Una Voce News Letter

RETIRED OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC
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ALL THE VERY BEST FOR CHRISTMAS
and
THE NEW YEAR
from
THE PRESIDENT AND COMMITTEE

No 4, 1998 - December

Dear Member

The Association's **Christmas Luncheon** will be held on **Sunday 6 December** 1998 at the Mandarin Club. Full details, together with booking slip, are on the separate yellow sheet. Please send your cheque and booking slip to the secretary at the above address as soon as possible ($22.00 per person). We would appreciate it if members would pay in advance. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and advise the Mandarin Club of numbers; also it minimises delays at the dining room entrance.

1999 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

As Anzac Day 1999 falls on a Sunday, our Annual General Meeting will be held on Sunday 2 May 1999 (we cannot have our luncheon on the same day as Anzac Day).

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.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1999

Subscriptions are due on 1 January 1999. A renewal slip is printed on the separate yellow sheet. ***Paying your subscription for two or more years will reduce our paperwork and possibly benefit your pocket (as fees increase from time to time).*** If you are unsure whether you are financial or not, please check the address label on the envelope which contained this issue. Cheques should be made out to ROAPNG Inc.

Also on the separate yellow sheet is an Application for Membership. We hope you will pass this on to anyone you know who might be interested in joining our Association.

OBJECTS OF THE RETIRED OFFICERS ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA INC

(The Objects of the Association are not part of the Rules of ROAPNG, therefore the Committee recommended they be printed once a year in 'Una Voce')

a) to safeguard and foster the retirement conditions of all members, including conditions applicable to widows and dependants;

b) to represent members, their widows and dependants in all superannuation matters;

c) to cooperate on all matters of mutual interest with associations representing pensioners and superannuants having similar objectives to this association;

d) to promote friendly association among all members and associate members;

e) to foster and encourage contact and friendship with Papua New Guineans and an interest in Papua New Guinea affairs;

f) to encourage the preservation of documents and historical material related to Papua New Guinea;

g) to encourage members and associate members to contribute to the production and recording of oral and written history of Papua New Guinea.

HELP WANTED: Jim Allen is asking about the fate of any **former RAAF marine craft** that remained in New Guinea at the conclusion of WW2. He is particularly interested in a 56 foot launch numbered 015-17 and called the *Govilon* which was sold to Captain Henderson at Port Moresby on 21 February 1946. If anyone can help please contact Jim at PO Box 1080, Research Vic 3095, Ph (Home) 03 9437 0265, Home Fax 03 9427 0965

HELP WANTED: Karen Kottek, wife of member Peter Kean, wrote,"As part of my doctoral research in anthropology at Monash University, Peter and I spent all of 1995 living in Siki settlement on the Hoskins Peninsula in West New Britain. My research is focused on the role of womens' organisations in furthering migrant women's participation in the economic and social development of the Hoskins Peninsula area of West New Britain. I am particularly interested in information on the establishment and settlement of the coconut and cocoa blocks in Tabai-Rikau and Lavelolo in the mid 1960s which were leased to land short Tolai." If you can help, please contact Karen at 35 Home Road, Newport Vic 3015, Ph 03 9398 0869.

From **Richard SUTTON** of Berala NSW: "I am on the mailing list of the PNG Investment Promotion Authority and receive a copy of their monthly newsletter. The back page carries a list of 'Business Opportunities' of a joint venture nature. An interesting one that appears on the July newsletter is as follows - *Import of Dried Cow Gall Stones: A Hong Kong based company who trades in dried cow gall stones seeks to import cow gall stones from PNG, especially from abattoirs. Their specific requirements include: absolutely dried and pure, yellow colour, no mouldy stones are to be mixed in shipments, 70% whole stones, 30% broken pieces per kg."* Richard asked if there were any takers!

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Bob CLELAND of Kenmore Qld wrote, "I'm now retired, but keep very active and busy (and healthy, thank goodness). I continue my association with Rotary, begun in Goroka; I've been associated with *International House*, a residential college at University of Queensland for some years and currently am Deputy President of the Board of Governors; and I'm President of the *Woodturners Society of Queensland* which is time consuming (what presidential job isn't?) And I get heaps of pleasure and some pocket money from wood turning. Life is interesting.

Muriel GOUGH's daughter, Rita, of Wynnum West Qld, sent in a news item from the *Wynnum Herald* showing a picture of her mother celebrating her 102nd birthday. Muriel has been a resident of Nazareth House Nursing Home for six years, but Rita says her mother is "mentally two hops ahead of everything, and she's interested in everything".

Geoffrey GRAY of Mount Lawley WA, who was with Education (1960 to 1970 - Sepik & EHD) and was District Labour Officer Goroka (1970 to 1974), wrote, "I now live in Perth and am self employed as a Workplace Relations Consultant specialising in Unfair Dismissal Law and the Contract of Employment Law (Workplace Agreements) ... The Newsletter recalls old friends and times of long ago - I miss the New Guinea we knew."

Jack WHITE of Duffy ACT wrote, "I'm involved with some electronics work and fostering Neighbourhood Watch. Norma enjoys golf and bridge. **David and Gillian Montgomery** (ex DASF) of Grabben Gullen near Crookwell NSW will be joining us shortly to see David Williamson's play 'Up the Road'. We caught up with **Barry and Beverley Beal** (ex DASF) from Victoria Point Qld around Easter as we drove to Mareeba for a family wedding."

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: Jim Toner writes, "After nine years as Mayor of Palmerston, **Kevin DIFLO** has hung up his golden chain and returned to academe. In that period Kevin, once of Wards Strip Teachers College, presided over a growth in the population of Darwin's satellite township from 7,000 to 17,000.

Numerous wantoks have moved from PNG to NT but there is always an exception. **Bruce JEPHCOTT** was the president of the New Guinea Graziers Association and in 1972 was elected as the member for Madang Regional. Unfortunately he was killed on the Highlands Highway in 1987 leaving his son Grant to run 7,000 head of cattle at Dumpu, which I believe he still does. I recently learned that in 1958 Bruce was the Chief Chemist in the NT Administration so he must have been lured north about the same time as Tom Cole.

In This Issue

More than once we have heard allegedly delinquent Australian parliamentarians describe their accusers as 'getting down in the gutter'. Bernard Narakobi in the PNG parliament improved on this. He categorised one such accuser as 'not being down in the gutter, oh no, he is down in the toilet'. What a splendid thing the Westminster system is."

PNG NEWS: GAUBIN HOSPITAL, KAR KAR ISLAND, celebrates 50 YEARS

Over 50 years ago Dr Edwin Tscharke and his wife Tabitha began work on Karkar Island. Honouring a pre-war promise, the Lutheran Mission sent Dr Tscharke to Karkar to build a hospital and work there. The site chosen was originally a bomb crater; the hospital was constructed with ex-WWII materials transferred from Finschhafen. It was extended in 1957 to include a TB ward as this disease was prevalent on the island. In 1967 the original buildings of Gaubin hospital were replaced using locally made bricks.

The *Post Courier* of 29 September reported, "Over the years, the hospital developed a community-based primary health service, while a training program for aid post orderlies was developed by Dr Tscharke with the first students receiving their certificates in 1957... During the 1970s and 80s the hospital received valuable help from the Rotary Clubs of Madang and Australia... Gaubin has provided rural hospital experiences for medical students from PNG, Australia, Germany and England." Today Gaubin hospital is jointly funded by the Lutheran church and the Government. It treats 15,000 outpatients and 2,000 inpatients a year. Last year over 300 babies were delivered. There are 50 students in the community health worker school.

Dr Tscharke retired in 1988 and received an Honorary Doctorate of Medicine from the University of PNG the following year. In recognition of the services of Dr Tscharke and his wife over many years, the people of Karkar have decided to name Gaubin Hospital "The Edwin and Tabitha Tscharke Memorial Hospital". *Post Courier, 29 Sept 1998*

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER'S GRAVE DISCOVERED: Members of the peacekeeping force on Bougainville have found the grave of an Australian soldier who died in 1915 more than two months before the landing at Gallipoli. He was Private Joseph Read who died on 11 February 1915, aged 50. The *Sydney Morning Herald* of 22 August stated, "He was a member of the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force, which was set up to accommodate soldiers too old to be recruited into the AIF. Australian forces were sent to Bougainville to accept the surrender of the Germans who controlled the island at the outbreak of World War I." The cause of death is not known, but it could have been malaria or some other tropical disease. The *SMH* said this was the only war grave found by the peacekeepers and that nothing was known of Private Read's story. "All of the attention at the time was on Europe and Gallipoli and these guys were forgotten."

Sydney Morning Herald, 22-8-1998

MELBOURNE WORLD PREMIERE of 'Rising Fish Prayer': Three Papua New Guinea artists of the National Performing Arts Troupe of PNG starred in a play largely set in post colonial times in an old gold mine setting in the PNG highlands. They are Dobi Kidu, Kilori Susuve and Albert Toro coming to grips, in PNG style, with the arrival of a middle aged Australian as manager of the defunct mine, strangely named 'Menzies'. The play was written by Melbourne writer Adam May. It was Playbox Theatre's first collaboration with the leading theatre company of PNG. The artistic director was Aubrey Mellor. After playing in Melbourne, 'Rising Fish Prayer' came to the Glen Street Theatre, Belrose NSW. **□ M R Hayes**

KIAPS ON BIKES

by Chips Mackellar

Remember those horrible Government Issue BSA Bantam motor cycles we used to have? They were as cantankerous as lawnmowers and as obstinate as outboard motors, and the only reason the Government gave them to us was because they were cheap.

But they served a useful purpose for our Administration, in the days before the Highlands Highway was open and when there were few roads in the interior of PNG. These little bikes could be ridden along most foot tracks in the Highlands, and when the going got too rough for them, they were light enough to be slung from a pole, and carried easily by two men. So we could take them on patrol, and where the terrain precluded their use, they were simply carried to the next rideable road or track, and remounted there.

But I hated them. In those days no motor bikes of this size had electric starters, so they all had to be kick-started, and they usually required more kicks than starts. I could never start the damn things, and in disliking the stupid put-put noise they made, I was not alone.

When R. I. Skinner was District Commissioner of the Western Highlands District, we used these little bikes a lot around Mount Hagen. Skinner was a benevolent tyrant, and like all other District Commissioners then, he was Lord and Master of all he surveyed. He could control almost everything in the Western Highlands then, but he couldn't control and nor could he stand the irritating sound of the BSA Bantam.

One day when approaching the District Office at Mount Hagen, Patrol Officer John Howlett who was well aware of Skinner's dislike of the BSA noise, did the prudent thing by turning off the engine and coasting the last 100 yards. He propped his Bantam up against the wall of the office, and went inside briefly. When he came out again he hopped on his bike and tried to start it.

But of all the times and of all the places this Bantam could have chosen to be cantankerous, it had to choose this one - right outside Skinner's office. Repeatedly, John tried to kick-start his bike, but without success.

He kicked and kicked and kicked. "Burrrr, burrrr, burrrr," went the engine in response to each kick, followed by "put put put put," and then silence. And then again, "burrrr, burrrr, burrrr - put put put put," and so on, until finally the District Commissioner had heard enough. "Howlett!" Skinner called from inside his office. "Yes, Sir," John answered from outside the building. "Take that bloody bike a mile away and start it!" Skinner ordered. "Yes, Sir," Howlett answered again, and he pushed the motor cycle down the road and away from the District Office, until it was outside the District Store which was about 60 yards away. He obviously thought that this was a safe enough distance because he tried to start the bike there. "Burrrr, burrrr, burrrr," went the engine again, "put put put put." "Burrrr, burrrr, burrrr," and so on.

It was not as loud this time, but I could still hear it inside the District Office, and I knew Skinner could hear it also, so I waited for the next Royal Command. And I didn't have long to wait.

"Howlett!" Skinner bellowed again, loud enough to be heard at the District Store, "I said take that bike a mile away and start it. **Now take it a bloody mile. Do you hear!**" "Yes, Sir," I heard John call from the District Store, and I was about to burst into laughter at his predicament, when suddenly there was another Royal Command. "**Mackellar !**" "Yes, Sir," I answered from my office. "Show him how far a mile is!" Skinner ordered. "Yes, Sir," I answered.

I went outside and looked down the road, where I saw John pushing the bike, past

the store, beside the airstrip, in the direction of Norm Camp's house. I caught up with him, carefully pacing the distance. "Follow me, John," I said, and I continued to count the paces while I walked in front of him.

And when I had paced out 1,760 yards I stopped. John stopped beside me exhausted, and sat on his bike. I looked back at the District Office, exactly one mile away, and in my best *Grand Prix* starter's voice I said, "Gentlemen, start your engines!"

And would you believe it, the stupid bike started at the first kick, and I waved as Patrol Officer Howlett rode off into the distance.

In those days before the Highlands Highway was opened, there were very few privately owned vehicles at Mount Hagen, other than motor cycles. This was because everything which then came into Mount Hagen had to come by air, and the air freight on a car was astronomical. Also, in those days the Japanese had not yet entered the motor cycle market, and the most popular bikes were British Triumphs. They came in all sizes and models and the one I chose was a Triumph *Tiger Cub*. It soon became my pride and joy, but before then, it had a very embarrassing arrival at Mount Hagen.

Now in order to offset the otherwise impossible cost of living for public servants in the Highlands in those days, the Administration carried essential items for its staff, free on government air charters. On arrival at Mount Hagen, these essential items were unloaded from the aircraft by Government Stores staff, and delivered by government vehicle to our front doors. "Essential items" were decreed by the Public Service Commissioner to include all groceries, but not grog. Air manifests were subject to treasury audit, and any obvious consignments of grog or any other obvious non-essential items manifested to officers in the Highlands were charged to the officers at normal air freight rates. They were still delivered in the same way, but with an accompanying air freight bill.

With the air freight component added, the real price of grog in the Highlands was so high as to make it almost undrinkable. But not to worry, creative minds soon got to work, and suppliers in Lae and Madang developed the knack of repacking grog into less obvious grocery cartons.

This repacking resulted in some very strange grocery consignments. Some toilet paper cartons for example, emitted strange clinking noises when unloaded from the aircraft, like the sound of bottles bumping against each other inside. And single male officers were often consigned cartons of feminine hygiene items, with an extraordinary specific gravity, all emitting the same clinking noises.

There was no household limit to the amount of "essential items" delivered free on government air charters, and around Christmas time, or just before someone's birthday party, treasury auditors were amazed at the increased number of cartons of tomato sauce, IXL jam, or vegemite, manifested on Government air charters into the Highlands, consigned as "groceries" for officers stationed there.

But it was all very necessary you see, because some Highland missionaries who were against fornication and strong drink, were quick to report any obvious consignments of grog, travelling free on the charters. But they didn't seem to mind other less evil non-essentials travelling free. And as the auditors only examined the manifests, and not the cargo, suppliers sometimes became a bit slack when it came to disguising non-essentials other than grog, as "groceries".

For example, by no stretches of the imagination could my motor cycle have been construed to be an "essential item" and there is no way it could have been disguised as a consignment of tomato sauce. So I shuddered to think what air freight charges my motor bike would attract.

Also, I assumed that as a non-essential item, a motor bike would have had no

loading priority, so there was no knowing when it might arrive in Hagen. But as it was the first motor bike I ever owned, I was so excited that on the day I thought it might arrive I was waiting on the airstrip when the DC3 landed. And as soon as the District Stores Officer had the air manifest in hand, I asked him if my motor bike was on board. He scanned the list quickly then said, "No, nothing for you except a carton of groceries." Disappointed, I went home to wait for my groceries to be delivered.

I was inside my house later that day when the Stores vehicle arrived, and instead of the usual grocery delivery to the doorstep, I heard much grunting and groaning from the cargo boys, with instructions to lift carefully and don't drop, and all the other accompanying noises of a difficult delivery. Curious, I went outside to see them unloading a magnificent brand spanking new Triumph motor cycle. They put it on the ground in front of me, propped it on its stand, and departed.

But they did not hand me the expected airfreight bill which I had been dreading. Puzzled, I looked at the shipping tag attached to the handlebars. On one side it read MACKELLAR, MOUNT HAGEN, and on the other, ONE CARTON OF GROCERIES.

And it was the best carton of groceries I ever had. Together with other young Australians, like Barry Blogg, Dick Hagon, and Ian Fraser, each of whom had his own bike and was living in Mount Hagen at the time, I roamed the Highlands on that bike, along slippery roads and rough bush tracks, long before the Highlands Highway was ever built.

There wasn't much traffic along Highlands roads in those days, so the risk of collision was infinitesimal. However, as none of the roads was sealed, their dirt surfaces became very slippery when wet. Thus motor cycle accidents were common but not serious, since all that happened was that the rider skidded on a wet surface and fell into the mud beside the road. The climate in the Highlands was cool enough for us to wear proper protective clothing like boots and leather jackets, so injuries were slight.

But it was a different story in Madang, where I transferred with my Tiger Cub after my posting at Mount Hagen was over. Before the Madang roads were sealed, their surfaces consisted of hard but loose coronus gravel. Of course the hot climate precluded any kind of protective clothing except a helmet, so gravel rash was a constant danger, even for the wary, and a tumble usually meant bare skin against sharp coral - a frightening combination.

One day I was carrying Patrol Officer Frank Howard as pillion passenger on our way home from the District Office. The road was free of traffic, except for a pack of mangy dogs, on our side of the road, fighting over a bitch on heat. "Look out for the dogs," Frank warned in my ear.

And I did. I swung over to the opposite side of the road to avoid the dogs, but in a last minute attempt to evade pack rape, the terrified female ran across the road in front of me, with the whole pack following. I braked, but not in time. Sliding on the loose gravel, my front wheel hit the pack of dogs and we came to an abrupt stop. The force of the impact catapulted Frank over my head in the best Olympic-style double somersault Madang had ever seen. Miraculously he landed flat on his feet in front of me, entirely unhurt. But my knee skidded across the coronus to give me a scar which I carry to this day.

But the worst incidence of gravel rash I ever saw happened to a PWD electrician. He had a big powerful bike, and although he was always welcome to ride with us, he shunned our company because he always said we drove too slowly. He was a speed hog, and he had already had several accidents even before I knew him. He survived these accidents by jumping off his bike. "Better to hit the road and roll," he used to say, "than hit the tree and die."

On this particular day I was riding home alone from the Madang District Office, when this speed hog roared past me in a cloud of coronus dust. There was a rarely used cross road ahead from which the PHD sanitation truck suddenly appeared. Both rider and driver slammed on the brakes, but all too late. With all wheels locked, both vehicles slid along the gravel towards each other, each propelled by its own momentum. They collided at the mid point of the intersection, the motor cycle slamming into the side of the truck with a sickening thud.

But moments before the impact occurred, the electrician jumped off his bike. He hit the coronus surface of the road at high speed, and flung by the velocity of his fall, his body spun horizontally across the intersection in front of the truck, bouncing like a ball into the ditch on the other side.

There appeared to be no damage to the truck, but the motor bike lay in the road in a crumpled heap. I stopped my bike beside the ditch and went to the aid of the other rider. The sharp coral surface of the road had ripped most of his clothing off, and his bare skin from head to foot was covered in cuts, scratches, abrasions and lacerations. He was bleeding from everywhere, and he looked as if he had been skinned alive.

As I looked at his skin shredded body, I assumed that he was dead. But to my surprise, he was still alive, and like a cat with nine lives, he had survived another of his miraculous bail outs. And grimacing with pain, he scrambled unaided to his feet.

"Why did you jump off?" I asked in amazement. "So I wouldn't look like that," he said, pointing to the mangled remnants of his motor cycle. I looked at the wreck, and then at him. "You don't look much different, yourself," I said. "Maybe," he said painfully, "but I can still move, and it can't. Take me to the hospital." And I did.

But Madang had other, better memories for my Tiger Cub. All the single kiaps there had motor bikes, and when we finished for the day we would head for the Madang Hotel. In the days before the drinking laws changed, the public bar was long and spacious, and conveniently at ground level. The bar was then never filled to capacity except during Christmas or when Madang was host to various sporting events. Generally it was only patronised by a few after work Government officials and a few out of town planters.

But its wide doors and street level concrete floors were an open invitation to the kiaps on bikes, and the barman knew when we were coming. So, as soon as he heard the roar of motor cycles revving up outside the District Office some distance away, he would start to pour the beers, and place them on the bar, one motor cycle length apart. Meanwhile we would race up the road towards the pub, and ride our bikes through the doors and beside the bar, each rider stopping his bike next to the appropriate beer. We would then sit on our bikes at the bar, and drink our beers.

And when it was time to go, we would start our bikes at the bar, with a roar loud enough to wake the dead. At another time and in another place, this behaviour would have annoyed the other patrons. But to the out of town planters, resident drunks and local bar flies of the Madang Hotel who had been drinking there for hours with nothing to talk about except the prices of cocoa, coffee and coconuts, this was the greatest excitement they were likely to have all day.

So, to the loud cheers and farewell calls from the other patrons, we would thunder out onto the road, and head for home.....

But we weren't petrol heads, revheads, bikies, or hoons. We were ordinary young Australians living ordinary lives, having fun and annoying no one, in some of the most exotic places on earth.

And today, we are ordinary old Australians, with fond memories of PNG and how it was then, when we were kiaps, riding together on bikes.

POSTSCRIPT TO "THE HAGEN COUNTRY CLUB" - The Editor received a letter from Ian Skinner's son, Peter Skinner, who is in Anacortes, Washington USA. Peter wrote, "I thoroughly enjoyed the article by Chips Mackellar about my late father Major Ian Skinner, MC *(see issue 3, Sept 1998, p5)* ... As a 10-year-old boy in Mt Hagen about that time, I remember the infamous Cannery Row well, and also remember the Mt Hagen primary school being converted to a club at weekends." Peter said there was one aspect of Mr Mackellar's article that he felt needed clarification and that was the statement that his father was posted to Port Moresby where he served out the remainder of his time in PNG in relative administrative obscurity. Peter said that during the latter period of his service in PNG his father served in several capacities including that of District Commissioner in the Southern Highlands and Director of Civil Defence for the country for several years until his retirement in 1971.

Peter added, "As a keen sportsman he also took a very keen, and active, role in many sports, especially Rugby League, coaching the Konedobu Tigers to several premierships. But I think his most impressive contribution to Rugby League was off the field when he took a stand to open up the game to national players. John Kaputin, now Sir John, told me a few years ago that it was my father who was adamant about desegregating Rugby League so Kaputin, one of the best all round athletes PNG ever produced, and others could play all sports in their own country. It is now history that that stand, not a popular one with numerous Europeans, opened the doors for Kaputin and other PNG nationals to play sports alongside expat players.

At one time my father did tell me that he was often referred to as a 'kanaka lover' and called other derogatory names for his stand on fair play for Papua New Guineans and I am sure he copped his fair share of flak for his opinion on other issues. He wasn't always right, but once he had made up his mind, and thought his view was equitable and fair, there wasn't much that could change his mind. Also, I know that my mother, Marie ... shared Dad's concern about fairness to Papua New Guineans.

Again, I really enjoyed your article and I know it was with a great deal of pride that his friends and family, especially his children, David, Julie-Marie and I, read about these particular Ian Skinner exploits."

STOP PRESS:
NEW JAMES SINCLAIR BOOK DUE OUT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"GOLDEN GATEWAY: LAE & THE PROVINCE OF MOROBE"

Jim's latest book tells the story of Lae - how it came into existence solely because of the discovery of the Morobe Goldfield in the 1920s. The book tells of the deeds of famous prospectors and of great mining companies; of the extraordinary developments of civil aviation that followed the discovery of gold; of Guinea Airways Ltd, the company that flew in eight giant gold dredges to Bulolo in an aerial uplift that created world records; and of aviators who became household names. It tells, too, of the early explorers of Morobe Province, of the first settlement by the Germans, of the Lutheran Mission and its work. The story continues to the Pacific War and its devastation, and the postwar era, which saw Lae expand dramatically during the 50s and 60s. It carries on the story of Lae and Morobe Province since PNG's independence, to the present day. This large volume will be a source of enjoyment and satisfaction for the thousands of Australians who over the years lived and worked in Lae, Wau, Bulolo and Salamaua. December 1998, xvi + 470pp, 288 x 213mm, hardcover, over 300 b & w photos, RRP $59.95

From Pacific Book House, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, QLD 4218. Available to members at a 10% discount, plus p&h. Ph 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114

ROMA BATES launches *MALAGUNA ROAD, The Papua and New Guinea Diaries of Sarah Chinnery*

This is the address given by Roma at the National Library, Canberra on 10 July 1998:

Most of us here today are familiar with the name of Chinnery.

E.W.P. and Sarah were known in Papua and the Mandated Territory of New Guinea for their field work in both areas in the period 1921-1937, but Chin, as E.W.P. was known, dates back to Papua in 1908 - which is remarkable. Today, Sarah is the VIP - she wisely kept diaries of her unusual life experiences, SOME of which are included in her book MALAGUNA ROAD. Sarah, although not permitted to travel in uncontrolled areas of the Mandated Territory, nevertheless travelled widely thither and yon, visiting friends in outlying districts, including the Goldfields and the Sepik - way back in those years it was not without an element of danger. She was a very brave lady. But such was her insatiable curiosity about the native people, their tribal laws and beliefs, she ignored all danger - and indeed, often gained the confidence of these primitive people and was given their permission to photograph them - these must be some of the earliest photographs of these Sepik people.

Sarah's travels referred to in the book *Malaguna Road* make the most fascinating reading. As Kate Fortune wrote in the Introduction, "Reading Sarah's manuscript in 1996 - of 50 years before - struck an immediate chord". It did for me too. The decades closed ranks as it were and my memories took over. *Malaguna Road* mainly covers the period Sarah was living in Rabaul - from 1928 to 1937. This period I too, lived in Rabaul, from 1927 to 1941 and again after the WWII to 1965. My memories of Chin and Sarah and the four little girls date from 1928 when they lived on St. George's Avenue, and later when they moved to a bigger house near the end of Malaguna Road - which in those days was referred to as Rain Tree Avenue because of the magnificent rain trees which made this main thoroughfare a tunnel of coolth. But eventually after the war its designated name of Malaguna Road was used exclusively. The house was built by the students of Malaguna Tech - which was a remarkable feat as none of them were familiar with the tools when they first went to the school. This is where - for me - the fascinating story of the book begins.

Sarah's description of her arrival at dawn by ship into Rabaul was spot on. About four years ago I revisited Rabaul and was overwhelmed with nostalgia and tender memories - it was an early morning arrival such as Sarah described, and was just such a glorious scene when I arrived in Rabaul in 1927 on the old *Montoro* - nearly 70 years ago. I had never seen anything so beautiful and I fell in love with Rabaul there and then. It is a Special Place for me. Sarah writes about the celebration of Empire Day on 24th May 1929 which reminded me of just such a celebration which took place the year before, but a very different one to the celebration at Malaguna Tech. It was in 1928 and took place on the parade/sports ground at the back of the Lands Department on Namanula Road - close to the centre of town. There was a small shelter of bush material, somewhat rickety, in which we could sit but it was more interesting getting closer to the action on foot. The police boys looked rather smart in their navy blue lap laps with deep Vandyked hem - they had an inch wide red band above the Vandykes, and a red cummerbund was kept in place with a wide white webbing belt fastened with a brilliantly shining brass buckle. On the head was a sailor's pancake-type hat with a white cover finished with a named-ribbon band. They looked so much smarter than the plain khaki lap laps and peaked hats of later years. I had hoped Sarah would have a photo of them in the navy blue

outfit as I lost mine in the war years. These police boys were drilled to perfection and put on a good performance. Indeed, I was most impressed by their precision. At the conclusion of the formal part and speeches by the Administrator General Wisdom and other dignitaries, the police boys lined up and fired a fusillade in rapid succession, like a machine gun - I can't think of its name but no doubt, as John Laws says, "you know what I mean".

The dignitaries departed and the police marched off. Then the hundreds of natives - mostly from the labour lines of BPs and Carpenters, but also the native villages and schools round about - who had been waiting patiently with their decorated sing sing batons (called nulla nullas) took over the sports ground. The kundus boomed with telling beat but the waving nulla nullas were not as innocent-looking as one thought. As the beat became more urgent so did the dancers quicken their steps until suddenly there was a general roar - the decorated nulla nullas were stripped of all bilas (a lovely pidgin English word much used by everyone - meaning "decorate") to reveal tomahawks, bush-knives, sarifs, clubs etc. The fight was on - obviously a "pay back" of some kind. The Europeans departed hastily leaving the police to deal with it but it took a long time to get the ringleaders and restore order of some kind ... there were casualties of course. It was so close to a rampaging riot and could have become highly dangerous. It was decided never again to hold a similar program in celebration of Empire Day. From then on Empire Day was more circumspect - no sing sing.

Sarah mentions the sublime singing of the school choirs - yes they were fabulous - they had never been taught to sing or harmonise - it all came naturally and yes - they all sing like angels. None of them could read music. I returned to Rabaul on the first ship after the war and it was then I became aware of their beautiful singing. To give visitors the opportunity of appreciating their outstanding gift, I sometimes asked either Nordup or Matupi choirs to sing in the gardens around the Residency during dinner. They always made a great impression. Then I got the idea of running a choir competition between the villages of the Gazelle Peninsula. My husband, who was the District Commissioner, had to organise it of course, which was no mean effort. The competition was enthusiastically embraced by all and sundry. On the designated day, thousands upon thousands came into Rabaul and gathered on the big parade/sports ground in Rabaul - a bigger and better one than the pre-war one mentioned earlier. Rabaul was positively swamped with villagers from all around and there was an atmosphere of great excitement. They came on foot, bicycle, canoe and every lorry they could hire or borrow. Malaguna Road was certainly well used that day. So popular was the choral competition, it became an annual event but whether it is still held, I know not. What I have described took place in 1948 or 1949.

I like the title of the book .. "Malaguna Road" - it is the main road and the only road from Malaguna to the township of Rabaul - all others converge on it, and therefore it is constantly used. The passing parade of the meris heading for the bung with their heavy loads of produce and a baby dangling in a bilum on the side, never failed to hold one's interest - it was so typically Rabaul. The cover depicting two meris on their way to the bung is the stuff memories are made of. It was a familiar picture of daily life to see the women plodding under heavy loads along Malaguna Road from Monday to Saturday, but Saturday was the BIG DAY.

The word bung is a very useful pidgin word meaning a gathering ... whether for a sing sing, market, church or just a few people meeting for a chat. The bung in Rabaul was a fascinating place to visit. It was situated in an area near Chinatown under big overhanging trees with rows of trestles as raised platforms upon which the women would

set out their produce - such as hands of bananas, mekpas (parcels) of beans, galips and many other fruits and vegies; long sticks of sugar cane stood apart and big plaited baskets of kau kau were on the ground beneath the trestles where the fowls with feet tied together fluttered to escape. Amongst all this clutter would gambol the toddlers. The men would idly look over what was on offer - not always the produce - and share their lime and betelnut with each other while the women haggled with customers or gossiped. A noisy cheerful scene and so colourful. Sometimes, like other housewives, I would go to the bung with a bundle of stick tobacco and lots of 1/- pieces, to choose the ingredients for something different, but mostly the Saturday bung was the happy hunting ground of the cook-boi, he was the shopper of importance. The bung finished soon after midday and the women would gather up any unsold produce and hawk it around Chinatown. They would also shop for lap laps or clothes generally, perhaps some brilliant dye for their hair or peroxide to bleach it - bleached hair was very popular. All in all Saturday was a happy social occasion for them as well as filling the household purse, and in mid-afternoon they would gather up what they had bought, plus the piccaninnies, slip the baby in its bilum across the forehead and make for Malaguna Road and back to the village - miles away, but a good time was had by all.

Sarah's book ends with the 1937 eruption and so shall I.

Sarah, always ready for adventure, grasped the opportunity to investigate the sudden appearance of rocks and land coming up near Quarantine Island (now called Vulcan). She was curious but not afraid and neither was anyone else in Rabaul, although in hindsight one is amazed that we were all so blasé about gurias (earthquakes) we took no notice of Nature's unmistakable warnings. Sarah's account begins on the Thursday but mine begins on Friday - I will leave you to shudder over the terror she experienced and tell you how it happened for me and most of the Rabaul residents. Friday the gurias got really bad - we had been experiencing gurias off and on for a few days but as we often experienced them we took no notice. They got worse, but we still ignored them. Midday Friday they got very much worse, much rumbling and very heavy shaking, and lasting much longer than usual. I went back to the office at 1.30 and was mildly interested to see the parked cars moving up and down like boats in a rough sea, as the roadway did the same. The sloping ceilings in BPs store were opening and closing, rattling and groaning but everyone ignored it and got on with their work. All this activity increased in frequency and strength but at close of business we all went off to whatever sport or pastime we indulged in. Next day, Saturday, I went off to golf and was tee-ed up and shaping up when to my surprise the golf ball just wouldn't stay put, it rolled around all over the tee. It was about 2.15pm. Suddenly there was a tremendous roar and explosion with great heaving of ground, and looking in the direction it came from we were amazed to see a gi-normous cloud ballooning, against which were rocks the size of houses being tossed like ping-pong balls. Still not panicking, we joked about it at first but as there was no cessation, indeed it got much worse, we decided to go back into the town and see what was going on.

We stood on the old burnt bridge and were very impressed with the magnificent, awesome spectacle. After a while we noticed the water of the harbour was receding right out of our sight exposing the harbour bed, leaving the schooners high and dry. Then we realised it was somewhat dangerous, but no panic; we were worried because we realised that the water would come rushing back and engulf us, so we hurried away to collect our families. I could do nothing about my husband, he was playing baseball at the other end of town. Having the car, I went home to collect my father and Patricia, then 2 years old, and he drove us up to Namanula, it being the highest area nearby. Not knowing what else

to do, we stayed there awaiting developments and didn't have to wait long. All this time the explosions and booming from the eruption were going on incessantly. About 4.30pm, warm sand, very thick like pea soup, started enveloping us and everything around, it kept coming and going blanketing everything in sight, and deadening all sound ... it was incredibly eerie. The daylight was blotted out. So we sat in the car saying nothing as we were frightened of what was going to happen next. I looked at my daughter and wondered if she could survive such suffocating conditions; one was breathing in sand despite covered mouth and nose. All was deathly still, absolute silence, not a bird or an insect was heard. We knew people occasionally walked past the car because we heard a muffled voice, but no sound of a footstep, the roadway was so blanketed in deep sand and we could see nothing as everything was blotted out with the enveloping sand - like a pea-soup fog. Headlights of the car did not penetrate the thick billowing sand. It was all so silent, the only sound seemed to be one's worried thoughts. We were beyond fear - bracing ourselves for whatever doom awaited us. After hours the sand eased off a little but the explosions continued with a fantastic display of lightning the like of which I had never seen before or since. It was magnificent but all the more frightening. I worried desperately about my husband. who was without transport and I knew not where.

As we were parked near the house of a friend (Ina Meares) we decided to see how they were getting on and found they had a house full of people taking shelter under their roof, so we joined them. Company of others under such terrifying conditions was very welcome. The men who had been in the war (WWI) said it reminded them of the booming of the large gun in France called the Big Bertha. And so the night wore on, nobody slept, nobody ate or drank. Fortunately the children slept. Daylight came and we had difficulty in recognising each other in our thick coating of sand. Hair, face etc. all one colour - sand, with holes for sunken eyes. We tried to clean up but it was hopeless, there was just too much thick sand and one was afraid the tank water might run out if we were too particular - and it was our only water supply. All we could see outside, all around us, was a vista of sand - trees, roads, houses and us too, covered with the stuff. After a while it was decided to see what other people in houses round about were doing; they were all for going down to Nordup as it was thought the ridge of hills between Nordup and the eruption would afford some protection against whatever else Mother Nature would throw at us. By this time it was broad daylight and we could see that a new and huge volcano had come up overnight where the flat little island had been. It seemed very high. So, off we went to Nordup and found hundreds of people already there - listening to their stories filled in the hours of waiting. Eventually one of the police arrived and told us our husbands were safe and busy in the town, and ships were on their way (the *Montoro* turning back from Kavieng to come to our aid, the *Golden Bear* to rescue survivors, and in the meantime the *Induna Star*, a big schooner, was on its way from Kokopo to evacuate people to Kokopo).

To cut a long story short, we got to Kokopo many hours later but on the journey over from Nordup, we were horrified to suddenly see the Matupi crater go up puffing voluminous clouds of steam, smoke and ashes so there were two craters going full blast. Matupi looked exactly like the pictures we have since seen of the atom bomb blast. Fear for our husbands was paramount. When we got to Kokopo we were given an area on the floor of a house to sit and eventually sleep on until further arrangements could be made at Catholic missions and plantations. Eventually most of the women and children were evacuated to Sydney on the *Montoro* and later the *Malaita*, but I elected to stay on as with all those women going to Australia it meant there would be plenty of houses vacant, and my husband and I would AT LAST have a house of our own to live in - the opportunity

was too good to miss. Patricia and I were billeted at Tokua Plantation and so was Olga Bliss and William - we shared a bedroom. Olga and I became the very best of friends and now - 60 odd years later we still are. Tokua Plantation is now an airstrip for Kokopo.

It was days later before I knew where my husband was. Like most of the men, he had to stay in Rabaul and clean out all food from ice chests and refrigerators, also the drum toilets (hum drums) from every house to prevent dysentery and worse breaking out. But he was soon taken off that chore to man a schooner and go along the North Coast (opposite side of the caldera in eruption) looking for people stranded by the steam and overwhelming downpours of rain. I didn't see my husband for about three weeks or more and then only fleetingly. All the houses in Rabaul had feet of volcanic ash and sand over everything, inside and out - roofs sagged with the weight; even furniture was so covered by the ash and sand they were just shapes dotted around, my treadle sewing machine looked like a tall beehive. You couldn't be sure what was under an odd shape - had to chip it off to see (the sand, with passage of time and moisture plus rain, had solidified). The garden town of the Pacific was indeed a Wasteland. Not a leaf on a tree, not a blade of grass, no green whatsoever, it was incredible. But within four months, the frangipanis burst into bloom - none of them had a leaf but they bloomed and oh! how welcome they were. So overjoyed were we, it was decided to celebrate and a dance was organised which was called the Frangipani Ball, held annually until war broke out. Like Phoenix, Rabaul soon rose from the ashes but was never again as beautiful as it had been. After the war many people returned to the war-blasted town - no longer beautiful but still very picturesque. Years later, in the 90's, Matupi erupted again and Rabaul was once more laid waste - devastatingly so, and has not recovered entirely. The town no longer functions as such, Kokopo now having taken its place as the centre of action. But Malaguna Road survives. Malaguna Road is a well-chosen title for this fascinating book written from the diaries of Sarah Chinnery as - no matter whether you lived in Rabaul - were visiting it - or just an itinerant tourist, you would have travelled along Malaguna Road, it being the main road into that town of memories - Rabaul.

We are greatly indebted to Sarah for keeping a diary and giving us a fascinating résumé of the life and times of long ago in Papua and New Guinea, to the four Chinnery girls whose goal it has been to share it with us, and to the clever people at the National Library who made it all happen.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in recommending to you - Sarah Chinnery's *MALAGUNA ROAD.*

(Available from Pacific Book House, 17 Park Ave, Broadbeach Waters, Gold Coast Qld 4218 Ph 07 5539 0446, $25 less 10% members' discount +$6.50 p&h = $29, and from the National Library of Australia, Canberra, $24.95 + $5 p&p)

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IT'S NEVER TOO LATE: Dr Margaret Spencer, who with husband Dr Terry Spencer spent 25 years in PNG developing a malaria control campaign, has just been awarded a PhD from the University of Queensland - at the age of 82. The *Courier Mail* reported, "An entomologist, Dr Spencer achieved her PhD in tropical health. She began her studies as the only female graduate of a Master of Science degree (entomology) at the University of Sydney in 1939... Based in Tenterfield NSW, Dr Spencer started her degree externally 3½ years ago." *Courier Mail, 26-8-98*

In the previous issue (p.14) we printed the first of Adrian Geyle's stories of the Green River/Border Mountains people and a map showing the area. Below are three more stories - these events occurred around 1954.

WE'VE COME FOR THE MONEY

by **Adrian Geyle**

Under the provisions of the Territory's Native Labour Ordinance (NLO) 1950-1952 compensation could be claimed for an employee for injuries incurred at work, and for a deceased employee's relatives for loss of someone at work. A table of payments for compensation was laid down in the Regulations made under the Ordinance.

A Green River man was killed at work in Port Moresby and one hundred pounds compensation was paid to his family at Green River patrol post. The payment - mandatory under the Regulations of the NLO - was made before my time at this patrol post.

One day a desperately ill man was carried into our hospital by stretcher, unable to walk and with an extremely low body temperature. By radio I contacted the doctor at Wewak, describing the symptoms which included much dark blood in the faeces. "Advanced hookworm," said the doctor, "send him in on the plane today and wrap him up in blankets. I'll ask the pilot to fly low."

Two days after the patient was taken in to Wewak a message to say he had died was received. He had died in transit and had indeed been suffering with advanced hookworm. I sent a policeman down to the deceased's village to ask the Luluai and the deceased's widow to come in to the station, so that I could convey to her the sad news of her husband's death. They came, and she listened to how he had died on the plane on the way in to Wewak. She was neither surprised not upset, knowing that her husband had been extremely ill when he was carried in to the station hospital.

A week later about thirty villagers came to my office "for the money". The village Luluai was spokesman for the group which included the widow, whom I recognised among those who waited outside the office. The Luluai had to be convinced that the patient had actually died in transit, that the pilot told the doctor and the doctor related the facts to me by radio. "We want the money," he said, "we want a hundred pounds." He repeated this several times and it appeared that he thought that anyone who died away from home, in government hands, was "paid for". I asked the people outside to come into the office; it filled to overflowing, albeit everyone was standing. All were then able to

hear as I explained as clearly as possible, through an interpreter, the provisions of the Native Labour Ordinance and Regulations; how compensation for injury and death was enforced by the government and the maximum amount payable was one hundred pounds for loss of life. The station interpreter forcefully drove the point home that payments were workers' compensation only. There was much noisy discussion going on when I asked them all to go outside and discuss the matter.

The prolonged, excited discussion resulted in several of the men and the Luluai coming back to ask me again for "the money". It had passed my mind during our talk that whereas, to my knowledge, only one of their number had been flown to Wewak for hospitalisation, probably all of the deceased's relatives had at some time been treated at our own patrol post hospital. I asked them if that was the case. It certainly was, and I set about recording against their names the treatments they, individually, had received. Bandages, injections, eye and ear drops and even Band Aids were costed and tallied up. Everybody was included.

With the most conservative estimate of the costs to the government, incurred via the Department of Public Health, the total outlay came to over seven hundred pounds. I laboured this point, that the government had been treating all of the people for years, at all patrol post hospitals across the land, without asking for payment for any of the medicines, bandages, crutches, injections and food supplied; even for admission to Wewak hospital (some had been there for skin grafts after receiving sulphur drug treatment for tropical ulcers). I asked the interpreter if it was appreciated that the government's services cost money and that if the people were asked to pay for these then much money would have to be found. Money was perceived here as being a simple mode of payment, full stop, no strings attached! Letters and cheques had magical powers too, among those who had been away; and money in paper form also, here in the village, held people in some sort of spell. The interpreter couldn't say what the people felt about the cost to government of anything!

I was on the verge of defeat as nobody seemed to be convinced by anything I said. With some impatience I went to the money safe and counted out from what was there one hundred pounds. "Here's a hundred pounds," I said holding the handful of notes out towards the most articulate of the men before me, "and now I want the seven hundred you owe the government for all those treatments you've all had sometime." The interpreter said something that got everyone moving out of the office again, and down to the ground below. There was more excited discussion before the Luluai and three of the elders came back up the stairs. They sat this time, at my request, waiting awkwardly for someone to talk. "We've got shame Masta. The government is like our mother and father to us and we feel big shame."

It was with relief and some self-satisfaction that I saw them shuffle down the track towards their village. But to be honest I felt that I had been too smart by half, that I'd pulled a dirty trick. Was justice done? If so it hadn't been seen to be done. The intricacies of this situation emanated from an interesting dilemma that inevitably develops when sophistication in law and its application confronts a simple, traditional society's search for sense and fair play, and for consistency. Equating the value of a life to a certain amount of paper money seemed to remain the impediment hanging in the air here, and increasingly in my mind I realised we in the Administration, through our teachers and schools, had a lot of hard work to do. Trying to explain it in the context of where a person was when he died and what he was doing at the time was never going to succeed.

In retrospect a shaky quid pro quo argument was the approach needed there at Green River at that time. At least the Green River locals were being stimulated into wondering where government services came from, and the costs of same.

BALUS I-KAM - GREEN RIVER by Adrian Geyle

Green River patrol post is about 300 km from Wewak which was the headquarters of the Sepik District, circa 1953. Two or three planes a week supplied the post with food and trade goods, tools and fuel as well as mail, and transported patients, prisoners, police and court witnesses. As well, 'The Christian Mission in Many Lands' was getting established in the area and was serviced about once a week by a Mission Aviation Fellowship plane, a Piper Pacer, also from Wewak. Occasionally visitors came - once even the Administrator himself with a small entourage - and always the estimated times of arrival (ETAs) were given over Air Radio.

The station airstrip skirted the edge of the patrol post as did the large station garden of tuber crops, pumpkins, pawpaw trees and bananas. Police guards supervised prisoners at work there on most days for a few hours, in between other travails around the place. Absconding was rare because the police were not harsh in their supervision of prisoners who tended their own (ie police) plots, and some others. These prisoners did not 'do it hard' - a stretch in gaol at Green River was tantamount, around the ridges, to earning a badge of honour! Of course police abused the system, utilising prison labour for their own ends, but such was the sociological and nutritional value of their lenient methods in dealing with the sparse tribes of the sub-district, it would have been counter-productive to the collective good not to have turned a blind eye.

Occasionally I, as the OIC and only government officer there, would take a stroll down to the garden when there would be a flurry of activity from both the police and the prisoners which, if kept up when I was not there, would have produced and maintained a garden of high production indeed! The heightened activity generated mirth and good humour; I felt I was the butt of much of it - 'Lukim Kiap i-kam. Wokim'. It seemed to be understood that I expected to be not only impressed with the prisoners' and guards' efforts to grow great produce under penalising discipline, but to be disarmed through entertaining distractions also. It was always a happy break for me, going to the garden.

Long before I could hear a plane approaching, someone would say 'Balus i-kam Masta, balus i-kam.' A plane would be coming indeed, and they all (?) could hear it. 'Yu harim Masta, yu harim?' (A plane is coming, Master, can you hear it?) And when I shook my head in genuine reply, with a 'Nogat, mi no harim,' a good-natured exchange among the prisoners would result. One of them would say something like, 'Ia bilong yu i fas?' (What, are your ears blocked?) Probably the police put such words in the mouths of those prisoners game enough to tease me, as no policeman would chance it if he could get someone else to do it! There were many wags among them, prisoners and police alike, but of course the police were more circumspect in their levity.

I encouraged the impression that I never knew when a plane was due, or expected. The reality was that, advised by radio schedule each day of plane movements, I could get their ETAs and keep them to myself - and arrange to be among the prisoners in the garden before one arrived. On the unscheduled days I would seek my revenge. With no plane expected (by them) I would saunter among the tillers of the soil admiring the odd oversized taro or yam until about thirty minutes before the 'one off' plane was due in. 'Balus i-kam,' I would say, and every kalabus (prisoner) would stop still, cock his ear and listen closely. 'Nogat Masta, mipela no harim' (No Masta, we don't hear it.) 'Wanem samting, yu no harim?'(What, you can't hear it?) I would ask, and let it rest a while. Five minutes later I'd ask again who could hear a plane and comments would pass among them which I hoped translated into something like doubt and discomfort about the efficacy of their own ears!

Of course the plane would duly arrive, audible for some ten or fifteen minutes

before landing as the familiar drone would wax and wane from among the clouds and ranges, and the excitement would soon see us all head for the strip to unload and turn the aircraft around, so to speak.

They looked at me sideways, long ago in that gregarious garden, impressed and bewildered the way I picked up those inaudible noises. Such great ears! At least that was the impression I think they got, those jovial captives in our Green River 'gavman' garden. Possibly, though, the one-upmanship extended into the realm of them gammoning me also and was not all one way, and I didn't know it! Come to think of it, the police sometimes seemed to have wry smiles on their faces as though they had a paternal overview of what really transpired between their charges and the young white kiap, who was in so many ways still wet behind the ears.

NIGHT RAID - GREEN RIVER by Adrian Geyle

Barter was the simplest and most expedient method of acquiring food for the Green River station personnel - the purchasing of locally grown fruit and vegetables was conducted outside the station store which housed trade items as well as food rations (tinned meat and fish, drums of sugar, bags of rice and flour, soap, tobacco and matches); also axes and knives, motor spirit and oil - it was all there. Made of bush materials, the store had to be kept locked and under surveillance at all times, and it fell to the police orderlies and guards to see to this. My house, and the office with verandah where the night guard spent most of his time, were both close to the store, a matter of only about 30 metres.

In heavy rain, the men from the Border Mountains - known to us as the Iuris - broke into the store one night under the nose of the night guard. My dog gave the alarm. When I woke there was much shouting and confusion, the only light coming from the night guard's hurricane lamp and his torch. Soon there were 'shoot lamps' (torches) appearing from the houses of the police, and people were running through the rain towards the store. My dog was just a pup and he was going berserk.

A wall on the far side of the store had been cut open leaving a gaping hole allowing quick entry and exit, both. A stream of giri-giri shells* tailed off into the swampy grass nearby. The marauders had struck, and were discovered as they fled when a little dog barked, but none were to be found in or near the store. The chase was pretty close but it was pitch black in the teeming rain except for little patches of light around a few lamps and torches held by police as they sorted themselves out from the rest of the gathering crowd which included wives and even children.

When the mêlée quietened down an alarmed voice in the distance called out to come - there were some raiders in the grass at the edge of the station precincts. The patrol post was not in a clearing carved out of the rainforest - though there was plenty of rainforest around - but was established on a raised grass plain which visiting geologists described as an old river bed. It was white sand and small stone country which, near the store, sloped gently down to the rainforest floor some 100 metres away. It was swampy with seepage that drained away through clumpy grass about a metre high, and moss. It was into this swamp that some of the raiders had run. Shouting and confusion returned and then subsided into a hasty debate as to how we could winkle out our nocturnal visitors. Light, if only we had daylight we could catch these Iuris by surrounding the swamp and searching through the tall grass. It was hours from dawn (1 am) and tempers were high. Prisoners were, ostensibly at least, locked away in their communal cell. There were no known thieves among them so we didn't call on their help on the basis that it takes a thief to catch a thief!

Suddenly, miraculously, one alert constable spotted and pounced on an unlucky tribesman from the Border Mountains. Only one raider captured! At least we had evidence of a raid - we weren't dreaming and it wasn't a nightmare. Our captive was a young man about 25, a warrior of worthy physique and strong facial features. He was taken to the office where I ordered that he be secured for the rest of the night. Everyone dispersed and went home thinking not so much of the one we caught, I suspect, but about the daring of the raid and the ones that got away.

This one captive had to be the bearer of a message - some 'good news' - good that he was still alive and able to bear a message to his mates no matter what the message! No news in these circumstances, for the ones who made it back home, would definitely not be good news. Language was still a problem in our dealings with these mountain people, so actions rather than words were called for. A Christian mission had not long opened a primary school in the vicinity of the patrol post and the Iuri people were imparting some of their words to us as we were doing to them. But communication was pretty rudimentary between us (*Giri-giri plenti* and *Soro, soro* (salt) still resound in my memory as I tell this story), and our purposes for staying among them were almost certainly still suspect to most Iuris.

So it was decided to give our prisoner a demonstration of fire power, with a rifle! It would be reported back to his community and discussed, we hoped, whenever the idea of another night raid on our store seemed good again. The standard issue to our police was the Lee Enfield .303 of WW2 reputation, but a noisier Mark V version of this powerful weapon was fired instead. (These carbines were issued to all patrol officers in the field following the murder of patrol officers Szarka and Harris near Telefolmin, in 1953.)

A large, white, water-worn quartz rock was smashed to smithereens, at point-blank range, before the visibly-shaken prisoner. Then a large leaf floating in a shallow creek nearby was blasted from sight in a spume of spray, to waft to earth in halves as the air cleared. Next, three heavy planks were lashed together and fired at, so that the bullet pierced through about twenty centimetres of wood and entered the ground at an angle of roughly 30 degrees. The prisoner was shown the three holes in the wood and the one in the ground, and was given a machete and digging strick to try and find the spent slug. He found it but it was likely that he didn't associate the metal with anything, until he got home and talked about it, so fearful he was of what was going on around him.

Through the station interpreter, he was told to go home and tell his people of the destructive power of our rifles and to warn them all against any repeat of the raid that got him where he was now. I could have imprisoned him - evidence wasn't lacking - but wanted him to be quickly home and vocal among his folk as an agent of peace, however tentative and guarded that might be.

The mountains where our prisoner came from were visible from where the demonstration and instructions were given to him. He was petrified when he was told he could go, that he was a free man - and then he ran very fast in the wrong direction! It took a couple of fast runners - the station interpreter and a policeman - to catch up with him and point him towards home!

No more raids occurred at Green River patrol post, to my knowledge, certainly not whilst I was there. As for bartering and the day-to-day dealings we had with the Iuri folk generally, little changed. The value of our trading currency took a battering, with the dispersion of giri-giri shell through the Border Mountains and surrounding areas, in prodigious proportions. ... I wonder what the major currency is now.

**Giri-giri shells - a popular trade item among the Iuris. Small, about the size of a split pea, they were woven into headbands and armlets. They were brought in from the coast.*

NEWS FROM PACIFIC BOOK HOUSE

***The following six books** are available from Pacific Book House, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters QLD 4218, All are available to members at a 10% discount, plus P&H (please mention your membership when ordering)*
Ph 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114, Email: mcgrath@pacificbookhouse.com.au

(1) MY GUN, MY BROTHER -The World of the Papua New Guinea Colonial Police, 1920-1960 by **August Ibrum K Kituai**. Despite the heated competition for colonial possessions in PNG during the 19th and early 20th centuries, the personnel required to run an effective administration were scarce. As a result, the Australian colonial regime opted for a quick solution: it engaged Papua New Guineans - often to perform the most hazardous and most unpopular responsibilities. Significantly, however, the loyalty and dedication shown by the Papuan police to their work and to the colonial regime were such that in the end it was difficult to discern between the efforts of the coloniser and the colonised as both moved to pacify and control PNG communities through force or passive acquiescence. Policemen worked willingly for the government and acted as 'civilising' agents, innovators, and cultural interpreters. The sense of privileged brotherhood that bound these men together and the contradictions between some of their actions and ideals are explored here, along with the extent of and reasons for police violence.

Based on extensive interviews with former policemen, written records of the time, and reminiscences of colonial officials, this book links events involving police, villagers, and government officers (kiaps) over a 40 year period to wider issues in the colonial history of PNG and, by extension, of the Pacific Islands and beyond. Pacific Islands Monograph Series, No 15, May 1998, 376 pp, 56 illus, 4 maps, H/cover Aust $75 + P&H

(2) MISSIONARY LIVES - Papua, 1874-1914 by **Diane Langmore.** "This is a splendid book that provides fresh and fascinating insights into the nature of the missionary calling, the missionary way of life, and the place of missionary endeavours in the imperial design. More than anything else it reveals the danger of viewing missions as monolithic bodies. Instead, what we have is 'a host of individuals, many of them complex, strong, memorable personalities', seeking to pursue modest, self-denying lives in the service of God." - *American Historical Review*. Pacific Islands Monograph Series, No 6, 1989, 440 pp, illus, hardcover Aust $55 + P&H

(3) NOT THE WAY IT REALLY WAS - Constructing the Tolai Past by **Klaus Neumann**. "This most powerful of Neumann's numerous achievements in his uncompromising insistence that Tolai constructions of the past have their own integrity, dignity, and right to life which take precedence over any instrumental values they have for outsiders.... **Not the Way It Really Was** respects and promotes the power of the local to be of and for itself. It provides a model for and a practice of the telling and writing of histories which do not subvert and objectify the local. The result is one of the most ethical histories I have read." - *Deborah Bird Rose, Australian National University.* Pacific Islands Monograph Series, No 10, 1991, 328 pp, illus, hardcover Aust $55 + P&H

(4) THE PACIFIC THEATER - Island Representations of World War II edited by **Geoffrey M White and Lamont Lindstrom.** "White and Lindstrom have compiled a series of excellent articles by anthropologists and a historian that record the reminiscences of Melanesians and Polynesians who participated in the war as combatants, laborers, rescuers, or terrified observers ... This is a fascinating book that anyone interested in anthropology, the ethnohistory of Oceania, or the Pacific theater of WWII will enjoy immensely." - *Choice*. Pacific Islands Monograph Series, No 8, 1989, 448 pp, illus, hardcover Aust $65 + P&H

(5) CARGO CULT - Strange Stories of Desire from Melanesia and Beyond by **Lamont Lindstrom.** "Lively and enjoyable ... Lindstrom's aim is to deconstruct the term [cargo cult] as a means to reconstructing its intellectual ecology, the logic behind its success within and beyond anthropology." - *American Anthropologist.* A South Sea Book 1993, 288 pp, illus, maps, hardcover Aust $60 + P&H, cardcover, Aust $35 + P&H

(6) THE PACIFIC WAY - A Memoir by **The Right Honourable Ratu Sir Kamisese Mara.** "After so many successful travel books written about the Empire and Commonwealth from a British point of view, it would restore the balance to have other voices telling their side of the imperial saga. This mould-breaking book, which may well become a classic of its kind, is one of the first such to appear. Ratu Kamisese Mara is a Polynesian of distinguished lineage, born to command and high political office, educated in New Zealand, at Oxford and the LSE, who writes in a witty and urbane style. **The Pacific Way** is an account of his people's attempts to come to terms with the modern world and to maintain their place in it, while retaining their own culture ... [Ratu Mara's] book deserves to be read, not only by specialists, but by the general public as a human document which (handsomely produced and well illustrated) captures the man, his people and their archipelago." - *Times Literary Supplement.* 1997, 298 pp, illus, cardcover, Aust $45 plus P&H.

WATCHED BY ANCESTORS - An Australian Family in Papua New Guinea by **Kathy Golski.** A Sceptre book published by Hodder Headline Australia 1998, 270 pp, rrp $24.95 - **Reviewed by Mary Pulsford** *(Also available from Pacific Book House)*

Kathy Golski is a born storyteller, and in sharing the record of the two years she and her family spent in the village of Rulna, connected to Mount Hagen by a precarious road in the remote highlands of Papua New Guinea, she has provided for all of us a rich tapestry of experience vividly evoking the day to day events in the life of her family. Dealing with primitive housing and domestic arrangements, coping with endless rain and mud and mildew, children's correspondence lessons and the care of a young baby, settling in to her second marriage, times of loneliness and fear, danger and serious illness, and times of hilarity and fun, and always under the endless scrutiny of the people among whom they lived whose lives became so interwoven with their own, Kathy takes us through the highs and lows of her sojourn at Rulna.

Kathy's husband is an anthropologist and she herself is an artist, and the artist's observant eye and her own warm personality, as well as the children's speedy adaptation to their new physical and cultural surroundings come richly through. Kathy describes the generous friendship of the village people, particularly one family which was so supportive to her family, and the difficulty of living with different cultural concepts which can lead to misunderstandings that may be humorous or, more seriously, life threatening.

We share in the value of the medical book "Where There is No Doctor" which becomes the family bible when medical problems arise, and are touched by the account of eleven year old Mishka who gradually takes charge of the medical kit and earns the trust of the village people who come to see 'Dokta' Miki. We are introduced to the Gamegai belief system in the *tipokai*, the ancestor spirits who watch over their descendants and the comfort Kathy obtained from her family "tipokai", Olek, her first husband and father of the three older children, whose watching presence, felt by her, sustained her in times of anxiety.

Reading this book brought back a flood of memories to me as the first eighteen months of my own married life were spent in a village on the north coast of the Sepik District and there were so many parallels in my own experience. For the whole Golski family it was a life-enhancing time in which respect and appreciation of their highland

friends grew and flourished. The story has that wonderful quality of authenticity and, while honestly depicting the difficulties engendered by cultural differences, the appreciation of shared care and friendship and humanity comes warmly through. I was enchanted by this story from the first page to the last.

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SELL-OUT IN MANUS, 1946-48

by **Paul J Quinlivan**

(Paul Quinlivan was prompted to send us the following after reading Brian Jinks' 'Help Wanted' notice regarding "an episode in Manus in 1948 when police under Commissioner Grimshaw were sent to arrest some Chinese labourers for assaulting a villager". In his covering letter Paul said that, with this and other articles, he wanted to let people know the marvellous work the Kiaps of old did.)

The case Brian Jinks referred to in *Una Voce* No 2, 1998 (p23) was **R. v. Chow Hung Ching and Si Pao Kung** about which I published three reports when I was asked, in 1954, to produce 'local materials' for TPNG students studying Law with the University of Queensland. Brian only asks about Colonel Grimshaw, whose role was very minor, but the case has its proper place with two other events which are recalled by the recent pilgrimage to Kokoda.

The first was Blamey's sell-out (and public 'shaming') of those Australian troops who had broken the Japanese advance on the Kokoda Track because he thought MacArthur was displeased with them, whereas a phone call would have shown that MacArthur merely wanted to 'urge them on' - see *A Strange Encounter at Ower's Corner* by Robert Darby and Elena Taylor in the April 1998 issue of the official magazine of the Australian War Memorial *WARTIME* (P.42).

Sell-out no. 2 is mentioned at pages 34-40 of that same journal. It was the policy, detailed by Gavin Long at page 40 of *The Final Campaigns* (1963), of playing down the part which Australians played in the defeat of the Japanese, in all areas, so that America could be given credit.

Chow Hung Ching refers to Sell-out No. 3 because it reminds us of the *de facto* surrender of sovereignty over Manus, in 1946-48, to Nationalist China, and the way that sell-out was broken.

In the normal course of events I would not have reported **Chow Hung Ching** because, for Law students, I was only interested in (a) notable defences or short-cuts, (b) exceptional difficulties or (c) "local prunings of the law". I had, at Uni., read the High Court case at 77 (1949) CLR 449 but it contained nothing of interest. Instead, it was a purely academic exercise where, to quote p. 451:

"The appellants were members of a military force of a friendly foreign Power, which force was in the Territory with the consent of the Commonwealth Government and, by reason thereof, the appellants were not subject to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court."

It was only when the trial judge (Chief Justice Sir Beaumont Phillips - "Monte" to everyone) gave me his private notebooks that I saw that this misrepresented the facts and that, in truth, there were wonderful examples here of both (a) and (b).

I had always been intrigued by the fact that, in planning his circuits, Monte always ended at Wabag where he and Dick White would sit around a blazing fire, silently comfortable in each other's company. Not that Monte was not comfortable in everyone's company, but the fact was that he (and all the judges) were, in those days, treated like Royalty wherever they went so we never really saw him "without his mask". With Dick White it was different and I think that part of the reason was that **Chow Hung Ching** epitomised the thing most dear to his heart, his hope (expressed in his speech of 12 February, 1952, for instance) that he would someday see Papua New Guineans trained to

be Kiaps.

The point of the case was: Who would defend the indigenous inhabitants of Manus now that sovereignty had been given to a regime which played Cowboys and Indians with them, as if they had no rights? It was a variant on a theme which Monte harped on - for instance in his Reichstag Fire speech where, by rigging the evidence, the Nazis destroyed the German Courts, thus making their victory a foregone conclusion because ordinary people no longer had access to someone to whom they could take their grievances. **Chow Hung Ching** showed that, although Canberra seemed to believe that hiding its head in the sand was the best way to deal with the problem of hundreds of Chinese exercising sovereignty in Manus, the training of ordinary Kiaps preserved, for the ordinary person who felt aggrieved, a fruitful avenue for complaint. The "defence" in this case was the defence of the Rule of Law against Monumental Sell-out No. 3 which resulted when nobody had the fortitude to tell the Americans that Manus was a Mandated Territory for which Australia was responsible.

It is obvious when you look at the case. By written agreement which starts: "WHEREAS the cessation of active military operations in the war with Japan has rendered surplus to the needs of the United States quantities of its property now situated in the Western Pacific Area ...",
the United States Government sold that surplus property to the Republic of China. The places listed are all, with the exception of Manus, Los Negros and Finschhafen (all of which were in TP&NG), territories in which America could lawfully do what she liked because, in the case of Wake Island, it had been hers since 1899, and because, in the case of all the others, they were "captured enemy territory" because they had all been Japanese territory before she bombed Pearl Harbour. Moreover, Manus was not in the Western Pacific Area, a technical term, but in the South West Pacific Area, a totally different zone, with HQ in Brisbane!. The date of the agreement, 30 August 1946, is also significant because, around about that time, I was made Secretary of the Student Body of "University Hostel, within the University of Western Australia" which consisted of just over 100 fully furnished rooms with comfortable dining rooms, lounges, kitchens etc, which had been built by the United States of America for their personnel and I have special knowledge of the fact that, months earlier, the Americans wanted to dismantle it and Vice Chancellor Currie called on the American Consul General and said, "You can't do that because the University owns the land and all that is on it". And, when the American said that his government would take the "movables" Currie said, "We will buy them at valuation" and that was the end of the matter. I know all this personally because Currie brought me into it by getting the Senate to give me a "special bursary" so that we could pay for the movables!

In my first report I recorded that informants in private enterprise on Manus had told me that they sent objections to Canberra as soon as the Chinese arrived, but they got no reply. Cyril McCubbery, the prosecutor in the case, also told me that the Administration had done the same. It was the great Heads in the Sand case! Then the Chinese Army began using dynamite to destroy non-movable things such as refrigerated rooms which they could not move. Complaints to Canberra increased but to no avail so, when Pondranei came to him on 26 January 1948, all battered and bruised, and told him why, ADO Dick White (who joined the Field Staff on 12.5.1939) decided to break the impasse. Pondranei could not say how he had been taken to the Chinese compound because he had fainted after the first two blows - his maltreatment had, according to the High Court (p.468) "continued over a considerable period", but he was able to say that a group of four Chinese had, the previous day, come to Lugos (three miles outside the Chinese compound) hit him with a length of timber and kidnapped him, taking him to a Quonset hut in their own compound where they strung him up with electric wire, so that

he was hanging with only his toes touching the floor, and flogged him. White took him to Dr Ken Smythe who gave evidence that he had two black eyes, a bruise on the chest from which blood had flowed, another bruise on the left buttock from which blood had escaped, and abrasions on both wrists. It was later explained that one of the Chinese was missing two cartons of cigarettes so he and his compatriots went searching for a Melanesian culprit. Pondranei, unfortunately, had gone to Lugos, where there was a public market, and sold two pineapples for a carton each, so he was the one they seized upon.

Because all ordinary overtures had failed in the past, Dick White decided on a show of force so, taking John Grimshaw, Charlie Carr and two other Australian Police, and as many PNG police as they could muster, and Pondranei, he presented himself before General Wu, the OiC Chinese Forces, and said that they were there to investigate a criminal complaint. General Wu said he would cooperate but, when the Chinese were paraded in three lines some days later, the 300 labourers and an unknown number of soldiers kept "breaking ranks" and taking up new positions and Pondranei and his witnesses were not able to identify anyone. White persisted and, a month later, General Wu relented and investigations began anew. As a result the appellants were arrested and, on 5 April 1948 they were committed for trial by Bill Bloxham who applied to the Supreme Court for the case to be "certified for defence by Counsel". The Chief Justice so ordered and the trial took place before him at Imrin on 26, 28 and 29 June 1948 and at Rabaul on 28 and 29 July 1948. On 5 August the Chief Justice delivered a lengthy judgment in which he FOUND each of the Accused guilty as charged and imposed, on each, sentences of three months imprisonment with hard labour on the assault charge and six months on the deprivation of liberty charge.

This is the end of Paul's description of Kiap Dick White's efforts on behalf of the Manus man; however, for those interested in the legal outcome, Paul has provided an account of subsequent events:

My second report dealt with the difficulties experienced by Counsel who was Adrian Jones of the Melbourne Bar who was working as a clerk in the Crown Law Office, Port Moresby. He wrote to Canberra for information to assist his clients but, since it was a private brief, I do not know to whom he wrote or how often. From the court records it is clear that he received no reply because the trial started as an ordinary "trial of facts". On 28 June 1948, however, Jones informed the Court that

"During the weekend facts came to my knowledge that... lead me to (believe that) Accused .... are members of an armed force of a friendly foreign power admitted to the Territory with the consent of the territorial Government .... unfortunately, owing to my late instructions, ...an adjournment is asked for...."

and Cyril McCubbery informed me that he consented to this application because Jones informed him that he had received a document, from Canberra, permitting Chinese agencies to take materials from Finschhafen, from which Jones inferred that a similar document must exist in regard to Manus. On 28 July 1948 (page 35 of the transcript) Jones informed the Court,

"It was hoped by the Defence to get evidence from Guam in support of the plea to the jurisdiction. Despite repeated efforts, this has not been obtained; nor has any evidence of an agreement between China and Australia about the presence and status of Chinese personnel at Manus been obtained; permission from the Australian Government for the presence of Chinese to remove war materials from Finschhafen was obtained, but it does not appear that similar permission was obtained for the entry of similar personnel into Manus."

This raises serious questions about the information Counsel gave the High Court. It also explains why, having nothing on which to ground his "plea to the jurisdiction",

Jones had to resort to the rather wild statement, at page 42 of the transcript that,
"It may be that America was still in possession of that part of Manus where the Accused and the body to which they belonged were, and that the Accused were in American rather than our Territory."

This possibility is echoed by Justice Starke at page 474 of the appeal case (77 CLR 449), where, speaking of the 300 plus Chinese, not just the two appellants, he says,
"It is possible that the Executive Government of the Commonwealth had no knowledge of their presence on the island at any time material to this case, for it was an allied base of operations against Japan, established in the main by the United States and at the time being dismantled by it...."

Unfortunately, for this hypothesis, however, the trial judge specifically HELD, at page 79 of the transcript, that the Chinese compound was
"at Lorengau which is but a few miles from, and almost within view of, our Administration's District Office at Imrim, (so) it is inconceivable that our Government was unaware of the presence of that personnel in this Territory."

My **third report**, which was after the Smith Appeal (*Una Voce*, September and December, 1997) and long after the Law Students Project had ended, dealt with the strange disparity - discord, actually - between what the High Court was told and what the transcript of the actual trial disclosed, but it need not concern us here.

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REUNIONS

FIELD STAFF, FRIENDS OF FIELD STAFF and SUNSHINE COAST MEMBERS OF RETIRED OFFICERS ASSOCIATION OF PNG are invited to an **informal get together at the Buderim Tavern on Sunday 22 November 1998** commencing at 11 am. A lounge area will be set aside for our use and meals will be available at the tavern bistro. There will not be a formal lunch but we suggest that friends make up a table for lunch - say from 12.30 onwards.

We need numbers so please let either Bob Fayle Ph 07 5444 7446 or Geoff Littler Ph 07 5441 8372 (a/h 07 5445 9259) know that you will be coming. This info is required by the tavern to enable them to set aside a suitable area for our use so please do not leave it to the last minute. **RSVP 16 November** **□ GEOFF LITTLER**

Brisbane Members of ROAPNG: Paul Quinlivan reported that Brisbane members still meet each Wednesday at the Irish Club from 11.30-2pm and visitors are always welcome.

REPORT BACK ON RECENT REUNIONS

Papua New Guinea Reunion. SING SING 98 - They had a Ball !!!!! How do you recognise Mr, Mrs or Ms Wotsisname if there are 500 of them and you haven't seen most of them for 25 years or more? With great difficulty of course. But it was worth the effort for those who came from just about everywhere to take part in the Reunion at ANA Surfers Paradise on 22 August 1998. If you looked carefully at those hundreds of people and made allowances for the ageing process, you would have found some old friends.

The Reunion committee included Bill Nicholson, Brian Costello, Lynne Downie, George O'Rourke, Barry Orchard, Paul Bolger and Hans Sander. It did a great job in getting this event going. The planning and paperwork alone must have been immense. The organisation was really quite superb. The banquet was of excellent quality and never ending. But it didn't finish there. The availability of Reunion shirts and hats was a nice touch and there were other little details which made the 'do' so much more enjoyable. There was some concern about the price and quality of the drinks on sale but there are

always hiccups which can be rectified next time.

It was not only the dinner that counted. Many people stayed in Surfers Paradise for extra days before and after the big evening event and caught up with others they had not been able to find on the night. Not enough time for everyone to tell everything about the last 50 years to everyone in those few days but we did our best.

There will be another Reunion organised by the same team in the year 2000 and there is no doubt it will be as good or better than the 1998 affair. Start your planning now. It makes it more enjoyable if you organise a table of old friends. □ **PAUL RYAN**

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR'S INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DIVISION: A pleasant and convivial lunch enjoyed by former members of the Department of Labour's Industrial Relations Division was held at a waterfront restaurant on the Gold Coast on 14 August. Dave Tarrant flew in from South Australia joining locals Frank McCrudden, Ken Connolly, Ray Field and John Herbert for a lively session of reminiscences relating to the introduction of Trade Unions and Industrial Agreements into the workplaces of PNG. All agreed that we were well ahead of Australia in some areas despite the prevailing conservatism of the era. Apart from looking a little older, all five were in good health and except for David who is still working, were enjoying their retirement. The unpublished story of this aspect of development would probably be material for a Master's thesis - if the student could get these characters to talk and if there were any records left.

□ **JOHN HERBERT**

SAMARAI AND MILNE BAY AREA REUNION (held in Brisbane, 3 October 1998)

A quick report from Brisbane with a thank-you to the Osbornes and their committee for a most efficiently run, enjoyable and hilarious Samarai and Milne Bay Area Reunion. The displays of photos and historical memos jogged memories and produced stories, and must have taken some hours to assemble.

Everyone was represented, Buntings, Steamies and BPs, traders, skippers, pearl divers, planters, government officers and missionaries, the oldest and the youngest present born on Samarai. I think the greatest asset of this gathering was the space that allowed all to mingle and talk, with chairs available if the knees gave out! Obviously a lot of thought had gone into making it a "guest friendly" event.

During the luncheon the MC picked out willing volunteers to recall some of the more famous (?) exploits around the Milne Bay District, creating much mirth and dredging up other memories. Ron has certainly not lost his "Yelangili touch" and the celebration was run with panache. □ **TRISH LITTLER**

KAINANTU REUNION: The Kainantu Reunion held on 19 September at the Aspley Leagues Club, Brisbane was absolutely fabulous. Rosemary Reeves and Stefanie Evans are heartily congratulated in organising such a successful gathering. The company was great, the food delicious and plentiful in buffet style, great drinks, luscious desserts.

Great to see so many smiling faces, the older generations along with the younger ones, nearly 180 of them. Craig McConaghy was MC for the night, Harry West and Sir Barry Holloway presented speeches about Kainantu, and the unanimous feeling was that 'Kainantu has got something special, it is unique'. Anthony Radford presented slides of early Kainantu days, there were various memorabilia on tables to look at, and each member was presented with an aerial colour photograph of Kainantu in 1982.

The following people graced the Reunion: Harry West; John O'Dea; Bob & Annette Tait; Barry & Pam Wright; Phil & Briona McKone; Keith & Wendy Fisher; Craig & Jennifer McConaghy; Joe Nitsche; Geoff & Bev Ranclaud; Jo Kent Biggs; John Fowke;

Continued on page 30

ANOTHER BAMU PATROL

by **Bob Cleland**

The Bamu - in particular, the Bamu River Delta - was little improved in 1959 from when Adrian Geyle saw it in 1953 (*Una Voce* March 1998 p.13). Still mostly mud, still affected by over-recruiting of the men, still hot, uncomfortable and an unpopular patrol among kiaps. I censused them, as Adrian did, but I had the luxury of the work-boat *Urunga* - solid, slow, half-cabined, and able to carry all cargo and personnel for a patrol in the rivers and coasts of the District.

I too called at Tirere, but unlike Adrian heading home up the Fly to Gaima, I had to head back through the Bamu Delta islands to get into the Aramia river, then home to Balimo. For some reason, I wanted to head out into the Gulf of Papua, to run East and North around the Bamu islands and into the river through the northern channel. The skipper, a crusty old Kiwai of vast experience, assured me we could do it as long as the wind didn't get up and he didn't think it would.

So off we went, *Urunga* with skipper, deckhand, interpreter, two police, cook (a Highlander) and yours truly. Beautiful cloudless day with moderate swell before a moderate south-easterly breeze, making slow time into the weather, but that was OK, we had all day. Then as we swung more to the east and north-east, the motion was a lot less comfortable and the wind steadily increased in strength to put a chop on those long swells coming all the way from the South Pacific.

Wasn't long before the skipper judged it prudent to head into the weather (and away from land), and for two hours that poor little boat, with its somewhat anxious collection of humanity, was bashed and battered but never bettered. The ancient three cylinder Gardiner kept going, we never shipped green water, though gallons of spray came inboard, and it seemed we were vertically nose up or nose down at times. I discovered that among other virtues, the *Urunga* was a good sea boat as well. Suddenly, about mid afternoon, the wind slackened right off and we were able to turn and head back towards the Bamu. As visibility improved, there it was! We'd made virtually no headway out to sea against the weather, so were able to find a village and camp for the night.

Several days later, after visiting "The Mission in the Mud" run by Mrs Eva Standen (a member, I'm glad to see) and husband Harry, we were running down the Bamu just above the delta, and right on the new moon. Bore time. These tidal bores could be quite big on the Bamu, but OK if you knew how to tackle them. The tide was running out so even the faithful *Urunga* was passing the river banks at good speed.

A slight hesitation, a recovery, more hesitation and we slid gently to a stop on a sand-bar, always shifting and difficult to see in the totally opaque muddy water. Reversing and sawing back and forth didn't release the grip of the sand on the falling tide. So we waited. The hull settled over onto one side as the sand-bar became fully exposed.

Standard procedure when negotiating a bore is to find deep water, keep away from the banks, meet the bore head-on and under way at about half speed, and be prepared for a burst of full throttle. Difficult to do when you're hard aground! Also, our efforts to get off had left us half beam-on to the direction the bore would come. As if that wasn't enough, the hull had settled over to starboard, covering the inlet for the engine cooling water.

Wasn't long before we heard the roar of the bore coming up river. It swung around the bend in the river into our sight and was a beauty - one of the stepped variety. The front of the wave about two feet high, then six feet further back, another two foot step, with the final four-footer bringing up the rear. We couldn't start the engine and have it idling ready for the wave or it would overheat. The crewman was ready though to heave on the hand crank just before the wave hit.

These bores travel at about 30 knots, so whatever was going to happen to us was going to happen quickly. The first bit of good news was the engine started first go. Seconds later the first wave hit the bow, lifted it, swung it further broadside on and dumped it with a grinding, bone-shaking crunch back onto the sand bar. The second step hit, and rolled us to an alarming angle and we took some water over the gunwale; the skipper slammed it into forward and gave full throttle and at last we were afloat. The final step of the wave was more of a slope than a step, and the faithful old vessel lifted its head, swung over to port, and we were on our way.

I'll always have very fond memories of that old work-boat and enormous admiration for the skill of that Kiwai skipper whose name, I'm ashamed to say, I cannot remember. That was a patrol I was very very glad to get home from.

A BAMU CONNECTION by Bob Cleland

Another Bamu connection whose memory is always with Julie and me, is the day the mission sisters found the Bamu carvings under the bed.

When (the late) Ian Gibbins came to Balimo with barely two years' experience behind him, the house being built for him wasn't finished, so I bundled him off for a quick "show the flag" patrol of the Bamu. The house still wasn't finished by the time he returned, so Ian was given the spare room in our home. Fortunately, we got on well. He'd collected several anthropological artifacts for the Museum, including two four foot high fertility figure carvings - one proudly and predominantly male, the other equally obviously female. I approved of his purchases and thought no more about them. PWD and weather conspired to ensure Ian's house remained unfinished for several more months, so Ian stayed in our spare room.

Some months later, Julie and I thought it was time for her to go in to Port Moresby to await the birth of our second child, so we booked her on the Friday amphibious Otter (no not the twin - the original model with single engine). With Julie and three-year-old Susan packed up and ready to go, the 'plane flew over the station to let us know it was here and soon to land at the airstrip a few miles away - we thought.

But no! It flew over the station, waggled its wings, and headed for Port Moresby, then around in a big arc and came over again even lower. This time we could see the wheel at the front end of one of the huge floats, stuck at an awkward upward angle. We learned later it had picked up a clump of grass when taking off from its previous water landing at Lake Murray, and jammed the wheel strut. So off it went to Port Moresby for a water landing.

"Oh, that's OK," I said to Julie, "You can go in on the Patair DC3 on Monday."

Then, the next day (Saturday), Julie had a few minor twinges and some odd aches. Being, or at least trying to be, a well-ordered person with a dislike of being caught unprepared, I went up to the UFM mission, close to the station, and told the two triple-certificated Sisters the situation. One of them came and saw Julie and thought she'd make the plane OK on Monday.

Julie, by this time a seasoned outstation wife, and canny about the behaviour of outstation personnel, wanted to make the most of our very limited supply of freezer meat, so made an enormous potato pie to feed the anticipated invasion of well wishers, should the happy event occur, or if not and she got the plane on Monday, to feed Ian and me left behind! By Sunday afternoon, this soon-to-be-Kathryn baby got sick of waiting in solitary confinement, and began her journey to the big wide wonderful world. A quick message to the mission brought the two Sisters to our home. Our double bed was no good - "We need to be one each side of the patient."

We carried Julie into Ian's bed and while I was dispatched to organise sheets and towels and hot water, the Sisters did their best to turn a bachelor bedroom into a maternity

ward. I came back with sheets and things to see the bed pulled out at 45 degrees from the corner of the room and the two Sisters standing pale and aghast staring down at the two carved figures which had been stored under Ian's bed. Their sexuality, emphasised by red and yellow paint, seemed to stand out in the harsh light of the Coleman lamp. I retreated fast to the sitting room and barked at Ian, "Get rid of those bloody carvings!"

Picture the scene: Mr and Mrs Medical Assistant and Mr and Mrs School Teacher had (so thoughtfully) forgathered at our place and, with Ian, were enthusiastically wetting this unborn baby's head. Ian responded quickly to my peremptory order, and within a minute appeared at the door with his arms full of carved figures and a blush on his face to rival the brilliant red on the nether regions of the two figures!

It didn't seem many minutes later that I heard Julie calling me, so rushed in to find one of the sisters looking round for somewhere to put this newborn bundle of life. She said, "Here, hold this," and thrust the tiny and very healthy-looking Kathryn into my arms while she joined her colleague in attending to Julie. So what was I supposed to do? Show off my new daughter to the assembly in the sitting room, of course.

It wasn't until six weeks later that Julie took Kathryn in to Port Moresby for her first check-up. The bit that amused me most, which we found out some time later, was that the excellently qualified and vastly experienced Sister, delivering several Gogodala babies every week, sat up most of the Saturday night reading and reviewing procedures in her library of text books! And Kathryn, ever since, is impatient with waiting and wants to get on with things and rush headlong into life.

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Continued from page 27

Muriel Larner; Bob Cottle; Bev & John Perry; Peter & Julie Lyons; Alan & Judy West; Helen & Michael Costello; Allan Johnson; Geoff & Ann Garrett; Rex & Clare Tyndall; Mike & Di Harrison; Ken & Val Connolly; Bob & Robin Thatcher; Ray & Diane Furber; Bronwyn Thornley; David & Janet Freyne; Don Ralston; David & Jennifer Thomas; Lady Barbara Jephcott; Margaret Harding; Les Brady; Ken & Aupmi Rehder; Norm Reeves; Hilary Enscher; Kylie-Jo Harvey; Reg & Rosalie Everest; Mick & Mary Carroll; Sheryl & Allan Russell; Brenda & Tony Lee; Mayne & David Heenan; Jane Granger; Libbi & Terry Comerford; Kathy & Vicky Rehder; Kevin & Judith Cheatham; Leslie & Michael Matthews; Shane Livingstone; Kim Burrows; Reinhard Kuhn; Paul & Jennifer Simson; Ronald & Denise Smallwood; Maurice Wilson; Michael & Jennifer Hawley; Martin Gunther; Ron & Josie Skermer; Anthony & Robin Radford; Ross & Pat Johnson; Brian, Maureen & Raymond Terry; Kim Bergin; Robert & Barbara Guthrie; Kerry Viney; Edith & Eric Gane; Ora Smyth; Janice Balenzuela; John & Joan Gosbell; Delia & Damien Nelson; Terry & Vesna Tindall; Les Gillies; Adrian & Esme Hobba; Paul & Hollie Kershaw; Elizabeth, James & Leslie Miller; Malcolm & Lyn Tinning; Dianne & Neville O'Brien; Val Swyer; Jocelyn & Otto Alder; Kerris & Trevor Cook; Bob & Anne Morgan; Elwyn & Phylis Raethel; Lawrie & Marianne Cremin; Esther & Charles Meszaros Graham & Elaine McMurray; Bunty Breay; John & Raechel Harrison; Nicki Corin-Powell; Stuart Powell; Michael Pratt; Robyn Muskitta; Ron, Julie, Alysia & Joel Haines; Sir Barry & Lady Fua Holloway; Stella Gaunt; Rosemary Reeves; Tracy Drockman; Stefanie & Ross Evans; John Wilkinson; Bill & Rhonda Johnston; Ralph & Karen Trivett; Sue & Ashley Park; Mark Carroll; Chris Thatcher; Shaun Garrett; Bart Gaffney; Toni Wong; Margaret Kelly; John & Joan Coleman; Brett Drockman; Ian & Val Morrison; Kalamah Skermer; Christine Lamur.

Stefanie Evans advised they now have a database which they wish to keep up in case of a future reunion and is still interested is further names and addresses of anyone else who may have lived in Kainantu. Members may ask for addresses of participants.

☐ **JOE NITSCHE**

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.

Mrs Joyce Marjorie THICK (8 July 1998, aged approx. 84 years)

Joyce was born in 1914 at Cunnamulla Qld. Both parents died during her first year of life and she was brought up by her older sisters. At 21, Joyce married Jack Thick. Jack was then working on the wharves, and the couple soon started travelling all over Australia following the work. In 1939 their daughter Pat was born. When war broke out Jack became a member of the "Flying Wharfies" and was sent away to numerous ports.

After the war, in 1947, Joyce and Pat joined Jack in Darwin for a couple of years. They then went to start the Moroak Cattle Station in central Northern Territory. There was no house, except an ex-army cooking caravan to sleep in at night. Later they moved into the luxury of a corrugated iron house with ant-bed floors. Joyce quickly learned to make bread and soap, and cater for three months of provisions at a time. Her skills also included bleaching the bags the flour and sugar came in, and making them into interesting underpants for themselves. After a couple of years the family moved to Katherine where Jack began trucking from Darwin to Alice Springs.

In 1953 Jack and Joyce went for a visit to New Guinea. They decided to stay, living first in Bulolo and then Wau. Eventually they moved to Goroka to start a trucking business and later branched out into sawmilling. In Goroka they first lived in a kunai house, then Joyce finally got her first real home - at that stage without electricity, but with the luxury of running tank water. Eventually electricity and the septic were connected, and years later the telephone. In 1975 the couple sold up their businesses in Goroka and moved to Gumdale Qld to be nearer to Pat and the grandchildren. Jack passed away in 1984. Joyce remained at Gumdale until early 1997 where she continued to enjoy handcrafts and reading, and the company of family and friends. Joyce was a very kind thoughtful lady who never wanted to be a nuisance to anyone.

She is survived by her daughter, Pat, five grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

The foregoing was taken from the eulogy sent to us by Allan Neilsen.

Mrs Gwen ALLMAN, née **EVANS** (26 September 1998, aged 84 years)

Gwen was one of the schoolchildren in Rabaul in the early 20s, along with her brothers Hal and George - their father, Bielby Evans, was with the Expropriation Board. Years were spent in Buka, on plantations, later boarding school, and in her late teens as one of the 'bright young things' in Rabaul, where she met and later married patrol officer Bill Allman. They eventually settled in Wahroonga, Sydney, raising a family of three daughters and one son. Bill had joined the pharmaceutical firm Johnson & Johnson, eventually becoming financial director. He predeceased Gwen by twenty years. Gwen is survived by her three daughters and son, and grandchildren.

The foregoing was provided by Gwen's sister, Linda Evans.

Mr John William FRAWLEY (21 September 1998, aged 67 years)

John passed away on the Central Coast. He went to PNG as a cadet patrol officer in 1949 and served in various parts of PNG with the Department of District Services. He spent the last eight years in Port Moresby as a magistrate after joining the Department of Law in 1969. John left PNG in 1974 and practised as a solicitor in Gosford for some time. He is survived by his former wife Kerry, four daughters and seven grandchildren and his second wife Denise and two stepchildren. The foregoing was provided by Kerry Frawley.

Hazel Elena ASTLEY (25 June 1998, aged 72 years)

Hazel Astley, who died in Perth after a long illness, worked for many years in Papua New Guinea and was a director of nursing at Rabaul. After returning to Australlia she was for some years on the staff at the Blood Bank in Melbourne.

From the Alfred Hospital Nurses' League publication, "Nursing Notes".

Dr John Bernard (Barney) MADDEN (25 July 1998, aged 74 years)

Barney was born in Maleny Qld and later moved to Brisbane to continue his education at Gregory Terrace College. After serving with the RAAF in the Pacific, he completed teacher training and taught in various Western Queensland schools. Whilst teaching at Dalby he met Maisie who was a nursing sister at the Dalby Hospital, and they were married in 1956. After their marriage they went to New Guinea where Barney was District Education Officer in Mendi and Sohano before becoming Principal of both Port Moresby and Goroka Teachers Colleges. In 1957 whilst in Mendi, Barney was in the Norseman VH-BNE piloted by the late Helly Tschuchnigg which crashed at Lake Kopiagu. With the experienced climber Dr Lawrence Malcolm, Barney climbed Mt Giluwe, an achievement he was very proud of.

In 1967 the family travelled to the United States where Barney completed his PHD in Sociology. Returning to Brisbane in 1974, the family settled in Kenmore and Barney took up an academic position at Mount Gravatt C.A.E. He retired in 1986. He was a dedicated member of Rotary and Probus where he was President of both. With great regularity he joined his friends at the Indooroopilly Golf Club. Barney is survived by his wife Maisie, son David, daughter-in-law Pearl and three grandchildren, and daughter Camilla and her fiancé.

The foregoing was provided by Barney's wife, Maisie.

Mr Theodore Francis ADAMS (17 September 1998, aged 74 years)

Theo Adams first went to New Guinea in 1944, aged 21, as a member of the 2nd, 2nd Commando Unit of the AIF attached to the 7th Division. He joined the Unit at a place called Fita, eight days walk from Goroka. He was involved with patrols into territory which was occupied by the invading forces in the Ramu and later towards Shaggy Ridge, the scene of heavy action and losses of men and equipment. Theo volunteered to take part in these patrols. He was always cheerful and did his job as a signalman with great skill under awful conditions. Once he said that he was never afraid of going on these patrols until someone took a shot at him, and he has been frightened ever since! But this was typical of Theo, always causing a laugh.

After the war Theo became a traffic officer with Ansett Airways at Madang and Goroka for a number of years. Latterly he was the Manager of Minogere Hostel at Goroka, operated by the Goroka Council as a middle range hostel and conference centre. He was an expert at organising functions, whether for Anzac Day or the Melbourne Cup.

Theo had over 30 years in Papua New Guinea. A large gathering attended his funeral including Ralph Conley, Hank Cosgrove and many from Papua New Guinea. He was given military last rites by members of the Commando Association.

Theo is survived by his wife Ato, sons John, Paul and Billy and daughters Dulcie and Lisa.

The foregoing was provided by Doug Franklin.

Mr Bill HIGHAM (31 July 1998)

Bill Higham, who flew as a navigator with the RAAF in World War 2, worked at Bulolo Gold Dredging and later was employed by the Commonwealth Department of Works as a technical officer. He was a popular member of the Police Club at Port Moresby. He is survived by his wife Benny who worked in the Traffic Department at the Port Moresby Police Station.

The foregoing was provided by John Herbert.

Mr Brian William SPENCER (7 July 1998, aged 55 years, of cancer)

After four years in Victoria Police, Brian Spencer joined the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary as a contract officer in March 1968, serving at various stations and Bomana College until resignation in December 1971. He returned to RPNGC in 1980 with brevet rank of Chief Superintendent as personal assistant to the then Commissioner of Police, but decided to resign in early 1982, returning to Australia. He rejoined Victoria Police in October 1982, serving there for seven years before taking up a beef property in South West Gippsland. He later moved to Townsville where he spent several years as a jobs skill consultant. Brian is survived by his wife Sandra and children. The foregoing was provided by Maxwell Hayes.

Dr Elton Thomas BRASH (10 September 1998, aged 60 years)

Dr Brash was one of the most respected and widely known Australians to reside and work in Papua New Guinea. His former students read like a 'Who's Who' of PNG. He was involved at many levels of education in PNG, culminating in his appointment as Deputy Vice-Chancellor (1978-82) and Vice-Chancellor (1982-85) of the University of Papua New Guinea.

The son of a Seventh Day Adventist missionary, he graduated from the University of Western Australia in 1958 and joined the PNG Education Department in 1960. In 1964 he joined the staff of the Administrative College where his students included such future leaders and advocates of PNG independence as Michael Somare, Albert Maori Kiki and John Kaputin. Later he was deputy principal of Goroka Teachers College. In 1970 he joined the staff of the University of PNG. He was awarded a PhD by the University of Sussex (UK) in 1975 and the OBE in 1985.

Dr Brash returned to Australia as Projects Director for the International Development Program of Australian Universities and Colleges and in 1994 he and his wife set up consultancy services. He was diagnosed with leukemia in the early 90s but he did not let that stop him from travelling extensively in South East Asia and the Pacific. In late 1997 his health suffered a further reverse when he was found to have a brain tumour. A memorial service was held at the PNG High Commissioner's residence in Canberra.

Dr Brash is survived by his wife, Nora Vagi Brash, a prominent PNG writer, two children of that marriage, and five adopted children.

The foregoing was provided by friends of the Brash family.

Mrs Mary Josephine OWNER (née Keating) (11 July 1998, aged 78 years) - first reported briefly in *Una Voce* Sept 1998. *The following is from Jo's friend Pam Quartermaine*:

"A mixed bunch freshly arrived from ASOPA, we joined for tea the crisply starched District Education Officers who were conferencing behind wooden louvres at Konedobu. Originating from WA, I was presented to Mr Boisen to join Jo Keating at the four-teacher school in Rabaul. Perched in the canvas seats next day en route, he spoke about how single girls were expected to behave and dress, about shared accommodation, and of his need for me to teach refresher courses in the school holidays. Landing at the shed there was an excited head-teacher wearing huge red hat, red handbag on crooked arm, red elbow-length gloves and spike-heel red shoes. We drove straight to the school in the land rover.

Visiting Jo Keating in her spacious suburban home September last year, she and I recalled that day in 1957. The 41 years fell away and the heat, colours, harbour, job and marvellous people that was life then exhilarated us again. Messrs Groves and Owner had interviewed me in Adelaide, and Don was Chief of Division for a time after I moved to teacher education, so I could empathise with her stories about her intoxicatingly happy later life as Mrs Don Owner. We spoke at length on the phone in April and she was her bright positive self, so the News Letter surprised me. I have contacted her sister who said she declined suddenly and death came within twenty-four hours of entry to hospital."

Mr Kevin BAKER (September 1998)

Kevin Baker died after a long illness (leukemia). He went to New Guinea in 1938 and worked in Customs in Rabaul. Later he was transferred to Lae where he was Chief Clerk. He joined the NGVR in 1941 and served in Morobe and later in ANGAU. After the war he returned to Australia. The foregoing was provided by Ira Halliday.

Mr James HANNAN (22 September 1998, aged 65 years)

Jim Hannan died in Queensland barely a year after leaving Darwin having retired from the Bench on the day before his 65th birthday. Jim went to PNG as a cadet patrol officer. He studied for a Law degree and was a magistrate in Port Moresby and Lae. He was in the Federal legal system in Canberra and left there to take up a magisterial position in the NT in 1984. He is survived by four children and three grandchildren. (Provided by Jim Toner and Paul Ryan)

Mr Francis William George ANDERSEN (8 August 1998, aged 83 years)

George Andersen was born in Samarai in 1914. He was the son of Captain Christian Andersen, a well known skipper of ships trading in PNG waters in the early part of the century. George's initial education was at the Anglican school in Samarai, then he went to school in Brisbane. Returning to PNG at the age of 16, he was with Steamships Trading Company in Port Moresby for four years before joining the Oroville Dredging Co exploring for gold in the upper Fly River area. The following year he was offered a patrol officer position and in 1936 took up his first posting at Cape Nelson (Tufi). In 1937 he joined Claude Champion in a six month patrol up the Kikori River to Lake Kutubu. Subsequently he carried out patrols from Daru, Cape Nelson and Ioma. At the outbreak of war he was ARM at Goilala.

During the war George was a coastwatcher under the command of the Navy and in this capacity gave radio warning of the first air raid on Port Moresby. He then served in ANGAU at Cape Nelson and Milne Bay, where he later headed the Milne Bay ANGAU unit. Towards the end of the war he was posted to Lae and Esa'Ala. Return to civilian life saw him District Officer (now with wife and son) at Rigo and later Kerema.

In 1949 George took a job in the Aboriginal Welfare Department in WA, rising to the position of Deputy Commissioner. In 1965 he was appointed official secretary at the WA office in London and for some time served as WA's Agent General.. He returned to Australia in 1970 and spent a quiet but happy retirement at Mollymook NSW.

George is survived by his wife Patricia, son David and two grandchildren.

The foregoing was provided by George's son David.

Mr Aubrey SCHINDLER (12 October 1998, aged 83 years)

Aubrey was born in Brisbane in 1915. He was a bright student, achieving a degree then a masters in Agriculture and a diploma in tropical dairying. In the 1930s he became a staff member of Gatton Agriculture College and while there he joined the CMF 25th battalion. With the outbreak of war Lt Aubrey Schindler was sent to Milne Bay. He was awarded the Military Cross for his involvement during the battle at No3 airstrip on the night of 31 August 1942.

About a year after Milne Bay while on Rest & Recreation leave in North Queensland, Aub was asked to return to New Guinea under ANGAU to establish a cinchona plantation at the DASF Experiment Station at Aiyura in the Eastern Highlands. Cinchona is the source of quinine which was needed to supply the troops for the treatment of malaria. Aub remained at Aiyura after the war to establish cash crops for the indigenous people. He experimented with a number of crops, the two most important being coffee and pyrethrum.

In 1946 Aub married Ancie Carson Beales, and over the next ten years their three children, Peter, Ivan and Gillian, were born. During his time at Aiyura, Aub travelled Africa to study tropical agronomy. He continued as agronomist in charge of Aiyura until 1962 when he left the administration and bought a coffee plantation - Karanka. Aub became heavily involved with the Farmers and Settlers Association in the highlands - he had a wealth of knowledge of the cultivation of coffee and always gave it freely. He also became a member of the New Guinea Education Board as he thought that the indigenous people should be taught agriculture in the early years of school. He felt the people should remain in their villages rather than gravitate to the towns where they had little future - by learning about farming, they would remain self sufficient. Aub continued to experiment on his own plantation with other plants such as duboisia, tropical fruits and different ways to cultivate coffee and tea. Nerada tea from North Queensland was originally grown from Karanka tea seed.

In 1974, Aubrey and Ancie retired and moved back to Brisbane where they enjoyed the company of their children and grandchildren. Ancie died in 1995. For the past three years Aub was in turn cricket coach, spelling tutor, monopoly master and adviser and was always good company.

The foregoing is from a eulogy given by one of Aubrey's sons.

Mrs Jean LEAHY (late June/early July 1998)

Jean Leahy did not go to New Guinea, however several of her children did - these were Sir Daniel Leahy, James Leahy and John Leahy. Her husband Thomas Joseph Leahy predeceased her. She is survived by 8 children and 68 grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mr Ronald Leslie HAWTHORNE (2 October 1998, aged 78 years)

In 1941 Ron joined the AIF and served in the Middle East, Greece and Papua New Guinea. In 1944 he married Meta - the couple had four children. Following the war, Ron and his family moved to Port Moresby where he became a foreman for the country's largest construction company. The family settled into a stay of almost 30 years during which time Ron was very active in the RSL and was awarded life membership for his work for ex-servicemen and Legacy children. Another great interest of Ron's was lawn bowls - he became a champion bowler and represented PNG at tournament level. Ron left PNG in 1980 and continued his interest in the RSL and lawn bowls in Brisbane. Recently he took over the organisation of the annual PNG Bowls Day at his Club at Hendra. Ron is survived by his wife, children Graham, Stuart, Russell and Rosemary and their families. The foregoing was provided by Ira Halliday.

Mrs Elsie CHAMPION (22 October 1998, aged 88 years)

Elsie was the wife of the Late Ivan Champion, kiap and explorer. Full details in next issue.

Mr Ernest Yarwood SMITH (10 October 1998, aged 79 years)

Ern Smith began his working life in engineering at Mt Isa Mines. Early in the war he was exempted from military duty as he was in an essential industry, however later he was sent to Jacquinot Bay and Rabaul and was mentioned in despatches. He took over the Rabaul powerhouse from the Japanese. Ern married in 1947 and the couple settled in Rabaul - their four children were born in PNG. Ern was a Health Inspector at Rabaul for 13 years, then was transferred to Wewak where the family remained until Independence. Ern stayed on in PNG in private enterprise - he left in 1981 to settle on the Gold Coast. He dedicated many years to writing and researching the Western Islands of PNG. Ern is survived by his wife Helen, four children and eight grandchildren. The foregoing is from a eulogy read by one of his grandchildren.

Mr Charles Featherstone HARRISON (21 September 1998, aged 83 years)

Charles died in Nepean Hospital after a long illness. He first went to PNG with the Department of Labour in 1959 and was stationed in Mt Hagen, Kokopo, Madang and Port Moresby, where he retired in 1974, along with Joan, to settle in Werrington NSW. Charles loved cricket and golf and was one of the pioneers of the Mt Hagen Golf Club. He is survived by his wife Joan, children Charles Jnr, Raymond and Elizabeth and their families.

The foregoing was provided by Charles' daughter Elizabeth.

Mr Stephenson (Peter) FOX (8 September 1998, aged 86 years) Further details in next issue.

Mr R (Mac) LONGMORE (19 August 1998) Further details in next issue.

Mrs Patricia Kathleen ABBOTT (13 September 1998)

Patricia Abbott was the wife of the Late Dr Terence Kingsmill Abbott, former Deputy Director, Medical Services in Port Moresby. No further details available.

Mrs Eileen Alice CLARKE (30 August 1998)

Eileen Clark was the wife of the Late Patrick Harold Clark, formerly of Dept of Forests and of the Public Service Commission in Port Moresby. No further details available.

Mrs Dorothy Ella SELLEN (30 August 1998).

Dorothy Sellen was the wife of the Late William Ernest Sellen. No further details available.

Mrs Joan Elizabeth STUART (21 March 1998).

Joan Stuart was the wife of the Late William Holland Stuart. No further details available.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MR J R	ALLEN	7 TROODOS RISE	ELTHAM	VIC	3095
MR O K	ALDER	4 FALCON CRESCENT	COOROY	QLD	4563
MR H W	BRODBY	22 MAYLEAD ST	CHERMSIDE WEST	QLD	4032
MRS B	CADDEN	21 BAROONA RD	CHURCH POINT	NSW	2105
MR P E	COATES	PO BOX 625	CROWS NEST	NSW	2065
MR C	CAMPBELL	PO BOX 759	KIMBE, WEST NEW BRITAIN, PNG, 621		
MR M F	CARROLL	3 FITZROY ST	GRAFTON	NSW	2460
MR J	EAMES	6 CRAIG PLACE	GERRINGONG	NSW	2534
MR J	GOSBELL	PO BOX 5049	VICTORIA POINT	QLD	4165
MR G	HITCHCOCK	14 MIRANG ST	MANSFIELD	QLD	4122
SIR BARRY	HOLLOWAY	90 TINARRA CRESCENT	KENMORE HILLS	QLD	4069
MRS G	JAGO	41 PACIFIC HIGHWAY	ULMARRA	NSW	2462
LADY BARBARA	JEPHCOTT	"YULWOAH" M/S 443	WARWICK	QLD	4370
MRS R C	JOHNSTON	13 KING ST	YANGAN	QLD	4371
MR H	JENSEN	HERMANNSCHMITSTR.4	28036 MUENCHEN	GERMANY	
MR G	KENNEY	34 APPIN ST	KENMORE	QLD	4069
MR D G	KESBY	69 ALAN RD	BEROWRA HEIGHTS	NSW	2082
MR C	MESZAROS	19 BUCKMASTER CRES	DUNLOP	ACT	2615
MRS M	MADDEN	11 RIALANNA ST	KENMORE	QLD	4069
MRS L	NEEDHAM	PO BOX 29	SUNNYBANK	QLD	4109
MR B	OBERLEUTER	PO BOX 2002	ASCOT	QLD	4007
MR I L	OWEN	PO BOX 5539	BOROKO 111	NCD	PNG
MR D	READ	4 MARTIN ST	COORAN	QLD	4569
MR B	SCHEELINGS	3 BELLMEAD ST	RUNCORN	QLD	4113
MR D I	SKINNER	55 PENNANT HILLS RD	NORMANHURST	NSW	2076
MRS G	VAN HOECKEL	37/98 WINDSOR RD.	ROTARY GARDEN VILL. NAMBOUR Q		4560
MR R B	WRIGHT	176 KURRUJONG RD	JIMBOOMBA	QLD	4280

CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO:

MR H M	BOYLE	174 ALBERT ST	CRANBROOK	QLD 4814
MRS M	CLEMENS	100A HUNTRISS RD	KARRINYUP	WA 6018
MR N	GOODE	106 CURRY RD	UPPER COOMERA	QLD 4210
MR J	KNIGHTS	6 HONEYBEE PLACE	UPPER KEDRON	QLD 4055
MR A	MARKS	15 NEWMARKET ST	TOOWOOMBA	QLD 4350
LADY UNA	NIALL	64/82 AVALON PARADE	AVALON	NSW 2107
MR R T	ROSS	PO BOX 288	ULLADULLA	NSW 2539
MR C A	SYMONS	66/650 PACIFIC HIGHWAY	KILLARA	NSW 2071
MR J	VANDERKAMP	PO BOX 10	HORN ISLAND	QLD 4875
MR R	THOMSON	UNIT P23, 74 WARDOO ST	ASHMORE	QLD 4214
MR L F	DUNNE	6 GREENPOINT DRIVE	GREENPOINT	NSW 2428 (end '98)

NEWSLETTERS RETURNED: The following newsletters have been returned to us. Does anyone have information regarding these members?
Mrs J L MacLean, "Fernbank" 2-8 Kitchener Street, St Ives NSW 2075. (Fin. to 2000)
Mr Paul Ryan, 26/181 Pacific Highway, Roseville NSW 2069 (Financial to end 1998)
Mr A & Mrs E Smales, PO Box 12661, Melbourne VIC 3001 (Financial to 1999)

Our thanks to **Paddy Erskine** for sending us an advertisement he came across, for an appointment to the Scientific Civil Service, which read, "Wanted. Candidate to work on nuclear fissionable isotope reactive counters and 3 phase cyclotonic uranium photosynthesisers. No experience necessary."

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