



Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC
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No 1, 1998 - March

FIRSTLY, PLEASE RETRIEVE THE ENVELOPE THIS CAME IN, AND CHECK THE DATE ON THE BOTTOM RIGHT HAND CORNER OF THE LABEL. IF IT IS 1997, YOU ARE NOW UNFINANCIAL. (If you are unfinancial there should also be a 'RED' note in the newsletter to help jog your memory.) RENEWAL FORM IS ON P.36

SUBS ARE NOW \$10 P.A. AND WERE DUE ON 1 JANUARY 1998

We would be glad if you would forward your renewal as soon as possible.

Dear Member

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

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND LUNCHEON

**Our Annual General Meeting and Luncheon
will be held on Sunday 26 April 1998
at the Mandarin Club**

Full details about the meeting and luncheon are on the centre pages. The AGM is a social function as well as a business meeting - AGM business is usually over in well under an hour. We need an attendance of 80 or more to make the luncheon viable, so do come if you can. If you prefer, you can come at 12 noon, by which time the social side of the function should be under way. Would senior or incapacitated members who would like to attend but have transport problems please contact our secretary, Joe Nitsche, or assistant secretary, Pamela Foley, whose phone numbers are listed above.

FROM THE SECRETARY: As a matter of interest we tallied up the hours spent by your committee members on ROAPNG duties in 1997 and came up with a total of 1,896 hours or 237 days (per 8-hour working day) - all on an honorary basis! This figure is conservative, as hidden factors such as travel, phone calls, small tasks etc are not included.

DISCLAIMER: *Una Voce* is produced for the information of members of the Retired Officers' Association of Papua New Guinea Inc. It is written with care, in good faith, and from sources believed to be accurate. However, readers should not act, nor refrain from acting, solely on the basis of information in *Una Voce* about financial, taxation or any other matter. Having regard for their own particular circumstances, readers should consult the relevant authorities or other advisers with expertise in the particular field. Neither ROAPNG nor the editor accepts any responsibility for actions taken by readers. Also, the views expressed by any of the authors of articles included in *Una Voce* are not necessarily those of the editor or the ROAPNG.

RSL DROUGHT RELIEF APPEAL FOR PNG

A national appeal to raise one million dollars over the next twelve months for drought relief in PNG was launched by the RSL's Deputy National President, Mr Rusty Priest A.M. on Kokoda Day, 5 November 1997, at the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway in Sydney.

Mr Priest said, "The theme of the campaign is simple: in World War II, they saved our soldiers; now it is our turn to help the people of Papua New Guinea. The appeal responds to the desperate pleas for help from our closest neighbour and wartime ally, as Papua New Guinea battles the worst drought in its recent history."

Mr Priest said the latest estimates were of half a million people needing food, with at least 50,000 facing alarming shortages. He added that donors could be assured that all money and goods would be used to alleviate the plight of those most in need, using the resources of the Australian Defence Force and AusAid.

The RSL Overseas Aid Fund, donations to which are tax deductible, is supported by the National Australia Bank, which will accept donations at all branches. (From Harry West)

MEMORIES OF THE PAST

The PNG experience has had an important impact on the lives of those of us who lived and worked in various capacities in Papua New Guinea during the last 60 years or so. Whether our stay was long or short our lives in PNG were often interesting, uplifting and exciting. Our intimate knowledge of the country and the close relationship we developed with the people of PNG on the way to and even through independence was a rewarding and unforgettable experience for all of us.

Much has been written on PNG in recent years but there are many gaps that have not yet been filled. The ROAPNG committee knows that the day-to-day experiences of a large number of our members over many years tell much about the nation building experience that has not been published.

Once again we encourage our members to record their PNG experiences. Write them for your children and grandchildren, keep them in a safe place and make sure they are not destroyed (please remember to date all material - photos should have the date on the back, and a brief description). Let us know if you have done this and we will maintain a record of the writers, custodians and locations of such documents in ROAPNG records.

Una Voce will continue to publish any writings by members as a priority. As the newsletter is small we cannot publish more than 4 to 5 pages per article in length in a single issue. However we can publish some longer contributions over two issues or more.

If you wish your writings to be archived at the University of Queensland write to Dr Peter Cahill, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly Qld 4068.

If you have written a book that you would like to see published let us know and we will assist you in making contact with a publisher. (Compiled by Paul Ryan)

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

NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES - ANGAU ASSOCIATION - ANZAC DAY MARCH

This Association marches every Anzac Day in Sydney. After the march they have a reunion and luncheon at the War Memorial Club, Kensington. Some members cannot march so they join the marchers at the Club. Wives and other family members are invited to the luncheon - this enables wives to meet at least once each year. The march will be on Saturday 25 April, forming up outside 70 Hunter Street, near Castlereagh Street, at 0845 hrs. Ex PNGVR members, and any members who have not joined before, are especially welcome. The luncheon at the Kensington War Memorial Club is at 1200 hrs - the Club is in Goodwood Street, Kensington. For further details please contact Adrian Leyden on (02) 9477 3795 or Peter Russell (02) 9869 7531.

HAVE YOU HEARD???

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

At Christmas, **Donald Daniels**, Principal of the Port Moresby Grammar School, wrote: "It's that time of year again ... and as with last year, I think the best way to fill you in on what I have been doing is to send you my school Yearbook.... The security situation in Port Moresby is so bad that very few people venture forth after dark ... So why stay, you ask. I think when you see the photos in the Yearbook of the children in the school, you may understand. They are beautiful kids, many of them without a future, but

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all delightful.... So, call me a romantic, but I want to stay with them, at least for a little longer..." The school, an independent international school, commenced in 1993 and now has close to 1,000 students. The staff are recruited locally and internationally. The school began by enrolling students who missed out on obtaining places in government secondary schools; the parents of these children, the enterprising middle class, believed in the importance of a good education. The Yearbook states, "Last year many of our first graduates passed their exams with flying colours. They are now scattered overseas and throughout PNG, studying in Australia and New Zealand, at the University of Papua New Guinea and Unitech, at National Highs and in our own grade 11 and 12, and at other places."

Deryck Thompson of Machans Beach Qld was back in PNG for five weeks in Nov-Dec 1997 working with CARE Australia on the frost/drought and subsequent food shortage. He wrote, "I was based in the Provincial Disaster Office in Goroka and involved in preparations for the distribution of food supplies, which actually commenced the day after I departed. Many areas of the Eastern Highlands Province were very badly hit, but the worst off was probably the Marawaka area which still has a weak economic base and no direct road access to Goroka. The Marawaka and Wonenara peoples have minimal cash reserves to see them through this particularly severe *taim hangri* and as well have to pay high airfreight on any food flown in. Food provided by the National Government could not be transported out of Goroka because no funds were available for road and air freight. For various reasons, AusAID and other overseas aid is being channelled through major NGO's (Non-Government Organisations) which have field staff in the various Provinces. However, there was a problem as no major NGO has a permanent presence in the Marawaka/Wonenara area and therefore no foreign aid was planned for the area. However, I understand that this situation has now been rectified with cooperation between the Province, AusAID, CARE and Save the Children Fund.

In Goroka, I met up with **Ian Lesley** whom I first met in 1974 when he was with Macair and used to fly in to Oksapmin where I was based. Ian was Chief Pilot for Talair until it closed in 1993 and he now owns three aircraft and does charter work out of Goroka. I also met up with **Johannes Kendorop** who was my first National OIC when I was posted to Oksapmin in 1974, and whom I had not spoken with for over 20 years.

I also managed a very quick side trip where I flew in and spent a night at Marawaka, then drove over the recently completed road to Menyamya where I spent another night before return to Goroka. I was posted to Menyamya 1981 to 1984 and it was good to see the place holding up well under the stewardship of **Steven Peter**, one of my former junior kiaps. Marawaka has not fared so well as it is a small pocket of population at the far end of the Eastern Highlands Province. They have supply problems, such as having had no fuel for the station's generators for nearly three years, although the powerhouse operator is still on the payroll."

Lillian Whitchurch of Launceston Tasmania broke her hip last April. She said it was a difficult year - at year's end she was getting around the house quite well but relied on a walking stick outside. She spoke warmly of the kindnesses of her neighbours.

Jim Gillman of Forest Lake Qld. advised us his wife Betty, known as Bros in her days at the old European Hospital in Moresby, is now fulltime in the Canossa Hospital at Oxley Qld. and sadly will never be well enough to return home.

Wally Doe (Wandering Wally) - of Dalmeny NSW turned 90 recently. He had a luncheon party at noon, and his autobiography, published by Crawford House, was launched at 2.00pm the same day! (See *Book News and Reviews* for details.)

Wally wrote, "....one of the last of the female gold miners from the Bulolo Valley,

Marjorie Nichterlein, is in Nowra Hospital doing a deal with the Spare Parts Dept. in Knee Replacement parts, both of 'em. A few score years and ten, she was very reluctant at the thought of such a major operation on old bones.... Marjorie has been living in retirement on the Wagonga River at North Narooma for many years now.... If anyone wishes to send her a card, the address is PO Box 105, Narooma 2546." Wally wondered if Marjorie is the last of the lady miners of the Bulolo Valley?

Jack Flentje of Sunbury Vic. wrote in glowing terms of the treatment he received to clear a blockage in one of his bypass arteries (a balloon on the end of a catheter) and said he felt really fit again after only a short stay in hospital. He and his wife now share a property with daughter Margaret in the same suburb as before.

Eve Johnstone, who was in PNG from 1956-75 and spent quite a while in Rabaul and Moresby, has written to say she has serious health problems and is in the Masonic Homes, 60 Wakefield St., Sandgate Qld (Room 19). She would be delighted to see any ex-PNG friends or acquaintances who might be in the area.

Bill Johns, veteran commercial pilot, has decided to retire after 48 years in the air, and more than 30,000 hours in the cockpit, according to *The Cairns Post*, 28-2-96. Bill went to PNG in 1955 and stayed for 30 years. He then spent some time with an airline in Tonga and with Flight West in Brisbane, and concluded his career with three more years in PNG. Bill said he planned to return to Brisbane and tinker with model planes.

Congratulations to **Jack Goad**, well-known Collector of Customs at Lae and Rabaul in pre-Independence days, who is celebrating his 80th birthday on 26 March. Jack was born in England and went to Kieta with his parents in the 1920s - his father was a Medical Assistant.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: **Jim Toner** writes, "The Palace Flophouse" at Mendi was home to several bachelors who were not doing a lot one Saturday afternoon in 1958 when a servant wandered in and laconically announced '*Balus emi brukim leg*'. Sure enough when we took a Captain Cook from the verandah there was a distinctly lopsided Junkers to be seen at the end of the airstrip. Noting that it would not interfere with landings by other aircraft we returned to our battered cane chairs and Buka Meri.

Forty years later I learn from Syd Nielson's account in the December 1997 issue of *Una Voce* that, over the ranges at Goroka, Bobby Gibbes was not quite so tranquil. In fact, news of the broken undercarriage was giving him acute palpitations of the bank balance. However, as Syd reported, he belatedly learned that the triple-engined monster had become the property of Mandated Airlines 24 hours before the prang. Another lucky day for Gibbes Sepik Airways.

That giant drain from Arnhem Land, the Katherine River, rose to 20 metres and put 2,000 people out of their homes during February. **Bob Welsh**, ex-kiap, acquired his elevated house in the small Northern Territory township having carefully checked that it was outside the so-called 100 year flood zone. He should have asked for the 500 year boundary. Fortunately the water level peaked 30 cms beneath his floorboards but the three cars underneath were written off - including the '66 Corvette he had just shipped at great expense from Canada. Bob says that a Police dinghy rescued his family, sailing straight in over the garden fence, and six days were spent in emergency accommodation before a return to home and the big clean-up.

Bulletin readers will have seen a letter to its editor from Emeritus Professor **Lawrence Malcolm** of Lyttelton NZ. Some *Una Voce* readers will remember him as Medical Officer at Mendi, Madang (where he completed his doctoral thesis on the fertility of Bindi women) and then at Lae. It appears that he then gravitated to the University of

Canterbury.

After some nine years as Registrar of both the Federal Court and the Family Court in the NT, **Peter Liddle** retired in February. For some years a staff clerk at Department of Native Affairs HQ, Kone, Peter wisely commenced a Law degree in 1971 and arrived in Darwin in 1978. He was for four years Deputy Master of the Territory Supreme Court (when another wantok Phil Lefevre was Master) before taking the posts mentioned. Peter, only 53, will keep busy with some voluntary work.

Des Pike is another Top End wantok pondering retirement and after over 40 years service in two Territories well he might. He went to PNG as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1956 and was stationed in numerous districts including Madang where he was ADC Ramu. Des wound up at the Department of Provincial Affairs HQ in Moresby and came to Darwin in 1979 where he joined the Australian National Parks and Wildlife Service. He remains with that body under its current title of Parks Australia and claims, with some confidence, that he is the last of his generation of field staff still submitting patrol reports. Last year Des was out on the Rowley Shoals, 300 kms off Broome, and in April he will be conducting a month-long maritime patrol to the Ashmore Reef islands, a lot nearer to Dili than Darwin.

The drum is that ASOPA (wot woz) is to be bulldozed to make way for a car park. Those beautiful huts at Middle Head have seen so much: Freddie Kaad's attempts on a world speed record for wheelchairs, shots fired at Patrick Virgil Dwyer by an irate schoolie, and who knows how many hours of intense study by Long Course kiaps. The loss, if the plans of the Commonwealth and NSW governments proceed, will be sad. Let us hope the Sydney contingent of ROAPNG can hold an appropriate wake down at the bottom end of Middle Head Road."

HELP WANTED: We have received the following request from Annette Forster of Budgewoi on behalf of Will Mason's niece: "I am seeking information about **Will Mason** who spent a considerable time in PNG between 1919-1942. His full name was James William Mason, and while the family knew him as 'Will', his friends probably called him 'Bill'. After Gallipoli, he joined the Australian Naval & Military Expeditionary Force, and was taken on strength at Rabaul, 22-11-1919. After discharge on 9-5-1921, we believe he stayed in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. One occupation was as a recruiter in the Sepik River area. He had a boat, the *Boina*. When the Japanese invaded, he was evacuated to Australia. We believe he had a son, John W Mason, place and date of birth unknown. Bill's last address was at Mornington, though he had also spent time in Ardmona, Vic. He died in November 1960 at Heidelberg Repatriation Hospital. If any one can help with memories of Bill, we would be grateful." Please send any information to Ms Annette Forster, PO Box 229, Budgewoi NSW 2262.

HELP WANTED: Mrs Betty Moorhead asks if anyone knows the address of **Keith and Lillian Oliver** formerly of Copra Marketing Board, Port Moresby. Their last known address is Port Macquarie - they are believed to have moved to NSW or Vic about 1989. Betty's address is PO Box 1129 M.D.C., Burpengary Qld 4505.

HELP WANTED: Ken Humphreys has received information that circa 1964 there was a **Toboi Philatelic Society** in Rabaul using PO Box 94. Can any member shed light on the society and committee as a 1964 envelope addressed to the Society has been found in an English stamp collection. Ken's address is PO Box 291, Caloundra QLD 4551.

CROCODILES

by Chips Mackellar

In my early years in PNG, I had such horrible experiences with crocodiles, that to this day, memories of these experiences still survive to haunt me. And I warn you too, that if horror stories bother you,..... read no further.....

My first posting in PNG in 1953, was to the Western District of Papua. The administrative centre of Daru was pleasant enough, but the remainder of the district was dominated by the huge Fly and Strickland River basins and it was a weird place. Water stretched everywhere for miles and miles, and quite often, a river as marked on the map only indicated a stretch of water free of reeds or other growth. For the water, you see, continued to flow through the reeds and trees on both sides of what you thought was the river. The bush on either side was often still navigable to canoes for miles and miles, each side of the main river stream.



The Fly River, 40 miles south of Lake Murray, 260 miles up river from the sea
Photograph taken by member, Harry Redmond, who still works in PNG

South of Lake Murray, the whole district was in reality a giant mud pan. The river banks were soggy mud, and dry land was just dried mud. The entire area was one vast flood plain. Lake Murray Patrol Post for example, was 300 miles up the Fly and Strickland Rivers, but it was only 37 feet above sea level. So if the Fly fell only 37 feet in 300 miles, you can imagine how flat the country must have been on either side.

When the rivers flooded their banks, and water was high all across the land, pigs and cassowaries became isolated on small, instantly created islands, and when the water was low, fish and prawns became trapped in waterholes left behind by the receding rivers. It would have been, without doubt, a hunter's and a fisherman's paradise, except for the mosquitoes which kept the population low with malaria and made life a constant misery for everyone.

The other misery came from the crocodiles, which are totally adapted to the Fly

River environment. They can cruise unnoticed just below the muddy water with only their nose and eyes above the surface. Even when floating on the surface, they are easily mistaken for logs or patches of floating weed. They have two eyelids, one of which is transparent, crossing the eyeball sideways. This acts for them like a scuba diver's goggles, and enables them to see while under water. They can outswim any animal, and on dry land they can outpace a man by running on their two hind legs, like a lizard.

Crocodiles must be, without doubt, the world's most frightening predator. They can remain submerged for 20 minutes without moving or breathing, and through their goggle eyelids, they can see through the water, and beyond its surface above. So if crocodiles are lurking submerged near to where you are standing on the river bank, you can't see them, *but they can see you.*

Crocodiles can go without food for a month or more and never feel hungry, but when they do feel hungry they will eat anything alive, including other crocodiles. And if the opportunity offers, people often become an accidental item in a crocodile's non-discriminatory menu. Accidental that is for all except the rogue crocs, which deliberately stalk and eat people.

The Fly river people of course also traditionally stalked and ate crocodiles, so between crocodiles and people there was an unmistakable aura of uneasy mutual disrespect. And it was into this uneasy milieu of crocodile and man that I made an innocent entrance during my first patrol.

We were east of the Fly River, on an exploratory patrol. It was exploratory because the District Commissioner saw that there were no villages marked on this part of the map, and he sent Mike Cockburn and me to discover why. After three months we were able to tell him why. The short answer was that nobody lived there. Can you imagine that you could walk for three months through Papua New Guinea without ever seeing another soul except your own patrol personnel? But it was true.

Not only that, because there were no people, there were also no roads or foot trails. The country teemed with wildlife, but it was a totally trackless wilderness. So to avoid getting lost or walking in endless circles, we had to follow compass bearings; first due east into this uninhabited zone, and then due north until we hit the Strickland river, and then we went home. (*For route taken, see map on page 13*)

It was the dry season and we had already spent one dry camp, with only the water we carried with us, and in those steaming featureless flatlands, it was impossible to see where the next creek or river was. Mike Cockburn sent me on ahead of the carrier line with one constable and two carriers to scout for water. And hot, sweaty, smelly and parched, we suddenly came across a beautiful little waterhole surrounded by wild flowers, and adorned with water lilies and moss covered logs. It was only small, about 30 feet in diameter, and obviously a perennial soak, and in this desiccated bushland it was a welcome oasis.

"Water!" I yelled excitedly, and started to run towards it.

"Dohore, Taubada," the young constable said quietly in Police Motu, placing a restraining hand on my shoulder, "*huala gardina.*" (Wait, Sir, there might be a crocodile.)

I looked at him in disbelief, a crocodile, here, in the middle of this parched bushland? Impossible, I thought. But already the constable had given instructions to the carriers, and they cut long saplings from the bush, and trimmed them into rough spears. Then cautiously, they approached the waterhole. And with each carrier holding his sapling at one end, each began to probe the water with the other end, taking good care to stand well back from the edge of the waterhole.

Because this was an exploratory patrol, the police were armed, and the constable loaded a cartridge into the breach of his .303. The bush was deadly silent as the carriers continued to probe the waterhole with their saplings, while the constable stood beside them, rifle poised and ready to shoot.

Suddenly, like a monster from the bowels of the earth, a huge crocodile sprang out of the water with a mighty splash, and tried to attack his tormentors. Quick on the trigger, the constable shot the crocodile as it lunged, the impact spinning the croc twice before it hit the ground. As soon as it did, the policeman fired again, this time killing it.

The carriers dropped their saplings and quickly dragged the dead crocodile away from the waterhole so that the blood from its wounds would not contaminate the water. Some time later, Mike Cockburn leading the patrol and following our trail and the sound of the shots, arrived on the scene. But by then I was still shaking from what could have been for me, a near death experience. To this day, I shudder to think of what might have happened if I had rushed ahead of my patrol party and plunged my head or my hands into the water.

And afterwards that night we sat around the camp fire beside the waterhole. While the carriers ate the crocodile, I mentioned to Mike how surprised I was to see the crocodile here, so far from the river. "Well," said Mike, "considering there is so much game around, and considering this is the only waterhole for miles, if you were a croc, where would you be?"

And he was right. As cunning as sewer rats, the crocs knew which waterholes dried up and which didn't, and where the game would have to drink when the river waters receded. All the crocs had to do was lie patiently in the water until a meal arrived. And they did this everywhere.

On another occasion, elsewhere in the Western District, I arrived at an estuarine village, on a routine census patrol. The tide was out, and the dinghy had grounded on a mudbank, and we had to wade ashore, carrying our patrol gear some 50 yards across other mudbanks interspersed with shin deep muddy shallows. There was no one in the village at the time who could help because all the men were away hunting in the bush. With only two policemen and a crewman from the trawler in the dinghy at the time, I had to help them unload, and together we carried the patrol gear ashore in relays, sloshing through the murky mud.

By this time I was well aware of the danger of crocodiles and I mentioned this to the Kiwai crewman who was assisting me to carry patrol boxes ashore. He cast a professional eye about then concluded, "Tide out, Taubada, not enough water for crocs to hide in," and I was further reassured by the sight of children playing in the shallows near to where we had stacked the patrol gear onshore.

And when the unloading was over, I was standing shin deep in the water, near to where the children were playing, washing the mud off my hands. The water itself was so muddy, that I could not even see my boots. In fact I could not see anything below the surface, when one of the children, chased by the others, ran laughing through the water closer to me.

Suddenly, with a swirl of mud and a growl like a dog, a crocodile sprang out of the water beside me, and seized the child in its powerful jaws. I was transfixed in horror as the crocodile dragged the screaming child down the shallows until the water was deep enough for them both to go under....Then the screaming stopped.

I was devastated by the experience, but there was nothing I could have done. The police were unarmed and they were ashore. I had a revolver, but it was also ashore inside

a patrol box. In any case, it all happened so quickly, I doubt if I could have shot the croc in time to save the child.

But what horrified me most was the realisation that the crocodile had been lying in the water beside me all the while, unseen, although only inches below the surface of the muddy water, and only inches from me.

That crocodile could have taken me, instead of the child, except that I would not have been as juicy a morsel. He could hear the children playing in the water, and he just bided his time until one child ran closer to me, and therefore closer to him.

And all that night the village wailed over the death of the child, while I tried to sleep through the most horrible recurring nightmares which persist to this day. It was my second lucky escape from the jaws of a crocodile, and I was not sure how many more escapes there might be.

And if you thought children might have been safe on dry land, there were occasions when they weren't.

On one such occasion I was camped in a village at Suki Lagoon. The village was perched on the only available high ground, which wasn't very high. Squeezed on to a narrow isthmus with the lagoon on all three sides, the houses were two abreast, and all of them were close to the water. And from all sides, the flat wetlands stretched out everywhere towards the horizon.

It was mid morning, on a Sunday, and the patrol was at rest. I was sitting outside in the shade of the rest house, reading a book, and enjoying a cup of tea. The people were pottering around doing odd jobs, in their typical Fly River houses which were built on waist high stumps. Pigs and dogs lived below, scrounging food scraps which occasionally fell through the cracks in the floorboards above them.

In the house closest to me a mother who had just finished breast-feeding her baby put him in the shade of the eaves, in a bilum, which she hung from a protruding floorboard. It was the customary method of cradling a baby, Fly River style. Swaying gently in the luke warm breeze, the bilum was about one foot off the ground, with the baby sound asleep inside.

Suddenly, with a chill that still runs through my blood, I heard somebody cry "Crocodile! Crocodile!" and I looked up from my book to see right in front of me an enormous crocodile, running like a lizard on his two back feet, with his front feet stretched out in front. The crocodile swept past the house in front of me, snatching the baby in the bilum on the way. People yelled, dogs barked and pigs squealed, but to no avail. Within seconds the crocodile crossed the isthmus and plunged into the water on the other side, taking with him, the baby in the bilum.

In the stunned silence which followed, the only remaining evidence of this horrible incident was the trail of footprints in the mud in front of me, crossing the isthmus from one side to the other. I can still see the footprints... only two feet... and a line between them across the isthmus, ... the drag marks of the crocodile's tail.

There were too many experiences like these to tell here, some involving not only children, but also adults, and on one occasion I saw an adult taken from a canoe, by a crocodile lunging out of the river. It was an awesome, horrible sight, and one which I will never forget. And of course village pigs and dogs, which the crocodiles considered to be fair game, were frequent victims of crocodile attack. My horror of crocodiles never ceased during my first few years in PNG, but before I left the Western District, I got my revenge.

* This happened one day when I was sitting in the office at Lake Murray Patrol Post,

typing a patrol report. Most of the police and prisoners were cutting grass on the inland side of the station and most of the station wives were away in their gardens. The station was almost deserted except for four station kids playing jacks under a coconut tree near the lake, and my interpreter and the police orderly who were sitting outside the office, on the verandah.

It was a hot, hazy day, and as I typed away inside the office, the interpreter and the police orderly were carrying on a lazy conversation outside. Without really listening, I caught snatches of their conversation from time to time as they talked about this and that, but mostly about nothing in particular.

Then their conversation began to focus on a patch of duck weed, floating in the lake nearby.

"See that bit of weed," one said to the other, "it's coming closer," and then there was silence. "It must be drifting," said the other, and they thought about it for a while. There was no other sound except the click, click, click of my typewriter, and the laughter from the children playing jacks.

"But there's no wind and no current," the first voice added, "yet it comes closer," and there was another long silence while they watched what looked like a patch of weed, detaching itself from the rest of the weed.

"I think it must be a crocodile," one concluded, and there was another long silence. "I think you're right," said the other voice, and by this time, I was taking more notice. Then, without moving from his chair, the police orderly called from the verandah, "Sir, there's a crocodile approaching the station."

Still sitting in my chair, I peeked through the window, and saw what they saw. It looked like a patch of duck weed approaching the shore, increasing its distance from the bigger patch of weed... It looked like duck weed, but it was a crocodile, hull down in the water, with only its eyes and nose above the surface.

Why on earth would a crocodile come here, now, in broad daylight, I wondered.

Then I looked around, and realised - the station looked deserted except for the children, whom the crocodile had seen, and except for us, whom he had not yet seen.

"He's stalking the children," the orderly said, reading my mind.

"We better go down and tell them to scatter, and chase him away," the interpreter said quickly, but before he could stand up I said, "No. Sit still and stay where you are! I don't want him to see you." I knew they were seeking an explanation, so I continued, "If we chase him away now, he will live to stalk another day.... Let's stalk him, instead."

"But the children?" the interpreter asked anxiously?

"They are safe at the moment," I said, "we'll just keep it that way. Both of you, don't move."

By now I realised what had happened. The crocodile had probably been stalking us for weeks, awaiting a good opportunity. Today as he floated camouflaged in the duckweed, with the orderly and the interpreter sitting still on the verandah, he thought the station was deserted, except for the children. And he was nearly right. And for as long as the orderly and the interpreter stayed still, and I stayed out of his sight he would continue not to notice us, because his beady eyes were fully focussed on the children.

I got up from my chair, and opened the safe, and took out a clip of .303 ammunition. I took my own rifle from the rack and loaded it. Then I sat back in the office chair, leaned the rifle on the window sill, and waited.

The men outside could not see me, but they could hear what I was doing. "He's grounded," the interpreter said softly, and I saw the crocodile's nose touch the shore. He

was about 100 yards from my window sill; point blank range for my .303. But I remembered my basic rifle training *No fancy shooting. Wait for the best opportunity, and aim for the centre of the visible target.* My visible target at the moment was only a nose and an eye, too small for an accurate shot..... I would have to wait till he came ashore.

The children were 30 feet from the crocodile, up a gentle grassy slope from the water. They continued to play jacks happily, unaware of the danger they were in. Although, in truth, I saw that the crocodile had a problem, and I knew he was considering the options. He could rush them, but at that distance, they might scatter before he could catch one. Or he could stalk them slowly, like a cat stalks pigeons. I remembered Mike's training *if you were a croc what would you do*, and by this time I had had so many nasty experiences with crocodiles, that I was beginning to think like one myself. I knew exactly what this croc would do. He would stalk the children slowly.

"He's coming ashore," my commentators on the verandah alerted me, and by now the crocodile was emerging into my sights, as he slid his huge body out of the water, without a sound. Then, as agile as a cat, he began to creep towards the children,slowly.... ever so slowly.

And as the crocodile's legs left the water, his whole body was exposed in my rifle sights, including the soft belly skin of his left side. I was still sitting in my office chair, with my rifle resting on the window sill. I had the perfect shot, and I took it.

The sound of the shot reverberated inside the office, as the bullet hit the crocodile. The children screamed and scattered, and the force of the impact rolled the crocodile over three times on the grass before he stopped dead, literally. I had shot him through the heart.

The gunshot caused people to come running back from the gardens and the work places, and soon everyone on the station was gathered around the dead crocodile, admonishing the children for being careless, and at the same time congratulating me for saving them.

But it was a hollow victory. I am not a hunter, and I don't like seeing wild animals shot. This particular croc was doing no harm when we first saw him, and if we had made our presence known to him before he came ashore, he would have submerged and gone away.

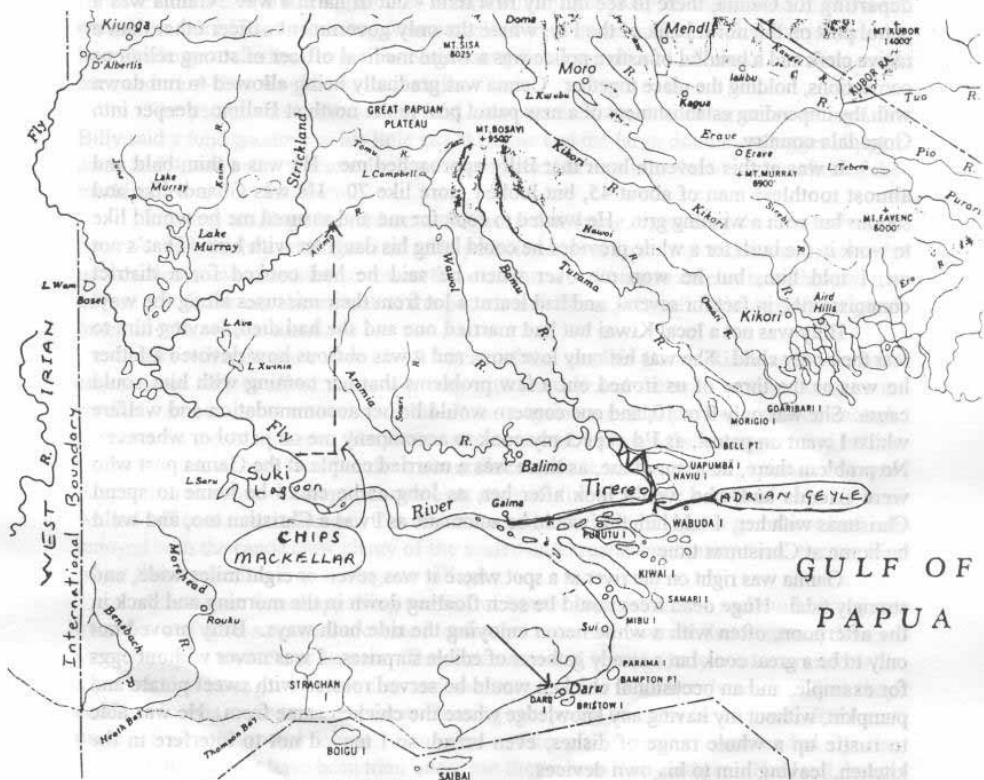
The problem was that he was a rogue croc. There was never any need for him to have stalked the children, because there were plenty of fish in the lake. The fact that he had stalked people at all, probably meant that he would stalk people again, continually, until eventually he caught someone, and that someone could easily have been me. So of all the nightmares I have ever had about crocodiles, I have never had a nightmare over this one.

For me there were no regrets about shooting this crocodile, for to this day I believe that the only good purpose on earth a crocodile can have, is to cover the handbag and shoes of fashion conscious ladies..... In my view, crocodile skins look better on ladies' handbags, than they do on estuarine monsters stalking hapless children.

And every time a lady of *haute couture* passes me by, with belt and shoes and handbag crafted from the finest crocodile skin.....I think of the mighty Fly River, and of its crocodiles.

The map following shows the route taken by Chips Mackellar and Mike Cockburn on their exploratory patrol east of the Fly River, plus places Chips described in the story. It also shows the route taken by Adrian Geyle in 'Bamu Patrol'.

C. Mackellar's route (Story, page 7) --- A. Geyle's route — (See story below)



BAMU PATROL by Adrian Geyle

Cadet patrol officers were scarce in the early 1950s and our district commissioners didn't believe in molly-coddling anybody. The year was 1953 and I was 23. I had just spent twenty months 'up the river', the mighty Fly, as a cadet, and was to spend a month or two in Daru, headquarters of the Western District, prior to going on leave. I had dismissed my cook as there was no further work for him washing, ironing and cooking for me whilst I shared bachelor accommodation, and staff, with two other single administration officers.

The bright lights of Sydney and home were big in my mind, and I saw Daru as a staging post where I could let go of some of the pent-up frustration and tension that prolonged separation from civilization had brought. This 'letting go' got somewhat out of hand, particularly in the eyes of my district commissioner, a highly respected man who was so deaf he took me out on the lawn in front of the office to tell me he was sending me 'back up the river'. I knew I was not altogether handling myself with the decorum expected of a government officer so this news was not a body blow - rather a relief.

At very short notice I was to be on the administration vessel MV *Urunga*,

departing for Gaima, there to see out my first term - out of harm's way. Gaima was a patrol post on the north bank of the Fly, where the only government officer other than a native clerk and a handful of native police was a white medical officer of strong religious convictions, holding the place together. Gaima was gradually being allowed to run down with the impending establishment of a new patrol post to the north at Balimo, deeper into Gododala country.

It was at this eleventh hour that Billy approached me. He was a thin, bald and almost toothless man of about 45, but looked more like 70. He was Ghandi-like and serious but with a winning grin. He wanted to cook for me and assured me he would like to work in the bush for a while provided he could bring his daughter with him. That's not on, I told him, but he won me over when he said he had cooked for a district commissioner, in fact for several, and had learnt a lot from their missuses along the way.

Billy was not a local Kiwai but had married one and she had died, leaving him to rear their only child. She was his only love now, and it was obvious how devoted a father he was as the three of us ironed out a few problems that her coming with him could cause. She was only 9 or 10, and one concern would be her accommodation and welfare whilst I went on patrol, as I'd expect my cook to accompany me on patrol or wherever. No problem there, he assured me, as there was a married couple at the Gaima post who were friends and who would look after her, as long as he could be home to spend Christmas with her. I told him this would be automatic as I was a Christian too, and we'd be home at Christmas time.

Gaima was right on the river at a spot where it was seven or eight miles wide, and strongly tidal. Huge dead trees could be seen floating down in the morning and back in the afternoon, often with a white heron enjoying the ride both ways. Billy proved not only to be a great cook but a steady gatherer of edible surprises. I was never without eggs for example, and an occasional chicken would be served roasted with sweet potato and pumpkin, without my having any knowledge where the chicken came from. He was able to rustle up a whole range of dishes, even bread, so I tended not to interfere in the kitchen, leaving him to his own devices.

My only patrol from this post presented no great challenge as it was to be among people well-versed with Christian mission messages and with government directives over many years of contact. Also, plantations in the area and further afield had drawn on the local labour and so white man's funny ways had been witnessed and wondered at for a long time before I came on the scene. There had been no ill will manifest in any of my dealings among those people I had met, so I looked forward to patrolling their area.

We were to visit the delta area of the Bamu River as it was the most neglected of all. The last patrol had been a medical one to attempt to clean up venereal diseases which had spread right through an entire tribe as a consequence of a promise of affluence like the white man's if everyone practised unbridled sex. The village populations were easily 'conned' after many of their young men came home from working with, and fighting alongside, soldiers from other countries. They brought back tales of great wealth pouring into the country from sources unknown, such as guns, and accoutrements undreamed of. A cargo cult of serious proportions had ravaged the Lower Bamu, and sexual excesses with all taboos lifted had left the victims physically and mentally damaged.

Canoes used in the Fly and Bamu deltas were generally small craft, fitted either with paddles or with masts and sails. I looked for a large sea-going Kiwai 'motomoto' to carry the complement of police (four), my cook, a medical orderly and myself. Dependence on such a vessel was a bit risky at this time (late November), when the

reliable south-east trade winds (the 'laurabadas') give way to the erratic north-west monsoons, but I found one canoe whose owners were eager and knew that the job would be a challenge and not without fun. Negotiating fickle winds and tides and avoiding sand bars and mud-flats would test their skills.

The patrol was well overdue and I was on the fastest learning curve of my life. Billy said a fond goodbye to his little girl at Gaima and the large double-outrigger slipped away and downstream to leave the Fly for a south-east entry into the lower reaches of the muddiest of rivers, the Bamu.

Tirere is a village located on a tongue of low-lying, open land that separates the two rivers where they enter the Gulf of Papua. It was our first stop and the people made us so welcome we promised to return there on our way home to celebrate with them the advent of Christmas, the arrival of the patrol, and life in general! It looked like a good omen for the weeks ahead.

The villages were along both banks of the smaller Bamu River and we criss-crossed our way to all of them, working with the tide and the wind co-operating or in conflict. At one point we were so slow following down a tidal pass we speared enough fish for a fat meal that night. The motomoto canoe had, between the outriggers and below the main sail, a large wooden deck about three or four metres square; spacious, it was easy to move about or sleep, or cook over an open fire kept on a hearth of red clay in a walled-off corner to one side. Catches were eaten without having to go ashore and we enjoyed with the canoe crew plenty of the scaled and crustacean bounty from the muddy water that buoyed us from village to village.

Ashore we found appalling neglect of houses, animal faeces and mud turned up by crabs, and open sores and ulcerated limbs that were so common that venereal disease seemed to be a myth from the past. The entire area had been grossly over-recruited with the result that young men were few and women were left to do men's work as best they could. Houses were without proper flooring - stepping over the bearers was from one piece of an old rotted canoe to another. The pit latrines recommended by the administration might have been tried once, but they weren't any longer. The land, being low-lying and muddy, was subject to flooding during high tides and whenever the tidal bore swept upstream, inundating the ground in the villages and inland behind the forested banks - there was no respite from the damage that rising waters repeatedly inflicted on these unfortunate people.

Yet there was much spontaneous mirth among the children, irrepressible even in such dreadfully depressing surroundings. They coped, privy as they were to all the deprivations, and the cult-induced, aberrant sexual activities of adults around them. Child abuse was practised by some tribal elders as they consolidated their claims to small girls as 'wives' promised in exchange deals made even before they were born.

The call of all names recorded in the census books gave one a kind of overview of the degeneration of village life. The almost total absence of virile young men caused such poverty of spirit among the women that only their stoicism saved their tribal remnants from total collapse. It seemed clear to them, as distinct from the old men and the children, what destitution had befallen them. As providers for both old and young they must have wondered if relief would ever come from the burdens that over-recruitment of their young men had left them. They told me how they hunted in the bush with their dogs, where their men used to hunt with bows and arrows.

My contingent of police - only four on this patrol because no show of force or arms was deemed necessary - were disgusted with the living conditions which they said

their own people would never tolerate. An empty house (maybe one vacated for the night we spent there) was offered them as a billet; it was so filthy they chose to sleep outside under the stars.

Most villages we visited were so destitute I didn't have the heart to show the anger I felt. The suffering needed immediate alleviation and nothing I could do then would help. Our medical orderly administered some potent drugs - for recognisable diseases - that could be effective only if followed up with further doses, as well as hospitalisation. Ongoing treatment was discussed and promoted, and many cases did come later to the Gaima hospital, some for immediate transfer to Daru hospital where a range of surgical operations could be performed. They showed me lepers, kept in isolation well away from the village. Food was prodded into their hands (what was left of them) on the end of a long stick, such were the stigma and fear associated with this loathsome disease.

A man approached me for help for his ill wife. She was dying - a victim of sorcery, he said - and he wanted me to go to her there and then. But she was in another village, one which we were to visit the very next day; so I assured him that we would see her then and that our medicine man would do his best to help her. She had been ill for over six months, unable to hold down any solid foods. Naively I gave him a jar of Vegemite with instructions on how to give her a nourishing drink. He fronted me next day in his village, at the census table. With two little children, one each side of him, he answered to his name and theirs. His wife had died. I was to preoccupied with the need to write things down that it was only when he placed the jar of Vegemite on the table and walked away with his children that I recognised him from the day before. He had covered himself and his children with white ash. His wife had died only hours before we arrived in his village that morning.

Tirere wasn't intended to be anything special on our way home but I had warmed to the people's invitation to celebrate Christmas with them. And what had seemed a good idea earlier seemed even better now, after the Bamu. We 'checked in' to clean rest houses, leaving our faithful motomoto sitting on the sand as the tide receded, not knowing or particularly caring how long it would be before we'd sail again. We were close to home. The Bamu experience had left us all somewhat dejected and now this place was so bright, and clean, and refreshing we could only feel uplifted. Over three hundred people lived in this bountiful village on sand, with its swaying coconut palms, beached canoes and sturdy houses.

Billy set up my bed in the rest house for visiting government, mission or other persons, and announced he was going home to Gaima immediately! He was visibly annoyed and accused me of double-talk. I had promised him we'd be home for Christmas, he reminded me, and he had promised his daughter too. Here we were at the end of the patrol, not even a day's sail from Gaima, and we weren't going to be home for Christmas! No more talk, it was Christmas Eve already and he was going. Within minutes he had wrapped his few belongings in a cloth and was gone over the sand to a little single outrigger canoe with sail - his transport for the tidal trip back home. I had let him down because I had broken a promise and hadn't appreciated how much Christmas meant to him. He had silently ensured that everything I ate was properly cooked and served before he left, without fuss. He had daily washed my clothes no matter what had been the difficulties, and prepared my stretcher bed. How could I manage without him? I had taken him for granted indeed.

Food in Tirere was in abundance. Some pigs had been slaughtered and cooked for the ceremonies that night, Christmas Eve. I was pleased to be asked for the use of two

pressure lamps for the dance among the palms and then to be offered pride of place among the elders sitting with their legs crossed and smoking their pipes. It was a special occasion, not just Christmas Eve they said, because we had chosen to stop over in their village rather than any other. They would have appreciated it wasn't a difficult choice to make, knowing where we had spent the last few weeks.

We were all generously included in the feast: taro, sweet potato, mangoes, bananas, pork, fish and eggs, to name some of the treats given to us - a diet so nutritious and superior to that of the Bamus only a day away.

Cook or no cook, the police and the people of the village saw to it that I too ate well that night. Casually I was asked if all the villagers could do an 'old' dance, and without asking why they asked for my permission, I said 'Of course'. It was to be a revelation for me. About six rows of men and youths, about six or eight deep, came dancing into the lamplight, to the heavy beat of drums and the light rattle of slotted bamboo lengths. Between these rows were spaces about one or two metres wide. Without any change to the formation or beat, women and nubile girls began to infiltrate the rows, from the sides and from the rear. People in the semi-darkness around began to laugh and shout and slap their thighs. Whatever it was, it was wildly hilarious, and in the dim light older women seemed to be causing all the fun. They were siding up to their men, dancing alongside but with huge, curved, dried gourds shaped like penises coming out from between their thighs, through their grass skirts. Obviously, very obviously, the women were lampooning their sex partners by exaggerating sex actions and techniques - anybody's actions eventually it seemed - as the dancing broke down and the dancers broke up! Taking advantage of the disarray, girls streaked past young men from the dance hitting them full on with handfuls of talcum powder. Marked and almost masked, aroused and propositioned, the young men had a choice: quietly slip behind into the dark or stay and face some good-natured torment from those not invited yet. Not many stayed.

Where my four policemen and one medical orderly fitted in I'll never know. Christmas Day dawned without anything on our agenda but rest. After that celebration of life the night before, sleep and then food seemed to be the proper order of the day. A policeman came to my rest house about midday to offer his services as a cook, and I gladly accepted. He knew how to make tea and that was enough - I was so appreciative of his kind considerations over the loss of my cook. He washed some of my clothes, then some plates in the 'kitchen' and then went off to rejoin his police brothers in their separate 'barracks'. I ate some fruit and chicken and went back to read and sleep.

Later that day I awoke from a long siesta to the rattle of pots and plates coming from the little kitchen annexe, expecting to be served a cup of tea. No answer when I asked, perfunctorily, what was for 'kai'. Still no answer when I repeated the question, so I looked in the kitchen. There was Billy with his toothy grin, somewhat subdued with his shiny head slightly bowed. "When I got near Gaima and saw my daughter," he explained, she told me she was alright and I never went ashore. I was happy to see her laughing and waving and then I felt big shame. I felt sorry for you without a cook so I came back with the tide. Taubada, what do you want for tea?" I thought he had something in his cloth wrap to surprise me with, but what I got was a cup of tea. He hadn't gone ashore, he told me again next day when he served me two boiled eggs for breakfast. He was given some eggs 'along the way back'. He was happy because his little girl was happy and he knew now that I'd been looked after and had had good food. "Mi longlong lik-lik, Masta, em tasol" (I was a bit stupid, Master, that's all), he said with a wide grin, and with me feeling that way too, we left it at that.

(The performance of *that* dance caused a great deal of pleasure in Tirere and a great deal of consternation in mission circles as far away as Melbourne. I learned of the latter when I returned to the Territory from my first leave. Mission hierarchy visited the Western District (Province) to investigate; *that* dance had been banned for many, many years. Inadvertently I had condoned the resurrection of a pagan celebration offensive to evangelising Christian missionaries of sincere motivation.

I wonder now about the whereabouts of Billy's daughter. My only regret is that Billy missed a lot of fun that Christmas Eve, but then his departure, return and reunion generated a lot of pleasure too.)

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

RABAU Yu Swit Moa Iet; *Surviving the 1994 Volcanic Eruption* by Klaus Neumann, Oxford University Press 1996, 181pp, \$14.95

Reviewed by Jim Toner

On 19 September 1994 volcanoes on either side of Rabaul's harbour devastated the beautiful port and adjacent villages. In their book "The Rabaul Eruption 1994: Destruction of a Town" Professor Russell Blong (who did his doctoral field research at Mt. Hagen in the late '60s) and Chris McKee, a volcanologist at the Rabaul Observatory, offered a scientific record of the phenomenon. And in her book "Pumice and Ash" Sue Lauer, a teacher at the Rabaul International School, gave an account of escapes following the disaster from the viewpoint of expatriates. Neumann, however, concentrates on the reactions of the indigenous population.

Forty pages cover Rabaul's history, previous eruptions, and official disaster plans. Fifty provide a description of the 1994 event and evacuation of the areas affected. The remaining pages deal with the aftermath; how different village groups coped with the loss of their homes, about the government's resettlement schemes and how the people of East New Britain are rebuilding their lives. The author has drawn on 2,000 essays by Tolai school students recounting their memories of the upheaval, and the best are quoted.

Those who do not know the Gazelle Peninsula may find this book well composed but over-detailed. Neumann misses little. For those of us for whom Rabaul will always be *swit moa iet* it is full of items of interest. John ToVuia, big man of Matupit and LegCo pioneer, apparently lived until 1991 which meant that pleasant fellow was nearing his 90th birthday. Many from his overcrowded islet in the shadow of the volcano took the hint and resettled elsewhere. One, now on a block in the Warangoi (former Bainings land purchased by a percipient Administration in the '50s) said he was glad to have left Matupit. "As soon as you cut the grass you got into trouble (with the neighbours)". Oh, suburbia ...

There are chapters on looting, the repatriation of Sepiks to their home province despite some having spent decades resident in Rabaul, and media coverage of varying degrees of hysteria.

Neumann lived in a Gazelle village 1986-88 when researching for his PhD thesis and this was published as "Not the Way it Really Was; Reconstructing the Tolai Past". He was more fortunate than one of his predecessors from the Department of Pacific History at the ANU who boarded a plane at Rabaul in 1965 with a suitcase containing two years of fieldwork notes only to find that it had vanished by the time he reached Port Moresby. The rumour that the researcher was highly critical of Federal policy in PNG was probably no more than that.

'A prodigy of wastefulness, corruption, ignorance and indolence' - This is the title of an article on the Expropriation Board in New Guinea 1920-27 written by Peter Cahill. The abstract states:

"The Australian Government set up the Expropriation Board to seize and dispose of German property in former German New Guinea. Staffed mainly by ex-officers of the Australian occupation force, and returned soldiers unable to assimilate into civilian life after the Great War, the Board quickly became noted for inefficiency, incompetence and very questionable dealings in plantations and movable property.

Civilian Administrators had to contend with the Board which was the *de facto* administration. The government failed to correct this. By the time the Board was wound up two major Australian companies controlled considerable property as the inexperience of the (mainly returned servicemen) new owners of plantations saw many of them dependent on one or other for financial assistance.

The ineptitude of the Board, and Australia's inexperience in colonial administration, created problems which were to haunt Australian governments up to, and after, the Second World War."

The article is in *The Journal of Pacific History* vol.32 no.1 1997 pp.3-28. (If anyone has any comments on the article, Peter would be interested to hear from them. His address is 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly Qld 4068.)

Peter Cahill recommends the following book for anyone interested in a German Jesuit Missionary's account of the former German possessions in the South Pacific. Peter said it was written from a different perspective and contained photographs he had not seen before. Its title is *The Neglected War - The German South Pacific and the Influence of World War I* by Hermann Joseph Hiery, Univ. of Hawaii Press, 387pp, approx \$80. ISBN 0-8248-1668-4. Peter could not locate it here and had to order it in as a special order.

The following are available from 'Australian Military History Publications' (AMHP):
WALKING THE KOKODA TRAIL by Clive Baker

This book aims at those men and women of today who wish to experience the gruelling mountain track where so many forebears fought ... The book contains many historical notes, details of the walk, porters-carriers, transport, camping gear, hotels and other travel details to enable you to do-it-yourself. \$15 incl postage in Australia (\$20 normal retail price)

(Clive is leading an Anzac Day trek if anyone would like to join the tour.)

A WALK IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS - THE KOKODA EXPERIENCES OF A MODERN DAY SOLDIER by Andrew Stone

When Warrant Officer Andrew Stone joined an army team of men and women to walk the Kokoda Trail, he little realised how it would change his life. Andrew was to be their medic and he used his skills to assist Papuan villagers as he 'walked in their footsteps' from Kokoda to Port Moresby. Other people wanting to walk the 'track' will find this a good addition to their reading list. Soft cover. \$20 incl postage in Australia. (\$30 for both books in the one order.) (Note - a full (free) brochure available on request.)

Please make cheques to AMHP, 13 Veronica Place, Loftus 2232, NSW.
Ph 015 284 760 or Fax/Ph 02 9521 6515. For overseas mailing cost, pls contact AMHP.

WANDERING WALLY by Wally Doe (an autobiography)

Member, Wally Doe, was born in Ireland, migrated to Australia in 1924 and then went to the Mandated Territory of New Guinea in 1930 to work for Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd. He fought in New Guinea during WW II and returned at war's end to settle in Wau. In 1953 he and his first wife Billie, left Wau and returned to Australia where he engaged in many enterprises. He lost his wife through illness in 1974 and married his second wife, Sue, who had been a lifelong friend of Billie. Wally tells the story of his life during peace and war, his hopes and aspirations, triumphs and tragedies. James Sinclair, in his foreword to the book, writes, "I first met Wally Doe in 1948, when I was posted to Wau as a green young cadet patrol officer. At that time, many prewar residents were still living in the town, and I was fascinated to hear the stories these veterans told of their lives on the Morobe goldfield of prewar days. Wally brings these days to life in his book."

Available from Crawford House Publishing, PO Box 1484, Bathurst NSW 2795. Ph 02 6332 2677, fax 02 6332 2654. 210pp, softcover, \$29-95 +\$6 p&p within Australia.

We hope to review this book in the next issue.

KOKODA TRACK MEMORIAL WALKWAY - by Harry West

On the southern bank of the Parramatta River, close to Homebush, where the world's athletes will gather for the 2000 Olympic Games, lives a symbol of the historical and emotional ties that bind Papua New Guinea and Australia. During the past two years the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway has grown and blossomed, transforming a previously neglected stretch of Sydney's parkland.

With the river mangroves as a backdrop, the Walkway runs for 800 metres between Rhodes railway station and Concord Hospital, and has been planted with hundreds of tropical species. Opposite the hospital is a traditional memorial rose garden.

Occupying pride of place halfway along the path is the centrepiece, a magnificent series of tall granite walls, on each of which has been sandblasted a photograph of the Kokoda Track campaign during World War II. That campaign, from July 1942 until January 1943, was critical in repelling Japanese forces intent on invading Australia.

George Silk's dramatic photograph of Raphael Oembari assisting the blinded Private George Whittington to a dressing station on the Kokoda Track came to symbolise the campaign. The photograph, which was taken outside Gona on Christmas Day 1942, became world famous, and is one of those featured on the Walkway's granite walls.

The Kokoda Track itself stretches over 240 kilometres of jungle, steep gullies, high ridges, raging rivers and mud - treacherous conditions for soldiers and stretcher-bearers alike. The Papua campaign, which includes fighting on the Kokoda Track, at Milne Bay, and at Buna, Gona and Sanananda, resulted in total Australian and American casualties of 8,546. Casualties from malaria were more than 27,000 and from tropical diseases at least 37,000. More than 2,000 Australians and 600 Americans were killed. No-one kept accurate records of how many Papuans died, but the number was known to be considerable.

The Japanese army tasted defeat for the first time in this campaign, on what was, technically, Australian territory.

The Memorial Walkway seeks to commemorate that brave, selfless spirit which flourished on the Kokoda Track during those six months of bitter hand-to-hand fighting. Twenty-two 'stations' are being constructed, each marking a particular battle or event of exceptional bravery or significance. In this way the names of Imita Ridge, Efogi, Myola,

Eora Creek, Isurava, Wairopi and other historic battlegrounds will live in contemporary Sydney. "This isn't just a monument like so many other memorials the world over," says Rusty Priest, NSW President of the Returned and Services League of Australia, and a driving force behind the Walkway. "This is a project of great natural beauty, environmentally sensitive, and so appropriate to commemorate the men who saved this country from invasion, both Australians and the Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels."

Initial funding for the Walkway was \$1.5 million. It was built with the support of the Australian Government, the RSL, Concord Municipal Council, Sydney's Central Area Health Authority (which administers Concord Hospital), and the Department of Employment & Training, which used the project to give dozens of long-term unemployed people practical lessons in landscape gardening.

Already busloads of children are visiting the Walkway, using it as an educational resource. "This is the most exciting aspect of the project," says Rusty Priest. "This Walkway will allow the next generation of Australians to understand better the reasons why the Kokoda Track became legendary among those who lived through World War II. And there'll be thousands of foreign tourists during the Olympics who'll also appreciate why so many Australians who may never have been to Papua New Guinea will always have a place in their hearts for the people of that country."

The Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway began construction in the year of Australia Remembers 1945-1995, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War. It is very worthy of a visit and commences right at Rhodes Railway Station.

Donations for the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway can be sent to the General Manager, Concord Repatriation Hospital, Hospital Road, Concord NSW 2139. Donations of \$2 or more are deductible for Australian taxpayers.

IMPERIAL GERMAN POST

OFFICE SIGN

This enamelled steel sign is understood to have been purloined from the Rabaul Post Office when the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force occupied the town in September 1914. The dimensions are 60 x 90cm and the sign is reported to be in good condition. It was sold in August for \$5,000 by a Perth antique dealer. -Ken Humphreys



The following is from E A Sutherland Ross (Suthie), whose father was engaged in plantation work in Papua in the 1920s:

Father was working as an assistant at Koitaki and mother, Elsie (my sister) and I were there for an extended holiday. Unfortunately mother became very ill and it was decided that she had better go to Port Moresby and see the doctor.

On arrival in Port Moresby we were staying with a Mr and Mrs McDonald. One day Mrs Mc. was coming out of the shower and, not pleased with the cook, gave him a swipe over the bottom with her corsets.

The cook went down and reported to the Native Affairs Department that he had been assaulted. When asked what she had hit him with he said, "Saddle belong Sinabada"!

THE DAY BP LOST, AND WE WON by M R Hayes

One day in the early 1960s, my wife and I were wandering through the grocery section in Burns Philp, Mango Avenue, Rabaul, when we spotted in the wine racks, a quantity of prewar Chateau Mouton Rothschild red wine, priced at the unbelievably low price of 5/- a bottle. Naturally we took advantage of this extraordinary offer and purchased every bottle on the shelves.

A little while later I mentioned our purchase to Monty Stobo. He went visibly pale, and went off with a promise to let us know how it was so cheap.

A few days later he had an explanation. The instructions to the grocery assistants were to note the date on items, to reduce them by half if they were over a year old, and further reduce them depending on the age of the item. It appears that the local grocery assistant saw the prewar date on the bottles, wondered how such an oversight could have escaped his attention, and thought that the best method of disposing of this 'old' stock would be to mark it down to 5/-, a mere fraction of its former price, and thus save his job. Perhaps Monty was charitable and let him keep his job - I know not.

Later Harry Hugo told me a story of a prewar dealing with BP and plantations. It appears that a saddle was sold to a plantation and the docket lost. When there was a stocktake, the saddle was unaccounted for, so BP charged the saddle to twenty plantations, with only two checking their account and complaining of the non receipt of this item - the rest blindly paid up. After hearing this, I didn't feel so guilty, and our house guests enjoyed a decent red for some time.

THE MEAT PIE RIOT, LAE, 1969 by M R Hayes

As a result of a phone call, I attended, with a few local police, the premises of a well-known bakery, to restore order. There had been a punch up, with a few locals showing signs of assault. It appears that a Sepik had bought a meat pie, and on starting to eat, noticed something amiss, and said to the bakery attendant, 'Yu bin stilim mit bilong mitpie bilong me' (You have stolen the meat from my meat pie.) There was a flat denial by the bakery attendant with a few words of aggravation, and then a punch up between a few Sepiks and the bakery staff. Hence our arrival. A quick perusal indicated that there was no meat in the pie, or indeed any sign of meat having been there. The same was also true for the other pies in the batch. A little later the manager returned, said he would enquire and after a short time explained that the pies went through a production line: the base went along the line, however the worker whose job it was to put the meat in was absent that day, the pie base continued, another worker put the top on, and yet another put them in the oven, and they were sent out to shops. A refund, and filled pies all around, sorted out what could otherwise have been a 'meaty' incident.

HELP WANTED: Maxwell Hayes has asked for help with his Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary overseas officers project. He writes,

"Could anyone who has any idea of the whereabouts of the family of any of the following ex police officers of PNG please advise me (my address is 41 Clay Drive, DONCASTER VIC 3108, or phone/fax me on 03 9848 4757). It is assumed that the police officers themselves are now deceased, but any clue, however small, which will lead to the family of such officer being traced would be appreciated."

The following are pre-war New Guinea Police Force:

ADAMS Thomas Grant	GREGSON Ernest Henry	PALMER James Henry
ALLAN Victor	GRIDLEY Herbert Chas	PARSONS Frederick Phillip
ALLEN William Edward	HAAG Gustav Henry	PIERCE James Frederick
ASH Norman Ernest	HALLEY Albert Edward	PRESTON Joseph Richardson
ASHTON Albert	HANSEN Lawrence Ewart	PRIOR William Benson
ATKINSON William W.	HARVEY Wilfred Scott	PRYOR Ronald Reeves
AYRIS Edwin Berkley	HICKS Ronald Herbert	REILLY Sylvester
BALL William Bruce	HILL Gilbert Melville	RENDLE Bernard Ashton
BARNES Arthur	HODGEKISS James	ROBERTSON Leslie Frank
BEDSER Wilfred Harold	HODGSON James Stephen	SARGEANT Robert
BENNETT Harry	HUTCHINSON Harold Joseph	SHERMAN Bernard William
BEST Roland Hall	IRVINE Arthur Ronald	SIMNETT Percy Jeffs
BOURKE Joseph Michael	JACKSON Robert Bush	SNOOK
BRITTEN Ernest Henry	JOHNSON Leslie Roy	STEVENSON Henry James
BRODIE Reginald William	JONES Albert Leary	STINSON Francis Joseph
BROWN Thomas Goodsir	KELLOCK Angus Stewart	STUART Roger Simson
CASEY James Humphrey	KEMP E. A.	SULLIVAN Gerard
CLAMMER Ronald Charles	LILLINGSTONE William George	TAYLOR Henry Raphael
CLARK John Francis	LIVINGSTONE William James	THECKSTON Joseph Henry
COBBAN Adam Allan	McDONALD Murdo Norman	THOMPSON Herbert William
COLLIS Sydney George	McDOUGALL Donald	THOMAS Cecil
CROCKER Henry George	McFARLANE Henry Gordon	UPSON Thomas William
DAVOREN Augustine Bernard	McGREGOR James	WAITES George William
DeGOUDAY George Louis	McKINNON William	WALKER Ernest Edward
DEAN Leonard Geoffrey	McLENNAN Roderick Rollo	WALKER Thomas
DEAN Thomas Henry	MAIN John Mulholland	WALLACE Victor Ellesley
DECENT Leslie Stanley	MONCUR Percy Douglas	WALSTAB John
DELANEY Cornelius	MONTGOMERY William Rockliff	WASHINGTON William Alder
DIX William Albert	MOXLEY Arthur Henry	WATERHOUSE James
EDWARDS John Harold	MUNRO Donald	WATSON Alfred John
EDWARDS William Manning	NAULTY Patrick George	WILKES James Richard
FEETUM Ronald William	NEAL Albert Lewis	WILLIAMS Arthur Cecil
GREEN Colin	NETTLETON John	WILLMOTT Moreton Joseph
GLUYAS Arthur Dennis	O'NEILL Thomas	WORMAN Arthur William
GORDON Leslie Walton	O'SULLIVAN Joseph Patrick	

The following are Royal Papuan Constabulary:

BRESNAN Edward	LOGAN Leonard	ORR-HARPER James
DOLAN C. Patrick	McLEAN C. I.	PULLEN David L.
FARLOW Horace (not Harold)	MAHON Daniel Joseph	RITCHIE B. M.
GRAHAM W. E.	MARSHALL Albert Ward	SUTTON Clement Alfred
HALL Arthur Alfred	MEARS Edwin William	SUTTON Joseph Henry
HARDY (Warrant Officer)	MIDDLETON Stanley Gyze	THOMPSON William Henry
HEADON Frederick	NUNN C.	WILLIS Richard Stanley
HEALY Michael Thomas	OLDHAM Eric Rytton	

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Forty-seventh Annual General Meeting
of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc
will be held on **SUNDAY 26 APRIL 1998, at 11.00 a.m.**

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

Agenda:

1. Members present, and apologies;
2. Confirmation of Minutes of the 46th AGM (as circulated in June 1997 *Una Voce*)
3. Business arising from the Minutes;
4. President's Report;
5. Treasurer's Report and Financial Statement;
6. Correspondence;
7. Sub-Committee reports;
8. Election of Executive Committee:

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

Note: Accompanying this notice is a Nomination Form for the election of office bearers. It would be appreciated if nominations (signed by the nominee, proposer and seconder) could be forwarded to: The Secretary, ROAPNG, PO Box 452 Roseville 2069, to reach the Secretary **at least seven days before the date of the meeting. No nominations will be accepted after that date** (this is in line with the Rules adopted at the Special General Meeting of the Association held in 1996 to approve incorporation.)

9. General discussion.

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

Cancellations advised to Elma Holmes on 02 9958 4996 or Pamela Foley on 02 9428 2078 by Friday 24 April will secure full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers; after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

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

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FORM OF APPOINTMENT OF PROXY

I, (full name)
 of (address)
 being a member of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc hereby
 appoint (full name of proxy)
 of (address)
 being a member of that incorporated association, as my proxy to vote for me on my behalf
 at the Annual General Meeting of the association to be held on the 26th day of April 1998
 and at any adjournment of that meeting.

.....
 Signature of member appointing proxy

Date

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

~<-----

NOMINATION FORM FOR OFFICE BEARERS, 1998 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(See Notice of Meeting, Agenda Item 8, for details)

I, (being a Financial Member) hereby nominate:

..... for the office of

I, (a Financial Member) second this nomination.

I, (a Financial Member) accept this nomination.

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

Dr W Gammage, 84 Jeffcott Street, North Adelaide SA 5006

Mr M & Mrs J Munro, "Namanula", Lusatia Park Road, Launching Place Vic 3139

A reminder re your Last Will and Testament from Member, Kevin Doherty. When Lance Atkinson died suddenly, Kevin, an old-time acquaintance, discovered that the beneficiaries of Lance's will were all dead. The will was dated 1958! Kevin arranged a Returned Servicemen's Service and has plans to have the ashes scattered at sea off Rabaul. Kevin sent this word of warning:

"The writer suggests that members keep their 'Last Will and Testament' updated - in the case of the late Lance Atkinson the finalising of his estate will not benefit the person that he would have really wanted to inherit."

MISSING PERSONS from M R Hayes

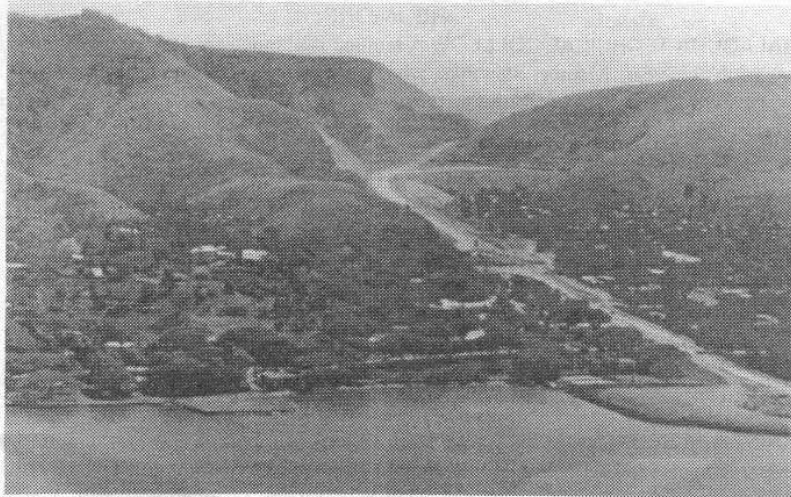
From time to time enquiries appear in *Una Voce* seeking information on the whereabouts of persons. It might be of interest to know that, if a person is still alive, there is a very good chance that he/she might be on the electoral roll.

Searching an electoral roll is no longer the time-consuming problem it used to be with hundreds of electoral division rolls each to be individually perused.

The procedure is now very simple. Go to your local office of the Australian Electoral Commission. There you will find every name on the roll conveniently alphabetically listed on microfiche negatives. Each state is so listed, and it is a simple matter of looking at only eight microfiche negatives for a result - the procedure could not be more simple. Staff will show you how to search on the microfiche.

BURNS PEAK ROAD PROJECT - PORT MORESBY - G. Newton

Late last year Gerry Newton wrote saying how surprised he was to see an aerial photo of Burns Peak Road in the *Townsville Bulletin* of 12-11-97. The accompanying article described a major road project being carried out in Port Moresby by the Townsville firm, Curtain Bros - the extensive roadworks included a massive cut in Burns Peak in order to provide a direct link between the harbour and the airport. The article stated that Curtain Bros has been operating in PNG for more than 30 years and now has a well-trained local labour force of about 600.



Aerial view of Spring Garden Road and the cut. Repeater station on ridge, top left.

Gerry wrote, "It brought back memories of my early days in Port Moresby and I recalled that on two occasions in the 1950s I climbed the spur running up from the top end of Kaevaga Road to the Peak itself and then an easier climb down to Spring Garden Road - a call was necessitated at the old Kone Club, prior to my proceeding via Government House Grounds to our home at Kaevaga. The Repeater Station at the top of the peak had not long been completed and their access track from the Hohola side was easy to see. I recall to this day the 360° viewing and even then I visualised the road potential and some foreseeable development.

My interest being aroused, I rang Curtain Bros' Townsville office and was put through to their Engineering Section. Following a brief discussion with my contact, I was invited to call on him at anytime. On calling a few days later, my contact produced a large aerial photo of the complete project and the surrounding countryside. I was given a good briefing on the project. Due to my early knowledge (the climb) and experiences in subsequent years, I easily identified landmarks and other features. There were, however, many changes, eg new areas and others planned, high rise buildings, new marina, wharf extension, second runway at Jacksons Airport (completed 1976).... The Burns Peak Road has been open to traffic for a few weeks now and apparently is highly successful... I understand that the works construction site area (within the cut) when cleared, is envisaged as a future commercial development." Gerry said some reclamation work was undertaken to increase the two-lane road from the fire station to the marina to

a four-lane highway, which then extended up Spring Garden Road, over the cutting and out to the airport. Gerry sent us some excellent photographs of the project.

Some construction details:- the road up-gradient from the harbour to Burns Peak cut is 8°, the width of the cut is 180m and its depth 75m; all material extracted was utilised on the project (both in reclamation work and crushed to provide aggregate, screenings and crushed dust); there are over 16km of roads of four lanes, with six lanes through the cut; the project included the Waigani Drive overpass which has four lanes of traffic going through a pair of tunnels. The contract price was \$100 million.

REUNIONS:

MALAGUNA TECHNICAL COLLEGE: A reunion is planned for staff of Maltech around 3,4,5 July this year. Member Stan Pike, who was Principal of Maltech from 1966-73, has asked for assistance in locating the following staff members. If you can help, please contact Ken McLachlan, PO Box 269, South Grafton NSW 2461, ph.02 6642 5177.

Bella, Atameo	Heath, Frank	Nicholai, Victor
Bradley, Pat	Hopkins, Robert	Pope, Ralph
Berube, Michelle	Jones, Emrys	Sale, Ted
Baartz, Peter	Kleinig, John	Tregust, David
Ball, C	La Rone, Linda	Thomas, Ken
Burton, John	Lorenzen, Wally	Whiteside, Peter
Chippendale, Harry	Lester-Smith, Murray	Wai, J
Convine, Jeff	McClure, L	Waldon, Richard
Fielding, Alden	McManes, Neville	Wooster, Bill
Firth, Max	Mooney, Jock	Zeck, John

KAINANTU REUNION 1998: Stefanie and Rosemary report as follows: they now have over 200 names and addresses of ex-Kainantu people. The reunion will be on **Saturday, 19 September 1998**, in the evening. Mail is still being received with new names and addresses so it is difficult to arrange a suitable venue at this point, but the date will not change. The reunion will be in the Brisbane metropolitan area - cost to be determined. Accommodation and babysitting arrangements will be the responsibility of individual attendees. Final details and costs will be supplied in May. Suggestions to help make the night enjoyable would be appreciated. Signposts with the 'decade' on them will be set up so people can find their friends more easily. Following is a list of ex-Kainantu residents - if you can you help with any of their addresses please contact either Stefanie Evans, PO Box 311, Virginia QLD 4014, ph 07 3265 1957/fax 07 3265 1767 or Rosemary Reeves, 14 Goldwyn St., McDOWALL QLD 4053, ph 07 3353 3837.

Bert Wickham	Hina Vieling	Greg Donald
Bruce & Bev Burge	Norm John	Rob Kelvin
Howard Mason	Tom O'Neill	Don & Val Issac
Tom & Vivi Quinn	Greg Brady	Barry Flannery
Dr Bob Jarvis	Norrie Ford	Tony & Margaret Lam
Collin & Fay Power	Bill Honisett	Tony Thatcher
Lee & Di Rootsey	Rosemary Robertson	Lyn Thatcher
Joanne Kennedy	Phil Devine	Don & Gail Petty
Peter & Barbara Green	Barbara Hindmarsh	Ted Forster
Hans Muller	Barry Bunting	Jenny Quinlan
Bill Cliff	Merv & Cathy Wybrow	

WILL MUSKENS REPORTS ON HIS ORIGINAL 'BUNG WANTAIM' PROPOSAL:

"Despite the best endeavours of our small group, we have been unsuccessful in putting into action our desire to stage a "one-off" national gathering of field staff, which we wished to dedicate to the many Australians who have served their nation and the people of PNG over so many years. We have not abandoned the idea, because we remain convinced that it should happen - however we have learnt that a group on the Gold Coast are staging a general get-together later this year (*see below*), and as the planning for this is now well under way, we feel it would be futile to proceed with our proposal for the foreseeable future. In the meantime, we remain determined to keep working on our proposal - one difficulty we have encountered is the lack of an appropriate milestone, or a suitable anniversary, to serve as a commemoration for a major event such as this, so perhaps it may have to wait to 1999 or even 2000 (not as far away as we may think!)."

Bik Pela Sing-Sing Bilong Bung Wan Taim

PAPUA NEW GUINEA REUNION, ANA Hotel, Surfers Paradise, 22 August 1998

The following information is taken from a news-sheet from Bill Nicholson, Brian Costello, Lynne Downie, George O'Rourke, Barry Orchard, Paul Bolger and Hans Sander.

Following the resounding success of the PNG reunion held at the Gold Coast in 1994 numerous requests for another similar event have been made... The above event is now in the planning stage...

The venue, ANA Hotel at Surfers Paradise, was selected for its central position, ideal function room (ballroom) with a great view, free parking and professional catering. The cost of the evening which includes a buffet dinner will be \$35 per head. Drinks are NOT included. Airfares to Brisbane or the Gold Coast will be available through Australian Travel Services in Brisbane, also special offers (accommodation, carhire etc).

A detailed programme plus booking form will be sent out by the end of March.

The 1994 event was misunderstood to a certain degree wherein it was thought that one needed to be associated with Rugby League. On this occasion the Committee will invite ALL PNG clubs and affiliations, current and past residents and friends and visitors.

It would be appreciated if interested persons would contact Hans Sander (at 40 George Street, Brisbane 4000, Ph. 07 3229 5785/fax 07 3221 9731) so that we have some indication of numbers. Also you might let Hans know the name and address of anyone you know who might be interested in receiving information on the reunion.

BURNS PHILP ARCHIVES: Burns Philp is moving to smaller premises in Pitt Street. The old company headquarters at 5-11 Bridge Street, Sydney, have been sold and the new owner has strata-titled the building for offices. However the building is subject to a permanent conservation order and is classified by the National Trust. The company records are being transferred to the ANU's Noel Butlin Archives Centre - this will complete the Centre's holdings of the Burns Philp archives which document its trading, shipping and plantations in the South Western Pacific. Burns Philp began in 1883 when James Burns, a Scottish immigrant, joined forces with Robert Philp (later Premier of Qld) to form the company, which had begun supplying mining communities around Gympie Qld. (From *The Sydney Morning Herald* 7-3-1998 and *Pambu*, Dec.1997)

WANTED TO BUY: Japanese swords (military) and PNG artefacts. Please ring Alan Johnston on (H) 02 9605 7140 or (W) 02 9757 4625.

IN MEMORIAM - DR H C COOMBS

by J B Toner

The signature of Dr H C Coombs will be known to everyone who ever glanced at a Pound note. "Nugget" Coombs who recently died aged 91 was also better known for his efforts on behalf of Aborigines than for Papua New Guineans. Nevertheless, his connection with PNG although slight was of great importance.

When Dr John Gunther took charge of the Public Health Department in PNG after World War II he sought commencement of an Aid Post Orderly system to meet the needs of village people. When completed it put PNG, in his words, 'twenty years in front of the Chinese barefoot doctors'. However, its funding was entirely dependent upon a compassionate decision by Dr Coombs, then Australia's Director-General of Post-War Reconstruction for the Chifley government. He agreed that Commonwealth Training Scheme funds could be used for Papua New Guinea although as Gunther said, "It was really stretching the provisions of the Scheme to the ultimate".

Forty years later I showed Dr Coombs the section in *Taim Bilong Masta* (p.201) which lauded him for his decision but also reported the unfortunate affair at Faita village in the Madang district in 1954. A newly trained Orderly had heard unofficially of a wartime stratagem - that if sterile water was unobtainable you could use fresh coconut milk. He used the latter to mix up arsenic for the treatment of yaws. Apparently he used the same *kulau* (coconut) two days running, the milk became infected, and seventeen people died. Dr Coombs, then 82, had never read about this and an expression of concern crossed his face as he did so. He leaned back in his chair and pondered. Then with a wry smile he said, "Well Jim, win some ..." and I echoed "...lose some!". That may sound unkind but, by that stage, was really the only sensible way to look at it. The fact was that the assent by Coombs (of borderline legality?) to Gunther's plea in 1948 resulted in the saving of the lives of many thousands of village folk throughout PNG.

RABAUŁ GOLF COURSE MURDERS - from Jim Toner

I had anticipated some additional information would emerge in response to my account of these murders in 1956 (*Forgotten Murders - Still a Mystery*, *Una Voce* Sept 1997) but not to learn that there was a fourth judge sitting when the High Court heard an appeal against the conviction of Freddie Smith. As far as this layman is concerned the obvious possibility of a 2-2 outcome precluded composition of such a bench.

However, John Herbert is to be thanked for amending the deficiency in my summary by pointing out that there was a fourth judge and that he was firmly persuaded of Smith's guilt by the Prosecution evidence. (See *Comment by John Herbert on Forgotten murders - Still a Mystery*, in the December 1997 issue.) As indicated already the other three were less than satisfied with it and said so at considerable length.

Such dichotomy won't surprise any former police officer who will have taken statements from witnesses of an incident only to find diametrically opposing perceptions of the same event.

Between our two articles in *Una Voce* most readers will now know as much as they ever wish about what were cruel slayings. (I know that my old colleague the well respected Isaac Watemina, who had been in charge of Records at the District Office Rabaul since Adam was a boy, found recollection painful but then he had lost his son.) Nevertheless the legal cut and thrust is intriguing and those interested may consult the High Court CLR Vol 97.

HOCKEY - A GIRLS' GAME?

by Peter Marvell

It was not all work and no play in PNG. Sport played an important part of Territory life, whether it was golf around the outstation airstrip, tennis on the sometimes rough courts, or the more organised sports in the main centres - Rugby League being the most followed in Port Moresby.

I arrived in Port Moresby in January 1954, aged 21, and was appointed to the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries with which department I remained during my nine years' service. Having had some success playing Rugby Union in Sydney I was on the point of joining the Konedobu Leagues Club - there being no Union played at that time - when I was invited by Sandy Sandback (Government Stores) to have a run with the Kone Eagles hockey team. Up until then I believed hockey to be a girls' game and said so. Sandy just smiled, persisted and I relented.

How wrong I was! I found a hockey stick to be an almost lethal weapon. Competition was intense, there were many cuts and bruises, the odd broken bone and the occasional more serious injury. I recall Fred Strutt being fortunate not to lose an eye.

Six teams participated in the competition - Kone, Vikings I and II, Paga, Veterans and Army (under the command of Major Prosser). There were many skilled players, some having gained representative status in other places. I believe that hockey was introduced to Port Moresby - possibly the Territory - in 1950 by Sandy Sandback together with Jack Thompson, Sid Johnson and Bill Dobbin.

I transferred to Lae in 1958 where I was later to join with others to form the Lae Hockey Association and to enter an Admin team in the competition. I 'went finish' soon after and never did learn if the game became firmly established there. I wonder if hockey is played to any extent in PNG today?

I was reminded of all of this recently when, sorting through some papers, I came across the following verse written for the August 1957 issue of the Papuan Hockey Monthly by an unknown author, describing a Saturday afternoon at Boroko. I feel sure that some of the names mentioned will be familiar to members. *(This is an abbreviated version, and omits reference to Ward, Cullen, Darby, Ladlay, Milton and Sandy Sandback.)*

You've heard the broadcast, read the news,/ and borne with Walter's one-eyed views.
So grant me space, and I'll relate/ some comments you'll appreciate.

The boys are there all clean and neat,/ the surplus take a sideline seat,
The rest prance round, and limber up/ They're out to win the Wyatt Cup.

So on they run - a straggly line,/ (Those Paga chaps are mighty fine),
And on go Veterans, green and white,/ Some ageing bones will ache tonight!

'Come on there Paga, you're my choice',/ that's Vidgen's mighty raucous voice!
While Cherry being "actor" true,/ Arrives with cake and tickets too.

'Up there Eagles', 'Oh boy! What play',/ Dutton has scored three times today!
A grunt from Marvell, then a curse,/ My Gosh! His temper's getting worse.

The game is hard, the score is nix,/ What's Lawlor up to grabbing sticks?
A scrimmage there - the players pale,/ As Chopper Done picks up their trail.

My heart stands still, Oh! What a shock,/ Old Struttie's got another clock,
'A lump of ice, quick as you can',/ 'And one free drink - an injured man'.

'Hey Ref, yer big peanut, yer blind'/ I'll bet that's Coonan - true, I find.
The game has stopped, so up I jump/ - It's Ingram arguing with the Ump.

They're shoving, hooking, that's not all./ Some play the man, and not the ball.
'Send him off - he can't do that!'/ 'Try that again - I'll knock you flat!'

A streak of blue - its Noel Cronau,/ Just watch that Centre Forward go!
'Yer on yer own - you're nearly there!'/ A goal! That parted Homan's hair.

'Who won the games?' - 'Oh, I don't care/ It's just the fun of being there'.
So praise it up, or run it down,/ It's still the best game in the town.

And let it rain, or let it shine,/ I like my view from the sideline.
Compare my notes with 9PA./ (I've scored some points myself today)!!!

MISSING WARTIME NURSE AND PILOT FOUND IN NEW GUINEA

by Bob Piper

An American Red Cross nurse and pilot who went for a joy flight in a single-seater fighter in New Guinea in 1945, and tragically disappeared, have been found near Nadzab aerodrome. On their own initiative, local people who discovered the site have recently excavated the P-47 Thunderbolt aircraft and remains of the pair from a deep hole.

Harriet Elizabeth Gowan (or Cauea) and 2nd Lieutenant Harold F Wurtz departed Nadzab's No 1 Strip at 1348 hours on 12 May 1945, were last seen heading east towards the nearby coast, and never heard from again. Most speculated that they had been low flying over the water, wave hopping, and crashed into the sea.

Richard Leahy, chief pilot and part owner of Air Kiunga at Lae, said the fighter had been identified from the tail number of 222949 and had been dug up only thirteen kilometres from its departure point. He also said the crash site indicated that the huge seven ton Thunderbolt had gone in vertically, possibly from a stall or miscalculated dive. It may even have been practising at an American air to ground gunnery range which was located near the point of impact. The New Guinea villagers apparently spent several weeks digging out the aircraft and hauled sections to the surface using a horizontal pole and chains. Some fourteen families from the nearby village recovered the aircraft and remains - the latter will be handed over to American authorities. The same people have asked for compensation to cover the work involved in the recovery.

The United States Army's Central Identification Laboratory (CIL) in Hawaii are expected to send specialist staff to New Guinea shortly to inspect the recovery operations of the villagers. At the same time they will make arrangements for the missing Americans to be properly examined, relatives notified and the remains re-interred back in their own country. This is in accordance with official US Army policy.

Nadzab, inland from Lae, was a huge allied airbase in World War II but by 1945 was very much a backwater, used mostly for training young US pilots before they moved north towards the front. While a large fighter, the cockpit of the Thunderbolt was only ever designed for one, and any attempt to fly with two in the cockpit was precarious to say the least - temporary loss of control or aerobatics with two could also easily have contributed to the accident.

Thunderbolts, or 'Jugs' as they were affectionately known, were a massive American fighter which served successfully in both the Pacific and European campaigns. With eight .5 inch machine guns operated by a button pressed by the pilot and a 2,000 horsepower radial engine they were capable of 800 kilometres an hour in a shallow dive.

Australia has only one Thunderbolt fighter. It was recovered from the swamps outside Port Moresby a number of years ago and is at present being restored by an aviation company at Bankstown near Sydney. There are understood to be a number still flying in the United States, particularly with their privately run Confederate Air Force.

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In another discovery, a missing World War II American B-25 Mitchell bomber was recently sighted and identified at 9,000 feet in a canyon that passes through the Finisterre Ranges. An American businessman and three Australians had touched down nearby in a helicopter and photographed the wreckage which contained human remains. A Wright Cyclone radial engine on the bomber had yielded the number 42-271689 which corresponds exactly to the US Army aircraft of 1st Lieutenant Richard Hurst who, with a crew of four and four passengers, disappeared in the area on a short twenty minute flight from Saidor to Nadzab on 1 July 1944. The Finisterre Ranges tower to over 13,000 feet and are littered with the wreckages of missing aircraft, both wartime and civil. The matter has now been reported to PNG and American officials.

With the El Nino effect, current drought and very dry conditions in much of New Guinea, it is anticipated that many more 'missing' World War II aviation tragedies will be revealed in the near future. The resumption of burning off of dry vegetation as traditionally carried out by the local people, even at high altitude, is expected to uncover numerous other World War II secrets, both allied and enemy, that have previously been concealed by the thick jungle and mountainous terrain.

Bob Piper is an aviation and military historian and writer.

HELP WANTED: From the Rabaul RSL Memorabilia Co-Ordinating Committee -

"We are seeking further information on the 1930s in north New Britain, the timber trade with **Carpenters, Mandres**, and the people mentioned below - especially **Jack Beaumont** who was born in Victoria, 7-6-14, went to New Britain, married Clara Annie Manning in Rabaul on 2-4-1941. Witnesses were **P Naulty and George Keily**. Annie evacuated on *Macdhui*, pregant with their only child. Is this wedding or these witnesses remembered by anyone? We have many photos of their home on Mandres Plantation, his occupation given as timber engineer servicing W R Carpenter, Rabaul. Can anyone tell us anything about Mandres Plantation, its manager (**A G Nunan?**) or employees, either European or National, in the 1930s-1942? Jack was seen at Mandres Sawmill 23-24 Jan 1942. Known that 13 prisoners were taken from Mandres before 3 Feb 1942. One notation refers to Jack as an 'old bushie', and that is probably where he was when caught... Gordon Thomas' list of 18 included Beaumont as a prisoner in Rabaul. Beaumont was also identified as one of 11 prisoners at old Govt quarry by Jim Ellis in May 1944. Other people we would like to know something about are: **Ken Simpson, Pat Barrie, ... Johnson, Norm Woods**. They were in north New Britain around 1937.

Also we would like to obtain or borrow the book '**What Price Bushido**' by **Alf Baker**, a British POW survivor of Rabaul, or find out where to locate a copy."

Please send any information to Mrs G Penrose, 'Clevecourt', Bingara NSW 2404, Ph 0267 294169 or Mrs J Steinfurth (Jack Beaumont's daughter), 85 Gloucester Road, Hurstville NSW 2220. Ph 02 9579 1839.

OIL CAN HARRY

by W.J. Johnston

In the late nineteen fifties, the European tradesmen who were building new houses and other public works in Lorengau, Manus Island, worked very hard for small wages. The idea of stopping work if it rained or the site was muddy or if it was too hot, never entered their heads. If those factors had prevented work, a two week job would have spun out for years. It rained most days and it was continually hot. The tradesmen had the dry humour and quick wit that used to typify the Aussie workman.

One - "Oil Can Harry" was his name, house painting was his game. I have no idea how he came by his name or what his real name was. His boss must have known but he never mentioned it and nobody thought to ask. There was a touch of genius in the person who slipped the label on him and I never asked or thought it necessary to know, the name fitted so well. He was somewhere between the age of twenty five and thirty five, it was hard to tell, he was one of those sorts of people that never seem to be very young or very old. Standing six feet and weighing nine stone complete with boots and carrying a bucket of water, he always had a big grin on his face and, with his long, lank, slightly curly hair and narrow pointed face, he looked like a happy snake - the fact that he did not have any front teeth between his two upper canine teeth did a lot to create this impression. You could not insult "Oil Can" - drunk or sober, he laughed everything off. To his face, everyone called him "Oil Can", in an affectionate matey way; it came as naturally as calling anyone else Tom, Jack or Bill. But when talking about him on serious matters when he was present it was always the more formal Oil Can Harry - maybe this was to make sure he was not confused with One Eyed Harry, a much older man who was never known to smile.

There was no pub in Lorengau, so we had our Social Club, using a large, half cigar shaped building without any sides, with one end closed off for the bar and storage area. The official name for these buildings was Saar huts and we were grateful to the American servicemen for having left them there because in one adjoining the club there was an indoor tennis and basket ball court (the same area served both purposes). These facilities certainly helped to maintain the sanity of the small resident population as there was not much a person could do after a day's work so the club was the focal point for the entire single and some of the less henpecked male residents of the town. Not that there were many of them, twenty to thirty would be a good average gathering. There was none of this business of breaking up into small groups, everyone sat down at long tables and everyone was everyone's mate. Whatever the position a person held in the small community, it was shed the moment he entered the club.

Oil Can was always laughing and holding the floor on some subject or another and after a few weeks you did not notice the missing front teeth and the tongue darting between the gap as he talked. But for one club member, because of his previous professional background, it eventually became too much. He explained to Oil Can that he was a dental technician before coming to New Guinea and would seek permission from the dental officer at the Navy Base to let him use the facilities there. The dentures were duly made and there was a new Oil Can, happier than ever. Everyone was ragging him about the conquests he would make when he next went to Australia on leave. After a time the novelty wore off and everyone accepted the new person.

Several weeks went by and then, one Monday afternoon at the gathering, Oil

Can opened his mouth - and no dentures. No one said anything except the chap who had made them. He asked, "Where are your dentures?" He seemed annoyed that Oil Can wasn't wearing them. Oil Can, with a distressed look on his face sadly said, "I don't know, John. I went home yesterday afternoon, lay down for a bit of a kip, took my teeth out and put them on the floor beside the bed and slept right through till this morning. When I reached down to get my teeth they had gone! I couldn't find them anywhere. I had a look at lunch time but still no sign of them."

After some discussion it was decided a rat must have taken them. Oil Can's personal hygiene was not of the highest order and it was decided that after a few weeks the dentures would have rated as a tasty morsel for a rat. Off the group trooped to Oil Can's dwelling - a Quonset hut, and a search for the rat hole began. One was found in the cardboard lining of the corrugated iron walls so it was ripped off and there, tucked down behind one of the arch struts, was Oil Can's denture. Everyone was happy, Oil Can was extremely relieved to regain his prized possession, and back to the club they went to celebrate the event.

Dentists were only to be found in a couple of the larger centres in Papua and New Guinea. Dental technicians were even a scarcer commodity so the replacement of dentures was an expensive operation. Air fares and accommodation expenses had to be added to the basic replacement cost of the article. Consequently, every effort was made to retrieve or repair lost or damaged dentures.

One lady broke her partial dentures - she carefully glued the pieces together and, to ensure a strong join, put them in a hot oven. Maybe they could have been of use to the owner of a South American Indian shrunken head - decorative purposes only, of course. One chap was cleaning his partial denture over the hand basin on the Government trawler tied up to Samarai wharf. Oops! down the plug hole it went and he raced outside to see it pop out of the vessel's side and drift lazily down to the sea bed and out of sight. There was no recovery!

HELP WANTED: Peter Cahill writes, "I am putting together material for an article on Europeans generally (and planters specifically) on New Guinea plantations in the between-wars period (say, 1921-1942) and would welcome any advice readers could give. I am particularly interested in what people ate, eg how much locally grown/caught/shot items, the variety and quality of freezer goods, and comments about tinned goods (one informant told me of 'floating meat' - tinned bully beef in which the fat had melted because of the heat causing the meat to 'float'!). Any comments about the quaint ways of cookboys and *manki-mastas* would be very welcome."

A PORT MORESBY EXPERIENCE

by Nancy Johnston

My husband's job necessitated him being away from our home in Port Moresby for several days at a time. Throughout my married life I was accustomed to his absences when, as a young Patrol Officer with the Department of District Services and Native Affairs, he was away for weeks, sometimes months, on patrol. In the late nineteen forties and early fifties, we were posted to isolated areas and often we were the only white people there. The housing was primitive - one house we lived in was made from galvanised iron and another was constructed from native bush materials with "windows" that were openings in the walls. There was no way these houses could be made safe. Despite this, except for one or two isolated incidents, I was not afraid of being alone. I adopted the philosophy that I had agreed to Bill accepting the job as a Patrol Officer and therefore I put up with the consequences. Fortunately, in those days, the local people were usually caring but many years later, in Port Moresby, it was a different story - there was a change in the attitude of some of the local people towards Europeans.

We lived in a nice house on Tuaguba hill where the doors had locks and our windows were barred with wire, and three large watch dogs protected our home. In 1971, the pistol Bill had had since 1946 was officially confiscated so, not having it for protection when alone at night, I resorted to keeping beside my bed a tin of pepper with the lid removed, a piece of galvanised pipe about twelve inches long and a bush knife. The pipe and bush knife were for protection and I felt justified in believing a night-time intruder in my bedroom deserved to have pepper thrown at him. I was perfectly prepared, and assured everyone I was capable enough to handle any situation that might occur.

One night in 1974 when Bill was away, I went to bed with my 'armoury' in place and fell into a deep sleep. Later, something woke me and I felt a heavy, warm, breathing body pressing against the full length of my back. The pepper and pipe were within reach but I was too petrified to do anything but lie still. I was paralysed with fear and it seemed like hours, but I guess it was only a short time, before the body moved, and with overwhelming relief I realised it was Saki, our dog, having a scratch. With a watch dog inside the house I had not locked the bedroom door and apparently Saki found the bed to his liking and had settled on it without disturbing me. Subconsciously, I probably thought it was Bill getting into bed.

RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP

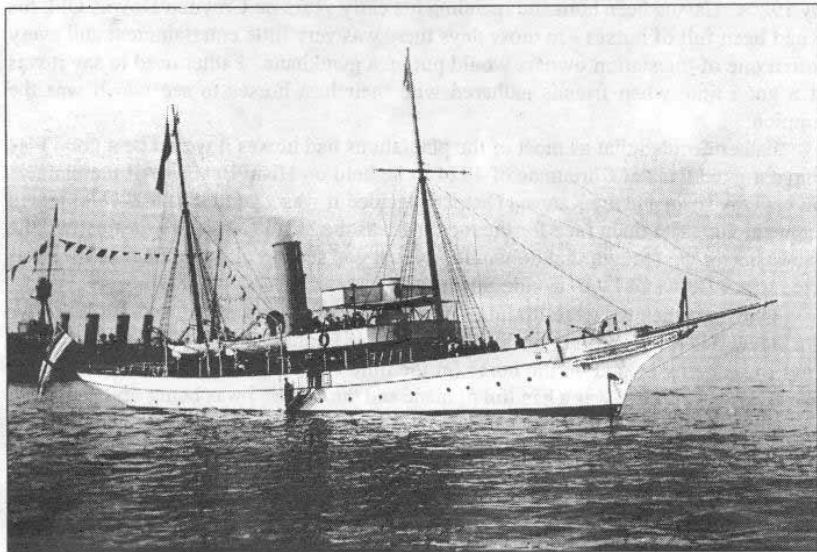
The membership year is the calendar year. Fees cover from 1 Jan.to 31 Dec.

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 (please state year) at the rate of \$10 per year (overseas members
 please add recommended postage - available from the secretary). It is suggested that
 you renew for two or more years.

Enclosed is \$ Cheques to be made out to ROAPNG Inc.(No staples please)

Return to: ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

CALLING ALL B4s FROM THE NEW GUINEA SIDE -
DO YOU REMEMBER THIS YACHT ON RABAUH HARBOUR?



A friend of one of our members found this photograph (probably taken at Jervis Bay) among family possessions and has good reason to believe it is the yacht which belonged to the Administrator of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea between 1924 and 1932. The yacht was known as the *Franklin* before she was handed over. It is not known whether she retained this name. The following details on the HMAS *Franklin* are from the Navy Office, Department of Defence, Canberra:

Originally named the *Adele*, she was built at Leith, Scotland, in 1906 as a steam yacht for a South Australian named H Dutton. In 1915 she was purchased by the Commonwealth Government for the Royal Australian Naval College. Renamed *Franklin*, she served as tender to the Naval College, Jervis Bay, until 1922. In June 1924 she was transferred (as a gift) to the Mandated Territory of New Guinea for the use of the Administrator and served this purpose in New Guinea waters for seven years. In 1932, for reasons of economy, she was laid up at Rabaul. She was later returned to private ownership and refitted as a private yacht for ocean cruising. She lay for some years anchored in Rose Bay, Sydney. In September 1939 she was requisitioned for war service from her Sydney owner and commissioned as HMAS *Adele*. She operated mainly as an Examination Vessel. In 1943, while on relieving duty at Port Kembla, she was wrecked on the port breakwater during a storm and was a total loss.

Does anyone know if this yacht is, indeed, the yacht which belonged to the Administrator all those years ago?

RACE MEETINGS IN PAPUA, 1924-5

by E A Sutherland Ross

My father, Doug Ross, was appointed manager of Obu Estate, Hisiu, in the very early 1920s. Having been born and spending his early years on Croydon Downs Qld, his life had been full of horses - in those days there was very little entertainment and every so often one of the station owners would put on a gymkhana. Father used to say it was just a good time when friends gathered with their best horses to see which was the champion.

Father decided that as most of the plantations had horses it would be a good idea to have a gymkhana at Christmas of 1924 to be held on Hisiu Beach. All the planters from both the Hisiu and the Kanosia Districts decided it was a good idea and volunteered to come along. The main race for the meeting was the Hisiu Cup, and as father had the two best horses we thought that he would get first and second place in the race. He was to ride Black Bess and I was to ride Sinana.

One day when we were 'training' the horses, father told me to wait until he gave me a signal when I was to get on Sinana and see if I could catch him. When I got the signal I was being helped on the horse (at the time I was only 10 years old), the horse broke away and all I had was a handful of mane and the bridle. I was being dragged along the beach until I got the brilliant idea to let go. I was never forgiven for not being able to get on the horse and did not ride in the race - but Jack Hides did and came, as we predicted, second to father's first.

The meeting was such a success that it was decided to have the second meeting the next Christmas. However the True Meaning of the Meeting was that only plantation horses, ridden by locals, could enter. Some of the senior executives in Port Moresby decided that Doug Ross was about due to be knocked off his perch and imported horses and in some cases jockeys from Australia.

The meeting duly took place on the following Christmas Day but was not the pleasant day's racing that the first had been. Father withdrew his two horses and announced that there would not be a Hisiu Cup Race that day.

At the end of the day it was decided that the day had been a failure and that was the last of the Hisiu Gymkhana Club.

The only Hisiu Cup now stands on my china cabinet and on it is engraved:

HISIU GYMKHANA CLUB

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

"HISIU CUP"

Won by Mr F D ROSS

"BLACK BESS"

Ridden by Mr F D Ross

HISIU PAPUA

XMAS 1924

I think I am right in saying that this was the first race meeting held in Papua.

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 Lisle Richardson NEWBY (14 November 1997, aged 79 years)

A veteran of the Public Service in pre-independence Papua New Guinea, Lisle Newby died at Kenilworth Retirement Village, Bowral, on Friday. He was 79. Newby was also a teacher in Aboriginal communities in Central Australia and a senior bureaucrat in the independent nation of Nauru.

Lisle Richardson Newby was born at Taree, the fourth of six sons of Joseph Albert Newby and Evelyn Richardson. He grew up on the family farm at Dumaresq Island opposite Cundletown on the Manning River. Newby went to the local primary school, Taree High School (1930-35) and trained at Armidale Teachers' College (1936-37). He taught until he volunteered for World War II (as did all five of his brothers) and served in the Australian Army in PNG for four years as a captain in intelligence.

Upon demobilisation, he returned to Australia, went to the University of Sydney as a returned soldier in 1946-48 and then returned to teaching in 1949. In the early 1950s, he joined the Department of Territories and went as a teacher to the Northern Territory from 1953 to 1957.

It was during that period that Newby took a journey that would change his life. He went back to the scene of his war service, back to PNG under the influence of one of the great figures in PNG's colonial experience - his former commanding officer and friend, Charles Rowley.

He taught in schools and at teachers' college until 1963 when he became the first Director of PNG's Department of Information and Extension Services, known generally as DIES.

This was the department which in the movement to self-government and independence did for education in its broadest sense what aviation had done for transport.

DIES established a network of radio services in English, pidgin, Motu and scores of other local languages across PNG, supported by local pamphlets, booklets and newspapers.

Newby played a pioneering role in the process of "localisation" - the training and promotion of Papua New Guineans in their own Public Service - and he played a role in the development of the leaders of the Pangu Pati, including the father of PNG, Sir Michael Somare.

He was also active in organising sports, helped to promote Australian rules football clubs in Port Moresby and was one of the organisers of the South Pacific Games in Port Moresby in 1969. He retired in 1975 and had the satisfaction of seeing his place taken by a Papua New Guinean.

In the following years he went to Nauru as Director of Education, Minister for Health and Secretary of Government and remained until 1980 when he again retired. He was consulted by the Government of Nauru many years after he left and remained in contact until the early 1990s.

His final move was to Bowral where he lived first in his own home until ill-health forced him to move to the retirement village two years ago.

Throughout his life Newby took a special interest in the less fortunate: pupils he had taught in Aboriginal communities in Northern and Central Australia, and Papua New Guineans he had known and encouraged to develop.

A shy man, he loved company, books and music and took a keen interest in the visual arts. He had a modest collection of paintings including several by Albert Namatjira and his school, a natural collection given his feeling for nature, the bush and the way people fitted into the natural world.

(First published in *The Sydney Morning Herald* on 19-11-97)

Mrs Dorothy CAMERON (25 May 1997)

Dorothy was in Wau pre-war and after the war, and was involved with the pre-school there for many years. She is survived by her son. (From the Feb. 1998 issue of *Garamut*, with thanks.)

Mr Alan Wray (Bill) McCASKER (November 1997, aged 77 years)

A wartime coastwatcher who later became an economic adviser with a critical role in preparing Papua New Guinea for independence, Bill McCasker has died at Canberra's Calvary Hospital. He was 77.

Born in Ballarat, Alan Wray (Bill) McCasker was educated at Melbourne High School and graduated in arts with honours from the University of Melbourne, just in time to serve for four years in the Royal Australian Navy's intelligence division.

Lieutenant McCasker's first posting was to Noumea, a political hotbed of conflict between Free and Vichy French. In his war history, Gavin Long mused that de Gaulle's followers enacted a *coup de force*, handing the Australian Government a delicate problem in regional diplomacy, one that demanded prompt decisions. McCasker played his part with his fluent French - and the threatened use of a revolver.

He was then chosen for a coastwatching position on Ontong Java, a remote island east of Bougainville where his job was to give early warning of the presumed Japanese naval thrust against New Guinea and Australia. In the event, the Japanese attacked in a pincer movement from the north and south, and were dealt with convincingly at the Battle of the Coral Sea in May 1942. With the formation of the Allied Intelligence Bureau, McCasker helped co-ordinate commando activities behind the enemy lines from a base in Madang.

At war's end he completed a Diploma of Education and, while teaching at Caulfield Grammar, a commerce degree. McCasker then joined the Department of Defence, married Margaret Webber and transferred to Canberra to join the Treasury. In 1961 he was appointed executive officer of the Vernon committee of inquiry into the Australian economy.

The inquiry ran for two years and produced a major document; the then Prime Minister, Robert Menzies, who had commissioned the inquiry, found its recommendations to be politically inconvenient and ignored them. For McCasker, the Vernon experience would be the foundation of his work for PNG.

When the Australian Government moved towards granting PNG independence, the World Bank was asked to report on its economy. The bank reported in 1965 and called for the preparation of an economic development plan; McCasker got the job of preparing that plan.

An economic development program was produced in September 1968, providing the basis for five years of rapid economic, educational and social welfare growth. The Australian Government approved administration expenditure of \$100 million, more than double previous amounts. Private sector investment responded at a multiplied rate.

When self-government became a reality, all expatriate departmental heads had their contracts terminated and PNG nationals took their place. When McCasker left in 1972, the PNG kina was valued higher than the Australian dollar, PNG had international direct dialling before Australia, and CRA had developed large-scale mining techniques on Bougainville that would only later be introduced into its Australian operations.

On his return to Australia, McCasker was appointed to the Prime Minister's Department in Canberra and then to the Department of Administrative Services. He worked on the new Australian honours system and the establishment of the Prices Justification Tribunal.

McCasker's wife Margaret died in 1980; he lived at Hawker in Canberra until his death. (First published in *The Sydney Morning Herald* on 3-12-97)

Mrs Jean O'ROURKE (6 November 1997, aged 72 years)

Jean Lesmond, born and raised in Lithgow NSW went to New Guinea in 1947, to Bulolo where husband Alan was employed by Bulolo Gold Dredging. In 1953 they moved to Madang where Alan was employed by Madang Slipways. Jean worked for a time in the office of Modilon Motors. In 1959 Jean left Madang and in 1961 married Les O'Rourke, settling in Belfield NSW.

Jean is survived by husband Les, son Brendan and his wife Joy, and granddaughter Natalie. (The foregoing was provided by Frank Smith.)

Mr George Charles EDWARDS (November 1997)

George Edwards of Cleveland, formerly of Rabaul, is survived by his wife, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (No further details available.)

Mrs Maureen HEWISON (31 December 1997, aged 80 years)

Maureen arrived in New Guinea in 1934 and left in 1942. She worked as Secretary to W.V. Quinn of Mandated Airlines, Wau, and Secretary to Jack Sedgers of W.R. Carpenter & Co., Salamaua. Maureen was married to Hereward Philip Oscar (Bill) Hewison. Bill predeceased her.

Maureen is survived by her daughter Rowan.

Mr Leo James BYRNE (2 November 1997, aged 75 years)

Leo served with the PNG public service in Port Moresby from 1951 to 1974, initially in the Office of the Public Service Commissioner, then Government Stores and later as Administrative Officer in the Department of Information and Extension Services. He married Winsome Murphy in 1957 who, with their daughter Sherren and son Tony, lives in Western Australia. Leo died in Melbourne after a long period of poor health.

(The foregoing was provided by Bruce Leslie, a former PNG officer, who prepared the text in consultation with Winsome Byrne.)

Mr Lancelot (Lance) Ivor ATKINSON (30 September 1997, aged 74 years)

Lance was born in the UK and came to Sydney as an infant with his parents. He joined the AIF in 1943 and served in Bougainville with the 13th Smallship Company - he was there at the finish of the Pacific War in 1945. After a brief period in Australia he returned to PNG in 1946 and worked for the Bulolo Gold Dredging Company operating a ferry barge across the mouth of the Markham River at Labu which was the starting point of the Wau/Bulolo Road. For the next 50 years he worked as a coastal ships master for many employers - Government, Commercial and Catholic Mission. He spent his last years in PNG as master of the MV *Theresa*, owned and operated by the Vunapope Catholic Mission, East New Britain. He was a survivor from the MV *Kavieng Trader* which blew up and sank on a voyage from Kavieng to Rabaul - he was badly burnt and carried the scars for life. For many years he was a member of the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles operating out of Rabaul.

Lance retired to Gordonvale Qld at the age of 72 where he enjoyed the relaxing lifestyle as a shore-bound resident. At the time of his death he was a full active member of the PNG Volunteer Rifles Ex-Members Association and the Gordonvale Sub-Branch of the RSL. His retirement was short-lived - he died suddenly after admission to hospital with stomach pains.

(Condensed from a longer obituary by fellow ROA member, Kevin Robert Doherty.)

Mrs Johanna BROAD (18 September 1997, aged 83 years)

Johanna Broad's name appeared in Vale, Dec 1997. Below are further details:

Johanna Broad was born in Kokopo in 1914, one of three children of Carl Wilhelm (Bill) and Florence Rundnagel. She spent her childhood on the family plantation "Reiven" until being sent to boarding school in Australia. After attending the Sydney Conservatorium where she continued her violin studies, she returned to Rabaul and the plantation. Later she was evacuated on the *Neptuna*. Her brother and parents were interned by the Japanese in Rabaul. In 1942 she married Guy Moore Broad in Sydney. After the war they returned to New Guinea, settling in Port Moresby where Guy took up a position as architect with the Department of Works and Housing. However her connection to plantation life remained, and she travelled regularly between Moresby and Rabaul. Her husband Guy predeceased her. Johanna died in Brisbane after a short illness.

Johanna is survived by her sister Mrs Hede Farrell, daughter Jillian, son-in-law Gerhard, and grandchildren. (Condensed from information from Johanna's daughter, Jillian.)

Mrs Hilda Agnes ROSS (23 June 1997, aged 87 years)

Hilda was the wife of E. A. Sutherland Ross (Suthie). Hilda and Suthie were married in Brisbane in 1968. She passed away after a short illness with cancer.

Hilda is survived by her husband Suthie, who kindly provided the above information.

Mr Bernard Dominic PARER (10 August 1997, aged 92 years)

Bernard first went to PNG in the early 1930s, and was gold mining at Watut and later in the Sepik. At one time he was storeman/clerk at Wau for Parer Air Transport. During the war he was given a commission although he didn't have a day's training and couldn't even salute. He was helping with the supervision of labourers for the proposed road over the range to Wau. Bernard was a deeply religious man, always thinking of others, a quiet person with a wonderful sense of humour. After the war he and Cyril Parer operated Karlai Plantation in Wide Bay in East New Britain for many years until they retired to Australia in the 70s.

(The foregoing was written by Robert Parer.)

Fr Ferdie PARER (13 December 1997, aged 87 years)

Father Ferdinand Parer was born Adrian Parer, the sixth child of John and Teresa, members of a large clan who immigrated from Spain, proud of their heritage and deeply Catholic. John and his brother ran the hotel on King Island in Bass Strait and married sisters. The extended family was brought up together. A younger brother, Damien, was the famous war photographer.

Before the war Fr Parer worked as a storeman in Melbourne while he studied for his matriculation, then accountancy. However his ambition was to become a priest; he was ordained in 1942 and joined the Franciscans. He served in Sydney and Brisbane, then spent the years from 1946-67 as a missionary in PNG. His station was at Nuku, a remote mountain village in the Sepik District. After that he studied in the Philippines for a masters degree in linguistics followed by six years of work with the Aborigines of Palm Island. Following that he worked at the St Vincent de Paul Society's South Brisbane hostel for the homeless. At various times he worked with people with alcohol problems and in the field of mental health.

(Taken from an obituary by Mary Mennis; Mary is preparing a biography of Fr. Parer.) *Member Robert Parer of Aitape PNG wrote: "Am enclosing details of the passing of the last of the older generation of the Parers. Bernard was my dad's brother (Dad was Bob) and his cousin Fr Ferdie, a Franciscan. Ferdie came to visit us last year, almost blind and on crutches and in pain from cancer, and wanted to stay on at Nuku, his old station, as parish priest. A real character!!"*

Father Alan CORRY (December 1997, aged 79 years)

Father Corry was a Missionary of the Sacred Heart in PNG 1947-1955. He spent the remainder of his life in the Northern Territory and was awarded an OAM for work amongst the Aboriginal community. (The foregoing was written by Jim Toner.)

David (Jack) SARGEANT (24 December 1997)

Dave passed away in New Plymouth, New Zealand, after a brave struggle with illness.

Dave joined the PNG Public Service as a field officer in 1949 but soon felt the urge of private enterprise and became an exploration manager for several field and oil companies. He married Barbara, out from England, and was posted to Yule Island Base Camp where Barbara became a teacher in Kairuku in the late 50s. After working overseas in the UK, China and other parts of Asia for many years, he rejoined the PNG Administration and became Director of Water Resources within the Department of Minerals and Energy through the 1980s until his retirement in 1991. Dave is survived by his wife, and son Peter. (From the February 1998 issue of *Garamut*.)

Mr William Tagg MILNER (21 December 1997, aged 86 years)

William Milner was a Clerk with the Police. His wife predeceased him.

Mr Kevin Adrian KELLY (8 December 1997, aged 68 years)

Kevin died suddenly at home at Golden Beach following a battle with cancer.

Born in Perth, Kevin went to Port Moresby in 1953 and worked for Comworks, living at Paga Point. After a short stint in Canberra in 1958 he returned to Moresby with Admin. working for Treasury. It was here he met Jean and they were married in 1961, taking up residence in Laurabada Avenue, Boroko. Kevin had played Rugby League for Paga but decided golf was for him and for some years he was Secretary of the Port Moresby Golf Club.

Kevin and Jean had three children (all born in Port Moresby). In 1969 they decided to move back to Australia. Kevin had been with the Departments of Agriculture, Taxation and Police in Port Moresby prior to taking up a position with the Department of the Interior in Canberra. When he retired in 1989 he had had 41 years of public service. Kevin never forgot his days in PNG and the lifelong friendships forged there. There were many old Paga-ites at his wake.

Kevin is survived by his wife Jean, sons Ronald (Canada) and Andrew (Canberra), and daughter Toni (Canberra) and their families.

(The foregoing was written by Kevin's wife, Jean.)

MR George Andrew GOUGH (10 January 1998, aged 90 years)

George was born at Rosedale Queensland on 9-4-1907 and was educated at St James' College, Brisbane. His parents were hoteliers in country Queensland. He became an apprentice baker at Mundubbera but lost his job in the depression. He then had various jobs on farms, the railways and cotton harvesting. In 1936 he went down with diphtheria and his doctor recommended he go to a warm climate to recover. His brother Tom was the police officer in charge at Port Moresby and so George accepted his invitation to come up. During this time the Government Secretary met George and offered him a job as there was a shortage of staff. After a period as supervisor on the Sangara coffee project, George was posted to Bomana Gaol, Port Moresby. Here he set about re-establishing the prison gardens which had been allowed to lapse. Thirty acres of bananas, 10 acres of pineapples and 1800 citrus trees were planted, as well as 200 acres of cultivation - this was achieved with the help of villagers he recruited, as well as prison labour. George organised an irrigation system using materials lying unused. On the outbreak of war George became part of ANGAU. Food production was a top priority as there was a danger of Moresby being cut off by the Japanese. George was told to grow as much fresh fruit and vegetables as possible, to supply the army. In 1942 George became ill with scrub typhus and malaria and was evacuated. In 1945 he was instructed to return to Bomana with ANGAU.

When control of Bomana was transferred to the Justice Department, George chose to remain with the Police doing work he understood and liked. George was instrumental in establishing a timber mill at Bomana, made from disused milling equipment. The project was a success and timber that had previously been stacked and burned was now put to good use. Similarly, George obtained several brick making machines and Bomana was soon supplying bricks for school construction and staff housing. Another project was the manufacture of steel-framed collapsible school desks. These were sent all over the country. They also made water tanks, roof guttering and downpipes. George was at Bomana for 26 years and left PNG in 1962. He then worked for the P & O shipping line until his retirement in 1972.

George's wife predeceased him. He is survived by his children and grandchildren.

(The foregoing was written by Doug Franklin and drew on Doug's story of George Gough published in the March 1996 issue of *Una Voce*, pp 10 and 11.)

Mr John NORTH (13 November 1997, aged 78 years)

John died suddenly at Kingscliffe. He was returning from his usual walk along the beach and did not make it back to his home. John worked in PNG in the Port Moresby, Sepik and Madang Districts with DCA from 1956. He is survived by two sisters and a brother.

(From the Feb. 1998 issue of *Garamut* with thanks.)

Mr Ian James LOCKWOOD DFC (31 January 1998, aged 83 years)

Ian was one of the originals in the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries (DASF). He went to PNG in 1935 as a Cadet Patrol Officer, posted to Lorengau. The then Director of Agriculture found out that Ian was a Gatton College graduate (1933), and convinced him to switch to DASF. Ian had postings to Keravat and Aiyura in 1937. In 1938 he was posted to Wewak as the first Agricultural Officer with responsibility for the coast up to the Dutch border and up the Sepik as far as Ambunti. A great potential was recognised for the Maprik area, especially for cocoa and upland rice. Ian surveyed and mapped out the Bainyik Agricultural Station.

In 1941 Ian returned to Australia and trained as a Catalina pilot in the RAAF. With his expert local knowledge he was posted back to New Guinea with the RAAF and involved with landing MOSS (Special Service troops) behind enemy lines. Ian was then sent to the Trobriands for further hazardous rescue work. After one operation he was awarded an immediate Distinguished Flying Cross. After the war Ian worked in the Queensland Department of Primary Industry for many years and was an External Examiner for Gatton. His wife Bunny whom he married in Wewak in 1940 died in 1991. Ian took a trip back to PNG in 1992 and visited Maprik. Not only did the *lapuns* remember him from before the war but they reminded him that he used to go on patrol on a horse called 'Jack'! Ian is survived by a son and a daughter.

(The foregoing was written by Doug Franklin and drew on Doug's story of Ian Wood published in the June 1992 issue of *Una Voce*, pp 8 and 9.)

Mr Craig Peter Wharton KIRKE (16 November 1997, aged 75 years)

Craig was born at Mullumbimby NSW and was educated at Sydney High and Sydney University Law Faculty. He joined the AIF in World War II - he saw action in PNG and was involved with the recapture of Lae. Craig went to PNG in 1952 and entered a legal practice. He was there for 32 years, leaving the country in 1984.

A large number of friends gathered at his memorial service at The Southport Yacht Club. Judge Eric Pratt said that Craig had been a partner and close friend during the 1960s and 70s. He said Craig was everything that you wanted in a law partner; that if a case was lost there were no recriminations and that Craig's clients were all friends - Craig was there to listen and research and offer quiet advice, and he never led anyone into expensive litigation without explaining the possible results and chances of winning; that Craig was involved in sponsoring Papua New Guineans to the University of Papua New Guinea - he did not support people coming up from south.

Another friend who attended the service, Ted Higgins (of an architectural practice in PNG) said Craig was one of the best known people in PNG. He described Craig's achievements beginning in 1955 when he started the first pre-school bus service in Boroko. Craig sat on the Law Board for PNG and helped Bernard Narakobi and Sir Tony Siaguru with their law studies. He was a Past President of the PNG Law Society and Member of the International College of Jurists. In 1974 he was Leader of the PNG Bar and became its longest serving member. He was elected to the Port Moresby City Council and served two terms - he donated his salary for this work to the Red Cross, which he also served. He was a great Rotarian and helped the Victoria League. He was a Life Member of The Royal Papua Yacht Club and had much to do with the development of Tuaguba Hill in Port Moresby.

Errol, Craig's younger brother, said Craig had a love of jazz and big band music. He could charm, offend and shock you, then had you in the palm of his hand, and was always a friend. He loved a good argument and gave praise when it was earned.

Craig's wife, Pam, predeceased him. He is survived by his children and grandchildren.

(Written by Doug Franklin who attended the service.)

Mr Cecil George NEW (2 February 1998, aged 85 years)

Cecil New was a teacher with Education. He was single upon his death.

Mr Olaf CHRISTENSEN (25 January 1997, aged 86)

Olaf Christensen was born in Queensland in 1910. His family had many connections in Denmark, his father's country of birth. The family was in Berlin when World War One started and with difficulty they returned to Sydney. Olaf had a chequered schooling and left school early. While still very young, he became an assistant cook on a boat servicing lighthouses from Brisbane to Broome. On one of these trips he jumped ship at Thursday Island and headed for New Guinea, ending up at Edie Creek where he spent several years. Then followed a stint with the Australian Navy. During the great depression Olaf started a refrigeration company in Sydney and soon moved on to work with Peters Ice Cream, where his brother was Manager. Around this time he also became interested in flying and when the Pacific War started, he worked with the Americans setting up refrigeration plants at various locations in the Pacific. Eventually he ended up flying Mitchell Marauders on missions over occupied territories. After the war Olaf spent some years fishing and then for 25 years ran the "Fixit North Brighton Sport Store" in Bay Street, Brighton, Melbourne, selling bait and fishing tackle, sportswear, seashells, and new Guinea artefacts. He was widely known as 'Mr Fixit' and was much respected in the Brighton community. Olaf married three times, and is survived by his daughter Karen, son Jacob and his last wife Rung 'Rainbow' Bunnag.

(The above was supplied by Deryck Thompson based on Olaf's autobiography *Gold, Pearlshells, Feathers and Sharks*.)

Mr Peter BAILEY (18 January 1998, aged 70 years)

Peter began work as a Radiographer for the Public Health Department in Port Moresby in 1953. Of his time in PNG Peter once wrote, 'The next 20 years were wonderful. Working in a tropical paradise, working with gifted and dedicated medical people, teaching basic X-ray techniques and helping to set up the Tuberculosis Control Unit. Wonderful and happy years.'

Peter served in various centres including Samarai until 1957 when he was co-opted to work with Dr Stan Wigley as part of the Tuberculosis Control Unit. He spent the next sixteen years travelling around PNG as part of this team. Peter married Yvonne Tabua in 1960. Yvonne was in the first batch of nurses to graduate after completing all their nursing training in PNG. The family left PNG in 1973, after which Peter worked in various fields including Darwin and Gove, and a stint with Health Victoria doing radiation protection work, a field he had long felt was not given enough attention. Peter was diagnosed with cancer in 1985 and received extensive radium treatment as well as surgery. Although this treatment slowed down the progression of the disease he eventually succumbed.

Peter is survived by his wife Yvonne, son Stephen, and daughters Helen and Corinne.

(The foregoing was provided by David Eyre.)

Mr Tony COOK (December 1997)

Tony joined the PNG Public Service as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1961 and remained on after Independence until 1978. He served in Madang and Saidor, later in Lae and Morobe and then the Highlands. He was one of the last remaining former permanent overseas officers to serve the Independent State of PNG as a senior field officer in Mt Hagen and became the Deputy District Commissioner before retiring to Australia. Later Tony joined the Queensland Dept of Aboriginal Affairs, later transferring to ATSIC.

In September 1964, Tony was one of the four survivors from the fateful Dornier crash in the Surinam River near Shaggy Ridge behind Dumpu, Madang District. Together with his DC, Freddie Kaad, DDC, Vin Smith and the RMO, Dr L. Malcolm, he escaped the burning wreck and although badly bruised, took up the task of climbing back up the mountain face for 4,000 ft to the newly opened airstrip at Tauta to obtain carriers and help for the other three officers.

Tony is survived by his daughter Louise Mereille of Brisbane.

(From the February 1998 issue of *Garamut* with thanks.)

Dr John BIDDULPH (January 1998, aged 62 years)

John Biddulph, regarded as the 'father of paediatrics' in Papua New Guinea, has died in Brisbane. British-born Robert Arthur John Biddulph was the grandson of a Christian medical missionary in China and married an American nurse and former missionary.

He rejected the militaristic traditions of his English high school, Wellington College, where he refused to join its cadet corps and announced: "I'm going to heal people, not kill them."

His family migrated to Sydney in the early 1950s, and he first went to PNG as a medical student in 1954 and was there permanently from 1961 to 1990.

Realising that a Western-style doctor-based and doctor-run health service was inappropriate and impractical in PNG, he was instrumental in the establishment of a system driven by nurses, orderlies and medical aides.

He was responsible for laws to discourage bottle-feeding and encourage breast-feeding. The PNG legislation was the first to restrict the sale of bottles, teats and dummies to prescription, and came into effect years before the World Health Organisation's code of marketing.

Dr Biddulph was the nation's senior specialist paediatrician, professor of child health at the University of Papua New Guinea, and a WHO adviser on paediatrics in the Pacific, Asia and Australia. He received an OBE from the PNG Government in 1984.

Dr Biddulph retired to Brisbane, where he died at his Wynnum home last month after almost five years battling chronic lymphocytic leukaemia.

Despite the illness, he taught at the University of Queensland school of medicine and lectured in Australia and overseas on tropical child health.

He leaves a widow, Mary Harper Biddulph, a daughter, a son and three grandchildren.

(First published in *The Courier Mail*, Brisbane, on 12 February 1998)

Mrs Theresa BIRD (11 September 1997)

Theresa passed away in Leamington Nursing Home where she had been since June 1994.

After a visit to her brother Edmund and sister Kathleen in New Guinea, Theresa worked in Canberra and Brisbane before returning to Port Moresby to the Administrator's office at the end of 1945. As Edmund and Kathleen had been long-time residents of Madang, she transferred to the District Commissioner's office there. In 1945, Theresa married Bob Bird, CBA manager, whose next posting was Wyong NSW. Some five years later the Birds returned to PNG, to Murnass Plantation, where they lived until 1976.

Therese was a lover of music and won special prizes for elocution, including the Shakespearean Gold Medal. She was involved in Station 9PA, Madang community concerts and plays. She was also a very keen gardener who imported orchids from around the world.

Therese's husband, Bob, died in 1994. (From the Feb. 1998 issue of *Garamut* with thanks.)

Mrs Marjorie MURPHY (20 October 1997)

Further details concerning Marjorie are from the February 1998 issue of 'Garamut', with thanks:

Marjorie passed away as the result of an accidental fire. She was hospitalised in Brisbane but unfortunately succumbed as a result of her injuries.

Lynne Downie paid tribute at her funeral: "I first met Marjorie in Kerema PNG in 1961. While fulfilling all the normal duties expected of a District Commissioner's wife, Marjorie also made a special effort to help young, adventurous and single personnel, like myself, settle into a new, often strange, and always challenging environment... Marjorie was tolerant of all people regardless of their ethnic, social or religious background... She showed respect for others and gained their respect in return."

Marjorie is survived by daughter Dale, son Kerry and his wife Trish, and three grandchildren.

Mr Charles Thomas WALMSLEY (9 November 1997, aged 77 years)

Charles Walmsley was a storeman with Public Health.

Mrs M J (Jo) SHOPPEC (October 1997, aged 99 years)

Jo passed away only a few months before her 100th birthday. She first went to PNG as a nurse pre-war and married her late husband Lionel who was engaged in gold mining at Edie Creek until the outbreak of war when he was called up for the RAAF. Lionel had been a pilot in WWI and after capture in Singapore in 1942, he spent time in Changi POW Camp. At the conclusion of the war, Jo and Lionel returned to Wau where, in addition to gold mining, they were involved in a coffee plantation until they returned to Australia. (From the Feb. 1998 issue of *Garamut*.)

Mrs Emily JENTSCH (4 November 1997, aged approximately 95 years)

Emily was born in Tasmania in 1902 and died in hospital in Canberra after a short illness. She went to Edie Creek, PNG, with her husband Bert in 1938. She was in Townsville during the war and returned to Wau in 1946. There she took part in the Hospital Auxiliary, the Ladies RSL group, the Anglican Church Council and the Golf Club. Emily returned to Australia in 1960 and settled in Canberra. She is survived by her two daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

(From the February 1998 issue of *Garamut* with thanks.)

Mrs Evelyn TAPLIN (8 December 1997)

Eve is the widow of Jim Taplin. Eve and Jim lived in Rabaul in the 50s and later. They were in shipping. Eve was a committee member in the original year the club was founded. She is survived by her sons Jim and Hugh. (From the February 1998 issue of *Garamut* with thanks.)

Mr Douglas Gordon (Jock) CALDWELL (15 February 1998, aged 80 years)

Douglas Caldwell was born in Scotland and migrated to Australia after the war. He joined the Public Service of the Territory of Papua New Guinea in the early 50s and worked for over 20 years with the Department of Posts and Telegraphs in the Telephone Division. His service took him to various centres including Lae and Port Moresby. On retirement he returned to Scotland and settled near Aberdeen where he established a large garden not far from the River Dee. Many of his friends from PNG days visited him there. He never married.

(Information supplied by Peter and Mandy Marvell.)

Mr Richard Douglas LOWE (25 August 1997)

Richard Lowe arrived in the Territory in 1934 on a contract to complete the power line from Bulolo to Wau, fell in love with the country and returned to work for BGD. He married Nance Beck in 1940. At the outbreak of war Dick joined the PNGVR and walked with a group from Wau to Port Moresby, and then joined the Australian Army. After the war Dick and Nance returned to Lae. He retired in 1968. Dick is survived by his wife Nance, sons Rodney and Reid and their families. (From the February 1998 issue of *Garamut* with thanks.)

Mrs Kathleen DOBSON (5 November 1997)

Member, Kathleen Dobson, was the wife of the Late Eric Robert Dobson. She was in Lae from 1946 to 1963. Her husband was with Forestry Department. (No further details available.)

Mrs Winifred BALFOUR-OGILVY (23 September 1997)

Member, Winifred Balfour-Ogilvy, was the wife of the Late Douglas Dunbar Balfour-Ogilvy. She left PNG in 1974 after 14 years there. (No further details available.)

Mrs Jean Kathleen JACKSON (14 February 1998) (No further details available.)

Member, Jean Kathleen Jackson was the wife of the Late Michael Frederick Carew Jackson.

Mrs Dorothy THOMAS (24 February 1998) (No further details available.)

Dorothy Thomas was the wife of the Late John Richards Thomas.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MR. R.J.	ARNOLD	27 GREENLAW PLACE	EIGHT MILE PLAINS	QLD	4113
MR. J.W.	BENSON	6 ANDREW CLOSE	BOAT HARBOUR	NSW	2316
MRS.M.	CLARENCE	3 PAULWOOD AVE.	WINMALEE	MSW	2777
MR. P.F.	DAVEY	11 MANSFIELD ST.	EARLVILLE	QLD	4870
MS. R.	GRIFFITH	8/66 SHIRLEY RD.	WOLLSTONECRAFT	NSW	2065
MR. R.	HALPIN	2/94 SPROULE ST.	LAKEMBA	NSW	2195
MRS. C.	HENNESSY	25 DAREEN ST.	BEACON HILL	NSW	2100
MR. W.J.	JOHNS	29 GYMEA ST.	THE GAP	QLD	4061
MRS. T.	JONES	30 ORMOND ST.	ASCOT	QLD	4007
MISS N.	KINGSLAND	47 ST. JOHNS AVE	GORDON	NSW	2072
MR. A.W.	MULLAN	20 KINARRA ST.	TAMWORTH	NSW	2340
MR.R.B.	NULHOLLAND	22 WATTLE CRESCENT	EAST BALLINA	BSW	2478
MRS. D.E.	MUNRO	37 ELLIS LANE	CAMDEN	NSW	2570
MR. R.J.	NUNN	P.O. BOX 272	MYLOR	S A	5153
MR. I.G.	PRENDERGAST	2/192 GRAFTON ST.	CAIRNS	QLD	4870
MR. G.D.	PIKE	12 THOMPSON CRESCENT	MOIL	N T	0810
MR. G.W.	PIKE	60 AVENELL ST., THABEBAY	BUNDABERG	QLD	4670
MRS. K.L.	QUINN	P.O. BOX 100	LAKE	PNG	
MR. W.	ROBEMOND	19 COLONIAL COURT	MUDGEERABA	QLD	4213
MR. V.	RUTLAND	7 MARY ST.	SCARNESS	QLD	4655
MR. W.G.	SIPPO	134 ST. ANNE ST.	NOWRA	NSW	2541
MR. G.D.	STRAUGHEN	9 DEODAR COURT	MAPLETON	QLD	4560
MRS. J.	VON LEIXNER	47 MATINGARA	CHAPEL HILL	QLD	4069
MR. W.H.	WRIGHT	11 PARKER AVE.	WEST PYMBLE	NSW	2073

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

MR. R.	BELL	6 PARKER CLOSE	BEECROFT	NSW	2119
MR. R.	CLELLAND	35 GREEN ST.	NARRABUNDAH	ACT	2604
REV. P.E.	DILLON	P.O. BOX 108	COBARGO	NSW	2550
REV. J.D.	FLENTJE	44 MITCHELL'S LANE	SUNBURY	VIC	3429
MRS. P.D.	FOLEY	1/10 WILLANDRA ST.	LANE COVE	NSW	2066
MRS. E.	GEARY	11 BAKARNIS CT. STRATHPINE	GDNS STRATHPINE	Q	4500
MR. L.R.	HEALEY OBE	267 VERNEY RD.	GRACEVILLE	QLD	4075
MR. B.	HOLLOWAY	6 ARRINO CLOSE	GWELUP	W A	6018
MRS. E.G.	HOLMES	41/350 OLD NORTHERN RD.	CASTLE HILL	NSW	2154
MR. B.D.	HOY	P.O. BOX 249	ASPLEY	QLD	4034
DR. B & MRS. R.	JINKS	P.O. BOX 227	GULGONG	NSW	2852
MRS. M.	JOYNTON-SMITH	136 AIKEN RD.	WEST PENNANT HILLS	NSW	2125
MISS M.	KIMMORLEY	7 KELSAL COURT	HERITAGE GARDENS	QLD	4118
SISTER	MARYANGELA	HOLY SPIRIT CONVENT	P.O. BOX 129 ASPLEY	QLD	4034
MR. B.C.	MITCHELL	P.O. BOX E142	KINGSTON	ACT	2604
MRS. M.	MURPHY	UNIT 43, FOREST PLACE RETIREMENT VILLAGE			
		356 BLUNDER RD.	DURACK	QLD	4077
MRS. D.	NELSON	P.O. BOX 5088	MANLY	QLD	4179
MR. S.A.	NIELSON	6/16 MARINE WALK	ALEXANDRA HEADLANDS	Q	4572
MRS. A.	RYALL	P.O. BOX 75	LAWSON	NSW	2783
MR. A. & MRS. C. WILLIAMS		1/42 OYSTER POINT ESPLANADE	SCARBOROUGH	QLD	4020

MEMBERS REJOINED:

MR. J.E.	BOWERS	138 RAGLANST.	MOSMAN	NSW	2088
MRS. J.	LYNCH	118/81 WILLANDRA RD.	CROMER	NSW	2099
MR. P.V.	DWYER	5 FENELLIA CRESCENT	CRAIGIE	W A	6025