Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC
P.O. BOX 452, ROSEVILLE NSW 2069
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A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
BEST WISHES FOR 1998
from
THE PRESIDENT AND COMMITTEE

No 4, 1997 - December

Dear Member

The Association's **Christmas Luncheon** will be held on **Sunday 7 December 1997** at the Mandarin Club. Full details, together with booking slip, are on the separate yellow sheet. Please send your cheque and booking slip to the secretary at the above address as soon as possible ($22.00 per person). We would appreciate it if members would pay in advance. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and advise the Mandarin Club of numbers; also it minimises delays at the dining room entrance.

1998 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Our 1998 Annual General Meeting will be held on Sunday 26 April 1998. This is to enable out of town members and friends, who are returned service personnel, to attend both the AGM and Anzac Day celebrations on the one visit to Sydney.

DISCLAIMER

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MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1997

Subscriptions are due on 1 January 1998. A renewal slip is printed on the separate yellow sheet. If you are unsure whether you are financial or not, please check the address label on the envelope which contained this issue. At the bottom right hand corner of the label is the year to which you have paid your subscription - if the year shown is 1997, you are financial only until 31 December 1997, and we would appreciate it if you would forward your renewal as soon as possible. Cheques should be made out to ROAPNG Inc. (No staples please!)

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THE PNG EYECARE PROJECT - A CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT

From **Pat Hopper**

Volunteer Australian doctors and nurses, certain NSW hospitals and Australian pharmaceutical companies are co-operating with the Catholic Church in PNG and PNG hospitals to provide eyecare for Papua New Guineans. Two projects have already been completed, one at the Goroka Base Hospital in May 1995 and the other at the Wewak General Hospital in May 1996. Now a third project has just been undertaken in Kavieng (October 1997). This year the project was organised by Alpha Healthcare via the Hunters Hill Private Hospital. Once again the Estate of F P Archer, through Mr Eric Storm, contributed to the project. The small team was headed by a visiting ophthalmic surgeon at Hunters Hill Private Hospital, accompanied by a physician/anaesthetist from Newcastle and the Ophthalmic Nursing Unit Manager at Hunters Hill Private Hospital.

The team took with them an operating microscope, bi-polar diathermy slit lamp and instruments (all purchased with an AUSAID grant), and pharmaceutical supplies (donated by many companies) for a surgical visit of some two weeks. As with previous projects, all 'hardware' was donated to the hospital when the team left.

The aim of the visit was to teach basic and post-basic theatre eye techniques, to teach basic anatomy and physiology of the eye, to instruct in the use of eye medicines, and provide specialist anaesthetic techniques to anaesthetic technicians. As well, the team performed cataract operations and attended to any eye damage cases that came to their attention. Indian implants were used as those available in Western countries are rather expensive.

Following is an extract from the final report on the 1996 project at Wewak: "We believe that team effort and mutual co-operation is an essential part of aid work anywhere and this is where we think we succeeded, quite apart from providing the necessary 'hardware'. This type of arrangement appears to act as a catalyst for further development. For example, the Board of Wewak hospital is already planning to designate a cottage which might attract an eye specialist. We also believe that working through an existing non-government organisation (in this case the Catholic Church), is the safest and most effective way to do as much as possible in the short time available."

PNG has only four ophthalmologists for a population of four million, so there is a huge need for these services, particularly in regional areas.

Two members of our Association have been able to contact old house staff in PNG. Fred Kaad's Winifred, from Tabar Island, and Pat Hopper's Sam, from Buka, were planning to go to Kavieng to have cataract operations.

(A cataract is a cloudy lens in the eye which prevents light reaching the back of the eye (retina). It is common in old age, and may be partly due to damage by ultraviolet light as well. Dietary habits have been implicated in the literature. Sometimes the condition is inherited which is why it is occasionally seen in children. Also an injury may damage the lens and make it change from a normal transparent structure to an opaque one.)

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Roma Bates wrote, "When telling Ted Fulton (of early 1930s) that I was going to Brisbane last April to celebrate **Gladys Forsyth's (née Sister Field** of Namanula Hospital) 100th birthday, he asked if I knew that **Ted Abrahams (Abie)** was also living in Brisbane and expected to celebrate his centenary in 1998. He added that in anticipation of this event Abie had already hired a hall, engaged the musicians to play the music of the 30s, chosen the menu and invited the guests. I was delighted with this news as I hadn't seen Abie since my wedding day in 1934. I contacted him and we had a very happy reunion. Abie was postmaster in Rabaul in the early 30s. You wouldn't believe how young he looked for a man of 99 - and SO smartly dressed in latest style flaunting a jaunty tweed sporting hat with a small feather cockade on the side. His wife died many years ago and he has not re-married. He has a personable woman carer who housekeeps and drives him around. He says he finds traffic too distressing but I guess the Police think 99 yrs is a bit 'over the top' for a driver."

John Herbert of Indooroopilly Qld wrote, "**Brian and Faye Holloway** together with family and friends celebrated Brian's 70th birthday at the Celtic Club in Perth on 31 July. Included among the guests were daughter Susan and husband Len Roberts-Smith, Tony and Del Normoyle, and my wife Kath and myself (we happened to be visiting Perth at the time). Brian, the well known former Commissioner of Police recounted stories of happenings and events which occurred over a 28 year period of service as a Police Officer - which unfortunately will never be printed. The next day son Gary and friends held another celebratory lunch for Brian and Faye thus ensuring that the magic 70th birthday will long be remembered. Brian and Faye remain in good health and are in the process of building a new house which they hope will be completed before they travel to Indonesia for a holiday later in the year."

Gerry Newton of Rowes Bay, Townsville, QLD wrote that he and his wife Mary have settled in happily at the RSL War Veterans Home which is situated opposite Magnetic Island and about 200 yds from the beachfront. They walk for half an hour each morning at 6.00am! In May/June Gerry and Mary undertook an extensive car trip around Queensland, en route visiting **Betty & Norm Rolfe** at Pomona. Gerry saw **Ernie Barber** (Territories Canberra/Port Moresby) and **Dick Newman** (ex Army & Electricity Commission) at Buderim Bowls Club. He said that a kangaroo stopped their progress on

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the final leg home, 150 km from Mackay and 30 km from Carmila. They were picked up by the RACQ, had to stay the weekend at Carmila, then went to Mackay for smash repair assessment and insurance clearance - three weeks later, feeling a little frustrated but with no ill effects, they collected their car, "with new parts galore and running better than ever (1987 Toyota)."

News from Melbourne: Taking a break from the labours of the project to compile a list of overseas police who served in PNG for the century culminating in the centenary of the Constabulary in 1988, and to escape the worst of Melburne's winter, **Maxwell Hayes** fled to Europe for nearly seven weeks, visiting Paris, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Dresden, Berlin and Rothenberg. Although not a victim, pickpockets and thieves tried to separate him from his money and possessions on many occasions, particularly in Paris, Budapest and Prague -the latter two cities, not long having been opened up ex communism were relatively cheap. It is even possible to survive the complexities of the public transport system in those two cities. A tip for seniors - take along a Seniors Card, if you have one, as it is recognised at many venues with reductions in entrance fees etc. Each seat in economy in Emirates Boeing 777 had its own colour TV and satellite phone with calls costing only US$8.00 per minute.

Lady Yvonne Mann was recently *hors de combat* and spent a couple of weeks in the *haus sik* but has recovered well. Unfortunately the period in hospital occurred during the **PNG Australia Assoc (PNGAA)** (Melbourne) 21st anniversary of Independence annual ball at Prahran Town Hall on 13 September. The ball was very well attended. The catering provided a mix of traditional PNG food as well as other fare. There was a raffle, with the winner receiving a double ticket to visit PNG, courtesy Air Niugini. A double ticket to the ball was the prize awarded to **Maxwell Hayes** for his winning design of a mast head logo for the PNGAA *Tok Tok*. Any person interested in joining the PNGAA should write to the Secretary, Mr Peter Laming, 346 Lower Plenty Road, Rosanna VIC 3084. Regular social and sporting events are conducted.

Jim Toner (Northern Territory) writes: "The PNG Independence Day celebration in Darwin is something of a movable feast. This year it moved to the Aviation Club, a suitably tropical setting on the airport perimeter. Some 200 people feasted on *pik, kaukau,* etc. and the colourfully dressed ladies of the Social and Cultural Group sang the anthems of PNG and Girt-by-Sea. But they saved their enthusiasm for 'Papua' - what a delightful song that is.

In the recent NT Legislative Assembly elections, **John Tobin** an ALP candidate once again but lost by 110 votes. He had an eventful two years in PNG being selected as a forward for the Kumuls and as a husband by Geoff Littler's daughter. John played in the NSW grand final of 1980 with a star-studded Eastern Suburbs side which was coached by Bob Fulton.

For those unfamiliar with Rugby League, Fulton is a former captain of Australia and is its current national coach. A seasoned traveller today, his first trip to post-Independence PNG as a young player from Wollongong almost became a diplomatic disaster. On being introduced to a high ranking Government figure who he assumed was a Pidgin speaker, he turned to the introducer and said, "Have a go at his melon, will ya". The official did speak English but happily for Fulton was unfamiliar with *tok ples* Wollongong.

Rick Gray is recovering from organising a 3-day conference on a future constitution for the Northern Territory. Rick is executive officer for this development and with statehood very much on the mind of the NT Government, if on nobody else's, he seems assured of tenure. Rick is the son of **Bob Gray**, a stalwart of the Government

Printery, and Helen, one time librarian for the New Guinea Research Unit - both are in their 80s but battling along.

Jim Hannan, former kiap, became a NT magistrate in 1984 but will retire from the bench at Christmas. He intends to continue working but as a barrister in NSW.

Coming from an ordinary Mum 'n Dad home, I realise that I can never fully appreciate the problems of those raised in different family circumstances. I was reminded of this by a passage from the autobiography of **Tom Cole OAM** (d. 1995). He was a well known *pukpuk* shooter in the Gulf and Sepik before starting a coffee plantation at Banz. Cole was a member of a large English family and when he was 17, his mother surreptitiously arranged his voyage to Brisbane. He says that a fortnight after he had sailed his father looked up from the breakfast table and said, "Where's Tom?". Told that he had gone to Australia, he grunted and never spoke his name again."

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A CRACK SHOT - A Tribute to Barry Blogg
by Chips Mackellar

I read with sorrow, in the *Vale* section of the June 1997 edition of *Una Voce,* of the death of Barry Blogg.

This sad news reminded me of the time I first met Barry, because this first meeting was so infamous that it entered the annals of Australia's colonial history of Papua New Guinea. It is immortalised at page 45 of the book *Taim Bilong Masta* by Hank Nelson, (Australian Broadcasting Commission, Sydney, 1982).

Because he was not present to consent to the story when it was recorded, Barry was not then named in it, but now that he is gone, I am sure he won't mind if I tell this story again, together with its epilogue. And given the occasion, I am sure you won't mind either, Hank.

By the early 1950's, most of best land available for plantations in the Highlands had already been snapped up by the postwar expatriate settlers, although there was still land available around Mount Hagen.

Mount Hagen in those days, was a frontier town. It was the headquarters of the then Western Highlands District which then also included what is now the Enga Province. It was the end of the line for adventurers and empire builders, who were then selecting land which would later become their plantations.

The Highlands Highway had not then been built, and Mount Hagen was supplied entirely by air. Everything came by air, including vehicles, food and fuel.

For this reason, the airstrip was our lifeline. It was also the centre of the town; literally that is, and culturally also, for it divided the best buildings from the not-so-best. Because of air freight limitations, there were in those days only two permanent material dwellings in the town; one was the doctor's house, and the other was the District Commissioner's residence. All the other buildings were made entirely of native materials, including the hospital, the jail, the District Office, and all the expatriate married quarters. These buildings were, nevertheless, quite impressive for their time, with their native material components, embellished for comfort. Their plaited pitpit walls for example, were either painted or varnished, and their floors although pitsawn, were level and often polished. So, although made of native materials, these buildings were often substantial, and were quite comfortable and adequate.

Across the airstrip however, it was a different story. This was where the single expatriate officers lived, in a collection of native built huts, with communal kitchens and

pit latrines. There was electricity, but no running water. This part of Hagen was called *Cannery Row*, after the Steinbeck novel about a similar disreputable neighbourhood in America.

There were no hotels in Mount Hagen in those days, but there was a constant stream of visitors, official and otherwise. Visiting judges, engineers and other specialists got to stay at the District Commissioner's residence or in the better married quarters. All the others were consigned to Cannery Row.

My quarters in Cannery Row which I shared with another patrol officer, were entirely native built. The thatched roof, pitpit walls, and bamboo floor were a haven for pests, and any attempt to dislodge them was next to useless, as they would soon be replaced by others. There were rats everywhere even though we had a resident cat, but after he had eaten his fill of one or two rats per day, the cat would ignore all the other rats and go to sleep. And all the other rats, of course, would then ignore the cat, and at night when all was quiet we could hear these rats scurrying through the thatch and scampering across the bamboo floor.

There was no television in those days, and the radio reception was always bad, and our only evening entertainment was what we made ourselves. So, with lots of visitors passing through Cannery Row, it was often entertaining to sit up all night talking to them, as they told us stories of the outside world, and brought us up to date on gossip and rumour and news.

When we had guests, there would be more noise in the house so the rats would stay quiet, but when the other officer and I were alone in the house, the rats would venture out and annoy us. So we made the best of a bad situation by using the rats as sport. For those quiet nights when we had no house guests, we had trained the cook boys before they retired after our dinner, to bring our revolvers and a bottle of port. When the household was quiet, and our conversation lagged, the rats would appear, and we would shoot them; or more precisely, shoot ***at*** them, as they scurried across the floor. We did not always hit them, although we usually managed to kill one or two on every such night. As the floor was made of bamboo matting, it was already full of holes, so a few more bullet holes made no difference. Also, as all kinds of noises could be heard from Cannery Row at night, a few revolver shots from time to time caused no interest.

However, in order not to shoot each other, we had to agree on certain rules of engagement. To begin with, the target area was confined to the floor of the lounge/dining room. Any rat which scarpered up a wall, or jumped onto a chair, or escaped into an adjoining bedroom was declared a non-target, at least until next seen on the lounge room floor again. Aerial combat was definitely out. There was to be no shooting at rats jumping across the rafters because we didn't want holes in the roof, and there was no knowing where the bullets might land. The floor, on the other hand, was a safe shooting range because it was at ground level and the bullets only went into the earth below.

Also, as we didn't want to get caught in each other's cross fire, we rearranged the seating before the shooting started, so that we then both sat on the same side of the dining room table. The table was more or less in the centre of the room, which was divided for safety reason by an imaginary centre line. This centre line also divided the table, and there was to be no shooting across this line.

Thus, any rat which came on to the floor, was the exclusive target of the officer on whose side of the line the rat first appeared. If and when the rat crossed the line, he then ceased to be the target of that officer, and immediately became the target of the other officer. To claim the target that officer had to call "Mine." Or, the target could be

surrendered, by the first officer calling "Yours!" In theory, only one officer would shoot at any one time. However, with several rats running across the floor at the same time, all scampering across the line in different directions, and with calls of "Mine", "Yours" "Mine" etc, reverberating across the room, between the gun shots, target ownership often became confused.

It was during one such confused evening that I first met Barry Blogg.

Now it happened that visitors passing through Mount Hagen would often lob in on us, unannounced, usually in time for dinner. Unperturbed, the cooks would just put more water in the stew, and because all the huts in Cannery Row were small, when it came to sleeping arrangements, we would distribute the visitors around amongst the other denizens of Cannery Row. A lone visitor would be accommodated on the couch in our dining room. Sometimes these guests might be government officers passing through Hagen to their outstations, and sometimes they might be would-be planters, looking for land.

On this particular night, after we had already finished dinner, there was a knock at the front door, and this emaciated creature stood there, shivering with malaria. He said, "I'm Barry Blogg, I'm just passing through, looking for land to start a plantation. Could you put me up for the night?" We offered him the couch there in the lounge and asked if he would like dinner, but he said he was too sick to eat. So he lay there on the couch, staring at us with vacant, feverish eyes.

The cooks had already retired, having previously delivered our revolvers and the bottle of port, and the other officer and I continued to sit there making doleful conversation. Barry remained still and supine on the couch, and taking no part in this conversation, we soon forgot that he was there.

And as our conversation faltered and stopped, and the house became quiet, the first rat for that night, popped its head out of the wall, on my side of the line. "Mine," I whispered, and taking careful aim,.... I fired .... and missed. And the rat took off, scampering around the room. I got in two more shots before the rat crossed the line, then the other officer shouted "Mine!" and started to shoot. With nowhere else to hide, the rat ran under the couch. "Mine!, mine!, mine!" the other officer continued to call his target, as he kept shooting, the bullets passing within six inches of Barry's face, directed at the rat below him.

When the shooting stopped, Barry sat up, and suddenly, we remembered him. But in the awesome silence which followed, we were too aghast to say anything. And before we could apologise, he arose, and said politely, "Thank you for your hospitality," and he walked out into the night.....

But a few weeks later, he was back again. This time as a resident of Cannery Row. For while looking for land, he had decided to take a job with the Government. In those days, we needed all the help we could get at Hagen, and Barry was an excellent fixit man.

Signed on as a carpenter, Barry subsequently built some of the earlier permanent houses at Hagen, as the demand for such buildings increased, and bigger aircraft brought in more supplies of permanent building materials. We both had motorbikes, and we soon became constant companions.

In those days, Judy lived in Minj, and Barry courted her from Mount Hagen. Minj is now a short comfortable drive down the Highlands Highway. But in those days, it was half a day away by bad four-wheel drive track, better negotiated by motorbike. So Barry used to go down to Minj for the weekend, and I would tag along for the ride.

At that time, there was bad feeling in the highlands between kiaps and planters

because of the conflict of interest over native labour. On the one hand, the kiaps were trying to enforce the minimum standards of pay and conditions under the Native Labour Ordinance, while the planters were trying to build up their plantocracies as cheaply and as efficiently as possible. Their argument was that once their plantations were bearing coffee, they could afford to pay the proper wages. Until then they could not. The kiaps were equally as intransigent. As a result, kiaps and planters rarely mixed socially.

Although Barry worked for the Government then, he was basically a planter, and most of his friends were planters. Therefore, when I went with him on our motorbikes to Minj or Banz or where ever, we would stay with planters.

At first the planters would look askance at me, when he introduced me as a kiap, but then he would always use the shooting incident to break the ice. He would say things like, "He's a kiap, but he's ok, even though he nearly shot me one night," and he would tell the story of how we met. Sometimes the planters would jokingly say to me, "Pity you didn't shoot him that night when you had the chance. He wouldn't be drinking all our grog now if you did." And it would go on like this with Barry's position in between the two camps, gradually smoothing out the differences.

Whenever the shooting incident was raised, I would always have the lame excuse that it was not I who nearly shot Barry, but the other officer. Barry's response was always that *nobody* would have nearly shot him. if I had been a decent enough shot, to have hit the rat with the first bullet.

And always, whenever we had a friendly disagreement over anything, he would always conclude with, "Anyway, you're a bloody awful shot."

But I wasn't always so. As the years rolled by, I became a good shot. On a trip to the USA while travelling through Texas, I bought a Colt Frontier Scout revolver. It was a magnificent weapon, and I learned to use it expertly, and ever after I always carried it with me, whenever I was on duty. Even when the Department decreed that officers had to surrender their personal weapons, I won a court order to retain mine. Later as a Magistrate, the police tried to take it from me, and I won another court case. As a result, I kept that revolver until the day I returned to Australia, when I surrendered it to Australian Customs on arrival.

In the meantime, I found it convenient to develop the reputation as a good shot. But I had to maintain the skill, and I did this whether on station or on patrol by firing one shot, every day. My favourite way of doing this was at the end of each working day, when I would down a can of soft drink, then throw the empty can in the air. The moment the can reached its zenith, I would hole it, with one revolver shot. So, although I never fired a single shot in anger in all the time I was in Papua New Guinea, the ability to shoot fast and to shoot straight gave me all the confidence I needed, to pass safely amongst the ferocious Kukukuku, control tribal fighting in the Highlands or deal judiciously with rascals in Port Moresby.

When I left Mount Hagen, Barry stayed on to become one of its best known settlers. Our paths rarely crossed again, but because of our unusual first meeting, I always kept up with the news of Barry and Judy and the kids.

Barry has now joined the illustrious pioneers of Mount Hagen, like Danny Leahy and Father Ross, and he will always be numbered among his contemporaries, like Dick Hagon, Norm Camps, Brian Heagney, and John Coleman and all those other Australians who first made Mount Hagen their home in those years now far away.

And the last time I met Barry, now some 30 years ago, he paid me the highest compliment, "I hear you're a crack shot now." And I was. But from him it was a special compliment, which I value to this day.

Barry Blogg, old friend, rest in peace.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

More than 500 troops formed the New Guinea mainland force of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) when the Unit went on active service on January 21, 1942. The NGVR/ANGAU Association, Sydney based, have put together two lists. One list is of the NGVR personnel known to be alive. The second list is of NGVR Mainland people known to be dead. This leaves a large number of men whom the Association would like to know more about. Are they alive? Are they dead? There must be people out there who can help the Association in this regard. Any relevant information would be most appreciated - an address or telephone number of a living member, or the place and date of a member's death. If anyone can help, please write with your information to:

JIM HUXLEY, 8 EDGEHILL STREET, CARLTON. NSW 2198.

NG2007	D.J. Ziegler	NG2163	A.V.Garven	NG2267	D.E.Fulborn
NG2009	D.J.Wheeler	NG2164	J.West	NG2268	C.H.W.Neill
NG2011	F.P.Wilson	NG2166	D.Cunningham	NG2276	C.M.Carpenter
NG2013	J.P.Keenan	NG2169	G.W.Luff	NG2277	W.R.King
NG2020	R.Goldie	NG2170	A.M.Anthony	NG2288	T.W.Rush
NG2026	H.J.Owen	NG2172	L.C.Grahame	NG2289	H.H.Black
NG2027	R.Taylor	NG2173	H.W.Evans	NG2290	A.Montgomery
NG2030	R.K.Laurence	NG2174	C.A.Reason	NG2291	D.M.Goad
NG2035	S.S.Munro	NG2175	K.Bain	NG2292	I.S.M.Richardson
NG2036	C..T.Nunn	NG2178	E.H.Saunders	NG2293	M.W. Bergin
NG2038	G.H.Wharton	NG2179	H.L.Farmer	NG2294	J.R.Emery
NG2040	I..E.Whelan	NG2181	R.T.Weidenhofer	NG2296	R.H.Phillips
NG2043	E.A.Avery	NG2184	L.E.Thwaites	NG2299	J.B.Skinner
NG2044	R.Whyte	NG2185	A.Baker	NG2301	W.H.Marshall
NG2045	P.C.Jeune	NG2186	H.R.deRussett	NG2303	A.Sharp
NG2048	L.Henry	NG2190	C.Lands	NG2304	L.A.Finch
NG2051	J.G.Purves	NG2193	W.H.Hill	NG2306	H.K.O'Connor
NG2057	.J.M.Woolley	NG2194	A.W.Hindman	NG2307	C.W.Barnes
NG2059	S.J.Campbell	NG2195	H.H.Erskine	NG2308	C.C.Woods
NG2060	R.H.Amoore	NG2199	Rev.V.H.Sherwin	NG2309	W.M.Rowe
NG2063	R.A.Saker	NG2202	V.L.Hayles	NG2310	H.B.Strong
NG2072	A.M.Freeman	NG2205	K.McNamara	NG2312	H.H.Rowe
NG2079	R.T.Lindley	NG2206	P.M.Swanson	NG2313	E.G.Simms
NG2080	R.F.Watson	NG2207	J.L.Wright	NG2314	T.R.Barrell
NG2080	S.G.Eekhoff	NG2208	J.McG.Brown	NG2315	G.F.Keenan
NG2083	J.Reid	NG2213	D.Wood	NG2317	H.V.Single
NG2084	E.Clark	NG2216	C.H.Cook	NG2318	G.H.Hooper
NG2087	F.J.White	NG2217	J.R.W.Fraser	NG2319	A.R.Green
NG2088	G.M.Gee	NG2223	F.V.Wood	NG2320	jJ..P.Wholey
NG2096	B.C.Bissaker	NG2228	D.C.Muir	NG2321	W.T.Bell
NG2100	E.C.Mainwaring	NG2236	J.A.Shaw	NG2323	A.N.Marley
NG2116	S.L.Burton	NG2237	L.J.Higgins	NG2324	R.E.Wood
NG2117	D.A.Clarke	NG2243	G.S.Robertson	NG2325	W.Allen
NG2119	I.G.Anderson	NG2246	G.Cockram	NG2327	R.E.Bell
NG2120	J.G.Chisholm	NG2250	H.C.Hill	NG2328	D.R.Blyton
NG2123	B.J.Burden	NG2251	F.D.deRussett	NG2329	L.J.Branch
NG2125	E.G.W.Baker	NG2253	R.N.Stanbury	NG2330	N.A.Bryant
NG2131	C.Hancock	NG2259	P.C.Mazlin	NG2331	S.F.Burns
NG2133	C.J.Josch	NG2261	W.H.Fleming	NG2333	A.W.F.Davis
NG2145	A.J.McLean	NG2262	C.L.Anthony	NG2341	C.M.Gee
NG2147	D.V.Melville	NG2263	L.P.Ryan	NG2343	L.H.Gielis
NG2150	C.T.B.Blestowe	NG2264	S.V.Bayley	NG2344	N.A.Gillingwater
NG2155	A.M.Wood	NG2265	C.D.Hurl	NG2346	M.Henry
NG2157	H.N.Forsyth	NG2266	R.F.Dabinett	NG2347	R.I.Kerr

NG2348	L.J.Kisick	NG2395.	D. Boyd	NG2460	R.Napier
NG2350	A.R.Hall	NG2396	A. H.Cargill	NG2462	J.A.Costello
NG2351	A.L.Clarke	NG2397	H.Dolan	NG2464	H.J.O'Kane
NG2357	D.V.Maloney	NG2398	L.Fitzpatrick	NG2468	R.A. Maurant
NG2358	D.S.Manson	NG2399	E.J.Gartrell	NG2469	H.H.Pearce
NG2359	C.Moen	NG2401	F.H.Halford	NG2472	L.Wallace
NG2361	T.L.C.Montieth	NG2403	W.V.Helton	NG2474	J.Adams
NG2362	J.G.Montieth	NG2404	J.V.Honan	NG2479	M.Helbig
NG2363	K.G.Murray	NG2406	H.C.R.Jones	NG2482	C.J. Millar
NG2364	J.A.McCabe	NG2408	K.G.McKenzie	NG2483	D.G.N.Chambers
NG2365	C.C.McCallum	NG2411	T.E.Pike	NG2484	J.A.Sherry
NG2366	H.J.McCauley	NG2414	R.Browne	NG2487	A.F.Wacher
NG2368	A.J.O'Connell	NG2417	A.A.Bellhouse	NG2488	W.Wallace
NG2369	J..C.Olsson	NG2420	F.J.Currie	NG2489	F.H. Luff
NG2371	R.P.O'Neill	NG2421	B.Fraser	NG2490	L.H.Berendorff
NG2372	E.W.Peters	NG2425	P.H.B.Bell	NG2491	A.A.L.Barnett
NG2373	J.Mc.E.Poland	NG2428	Thai Chan Kim	NG2492	T.G.Blackett
NG2375	W.,T. Pollard	NG2430	Bruno Shui Lai	NG2493	M.W.McCormack
NG2376	L.A.Power	NG2431	J.Tannua	NG2494	J.G.Bell
NG2378	J.W.Rowse.	NG2436	Wu Yong	NG2495	Ah Yee
NG2379	J.Savage	NG2438	N.A.Wettig	NG2496	Seeto On
NG2380	A.R.Sheath	NG2439	A.M.Strewart	NG2498	R.B.Fraser
NG2383	C.H.Smith	NG2440	W.A.Griffiths	NG2501	N.E.Johnson
NG2385	S.Stewart	NG2444	B. Peddie	NG2502	V.A.Turner
NG2389	D.A.Wakefield	NG2446	J.Brennan	NG2503	E.P. Wood
NG2390	C.Wilson	NG2447	A.E.Board		
NG2392	W.H.Wormald	NG2448	Shui Hong	VX114300	D.Umphelby
NG2393	R.Burter	NG2453	G.N.Hill	Q90142	J.E.T.Wharton
NG2394	N. M.Bird	NG2456	N.Penglase		

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HELP WANTED: Jeff Kinch, who is undertaking a PhD in anthropology at Queensland University, is at present a Visiting Scholar with the ANU; his research involves a study in maritime anthropology. He will be undertaking field work in one of three islands in the **Louisiade Archipelago**. They are **Brooker (Utian) and Motorina Islands in the East Calvados Chain, and Panapompom**. If anyone has any information or tales of any of these islands, Jeff would be most grateful to receive it. Please address correspondence to: Jeff Kinch, Anthropology Department, University of Queensland, Q'ld 4072.

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THE EARLIEST SURVIVING NG POLICE FORCE OFFICER? **Max Hayes** writes - "In the search for former overseas police officers of TNG, Papua, TPNG etc, I have just located a police officer who joined the NG Police Force in May 1927 and resigned in June 1929. He is **James Buckingham Stratton**, now very much alive and well and with a marvellous memory of his time in Salamaua and Rabaul, and of the police strike in Rabaul in 1929. James lives with his wife at Redcliffe, and 'is thinking of giving up driving at the end of this year'. After TNG he went on plantations in the Solomon Islands for some years, later joined the British Army and, as he says, got his feet wet at Dunkirk. He later grew bananas in Queensland and spent the last part of his working life in the Post Office. He appears to be the earliest surviving NGPF officer, though a year younger than **Alexander Morrison (Sandy) Sinclair** who joined NGPF in 1934."

GROWING UP IN PRE-WAR PAPUA

by Alison Marsh (née Lambden)

Alison originally wrote this for her grandchildren, hence the careful detail.

My father, William John (Bill) Lambden, M.C. having served in Europe with the Australian Army in World War 1, found it hard to settle back to a mundane routine in Melbourne. In early 1921 he was accepted by the Government in Papua as a Patrol Officer and was posted to Kerema, headquarters of the then Delta Division. In 1922 he wrote asking my mother in Melbourne to marry him - they were married at St. Johns Church, Port Moresby in April 1923. He took his bride to live at Kerema, not a particularly pretty spot as some tropical places can be. The sea trip of three or four days by small ship would have been rough in more ways than one.

There were only two or three European women on the Government Station, and a few plantation and missionary wives some distance away - these were the only European women living in the entire district of many hundreds of miles.

My father did twelve patrols from August 1923 to September 1924 with my mother accompanying him on the last patrol of sixty days' duration. Patrols, in those days in Papua, were far from easy and in very primitive country. My mother seldom mentioned her reactions or opinions of those days, simply 'taking it in her stride' as the old saying goes - but of that patrol she did tell me of an incident which happened when she and my father arrived at a village. The villagers were very upset a crocodile had eaten a man from the village but 'they had caught him', so the young bride from Malvern, Victoria said she would like to see him - the crocodile. The locals departed returning with 'him' - not the croc but the half eaten torso of the man!

Patrols consisted of an Officer-in-Charge, who was either a Patrol Officer or an Assistant Resident Magistrate (ARM). Postwar, after the country became Papua and New Guinea, we adopted the New Guinea term District Officer for our old Resident Magistrate and Assistant District Officer for our once Assistant Resident Magistrate. If the patrol was led by an ARM there was usually a Patrol Officer accompanying it to 'learn the ropes', a Medical Assistant (who was European) or Medical Orderly (Papuan), plus an interpreter, cook and carriers.

The Lambdens went on leave in October 1924. It was not a matter of walking up the gangway to board the ship - they had a two day walk with carriers, along black sand beaches, to reach the small ship which took four days to reach Port Moresby. Sandflies and mosquitoes would be with them in the evenings and late afternoon, with a very hot sun through the day plus humidity. After ten days in Port Moresby my parents sailed on the *Morinda* via Cairns-Brisbane-Sydney, then travelled by train to Melbourne.

My parents would have enjoyed that Christmas at Healesville with family and friends - not that anyone in the family, nor their friends, would have asked questions about the lifestyle in Papua. My parents were good correspondents and what they had told their families in letters would have been read but not 'digested'. All those who have lived for many years in PNG found the same thing with old friends and family in Australia - no one appeared the least bit interested. They would always ask, "How's Papua" or "How's New Guinea" as the case may be; if the answer covered more than half a dozen words, the inquirer, having done the right thing as far as they were concerned, changed the subject, going back into their mundane world be it suburban or country life, which to us was very dull. Even if we did tell them stories of Papua or New Guinea we would not have been believed, for most of the stories, though true,

were at times unbelievable!

When my parents arrived back in Port Moresby in early 1925, my mother was pregnant with me; Dad had noted in his diary 'dark suspicion confirmed by Doctor Harse - boarded the *Papuan Chief* at 9 pm'. The *Papuan Chief* was a coastal vessel which travelled the Papuan coastline.

The Lambdens' posting was to Daru, the island headquarters of the then Western Division. In pre-war Papua, in the days before aircraft, Government stations were usually situated on islands largely for security reasons, also for shipping which could, in certain areas, find better anchorage than on the mainland. Few, if any, European women enjoyed their stay at Daru, but their menfolk enjoyed the challenges of their work in a then primitive area. The people were mostly tall, slender, intelligent and proud, particularly the Kiwai, whose dancing style was different from others in Papua New Guinea - it was graceful, more like that of the Torres Strait Islanders.

Dad notes that en route Daru they had 'frightful seas' sheltering for five days. For my father to make that comment the sea would have been very rough. The skippers of the coastal boats, who were often Papuans, were wonderful seamen. Small ships carried copra from the plantations and even if there was no copra on board the smell was always there. The heavy seas would make my mother nervous. Though normally not seasick, being pregnant with me would make her squeamish enough without the added extras including cockroaches and lice.

Three months later my mother left Daru for Port Moresby, arriving there in June 1925 to wait for my birth in mid September of that year - she must have dreaded the prospect of the trip after the last turbulent one. When in Moresby, Mum stayed the three months with friends whom she probably did not know well at that time.

I was born on Sunday 20th September 'as the church bells were ringing', so I am told. My father told me years later that, when on patrol, he received two messages which were relayed by 'runner' from Daru. He did not know which envelope to open first - 'was it good news or bad'. One telegram was to notify my safe arrival, the other to notify him when his wife and daughter would arrive home to Daru.

Weighing in at five and a half pounds, my mother would have been apprehensive about her first-born for the first few months on their 'outpost of Empire'. When six months old, so I was told, I had my first attack of malaria and was taken by small boat to Thursday Island for medical help. We again visited TI, as it was nicknamed, when we went on leave from there in May 1927. I was 20 months old.

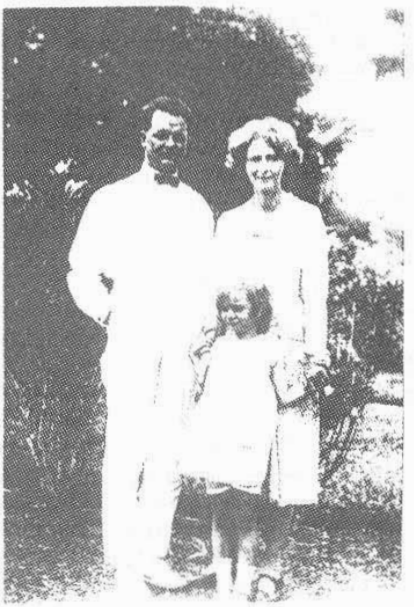
A year prior to going on leave, when I was eleven months old, Dad had taken Mum and me on patrol with him on board the MV *Minnetonka* going a hundred miles up the great Fly River. They told me years later I was, at that time, the youngest European child to travel so far up the Fly River - and they wondered why I suffered so much malaria in my childhood!

My mother did beautiful needlework and crochet work, and made most of her clothes and mine; she was an avid reader, her family and friends sending her books and magazines from Melbourne. She was a letter writer and diarist.

Years later, in 1958, my husband David and I were posted to Daru (second time around for us both, though I was too young to remember my first 'round'). My mother asked me a few questions of the District and then commented, "It obviously hasn't changed in thirty years!"

In May 1927 my mother took me to Australia for my first visit, while Dad completed several important patrols in the area, before joining his little family in Victoria for Christmas 1927.

On the return of the Lambdens to Papua, Dad was posted again to Kerema in the Delta Division, this time promoted to Assistant Resident Magistrate. My father enjoyed the challenge of the next three years - particularly as he had been there before so knew the District well. It was while we were at Kerema that my father's father died. I can still recall walking down a road to the office with my mother; we were taking the letter to Dad from his family in Melbourne telling him the sad news. Boats carrying our mail and cargo only came every six weeks or so. My grandfather would have died at least two months before the letter arrived. It was the first time death had touched my life but the tall and colourful crotons which grew each side of the road stand out more in my memory than the contents of the letter.



Alison with her parents, Bill & Lillian Lambden, on Kerema Station, late 1930

The tragic memory of that period at Kerema was the sinking of the MV *Viveri*. Our new Resident Magistrate was due to arrive on the boat with his wife and five children (Dad was, at that time, the ARM). Their name was Burge.

To reach Kerema, ships had to cross over the bar at the right time and tide. The night before the ship was due to arrive we had gale force winds. I can remember, before going to bed, my mother would not let me use our outside toilet ('small house' in those days). Mum put a chamber-pot for me in the bathroom which I objected to; hoping to encourage me I remember her standing in the opposite corner of the large bathroom singing, "You in your small corner and I in mine". I can also remember the dreadful wind outside.

The weather was still bad the next morning when the *Viveri* was due but there was excitement on the Government Station, as there always was when ships came in with our stores and mail. Added to our excitement this time was the arrival of the Burge family to add to our small population - for me, added anticipation, with the prospect of five children to play with and some perhaps to share my correspondence lessons.

It soon became a great tragedy. On crossing the bar into calmer waters at Kerema the rudder chain on the ship broke and the ship capsized. Two of the Papuan crew found a wooden hatch cover in the turbulent sea; they grabbed it giving it to Mrs Burge, but not before she had seen her husband and five children drown in front of her. In spite of the heavy seas Mrs. Burge was able to grab one of her daughters, Patty, not believing the little girl was dead. The two Papuan crewmen who survived swam with Mrs Burge and Patty in the very heavy seas, keeping mother and daughter on the hatch cover, but Patty was washed out of her mother's arms. Mrs. Burge and the two Papuan men took it in turns to swim, then rest on the hatch cover - reaching the beach several hours later. Next day the body of Patty was washed up on the beach.

I was not aware of it at the time, but they took Patty to our house to get ready for burial. I can still remember seeing sand all over the shower recess floor. Patty had been my age. They buried her on Kerema Station. For weeks afterwards items were washed up on the beach including a large box of children's toys which had floated, as it contained several large coloured balls.

After a long hospitalisation, Mrs Burge returned to her relations in Australia, dying a few years later never having mentally recovered from the terrible tragedy. The two crewmen were both awarded the Lloyds of London highest award for bravery - they too, did not regain their health, dying a few years later. There had been no other survivors.

Shortly after this, my mother took me to Port Moresby - I don't remember why, but it must have been important, probably medical. All I can remember is returning to Kerema in the very rough sea - in all probability my mother and I were remembering the fate of the *Viveri*. Again, like Mum's earlier trip to Kerema when she was first married, we had to shelter for a few days. Mum and I would have been the only Europeans on the ship. On arrival home I had a large dose of head lice. I can still remember standing on a small chair over a table which was covered in brown paper whilst my mother combed my hair on to the paper - the comb was first dipped in Lysol! Later my father cut my hair very short, 'like a boy', which I did not like.

My mother must have found her lifestyle hard to cope with at times, particularly the dreadful boat trips. Also, trying to teach me by correspondence would not have been an easy task. My mind was always elsewhere, the cat having kittens, dog having pups, the station people out on a pig kill etc. - much more exciting than learning the three Rs. Mum tried valiantly, she would be 'Mummy' farewelling me at the back door of the house - I would walk around to the front door where she would greet me as 'Miss Jones', my teacher.

Once at Kerema a prisoner was bitten by a snake whilst cutting grass. He was treated by the Papuan Medical Orderly but was quite sure he was going to die before 'sun up' the next day. When a Papuan made that decision he usually followed through the premonition and died. Mum, determined in her own quiet way this would not happen, had him brought to our house, sat him on the verandah near the kitchen to keep him awake and gave him mugs of strong black coffee at intervals all through the night. When at 'sun up', he was still alive she knew she had won the battle. The prisoner returned to gaol to serve out his sentence. On his discharge he wanted to return and work for us in the house because 'Sinabada was very kind and made good coffee'. Needless to say, he was not employed by us!

In 1931 it was leave or furlough time again. It was in the years of the Great Depression and life was hard for the average Australian. The Lambdens rented a flat in St. Kilda, Melbourne. My father had his furlough salary from Papua so had no undue financial problems. We did not mix with other tenants in the building, having our family and friends to 'catch up' with. We were always well dressed and apart from saying hello did not speak with our neighbours. One night there was a knock on our door, Dad opened it and there stood a policeman asking all kinds of questions about us. The neighbours had reported us to the police, for they thought Dad had no occupation, he did not go to work like the other men, nor did he appear to be on 'relief payments'; he, his wife and daughter were well dressed, appearing not to want for anything .. so.. was he a big time gambler or did he have criminal leanings?? Poor Dad, the upright citizen and magistrate was <u>not</u> impressed at having to prove his identity. The police accepted he was on leave from the Papuan Government and all

was well, even though 'Mr. Plod' had not really heard of that country.

On my parents' return to Papua after furlough Dad was posted to Port Moresby. I was left in Melbourne at "Little Methodist Ladies' College", Canterbury, a school close to my grandmother and aunt. I was six years of age. The school did not take boarders, but because my parents would be so far away they made an exception in my case. My parents did what they thought was right at the time; they did not feel Papua was the place to grow up in - educationally.

My mother did not tell me she was pregnant with Graham - she was probably embarrassed I would ask questions. When I received a telegram several months after my parents returned to Papua, which read, "Brother arrived, love Mummy and Daddy", I simply thought one of Dad's brothers had gone to Port Moresby, but couldn't understand why they bothered to send me a telegram about it! Grandma later told me I had a little brother, I was thrilled.

When Graham was six months old I returned home to Port Moresby by ship, in the care of an old friend of my mother. Looking back, had there not been a drama at "Little M.L.C." when the sister of the headmistress committed suicide, it is doubtful I would have been allowed to leave the school and attend Port Moresby Primary School, nor see my baby brother until our parents' next leave - when he would have been just on three years old.

In the nineteen thirties, we had a one teacher school (Government) in Port Moresby, which I attended, along with approximately thirty four other children - all in one large room. School days were not uneventful, two events stand out in my mind. One when our teacher asked me how many halfpennies made a penny - if I knew, I was not going to impart my knowledge and was 'given' the cane, resulting in a black and blue back - there were repercussions over the incident and girls were not given the cane again. I have always hated arithmetic with good reason! On another occasion the school bully and another boy had a fight when the former produced a razor blade cutting Ken Chester a fraction from the jugular vein! Life was never dull in PNG, even at primary school!

Mum enjoyed those years in 'civilised' Port Moresby. Dad was the Assistant Resident Magistrate for the first year in Moresby, then promoted to Resident Magistrate, which meant changing house on two occasions. The house for the ARM was on the site where the present (as in early 1990s) Travelodge has been built. Fortunately, the builders left some original frangipani trees on the site, so the trees I used to climb in my youth still stand. The next move after Dad was promoted to Resident Magistrate was to the Residency, situated on the lower part of Paga Hill, overlooking the harbour and wharf. At the time of writing, the house still stands, but looks very unloved - it had been a lovely home.

My mother was a member and hard worker for the St. John's Church Guild (Church of England). She had a group of friends to her liking for previously, on outstations, one could not pick and choose, particularly if you were the wife of the officer in charge of the Government station - it was advisable to be pleasant to everyone on the station, keeping harmony. Some women did not 'put themselves out' which could cause serious tensions for everyone in the area. Another type of woman would, at times, use the position of her husband to make life hard for wives of junior officers, merely to enhance her own self-esteem.

Towards the end of 1934, my maternal grandfather died in Melbourne. My mother took Graham and me 'south', as she wanted to be with her mother and sister and introduce Graham to her relations in Melbourne. A couple of months later we

were joined by Dad for our twelve months' furlough, renting a house in East Malvern. We bought a car - I loved the house whilst Graham loved the car! It was a happy year. I started as a day girl at "Korowa" Church of England Girls' Grammar School.

My parents, with Graham, returned home to Papua on a Japanese vessel, the *Karma Maru*. They disembarked at Port Moresby, then travelled by small coastal ship to my father's new posting, Abau, a very beautiful little island east of Port Moresby and headquarters of the Eastern Central Division. More shipping called at Abau than at Kerema and Daru for it was on the route taking supplies, mail and passengers to Samarai and beyond. My mother enjoyed their seven years on pretty Abau Island; for most of their years there, she was the only European woman on the island. She did a lot of sewing, needle and crochet work, gardening, reading and letter writing. The heavy gardening was done by the prisoners on the station, but around the garden of the Residency, she supervised and did a lot herself. In those pre-war years, Abau was known for its beauty and lovely tropical gardens.

Whilst at Abau, Mum was the postmistress for the District; this included keeping in regular contact with Port Moresby by radio. Any 'doubtful' messages were in code, particularly when strange or unidentified ships were on the horizon and did not call at Abau - these were found to be Japanese 'fishing' vessels. It was discovered later these ships were taking soundings of reefs right along the Papua and New Guinea coastlines to chart our waters in readiness for war. This was long before the bombing of Pearl Harbour. During the war it was found the Japanese maps of the land and sea of Papua and New Guinea were perfect in detail.

There were no other European children on Abau, but Graham had many young Papuan friends to play with. From all accounts he was 'King of the Island' with the station people, particularly with the prisoners who were very fond of the little fair haired boy. The prisoners were, for various reasons 'Guests of His Majesty, King George V' - the majority were imprisoned for murder. A lot of European children delighted in bossing and being cheeky to the Papuan people both children and adults, but in our family of two generations of children this was not so.

If my mother was ever lonely in her life in Papua she never said so. Dad was away a lot of the time on patrol, particularly in the early days. When he was away and there were no visitors, she would have mainly vegetarian meals - not that there was a large variety of vegetables, they would be local, plus pineapple and paw paw; she would have fresh fish and perhaps freshly killed pork now and again. The two most favoured tinned meats were sausages and 'taper tin' corned beef, commonly known as bully beef; one could, with a little imagination, do a lot in the culinary line with bully beef. It was usually eaten with sweet potato or rice - the latter had to be washed several times before cooking to remove all the weevils. There were only crude methods of keeping perishable foodstuffs - if the meal was not eaten, it was certainly not kept for the next meal!

Coastal ships brought our mail and supplies every few weeks. It was wonderful to have our tinned foods, flour and rice replenished. The mail bags were even more of a delight, letters and parcels from friends and relations, magazines and books to read, plus mail order supplies from Australia. Sometimes we had a passenger or two from the ship to overnight with us and tell us 'first hand' local news of people or events - coastal ships always overnighted at ports they called at, for the reefs were treacherous. On an outstation before the advent of aircraft, it was our greatest thrill when someone on the station saw a speck on the horizon and yelled out 'sailo'; the word would be picked up and would echo on and on - a wonderful happy sound, with the expectation

of things to come. Small ships and their cargo were our lifeline.

In those pre-war days we always showered and dressed for dinner (we showered rather than bathed as it was difficult to get into a small bath tub!) The shower consisted of a bucket on pulleys with a rose hose to let the water out. Clean fresh clothes were always put on afterwards - apart from hygiene and helping to prevent prickly heat rash, this custom was also a boost to morale and strengthened our resolve not to become sloppy in our tropical isolation. For dinner, men wore long-sleeved white shirts and sometimes a tie, plus starched long white drill trousers with black or white socks and matching shoes. Women wore a long dress, mainly because of mosquitoes which came out in full force prior to sunset.

The majority of Europeans had their 'spot' before dinner - whisky, gin and rum were very popular in those days. Some had sipora drink, which is made from a small lime, most refreshing, very tasty and non alcoholic. My parents always had the latter drink prior to lunch, and spirits pre dinner.

Although we all had mosquito-nets over our beds at night, a lot of Government owned houses pre-war, like our house, had a mosquito-proof dining room where a large section of the wide verandah was screened off with heavy mosquito netting.

Our Papuan servants consisted of a cook, a houseboy and a laundry boy. The cook, of course, prepared the meals, the houseboy looked after the house and waited on the table whilst the laundry boy did the washing and ironing; sometimes we had two houseboys. When the employer had young children a housegirl would also be employed. The men wore white ramis (called laplaps in New Guinea) - this was material worn like a sarong around the waist reaching to the calf or ankles - our staff wore it to the calf (it was cumbersome to the ankles.) They had bare top and feet. This was more hygienic than clothes and not as cumbersome. The cook was the most important member of staff, then house and laundry boys.

On outstations the Government Officer in charge had a large garden which was tended by a prisoner or two with a policeman to watch over them. The prisoners mainly cut the ever growing grass, keeping the snakes down. Grass was cut by hand with a sarif. Prisoners were strictly forbidden to help in the house.

Two members of our staff who stand out in my mind from my childhood days were a man named Oina from the Fife Bay area and a girl called Dina from the Western Division. In 1931 Oina came to work for my parents in Port Moresby as a cook. He was mission educated, a very good cook and could read and write. Several people wanted him to work for them and offered more money than we could pay, however he always refused. Prior to coming to the Lambdens, he had worked at the Power House, where he received more money than a cook. On duty one day he received a mild electric shock - that was the end of his days in the Power House, afterwards he had great respect for electricity!

Another very important staff member of ours was Dina who was an orphan, coming into our lives when I was a baby at Daru. Dina was my friend and playmate being about ten years old at the time. Mum taught her English and cleanliness, sending her to the mission school on Daru Island for a few hours each day. Several years later when we were living in Port Moresby, Dina came there from Daru, unbeknown to us at the time. One day my father was talking to a friend in the street when an attractive young Papuan girl raced up to Dad, throwing her arms around him saying, "Taubada, my Taubada" - the friend smirked, asking Dad if this was his girlfriend. Before Dad had time to answer Dina turned on the man saying, "You nasty man - he's my father". Dad had some explaining to do!

My mother, like most women on "outposts of Empire" had great worries regarding the health of her family - she worried about me - her daughter, and years later about her daughter-in-law Colleen.

My brother, Graham, also born in Port Moresby, had a great love for the country - he followed in his father's footsteps with the Magisterial Service in PNG. The isolation was not always easy for some women. We were not unique, it was a way of life which went with the careers of our husbands, we took the good with the "not so good". For my mother pre-war, Colleen my sister-in-law, and those women who were not of the country, it must have been much harder than it was for me. I was born in Papua, it was home and I had no wish to live anywhere else - it was a way of life I knew, had grown up with, warts and all, and loved dearly.

The wives of our field staff (Magisterial) officers on outstations in Papua and New Guinea were frequently called on to help behind the scenes, be it medical, advisory, office work or as social hostess. As well as being mother, nurse and teacher for her family, they were general helpers 'lending a hand or an ear' to both Europeans and Papua New Guineans in the area, should it be needed.

My mother, like the wives of most of the 'outside men', contributed a great deal in a quiet way to the peaceful penetration of that wonderful country; whilst history books gloss over the role of women in Papua and New Guinea we played a vital role in the building of what was once called an "outpost of Empire" - and no, I am not a feminist, I just love the country of my birth.

William John Lambden, after serving with ANGAU in WW2, was posted to Samarai where he died on 4-1-1947, just days before his 50th birthday. Lillian Kate Lambden died in 1986 after retiring from PNG in 1954. Graham followed in his father's footsteps, joining the service as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1951 and was serving as A/District Commissioner, Milne Bay District, when he left PNG in 1974. Sadly, he died in 1990 aged 58.

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OUR LUNCHEON IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, 9 OCTOBER 1997 - by **Alison March**

It was, as usual, a happy few hours with old - and new - friends. We lunched at the Grandview Hotel, Wentworth Falls. There was a good roll-up (20) - those who attended were our President Harry West, Bill and Friedergarde Tomasetti, Meg England, Bill and Nance Johnston, Elaine Kimmorley, Aileen Giles, Gabriel Keleny, George and Edna Oakes, Joan Stobo and her guest Timothy Lloyd from England, Marie Day, Lloyd and Lorraine Yelland (visiting from Queensland) and Margaret Clarence who had been a young journalist in Rabaul in 1937 when Vulcan 'blew up' (so Margaret was able to write it up at that time). We also welcomed three 'new faces' to our luncheon: Irene Lenehan who, with her 'plismasta' husband had been stationed at Alotau, Milne Bay, and later in Port Moresby, Muriel Snell who had been a teacher with the Methodist Mission at Vunairium, New Britain for six years in the 1960s, and Alison Ryall who had been in the Sepik District in the 1950s, later going to the New Britain District in the 60s at Vunalama. I hope the newcomers enjoyed themselves - we oldtimers did!

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HELP WANTED: When in Madang in the 60s/early 70s, Des and Marie Clifton-Bassett were given **a cigarette lighter in the form of a replica of the Coastwatchers' Light** by one of the firms - probably as a goodwill gesture at Christmas. Marie inadvertently disposed of it during of one of their moves. Daughter Helen now collects things like this, and was very disappointed to hear it had gone. If you have one you no longer wish to keep, please ring Marie on 02 9958 3408, with details of cost.

END OF THE LINE: A History of Railways in Papua New Guinea
by Bob McKillop and Michael Pearson

Papua New Guinea is commonly thought to be a land without railways. At the very least, railways do not immediately come to mind as a topic for historical research in Papua New Guinea. Nevertheless, Michael Pearson and Bob McKillop set out to document and record something of the history of local railways in 1971 - initially as individual projects. Inevitably, their interest in the topic of railways brought the authors together and they have been working collaboratively since 1980.

At first the task was to identify and document the railways which have operated in Papua New Guinea. As a result there are records of some 150 railway lines. Many of them were small hand-pushed operations from a jetty to a copra store or around a sawmill. Others provide fascinating stories of more substantial enterprises and the endeavours of colonial pioneers at the frontier.

As the material came together it was realised that not only were there stories about small railway operations around the country, but there was also the basis for a new look at some basic elements of Papua New Guinea economic history. Through the story of railways the authors have identified important themes which help us learn about the economic conditions of today from the experience of the past. The book ends with a look at the potential of railways in the future of PNG.

This book is truly unique and will be valued both by historians, residents and past residents of Papua New Guinea, and by the large band of railway enthusiasts worldwide. Published by The UPNG Press.

Available from Pacific Book House, 17 Park Ave., Broadbeach Waters, Qld 4218 Ph 07 5539 0446, fax 07 5538 4114, email pacbook@ozemail.com.au (vi +170pp, illus, bibliog, index) hardcover $40 +$7 postage within Aust., softcover $30 + $7 postage within Aust. Phone for postage rates to other countries. Major credit cards accepted.

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WORKS BY JAMES SINCLAIR, OBE - For those of you who are collectors of Jim Sinclair's books, we have a list of all his works from the first in 1966 to the 24th in mid-1997, plus details of two books yet to be published. If interested, please contact the editor.

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LINES OF FIRE: Manning Clark & Other Writings by Peter Ryan

Member, Peter Ryan of Victoria, author of the wartime classic *Fear Drive My Feet (1959)* and editor of *The Encyclopaedia of Papua New Guinea (1972)* has a deep love of Papua New Guinea and its people, and visits often. Peter was Director of Melbourne University Press from 1962-88. In his spare time he was an essayist, columnist and reviewer for *Quadrant, Nation, The National Times, The Age, The Australian* and *The Australian Independent Monthly. Lines of Fire* contains the cream of Peter's writings from the past 40 years, a few with reference to PNG. There are 40 individual pieces, all of them witty, perceptive and thought-provoking. The book contains Peter's award-winning essay "End of the Dreamtime", his memoirs of Macmahon Ball and the authors he knew as friends - among them A D Hope and Paul Hasluck - and some of his finest book reviews, "As I Please" columns and essays on country living.

Available from bookshops, also Clarion Editions, (PO Box 45, Binalong NSW 2584 Ph 02 6227 4433, Fax 02 6227 4470) or the author. 256pp, illus, index (of subjects and authors) $19.95 until 31 Dec 1997, $24.95 thereafter, plus $3 p & p.

Comment by John Herbert on *Forgotten murders - still a mystery* by J B Toner in the September 1997 issue of *Una Voce*

As a former police officer in Rabaul at the time Angela Woo and Leo Wattemina were murdered I would like to offer the following comment on Jim Toner's article.

It would seem from reading it that the High Court judges were unanimous in upholding the appeal against the decision of the Chief Justice of Papua New Guinea that Freddie Smith was guilty of murder. This is misleading. McTiernan J dissented from the views of Williams, Webb and Taylor JJ. Jim Toner's article described Smith's confession as 'shaky' and stated that the three judges cast doubt on the way it was obtained. This is correct, but they also gave other reasons for upholding the appeal.

McTiernan J, however, fully accepted the assertion of the PNG Chief Justice who wrote, "I think the police witnesses Carroll, Young and Vonhoff gave their evidence straightforward and fairly, and it must be admitted that none of their evidence was shaken in cross examination. The evidence of each police witness was fully corroborated by other evidence." He continued, "The police evidence was consistent, plausible and gave a rational account of events; it 'made sense' whereas the accused's account so often did not." The Chief Justice further wrote, "The accused in the witness box struck me as being confident, self possessed, and not unintelligent; but making every allowance for his being of mixed blood and of limited education I found his evidence at times impossible to accept as truthful."

In considering how the confession was obtained, McTiernan J quoted a passage from an earlier decision of the Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia that, "The character of the questions, the absence of any insistence or pressure in putting them, the fact that no questions put were directed to breaking down or destroying the prisoner's answers or statements, and the fact that there was no attempt to entrap, mislead or persuade him into answering the questions, still less into answering them in any particular way, these are all matters which negative (disprove) such a degree of impropriety as to require the exclusion of the testimony as to the prisoner's admissions." (In other words, McTiernan J felt that the accused was treated correctly and fairly by the police officers investigating the case and that his admissions should be accepted.)

McTiernan J also rejected the submission that the accused made the incriminating statements at the Police Station because he 'thought the police wanted him to say those things and because he was frightened'. He wrote, "The learned Chief Justice who saw the prisoner examined and cross-examined was in the best position to assess whether the prisoner was weak or timorous as the submission implies. The assessment of the intelligence and personality of the prisoner which the Chief Justice made tends strongly to suggest the opposite conclusion." After examining other legal questions whether the

confession should have been accepted or not, McTiernan J wrote, "Upon the whole of the evidence I do not entertain any real doubt that the confessions of guilt which the prisoner made before the police are true. In my opinion they should in this case be considered to be clear and satisfactory proof of the prisoner's guilt. In my opinion the verdict of guilty which he found on each count of the indictment is correct and the appeal should be dismissed."

Thus there was a differing opinion to those of Webb, Williams and Taylor JJ. Jim Toner's article overlooked this. Jim is incorrect in giving the surname of the then Chief Justice of Papua New Guinea as 'Beaumont': his full name was Montague Beaumont Phillips. After being knighted he was known as Sir Beaumont Phillips. As a police officer who gave evidence in his court on many occasions I can assure readers he was an extremely hard-working, highly respected, thorough and careful judge who brought enormous dignity to the court and demanded the utmost probity from all who gave evidence.

After reading the judgments of the Smith case, I remain uncertain whether the judges were aware that the Rabaul Police Station was a simple wooden building with push-out shutters. There were no glass windows. One judge commented that Smith was taken to an 'inner room' but the CIB office was at the corner of the building with shutter spaces on three sides. It was not an inner room but looked onto a veranda facing Mango Avenue on one side and Toma Street on the other. Members of the public walking past could always see inside.

I have occasionally wondered about the possibility of a dark skinned young man wearing a laplap wandering the streets of Rabaul at night. It is possible that if the murderer had been wearing a laplap (or was naked) it would have been a simple matter after committing the murder to clean himself and the laplap in nearby seawater before changing. It would have been difficult to find evidence of blood on his clean clothes and the laplap could have been hidden or destroyed later. But these are merely the musings of a retired policeman puzzling over intriguing questions. The inescapable fact is that the case was decided by the High Court on the evidence presented to it. The appeal was upheld and the defendant released.

My final comment relates to the question posed in the article as to whether or not the police investigated further after the appeal had been upheld. Maybe they did, or maybe they reasoned that irrespective of any other factor, after the case had been before a magistrate, the Chief Justice of Papua New Guinea and the High Court of Australia, there was little point in 'flogging a dead horse' - I don't think we will ever know.

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DROUGHT SITUATION IN PNG AS AT 22 OCTOBER 1997

Following are extracts from notes distributed by the PNG Consul General Mr Kila Karo:

- The most affected Provinces are parts of Western, Eastern and Southern, Chimbu, Enga, Madang, Morobe, Gulf and East Sepik,also the atolls in the Nth Solomons Prov.
- Prior to the onset of the drought, various parts of the Highlands were hit by frost which destroyed food gardens. It will take about 6-8 months before the gardens are producing again, provided the wet season arrives.
- It is estimated that 500,000 people have been affected by the drought.
- Apart from the shortages of food and drinking water, the economy has been seriously affected - coffee will lose about K250 million in 1998, tea has lost K4.5 million; cocoa, copra and oil palm exports will be reduced; the Porgera mine is losing about K8 million per week in lost production; Ok Tedi still has in a place a *force majeure* which it declared after it could not meet its overseas contractual obligations.
- In worst affected areas, aid posts, health centres, even hospitals and schools have been forced to close due to lack of food and water.

THE ASSOCIATION'S 1997 CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON
SUNDAY 7 DECEMBER at 11.45 am for 1.00 pm
at THE MANDARIN CLUB - Cnr. Pitt and Goulburn Streets, Sydney

Cost: **$22.00 per head** - a banquet style meal will be served. Drinks at Club prices: Beer $7.00 per jug $2.50 per can/ Wine $7.00 per carafe/ Soft drink $6.00 per carafe Drinks (alcoholic and non-alcoholic) available by the glass.

The Council parking station, cnr Goulburn and Castlereagh Sts, will be open from 9am to 11pm - charging a flat rate of $4.00 for the day. The Club is not far from Town Hall, Central and Museum Stations. If you need assistance with transport please ring Pamela Foley on 9428 2078. Also ring Pamela if you would like a vegetarian meal.

Special care is taken with seating arrangements to help those attending alone, or those who feel they may not know many people. If you would like to sit with friends, indicate this on the booking slip. **Please book early!** Re cancellations, please notify the Treasurer, Elma Holmes, by noon on Friday 5 December (9958 4996) to obtain a refund.

LUNCHEON BOOKING

Please print Christian Name and Surname for name cards:

I, ...(name) will attend the luncheon and will be

accompanied by .....

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

The enclosed cheque includes:	My luncheon payment	$22.00
	* My luncheon guest(s)	$.....
(Annual subscription now $10.00)	* My Subs to year 19....	$.....
	TOTAL	$.....

** Delete if not applicable. If you are sending a combined Luncheon Booking and Membership Renewal cheque, please fill in the details on the form below to assist the secretary.*

Cheques to be payable to ROAPNG Inc (please do not use staples)
Post to The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP

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

I .....(full name - please print)

of .....

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

Enclosed is $ ..... **Cheques to be payable to ROAPNG Inc.**(Please do not use staples)
Post to The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

PNG KARAI NATIONAL RADIO ON SHORTWAVE

Following on from the item about Port Moresby Radio in the Sept. 1997 issue, Marjorie Walker of Mount Waverley VIC provided further information as follows:

"The PNG Government National Broadcasting Commission 'Karai National Radio' is now using powerful new transmitters and can be heard quite well on shortwave in Australia, as far south as Victoria. It is best heard from 5 pm to late on 4.890 MHz in the 60 metre band. On some days the broadcast ends at 10pm and re-starts at 5am on 4.890 MHz, but on other days it continues right through the night. It also transmits during the day from 8 am to 5 pm on 9.675 MHz in the 31 metre band but propagation in the daytime is not as good. Of course, there are many other Provincial and National radio stations on shortwave throughout PNG, and the excellent programmes of Radio Australia including the PNG Service in both English and Tok Pisin, but they are generally much more difficult to receive in Australia."

APPENDIX 1
(Rule 3(1)(a))

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INCORPORATED

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I, ...(full name - please print)

of .....(full address & post code)

..... Telephone No.

....

hereby apply to join the Association as a Member (PNG Superannuant) or Associate Member (non-Superannuant) (Delete one)

I support and subscribe to the rules and objects of the Association, including the fostering of friendship and good fellowship among all former residents of Papua New Guinea.

ENCLOSED MY CHEQUE/MONEY ORDER

for $10.00 x .....=..... .....
(option to pay several years) (Signature)

DETAILS OF PNG RESIDENCE:(1)

Year of arrival.....Year of departure.....

Resided in following places:

.....

.....

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.....

.....

.....

Occupations:.....

.....

.....

OPTIONAL: Date of birth.....

Spouse's full name.....

Children's names.....

RETURN TO: SECRETARY
R.O.A.P.N.G.INC.
P.O. BOX 452 .....
ROSEVILLE NSW 2069 Date

(1) If not a former PNG resident please provide brief details of your interest in PNG.)

THE BOB GIBBES NEW GUINEA STORY

Extracts from a talk by Syd Nielson at the launch of the "Bobby Gibbes" F28, the first of three jets for Sir Dennis Buchanan's Queensland airline, Flight West

"In the early postwar period, life in PNG was fairly relaxed for those individuals who were not too fussy about what they ate and drank as many relatively basic items were difficult to obtain and luxuries largely unavailable. However, for those trying to operate a business, especially one which required specialised mechanical supplies and backup, the long, uncertain and often infrequent supply lines presented daunting obstacles, causing almost daily frustrations. These physical problems were compounded in many instances by the unstable personalities of some staff who had been attracted in the first instance to what appeared to be a romantic and adventurous frontier-type situation. In the case of Gibbes Sepik Airways, it was indeed a frontier operation, supplying remote outstations located in difficult and frequently dangerous terrain. For Bob and Jean, 'prangs' became less than unique as did after dark landings by the lights of Jeeps and pressure lanterns. A lesser man might have given up on many occasions but Gibbes is made of sterner stuff, with a dogged determination and an innate capacity for leadership, innovation and initiative. Within a period of 10 years he built Gibbes Sepik Airways (GSA) into a major PNG operation, headquartered in Goroka in the Eastern Highlands, servicing the whole Highlands region as well as the Sepik and anywhere else where there was a job to be done by one of his Junkers JU52 or Norseman aircraft.

The Bob Gibbes PNG story begins in 1947 when he arrived to fly for Mandated Airlines after a brief period in Coonamble following his discharge from the RAAF. (Bob was the RAAF's most decorated pilot with a Distinguished Service Order (DSO), Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) and bar.) He soon became disenchanted with his role as a company staff pilot and resolved to launch his own company which he did following the purchase of his first Auster aircraft. Based in Wewak, he subsequently bought a total of 10 Austers, two of which became write-offs whilst several others occasionally needed fairly extensive repairs, in addition to the regular maintenance schedule which in itself was difficult to maintain in the prevailing circumstances. There were many hair-raising stories regarding the adventures and misadventures of his various Austers in the Sepik District and of the deeds and misdeeds of ground staff and pilots, most of whom nevertheless were hardworking and responsible citizens whose individual contributions were significant. It was during this phase of GSA that Bobby brought up a fresh-faced youth from NSW to begin to learn what successful air operations were all about. This young fellow is today known as Sir Dennis Buchanan, our host!

In early 1949 Bob bought his first Norseman aircraft which proved to be well suited to New Guinea conditions enabling GSA to carry greatly increased payloads and to extend operations to new geographic areas, including the Highlands proper. The Norseman with its tubular metal airframe, sturdy undercarriage and fabric skin was a tough, reliable and SAFE aircraft, as were the Austers which also had a fabric skin. Bob ultimately bought 10 Norsemans all of which, bar one, survived to be on-sold despite many bendings (*ie minor accidents)*. The one Norseman which did not survive was being flown in 1958 by Ron de Forest who became disoriented in thick cloud outside Mendi in the Southern Highlands and crashed, fortunately with a load of cargo only. He was the first and only fatality suffered by Gibbes Sepik Airways. I believe his death prompted Bob and Jean to sell to Mandated Airlines, which sale in itself is an interesting and amusing Gibbes-type anecdote, to which I shall refer later.

Regular maintenance and periodic major overhaul of engines, airframe, props and instruments were, and no doubt still are, the major bugbears of aircraft operators. GSA

was no exception. This was another area in which Bob became proactive and displayed considerable initiative often leading to disputation with the then Department of Civil Aviation who liked things to be done just so. Having located a source (indeed a veritable treasure trove) of new and used Pratt and Whitney Wasp (Wirraway) engines, Bob resolved to re-engine his Norsemans with Wasps. Initial and quite entrenched DCA reaction, of course, was that it was neither allowable nor technically possible. After many hassles Bob proved them to be wrong on both counts and thereafter was able more readily to keep his aircraft in flying condition.

Bob's operations were largely limited to Norsemans for it was somewhat beyond his financial capacity to consider the purchase of several DC3 aircraft which were still the principal cargo/people movers in PNG. He persevered in what seemed to be a fruitless search for an alternative and was ultimately rewarded when he located three airworthy Junkers JU52s in Sweden in 1955. More importantly, he could afford to buy them. Though it stretched his resources, he finally ferried the first one, together with engineers (and a supply of Swedish aquavit) back to Goroka. The second two were brought out a little later by Brian (Blackjack) Walker and Robin Gray, both unfortunately now deceased. So GSA grew up overnight and could now play with the bigger boys!

The arrival of the JU52s signalled another series of 'debates' with DCA for Bobby was determined to replace their BMW engines with Pratt and Whitney Wasps, similar to the Norsemans, thereby standardising his fleet engines. Despite particular problems with engine mounts, he again prevailed and his JU52s took to the air with Wasps, which also enhanced performance. To streamline maintenance, he installed additional facilities in his Goroka hangar thereby enabling all major overhauls of engines, airframes, props and instruments to be completed locally.

The then Administration of PNG had a clear policy of peaceful penetration of the so-called uncontrolled areas of PNG which was achieved by carefully managed initial patrols followed by the establishment of permanent posts. Subsequently some were expanded into larger settlements through the provision of medical facilities, schools and agricultural extension activities where appropriate. This was so particularly in the largely fertile Highlands, though a similar situation applied in parts of the Sepik. This policy would not have been successfully pursued in either area without Gibbes Sepik Airways. It not only found and airdropped supplies to patrols but also it pioneered charter services into new posts, landing on very marginal airstrips. Though much has been written about PNG and GSA, I do not believe that the invaluable role played by the latter has been truly recognised nor fully appreciated, even by some who participated. With no intent to belittle the contribution of the individual pilots involved, the show would not have gone on without the determination, foresight and remarkable initiatives of one Robert Henry Gibbes, whose motivation was not merely commercial profit; he consciously sought to help government and the community, especially Goroka. At a time when he could ill afford any unnecessary expense, he donated a large quantity of timber for the construction of a new hospital - timber which he had milled on his tea/coffee plantation in the Wahgi Valley and which he then flew to Goroka. This is but one example.

Coincidentally with the development of GSA, Bob and Jean acquired leasehold land in the Wahgi Valley which they named 'Tremearne' and on which they developed a large tea/coffee plantation, complete with airstrip and hydroelectricity. Despite a large amount of Gibbes enthusiasm, imported expertise and the invention of his own mechanical tea-picker, they finally allowed the tea to lapse in favour of coffee.

Sir Dennis, our host, was a loyal and trusted 'inner'member of GSA organisation for many years, as he matured into a knowledgeable young man. From a relatively early age, he showed that he also had inquisitive and acquisitive leanings which he perhaps

learned to some degree from Bob. His first major investment was in a small potential coffee block which he sold after a short time. This sale occurred just before two principals of a small charter operation called Territory Airlines (Talair) were killed in a Moth crash, following which the remaining partners decided to sell out. You guessed it - the purchaser was one Dennis Buchanan who became the proud owner of one relatively new Cessna 170 and one well-worn Dragon aircraft. The fact that he continued to work for GSA for a further period is another demonstration of the Gibbes' attitude to others. Sir Dennis proceeded to show that the student can surpass the master, for over the years he built Talair into a major company operating over 150 twin-engined aircraft.....

Returning to the Bobby Gibbes story, I must say that I had long reached a conclusion about Bobby. I was convinced that somewhere along the line, the Good Lord had made two decisions regarding Bobby: first, He would preserve his life regardless of how foolishly brave he might act, and second, as a possible offset, He would allow his affairs to become surprisingly complicated. I have never, never known him to do anything simply. Even minor matters seem to become awfully complicated. So it was with the sale of GSA to Mandated Airlines in 1958 (by which time Beth and I were close friends and confidants of Bob and Jean). All negotiations had been completed and the matter passed to respective solicitors for settlement. Several days lapsed but that final celebratory advice did not arrive. Then, on the Saturday morning we received news that David Bennett had just pranged a JU52 at Mendi, damaging the undercart and flap. As one condition of sale included the delivery of three **airworthy** JU52s, we had a problem! So the 'brains' including yours truly went into conference to work out some means by which we could fly another JU52 into Mendi, swap a few parts around and make it appear that we had three airworthy JU52s. We of course needed a few Scotches to ease the disappointment and to help the inspiration. Though we decided on certain action (I think), I returned to my own residence next door on Sunday night quite despondent, and somewhat tiredly dragged myself off to work on Monday morning. About 10.30am the phone rang and my secretary said that Mr Gibbes wanted to see me urgently. As his residence was only a few hundred yards from my office, I walked down and as I entered Bobby rushed up with a huge glass of Scotch saying, 'Drink this you old bastard, we sold on Friday!!!" - so when the JU52 pranged on Saturday it belonged to Mandated Airlines and not GSA. Gibbes' solicitor had advised him by letter rather than by radiogram that settlement had been completed. As I said, nothing is simple with Gibbes.

In subsequent years Bob and Jean maintained substantial business interests throughout the Highlands by establishing and operating a chain of five hotels, the principal one being the Goroka Bird of Paradise which was opened by Lord Casey, the Governor-General and an old wartime acquaintance of Bobby from the Middle East. In addition to the hotels, he also retained Tremearne for some years. However, all things have an ending, and the time came when Bob and Jean decided to sell out and retire to Sydney where they have since lived at Collaroy almost adjoining Long Reef Golf Course. In recent years Bob has constructed, had certificated and flown his 'CriCri', a home-built light aircraft that can pull more g's than a Spitfire; he then completed an autobiography. He continues to use his 42ft Solaris catamaran 'Billabong' which he had built in the UK, and sailed to the Mediterranean where he used it for five seasons before sailing to Australia via Sri Lanka and Malaysia. I wonder what next will attract his attention and his unbounded energy - whatever eventuates, it will be exciting, for sure."

This, according to Syd Nielson, is a thumb-nail sketch only. Bobby's autobiography, 'You Live But Once', is available from the Tremearne Publishing Co., Box 531, PO Narrabeen NSW 2101. $85.00 (or $90.00 Australia including P & P).

'BUNG WANTAIM' PROGRESS REPORT: Will Muskens reports that the original concept of a 2-3 day event incorporating a formal and informal program has been changed because of the cost of underwriting such an event and because of feedback from members. Will said, "Nonetheless, there remains a very strong interest to have a get-together, but primarily social in nature. Something along the lines of:

Saturday evening - Dinner, with a notable MC and some light entertainment
Sunday - Picnic in the park

This form of gathering will be essentially informal, with abundant opportunity to move around to catch up with old friends." Suggested time - a weekend in late May/early June 1998. Will added that such an undertaking would be considerably easier to arrange.

The organisers will consider the various options in terms of dates, venues etc and release details early in 1998. We will keep you posted.

REUNION OF ALL EX PORT MORESBY PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS (includes all primary schools in the Moresby area): This reunion is planned for **Saturday 21 February 1998** at the Rainbow Bay Surf Club, 2 Snapper Rocks Road, Rainbow Bay (near Greenmount Beach Resort, Coolangatta) commencing 6.30pm Q'ld time (7.30pm NSW time). Similar reunions were held in '94 and '95 (but were mainly for those who attended Boroko East). Cost - $30 incl dinner & music (Band is 'Hitchcock')(drinks at Club prices), $40 if you'd like breakfast next morning at the Surf Club. If interested please contact Megan McManus (daughter of Les McManus) at Unit 2/21 Paperbark Court, Banora Point NSW 2486 or phone 07 5523 2073.Cheques payable to Megan Viant.

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, VIRGINIA QLD 4014 Australia
Ph: 07 3265 1957/Fax 07 3265 1767

or

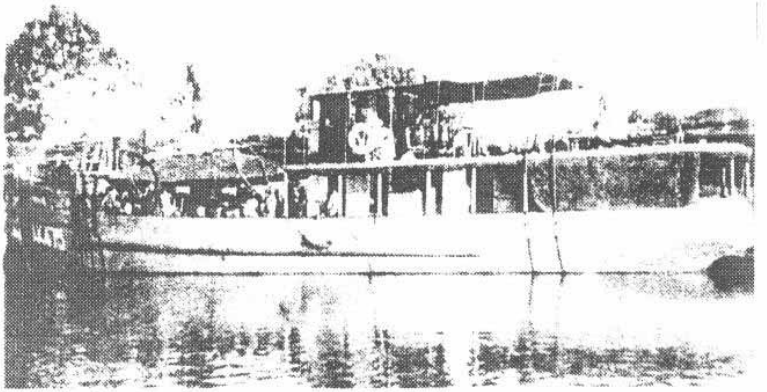
Rosemary Reeves, 14 Goldwyn Street, McDOWALL QLD 4053 Australia
Ph 07 3353 3837

SAMARAI REUNION - REPORT by **Ken Brown:** Congratulations to Valerie and Ralph Allan, Mike Walke and Jack Cooper for organising a very successful Samarai reunion at the Kirribilli Ex-Service Club on Saturday 11 October 1997. The enthusiastic response was beyond their expectations with a capacity house of 226. Everyone enjoyed the venue with its stunning views of Sydney Harbour, an excellent meal (including a commemoration cake), colourful decorations around the Papua, PNG and Australian flags and a wonderful display of treasured photographs of Samarai Island and the folk who at one time or another occupied a part of its 20 or so hectares.

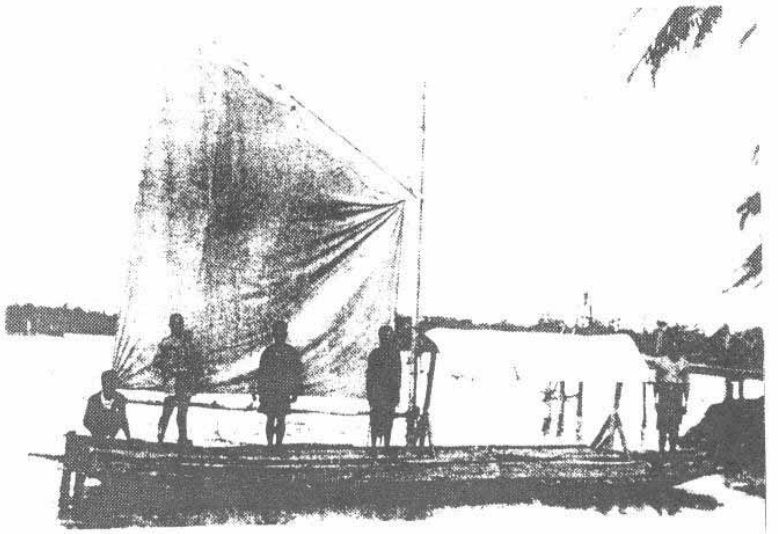
Samarai reunionists were people from all walks of life and fields of endeavour. Many boasted forebears whose names are prominent in PNG and Milne Bay history books. Seats were constantly being changed as old colleagues and friends sighted each other. Many photos were taken. The camaraderie of yesteryear had not diminished. Jack Cooper ably performed the MC duties. He spoke eloquently in his speech and toast to the 'Pearl of the Pacific'. Members of the Wilkinson family sang three songs: Raisi (tok ples), Isle of Samarai and Milne Bay Hymn. Valerie, Ralph, Jack and Mike can be justifiably proud of their achievement vis-a-vis the energy they expended and the satisfaction the other 222 of us felt for a great reunion.

ARCHIVAL MATERIAL ON THE GULF AND WESTERN DISTRICTS
from **Don Barnes**

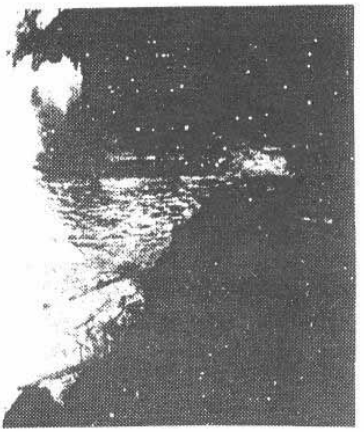
Don Barnes of Mitcham SA, previously a European Medical Assistant, has gone through his old photographs and sent us copies of 58 of them, with dates and full descriptions, for the archival collection. Unfortunately most would not reproduce well here. As the rivers, the rainfall and boats seem to feature in all the stories of this area, here are some of Don's photos of boats:



MV Nusa alongside Pt Romilly sawmill, May 1945. It plied Pt Moresby to Daru and Pt Moresby to Samarai, calling at smaller places than *MV Doma*.



This is taken at Mirivase, a Police Post west of Kairuku in mid 1944. On left with pipe is Max Bergen, ex Mandated Territory of New Guinea (aB4). Note shelter to ward off the heat of the midday sun.



Don and his wife Joan were stationed at Gaima on the mouth of the Fly River during 1947-48. This picture of the station whaleboat was taken a short distance up the Fly River from one of the very few high banks. Don said if he remembered rightly the whaleboat had oars and barge poles - he said if there was no wind you had to get ashore as otherwise the tide would take you. Joan is standing amidships. In several of the photos taken around the Gaima region Don is barefoot - he said this was because he didn't like mud and water squelching through his boots though he said they had been warned about hookworm.

Don took this photo while on a six week patrol on the Turama and Gama Rivers west of Kikori, in early 1945. The purpose of the patrol was to locate, and send to hospital, people with a venereal disease named Granuloma Inguinale. In PNG it occurred only in this relatively small area. The only other known occurrence was somewhere in Africa. In 1945, treatment was a course of antimony injections for 4-5 weeks. Later on, the antibiotic chloromycetin cured the disease in 5-10 days. These are the two canoes Don used. In the left one is Don's shelter from the heat of the midday sun. In the right one, the man with the shotgun was Don's medical orderly. Don added that the men in this huge delta area always stood up to paddle, and their women sat - they despised tribes in which the men sat to paddle.

KIKORI, from Nance Johnston's memoirs: Nance, in her memoirs, described the 'dank and miserable' conditions she found at Kikori when she and Bill were posted there in January 1952. She said, "Storms were bad and one night the station was struck by lightning seven times. The average annual rainfall (which falls within a few months) is in excess of 236 inches, and heavier in the nearby ranges. The wet season seemed endless with 7 inches of rain on most days at Kikori. The flooded, fast flowing river in front of the house had a constant stream of uprooted trees from up-river being carried down to the sea. This created a hazard for the few boats and many canoes using the river, as well as the fortnightly flight of the seaplane which used it for landing and take-off. The entire house was surrounded by deep drains and covered with wooden logs. These 'duck-walks' allowed the large volume of water which ran all day and night from the huge cathedral type roof of the house, to get away. Not even the mosquitoes had time to breed with so much running water around! Knee-high gumboots were worn by most Europeans. Without bitumen or concrete roads and pathways, the grassed areas became bogs and to walk across a grassy area it was often necessary to bend over and actually pull on the top of the gumboot to drag one leg out after the other. There were no vehicles and everyone walked - during the wet season it was usual to have a row of gumboots lined up at the front door when there were visitors.

There was no electricity on the station. The fuel stove in the kitchen was in an alcove large enough to have clothes lines running around it - a fire was kept burning all day to dry the laundered clothes. The house was raised on piles about three metres or so from the ground and had clothes lines underneath, but nothing dried during the wet season without the help of a fire. Everything was dank and mouldy and it took a week or two to get used to the smell - everyone was in the same situation and no-one noticed or cared; that is until I went to Sydney and my appalled mother immediately laundered everything in my luggage."

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A SAMARAI CRICKET MATCH, by Ken Brown: It will be 44 years next month since Frank Hoeter enlisted me into a Samarai cricket team, only minutes after I had stepped off the flying boat from Rabaul. So desperate was he to get players to pad up against an unbeatable Kwato side, he was prepared to accept me on the strength of Rosemary Grant's reply, "I think so", to his question, "Can your fiancée play cricket?"

When the openers Fathers Copas of the Catholic Mission and Daw of the Anglican Mission - respected players - went down in the first few balls and others followed far too quickly, my turn came to face the Kwato destroyer. As I was taking block I looked across the ground to a plethora of Grants who had their eyes glued on me, obviously expecting great things. As the bowler took his long walk before turning to line me up I had time to look skywards and beg, "June ONE, just ONE run PLEASE".

I did not see the ball leave the bowler's hand but I felt a nick on the bottom of the bat as I was in process of lifting it off the pitch. I watched as the ball sped to the boundary and the umpire signalled a 4. A great feeling of peace and well-being pervaded me. Within the next few balls I was with my team-mates on the boundary preparing to go out and field. I think I was one of the highest scorers that day.

I had learned one thing - there was no chance I would be selected to play for Kwato.

SETTLING IN AT EDIE CREEK, 62 YEARS AGO

Member, Ross Johnson, sent us this letter, dated May 1935, written by his mother to a long time friend. Ross was about 18 months at the time and his mother about 35 -she had never been to PNG before. In 1934 Ross's father, Ted, had acccepted a position as Mill Manager for New Guinea Goldfields (NGG) at Edie Creek leaving his wife and son to come up later. Ross's mother died in 1976.

C/- N.G.G. Ltd, Edie Creek,
Via Wau, New Guinea. May 5th (1935)

Dear .....

Possibly you've had some news of me 'ere this from the family. Without Ross, the trip on the "Neptuna" would have been most enjoyable; with him, it was most exhausting as he behaved very badly. The food & the service were excellent & I did manage to get dressed up and to dinner at 7:30 tho' I always went to bed early and didn't join in any of the evening arrangements. It didn't get rough until I'd found my sea legs and anyway the ship is very steady and was heavily laden – hundreds of tons of flour chiefly, an excellent cargo for a rough sea. The first two days were quite cold and the last two very hot both day and night. Both Ross and I felt it rather much. The "Neptuna" manages about 11½ m.p.h. and goes all out to do it. Her speed is painful but she is ideal for people doing a leisurely pleasure cruise – plenty of deck space and a swimming pool. All the waiters and cabin boys are Chinese and there are swarms of them. She also has a Chinese crew.

We anchored at Salamaua at 4:30 am, I was finishing my packing at 5 am. The doctor had finished with us soon after 6:30 and there were only a few of us disembarking so the Customs didn't take long. Ted was on board soon after 7 am and we had breakfast together. I was very glad to get off the ship as Ross had been more than trying and was most shockingly spoilt after his stay in Sydney. It's wonderful now he has settled down here and he sleeps so well at night again now. Travelling at his age is no joy. Salamaua is rather pretty – a narrow strip of land with sea on both sides – all planted with coconut palms and then, all round, high densely bush clad hills. Without the foreshore we might have been in a N. Auckland harbour. We left the ship about 9:30 am and then a Mrs Williams (she was Miss Idriess) met us (Ted had stayed with them the previous night). She showed us the coolest spot – the back verandah of the hotel and we stayed there till it was time to go out to the aerodrome. We didn't want to stay too long there as it gets very hot and I didn't want to run any risks of being mosquito bitten either as the place is full of fever. I looked thro B.P.'s store and bought floor covering for the bedroom – a greenish natural coloured ground – done in squares and some of the squares had a bit of navy and dark purple in them – rather modern looking and a very thick one. It goes very well with the green bedspread and hangings of my bedroom.

Our plane left a bit before 11:30 am. We went in the big three engined Ford, seven of us and about four times as much luggage as I had. The trip took 35 minutes, rather longer than usual as we were circling over Salamaua for quite 15 min. gaining height as the clouds were very thick inland. It was wonderful looking down on it all and it was very pretty and we could see the "Neptuna" going north to Lae. She left at 11 am. Quite a party made a plane trip from the ship. We met them when we arrived at Wau and they went off in our plane to Bulolo and they were to rejoin the ship at Lae from which port she was leaving about 4 pm. I've never been so thrilled by anything as by the plane trip. We had to climb 9000 ft and at times there were only clouds below us. We struck one air pocket and suddenly dropped about 50 ft – a bit like the J.C.L. lift *(probably the lift in a New Zealand store).*

At Wau, we went straight to Parer's Hotel – kept by the parents of Ray Parer,

the airman. He runs the P.A.T. air service in Wau. We patronise him to bring up our groceries as his Co. only charges 2½d [tuppence h'penny]a lb and Guinea Airways charge 3d [pence]. Guinea Airways own the very big machines. There was a big Junker at the 'drome with a wing spread of 120 ft. They are only used for freight carrying. The machine we were in, a Guinea Airways one, is the best passenger plane. We had our trip, luggage, freight and all at the Company's expense. Luckily for us the Managing Director joined the "Neptuna" at Salamaua and I travelled from Sydney with his wife. They are on their way to England on Company business. Ted has worked very hard at the Battery as it has been a big worry so it was the least they could do for him. It saved us about £15 pounds however and I wished I'd brought a bit more stuff in with me. Ted has got much thinner but he's looking miles better now than when he met me. We spent the night in Wau, rather a noisy night too as a party of Italians from up here were down for a funeral. However Ross was so tired that he slept thro' it and we had so much to talk about that it didn't matter. Ross loved the plane trip and kept on telling us how it went up in the air and came down again. He was very thrilled with Wau as there are planes constantly coming and going. When the breakfast bell went in the morning Ross and I had only just returned from the bathroom and Ted was having his shower (wash-wash on top, in pidgin). Ross, as soon as he heard, darted out the door, clad only in his singlet. By the time I'd gathered my dressing gown he had disappeared. I found him in the dining room where he had helped himself to a banana off the table! That morning the Company's car was placed at our disposal for me to do my shopping! A visit to the Bank and to B.P.'s store for some groceries completed that.

Wau is rather pretty, at least the hills all round are. There isn't much of a township – a Bank, P.O., Radio Office, several general stores, a Chinese tailor and a few hair-dressing notices outside private houses. There is a large hospital, two hotels – both doing an enormous bar trade and quite a few bungalows in decent gardens. We had morning tea at the General Manager's house before we left Wau and we were here for lunch which we had at the Superintendent's here. The road up, only 11 miles but one climbs 2,500 ft in the first few miles, is the worst I've ever been over and there are constant slips on it. One daren't tackle it without chains on. It was most interesting and the views were magnificent. Wau was very warm and I was quite glad to leave it. It is full of malaria too. This is the only livable spot in the Territory. It is deadly quiet of course tho' the time seems to pass very quickly and I'm feeling better than I've felt since Ross was born. At present I still have lots to do in the house and soon I hope to get very busy in my garden or what will I hope be a garden some day. The single chaps here spend their time in drinking and beer is 3/5 [3 shillings & 5 pence] a bottle. The married ones can't afford too much of it. The amount of beer imported from Victoria, Tasmania and NSW into Salamaua is amazing – whatever cargo has to be left behind in Sydney, the beer is always safely stored on board. I thought they'd never cease unloading it off the "Neptuna" and they refused me cargo space for a box of groceries! My big grocery order from Sydney has only just arrived and I've been scratching along, only buying what was absolutely necessary and paying exorbitant prices for it locally – 9d a lb for rice, 1/10 [1 shilling 10 pence] for a 2 lb tin of Golden Syrup (it works out about 1/3 [1 shilling & 3 pence] bought from Sydney) and 2/- for a 1 lb tin of raisins. Flour and sugar are about 7d a lb when bought in bulk. Milk, butter, bread and meat we buy from the Company – bread is 1/2 [1 shilling & 2 pence] for a 2 lb loaf. I don't yet know the price of butter or meat. Eggs come from Sydney and it's only safe to boil them for a few days after their unpacking here. I've got a case of mixed apples and oranges from Sydney and of

course they are most expensive especially as they are "cooler" cargo. Ted had an orange last night – the first he has eaten for 10 months. My hausboi only returned last night after two weeks holiday so I hope to have a bit more free time.

It's been a hectic rush since I arrived and I've been too tired of an evening to settle down to letters and we've had quite a few visitors – practically all masculine and for the first week I seemed to be entertaining plumbers, carpenters and electricians, all doing odd jobs here of an evening. Our hausboi is quite intelligent – not too young, 28 I think and has been indentured for five years. He has just "made paper" with us for another two years, hence the holiday. It isn't easy to get hausbois up here as they don't like the cold of Kaindi. Being without him meant a great deal of extra work for me tho' there has been no scrubbing done and no "cooked" wash-wash. I had a great pile of washing after the voyage and it took ages to get ahead of it. I haven't got all my white frocks ironed yet. Ted starts work at 7:30 am, so getting breakfast at 7 am was quite an effort especially as none of our electrical gear arrived for a week after I did. However when the jug and toaster appeared things were much simpler. Ted has also given me a wedding present – a chromium plated electric coffee percolator – rather a beauty and so very useful too. The stove is a small Dover one – rather awkward to manage as the oven is very small. It takes awhile to get hot and then it is often hard to cool the oven down a bit. However I'm managing quite well. Had a dinner party last week – rather an effort too without Unianiba [name of hausboi] but it was very successful – the washing up the next morning was rather fearful tho' as I had practically all the china and cutlery I own to wash up. I got a very pretty dinner set in Sydney – ivory ground with a hand painted flower design on it – chief colour being orange. It is rather gay and most attractive when all set out. I also bought amber glass to go with it – jug and tumblers and wine glasses. So far we've had no lack of vegetables. Ted grew some potatoes and we have another lot coming on now and a boy is now clearing a patch for another planting. I've been kept well supplied with carrots, beans, peas, leeks, silver beet, cabbages, passionfruit and cape gooseberries. We've also had paw-paw and a small bunch of bananas – the latter are ripening now. I can also buy a small lemon here at Peach – they are rather like a lime and are called moulies. They are tiny with a rind about 1/16th inch thick and full of juice. I have five roots of silver beet, about ten baby cabbage plants and some mint and parsley growing so far.

Ted has a "one-talk" here, the only Waiheathen [New Zealander] hereabouts whom we see every Sunday. He is in charge of the prospecting and returns here each weekend. He is a great gardener and a mine of information about the native flora. He has dug up a vegetable patch for me and weather permitting, it will be planted next Sunday. I've also got a bit of my flower garden dug but not ready to plant yet. The soil is good but full of roots and needs a bit of digging and turning over. Now that Unianiba has returned I hope after this week to be able to start on the garden. It has rained a part of nearly every day so far but I believe the rainy season should be over now. We've had two thunderstorms and one earthquake since my arrival. Last week we had two perfect days, just like a perfect Auckland autumn day. I usually wear a cardigan for breakfast but discard it by 8:30 and it begins to get cool again about 3:30. It is often very warm between 12 and 2 – there seems too to be all the languor of the tropics in the air. We are only 400 miles from the Equator here. I'm getting more used to the elevation now. At first I found I couldn't exert myself much. I can't do anything very strenuous for long yet and some days the air seems much rarer than on other days. Water boils here at least 20° lower than on the coast with the result that it is wise to let it boil for a bit before making tea. It takes 5 min. to boil an egg fit to

eat and vegetables take twice as long to cook.

One part of my garden, now covered with stumps, great tree trunks and bamboo roots, I intend to keep native. There is quite a depression in it, ideally suited for growing ferns. I have about eight small tree ferns growing there and hope to plant a great many more. A great deal of burning off will have to be done but quite a few of the dead trees I want to keep for growing orchids and ferns on. I have five different orchids already and the "one talk" brought me three small trees the other Sunday – a flowering shrub with clusters of bell shaped orange and yellow flowers – a very lovely thing. I hope to collect the flowering shrubs and later, if I can, to keep the seeds of them. If I'm lucky with them I won't forget you and Elaine and Ella. Everything about the place is rather damp and muddy but it dries up very quickly. We have no paths yet and the place isn't quite finished yet. It doesn't boast a scrap of paint and is not very pretentious outside but it is quite decent inside. – chiefly owing to Ted's efforts before I came. The living-room is all panelled in beautifully grained three-ply – quite unstained. We intend to keep it so as it is the best background for my pictures. We intend to stain all the floors however and I'm also going to paint my cane furniture brown. I've just about finished all my loose cushion covers now. All the chair seats are cushioned in a heavy linen in the same colourings as my curtains. The big floor mat has a natural centre – a brown border about 15 inches wide and autumn coloured leaves round where the two colours join – very nice – chosen by Ted and nothing could have been better for my colour scheme. The curtains and the pictures have made the room of course. Our dining table is of cedar and the top is wonderfully grained. I intend to oil it just to bring out the grain. The head and foot of the bed also are of beautifully grained cedar. My dressing table, not yet made, is to be of cedar also. The cushion making was rather an effort – all done by hand too. Everyone tells us we have quite the prettiest living room in Edie Creek so that's something. It's very comfortable anyway and that's the main thing. I have a large wardrobe built in, in my room and one also in Ross' room where I park the linen and all my oddments. We also own a bath – rather a luxury up here, due partly to the cost of importing them and partly to the shortage of water. Most folk here have a species of shower bath but ours, made by the Battery plumber, imported specially to build the cyanide tanks, is a great secret and is not displayed. Ted is going to have an electric water heating business made for it. We also own a sink tho' the water isn't yet laid on from the tank. The sink, I think, is Unianiba's chief joy.

Ross is still very trying and will go wandering away. He loves the natives and will go with any of them. They are very good to him but some of them are not over clean and have skin diseases. Unianiba has a very clean skin and wonderful physique – quite a good specimen. I've given him two towels and some Lifebuoy soap and he really does wash his hands after he has been lighting the fire . He is a wonderful laundry boy, most professional and the best scrubber I've ever seen. He seems quick to learn too and of course my efforts at pidgin aren't too clever yet. His attire at present seems to consist of a red lap-lap and an old brown waistcoat of Ted's – much prized owing to its pockets, and his pipe is always stuck in his belt. I sent him to the store today to buy two white lap-laps for the house. They wear shorts under their lap-laps up here and play kick-ball in them. We live just above the kick-ball field and to go down to the store, I have to cross it. When I appear there is a yell and a wild dash for lap-laps. They are very modest and consider themselves unclothed just in shorts. There is a path round the back of our place to the Battery – "on top" as it is called. Ross knows the way to the Battery and goes "on top" to meet Daddy! He was very thrilled with the stamps *(blocks that crush ore in a stamp-mill)* and shows us how they

go up and down. We get a lot of thunderstorms up here and one second's failure of the electric power stops the Battery for at least 15 min. until they get the stamps going again. The lights went out during the storm last night and Unianiba cheerfully remarked – "Light, he all buggered up". Pidgin is very liberally adorned with the choicest Australian adjectives. No one can keep a cat here – it's always a case of "pussy – he die finish" – and ends up as kai kai too. The sanitary service here is excellent – the tins emptied every day and the place well washed out with disinfectant by the lavatory boy. The great fear here is dysentery from the flies but there is no fever. They are also very strict with the boy's sanitary arrangements. There is a lot of malaria at Wau, and at Bulolo fever is very bad. They also have lots of snakes there, great pythons 17 to 20 feet long that raid the hen roosts. We have no snakes here but every known species of insect and dozens of tiny lizards. There are very few birds up here and what there are, are not very melodious.

Ted wants to know why I'm writing so much to you when you never answered his letters? However I've about done my dash now I think. There is so much here one could write about too. There really is gold here – great chunks of it. I haven't seen an alluvial clean-up yet but I believe it's a great sight. Ted says he's never seen so much actual gold in his life. For its size this is the richest find in the world – Klondyke was larger of course but this is really a small area and there is gold everywhere, all owned by N.G.G. – no one could peg out a claim here now.

I really must write to someone else now so au revoir. My love to your mother and all your family. Love from we three, Hilda

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NEW GUINEA GOLD

How Mining has been Rapidly Developed in Inaccessible Country by Air Transport

This article (undated) was supplied by John Cooke of Mt Gravatt Qld, former Master of Guinea Airways' coastal vessel 'The Gnair'. John acquired the article while doing research for his book 'Working in Papua New Guinea' which is one of the few published accounts of the history of Guinea Airways.' (The book is obtainable from Pacific Book House, $35 hardcover.)

Commercial aviation has no romance greater than that of the opening up by aircraft of the goldfields in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. Daring, skilful pilots, in collaboration with mining experts, defeated mountains, jungle, cannibal tribes and country that defied other means of transport. Weighty mining plant and hydro-electrical equipment were flown piece by piece across some of the wildest country in the world. Miners, native labourers, horses and cattle, as well as stores and material for new townships, were flown from the coast to aerodromes cut out of the jungle. A handful of experienced men demonstrated to the world the carrying capacity of aircraft and the speed and cheapness of air transport in virgin country.

Australian prospectors searching the Mandated Territory after the war of 1914-18 found gold in the interior mountains about seventy miles from the north-east coast, the nearest port being Salamaua. Although the distance was not great, the difficulty of the country made the goldfields - situated from 2,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea - inaccessible except to the most determined men. To reach the goldfields miners had to penetrate into the jungle and cross mountains. The bush tribes were hostile and treacherous. To get through, the prospectors needed native carriers. The carriers were recruited from other islands and other tribes by professional recruiters who landed them at Salamaua, where they were hired at a profit to the recruiter.

A miner needed about ten carriers, and to engage them involved an initial outlay of up to £200. Then he had to pay their wages and provide food. Each carrier carried a

load weighing up to 50 lb. Much of the total load comprised food and, as the trail took from one to three weeks to traverse, the net transport available for gear was small. Such was the cost that the authorities refused to allow any person to leave Australia for the new goldfields unless he had a minimum of £550.

This cash obligation prevented penniless individuals from joining in the rush and becoming a problem to the authorities. The natives in the bush were cannibals who murdered the carriers at every opportunity. The carriers had to be watched closely or they would desert before they had gone far into the hostile country. Sometimes they discarded part of a load, or stole food, and the miner arrives at the goldfields to find that he had only part of the stores. In spite of the difficulties some miners won fortunes. Mining engineers arrived and made surveys to discover if the yield were sufficient to warrant the use of modern dredges and plant. They realized the potentialities of the area, but transport of heavy machinery appeared impossible by ordinary means. In those early days there were no aeroplanes in the Territory, but men who saw the need for them went to Australia to secure men and machines.

The first machine to reach the Territory - in 1927 - was a D.H.37, powered by a 375 horsepower Rolls-Royce engine. The pilot was Captain E.A. Mustar, who had considerable war experience, and the engineer and mechanic was called Mullins. The machine was bought by the Guinea Gold Company and afterwards became the first of the fleet of aeroplanes operated by Guinea Airways, Ltd., a company formed to concentrate on the flying services to the goldfields.

About the same time another company, the Bulolo Goldfields Aeroplane Service, was formed which bought a second-hand D.H.4. A race from Australia followed. Mustar shipped his aeroplane first, but the vessel encountered a hurricane and the machine was damaged. When the machine was unloaded at Rabaul in New Britain, extensive repairs were needed. These were not completed when the ship arrived carrying the second aeroplane, her pilot, Ray Parer, and his partner.

Parer succeeded in assembling his aeroplane and took off for a trial flight. Engine trouble occurred and the machine was wrecked in landing, Parer's companion being badly injured. Then Mustar took off for a flight of 430 miles across the sea to Lae, near Salamaua, where a landing ground had been prepared.

This first flight in the Territory was successful, but the stage from Lae to Wau, in the goldfields, where a landing ground had been prepared, offered formidable difficulties. Mountains had to be crossed and the tiny camp located. There were no trustworthy maps and all the pilot had to guide him were some rough sketches. He made two efforts, but mist and cloud veiled the tangle of mountain and jungle.

On the third flight a miner accompanied the pilot as guide and this time the D.H. 37 passed above the jigsaw of cloud-capped peaks, ravines, streams and gorges and the patch of ground on top of the mountain was seen. The "landing field" was on a slope so steep that Mustar needed all his skill to avert disaster as he brought the machine down on to the unpropitious ground. This first flight from Lae to Wau on April 18 1927 was the beginning of the development on a big scale of the whole of the goldfields. The one machine could carry only 600 lb of freight, but this represented the average load of no fewer that 250 carriers. In two trips in one day it could carry as much as the human carriers in six weeks. The first passengers paid about £33 fare, and 1s. a lb was charged for goods. In the first week of operation the aeroplane made fourteen trips, carrying fifteen passengers and 2,850 lb. of cargo.

Stamp Battery Transported: Meanwhile Parer was not idle. He had flown from England to Australia with Macintosh in 1919, but had been beaten by Ross and Keith Smith. Parer was not the type that sits down under misfortune. He secured a partner and

a little cash, and rebuilt the wrecked aeroplane at Rabaul. The patched-up machine crossed the sea to Lae, where stores and miners were waiting their turn to be flown to the goldfields, and was soon flying at a handsome profit.

The pioneer company, started by the late Cecil John Levien, supplemented the original machine with a Gipsy Moth. The company made Lae into a port, so that ships could unload there instead of at Salamaua, about twenty miles distant. Parer secured a D.H. 9 and a Bristol Fighter. Lae began to grow into an airport as well as a seaport, and inland Wau grew into a town as material was flown to it.

Levien saw that the immediate need was to obtain the biggest machine which would suit the requirements of the service and the country, and he sent Mustar to Europe to select one. Mustar ordered an all-metal Junkers W.34 low-wing monoplane, powered by a Bristol Jupiter air-cooled engine of 420 horsepower. The aircraft carried three passengers and about a ton of freight. The aeroplane was shipped to Rabaul, where the parts were assembled.

Mustar flew the Junkers to Lae, where it began service in April 1928, demonstrating the value of large machines. Then a mining company wanted to erect a stamp battery to crush the ore from the reef they were mining in the mountains beyond Wau. The machinery was built in Australia in sections, the heaviest of which weighed a ton. This load was shipped to the Territory, and then the sections were flown to Wau. Thence the sections were carried into the mountains by natives. The success of this feat of transport marked another stage in development.

The second Junkers all-metal aeroplane was shipped to Melbourne, where it was assembled and fitted with floats. Mustar flew the aeroplane via Sydney, Cooktown (Queensland) and Thursday Island (Torres Strait) to the Territory. This machine was powered by a 450 horsepower Bristol Jupiter Mark VI engine. The wing span was 62 feet and length 31ft 10in. The weight, when empty, was 3,050 lb, and useful load 2,450 lb. Cruising speed was 100 miles an hour, the ceiling being 20,000 feet.

Soon three other machines of this W.34 type were added to the air fleet, and also a number of Moths. Traffic increased to 600 tons of goods a month.

When the alluvial area in the region of the Bulolo River had been tested and surveyed by experts, it was proved to be sufficiently rich to warrant the ordering of large dredges and plant. The area acquired by the Bulolo Gold Dredging Company consisted of a stretch of the river bed and flats about 7° south of the Equator at an elevation of 2,250 feet, 35 miles in a direct line from the coast. Although there was no road, surveys were made for one.

It was found, however, that the lowest pass in the mountains that intervened between the Bulolo and the sea was some 4,000 feet high, and that the road would have to be more than ninety miles long. Construction was estimated at a cost of several hundred thousand pounds, and the time at between one year and eighteen months.

Successful as the aeroplanes had proved, the weight of the plant and its bulk were greatly in excess of the capacity of the machines in the Territory. Their success did, however, show that the huge task of transport might be accomplished, and the company decided to go into the question of ways and means. Hydro-electric plant and dredges weighing thousands of tons were required for the site in the interior. At the end of 1929 conferences between representatives of the mining, engineering and aviation companies were held in Melbourne. Ultimately, models of the aeroplanes and of the machinery were made to scale, and these gave the clue to the puzzle.

Critical Load of 7,000 lb.: The Junkers company had produced the standard three-engined G-31 passenger aeroplane, of which Major Berryman, their representative in Melbourne, had plans. The mining company calculated that two machines, each capable

of carrying sections of the plant weighing up to 7,000 lb, would be required, and Guinea Airways agreed to buy a third machine as an auxiliary and standby, all three to be operated by Guinea Airways. Captain Mustar became aviation adviser to the dredging company.

To enable the machinery to be loaded and unloaded by cranes, a special cargo compartment was designed, first in model form. Into this model, models of the most difficult parts of the machinery were loaded. The most critical loads were the upper tumbler shafts for the dredges; these shafts weighed 7,000 lb. Tests with the models showed that it would be possible to carry them. Then the time factor had to be calculated.

The total weight of all plant and machinery was estimated at 2,400 short tons of 2,000 lb, and this was scheduled to be transported by air in twelve months at the rate of 200 short tons a month. These figures were compared with the estimate for a road. It was calculated that a road could be built in about two years at a cost of some £300,000, towards which the Government would contribute £50,000.

It was decided to order the aeroplanes. From that moment success or failure depended upon whether the machines could do in service the work which the plans and the models had shown to be possible. When the decision was made, neither the aeroplanes nor the plant and machinery were in existence. Each part of the involved project had to be planned and then built in different countries. The Junkers machines were built in Germany and each was powered by American engines - three 525 horsepower nine-cylinder radial air-cooled direct-drive Hornet motors giving a total of 1,575 horsepower.

One reason for selecting all-metal machines was that the dredging company did not have to go to the expense of building hangars that would be necessary for wooden aeroplanes. The standard payload of the G-31, allowing for a crew of two and petrol for three and a half hours' flying time, was 5,800 lb. As the average flying time from Lae to the dredging area at Bulolo and back to Lae was only 75 minutes, it was possible to reduce the petrol and increase the payload to the maximum of 7,000 lb.

There was sufficient power to sustain the machine in flight by two of the three engines. During test flights the aeroplanes, at altitudes up to 3,000 feet, climbed at the rate of 200 feet a minute on two engines and under full load.

This margin of power was an insurance against forced landings and loss of life, material and time. Also, it was essential to have power for rapid climbing in a country of high mountains and much cloud. In ordinary conditions the aeroplane reached 7,000 feet in 35 minutes on three-quarters throttle. The average height attained in the region of the mountains was 6,000 feet. The useful ceiling of the machine was about 12,000 feet.

Another reason for the selection of the type of aircraft was that the low-wing monoplane construction enabled heavy weights to be loaded over the centre of gravity of the machine by a crane. The centre of gravity was located almost directly under the hatchway and about six feet from the front of the cargo compartment. The hatchway was 11ft 10in long and 5 feet wide; the hatch was concave and provided an additional foot of headroom below it, the cargo compartment being 25ft long, 6ft 5in wide and 5ft 9in high.

Jungle Cleared for Aerodrome: The interior was clear of obstructions except for the necessary stays. The stays, which reduced the width of the floor to 2ft 7in, angled back to meet the sides of the compartment at their junction with the roof. A side door was placed near the rear to enable small sections of machinery to be loaded and to afford entry to the cabin.

Part of the machinery was built in Australia and part in the United States. The parts were made in sections and each section was numbered to facilitate assembly on the dredging site in the interior of New Guinea.

Meanwhile, work was begun at Lae and at Bulolo to prepare for the aircraft and the machinery. A wharf was built at Lae and it was linked with the existing aerodrome by a railway three-quarters of a mile long. The aerodrome was lengthened and improved ready for the heavy machines and the heavy loads of machinery. Inland, on the Bulolo site, jungle and trees - some of the trees were four feet in diameter - were cut down to make a landing ground 4,000 feet long and 1,500 feet wide, and the trees were cleared from the end boundaries for a distance of 500 yards.

Vessels anchored off Lae, and their cargo was carried by lighters to the wharf, where a 10-tons locomotive crane landed them and transferred them to the aerodrome, three-quarters of a mile away by rail. By the beginning of 1931 the first aeroplane arrived by ship at Lae and was assembled. The second machine followed, and then the third.

Loading and unloading of the aeroplanes was at first rather slow, as it was realized that any accident might lead to damage and delay. The concrete loading platform at Lae was fitted with platform scales for weighing the tail of an aeroplane. The machine taxied on to this platform and the locomotive crane moved into position just behind the wing, ready to load the cargo. Loading and unloading were done from the rear, so that if an accident happened the weight would fall on to the back of the machine, this part being more easily repaired than the wing or front part.

At Bulolo the aeroplane was unloaded by a hand-operated stiff-leg crane. Unloading took from half to one hour, and was quicker than loading. Lashing the cargo into position took longer than unlashing it, and the unloading team could sometimes make one sling load of the entire cargo. Awkwardly shaped pieces of machinery were bolted to wooden frames, and rubber pads and even bags of rice were used as shock-absorbers to ease the jolts when the aeroplane landed or was taxiing. The tumbler shafts, steel girders, hull plates and sections for a steel latticed mast were the most difficult loads. A motor car presented no difficulties in loading.

As the aeroplanes were designed to carry long as well as heavy loads, it was not possible to fly them back empty from Bulolo to Lae. There were great quantities of gravel at Bulolo which could be used at Lae; so this was packed into bags as ballast and stowed to bring the tail weight up to about 2,000 lb for the return trip.

The two machines owned by the dredging company were named Peter and Paul. Three pilots were assigned to them, each pilot making two, sometimes three trips daily. Two mechanics were allotted to each machine for engine maintenance, and one for inspecting the engines after flight. A mechanic, generally a junior, accompanied the pilot on each flight to start the engines and maintain the aeroplane at Bulolo between the trips. Radio at both aerodromes ensured communication.

Various adjustments proved necessary soon after the aircraft had begun to operate. At Bulolo the white sandy patch of the aerodrome reflected the tropical sunshine, dazzling the eyes of the pilots as they landed. To overcome this disadvantage, the aerodrome was planted with couch grass, which grew swiftly into a carpet about a foot deep.

Landing Difficulties Overcome: At first, trouble was encountered with the landing wheels. This was caused by the brake generating such heat as it operated on the rim of each wheel that the rim expanded and burst, but serious damage was averted. Generally the machine swung violently before it was stopped, and the only loss was that of the wheel and tyre. The design of the wheels was altered and the trouble ended. An extensive stock of spare parts, including complete undercarriages and engines, was carried.

Transport of the machinery from Lae to Bulolo began in April 1931. By the end of that month only 35 tons had been carried, as the weather was bad and the staff were learning the work, but soon the monthly total rose tenfold. By the end of March 1932 the dredges and the hydro-electric plant had been flown to the site.

The dredging company estimated that it had saved at least a year by using aeroplanes instead of building a road. The saving of this time enabled it to begin production of gold a year earlier. There were no accidents.

After this achievement civil aviation continued to increase, and in 1935 the approximate milage flown was no less than 1,303,257. Most of this milage was concerned with the short routes from Lae and from Salamaua to the goldfields. Even more remarkable were the weights carried. These came to 8,323 tons of goods and 108,654 lb of mail. In that year 16,466 passengers were carried, the safety record being remarkable. Freight rates were reduced to fourpence a lb. from the original shilling rate.

The news of the achievements of the pioneers of New Guinea aviation urged others to emulate them. A wide variety of machines, wooden and all-metal, was introduced, including De Havilland, Ford, Fokker and Waco. With adequate attention, the wooden aeroplanes have proved efficient. In addition to Guinea Airways, the principal services are those of Holden's Air Transport Service, Ltd., and those of W. R. Carpenter, Ltd

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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 S MILLIGAN (12 September 1997, aged 88 years)

John Milligan was formerly a Patrol Officer at Aitape. When the Japanese were about to land in Wewak a number of Chinese asked three experienced officers of the Australia-New Guinea Administration Unit to lead them to free territory. John Milligan was one of the three; the leader was Captain C D Bates and the other was Captain T G Aitchison. A large number of locals also joined the group. They left Wewak as the Japanese were occupying the town; they were pursued for days but managed to outwit their pursuers. After an incredible 6-week journey of several hundred miles over terrible terrain the party arrived in Port Moresby on 23 February 1943. With carriers, the group probably numbered around 300. Although all members of the party suffered malaria and had to be carried for part of the journey, they arrived without a single casualty.

John died in his sleep. (Information provided by Roma Bates. No further details available.)

Joan EWEN

Roma Bates wrote the following 'For the B4s of the '30s in Rabaul': Those of you who were in Rabaul in the 30s may remember June Ewen and will feel sad to hear that she passed away in London mid August, after a long illness. She was very keen on theatre and amateur dramatics and this interest she kept up till recently, attending and even taking part in fortnightly playreadings.

June and her brother 'Chum' lived with their parents Daisy and Jim Ewen at Timbur near Kokopo, Jim being manager of BP's branch at Timbur. At outbreak of war, Chum joined the RAF and was shot down returning from a raid over Germany and is buried in France.

June joined the RAAF and at conclusion of hostilities went to Port Moresby together with other wantoks to help the re-establishment of civil administration. A few years later she went to England and although she settled in London, her interest in PNG never flagged and she enjoyed visits from many wantoks and showing them the London she knew very well.

And so, another link is broken with those happy days of our youth in PNG.

Miss Jean PARLE (August 1977, aged 88 years)

Member, Jean Parle, went to PNG as a schoolteacher in 1947. She taught both expatriate and Papua New Guinean children at different times until her retirement in the early 60s. Her postings included Sogeri, Lae, Madang and Goroka, and Rabaul on several occasions. The latter years were at Tavui government upper and post primary school for girls from the islands region. She would be remembered now by many of those women with respect. She was a keen golfer and member of Roman Catholic community activities. She died suddenly of pneumonia.

Jean is survived by her sister Kath and a very large extended family.

(The foregoing was written by Pam Quartermaine.)

Father Gregory KIRBY CP (23 July 1997)

Father Gregory Kirby CP was amongst the pioneer Passionists in New Guinea. Australian Passionists went to Lae in 1955 and took over from the Divine Word Missionaries responsibility for Catholic pastoral activity in Lae, Bulolo and Wau. Subsequently, as Religious Superior of the Passionists, Father Kirby led them when they transferred to Vanimo in 1961. He served in the West Sepik mainly at Vanimo until 1977 when he returned to Australia. In his homily, Father Jeff (formerly Cletus) Foale, another former Passionist missionary in PNG, said of Father Greg's days in Lae, "He was loved in that town and had a great influence for good."

Another member of the pioneer Passionists died earlier this year. He was Father Ignatius Willey. He had worked at Gumbi in the Madang Province and Ossima and Baro in the West Sepik from 1955 till 1984. Father Ignatius was the author of the history of the Passionist Mission in PNG, "PNG Passionists", published in 1996.

(The foregoing was written by John M Howard.)

Mrs Anada Margaret (Candy) PARRISH (8 October 1997, aged 71 years)
The following is taken from the eulogy given by son Craig.

Anada Margaret Parrish was born in Bangalow on the far north coast of NSW. She was known by her own family and childhood friends as Nae or Nada, and afterwards as Candy, a nickname she acquired early in her working life.

When Mum was only seven she lost her mother who herself was only 28 at the time. With her brother and sisters she was brought up by her father's parents on their farm near Bangalow. At school she was an outstanding student and excelled in dancing and singing. She also developed a great love for horses, particularly dressage. Her first love, though, was music of all kinds, but particularly jazz, and from music she gained great comfort when she was sad or hurt.

In her late teens she obtained employment in the Department of Taxation in Sydney and within time became the youngest assessor in the department. During this period her son, Wayne, was born and she suffered many heartaches and difficult battles in her endeavours to keep him, for a long time working two jobs to be able to do this.

Early in 1951 Mum met the man who became her future husband and my father, Doug Parrish, whilst he was on leave in Sydney just prior to returning to PNG, where he was an Assistant District Officer. After just four days of knowing each other, they decided to get married. She went to Finschhafen in early March 1951 and stayed with the Police Master, Frank Payne and his wife, for two weeks prior to being married in the Catholic Church in Lae by Father Bill Bacchus. The Reception was held in Flo Stewart's temporary hotel in Lae, an old army building.

Mum, in addition to being Dad's loving wife, became his greatest support, advisor and best friend in his career from then on and, as she often said, it was a marriage made in heaven. At Finschhafen, twins Christopher and myself were born. Mum taught Wayne by correspondence.

At the end of their term at Finschhafen, Dad was sent to do a two year course at the Australian School of Pacific Administration at Mosman. During this period Mum was very busy looking after three young children, whilst Dad was studying and working at night to make ends meet - an ADO's salary then did not cover the cost of renting and of feeding a family in Sydney. After ASOPA Dad was posted to Madang, where we all spent some of the happiest six years we can remember. Chris and I attended pre-school in Madang and, for a time, Mum helped the pre-school teacher because she loved children. The pre-school teacher left after a year or so and all the parents asked Mum to take over the pre-school, which she did for the last four years we were in Madang. She was very highly regarded by all the parents and loved by the children. Even outside the pre-school, it was amazing to see Mum, at a function at the Madang Golf Club, take over thirty or more screaming children and within five minutes have them all seated around her, silent and completely captivated. Mum also took up golf whilst in Madang, something which she enjoyed a lot throughout her life.

In 1962 Dad was asked to join the newly created Department of Labour in Port Moresby and we all moved there. A little later, on leave in Australia, we suffered a terrible experience whilst travelling down the Pacific Highway from Bangalow to Sydney. We were resting in our station wagon at the side of the highway, when a man shot Dad and hurt Mum in a way that would horrify all you people here. Dad is only alive today because of Mum's bravery and sheer tenacity in getting him to hospital with great difficulty. Dad was so badly hurt he could not be flown, but had to be driven by ambulance from the hospital at Taree to the Royal North Shore Hospital where doctors removed the bullet. Mum nursed Dad back to health and looked after us in the most trying circumstances.

Mum and Dad had decided to build us a home in Sydney at that time and the home was being built whilst all this trauma was happening. We also all had to go to court, travelling up to Taree each time, which was not a very pleasant experience, but Mum was a tower of strength through it all. We moved into the new house for a short time and we were all completely devastated when Christopher was knocked over by a car on our way to school and died the next day. The following day, a person whom Mum also loved dearly, Dad's mother, passed away with the shock of it all, so Mum suffered a double tragedy in a period of just two days. It was a very unhappy family who returned to Port Moresby.

Mum was then asked to establish the first pre-school for Papuan children at Hohola. She

did this with very little assistance from the Government, which only provided an empty building. She established and furnished it with the assistance of the Papuan parents, such as carpenters and other tradesmen. The pre-school was most successful and became the demonstration school for Papuans and New Guineans being trained as pre-school teachers.

Later, Dad asked Mum to leave the pre-school because the work became too much for her. She was then for many years Staff Clerk in the Police Department. There she became well known and highly regarded by police, both expatriate and local, throughout PNG.

Dad retired as Secretary for Labour in the PNG Public Service and joined the Bechtel Corporation, with the understanding that he and Mum would be based in Sydney closer to family. However, this did not happen, and after a period in the United States, then Melbourne, then Indonesia, they returned to Sydney to live. Mum had twelve moves in four years! After a period in a unit at Cremorne, Mum and Dad moved to East Lindfield where they spent many happy years. Mum continued with her golf and she and Dad learnt to play bridge, which they both enjoyed.

Whilst at Lindfield, Wayne passed away after a long illness, and you can imagine how Mum felt losing a second son. She never really got over this tragedy even though from then on she put on a very brave front. During this period Mum worked for a number of years on the Caring Sub-Committee of the Retired Officers' Association of PNG and also for her local church visiting sick and elderly parishioners. Eventually Mum and Dad moved into the unit at Pymble where they have lived for the past 4½ years. Mum had not suffered any serious illness prior to her death, but died in her sleep from a massive heart attack. Yesterday was the anniversary of Christopher's death and that probably did not help because she suffered terribly on these occasions.

Roma Bates, a long-time family friend, wrote, "... Behind the beauty and charm was a very practical lass. Candy was the epitome of compassion and understanding of human nature - ever ready to give a helping hand. Somehow, Candy sensed a need immediately and would quietly set about relieving it.... We have lost a lovely friend and shall miss her terribly."

I would like to convey our heartfelt thanks to His Grace, Archbishop Brian Barnes, for coming from Port Moresby at such short notice to conduct this service.... Thank you, your Grace.

Apart from her husband Doug and son Craig, Candy is survived by her daughter-in-law Diane and grandson Dean.

Dr James S ROGERS (Sept/Oct 1997, aged 76 years)

Dr Rogers' profession was ophthalmology. He undertook a large amount of voluntary work in PNG and the islands of the South-West Pacific, having seen widespread trachoma and other eye diseases in PNG villages during the war. He set up rough clinics at sites along the Fly River - his fame spread and patients began coming with all sorts of tropical diseases. He continued his work in the islands and later with Aboriginal people in the Australian outback.

(From *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 7 October 1997)

Mr Ron SELF (15 April 1997, aged 65 years)

Ron died in Canberra Hospital after a very brief illness. He first went to PNG in 1956 when he joined Burns Philp and was posted to Samarai. From 1960 to 1965 he was in Madang - during that time he married Della, and their son Michael was born. Follwoing his transfer to Daru, Ron became manager of the Burns Philp depot there. He and his family then returned to Samarai for four years before returning to Queanbeyan NSW in 1974. Ron and Della's only child, Michael, was killed in an accident in 1980.

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

Mr John Ethyn JARRY (10 May 1997, aged 69 years)

John died suddenly at Port Moresby. He went to PNG in 1955 and after fourteen years in DCA, did a real estate course and later bought Washington Real Estate from Lance Washington. John's ashes were scattered on the sea after a brief service attended by his staunch friends from the Papua Club. Many will remember his kindness and dry sense of humour. John will be sadly missed by his beloved wife Marge, whom he married in 1958.

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

Mrs Mary NOTT (30 June 1997, aged 72 years)

Mary enlisted in the Navy and served two years during which time she was awarded the Royal Humane Society's Bronze Medal for diving into the Port River to save a 13 year-old from drowning. Mary later worked in PNG as secretary to the Director of Education, there she met Fred Nott, and they married in 1953. Later that year Fred was appointed as Station Engineer, Madang with QANTAS. The family enjoyed a pleasant 3½ years there, during which time their son, David, was born. There were further moves to Moresby, Sydney, Manila and Dubbo during which time their two other children, John and Pamela, were born. The family returned to PNG in 1964, spending time at Rabaul, Port Moresby and Lae, and finally leaving in 1971. Following Fred's early retirement, they settled in Mudgeeraba Qld. Mary suffered from Scleroderma - for many years it was considered controllable but since 1990 she had many periods in hospital and her heart finally gave up the battle.

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

Mr Doug BEADEL (9 July 1997, aged 74 years)

In 1941, at the age of 18, Doug joined the RAAF as a radio technician, was married in 1944 and had two daughters who both have their own families now. In 1947 he went to PNG with the newly formed DCA and was based in Port Moresby until he retired in 1978. During those 31 years he travelled all over PNG, wherever DCA were installing radio equipment necessary to open up air travel to remote parts of the country. He was awarded the British Empire Medal in 1968 for his work. His two great loves were golf and fishing, and after he married Maureen in 1973, they enjoyed these pastimes together. In 1978 Doug and Maureen left PNG and settled on the Sunshine Coast. In the last year or so, Doug's health had not been 100% and he passed away suddenly. Doug is survived by his wife Maureen, two daughters and two grandchildren.

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

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

Roy started work in the Department of the Navy Secretariat in Melbourne. During his 14 years there he pursued his studies and graduated in Arts and Commerce from Melbourne University. After further study in London, he and his wife Joan moved to Nigeria in 1954 where Roy held senior positions in the Western Region Development Corporation based in Ibadan. There he gained experience in industrial development. Their elder children, Michael and Sue, were born in Nigeria.

Roy was recruited to the PNG Administration to the newly established Department of Trade and Industry in 1962 as Chief of Division of Industrial Development, a position he held right through until self-government in 1973. Roy and Joan's third child Jenny was born in Moresby.

Roy worked hard to encourage manufacturing industries in the Territory, especially those which could economically replace imports. He also encouraged small local industries, including the potters of Madang District, and wool weaving in several Highlands villages with the co-operation of the Australian Wool Board. He brought particular enthusiasm to the task of promoting a PNG tourist industry for which there was practically no infrastructure when he started

After leaving PNG, Roy maintained his strong interest in tourism and was Queensland Manager for Australian National Travel Association from 1974-83 where he actively lobbied governments on behalf of the industry. During that time and since, he was also able to cultivate his interest in the arts, history and music. He also renewed his academic interests, including graduating in Education from Queensland University.

For the past several years Roy used his considerable skills at languages, especially Russian, French and German, in a voluntary capacity in the map section of the Queensland State Library, assisting people doing research into family history, by translating placenames on old German maps into the modern equivalents. A man of diverse interests, to the last he shared with his wife an interest in weaving - visitors to their home were always shown some of their latest work.

Roy is survived by his wife Joan, a son, two daughters and grandchildren.

(The foregoing was written by Neville Thomson.)

Mr John FOULGER (21 August 1997, aged 64 years)

John Foulger, born and raised in Queensland, went to New Guinea in 1956 employed as a fitter by Comworks in Lae, moving to Vacuum Oil (Mobiloil) in 1957, working in Lae and Madang. He married nursing sister Betty Pascoe in Madang in 1963, moving to Port Moresby, Kavieng and Wewak. The Foulgers transferred to Cairns in 1969, then Weipa in 1971 and Bundaberg in 1985. John retired from Mobiloil in 1989.

John is survived by his wife Betty and daughters Helen and Elizabeth (Libby).

(The foregoing was written by Frank Smith.)

Mr Richard Florence LOWE (25 August 1997, aged 89)

Richard Lowe was Area Manager for the Electricity Commission when he retired in 1968.

(No further details available.)

Mrs Johanna Florence BROAD (18 September 1997)

Member, Johanna Broad, was the wife of the late Guy Moore Broad.

(No further details available.)

Miss Carmel CUMMINGS (28 September 1997, aged 79 years)

Carmel Cummings was an Accounting Machinist with Finance.

(No further details available.)

Mrs Nancy Alice IDSTEIN (19 October 1997)

Nancy Idstein was the wife of the late Vincent Joseph Idstein.(No further details available.)

Mrs Marjorie MURPHY (20 October 1997)

Member, Marjorie Murphy, was the wife of the late John Joseph Murphy. She and John were married in Rabaul in 1941. After the war her husband progressed to be District Commissioner of Western and Gulf Districts. In 1969, the family returned to Australia.

(We hope to have further details in the next issue.)

Mrs Laurie McKAY (9 June 1997)

Laurie passed away peacefully at the Lismore Hospital surrounded by her family. Before returning to take up residence in Sydney, Laurie and Robin McKay lived at Aropa Plantation on Bougainville where they established a beautiful home and were known for their great hospitality and keen interest in the RSL and many community developments. They left there in 1964.

The McKays' home in Alstonville NSW became a popular port of call for many former PNG residents; their warm hospitality became well known to the people around Alstonville also.

Laurie is survived by her husband Robin, daughters Jan, Serena and Deborah and grandchilren. (The foregoing was provided by Merle Wall.)

Mrs Phyllis May DRAKE (September 1997)

Phyllis Drake is survived by her husband Jack William, children and grandchildren.

(No further details available.)

Mrs Helen PLOECKL (24 October 1997, aged 60 years)

Helen and husband Wally arrived in PNG in 1962 as school teachers, posted first to Marshall Lagoon, then to Hawain River (Sepik District) and then to Goroka where they spent 10 years. Helen taught at the Goroka Primary 'A' School where she will be remembered for her dedication and bright and cheerful disposition. In 1977 the Ploeckls transferred to Port Moresby where Helen taught at Ela Beach Primary 'A' School. They left PNG in early 1979 and ultimately settled in Caloundra Qld. Helen passed away following a two-year battle with cancer. She is survived by husband Wally and daughters Kerrie and Andrea. (Provided by Will Muskens)

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