him, they married and everything went fine apparently for some time. I later heard Arthur went to work in Canberra, that something went wrong and he took his own life in that mushroom city. I have no idea what happened to Bruce who would be in his fifties now, a much wiser and well-adjusted citizen I am sure.

Peter was a good person - he had been born in Papua New Guinea and he had studied agriculture so when he turned twenty-one on a station I was running, Nance and I decided to give him a birthday party to celebrate the event. He was not in my Department but, in our book, he was still a boy away from home. Somehow, if a boy had gone through the war years and turned twenty-one during that period, he was a man. To us, six foot Peter was still a boy. The party went fine until the final stages when Peter started to drink Scotch straight from the bottle. He drank a lot of it despite my warning that he could kill himself. Eventually, I put him over my shoulder and carried him home. Fortunately, the rain was coming down by the bucketful. I say

fortunately, because he was vomiting over one side of me and weeing down the other. I remember thinking, as I was walking through the night to his house, "an ADO's life has a lot of variety". The resident medical officer spent a few hours with him forcing him to drink strong coffee and, supported by the Cadet Patrol Officer, walked him up and down. I went home to bed to be wakened a few hours later by the "ping pong" of tennis balls on the court near my house. I got up to see who could be playing tennis at that hour. I was amazed, it was Peter and the Cadet. I went back to bed - and I was not the one who had been drinking Scotch like water straight from the bottle.

Ten years passed before Peter and I were on the same station again. There was a court house there, shaped like a large A to symbolise a copy of a Sepik spirit house and there was scandalised talk about drunks showing little respect for the court house because someone had ridden a motor cycle over the top and fallen off on the down side and the footrest had gouged a hole in the corrugated iron roof. A few days later I saw Peter walking around with his arm in a sling; I didn't ask any questions. Unfortunately, Peter died shortly after leaving Papua New Guinea. I don't know the cause but for what it is worth I always thought he was a good person and I hope his two daughters remember him that way.

On one station I had a patrol officer, let's call him Jack. He was a pleasant enough personality and reasonably efficient but he was impressed with his own importance. He had a wife who was a very practical down-to-earth person. I don't think he really liked me very much but this did not worry me as he was no threat in any manner at all.

He was terrified of snakes - nobody loves a deadly snake; anyway, I killed a small viper outside the office one morning. I coiled it up and put it under his typewriter keys. He was a peck and hunt typist and from my office I heard him tap tap tapping at the keys and thought he must be awake to my intended prank. All of a sudden I heard a loud J-E-S-U-S and the noise of a chair going over backwards. It was Jack, he was white as a sheet his mouth moving but no sound coming out, he was pointing wildly at the typewriter. I was laughing, of course, but when I noticed the look of terror in his eyes I felt bad. I should not have humiliated him.

Jack was out on patrol when a small boat called in to the station. The skipper was a beachcomber, he was a wispy little ginger headed man who liked his grog but always a perfect gentleman. Nance and I invited him to dinner and because Jack's wife was by herself, we asked her too. Also, in New Guinea, a small powered boat was called a pinnace and Stewy was known to be very fond of his boat.

To make conversation during dinner, Jack's wife, a new arrival in the Territory and not familiar with the jargon, let's call her Jill, said, "How is your peenace going Stewy?" There was no mistaking the sound of the vowel. I looked at Jill who had gone scarlet at the implication of her mistake. Stewy, oblivious to the error, replied in a slow drawl, "Oh, it's alright, the shaft's a bit bent but it gets me there." To Stewy's amazement we laughed and I had to concoct a reason for our mirth. When Jack returned from patrol and he and Jill were in my house, I said, "Jack, in future I will have to limit your patrols". He was shocked and asked "Why?" and was told of Jill's 'familiarity' with Stewy by asking such a personal question. His jaw fell until I explained what had happened.

When Jack and Jill went on leave we missed them, their replacement, "Fred and Jane" were a miserable couple, socially and to work with. I was glad to go on leave and transfer. It was ten years before Jack and Jill were once again on a station with

us, by then I was a District Officer and Jack a senior Patrol Officer. Nice practical Jill died not long after.

Charlie was a young Medical Assistant. I looked out of my front window one day and said to Nance, "Look at Charlie, I think he thinks he is spear fishing". He was standing on the small coastal reef near our house, a big knife on a belt around his swim trunks, wearing glasses or a mask and shoving his head under the water for a split second, it was for all the world like a sparrow having a bath in a puddle of water. That was obviously an unsuccessful method of catching fish. "I will build a fishtrap", says Charlie. Fair enough, it could be successful. I was at the wharf when he arrived to set his fishtrap - a 44 gallon drum with wire over one end and a suitable small lead-in wire type of snout, no holes in the sides, and the bottom still in the drum. Into the water went the drum securely tied with a long piece of rope and eventually he made it sink but, wonder of wonders, he could not budge the two to three hundred kilos of weight from the sea bottom when he wanted to see what he had caught.

One day I was walking past a trade store and there was sugar spread out on a large tarpaulin in the tropical sun. "What's with the sugar, Fred," I asked the owner, "Oh! it got wet coming off the ship and I am drying it." "It will make great toffee," I said. He blinked and I could see the wheels revolving, "Yeah! I suppose it should be shaded a bit from the sun." The same old timer, "My goodness you can't feed chooks on uncooked brown rice, it will swell up in their stomachs and kill them." He was a good-hearted man with a kind motherly type of wife and I guess I was "the young whippersnapper 'anthropologist' from Canberra". As far as Fred was concerned you could not call anyone any lower name than that. He had been there many years before me and many years after. Talk about tilting at windmills, I guess I have done my share.

I guess it is a basic human failing that anything that is free gets abused. In the early days our domestic servant had a free hand with basics like tea and sugar until one night, when walking out with his pot of sugared and tinned-milk tea, he spilt some on the floor. Several hours later there was still a great collection of ants around his small spill - I put my finger in it and it was almost pure syrup. That was the beginning of stricter control and supervision but it was never a complete success. Like the time Nance went into the kitchen and saw a large half moon creamy moustache on the cook's face. "The milk splashed me, Missus, when I was putting it into the refrigerator!!" The children were brought up on Sunshine powdered milk and it was obvious he had taken a swig from the freshly mixed, frothy milk.

The problem with local staff was not how much they took for their own requirements but how much they took to feed their friends and relatives. To them the white man was rich, all he had to do was place an order with the local store and, as for paying for it, that was no problem - the banks were a white man's creation and by writing on a piece of paper he could get all the money he needed. Unfair, really - they could not do that!

PORT MORESBY RADIO: For those who live in SE Queensland and possibly further south and who have a reasonable short wave radio it is possible to tune in to the Karai Service of the National Broadcasting Service, Port Moresby early in the morning before 7.00am, at approximately 488 MHz in the 60m wave band. The news at 7.00am is comprehensive and very good. Reception is best on clear mornings. (Doug Franklin)

A WEDDING IN MADANG : December 1939

by Nancy Reason

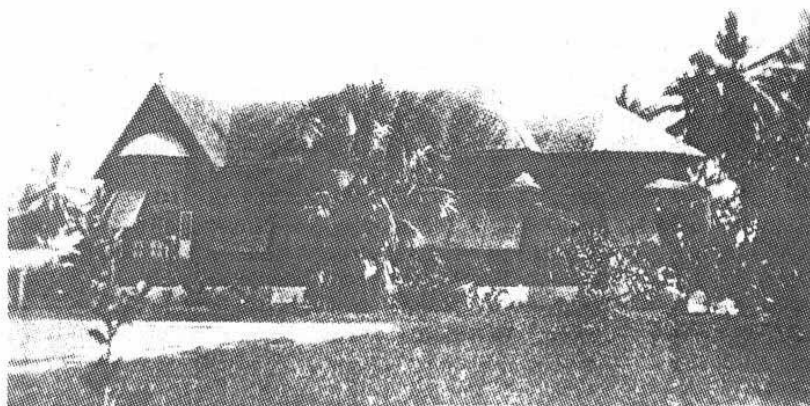
War clouds over Europe - so far from Australia - Neville Chamberlain to Germany with his umbrella, appeasement - reconciliation unsuccessful - newsreels full of goose-stepping soldiers, tanks, Hitler and Mussolini - Poland invaded - war declared.

An urgent radio from my husband-to-be 'prepare to leave mid-November'. So I did, on November 23rd, on the Macdhui. After an eighteen day trip with water as smooth as silk, wonderful moonlight nights and the ship blacked out just to remind us of the world outside, on December 11th



we sailed into Madang harbour. It was so beautiful with its deep blue sky reflected in the water, and such a plurality of greens, such exotic colours in the flowers which were everywhere, frangipani, cannas, hibiscus and orchids, orchids everywhere, even hanging in those huge rain trees bordering the semi-circular road of white *karanas** of this little town built on the edge of Modilon plantation. Beatrice Grimshaw at her best could not have done it justice, it was lovely *tumas*.

With some locals cheerfully carrying my luggage on their heads, we walked, dripping with sweat, from the wharf, up the blinding white *karanas* road towards Dot and Ward Oakley's, on the right Ron and Holly Chugg's, then past the *haus sik* and along the ridge (which is no longer there, bulldozed out of existence for the new wharf - the old wharf covered in a ghastly pile of wood-chips awaiting shipment last time I was there a year or two ago). A few more houses and then the Madang Hotel, a lovely old German-



Madang Hotel about 1935

built pub, with tiled floors, push up shutters and peaked tiled roof, with hospitable Roy and Diana Hart presiding. I can't remember how they kept the beer cool! Possibly Burns
* Philp had an ice works.

* coral rubble

On to the Oakleys' residence, on the point, just by where the Coastwatchers' Memorial now stands, and they, dear people, took me in and cared for me until the next day when we were to be married in the very new Lutheran church.

We were driven to the church in the BP's truck, the only motor vehicle in Madang. The church was beautifully decorated and welcoming, with banana leaves and palm fronds spread across the pathway to the church door where the Reverend Flichler waited with the groom and best man, quite a different procedure from what I was expecting, but quite comforting. He led us up to the altar and four chairs materialised from somewhere, so we sat down among the flowers and were wed. Dr Hoegar, a lovely lady with a beautiful voice, played the new organ and sang part of the service, joined by a quartet of male voices. I can't remember exactly what was sung, but for years afterwards we would meet up with someone whose greeting would be 'You probably don't remember me, but I sang at your wedding!'

The service ended, and we were given the biggest certificate, signed and complying with New Guinea, Australian and USA Lutheran requirements. We went out of the church to cameras, kisses, and rice throwing well-wishers. Waiting in the place of our previous conveyance was the local *mumut* cart, the two-wheeled sanitary cart covered with grey blankets and tastefully decorated with shredded palm fronds and other local flora, and drawn by the principal members of the community, four abreast, in the shafts. I was later assured that it was a new and unused vehicle. In such a manner were we dragged back to the Oakleys' residence for the reception, at which a good time was had by all. Kit Hydes sang, so sweetly, 'The Door of Her Dreams Was Opened Wide'. Most appropriate.

Two days later we went out to Karkar Island where we lived very happily for almost two years. Then the war caught up with us and I was evacuated back to Australia. *Top photo - Nancy and Charles in their 'Marriage Carriage' and Jack West with finger to lips.*

ACCOUNT SETTLED: One of the best stories to come out of World War II concerns a young officer who tried to beat the system and - like thousands before and after him who have set out on a similar mission - failed miserably.

When a young Lieutenant was promoted to Captain he noted an error in the London Gazette which promulgated his promotion as taking effect from 1 April 1941, rather than 1941. That night after celebratory hours with colleagues in the Mess, his fellow officers persuaded him to apply for back allowances and pay from the date in the Gazette. The application, in the correct form, and quoting the necessary paragraphs of the King's Regulations, was duly lodged and all concerned adjourned to bed.

The next day the young officer realised with horror what he had done and waited with trepidation for the wrath of the gods to fall on him - a court martial perhaps.

Weeks later the reply came: "Your application for allowances dating back to 1 April 1941 has been found to be in order and your account accordingly has been credited with £39,999. You appear, however, to have overlooked a further paragraph of King's Regulations under which a commanding officer is personally responsible for any guns or horses lost in action due to his negligence. If the commanding officer is killed, this responsibility devolves upon the surviving officer next in seniority.

"Your letter proves conclusively that you are the sole survivor of the Battle of Hastings (1066AD) where 20,000 horses valued at two pounds each were lost by negligence. The responsibility for payment of £40,000 therefore falls upon you. I have adjusted your account to the extent of a net debit of one pound."

Our thanks to Sydney Legacy Newsletter and to Donald Ramsay for sending it to us.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

by Nancy Johnston

My husband Bill noted, when writing about living in Papua New Guinea, 'There will never be a similar period in history that will be available for a person of my background to experience. I consider Nance and I were fortunate to have had the opportunity to live the life we did.'

We were fortunate, indeed. We had a 'nomadic' type of life moving from place to place, crating and uncrating our possessions, but this contributed towards making it an interesting and wonderful life and we felt we were making a worthwhile contribution to society. Experiences were taken for granted but we now realise it was a privilege to have been part of this history-making period. The thirty years we spent with the Department of District Services and Native Affairs (with name changes) was full of experiences, mostly good. This is to put together a few that were not so good - I will call them family 'dramas'.

Life was good when living at Misima, Woodlark and Normanby Islands in the early postwar years. There were no doctors and we had no medical emergencies - we were young and healthy and we did not have children. So it was with confidence and the belief that 'it only happens to others' that we arrived at Kikori in January 1952 after a stormy trip on a coastal vessel, holding on to the two babies we now had. Alan was a toddler and Christine was four months old. We had no worries as there was a doctor at Kikori and we had been told that in an emergency a plane would be sent from Port Moresby, but no one thought to say this could sometimes be futile! A year later, our third baby, Gary, arrived to live with us in the dank and miserable conditions that Kikori is noted for. We now had three children under three years of age.

We were soon to find life was not always uneventful as it had been during the past six years. The first year passed without drama except, perhaps, for Bill's long exploratory patrols which were, for me, dramatic enough. During the next year, in April 1953, Bill left for a three month patrol, two months to be spent exploring and one month escorting a party of men from the New Guinea Resources Exploration Company up the Erave and Tua rivers. This part of the patrol was aborted when a canoe carrying some of the party's equipment overturned and their gear was lost. This allowed Bill to return to the station sooner than anticipated. What a godsend it was for me because there would have been no way of contacting him if he had been in the wilderness in hostile areas when, soon after his return, we experienced the most distressing time in our lives. It still hurts to think and write about this part of our lives - but it happened.

The resident medical officer was several days' walk away in the mountains in an area inaccessible to planes when Christine, three weeks before her second birthday, said, 'I sick Mummy'. She looked alright but did not want her lunch; time passed and it became obvious what was to happen and, in less than an hour, she died in Bill's arms. Being lunch time, radio contact could not be made with Port Moresby or anywhere else until a signal was picked up by the Department of Civil Aviation in Madang. It was too late for any advice but Bill spoke to the Director of Public Health who was visiting there. Later in the day, Alan gave us a toadstool that Christine had picked and a bite sized piece was missing.

At first light the next morning a Catalina left Port Moresby to take us back there for a post mortem and burial. We declined the offer of leave, we did not want to

rely on our grief with family and friends and instead accepted a transfer to Madang. Our hearts overruled our heads when we decided to have another child, perhaps a little girl, not as a replacement for our beloved Christine - that could never happen - but maybe a compensation. Eventually, after settling in, in Madang, I visited the doctor. 'Not so', he said, despite it being obvious I was pregnant. Five months later, just nine months after the tragedy, we were overwhelmed when our daughter, Margaret, was born in the hospital at Madang.

I caused the next drama when I was admitted to Madang hospital with a suspected heart condition. On the doctor's suggestion we took leave to seek medical advice in Sydney with me believing Bill was soon to be a widower with a baby and two small children. It was not to be, my problem was gallstones. Four months later, after an operation for me, measles for Alan and Gary and dyspepsia for Bill, we returned to a new posting at Bogia and were happy to be told a doctor was stationed there.

The first drama at Bogia happened when Gary developed a high temperature when the doctor was on patrol. Bill sought help from the Patrol Officer's wife, who was a trained nurse with access to the hospital's drugs; she administered penicillin and returned home. Shortly after her departure, Gary convulsed, his nose bled, he lost control of his bodily functions and stopped breathing and was put on a table as a dead child until Bill felt a heartbeat and started resuscitation. Gary commenced breathing but did not regain consciousness until some time later. He was, and still is, allergic to penicillin. Not having electricity for lights added to the drama and the situation was made worse when the kitchen bench was set alight - in my 'hysterical' state, I spilt the methylated spirits whilst trying to light a pressure lamp.

The next drama occurred when Bill was on patrol. Margaret, now two years old, experienced a high temperature and was treated by the doctor for malaria and, as a further precaution, given an antibiotic. Her temperature could not be stabilised and the doctor became concerned about her survival so he sought and got permission for Bill to be brought in from patrol. On receiving the advice by runner, Bill speed walked until he reached home. The real problem was later established by another doctor as a case of overdosing with drugs - 'According to the book that child should be dead,' he said. Fortunately, the continual vomiting saved her life but left nothing in her system to cure, thus prolonging the illness.

During the night of Bill's return we desperately needed the doctor and both felt we could not leave Margaret when it seemed a matter of life or death. The only option was to wake five year old Alan. It was a dark moonless night and to reach the doctor's house he needed to walk through the station area and the police and hospital compounds, a ten minute walk for an adult. I will never forget watching that little figure going out alone into the pitch black of night carrying only a hurricane lamp. This was during a period of sanguma (sorcery) activity in the area.

Personal outstation dramas were often compounded by things connected with everyday living. Being involved with correspondence schooling with one child and keeping an eye on two others was more or less a full time job and there was the extra work involved with accommodating and entertaining the continual run of official and unofficial house guests, usually complete strangers. In addition, there was a fault with all the houses we lived in - not one was fenced. At Bogia, the house was built on the seashore which meant the children needed full-time surveillance. Watchful as I was, one day Alan and Gary took themselves to the nearby wharf where a groper had been

lurking in the deep water. Gary fell through the rotten timber into the sea. After his second time down under the water Alan, realising he was in trouble, alerted a nearby policeman.

In 1957 the Manam volcano erupted, giving me visions of coping with small children and tidal waves; it ended in being a spectacular sight we could watch whilst lying in bed at night. Life went on and with it all, I lost weight and it was hard to see I was within three weeks of having our fifth child. We were overdue for leave and with no suitable hospital facilities at Bogia, I departed for Sydney ahead of Bill leaving from Kelaua airstrip on a tiny one engine Cessna with Alan occupying the only passenger seat with Gary strapped on his lap whilst I sat next to the pilot with Margaret on mine. It was no joy travelling with three small children when eight months pregnant, especially when we found, on reaching Madang, that the flight to Lae had been cancelled because of bad weather. It took four days for us to reach Sydney. Our baby boy arrived three weeks later, on Christine's birthday! Hence the name Christopher.

The next move was to Manus Island where there was a one teacher school for our growing children and where Chris started his Territory life. Ulcers, caused by scratched sandfly bites were a problem with the children until they built up an immunity. Our first drama was with Chris. After tipping the dregs of kerosene from six beer bottles which the staff used for filling the refrigerator tank, he drank the contents thinking it was lollywater. At that time lollywater was produced in beer bottles at Lorengau. A frantic call to the District Office brought Bill roaring home in a Land Rover and then a couple of kilometres along the road to the hospital with a gasping Chris to find the doctor was occupied in saving the life of a child with cerebral malaria. When the equipment necessary for a stomach wash for Chris could not be found a screaming match developed between the doctor and nurse which only subsided when it was found. Chris was then treated by the nurse and spent a night at the native hospital and survived. We, and the house staff, had not realised there were enough dregs in the bottles to half fill a glass.

Even though we were careful and watchful parents, accidents do happen, it only takes a minute. It was fortunate that it was I who found the uncorked bottle of lethal dieldrin left under the house by a Public Works employee whose job it was to check the grease trap for cockroaches; and after workmen had been, Bill finding that the downstairs area where the children played was alive with electricity after they complained the ground tickled their feet. Alan once found and brought home an unexploded hand grenade, a relic from the war. Another time, on taking a tomahawk from him, I found he was trying to decapitate a small snake which was standing up to him. He was given a baby crocodile for a pet which, after a few months 'went to God' and he pickled its earthly remains in a jar and found it hard to forgive me for disposing of it some time later. He then thought he could keep a venomous sea snake in the bath as a pet. At eleven years of age he left for boarding school in Sydney and, as other mothers know, that in itself is a drama.

Chris, the youngest child, still had time to catch up with his dramas. One time, when a toddler and we were entertaining, he swapped my brandy, lime and soda for his fruit juice and subsequently seemed to be at death's door, scaring the wits out of us until we realised what he had done and the 'death's door' look was intoxication! I have not forgotten his quickness of hand when I was engrossed in doctoring the children's chicken pox. The swiftness of grabbing the medication caused it to splash in, and

burn, his eyes resulting in another quick dash to the hospital. At two years of age, he became sick and the doctor suspected Coeliac disease. This was confirmed after the doctor from the Naval Base and one from a visiting ship had been consulted. Recreation leave was taken to hospitalise him in Sydney but probably it was the other three children who had the sympathy of our fellow travellers. The day prior to leaving, all three were stung by wasps on the forehead, giving them the appearance of Down's syndrome victims. Chris is now the quiet one in the family but as a small child he never stopped chattering and more annoying was the fact he expected answers. One morning, when busy at the sewing machine, I realised the prattling had stopped and, on racing to the mouth of the river, I found a bedraggled Chris being pulled from the water. The house was built on the river's edge and, as usual, there was no fence to keep the children in - or the pets.

We always had a dog or dogs and they brought problems as well: one jumped from a truck and was killed, and another was given a lethal bait - his death devastated the children; another received a dreadful injury when he got mixed up with the participants of a tribal brawl after the Papua versus New Guinea football match, and another was involved in an accident which destroyed his manhood but at least left him alive and able to enjoy life. There were other animal dramas, too many to tell in detail.

We transferred to Popondetta in January, 1963. I travelled by plane with Margaret and Chris, and Bill used the Government trawler taking Alan and Gary plus the house staff, our personal effects and our dog, cat and chickens with him. The day before leaving, Gary fell from his push bike on to the *karanas* (coral rubble) road resulting in severe abrasions and gravel rash from face to feet - and there was a three day boat trip ahead! Friars Balsam was used on the poor child, he accepted the initial painful administering, no infection followed and he was soon his usual cheerful self.

The older children were past childish sicknesses, but not Chris. During one wet season, he kept many residents out of bed because of a bronchial attack. There were two doctors in the District, one at the Mission at Oro Bay and the other at Saiho where the native hospital was situated, but both doctors were beyond several flooded rivers and so was the oxygen supply. Because of the emergency the power, usually turned off at midnight, was left on and people brought double adaptors, leads and electric utensils which could be filled with water to create steam to help Chris breathe. There was no hesitation from half a dozen men to take two Land Rovers, shovels and rope to help dig and pull each other out of the swollen rivers to get the doctor and the oxygen supply. We will always be grateful to the people who helped us that night.

Again I thought Bill was to be a widower, this time with four young children. I found a 'lump', the doctor was concerned and advised me to travel to Australia the next day which I did. I arrived in Sydney to be hospitalised immediately and before the week was out, the tumour was removed. Fortunately, it was not malignant. These days, with long hospital waiting lists, many people would be envious of the attention we once got from the hospitals in Sydney thus providing us with peace of mind. For this trip I left from Girua airstrip on a Piaggio aircraft with facing seats. On boarding and waiting for the plane's departure I overheard a passenger, sitting opposite, say to a fellow traveller, 'Look at that poor b.....'. and there was Bill on the tarmac, looking miserable, holding hands with Chris on one side and Margaret on the other and both kids were crying. I too, was unhappy, my concern was how would Bill cope with plaiting Margaret's hair for school!

A major drama involved Bill. He was selected by his Headquarters to be

included as member of a Land Board travelling to different parts of the country and, whilst in New Britain, the Cessna 310J crashed on Unea Island. The initial report advised one person was dead. The children were home for the school holidays, it was a harrowing time and we sweated it out for several hours until further confirmation came that Bill was a survivor. Three days later he returned home with an injured shoulder, and black and blue from where the seat belt had been when he hung upside down in the plane, but within a week he was flying again with a newly formed Land Board. Some time later compensation was paid by the airline - the grand total was fifty dollars, yes that's right, fifty dollars, with a proviso that he make no further claim. This amount was to cover the loss of his luggage, clothing, some personal items and, I suppose, injury. Oh! for today with 'counselling' and large compensation payouts such as that given recently to Leo McLeay, a Federal politician, for falling off a bike!

With the children being older and three at boarding schools (Gary went in 1964 and Margaret the following year), the dramas lessened, although there were a couple of broken limbs and football injuries and Margaret had a bad measles attack at a time when several school friends were visiting for the Christmas holidays. Chris caused a panic when his bike was found at the small swimming pool. Gary swam the length of the pool, underwater, several times searching for him - he was later found at a friend's house. Further panic was caused when Chris was almost scalped by a termite tin protector cap when he crawled under the low school building.

Alan was the least of our worries but, at 12 years of age, he had an experience he has not forgotten. His Papua New Guinean friends had told him, 'stung three times by a wasp you die'. One day some wasps from a disturbed nest settled on Chris' head. Alan, always protective of his little brothers and sister, knocked them off and was stung three times. The poor kid hurried home to die. We doctored the stings and he could not understand why his Mum and Dad were unconcerned when 'death was so close' and he still recalls the unsympathetic reaction he got. Despite never missing the prophylactic dose, he had a nasty attack of malaria delaying his return to school.

Even a tiny phalanger can cause traumas! The kids' nocturnal pet lived in the house for a couple of years. He survived an overnight marathon swim in the toilet and he scared a somewhat inebriated friend when at night he came to life and flew across the room landing on our visitor's neck. As daylight came he usually got into Chris' bed but this was his downfall - one morning he was found smothered. Such incidents were upsetting for the kids and what upset them, upset us.

We were posted to Port Moresby in 1970 and Chris went off to boarding school. Alan, at 19, was called on to register for the ballot for service in the Vietnam War, but fortunately his birth date was not selected. At 21 he developed melanoma - Bill flew south to be with him at the time of the operation and we sweated out the following years. He is now a married man with three small children.

The final drama for me happened when I put a new Colt Galant (which Gary had just won in the Aviat raffle) upside down in the middle of Lawes Road; we were unhurt but the car was badly damaged. This happened a couple of days before testing for a driver's licence - I did not try for a licence then, nor have I tried since.

The grand finale was Bill shattering the bone in his heel, with further complications when thrombosis set in under the plaster. This happened a few weeks before Independence Day. Bill's last official act in Papua New Guinea was to organise the pyrotechnic display in the main centres. The igniting was to start at the time Big Ben, relayed from London, boomed out midnight hailing in Independence. It

was a dangerous experience, the mortar fireworks, with an instantaneous fuse - so different from those he was accustomed to from his childhood days. After training in Australia he travelled to the districts concerned to instruct the various people who were to handle the fireworks on the night of the celebrations. Bill found it surprising the number of aunts, uncles and cousins whose burials were to take place at some remote place on the exact date planned for the fireworks which, at that time, was several weeks away! The volunteers to help out were mainly the reliable Field Staff officers.

Despite being on crutches, Bill carried out the job and was personally involved on the actual night on the top of Burns Peak. He was still on crutches when we left Papua New Guinea on 28th September, 1975.

How did we survive those times when counselling was just a word? Just as everyone else did in those days when common sense prevailed - and with the love, support and companionship we gave each other. The kids have married nice people and given us, so far, twelve grandchildren. We never blamed our lifestyle for Christine's death, accidents can happen in any walk of life. Her remains are in Port Moresby, her spirit has never left us; and we could not have a better daughter than Margaret - we could not imagine life without her or, for that matter, any of our children.

INSTALLATION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PORT MORESBY, HIS GRACE, BRIAN BARNES, OFM, D.D., MBE

The Most Rev. Brian Barnes was installed as Archbishop of Port Moresby at St Mary's Cathedral on 16 August 1997. Archbishop Barnes was born in 1933, at Wingham NSW and educated at Newcastle. He did his priestly studies at the Franciscan Seminary in Melbourne and was ordained as priest on 12 July 1958 at Waverley, Sydney.

He went to PNG as a missionary in 1959; he joined his fellow Franciscan Missionaries of West Sepik Province and worked in the parishes of Nuku, Lumi and Aitape for nine years until 1968.

He was appointed as the first Police Chaplain in 1968 with the rank of Chief Inspector, based at Gordon Barracks, Port Moresby. He served as Chaplain to all denominations and travelled widely to all provinces; he held this position for 20 years. During this period (in 1976) he acquired PNG Citizenship, and was awarded an MBE and the Police Long Service Medal (1983). He retired from police service in 1988.

He was elected Bishop of Aitape in 1987 and consecrated on 10 February 1988. He was Bishop for the Laity from 1988-96 as well as Bishop for Chaplains of Disciplinary Forces. He was also Chairman of numerous high-level committees. He was President of the Catholic Bishops Conference of PNG and the Solomon Islands from 1993-96.

Prior to his installation he was Bishop for Clergy and Religious, and Member of the Central Committee of Catholic Bishops Conference and Bishops for Chaplains.

His Grace has been a member of our Association for a number of years.

HELP WANTED: Mrs Georgie Gaffney asks if anyone knows the address/whereabouts of **June and Phil Bond** who resided at Putnonu Plantation, Tanga Island in the New Ireland District, in the 50s and early 60s. Georgie's address is 13 Russell Avenue, Valley Heights NSW 2777.

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

YOU LIVE BUT ONCE: An Autobiography by Wing Commander (Rtd) R.H. "Bobby" Gibbes DSO, DFC & Bar. (Available from the Tremearne Publishing Co., Box 531, PO Narrabeen NSW 2101. \$85.00 (or \$90.00 Australia including P & P). (Harry West provided this resumé of the life of Bobby Gibbes.)

Robert Henry Gibbes was born in Coonamble NSW in 1916. He was educated at All Saints College, Bathurst NSW, and at age 20 "Bobby" Gibbes, as he had become known, became a jackaroo on a sheep station in far western New South Wales.

At the outbreak of World War 2, aged 23, Bobby Gibbes became a pilot. He was posted to the RAAF Number 3 Squadron, of which he later became Commanding Officer.

In the North African desert campaign against Germany in the early 1940s, Bobby Gibbes was officially credited with shooting down 13½ enemy aircraft. Upon his return to Australia he was the RAAF's most decorated pilot with a Distinguished Service Order (DSO), Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) and bar.

Bobby was then posted to Darwin where he flew Spitfires, and served against the Japanese as the Wing Leader of Number 80 Spitfire Wing.

In 1945, in Darwin, Bobby Gibbes married Jean Ince. He flew for Mandated Airlines in New Guinea for a short time before he and his wife started Gibbes Sepik Airways in December 1947. In 1947 they brought the first sheep to New Guinea, and in 1948 they established the Tremearne coffee and tea plantation at Mount Hagen, becoming the first to grow tea commercially in the highlands. Bobby also established a chain of tourist hotels in the 1960s.

Prior to New Guinea gaining independence, the Gibbes' businesses were sold. But Bobby did not retire. In 1972 he had built in England a 42 foot (14 metre) catamaran, "Billabong", which he sailed to the Mediterranean and finally home to Sydney.

Not content with leading a quiet life in retirement, he also undertook a number of other activities - including assembling a French-designed, twin-engined aerobatic aircraft in the upstairs lounge room of his home!

Bobby Gibbes has been flying for over 56 years and continues to live life to the maximum. His story is that of an extraordinary Australian.

NOT NOW TOMORROW: Australian Civilian Nurses, Prisoners of the Japanese, New Guinea and Japan 1942-1945, by Alice M. Bowman. Daisy Press, PO Box 144, Bangalow NSW 2479. (Phone/fax 066 878137). 263pp. \$19.95 + \$4 p within Aust. Reviewed by **Stuart Inder**.

The continuous improvement in desktop publishing technology has manifestly increased the number of self-published books available, particularly biographies, and some are now very good indeed. Small print-run books of excellent content, well-edited, with production standards approaching the professional are common. This autobiography is an admirable example.

Alice Bowman ("Bowie") is 85. Born in Longreach, she now lives near Durban, South Africa, where marriage to Gordon Déglon took her. But when the Japanese landed in Rabaul in January 1942 she was on the staff of the Government Hospital, Namanula, and with 16 other nurses and well-known plantation owner Kathleen Bignell she was held for six months in Rabaul before all 18 were shipped to Japan for the duration of the war.

That they survived the hardships and anxieties is a tribute to guts and ingenuity, as

this very readable, and often moving, account of three and a half years in captivity attests. Narrated by Bowie, it is in fact the story of them all, thanks to skilful editing and detailed additional research by Bowie's stepdaughter, Claire Déglon Marriott, of Sydney, who is responsible for the book's production.

The captive nursing group comprised six of Bowie's colleagues from Namanula (Joyce Oldroyd-Harris, Joyce McGahan, Grace Kruger, Jean McLellan, Dorothy Maye, Mary Goss), four others from the Methodist Mission at Rabaul (Dorothy Beale, Jean Christopher, Dora Wilson, Mavis Green) and six Army nurses detached to the 2/10th Field Ambulance (Kathleen Parker, Eileen Callaghan, Marjory Anderson, Lorna Whyte, Daisy Keast, Mavis Cullen). Etta Jones, an American schoolteacher captured in the Aleutians, joined the group in Japan.

New Guinea old hands will be especially interested in the account of the nurses' six months in Rabaul under the Japs, where they were held at the Sacred Heart Mission. There are vivid pictures of the turmoil following the Jap landings, with many familiar names, some of whom were to be lost in the *Montevideo Maru*. Bowie regrets that the Allies did not bomb Rabaul as often as they might have, and particularly, in not following up immediately after the Coral Sea Battle, when the harbour was filled with ships.

In Japan the women were secured in various make-shift quarters around the Tokyo area, including a small hotel and the Yokohama yacht club, before being moved inland to what was, they suspected, a former small TB hospital. There they remained until the surrender.

Frequent illness, a starvation diet and the bitter cold of two Japanese winters with inadequate clothing, were the major tribulations. As the war turned against Japan, and Tokyo was increasingly bombed by the B29s, it sometimes seemed to the captives that the lot of the peasants in the nearby villages was almost as desperate as their own.

Bowie's perceptive day-to-day account of what, over time, became a kind of rural partnership in adversity between the nurses and the locals, provides unusual insight into life in wartime Japan, and particularly into the Japanese mind, and an enterprising Japanese publisher could probably do well out of a translation.

Not Now Tomorrow is a good read and a valuable war history.

Stuart Inder is a former publisher of 'Pacific Islands Monthly'.

VOICES FROM A LOST WORLD, Australian women and children in Papua New Guinea before the Japanese invasion: We reviewed this book in Issue No.4, December 1996. The book is now available from the author - if you wish to obtain a copy you may send a cheque to Dr Jan Roberts, 28 Ruskin Row, Avalon Beach NSW 2107 - \$20 per copy plus \$2 each copy postage.

ROYAL PAPUA YACHT CLUB: The RPYC is continuing to develop its new facility located on the waterfront further towards Hanuabada, more or less opposite the Hubert Murray Stadium. Already a floating marina is established and at a Special General Meeting held on 14 July 1997 approval was sought for funding additional expenditure of K1.7 million for new building works including a 1.2ha hardstand and other works to improve boat shelter. (from Doug Franklin)

NEWSLETTERS RETURNED: The following newsletters have been returned to us. Does anyone have information regarding these members?

Mr M Wright, 1160 Campbell's Pkt Rd, Mt Mee Qld 4521

Mr K B Parkes, 88 Maluka Road, Katherine NT 0850

PNG GENERAL ELECTION 1997

by J.B. Toner

Few readers will be unaware that Sir Julius Chan, Prime Minister of PNG, has been ousted from Parliament after 29 years of service. The one-time Co-ops officer lost his Namatanai seat in the June election by only 110 votes. Recently Australia's Governors-General appear to have relinquished their hitherto arms-length relationship with politically contentious matters in speeches expounding personal views. PNG's Governor-General certainly spoke out after the election when he expressed "deep regret for the impossible and unthinkable results from the Namatanai electorate ..."

Another loser was the Governor of Milne Bay province, Tim Neville. Son of the late Ron Neville, Southern Highlands kiap and entrepreneur, he had followed his father into parliament but this time ran third to Dame Josephine Abaijah. Her return to Waigani (where she sat 1972-82) gave that parliament its first female voice since 1987 (although Lady Carol Kidu, widow of the former Chief Justice, will also be there to assist).

Jerry Nalau, one of the first indigenous District Commissioners and, until June, Governor of Morobe province, lost his seat but Sir Michael Somare easily retained his and was no doubt *hamamas* to have his son, Arthur, join him in parliament as Member for Angoram.

What might be termed irregular practices seem to have diminished as compared with the previous election in 1992. However on the night before the poll Kandep patrol post was broken into and 2700 ballot papers stolen whilst at Nomad scrutineers for candidates forced the presiding officer to throw away the keys to 28 ballot boxes. Delay in obtaining authority to hacksaw the padlocks meant that the Member for Middle Fly was the last of the 109 MPs to be declared elected.

Whilst the greater part of the country was free of such overt offences, the election was not without murky possibilities. Peter Barter, a minister in the Chan government and Governor of Madang province, was puzzled to learn that he had lost his seat despite increasing his vote from 32,000 in 1992 to 38,000 this year. He said: "I have been given evidence of names on the electoral roll of children, dead persons, non-existent persons, and cases where persons voted many times". Disappointed candidates have 40 days to appeal to the Court of Disputed Returns.

The new Speaker at Waigani was educated at Wabag High School and at 30 becomes the youngest Speaker ever in the British Commonwealth. I believe he takes over that title from Perry Kwan (Kavieng) whose brief occupancy of the chair followed the 1972 election.

Bill Skate, the new Prime Minister, was elected by a substantial majority of the Parliament with only two votes uncounted. Sir John Kaputin, who had put himself forward for the post but with negligible response, absented himself from the chamber whilst the new Member for Finschhafen was just commencing an 8-year gaol sentence.

Readers who sweated for months, back in 1964, compiling an electoral roll for that inaugural exercise in universal franchise will be interested (as no doubt will Mr Barter) in the recommendation of a Commonwealth Observers Group - the usual dozen experts from overseas - that "Voters should have ID cards with their photographs linked to a computerised registration system with continuous updating to maintain a common roll". This would certainly amuse the PNG Electoral Commissioner who has been driven to sue the PNG Finance Department for 3 million kina, being a shortpayment on the budgeted electoral expenses. Additionally he is seeking 5.6 million kina to cover over-expenditure largely stemming from problems in the five turbulent Highlands provinces. Interested

observers of the result of that court case are the polling booth officials of Port Moresby who worked 134 hours but so far have only been paid for 40.

Despite the aforementioned 'hiccups' once again we have seen democracy in action - in Melanesian/Westminster fashion - and PNG has its Sixth Parliament until 2002.

THE NEW PNG CABINET

Bill Skate	Prime Minister	Castan Maibawa	Petroleum and Energy
Chris Haiveta	Deputy Prime Minister & Planning and Implementation	Jacob Wama	Justice
Roy Yaki	Finance	Iairo Lasaro	Public Service
Andrew Baing	Agriculture and Livestock	Samson Napo	Industrial Relations
Kilroy Genia	Foreign Affairs	Thomas Pelika	Internal Affairs
Ludger Mond	Health	Mao Zeming	Defence
Simeon Wai	Communications	Ian Ling-Stuckey	Mining
Nakikus Konga	Commerce and Industry	Simon Kaumi	Provincial and Local Government Affairs
Sir Pita Lus	State	Michael Nali	Trade and Tourism
Gabriel Dusava	Education, Culture and Science	Philemon Embel	Transport & Civil Aviation
Muku Taranupi	Home Affairs, Youth and Women	Robert Sakias	Environment and Conservation
Viviso Seravo	Lands	Dr Fabian Pok	Forests
Sam Akoitai	Bougainville Affairs	Robert Nagle	Housing
Dibara Yagabo	Works	Kala Swokin	Fisheries
		Peter Waieng	Government WHIP

DIABETES

Diabetes is the world's fastest growing disease and people over 65 are at the highest risk. Many people, particularly mature-aged, perceive diabetes as a matter of little concern, but undiagnosed, untreated diabetes can lead to devastating complications which include blindness, heart disease, kidney failure, stroke and limb amputation.

Diabetes is the sixth major cause of death by disease in Australia. Research shows that each year in New South Wales alone 50 people are known to actually lose their sight as a direct result of delayed diagnosis. Last year almost 1,000 older people were given the devastating news that they must undergo limb amputation.

There are 350,000 Australians who have diabetes and a further 300,000 people who have it but do not know it. *Non-insulin dependent diabetes* is known to be promoted by lifestyle factors such as lack of exercise and unhealthy eating habits contributing to obesity. This type of diabetes is the most common form affecting 85% of all cases and it is this type of diabetes that members of the community can do something about by adopting a healthier lifestyle.

The symptoms of Non-insulin dependent diabetes can include excessive thirst and urination, blurred vision, weight problems, irritability, slow healing skin infections, itchiness and tingling or numbness in the feet. However, it is possible to have diabetes and have no symptoms at all. Look out for any one of these symptoms and if you have any doubt - see your doctor for a simple test. It only takes a minute but it could save your life.

For further information phone Diabetes Australia, NSW on 02 9552 9900 or 1800 45 1737

(From a talk by B.Lowther of Diabetes Australia, condensed from *SCOA Bulletin* Aug 1997, with thanks.)

REFLECTIONS AT BOMANA

by Peter Ryan

Over the years since the Second World War, I must have made more than a dozen visits to the Australian war cemetery at Bomana, that tranquil green island in the hot, dusty plain which fringes Port Moresby. Mostly I drove out there by myself, to this place where many friends of my teenage years take their long rest. It was better thus - emotions which are undecipherable are private. Alas, Papua New Guinea's near-breakdown of civil order makes it safer nowadays to go with two or three sturdy companions.

The gently-sloping green lawns which support in their ordered ranks the hundreds of white headstones are enclosed within a screen of tropical trees. By each stone grows a low bush, its broad leaves glowing in brilliant reds, yellows and purples. The *tok-pisin* (Pidgin) name for this plant is *tanget*. Few Australian visitors realise that, in many parts of PNG, *tanget* plays a magical or symbolic role in ceremonies of peace.

On a low rise commanding the sea of headstones stands the cross of sacrifice; higher yet, up a short, steep path among the fringing trees, is built the stone rotunda around whose pillars the names of all the dead are spelled out in bronze. Only a few minutes away from the careering, horn-blasting motor traffic and dust clouds of Port Moresby roads, this glade of quiet and solemnity might allow even an unbeliever to rediscover his soul.

A few years ago - about 1989, from memory - our War Graves Commission had allowed the place to sink into shabbiness. Gates were rusting and off their hinges; trees and shrubs were ragged; an area of lawn had grown swampy; many of the headstones were leaning awry. One is not proud to belong to a nation which lets any sacred place decline into decrepitude. When that place is located in another country, we simply make an international advertisement of our deficiency of decent pride; it is both a crime and a blunder. Not without some preliminary bureaucratic handwashing, the War Graves Commission responded to media criticism of its backsliding.

On Anzac Day this year, I walked through the cool darkness up to the lawn above the Bomana cross. No starlight penetrated the heavy overcast. The stiff south east trade wind one knew to be rushing in from the Coral Sea was quite cut off in this sheltered place. One sensed rather than saw one's neighbours all around, standing perfectly quiet and still, except to slap at the occasional mosquito. Below, around the cross, were movements and murmured words; the catafalque party took post; the PNG band prepared itself; the High Commissioners and Ambassadors whispered greetings and shuffled themselves into the right order; a sharp command and the subdued beat of a single drum indicated the military contingent being marched into its position on the east side of the cross; at 0550 the silence was total; from the darkness, the band began: "Abide With Me".

With that strange tropical suddenness, it became light - a grey and sunless dawn. The speeches were made, the wreaths were laid. At 0620 the bugler played Last Post and then, two silent, choking minutes later, Reveille. They were the two most perfectly played bugle calls I ever heard. I wish I could have seen that bugler. He seemed to be posted a little higher up the hill. I should have been standing strictly to attention, but I craned my neck trying for a glimpse of him, and failed.

Whence came the overwhelming sense that this occasion was different from, say, the Anzac dawn service in Sydney, or at the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne? Well, no doubt it was happening in another country ... the overwhelming majority of spectators were black people, not white ... But it wasn't that.

In Australia, the honoured dead are absent. Here they were present, all around. Could they hear? Did something stir under the green lawns when that bugler played

Reveille?

In the morning light I could now see my companion - the distinguished Papuan wife of a distinguished PNG soldier. "It was very moving," she said quietly, and brushed a tear away. We went down to walk among the lines of headstones: aged twenty-three ... aged nineteen ... aged twenty-four ... aged eighteen.

The stones were impeccably ordered. The inscriptions looked sharp, almost fresh-cut; there was small sign of half a century's tropical weathering. The lawns were trim, the edges clipped, the trees pruned and tidy, with many fresh plantings. On Anzac Day 1997, at least, full marks to the War Graves Commission.

Among the crowd was a sprinkling - no more - of old PNG men who had fought the Japanese between 1942 and 1945. Their medals - *Australian* medals - were proudly worn, polished and with ribbons bright and fresh. (How to they manage such spruceness in the mouldy tropics?) Some had been soldiers in the Papuan Infantry Battalion and the Pacific Islands Regiment. Others were former policemen, for the old Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary had been, for wartime, an integral unit of the Australian military forces. Their loyalty and courageous service was out of all proportion to their numbers, and their achievements astonishing. I sought familiar faces, and asked about the old names - in vain.

A sense of frustrated sadness was what chiefly I took away from this solemn hour. Sad not for the dead, who doubtless sleep soundly enough now; sad for the living. Among the many high hopes of wartime, none was higher than for a continued warm and rewarding partnership between Australia and its then two separate colonies Papua and New Guinea. But it has not happened, and although the waters of Torres Strait remain as narrow as ever, widening seas of indifference (and even hostility) separate these countries which once were so close.

We had not treated PNG well before the war, making no provision for defending our territories against the clearly looming Japanese threat. When invasion came in 1942, we laid far heavier burdens of combatancy on the PNG peoples than Australians themselves were prepared to bear. This uncomfortable - this disreputable - fact is attested by Gavin Long himself, Australia's official historian of the conflict of 1939-45.

Then our recognition of their sacrifices was grudging and mean-spirited. To this day, no pensions or benefits are granted by Australia to the carriers and others who served so gallantly - not only on the famous Kokoda Track, but for three long years, all over PNG. Despite many appeals, Australian governments of all political complexions have kept their purse-strings tightly drawn, and made us contemptible.

With an impulse of mindless irresponsibility, we forced the country into "independence" in 1975, before it had even one tenth of the trained people needed by a country now "on its own". This laid the foundation for what has now very nearly entrenched itself as PNG's routine system of government, private plunder by brown-skinned buccaneers, and corruption on a scale which makes Tammany Hall look like a Sunday school. The \$300-400 million per year flung to PNG like a bone to a dog by our aid program rarely reaches the urgent needs of the people in the villages. It falls into the grasping hands of the pirates of Port Moresby.

When the disaster of Bougainville appeared, which now bids fair to wreck PNG altogether, where was Australia? Clucking around like demented aunties outside, adding to the noise and contributing nothing. Our Foreign Affairs Department chalked up yet another of its resounding disasters, this one right upon our coasts. The basic fact to be accepted, before wiser efforts are made, is that among the ordinary run of intelligent people in PNG *Australia is now distrusted and disliked* - the friend who let them down.

It is not now simply a matter of cash. Even more than money we need imagination

- actions which will reach to the grassroots, and bypass the Port Moresby government which more and more PNG citizens themselves despise.

How about this for a very small beginning, a mere grain of mustard seed: the Pacific Islands Regiment had a pipe band renowned throughout the Pacific for its magnificence. Its bagpipes now (I have been told this - I have not seen them) are decayed beyond the possibility of proper band performance. Why not an Australian gift, whether government or private (better the latter) of the best sets of bagpipes money can buy? They can be presented as a token of our wartime partnership, and the debt Australia then incurred.

From a start like that, followed by a hundred others, we could show the PNG people that we remember, and that we continue to care.

This is a corrected version of an article which originally appeared in Quadrant magazine of June 1997. Peter Ryan is the author of Fear Drive My Feet, and visits Papua New Guinea regularly. His new book (Lines of Fire : Manning Clark and other Writings) will be published later this month by Clarion Editions. Our thanks to Quadrant, and to Peter Ryan, for permission to reprint this article.

A VISIT TO MILNE BAY PROVINCE

by Geoff Littler

Recently I visited Milne Bay Province as a guest of the Neville family but unfortunately had to curtail my stay due to other commitments. Nevertheless I did have the opportunity to visit my old stamping ground - Misima Sub-District. This was made possible by the use of a helicopter piloted by David, a nephew of Simogen Peta and from Woginara village behind Dagua.

Milne Bay now has an international airport which makes Gurney just 2 hrs 10 min from Cairns by Dash 8 aircraft. A very comfortable trip with none of the hassle of having to pass through Port Moresby. The flight continues on to Lihir Island.

The upgraded runway and new terminal was officially opened by Sir Julius Chan, GCMG, KBE last month (early May 1997). The terminal, although small, is very functional and attractive, the feature being a ceiling made from Milne Bay timbers. The credit for Milne Bay's new international status must go to the Governor of Milne Bay, Tim Neville, who is very much a chip off the old block.

I arrived in Alotau on a Sunday just in time to join in the celebrations associated with the knighting of Bishop Moore. I missed the actual investiture by the Governor General, Sir Wiwa Korowi, GCMG, KStJ. It was like old times listening to the choirs singing in four parts.

The next day I flew to Misima with the official party for the opening of the new Misima Hospital - a modern building with up-to-date equipment. Knowing the Misima people, it will be very much appreciated and looked after. We flew there in a twin Otter - certainly a far cry from the old Catalina which landed at Deboyne lagoon with a 4hr work boat trip to Misima. Met Nurse Naomi who was delighted to relate how she gave me a penicillin needle where penicillin needles were given in the sixties! Medical orderlies Peter Wilson, Mesihol Kamwedo and Kamish Uialolo are still working at the hospital. The new hospital replaced the one built in 1962 during my term at Misima. It was a hospital built in true outstation style by Medical Assistant Bill Bell, affectionately known to all as Dr Bell.

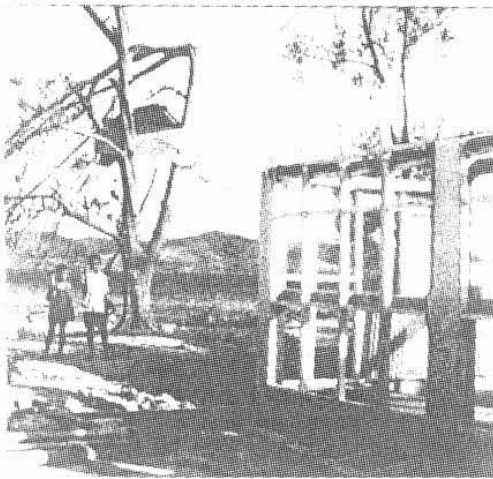
The new hospital was built at a cost of K5 million. Funding was by the Milne Bay Provincial Government. The development concept is that of a series of small scale

structures located around two central courtyards. Significant architectural images and motifs have been integrated into the building's design, reflecting traditional small scale domestic structures.

The Governor General performed the opening ceremony and afterwards came the presentations. There was some consternation as the GG wished to take the pigs presented to him back to Port Moresby.

It was sad to see Bwagaia - now an untidy and very dusty town. The ADC's old residence is now a guest house. Visited the Misima Mines which is one very large hole which, I believe, will become a lake when the mine closes in several years' time. Rehabilitation work is being carried out where the mine has finished excavating but it is still in its infancy. Met David Willis, ex didiman. David is the liaison officer with the mine and was very helpful in providing and organising transport during our visit. He alternates with Don Reid, ex kiap, Western Highlands.

The next day I visited several villages on Rossel and Sudest Islands by 'chopper'. Inspected the damage done by cyclone Justin. Nimoa Mission completely devastated - church, hospital and school blown to pieces. Much the same at Jinjo Mission and in a number of villages on Rossel and Sudest. They do need help - financially, and by way of books.



The school

Catholic Mission, Nimoa
after Cyclone Justin



The hospital

Visited a number of villages on Misima Island and was amazed to see the polythene pipe I put in to bring water to Liak village still in use. Met a couple of my old staff now retired and we reminisced about the good old days. *"It's not the same today"*!

Spent a day visiting Samarai and Kwato with Colleen Neville and daughter Annie. Many of the buildings are unused and very dilapidated. The District Officer's house long gone, and now the site is being prepared for a new District Office. The church at Kwato is beautifully maintained.

We returned to Alotau from Samarai late afternoon by banana boat - a journey not forgotten, and recommended. Nearly swamped five minutes out from Samarai - got thoroughly wet and were bounced around for 2½ hrs much to Colleen's consternation.

An 18 hole golf course, together with an accompanying lodge, is being built near Alotau. This is a big project taken on by the Neville brothers, Tim and Peter, who have had the foresight to envisage the Bay as the holiday centre of PNG.

Trish and I are Tim Neville's godparents and I was present at the celebration of his 40th birthday (*Is it that long ago!*) in the Cameron Club, Alotau. I was most impressed and proud of his standing in the community. The Milne Bay people hold him in very high esteem. In all, it was a journey to remember, filled with much nostalgia.

INTERVIEW WITH MR PING HUI, FORMERLY OF RABAUL

Mr Hui was prominent in business and community service in Rabaul for many years.
He is interviewed here by the editor of *Kundu News*, Denis Chow.

Editor:ED: When did your family arrive in Rabaul?

Ping Hui: P.H: My father, Hui Yat, arrived in Rabaul in 1910 from Canton. He worked in parks and gardens for the administration and was known as the Flower King. He brought my mother, also from Canton, to Rabaul a year later. We had four boys in our family, my brother Hui Kin, myself, Ping Ching and Andrew Hui. My parents later opened two trade stores, one at the bottom of Burma Road, and the other in Rabaul, where we lived. We all attended the Wah Quee School.

My father died in 1931. I was thirteen years old, and had to look for work. I found a job with Burns Philp, as an office boy and my wages were fifteen shillings a week. (A pair of shoes, then, cost two shillings, and a shirt cost three shillings). I studied English and book-keeping by correspondence, and became the first account machine operator for Burns Philp in Rabaul. I met my future wife, Dorothy Mack, at Burns Philp where she also worked. I worked at BP for eleven years before the war.

ED: What happened then?

P.H: On the eve of the Japanese invasion, we were advised by the government to leave Rabaul, but they did not say why. We moved to Kokopo, where we saw Australian soldiers retreating, and we went to the south coast, with Burns Philp staff, where we surrendered to the Japanese. I had no contact with my family or fiancée. We were sent to a camp in Kokopo, where Dorothy and her sisters were also interned. Everything was orderly until the Japanese demanded we produce so many girls for them in three days. We prayed long and hard. Meanwhile, a friend, Paul Tam came down with dysentery, and luckily, an Australian doctor was sent to us by the Japanese. This doctor heard of our dilemma, and promptly put the camp on Quarantine due to dysentery, and so our women were safe.

ED: Any repercussions?

P.H: The Japanese police transferred us to Rabaul. I worked as a cook for the Japanese Army and later, worked in a civilian Japanese cake shop. Due to intense allied bombing, we were evacuated to Ratangan near Kerevat, where we had to fend for ourselves. We grew our own food and fetched our own water. We survived on rice, kau kau and peanuts. There was no meat or sugar. I, sort of, married Dorothy in 1942 and we had our first child, Maisie, in 1945.

ED: And after the war?

P.H: We had a proper marriage after the war. I worked another two years for Burns Philp, and then started our own business, called Pings, at Matupit Farm.

ED: I remember your shop, well.

P.H: It was hard work, but business boomed after the war. We had a wholesale business and dealt in textiles, clothing, foodstuff, rice and tinned food. We expanded into Port Moresby, Lae and Mt. Hagen. In 1966, I was the first Chinese to establish a business in Port Moresby. We opened Pings Boroko in partnership with James Seeto and Timothy Mack who managed the business. We operated a picture theatre in Mt Hagen with Bill

Lee, but due to threats of violence in 1972, we sold up. We moved to Australia in 1974.

ED: What happened to Pings in Rabaul?

P.H: My daughter, Maisie, who had married Matthew Seeto, son of Seeto Soo, who was my main opposition in business, became caretaker manager. We did not expand Pings Rabaul and closed in 1974.

ED: You were awarded an MBE in 1973?

P.H: Yes. I was the first Chinese to be so recognised in PNG. It was an honour, but it came rather late. For many years, I had performed a lot of community service, with Bernard Chan, August Chan and Gabriel Achun. We used to go round with a bag collecting donations. We built the Chinese Old Men's Home, and also supported widows and the sick. We built the Chinese Association office near the KMT (Kuomintang).

ED: Do you miss Rabaul?

P.H: I don't regret leaving Rabaul because of the fear of threats and violence. I am old and frail now, but happy. My children, Maisie, Jeffrey and Wesley have their own families, and their children are well educated. I still see my old friends at parties, and we belong to a church group of nine hundred people, mainly Asians, under the Wesley Mission.

ED: Advice to young Chinese of PNG extraction?

P.H: They should behave and be good citizens, study hard, have a profession, and be proud of our Chinese heritage, even if others look down on us.

ED: Thank you, Mr Hui.

(This interview is reprinted from the Mar-April 1997 issue of *Kundu News*, the newsletter of the PNG Chinese Catholic Association of Australia Inc., with thanks.)

QUEENSLAND PREMIER LAUNCHES FLIGHT WEST AIRLINES INTO THE JET AGE

On 1 July 1997 the Premier of Queensland, the Hon. Rob Borbidge, activated a new phase of expansion for Flight West Airlines by officially launching its first jet aircraft and its first revenue flight to the Pacific territory of Norfolk Island.

The commencement of jet services is a major milestone for Brisbane-based Flight West which was launched by Sir Dennis Buchanan in outback Queensland in June 1987 with three leased 11-seat Beech Kingairs.

Flight West has now grown to become Australia's largest independently-owned regional airline, with 16 modern turboprop aircraft serving 32 routes in Queensland; it recently secured official designation as Australia's third international airline.

The carrier has acquired three Fokker F28-4000 jets, which, as well as flying to historic Norfolk Island, will be used to upgrade Queensland air routes and to expand into regional international services from North Queensland to Papua New Guinea.

In the ceremony at Brisbane International Airport, the Premier officially named Flight West's first jet *Wing Commander R.H. 'Bobby' Gibbes*, in honour of a former World War 2 air ace, aviation pioneer and recipient of honours including the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC). Mr Gibbes, now 81, who was present at the ceremony, was the founder of Gibbes Sepik Airways in Papua New Guinea - the first employer of Flight West's founder, Sir Dennis Buchanan MBE.

The Premier applauded the expansion of Flight West, not only onto new international and offshore territory routes but within its core markets of Queensland. Mr Borbidge said, "Tourism and business travel are of critical importance to the economic well-being of this State, and it is most encouraging to find not only an airline which is committed to these objectives but a Queensland-based airline at that."

THE LOSS OF SUBMARINE AE-I in 1914

by K. Humphreys

Members may recall the disappearance of RAN Submarine *AEI* in German New Guinea on 14 September 1914. *AEI* vanished whilst on a patrol with destroyer HMAS *Parramatta* north-east of Cape Gazelle. No oil slick, body or debris was ever seen, even with the search being continued to February 1915. There have been searches since by Naval and private vessels but with no result. Accordingly I was surprised to read in *The Neglected War* by H J Hiery (p275 Note 68) that - "According to statements by the crew of torpedo boat *Parramatta* it collided with the submarine and pulled it down: UPNG AL-101/1 Reminiscences of J.R. Fox."

Luckily a PNG resident made the effort and accessed the box of papers in the Michael Somare Library for me. Access is not restricted, but photocopying is forbidden. The box contains maps, passports, a telescope and compass used by Fox on a prospecting trek from Mt Hagen to Dutch New Guinea in 1934.

Now who was this Fox who had a long association with New Guinea? John Raven and Thomas Alsten Fox were twins. They arrived from England on 3 August 1914 apparently on the P&O Cape Route *Berrima* which was to be chartered by the Defence Department to transport an expeditionary force to silence the new wireless station at Bita Paka in New Guinea. The brothers promptly enlisted at Sydney Victoria Barracks on 11 August and were assigned to A Company in the Australian Naval & Military Expeditionary Force. However the brothers, and many others we presume, thought they were sailing for France!

John Fox then served in Rabaul and had contact with crew of the *Parramatta*, Fox's reminiscences include this comment, possibly written in the 1960s when Fox was around seventy - "*Parramatta* crew said they struck something pretty solid on going out on patrol at dusk with lights showing they were going by the Bee Hives when it collided with something presumed a big log or small raft they didn't stop as there was a war on and no lights allowed and the German fleet was still around a lot of sailors believe the AI is on the bottom around 60 fathoms deep near the Bee Hives." (Copied as written: in biro)

Fox was incorrect in a number of observations; understandable, as he was writing of an event that occurred fifty years previously and which was enveloped with hearsay and scuttlebutt.

A reconstruction of the disaster has the *AEI* leaving Simpsonhafen in early morning, while the *Parramatta* raised her anchor at Herbertshohe. The *Parramatta* was never near the Bee Hives during that day. The two vessels rendezvoused off Cape Gazelle at 0900. *AEI* went north-east and the destroyer patrolled south until lunch then reversed course toward the Duke of York Group. Visual contact with *AEI* was then maintained from 1430 to 1520, *AEI* being five miles north-east of *Parramatta* and two miles off Point Berard when last seen. There was heavy low haze, due to bush fires or natives hunting game with fire. New Guinea was experiencing drought at the time.

Both vessels had been ordered to return at dusk to their anchorages: around 1800 hours. I assume *AEI* had to return to Simpsonhafen to tie up to her mother ship HMAS *Protector*. After *Parramatta* lost sight of *AEI* at 1520 her captain decided that the submarine was heading home on a course which would pass the Credner Islands on her port. *Parramatta* then went home around the north of the Duke of Yorks and anchored at Herbertshohe at 1900. Not long after the alarm was raised and a search begun. One odd fact is that there was an absolute minimum of Morse traffic between the two vessels. One would think that *Parramatta* would have advised *AEI* she was going home around

the Duke of Yorks. Having to code/decode transmissions would take time, so no Captain wanted to complicate a patrol that really was just keeping the crews occupied.

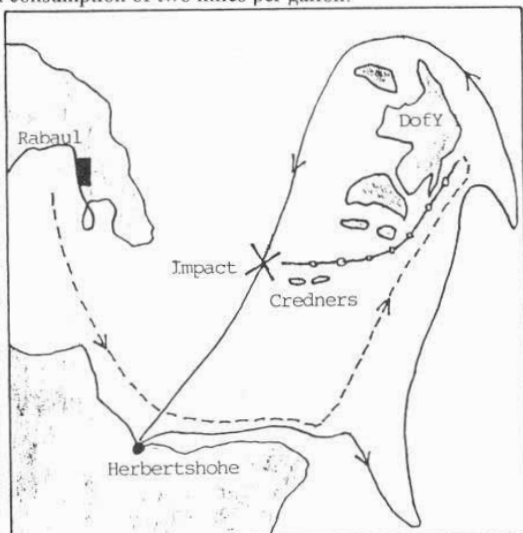
There have been many theories on what happened to *AEI*. The following is also speculation but the concept of a collision was not previously entertained. As a general rule submarines cannot dive very much deeper than their own length. *AEI* length was equal to 30 fathoms, so in theory, her absolute maximum operating depth was 40 fathoms with a hull collapse depth of 60 fathoms. Thus the submarine is now sited as far down as 50 fathoms. A depth approaching 60 fathoms would have produced egress of debris and fuel. Fuel capacity was 42 tons of Abadan diesel, enough for 3,000 miles of surface running at 10 knots. There were two submarines in New Guinea, *AEI* and *AE2* and they alone used diesel. The destroyers burnt fuel oil and the cruisers burnt a mixture of coal and fuel oil. For example, the battle cruiser HMAS *Australia* had to burn a mix of one ton fuel oil to two tons coal when using the poor quality Port Kembla product. Welsh coal was the most efficient burner closely followed by the New Zealand Westport coal.

I would suggest *AEI* was carrying 35 tons of diesel when lost, taken from the Shell bulk carrier *Murex* which had accompanied the fleet to Rabaul. There were no fuel oil or diesel refuelling facilities in Rabaul, only coal was available. And those stocks were minimal as local shipping and the mailboats had devoured supplies as the European situation worsened.

Interesting to note that the six cylinder Daimler engines in the first British tanks used 80/87 aviation fuel with a consumption of two miles per gallon!

With dusk at 1800 hours and thick haze, *AEI* was heading west into the fading light so had some ability in discerning silhouettes. The *Parramatta* was heading south-west and could see topography to starboard but not to port. Thus her port lookouts could not see the low profile *AEI* approaching on a possible collision course. They were probably more interested in locating the carbide lights of Herbertshohe. But the watch on the *AEI* bridge could see the darkened *Parramatta* against the fading light so told the control room to DIVE DIVE DIVE as it was too late to turn right full rudder using the steering atop the conning tower. They cleared the tower and closed

the hatch. But *AEI* was in no shape to dive irrespective of any fleet order. She had not dived in the morning possibly because the starboard diesel was needing repair, thus battery potential was insufficient. And it was not practice to dive at the end of the day when returning to base.



- Course of PARRAMATTA
- - - - - Course of AEI
- Assumed homeward course of AEI

It is possible that the two submarines had been forbidden to dive in New Guinea as there is good evidence they were using German charts. That posed a problem, in that on German charts the symbol for the 6 metre (3 fathoms) line with deep water close up to it is the same as that used on Admiralty charts to denote a hard edge drying reef. The drying reef on German charts is indicated by the same symbol as the 3 fathom line, but is covered with a network of fine straight lines. Thus the *AEI* navigator could think that a reef was 3 fathom water. The E Class draught was 13 feet.

So *AEI* was on the surface. What immediately happened was that the *Parramatta* crashed over the bow or the stern of *AEI*. Most probably the bow, as damage to the stern would allow lubricating oil and diesel to escape. We assume *AEI* was carrying torpedoes but they would not have been fitted with warheads. Water gushed into the bow and crew may have been able to close a forward bulkhead door thus completely sealing up the submarine forever. *AEI* then sank by the bow and chlorine gas killed the men. Around 50 fathoms she jammed into the northern substratum of the Credner Islands and there she remains, sealed and immune to detection. As she carried 35 tons of diesel and 17 tons of electrolyte in the 224 battery cells, some evidence of her position would still be seeping out if she was not completely sealed at 50 fathoms. The sea bottom around the Credners lies at 200 fathoms. So if *AEI* free fell after the collision, she would have imploded around 60-70 fathoms. The wreck would fall to the sea floor but the crew and tons of fuel and debris would come to the surface and be visible for many days, irrespective of currents.

To deepen the mystery of *AEI*'s location, it so happens that both Credners are popular diving sites. To the north of the western island is the Little Pigeon and Malis site. To the east is Rebecca's Corner. In theory the maximum dive depth is 20 fathoms with 25 fathoms lateral visibility. But that does not mean that down at 20 fathoms, a diver's visibility would reach to 45 fathoms, just short of where *AEI* is. One assumes that both sites have been dived for around twenty-five years. Yet not one drop of diesel has been seen. It makes one think that *AEI* went home on a course south of the Credners.

This article finishes with a postscript on the Fox brothers. James Sinclair in 'Wings of Gold' has the duo returning to New Guinea in 1922 and describes their 1934 prospecting trek to "the foot of the rainbow" in Chapter 31. Other information is that both men successfully tendered for expropriated German plantations. They again came back after 1945 and managed plantations at Aiyura and Mt Hagen.

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FORGOTTEN MURDERS - STILL A MYSTERY

by J.B. Toner

Forty years have passed since two bodies were found on the sixth green of the Rabaul golf course but the killer of Adela Woo and Leo Wattemina, if still living, remains unpunished.

It is said that colonisation brings first the soldier, then the trader and missionary but in the case of Australia and its administration of New Guinea from 1914 to 1975, the golfer certainly arrived next. Flat land around the port of Rabaul is at a premium but an 18 holes course was established between the airstrip and an area known as Malaytown. Before WWI the Germans had zoned that land for mixed-race housing and although Rabaul was flattened by bombing during WWII, former residents gravitated back afterwards. Most homes were timber and corrugated iron shacks but their ugliness was concealed by a lush tropical blanket of trees and foliage.

Freddie Smith was a 19 years old 'half-caste' living at the home of 'Mumma' Alden. She and five of her children slept in one bedroom and Smith shared the other bedroom with his brother and sister-in-law.

On Saturday evening, 19 May 1956, Smith, his boyhood friend Wattemina, Adela Woo with whom he was friendly, and some others of the same age sat outside the Alden house. There had been music and some beer drunk but not to excess. Everyone appeared to have parted the best of friends at midnight. Leo and Adela went off to the golf course and Smith said he went to bed (alone, his relatives being away).

At 6 am on Sunday another friend, Igasaki, found Smith in bed and awakened him. He then had breakfast and appeared quite normal to the rest of the Alden household. A little later the first golfer of the day discovered Adela Woo buried half up to her knees in sand at the foot of a pawpaw tree near the sixth green. Wattemina lay nearby alive but unconscious. He died three days later still in a coma.

Igasaki lived in the house of Jack Yamashita and Smith was visiting there in the middle of Monday morning when Sub-Inspectors Vonhoff and Young of the RPNGC arrived. They asked him to go to the police station where after being questioned three times he wrote a confession. In summary he said that he had followed the couple to the golf course and "flag Leo because I was out of my mind. I hit him with an iron peg I found in the grass. Was the girl a start to cry so I hit her to and they bought her on the ground so I took the girl and very half of her I carried Leo into the busses and I trod the peg away I went home to bed. I have made this statement of my own free will, it is true no one has forced me to make this statement".

Subsequently Smith was driven to the golf course where he was asked to point out where he had placed the two bodies and he was said to have identified the correct places. When asked to show where he had thrown the peg, Smith said, "I don't know, I forget". On return to the police station in Mango Avenue he was charged with wilful murder.

That day Inspector Carroll had been to the Alden home and taken possession of Smith's meagre belongings including a suitcase which contained a letter written by Adela Woo to him from Kavieng the previous Christmas. An appeal judge described it as appearing "to be just a friendly letter that a girl of Adela's type would write to a boy friend" but clearly the police had to consider jealousy as a motive for the crime.

On Monday afternoon Carroll asked Smith what clothes he had been wearing on the Saturday night and was told that he was still wearing them. They consisted of a khaki

shirt, khaki trousers and a pair of sandals. Those shoes were the only footwear he owned.

After being remanded in the District Court on the Tuesday morning, Smith was taken to the golf course again and asked to locate the iron peg. He pointed towards a crater near the clubhouse but when they walked to it said that it was not there. The party was about to return to the lock-up when Smith - according to Vonhoff - said "I think I took that piece of iron back to the house". Vonhoff then drove to Yamashita's house, searched it but found nothing. However, the police driver, Rupen, found lying on the grass nearby a steel rod some three feet long with a ringed handle at one end and a 'U'-shaped portion of metal at the other. Its function was to scrape ashes from a furnace.

Vonhoff stated that Smith looked at the scraper, drew his body back, shuddered, shivered and shook, dropped his eyes and said, "This is the piece of iron I used". Rupen told the Supreme Court that the accused then looked as if he was about to cry. This was something he had not told the District Court, even though it was the only matter on which he was questioned, because he had 'forgot that part'.

Seemingly the wheels of justice spun rather quicker in those days because only nine weeks passed before Freddie Smith was found guilty of double murder by the Chief Justice of PNG sitting without a jury. At a subsequent appeal hearing the three judges were unanimous that the conviction should be quashed.

Beaumont CJ had considered it unsafe to find that the scraper was the killing instrument and no wonder. It was found a half-mile from the scene of the crime, unconcealed in any way and although allegedly used to bash in the skulls of two persons revealed no trace of blood or organic matter. Although Carroll had removed Smith's possessions from the Alden house, Vonhoff had detained Smith initially at the Yamashita house so that was where he went when the prisoner allegedly said that he had taken the iron 'back to the house'.

The trial judge, after considerable investigation, accepted the confession but the appeal bench (Williams, Taylor and Webb J) cast much doubt on the procedures under which it was obtained and, there being no other evidence, found for Smith and he was discharged.

A most telling point is that Freddie Smith was an unemployed teenage resident of Malaytown who basically lived in the same clothes. He was alleged to have smashed skulls, dragged bodies over some distance, half-burying one, yet twenty-four hours later, not a speck of blood was to be found on the trousers or sandals which he was still wearing.

Young Smith was found a job on a copra plantation away from Rabaul which relieved tensions amongst the Chinese and mixed-race communities. The golf club's groundsman found it necessary to replace portions of the sixth green seemingly chopped out to permit the pools of blood to be absorbed more readily - that Freddie Smith would have bothered to do that after killing his close friends beggars belief.

So there was a murderer at large, almost certainly in Malaytown, who endeavoured to keep his local golf course tidy ... Whether the RPNGC enquired further after the shaky confession it had put forward was rejected is not known but it seems certain that any bloody evidence would by then have disappeared. As indeed has the golf course with much of Rabaul after the volcanic eruptions of 1994.

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 HOGAN (early July 1997, aged 64 years)

John was Madang's dentist in the early 60s - this was his first position after graduating. He later transferred to Port Moresby and eventually went into private practice there. John died of cancer. (Information provided by Thelma Burston.)

Mrs Elizabeth SOWERBY (27 July 1997, aged 93 years)

Elizabeth grew up in the Clarence River district of NSW. As a young girl she decided on a career of nursing and began her lifetime of service in outback Queensland. Her great love was theatre work, in which she developed considerable skill, working under numerous eminent surgeons. On the outbreak of war she enlisted and was sent to Darwin. When a large army hospital was set up in the Adelaide River area, Elizabeth was appointed Theatre Sister. Here she cared for patients suffering severe burns as a result of the Japanese bombings. In the late 40s Elizabeth applied for nursing duties in PNG; she served for a short time in Port Moresby and then was posted to Madang Hospital as Matron.

The hospital was an old war-torn building from German times, with very little equipment. Undaunted, Elizabeth marshalled the local staff into keeping the hospital clean and in good order and trained young Papua New Guinean men to be theatre and nursing assistants and orderlies. Elizabeth was a tower of strength to the newly-fledged doctors who came to the hospital every year for work experience. Likewise she gave support to young brides arriving from Australia, and was always ready to help them in maternal and infant welfare matters. She was also concerned for the well-being of local women in the villages, and persuaded the authorities in Port Moresby to provide a Mobile Baby Clinic. Thus she was able to make regular visits to the villagers, and won their respect - this carried on to the Infant Welfare Sisters who took over this service.

In 1953 Elizabeth married Roy Sowerby of Madang Slipways who joined the staff of the Madang Technical School and taught the local students carpentry. Their life together was a happy and rewarding one and they shared a commitment to supporting community interests. Elizabeth continued her work in infant and maternal welfare, and later as theatre sister in the new hospital. After Roy's sudden death in 1970, Elizabeth continued her community activities, especially the Country Women's Association (of which she was made a Life Member) and the Horticultural Society. She was a keen gardener and an enthusiastic orchid grower - before she left Madang she donated her orchid collection to the township, and helped with the setting up of the Orchid Garden on Coastwatchers Avenue, named in her honour. The Garden is a haunt for garden enthusiasts and an asset to Madang.

In the early 70s, Elizabeth retired to Burleigh Heads Q'ld where she lived happily until the age of 90; she then moved into a retirement home. Long-time friend Roma Bates concluded, 'Her exemplary life of service to the community has been an inspiration to everyone.'

(The foregoing is from a eulogy written by Roma Bates.)

Mrs Eugenie (Gene) VANDERIET (30 June 1997)

Gene arrived in PNG in 1951, and worked first as a secretary for Steamships, then as a clerk in the Department of Finance. She retired in 1975 as Loans Officer in the Housing Commission and local representative for War Service Loans.

Gene is survived by her husband Jan. (The foregoing was written by Jan Vanderiet.)

Mrs Noelle Evelyn MASON (15 August 1997, aged 85 years)

Noelle Mason of Killara NSW, formerly of Inus Plantation, Bougainville, died in Sydney on 15 August. An obituary will appear in the next issue of *Una Voce*.

Mrs Nancy Beryl (Sue) WATKINS (19 June 1997, aged 89 years)

Sue Watkins was the widow of Alwyn Edward (Bud) Watkins, erstwhile Patrol Officer and Magistrate in Papua between 1929 and 1948 and who died in 1988. Sue was born in Port Pirie SA in 1907 and moved to Newcastle NSW with her family shortly after the Great War. There she completed her education and began work in the family's shoe business. She married Bud in 1934 and went with him to live in Papua. They resided at Rigo, Samarai, Abau and Buna before settling in Port Moresby in 1940. After the war Sue joined Bud in Port Moresby until his tour of duty was complete.

Sue is survived by her son, daughter-in-law, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

(The foregoing was provided by Sue's son Peter. Note: Peter persuaded Sue to record the story of her time in Papua. Peter is collating the story - a couple of Australia's historical archives have requested a copy of the work when it is completed.)

Mr Harold Egan (Dan) ANTILL (18 July 1997, aged 83 years)

Dan was born in Orange NSW, the son of a stock and station agent. He was a splendid athlete, excelling in several sports, particularly cricket. He began his working life as a jackeroo on family properties, then in 1936, aged 22, he was accepted by Burns Philp as a trainee overseer for their copra plantations. Over the years he managed plantations in Wewak, Witu Island, New Ireland and New Britain. After serving in the 1st Australian Armoured Division, Dan was given command of a landing barge taking part in the landings along the coasts of New Guinea and New Britain. After the war he returned to New Guinea, and in 1947 in Rabaul, he married June Parkes. In 1950 Dan resigned from Burns Philp to become Manager of Gire Gire plantation on the Gazelle Peninsula of East New Britain. In 1960 he built his own home with the help of the local people (he had no training whatsoever in that field) and began developing his plantation, 'Ulapapup' in the Kokopo District. Dan served on the committee of the Planters' Association for many years and was President for a time. He was also a President of the Kokopo Club. In 1980 Dan retired after 44 years in PNG. He and June settled in Cremorne NSW where they lived for eight years before moving to Berkeley Vale. Dan is survived by his wife, two daughters, and grandchildren.

(The foregoing is condensed from the eulogy given by Dan's old friend Brian Wright.)

Mr Paul HEALY (27 June 1997, aged 68 years)

Paul went to New Guinea as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1952 and married Audrey Goodall, a nursing sister with the Health Department, at Goroka in 1955. At the end of 1956 he resigned from the Administration and remained in the Eastern Highlands as a plantation manager until 1962. Paul was an excellent sportsman and for several years represented New Guinea against Papua in Rugby League.

Paul returned to Canberra and joined the CSIRO PNG resource survey programme where he was responsible for technical and logistic support for a field survey party of five scientists and 20 support staff. The purpose was to map and describe the natural resources of the whole country, which at that time were only known piecemeal.

For many years, until his retirement from CSIRO in 1987, Paul spent four months each year with survey teams in numerous parts of PNG and became well known, particularly to outstation people. Back in Canberra Paul did the compilation work for the CSIRO resource map series on the vegetation, forests, soils and land use of PNG.

Paul died in Canberra; some 400 mourners crowded St Patrick's Church, Braddon ACT for his funeral. Paul is survived by his wife Audrey and daughter Anne.

(The foregoing was written by Harry West.)

Mrs Eileen Florence BREMEN (4 August 1997)

Eileen Bremen of Carina Qld, formerly of Port Moresby, was the wife of the late Ernest James Bremen. (No further details available.)

Mr Maarten W ROBBEMOND (5 June 1997, aged 78 years)

Maarten Robbemond was born at Salatiga in Indonesia in 1919 and educated at Deventer Agricultural College in Holland. After graduating he returned to what was then the Dutch East Indies. In November 1939 he enlisted in the Dutch Army there. In March 1942 the country was overrun by the Japanese and he was captured, becoming a prisoner of war. Later he was transported to Japan where he was incarcerated until the end of the war. After the war he returned to Indonesia and became a tea plantation manager in Sumatra. He married Wilhelmina in 1950. In 1958 the couple migrated to Australia. Soon after, Maarten went to PNG to manage a coffee plantation in the Western Highlands. In 1963 he was recruited by the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries as a Rural Development Officer and was posted to Minj where he spent most of the time, plus a posting to Kainantu. During that time he was involved in the establishment of local villager coffee gardens. In 1973 Maarten left PNG and became a Quarantine Officer with the Queensland Department of Primary Industry, with duty at Brisbane Airport or inspecting ships at the port. He and his wife Willie retired to Mudgeeraba in the Gold Coast hinterland in 1974. Maarten took out Australian citizenship in 1963 and was proud to be an Australian. He travelled all over the country making friends everywhere. He will be remembered as an excellent didiman, competent manager and friend to all. Maarten is survived by his wife, children and grandchildren.

(The foregoing was written by Doug Franklin.)

Mr Colin James SEFTON (12 July 1997, aged 77 years)

Speaking at Colin Sefton's funeral his brother-in-law, Phil Oakley, noted that the level of sports coaching in Col's boyhood was much less intense than now. Young athletes had to make their own way. Col indeed was a gifted athlete. Late on a Saturday in 1938, running in the old Sydney Sports Ground he broke 10 seconds for the 100 yards - probably the first schoolboy in Australia to do so. By the end of 1939 after a Rugby Union season with Eastern Suburbs, Col played on the wing for New South Wales against Queensland. Col's physical qualities did not end with running and Rugby, and memories flow back to explosive first round knockouts in boxing, and winning the school shot putt with no training that we knew of and not much technique. And then there was the time when, a late arrival at a rifle shooting camp, he was handed a .303 and told to establish his claim to be there - Col promptly shot a 'possible'.

As an artillery lieutenant, Col served in PNG and the islands. His unit, the 14th Field Regiment, in a feat of gun handling which has not yet really had the praise it deserves, brought fire on the Japanese in the Imith Ridge area. Was this fire critical? Certainly the Japanese advanced no further towards Port Moresby! Sure, there is evidence that General Horii was indeed ordered to break off and return to Buna but is it not likely that emergence of field artillery fire helped produce that order? To the locals of Port Moresby there was no doubt on the matter - Col did it! "Taubada Colin came with his guns and drove the Japan man back." (Remember that Col was Port Moresby born and Koitaki raised and had grown up with a generation of young Papuans.)

War's end upturned the social and economic organisation of PNG. No wild-eyed reformer, Col Sefton was not a die-hard 'old' planter, either. He seemed to see himself as something of a link with the 'plantation' past; his meticulous deference to the older group at the Papua Club - from one so naturally forceful - stands out in one's memory.

Ways had changed, however, and Col came to Sydney and did many things - sold insurance, worked for a smallgoods firm, owned a country pub, and, for years, drove a taxi. Of course there were ups and downs in this part of Col's life, some perhaps that could/should have been avoided. However he could hardly have avoided the worst 'down' - that of being struck in a pedestrian crossing and suffering a shattered knee. Col Sefton unable to run! - or even to swerve a little! For a third of his life this accident threw a shadow on this vital man's personality, a shadow not to be lifted until a splendid knee replacement operation in the last year of his life.

In Col's two marriages he fathered five daughters. Not a sprinter among them, they have recently been described as 'stylish, creative and energetic'. Possessing guardians with such qualities, Col's name - and those of the girls' mothers - will be safe.

(Condensed from a longer obituary written by Bill Marr)

Mrs Mary BALDWIN née Grahamslaw (13 August 1997, aged 94 years)

Mary was born in Townsville in 1902 and arrived in Port Moresby in 1910 with her mother Annie, brother Tom and sister Margaret to join their father Jimmie who, after unsuccessfully trying to find gold at Sudest, had established a plumbing/tinsmith business there. She, along with brother Tom and sisters Margaret, Anne May and Ivy, went to the Moresby primary school. Other contemporaries included the Champion (Ivan, Claude and Allan) and Hides (Viv, Jack and Bruce) boys. She began work at 14 and after a couple of years she joined Burns Philp where she remained until she married Archie Baldwin, then Store Manager at British New Guinea Development Company, in 1927.

The couple had four children, Ken (d 1996), John (d 1987) and Dallas (d 1989) and Derry, all of whom were born in Moresby and spent their early working lives in PNG postwar. Mary spent the war years in Brisbane, returning in early 1946 to join Arch who had remained behind to serve in ANGAU. After a period spent in the field at the Australasian Petroleum Company's oil rig site at Kariava (upper Vailala river) where Archie was Native Labour Superintendent, she returned to Port Moresby in 1948 and took up full time work in the Registry of the Customs Department (later Trade and Industry) where she remained until retirement to Caloundra in 1973.

Mary was highly regarded for her clerical capacities and much respected for the graciousness of her ways. She engendered the trust of the local Papuans who often affectionately addressed her as Sinana, the Motu word for mother. Her anecdotal knowledge of people and place in Papua, particularly in the early times, was perhaps unrivalled.

Mary is survived by her sister, Margaret Leydin of Peak Hill, son Derry (Canberra), daughters-in-law, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

(The foregoing was written by Mary's son Derek)

Mr Frank Robert ALSOP (22 June 1997, aged 76)

Frank Alsop retired in September 1974 as a Chief Finance Officer with Posts and Telegraphs. (No further details available.)

Mr John Edward HULL (27 June 1997, aged 74 years)

John Hull of Margate Qld, formerly of Rabaul, retired on 28 May 1970 as a Line Inspector with Posts and Telegraphs. John is survived by his wife Olive, children and grandchildren. (No further details available)

Mr Roy Laidman CLARINGBOULD (13 August 1997, aged 75 years)

Roy Claringbould of St Lucia Qld was a Chief of Division, Department of Trade and Industry. He also was a Board member of the PNG Lands Board, the PNG Tourist Board and the Tenders Board. Roy is survived by his wife Joan. Further details in next issue.

Mrs Edna Mary SPOTTISWOODE (1 July 1997)

Edna Spottiswoode of Morisset NSW was the wife of the late William Stirling Spottiswoode. (No further details available.)

Mrs Helen May DARK (7 June 1997)

Helen Dark, formerly of Port Moresby, is survived by her husband, children and grandchildren. (No further details available.)

Mrs Olive Amy FORD (7 June 1997, aged 82 years)

Olive Ford of Gympie Qld, formerly of Lae, was the widow of the late Keith Ford. She is survived by children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (No further details available)

Mr Timothy Shui Yan WONG (5 June 1997)

Timothy Wong was formerly of Rabaul and Port Moresby. He is survived by a daughter and son. (No further details available)

Mr Roy RICHARDSON

Roy Richardson was with BP Plantations, Rabaul, for many years. Roy is survived by his wife. (No further details available)

Mrs Evie Maud DISLEY (14 August 1997)

Evie Disley was the wife of the late Robert (Pat) Disley. (No further details available)

Mr John FOULGER (21 August 1997)

Member, John Foulger, was in PNG from 1957 to 1970. Further details in next issue.

Mrs Elaine Ida WIGLEY (24 July 1997, aged 76 years)

Elaine was in PNG from 1956 to 1973. Further details in next issue.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MRS. J.A.	BLOGG	19 HUNTER ROAD.	SILVAN	VIC	3795
MR. C.J.	CHOAT	1 GUNJULLA PLACE	AVALON BEACH	NSW	2107
MR. R. ERSKINE-SMITH		PO BOX 1550	TOOWONG	QLD	4066
MRS. G.	JACOBSEN	'SUAMBU' PLTN. PO BOX 78,	LAE, MOROBE	PNG	
MR. E.A.	JOHNS	178 OSBURN DRIVE,	MACGREGOR	ACT	2615
MR. J.D.	FITZER, OBE	11 PARSONAGE ROAD.	CASTLE HILL	QLD	2154
MRS. D.	FURBER	POST OFFICE	ENASLEIGH	QLD	4871
MRS. R.	REEVES	14 GOLDWYN STREET	McDOWALL	QLD	4053
MRS. L.	SCHUPP	3B CADOR COURT	CARINE	WA	6020
SISTER BERNICE TWOHILL		2 KENSINGTON ROAD.	KENSINGTON	NSW	2023

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

MRS. O.	BLISS	29 WILSON STREET	BERWICK	VIC	3801
MRS. M.	COLEMAN	ROOM 206, MARYCREST RETIREMENT CENTRE			
		411 MAIN STREET	KANGAROO PT.	QLD	4169
MR. T.E.	HEINSOHN	PO BOX 139	MITCHELL	ACT	2911
MR. J.	HOLMES	C/- POST OFFICE	LANG LANG	VIC	3984
MR. I.	McPHERSON	8/6 JAMES STREET	BAULKHAM HILLS	NSW	2153
MRS. A.	SMITH	9/162 CULLODEN ROAD.	MARSFIELD	NSW	2122
MR. R.S.	THOMSON	70 FALCONGLEN PLACE	FERNY GROVE	QLD	4055
MR. T.	TURNER	11 REDBUD COURT	MOUNTAIN CREEK	QLD	4557

MEMBERS REJOINED:

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MR. J.	BARTLETT	ADAMSTOWN	MR. C.C.	KING	DUNCRAIG
MRS. O.	BLISS	BERWICK	MRS. M.	PARSLOW	MT. LAWLEY
MR. J.	BOOH	WHITFIELD	MR. G.J.	RAMSAY	WILBERFORCE
MR. G.D.	COLLINS	MALANDA	MR. K.J.	ROSS	CHIFLEY
MR. G.	COTTEE	PYMBLE	MR. T.	SHACKLADY	DURACK
MR. N.	CLARK	RAVENSHOE	MR. E.S.	SHARP	LANE COVE
MRS. S.	EDMONDS	CASTLE HILL	MR. P.	VELLACOTT	ALBERT PARK
MR. T.	HEINSOHN	MITCHELL			

CORRECTIONS:

MR. T.M.	KELLIHER	PO BOX 36954	WINNELLIE	N.T.	0821
MR. J.H.	GILLMAN	627 ARCHERFIELD RD	FOREST LAKE	QLD	4078