



# Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

ISSN 1442-6161. Print Post Approved

No 1, 2000 - March

## ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL?

Please check the date on the envelope this came in. If it is 1999, you are now unfinancial. You will find a renewal form on page 5. Subs are \$10 p.a. and fell due on 1 January 2000. (Overseas postage extra - details on renewal form)

## AGM AND LUNCHEON:

This will be held on Sunday 30 April 2000 at the Mandarin Club. Full details and booking slip are on pages 26-27.

The Annual General Meeting itself is usually very brief - after that the event becomes a social function like the Christmas Luncheon. (Would senior or incapacitated members who would like to attend but do not have transport please contact our secretary, Joe Nitsche, or assistant secretary, Pamela Foley, whose phone numbers are listed overleaf.)

The President and Committee would like to thank all those who sent Seasons Greetings. Allan Boag expressed it well - "All the best to all the PNG family."

## Archival Material on PNG -

For the benefit of new members, the person collecting archival material on PNG (reminiscences, photographs and printed material) is Dr. Peter Cahill, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly Qld 4068. This material will eventually be housed in the Fryer Library within the University of Queensland Central Library.

## In This Issue

- 2 Have You Heard???, News from Correspondents and PNG News
- 6 A Family Matter - Chips Mackellar
- 11 "The Gospel According to Papuans" - A film review - J B Toner
- 12 Early Photographs - Don Barnes
- 14 Jack Hides, a Son of Papua Who Gave His Life to Papua - James Sinclair
- 16 Sentimental Journey - PNG Revisited - Peter Skinner
- 21 Book News/Reviews
- 29 Trail or Track? - David Marsh
- 31 Snapshots from the Early '50s, Series 6 - Paul J Quinlivan
- 35 Early Hagen Experiences - Frank Aveling
- 37 Early Moresby Experiences - Marjorie Head
- 38 Reunions
- 43 Vale
- 52 New Members, Change of Address

**'UNA VOCE' IS THE  
JOURNAL OF THE  
RETIRED OFFICERS  
ASSOCIATION OF PAPUA  
NEW GUINEA INC**

It is published in March, June,  
September and December.

Contributions are welcome and  
should be sent to ROAPNG Inc,  
PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069  
for attention of the editor.

Advertising Rates: quarter page  
\$25, half page \$50, full page \$100

Membership of the Association is  
open to anyone who has lived in  
PNG or who has an abiding interest  
in the country. At present the fee is  
\$10 per year. The membership year  
is the calendar year. Membership  
application forms are available  
from The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc,  
PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

**ROAPNG Office Bearers –**

**President**

Harry West

Phone 02 9418 8793

**Deputy President and  
Assistant Secretary**

Pamela Foley

Ph/Fax 02 9428 2978

**Secretary**

Joe Nitsche

Ph/Fax 02 9451 2475

**Editor of Newsletter**

Marie Clifton-Bassett

Ph/fax 02 9958 3408

**Treasurer**

Ross Johnson

Phone 02 9876 6178

Fax 02 9868 2068

**Caring Committee**

Pat Hopper

Phone 02 9953 7061

**Patron**

Les Williams

Phone 02 9981 4734

**FROM THE PRESIDENT -**

Very best wishes from the Committee to  
all of you for the coming year.

We have been considering the layout of  
*Una Voce* for some time. We decided to  
commence the new century with what we hope  
are improvements to pages one and two. We  
hope you like them. We have no plans to change  
anything else - all the old sections remain as  
they were.

On another matter - if anyone has been  
contemplating putting pen to paper, but just  
hasn't got around to it, please write soon. Our  
editor is always delighted to receive stories or  
articles which might interest other members or  
which should be recorded for those who come  
after us. Don't worry if you feel your writing is  
not 'professional' enough - the important thing  
is to get it on paper (or on tape), and we will  
sort out any problems. I am told that material on  
Papua is growing but still in short supply.

All the very best

Harry West

**HAVE YOU HEARD???**

The Association helped celebrate **Roma  
BATES'** 90<sup>th</sup> birthday last year. The day after  
the luncheon Roma wrote, "Thank all of you  
VERY kindly for the beautiful flowers and the  
Good Wishes that came with them which I  
received at the Christmas Luncheon on Sunday.  
It was a heart-warming gesture that made me  
feel very happy as well as grateful for the  
wonderful friends I have. The New Guinea  
Bond of Friendship is a Very Special Force in  
our lives, and is treasured by us all." Roma  
added, "I was amongst a small group of PNG  
residents who decided an association for the  
help, care and pleasure of retired members  
would be an association worth having - and so  
it has proved to be. I can't remember all who  
were at that meeting but Horrie Niall certainly  
was and I think Bill Seale and Doug (Parrish); it  
was not a big group who decided to call a  
general meeting to discuss the project - what a  
Great Blessing it has proved to be to hundreds  
of us."

Last October **Ben SCHEELINGS** of  
Sunnybank Qld wrote, "I have only just come

back from a business trip to Port Moresby and had great pleasure in visiting the new Royal Papua Yacht Club. The facilities and view are certainly impressive but the Notice Board, featuring mainly stinkboards (motorised pleasure boats) for sale, suggests that it is no longer a place of dinky-di sailors."

**Kevin WHITE** sent Christmas greetings from Hetauda, Nepal where he is undertaking a short consultation (2.5 months) 20 years after he first worked there. His work is to do with the management of tropical lowland forest. Kevin said that 1999 started off with great resolve to finalise the book 'Wild Orchids in Nepal'. He said that this is almost finished, but that "a short visit to Nepal last August found Bhagirath Sharma and self out in the monsoon wet, leech ridden forests where we found four new species. Some revision was necessary." Kevin's Netherlands firm again sent him to a remote part of Brazil last September where he had earlier given advice on growing teak - he is booked to return there in September 2000.

**Doug FRANKLIN** of Closeburn Qld wrote saying the family are well. Son Philip is still in PNG and Managing Director of the Australian rice importing company Trukai (the rice comes from the Riverina). Philip is up and down to Australia frequently and still wears his other hats as Hon. Australian Consul in Lae and member of the PNG Chamber of Commerce; he is also a member of the Investment Promotion Authority. Son Michael is with Proserpine Shire Council and Andrew, the youngest (now 35), is working as an agronomist for Primac Elders Ltd at Townsville. Doug said, "I am always defending PNG against those who rubbish it and go on about the law and order situation. You just have to be sensible and careful in all respects - like here."

Doug sent a cutting from the Brisbane paper, *City News*, dated 20-1-2000. It was a story about **Nicolaine KEPUI** who is only 12 and was chosen from schools all over Queensland to be Queensland's Australia Day Youth Ambassador. Nicolaine will tour schools and communities during the year. Doug said that Nicolaine is the daughter of **Tim KEPUI**, Deputy Secretary (General Services), Dept of Primary Industry, Konedobu.

**Stan MASON** was in Moresby for about three weeks in late Dec/early Jan. He noticed a few changes since his visit two years ago, mainly construction work. Stan believes the whole area which contained the Boroko RSL, the Golf Club and the Bowling Club has been sold. He said the Bowls Club had been vacated, so he went along to rescue the picture of Tom Bowie from the wall. (Tom Bowie was the first president of the Bowls Club). Stan found that the picture had been removed and he is now trying to trace it, hoping it is in good hands. He said the only bowls memorabilia were the Honour Boards which he photographed. Stan was 'house-bound' while the family was at work but added, "At least I have learnt to play solitaire on the computer - my only achievement."

News from **BOB and BARBARA BELL**: Barbara reports that Bob is doing really well after undergoing a quadruple heart bypass operation in February.

**NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY**: **Jim Toner** writes, " 'Staying On' was a perceptive film about expats who remained in India following Independence there. Any similar camera-work in PNG could well include **Johnny STEPHENS** who has now clocked up 44 years. He became a medical assistant with the Public Health Department in 1956 and in his first year of service was quite surprised to find himself OIC Lake Kutubu patrol post. The circumstances were that a Catalina made one of its infrequent splashdowns on the lake and when the Patrol Officer went out in a canoe to meet it he took his suitcase - shouting, as the craft pulled away from the shore, "John, you're in charge". At the next radio sked with HQ Mendi, the DC Bob Cole was also quite surprised to learn who was now running his station. And expressed himself accordingly.

John moved on to Treasury, the Housing Commission, and finally private

enterprise in Lae. But rather than desiccating acrimoniously as did the expats in the film, John has been showing confidence in PNG by establishing a second store in Air Corps Road. He says cheerfully that this was subjected to only four armed robberies last year - which tends to give weight to the old saw that 'Everything is Relative'.

Another stayer (and player) Chris WARRILOW with a mere 40 years service is still at the Department of Mines and Energy in Port Moresby. He is now father-in-law to a first grade prop having given his daughter away in marriage last October to David Westley, then a Canberra Raider but now a Parramatta Eel.

Only seven Commonwealth countries continue to award Imperial decorations, with PNG being the largest and most significant. The New Year Honours saw **Ben MOIDE** elevated from MBE to CBE 'for outstanding courage and devotion to duty during World War Two'. His earlier award would have been for services to the RSL, he having been - subject to correction - a Sergeant in the PIB. A lot of us will remember the affable Papuan as Dr Gunther's driver when the latter was Assistant Administrator and also a respectable batsman in the Moresby cricket competition."

## **PNG NEWS:**

**PNG GOVERNMENT TO SELL ASSETS:** The PNG government hopes to sell several large corporations to raise much-needed cash. The Papua New Guinea Banking Corporation is the first on the list - its sale is expected to raise K1.6 billion. Other sales likely include Air Niugini, Telikom and the PNG Electricity Commission. The Government is to help Papua New Guineans to become shareholders. *SMH 2-2-2000*

**SCHOOL AT ARAWA, BOUGAINVILLE, REOPENS:** The school at Arawa has been rebuilt under the auspices of AusAID, and will cater for 270 students between the ages of seven and seventeen. The previous buildings had disintegrated during the eleven years of civil unrest. The official opening coincided with the official opening of two schools in the north of Bougainville, the Bishop Wade high school and the Tarlena Specialised Training School - these two schools were funded by Australia and cost 20 million kina (\$10 m.) *(SMH, 4-3-2000)*

**LAKE BOTANICAL GARDENS TO REOPEN:** The Lae National Botanical Garden is open to the public again after being closed for nearly 20 years. The redevelopment and improvement of the garden was a joint effort by the PNG Forest Authority, Lae City Authority and numerous Lae business communities. *(National, 16-12-99)*

**THE NIALL HALL, LAE:** John Howard, now in Port Moresby, wrote, "Recently I attended a function in the Niall Hall, Lae. It looked very rundown the last time I had seen it. The entrance from Second Street has now been closed off and the building is incorporated into the compound of the Lae Urban Authority. However it is still available for hiring by other organisations. The hall had been freshly renovated and painted. It was well-lit and airy and did not need air-conditioning."

**MORESBY ARTS THEATRE (MAT):** Member John Howard (at present in Moresby) sent us an article by Ian Boden in *The National Weekender* of 28 January 2000 on the history of the Moresby Arts Theatre, and also the programme for a recent performance of "On Broadway" by MAT. According to Ian Boden, MAT began in 1913 and - with the exception of the WWII years - has been performing ever since. The original theatre (a basic hall and stage) was on the site of the current Deloitte Tower. The new theatre, in Waigani Valley, was opened in 1973 - it seats approximately 170, and is very well equipped. Productions for 2000 include Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, the hilarious *Life of Brian* and a full-scale end of year musical production. MAT is fully owned by its members and entirely voluntary. Membership is free.



## The Australia Papua New Guinea Friendship Association - How we might make a contribution by David Marsh

Recently our Association took out one year's corporate membership of the Australia Papua New Guinea Friendship Association Inc.

This action will enable our members who would like to express their thoughts on friendship between our two nations to put their ideas on paper and forward to: APNGFA Inc, c/- PO Box 3383, Weston ACT 2611. The President of the Association is Mr Chris MacKay.

The APNGFA has undertaken a number of projects in recent years including: essay competitions; luncheon seminars at Parliament House, Sydney, with the PNG Prime Minister; rehabilitation of the Cobalt Unit at Lae Hospital; comics on the dangers of smoking and chewing betelnut; disaster relief; techniques for storing food; visits to PNG and meetings with PNG and Australian VIPs.

There is a newly formed and very active reciprocal organisation in PNG and they will be very interested to see the thoughts of their Australian counterparts.

### ROAPNG MEMBERSHIP DISTRIBUTION as at 13 February 2000

Aust. Capital Territory	62
New South Wales	452
Northern Territory	13
Queensland	407
South Australia	32
Tasmania	13
Victoria	68
Western Australia	<u>39</u>
Total Australia	1,086
International	<u>77</u>
<b>Total Membership</b>	<b>1,163</b>

**RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP - For current members only. Would new members please use the Membership Application Form obtainable from the Secretary.**

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

I (*full name - please print*).....  
of (*current address*).....

*Phone number*..... If you have a fax and/or email number please insert: *Fax number*.....*Email number*.....

wish to renew my membership of the Retired Officers' Association of PNG Inc to end of December ..... (please state year). At present the rate is \$10 p.a. Overseas members please add recommended postage, ie for Asia-Pacific Areas (PNG, NZ, Fiji, Thailand etc) \$8 p.a. postage; for Rest of the World (Europe, UK, USA, Hawaii, etc) \$12 p.a. postage.

It is suggested that you renew for two or more years.

Enclosed is \$ ..... Cheques to be made out to ROAPNG Inc. (Please do not use staples)  
Return to: The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069

**ARTEFACTS, ART and Early Photos**  
**From New Guinea, Pacific Islands and Australian Aboriginals**

**Wanted to buy**  
 Interstate inquiries welcome

Contact Malcolm or Rene Davidson, FREE CALL 1800 068 230  
**42 Hardy Terrace, East Ivanhoe Victoria 3079**

### A FAMILY MATTER

by **Chips Mackellar**

When J.K. McCarthy was due to retire, the Administrator sent him on a final tour of PNG to say goodbye to all his old friends and colleagues. There were official functions, gatherings of kiaps, and informal meetings for him all over PNG; a final tribute by a grateful country to this great man.

When this farewell tour took J.K. to the Milne Bay District, I was then ADC Samarai. And during a lull in the official function in his honour, J.K. took me aside and gave me some fatherly advice. "You know, Chips," he said, "the people call me *Makati*. I am not *Mister* McCarthy, or Sir, or Taubada. Even on the New Guinea side, I am not addressed as *Master*, and they don't even call me *Keith*. To most Papua New Guineans, I have no other name, nor any title. I am just plain McCarthy."

He must have sensed my surprise at this strange form of address, because he continued, "It is the greatest honour which these people can bestow upon expatriates like us. Because, when they no longer consider you to have any title at all, it is because they have accepted you as part of their world. Anyone can call you "Mister" and equals address each other by their given names. Anyone can do that. But when the people address you simply by your surname and nothing else, it means they have placed you into a special category. It means you are especially special to them, part of their great Melanesian social landscape." He let this sink in for a moment, and then he added, "It's like winning your spurs, old boy." And then he concluded, "and one day, don't be surprised if they call you nothing else but Mackellar."

Years later, on my final assignment in PNG before I also retired, I was busily engaged in setting up the Ela Beach Court House. It was a high pressure posting, made that way because of the incredible backlog of traffic cases. Simple necessity meant that to keep abreast of the work load we needed to clear at least 100 cases per day. To do this, I knew that I needed the best staff the Law Department could supply, and the best office lay out. So I accepted the position of District Court Magistrate, Ela Beach, on condition that I could design my own court house, and select my own court staff.

I deliberately chose an open office design, with no separate accommodation for magistrates, and while the old Legislative Council building at Ela Beach was being converted into a traffic court for me, I scoured the other court houses and the Law Department elsewhere for my soon to be appointed very exclusive court house staff. I deliberately overlooked the old Papuan court house clerks who had been in service for years and years, because I knew that the pace and the new procedures I had in mind would be so alien to them, as to make their transition to Ela Beach an unfair burden on them.

Instead, I chose younger, better educated but less experienced officers, whom I considered better able to accept a faster pace and new procedures.

Similarly, I alerted the Traffic Superintendent that I didn't want our court time wasted by doddering old police prosecutors, if there were younger, better educated officers who could do the same job faster.

By the time we were ready to start, I still had not found from the staff available elsewhere, a suitable candidate for the final staff position. So I advertised this position in the *Post Courier*. And from the many qualified applicants, I chose a recent graduate from Sogeri High School, a 19 year old girl named Selina.

Eyebrows were raised all over Port Moresby when I made this selection, but from all the candidates for this final position, Selina was in my opinion the best mix of academic acumen, youth, exuberance, and talent, and the fact that she was totally inexperienced in the established court house procedures of the time was exactly what I needed. Untrammelled by the then currently stagnant court house processes, she would, I knew, breathe the vitality and efficiency into the new court procedures I had in mind for Ela Beach.

And since I had selected my staff principally on the basis of talent and youth, when it all came together, and we started operations at Ela Beach Court House, I found that I was old enough to be a father to all of them and that I had been in PNG longer than most of them, even though they of course had all been born there. Some of my clerks were the sons and daughters of some of the old native clerks who had served with me in various parts of PNG, and some of the police prosecutors and the traffic police who serviced the court house, were the sons of police who had been on my first patrols. I was reminded of Kipling's Lord Roberts, who,

*Before his eyes grew dim,  
He had seen the faces of the sons,  
Whose sires had served with him.*

And a few days after we started, I suddenly recalled where I might have seen Selina before.

"Was your father a policeman?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said, "and he still is. He is an instructor at Bomana Police College."

"I think he and I might have been on a few patrols together," I said.

"At Madang," she said, and she laughed "you had a motor bike. Remember?"

And I did remember. I remembered the sweet faced nine-year-old nymphet who used to hang around the Madang Police Station, and wander over to the District Office where she used to cadge rides on our motor bikes. For some reason she always preferred mine. I telephoned her father at Bomana Police College. For a while we reminisced about the old days in Madang, and then I said, "Why didn't you tell me Selina was applying for a job with me?"

"If she was to win it," he said, "I wanted her to win it on her merits. You know, family pride."

"She did win on her merits," I said.

"Thank you, Sir," he replied.

And a few days later she brought into the court house, a faded photograph of herself, a spindly legged but beautiful child, sitting on my motor bike outside the District Office in Madang.

I had forgotten all about this photo until Selina brought it in, and then I remembered having given it to her father, 10 years previously. Everyone had a good laugh over it, but it was a reminder to all of us, that I had known all of them before, at other times and in other places when we were all a lot younger.

And now that we were all drawn together in the important business of running the traffic court, our association together was in terms of the traditional Melanesian way, almost a family affair.

And amongst this court house family, Selina soon played a major role. Being the daughter of a senior policeman, she already knew the young traffic police who used to drop in to chat with her, and she made good use of this friendship by giving them my summonses to serve, and my warrants to execute. So, while the other court houses in Port Moresby had to wait weeks or months to get their summonses served, ours were usually served the same day Selina gave them to the police, and this of course improved our processing efficiency.

And that was how the court house operated. The hard work, dedication, and diligence which these young Papua New Guineans displayed was not because of the public service salaries they were paid, but because we were like a family, running a family business. And like a family, when time permitted, I used to take them to lunch at the nearby Ela Beach RSL, and I took them sailing on my yacht *Nialyn*, which was named after one of them. And gradually, as we bonded closer together, I detected, ever so slowly, with the ghost of J.K. McCarthy guiding them, that amongst themselves they began to address me and refer to me simply as "Mackellar".

My memory of J.K.'s explanation was supplemented one day by Selina's very own. She was talking to an Australian lawyer about a particular case and he wanted to know where the papers were. "Mackellar has them," she said. "You shouldn't refer to the Magistrate like that," he admonished her, "you should call him *Mister Mackellar*."

Selina hesitated momentarily as if searching for an explanation which might satisfy a lawyer. "It's a family matter," I heard her say. "We can't call him *Mister* because he is our papa. And because he is our papa, we can't call him by his first name, because it would be embarrassing for us." Then she added, "so we call him Mackellar. It is a family name". And to make sure he got the message, she concluded ..... "Our family."

And soon I was being addressed simply as Mackellar, not only by the court staff, but also by the police, and also the PNG witnesses and the PNG defendants in the cases before me, and all other PNG people who came in contact with me. So, I had finally made it. I was part of the Melanesian landscape at last as JK might have said.

And so a year went by, with everything operating perfectly.

But even the best families have their problems, and one day the auditors found K6000 missing from our court fines. It was a discrepancy between the fines listed in the court register, and the amounts recorded in the receipt book.

Since Selina normally operated both, I asked her for an explanation, just as a matter of routine. But I was totally unprepared for her response. It took me completely by surprise. She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Then slowly, through wracking sobs, and repeated apologies, in front of all the other staff in our open plan office, she admitted that she had taken the money to help her boyfriend buy a new car.

Of course it was partly my fault, because if I had kept a tighter control over the court house finances, she might never have been tempted. But I had patrolled the hinterland of Madang with her father, and given her rides on my motor bike when she was a child, and I had known her for so long that I had trusted her implicitly.

Stealing as a public servant was a serious crime in PNG in those days, and the stealing of court fines by a court house clerk was almost too terrible to even contemplate. So I sent her home, while I considered what to do, and as she left the court house sobbing, the silence amongst the other staff was shattering. We were all stunned into disbelief.

And then I did a stupid thing. Of course the obvious result of this theft should have been a prosecution. But we were all so close, and she was such a sweet girl, and she had been such a good clerk that I did not wish to see her life ruined because of a foolish affair of the heart. So, still wondering what to do about it, I rang her father and told him. He heard me out in silence and then hung up.

I went to bed that night with the problem still in mind, hoping for a solution other than a prosecution. And I soon got one: a solution not of my choosing, and one so horrible that the memory of it still haunts me to this very day.

About 3am I was woken by the Shift Inspector at Boroko Central Police Station. It was a bail application he said. Such calls at such odd hours were normal for magistrates in Port Moresby in those days. So I got dressed, and drove down to the Station, where I found the operations room was in its usual state of chaos. The phone lines were jammed with reports of assaults and burglaries which were happening at the time all over Port Moresby, and several officers were monitoring by radio, a high speed car chase down Waigani Drive.

The Shift Inspector came in to meet me, and pointed to a young lad sitting on a chair in the corner of the room. He looked vaguely familiar to me, as I took the charge sheet which the Shift Inspector gave me. The charge was *grievous bodily harm*.

"The victim is one of yours, Mackellar," the Inspector said gently, and I sensed the sorrow in his voice. Alarmed, I searched the charge sheet for the victim's name. It was Selina.

"Who did it?" I asked horrified, reading the attached preliminary medical report. The Inspector beckoned the lad in the corner forward. He walked over, and stood before me, nervous but defiant. "Her brother," the Inspector explained.

And then I remembered him, as I had remembered her, playing around the Madang Police Station, years ago. But that was when they were kids. And now he was a good-looking strapping young lad, and he had beaten Selina within an inch of her life.

"Why did you do it," I asked, still horrified.

"You know why," he said. And then the full impact of my phone call to his father suddenly struck me. Her own family had punished her, more terribly than any court could ever contemplate, for breaking my trust in her, and for bringing disgrace upon the family. It was payback, Melanesian style,

"Release him," I told the Inspector, "it is a family matter."

Any other police officer might have questioned this decision. But you see, the Inspector had known me for as long as he could remember. His father had been my Sergeant of Police at Lake Murray, so he was part of the family too.

Next morning in the court house, I telephoned Selina's father to complain about what his son had done to her. "Lucky he got to her before I did," the father said, unrepentant, "I would have killed her, and then you would have had an even bigger problem to deal with." And then he added, "And it will get worse if her boyfriend does not repay the money. And he knows that."

The boyfriend had certainly got the message, and you could have cut the tension with a knife, as the other clerks counted out the K6000 later that morning, when he repaid the money which Selina had taken.

At this stage, we did not know if Selina would live or die, so after work that afternoon I went to the hospital to inquire. Her immediate family had temporarily shunned her, and had not yet been to see her at the hospital, and as I was not part of her immediate family, no one would tell me anything. But outside the intensive care ward, I saw a familiar face.

The doctor came out, holding a clipboard, containing Selina's medical records. The doctor was a graduate from Sydney University, but when I was ADC Samarai, she was still

a high school kid at Kwato. I asked the doctor about Selina. "You know I shouldn't tell you, Mackellar," she said, "you're not her immediate family."

"But I'm close enough," I said, "and I think I am as close to her now, as I was to you, when you were still at Kwato and I used to catch you stealing guavas from the tree in my garden in Samarai. Remember?"

And of course, she did remember. She gave me a shy Mona Lisa smile, and without actually breaking her Hippocratic oath, she turned her clipboard around, so I could read Selina's file. It was mostly medical gobbledegook to me, but I saw enough to know that Selina was only just alive.

"Will she live?" I asked tentatively.

"Yes," the doctor said, "given time, she will make a good recovery."

"Call me every day," I said, "and let me know how she is."

"I will," the doctor said. And she did. Because she was part of the family too.

And the most amazing consequence of this episode, was that no one said anything to me about it. Every policeman in Port Moresby must have known what had happened to Selina, and why. And of course the court reporters would also soon have known. And considering that our court house was always in the news because of the high profile defendants who were constantly appearing on traffic charges, Selina's story could certainly have been headlines in PNG and might even have made the Australian papers.

Yet, there was no mention of it in the media. It was not as if there had been a conspiracy of silence; it was more a case of a silence of compassion. The spectre of this horrible retribution upon Selina by her own family, had struck everyone mute. Not even the Chief Magistrate said anything to me about it. There was no discussion about it in the court house, and no one outside the court house ever mentioned anything to me about it. In fact, the only official report I ever heard of this matter was that it apparently appeared as a short item in the Prime Minister's daily intelligence briefing, as "an incident involving the staff at Ela Beach Court House" to which, I later heard, the PM had simply commented, "Ah well, they're doing a good job there, so let them handle it."

By "them" of course, he meant me. And despite this cloak of silence which seemed to have enveloped this awesome event, I soon got the feeling that everyone seemed to be waiting to see if I would do anything about it. There was no pressure on me to do anything, it was just that I got the feeling that the decision on what if anything was to be done, was entirely up to me. Certainly, one phone call from me would have initiated a series of prosecutions; firstly against Selina and possibly the boyfriend for the theft of the money, and secondly against her brother and possibly her father for assaulting her. And since we were in the business of dispensing justice from Ela Beach Court House, a series of prosecutions would seem to have been the logical consequence of this chain of events.

But the money had been refunded, so the auditors were no longer interested, and considering the beating Selina had received by way of punishment from her own family, I doubted if any court would ever have punished her further. And since Selina never would have complained against her brother, I also doubted if any prosecution against him would have been successful. Any decent lawyer could have argued native custom, diminished responsibility, crime of passion and all that, and with no actual complainant, the whole process would have been a waste of time.

So, in the end, I did nothing, and life at the court house continued as normal; as normal as it could have been that is, without Selina. But it was business as usual, and we continued to get through our staggering case load, and the traffic police continued to drop in and chat up our court house girls, and take the summonses and warrants off as usual, and serve them the same day, just as though Selina was still there.

*Continued on page 40*



## "THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PAPUANS"

A film review by J B Toner

Few film documentaries of PNG are made so one is always attracted to something new. A recent series on ABC TV explored lives of sophisticated airline personnel returning to their village birthplace for family visits. It was well done but did not really hold my attention, contrary to my experience with "Joe Leahy's Neighbours" and "Black Harvest". These were the product of lengthy stays by Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson in Mt Hagen and were fascinating. Leaving aside the Leahy scion's problems, the dilemma of one Popina Mai who put everything he had into becoming a Big Man only to have the venture crash about his ears was genuinely touching.

The most amusing film, "Tinpis", was produced by the French and it had a modest story line and some fine moments. Who would forget the parliamentary candidate on Karkar Island haranguing the throng - "Mi laik lukautim gut of man bilong grass roots". This causing the small boys to march along the beach shouting "Grass roots! Grass roots!"

I'm unsure of the French for "Have camera, will travel" but the 'Global Village' programme on SBS TV each afternoon which is produced in Paris indicates their interest in customary life worldwide. On Christmas Eve the ABC showed an hour-long film from France with English subtitles called "The Gospel according to Papuans", and wantoks might be interested in a comment as no doubt it will reappear on screen.

The splendid physiognomy of the Huli men of the Southern Highlands has attracted photographers since Jim Sinclair began recording their painted faces in the Fifties. The French film dwells a little on the faces and Bird of Paradise plumes but is centred on a hamlet 90 minutes drive from Tari where four middle-aged 'warriors' are to be baptised. I recount some incidents.

Ghini is somewhat reminiscent of poor Popina Mai. He makes a huge physical and financial effort to construct a substantial church - or chapel since it is Methodist - but when the time comes and he fails to be formally ushered into the building first, he goes off in a tantrum complaining that Satan must be in charge of protocol. This accords with the flare-ups of screaming rage and foot-stamping which Sinclair encountered with his Hulis, or Huris as termed at the time, when he was establishing the Koroba sub-district in 1955 (Chap 13, "Kiap").

A native pastor brings Ghini back but another (there are no Europeans in the film) delivers a homily through a megaphone to the effect that if people do not give up their bows and arrows the Police will come and kill their pigs.

Baptism entails full immersion in a river but before going under those chilly waters Ghini affirms that he will stop fighting. (He claims to have killed 100 men but we have all met his kind before. Ten victims could be an overestimate.) When Tondale's turn comes he says that he wasn't a bad man and confesses only to indulgence in adultery and lust. He adds mournfully, "I don't know if Baptism will solve my lust problem". And so say all of us?

So there is much for wantoks to smile at but the film poises on the brink, without actually going down that road, of saying what chumps these natives are to embrace Christianity. The religious correspondent of *The Australian*, Fr. Murray, in his review of the film rails against missionary scalp-collecting amongst the Highlands tribes and refers to 'rice Christians'. However, nothing is offered in the film except Salvation.

Mateship certainly influences human affairs including Conversion and we see three of the star characters sticking together but Wandipe finally decides not to be baptised. Thomas Balmes, the film-maker, is now preparing a sequel so one result of the injunction "Go ye and teach all nations" should be seen on TV by the end of this year. Those of us who have now met the Huli quartet will be interested to see how they have been coping with the Ten Commandments.

## EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS

**Don Barnes** of Mitcham SA has sent another batch of photos taken from the late '40s to the mid '60s, with detailed descriptions of events - a number of these concern road making. The photograph on the opposite page was taken in 1954 and shows the official opening of the first bridge across the Markham River. The bridge consisted mainly of ex



**First bridge over the Markham River  
Dept of Information photograph taken Sept 1959**

Markham by ex-army barges, from muddy Labu. This method was very expensive and unsatisfactory for all concerned.

The photograph below, dated July 1966, was taken halfway up the Kassam Pass which is between Lae and Kainantu en route to Goroka and Mt Hagen. There is a truck roughly in the centre of the picture. Don said the ground was mostly sand and clay, which meant road making was relatively simple, but maintenance was constant and very expensive. The first layer of bitumen was put on in 1975, Don thought.



**Halfway up the Kassam Pass, July 1966**

army Bailey bridges bolted together. Huge hardwood piles were imported from Australia. Don said this bridge lasted only a few years and then it was wrecked by floodwaters roaring down the Markham. The replacement bridge was still in use when Don left PNG in February 1976. Prior to 1954 all traffic from Lae to Bulolo and Wau was carried across the mouth of the



**Official opening of the first bridge across the Markham River, 1954**  
**Brigadier Cleland (Sir Donald) is inspecting the guard of honour of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary. Mr Niall (Sir Horace) is in the centre of the guard. (The bridge is behind the photographer - the road he is looking along was cut through swamps)**

## JACK HIDES, A SON OF PAPUA WHO GAVE HIS LIFE TO PAPUA

by James Sinclair

In the remote inland Southern Highlands Province of Papua New Guinea there is a large geological structure bearing the name, Hides. Gas from the Hides structure is being supplied to the Porgera mine, some 70 km to the north-east. A licence over the Hides gas discovery was granted in November, 1980. The current licensees are British Petroleum, Esso and Oil Search Ltd. Famous names.

But who was the Hides after whom the structure was named? He was a young man who achieved world fame during his brief life, a son of Papua who gave his life to Papua, and the search for gold.

Jack Gordon Hides was born in Port Moresby in June 1906, one of the sons of roads overseer Horace Herbert Hides. From boyhood Jack was fascinated by the deeds of famous "outside men" like C.A.W. Monckton and Leo Austen, and he vowed that he, too, would become a patrol officer and discover new lands and new tribes. Hides joined the Papuan Public Service in July 1925. He became a patrol officer in 1928, and assistant resident magistrate in 1934. He rapidly made a name for himself with a series of arduous patrols into the Papuan interior, and in September 1934 was chosen by Sir Hubert Murray to lead an expedition into the last remaining unexplored country in Papua, between the Strickland and Purari Rivers.

ARM Hides and his companion, Patrol Officer Jim O'Malley, left Daru by launch on January 1, 1935. They ascended the Strickland to the junction with the Rentoul, and with 10 police and 28 carriers crossed the Great Papuan Plateau and became the first white men to encounter the wig-wearing tribes of the Southern Highlands. They crossed the Tari Basin, entered the Wage and Nembi Valleys and marched on to the Erave and via the Samberigi Valley to Kikori, which they reached on June 17, 1935.

Unfortunately, the patrol was involved in a series of armed clashes with the new tribes they encountered. At least 32 attacking tribesmen were shot dead by police rifles. No member of the patrol was injured, but one police constable and one carrier died from cold and exhaustion. Sir Hubert Murray called this great Strickland-Purari Patrol one of the most difficult and dangerous ever carried out in Papua. It was the last major exploratory patrol to be carried out in the old way, without radio or aerial assistance.

### Extraordinary attention

The patrol attracted the most extraordinary media attention in Australia, and overseas. Overnight, Jack Hides became a popular hero. He was called upon to give a series of lectures, and wherever he appeared the public were enthralled. His first book *"Through Wildest Papua"* (on his earlier patrols) became a best seller. His *"Papuan Wonderland"*, on the Strickland-Purari Patrol, was likewise a tremendous success. Hides had only limited education, but he was a natural writer, with a vivid turn of phrase.

In 1936, Jack Hides resigned from the Papuan Administration. He was no prospector, but he thought he had discovered traces of gold during his epic patrol. He convinced an influential group of Sydney financiers to form a company, Investors Limited, to back his attempt to locate the gold.

With a companion, David Lyall, Hides set out from Daru in February, 1937. His party was equipped with the best that money could buy. Dave Lyall had worked on the Morobe Goldfield and although not an experienced prospector, he at least knew a lot more than Hides.

For month after month the expedition ascended the Strickland, slowly staging their supplies from camp to camp. They were in reach of their goal when, in early August, Lyall fell dangerously ill, vomiting blood. It was only then that Jack Hides learned that his young companion had a history of stomach ulcers.

Hides abandoned the expedition and began a frantic dash for the coast in a vain effort to save the life of his friend. It was a gallant, but grim and bitter retreat. All but essential equipment was abandoned. Food ran out, and starvation threatened. Along the way five carriers died of beri-beri. Dave Lyall died at Daru on September 16, 1937, and was buried there.

Hides' own health was shattered by his experiences. He returned to Sydney to try and recover. Mineral samples that he brought back proved worthless, but his backers, Investors Limited, still had faith in Jack Hides, and he planned to make another attempt to find his gold.

Restless, ill, desperately unhappy, blaming himself for the death of Lyall, Hides wrote a book, *Savages in Serge*, in an effort to take his mind from his problems. He wrote another on the expedition which he called *Beyond the Kubea*. The dedication read: "To David Lyall, whose courage and fortitude make memorable those last tragic days".

Hides applied to the Secretary of the Prime Minister's Department for the position of Administrator of Nauru. His letter of application was very brief:

"Sir, May I ask you to consider me as an applicant for the Administratorship of Nauru. I feel that the service I have rendered Australia and New Guinea is sufficient to entitle me to such consideration, Jack G. Hides".

But time had just about run out for Jack Hides. One wet night he attended a Board meeting of Investors Limited to discuss another expedition to the Strickland headwaters country. The meeting over, Hides took a taxi to Lindfield and then decided to walk the rest of the way home. He was a fine athlete, a noted swimmer and boxer in his earlier days, and he liked walking. A sudden rainstorm drenched him, and he caught a slight chill. His young wife, Marguerite (whom he had married in 1932) called in a doctor, who diagnosed pneumonia. Hides was immediately admitted to a private hospital in Darlinghurst, but he had been so weakened by his privations on the Strickland that he had no strength to fight his disease. On June 19, Jack Hides died, just before his 32<sup>nd</sup> birthday.

*Beyond the Kubea* was published posthumously. The gold of the Strickland had claimed him, just as surely as it had claimed Dave Lyall.

It is fitting that the name of Jack Hides has been perpetuated in the Hides structure, in the heart of the country that he was the first white man to penetrate.

(Our thanks to "PNG Resources" 3rd Quarter, 1997 and to author Jim Sinclair for permission to reprint this article.)

\*\*\*\*\*

**HELP WANTED:** Carol Sakey of Scone NSW wrote: "I am interested in contacting anyone who knew, or knew of, any LYALLs in PNG. My grandfather Dave LYALL worked as plantation manager - I believe at "Arawa", Gasmata, British New Guinea - during the 1920s. In 1934 he died at Edie Creek at the El Dorado gold mine which he owned at that time. I do not know where he is buried. Possibly at Wau?"

His son, Dave LYALL Jnr, who walked from Salamaua to the goldfields at Edie Creek in 1926 when he was 15 years of age, suffered from the effects of beri-beri whilst on an expedition to search for gold and to explore the Strickland River with Jack HIDES. Dave died at Daru Mission and was buried there in 1937. Jack Hides died two years later as a result of the expedition. I have read the book *Beyond the Kubea* by J. Hides which tells the story of their expedition, and contacted his son who unfortunately knows nothing about his father. I am also interested in finding out any information about Mrs F.E. LYALL who was listed in the April 1942 Pacific Islands Monthly (PIM) in the list of evacuees and Archie LYALL who is listed in the PIM Vol 23 in the obituaries."

Please contact Carol at "Tingara" Gundy Road, Scone NSW 2337.

Ph 02 6545 1038, email: [sakey@hunterlink.net.au](mailto:sakey@hunterlink.net.au)



**WANTED TO BUY**

Pacific Island, New Guinea and Aboriginal Art and Artefacts.  
Only Material collected before 1960. Top prices paid. Will travel  
anywhere in NSW and Queensland.

Please contact Bill Evans (member Antique Dealers Association of Australia)  
Caspian Gallery, 469 Oxford Street, Paddington NSW 2021  
telephone 02 9331 4260, fax 02 9360 1385. Outside Sydney free call 1800 818 056

**SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY - PAPUA NEW GUINEA REVISITED**

by Peter Skinner

*(Author's note: I first went to Papua New Guinea in 1946, at age four months in the arms of my mother, Marie, and with my older brother, David, about five years old. We were joining my father, Ian, then assistant district officer at Kainantu.*

*My parents has been in pre-war PNG in the late 1930s, and now World War II was over they were returning to the country that I would call home for the next 20 years, and to some extent still do. For my father, returning to the highlands of PNG was going back to an area he had walked into back in 1938. At that time, according to published accounts of the period, he was one of only four Australian Administration officers in the highlands area pre-war and, after serving in the Middle East and later as a coastwatcher on New Britain, the only one to survive the war.*

*After some 20 years in Papua, I left in 1966; and now, in August 1999, I was returning on a short but memorable trip. From every aspect it was a sentimental journey, especially returning to Mount Hagen in the Western Highlands Province.)*

August 18, 1999: Our Australian pilot reported that the Wahgi Valley was fogged in and it was possible we couldn't land in Mount Hagen. If we couldn't land, he said, our flight from Port Moresby would be diverted to Madang on the coast to await better conditions. That was just fine by me. Madang, one of the prettiest of all towns in Papua New Guinea, held great significance to the Skinner family. And although I had last been there in the late 1950s a quick side trip would've been a bonus.

As the Air Niugini 60-seater Fokker F28 jet circled, the pilots looking for a break that would allow us to land at the Mount Hagen International Airport at Kagamuga, my memory bank was working overtime. Here I was in a jet aircraft returning to a place that I once called home. The numerous times as a school boy, either returning from Australia for holidays or on a trip to some other remote part of PNG, when I had flown in this same area, it had been in the venerable DC3 or a noisy single-engine Beaver, a DeHaviland Dragon, or Norseman, or even once in a German ex-military plane, the Junkers operated by Gibbes Sepik Airways.

Now I was in a jet! Times certainly had changed in this country which was referred to as "The Land that Time Forgot" and the title of the book by the legendary gold prospector/explorer/adventurer Mick Leahy, one of the first white men to walk into these highlands and whose film "First Contact" has been shown numerous times on US television. As a child, I had known two of the Leahy brothers, Mick and Dan, and also the great Jim Taylor, all good friends of my parents, and many times had flown over the rugged terrain where they had walked in the 1930s. In 1938, my father Ian, then a cadet



patrol officer and 23 years old, had also walked into this place, conducting the first official census in parts of the Eastern Highlands and en route climbing the country's highest mountain, Mt. Wilhelm, that same year.

And Madang, the coastal town to which we might be diverted, was where my mother had first arrived in New Guinea in 1939. Two years of separation from my father after only two days of marriage in September 1937 was enough for this plucky woman. She got herself to New Guinea, reported to the district officer, my father's boss, who was outraged (cadet patrol officers were not allowed to be married!) but condescended to let her have a grass hut to stay in while Dad, who was sent word by runner that his wife had arrived, walked in to Madang. What was normally an eight-day walk, took him less than four days. That whole episode is a story in itself but there is not space here for that.

Madang was also the town where my sister Julie-Marie was born in 1956 and where I had lived for a few years prior to that. So yes, a side trip to Madang would've been fine by me.

But of all the places that we lived in Papua New Guinea, Mount Hagen held the most vivid and fond memories. And for me this return trip, which had eventuated through a series of coincidences, was unexpected and full of anticipation. In 1998 I had met an Australian expat., Bob Bates, in Los Angeles at the Dive Equipment and Marketing Association convention. Bob, a long-time Papua New Guinea resident, and who knew my father from the mid-1960s, and his wife Pam run one of the country's best known tourist operations, Trans Niugini Tours, based in Mount Hagen. He encouraged me to visit. Similar encouragement had long come from my sister Julie-Marie, a lawyer who had returned to live and work in the country's capital, Port Moresby.

I couldn't resist and timed my visit home - the first since 1966 - to coincide with one of the great cultural events that PNG offers: the Mount Hagen Cultural Show, which had evolved from the original Mount Hagen singsings, which my father had started back in the late 1950s, early '60s, when he was the District Commissioner of the Western Highlands. It was nice to see that fact documented in the official 1999 Hagen Show brochure.

The Fokker's jet engines screamed as we dropped below clouds and then climbed again. It might be the jet age, but landing on an airstrip in the highlands hadn't changed that much. I was glad my wife Cilla wasn't with me: she would have been a nervous wreck! Through breaks in the clouds I could see sights that were so familiar and years ago taken for granted but now seen in a different light and truly appreciated: bamboo and grass-roofed huts on ridges, strategically built on high ground so anyone approaching could be seen easily; dirt trails and footpaths snaking and coiling their way up steep mountains and along black-soil ridges; the quilt-like layout of orderly kaukau gardens, evidence that these people of the New Guinea highlands are great agriculturists; small fields of sugar cane; and as far as the eye could see, kunai plains and groves of pit-pit (wild sugar cane) and bamboo.

Through it all the mighty Wahgi River turned and twisted, its bends looking like a giant python sliding through the valley that bore its name. And as we made one final approach, the fog and mist cleared, our plane touched down on the tarmac of the Kagamuga airport, a far cry from the grass and gravel airstrip which was once the landing field in Mount Hagen.

Met at the airport by Bob Bates's brother John, who was helping out with meet-and-greets and transport for visitors to the Mount Hagen Show, it wasn't long before we were driving back into Mount Hagen, about eight miles distant. Things had changed! Where there had once been bush, native gardens, trees, and kunai, now were sheds and markets, industry, and commerce, thousands of people along the sealed highway, plastic bags littering the landscape - all the trappings of progress. It was disconcerting, and

somewhat disappointing. But on looking over the signs of development, up to the mountain slopes which line this majestic river valley, one can see how it was, and still is in most areas.

While the Hagen Show was one of my main objectives, another was trying to find an old childhood friend, Den Kingal, whose father had been a policeman working with the Australian administration. I had last seen Den in 1964 when I was on my way back to Australia from Mendi in the Southern Highlands, and had landed in Mount Hagen en route. Somehow, Den knew I was going to be there and we spent a few hours together. Prior to that, the last time had been in 1958. As youngsters, we were a sort of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn; a young white boy and his black friend who hunted ducks, made rafts and floated down wild rivers, hiked through wilderness areas, and camped out.

Dad never seemed too concerned about my wanderings in the wilderness, carrying a 12-gauge shotgun that was almost as tall as me. Mum, on the other hand, was convinced that disaster lurked around the next bend in the river, or behind the next patch of pit-pit. She was probably right; but somehow we all came through it relatively unscathed.

On one occasion Den, my older brother David, a native policeman, our house boy, Olon, and I walked over the Wahgi/Sepik divide, I guess about 7,500-8,000 ft. high, into the Jimi River Valley to explore and hunt. Our departure point was near Tremearne and it took about two days to walk in. We hired carriers from two different tribes to carry our gear through their territory, and were gone for about 10 days. Den and I were about 11 or 12, my brother about 15 or 16.

Prior to that trip, David and I had accompanied our father on a longer patrol into Tabibuga, HQ for the Jimi River area, where patrol officer Barry Griffin was in charge. Barry, one of my childhood heroes, seemed almost a member of our family. Not only was he a tough and respected kiap, he was also a star of the Madang rugby league team when Dad was the team coach, an attribute that endeared him to the Skinner family. Barry also received some notoriety and fame through various books and films by the English naturalist David Attenborough. Ironically, when my parents died within six days of each other on the Gold Coast in February 1993, Barry died less than a week later in Brisbane.

In Hagen, the saga of finding my old mate Den - which I did once my sister Julie flew up from Port Moresby to join me in Mount Hagen - was quite convoluted, and involved numerous people who passed us through a line of contacts. But find him I did - after dark, it was raining, and in a village. Den came out of his house, saw me standing in the illumination of a floodlight and exclaimed, "Peter! It's you!" Some 35-40 years slipped away in an instant. Over the next few days we saw each other several times and we met all his family; his mother, Gent, was still alive and exuberant; sadly, his father had died. The tales and memories that Den and I exchanged over those few days comprise yet another story, and one that I will write one day. As kids we were not too concerned with the more serious things of life; they were left to people such as our parents and others responsible for administration, law, order, and justice. We simply had one of the world's greatest playgrounds at our disposal and we did our best to make the most of it. In retrospect, and in remembering the many parties at the DC's Residence and in the primary school-cum-Mount Hagen Country Club, I suspect that many of the adults in PNG had a not-too-different outlook. I think they were pretty good times.

Having found Den, one of my missions was accomplished. The other, celebrating and photographing the Mount Hagen Show, was one of the most excitement-packed and fulfilling two days of photography that I can ever recall. "The Greatest Show on Earth" is a saying bordering on the hackneyed, but one of the visitors I met at the 1999 Mount Hagen Cultural Show - Australian photojournalist and author, David Kirkland I believe - described it as such and I am not going to argue.

Anyone who has ever been to a major singsing will remember the sights and

sounds and I won't go into great detail here. True, the Hagen Show today is somewhat different from the days when thousands of tribespeople from around Hagen would come into town in their thousands to congregate on the airstrip. The 1999 show certainly had thousands of participants and spectators - and more than 50 cultural groups representing highlands and coastal tribes - with more diversity than the old singsings. During almost 20 years in the USA, I have been fortunate to have travelled to quite a few different countries including East Africa and Mexico, and nothing I have seen, photographed, or written about has outshone the Hagen Show. Okay, because of my background I am biased, I'll admit it.

While Hagen has changed a lot - they now have traffic jams! - some of the old place was still there including the DC's Residence, which my father had built complete with a guest house for the numerous visitors who seemed to descend upon us. At any given time we would have people such as David Attenborough or Chief Justice Gore, United Nations officials, authors, artists, and film crews staying for a few days. Mum, who had to play the gracious hostess, got a bit sick of it and I think she welcomed the day when Rose Allen, wife of District Officer Bill Allen, took over some of the "Hagen Hospitality Industry." I seem to remember that our house was something of a hotel, but we sure had some interesting guests! When Attenborough was with us, prior to walking in to the Jimi River to film *Birds of Paradise* where he was taken under the wing of Barry Griffin, he was keen to take some of my pets back to the London Zoo. I wouldn't part with my tree kangaroo, my cockatoo George, or Pepperpot the parrot, but I did give him a possum which he promised to name Peter. He also invited me to come to London and see how the possum was faring. One day I am going to take him up on that! We'll see how good his memory is.

The bronze Hagen Eagle stands on a hill, where the original DC's Residence was I believe. After we moved from there to the new house, Bill and Rose Allen moved in, which paved the way to their becoming more involved in hosting visitors to Hagen, a welcome relief for my mother; the house is no longer there now of course. Julie and I discussed the Hagen Eagle's getting to Mount Hagen and, while we don't have record of this, from what Mum told us, in her inimitable story-telling style, a plantation owner in Madang brought in a hessian bag to the Madang Hotel and gave it to Mum (who was down there for pre-natal care while pregnant with Julie in 1956).

Apparently his official hand over to her was along the lines of: "Here Marie; Ian might want this." And of course Dad did! In due course the Hagen Eagle, which had been on the gravestone of former German New Guinea Administrator Kurt Von Hagen found its way to the Western Highlands town named after him. From memory, my Dad's response when asked how it got to Hagen was: "It flew here." And it did; probably in a DC3 as unofficial cargo.

While in Mount Hagen, Julie and I also tracked down Sir Wamp Wan, now an old man whose health is not the best and who is bitter about the fate of his country. Sir Wamp, a friend of my Dad's for many years (they first met in 1938 when Dad walked into Hagen), rued the fact that PNG had gained independence so soon. He blamed outside pressures - and a push from coastal areas of PNG - for the country becoming independent prematurely. Sir Wamp, now living in his village, where he is being tended by his daughter Susan, admitted one main goal in his twilight years - reaching the year 2000. Julie and I wished him well and left, not without a touch of sadness. He had been a great leader of his people and had walked a path between a stone age culture and the 20th century with dignity and diplomacy; winning respect from all sides in the process.

No memories of Mount Hagen are complete without thoughts of Danny Leahy and the hilltop homestead at Kuta. Kuta was always a favourite place for town visitors and I can remember many trips in four-wheel drive vehicles up that twisty, muddy road - often

in conditions less than ideal - and I know there are many tales of Kuta Days out there. By chance, while at the Mount Hagen Country Club (about whose beginnings Chips Mackellar so eloquently wrote in a previous edition of *Una Voce*) Julie and I met Joe Leahy and Bryan Leahy.

Bryan, one of Danny's children, now lives at Kogua, in the Leahy-owned house where Ron Pringle used to live. Bryan graciously took Julie and me to visit the old place. There we had a chance to pore through a copy of what is a valuable, and interesting PNG highlands document - the Kuta/Kogua Visitors' Book. As we leafed through the pages each came alive with names from the past. Ivan Champion, Jack Fox and his sons, John and Tom (who were childhood friends of mine), the Mayos of Mayo Clinic fame (Dan had sought treatment for his eyes at the American clinic), the Clelands, Chips Mackellar, the Yellands, Bill and Rose Allen, Ian and Marie Skinner and hundreds, perhaps thousands of names. A page from Boxing Day, 1955, caught our eye. Among the signatures that day were those of my parents (Mum wrote: "Mt. Hagen - Home on De-Ranged"; Dad's comment was: "They didn't have a visitors' book in 1938"); Audrey Blythe, Esma Camps, Olga and Nep Blood, Mrs Pat Toole (a well-known woman pilot) and her husband, Patrick Toole, the Yellands, and M.L. "Chips" Mackellar. Ah, the stories that visitors' book could tell!

Bryan, very smartly, has stored the original book in a bank vault in Australia, and what we looked through was a copy.

Our time in Mount Hagen was short, and before long it seemed I was on a plane heading back to Port Moresby, where I was fortunate enough to be invited to a dinner party hosted by a former kiap Ron Hiatt and his wife Patti, both good friends of Julie's. The party was attended by, among others, Jim Taylor's older daughter, Daisy, and her son Jack and his wife Debbie. Given the history between our families, going back to the late 1930s, that get together was a special treat.

I left PNG, homeward bound to the United States, with mixed emotions. Elated at some aspects, such as sharing the experience of revisiting Mount Hagen with Julie-Marie, and catching up with friends and places from a time now past; and also disappointed at existing conditions in the country that once was home. I know we shouldn't live in the past; but when that past is based on a very different, almost unique, period in history, perhaps we should be allowed some indulgence. Having been back once, I would jump at the chance to return again.

*(Peter Skinner and his wife Priscilla live in Anacortes, Washington State, USA. They went to the USA in late 1980 for a seven-week trip and are still there. He is communications director for the American Society of Media Photographers, one of the leading trade associations for professional photographers in the world. Peter is also gathering information about the "Skinners in PNG" era and would be most grateful for any anecdotes that friends of his parents can provide. This is mainly for a family history but could evolve beyond that. His address is: PO Box 652, Anacortes, WA 98221, USA. E-m: [pskinner@cnw.com](mailto:pskinner@cnw.com).)*

\*\*\*\*\*

**HELP WANTED:** The Pacific Manuscripts Bureau is very interested in locating papers of expatriate Australians who lived in Papua New Guinea. **The Bureau would welcome any information on the whereabouts of personal and/or official papers, particularly copies of pre-war patrol reports from New Guinea.** The Bureau does not wish to take custody of such papers, only note their existence and in some cases, with the permission of the custodian, microfilm them to ensure their long term preservation. Please contact Ewan Maidment, PMB Executive Officer, RSPAS, Australian National University, Canberra ACT 0200. Ph 02 6249 2521; Fax 02 6249 0198; Email [pambu@coombs.anu.edu.au](mailto:pambu@coombs.anu.edu.au)

## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

**BILL NEWTON V.C. - The Short Life of a RAAF Hero by Mark Weate**

Reviewed by Bill Wright

Mark Weate has given us the biography of a remarkable and personable young man who lived life to the full. Growing up in Melbourne he had an active sporting and social life. He showed a desire to fly before World War II and joined the RAAF in early 1940 - for some years instructing at various flying schools. With two older brothers in the Army and Navy respectively he was itching to get into action - finally being posted to No. 22 Squadron and on to Port Moresby when the Japanese were approaching. Flight Lieut. Bill Newton faced the enemy for the first time on New Year's Day 1943 strafing near Buna. This was the pattern of life for him from then on - his heroic deeds have been well documented through the book. His Citation in recommending the V.C. describes his tenacious courage as being unequalled and an inspiration to others. He had always had a hint of larrikinism and a daredevil attitude and that manifested in the great hero that he became. He knew what he had to do and he did it. I salute Bill Newton - Please read the book to understand why he was awarded the V.C.

Aust. Military History Publications, 13 Veronica Pl., Loftus NSW 2232, ph 02 9542 6771  
Fax 02 9542 6787. 95pp, maps/photos, index, h/cover, \$30 (incl. postage Aust.)

(Bill Wright - ex Flight Lieut. RAAF Spitfire 457 & 79 Sqdn, United Kingdom and New Guinea)

**THIRTY YEARS IN THE SOUTH SEAS by Richard Parkinson (English translation)**

Richard Parkinson's *Dreissig Jahre in der Südsee* was first published in 1907. In this work, Parkinson drew together and expanded on the scientific and popular papers he had been publishing since 1887, creating in the process a landmark ethnography of the Bismarck Archipelago. This translation is the first unabridged version in English.

Parkinson was the brother-in-law of Queen Emma of Rabaul fame, and moved to New Britain in 1879, only seven years after the first trader had established himself in the area. Over the next thirty years, he employed many local people on the family's expanding plantations, and travelled widely in the area, trading for produce (especially coconuts), observing traditional life, and buying artefacts for museums in Europe, USA and Australia. His travels covered the islands now known as New Britain, New Ireland, New Hanover, Manus, and Buka and Bougainville, but he also collected information about the mainland of New Guinea (Kaiser Wilhelmsland). It is clear he talked extensively with people - though mostly with a translator - and compared accounts. He also took many photographs, some 200 of which were included in the volume.

What is particularly important about this work is the period in which it was written. While Parkinson may never have been the first contact of any local people, he was clearly among the first, and observed many societies before they were extensively incorporated into the Western economy, or missionised.

This translation has been undertaken over five years by John Dennison (University of Otago). The translation contains an accurate transcription of all Parkinson's linguistic work, and all the illustrations. An extensive introduction to 'the German Professor', as he was known, has been prepared by Dr Jim Specht (Australian Museum, Sydney).

Ian Boden reviewed this book in *The National Weekender* of 21 January 2000. Ian said that many readers would wonder what a self-respecting German scholar was doing with the unlikely name of Richard Parkinson. The explanation came from Dr Specht's introduction. Ian wrote, "It seems that [Richard Parkinson] was born in the Duchy of Schleswig in 1844, then as now a part of Denmark. His father is believed to have been the Duke of Augustenborg on the isle of Als, while his mother was Louise Bruning, a lady-in-waiting to the Duke's wife. Apparently, the Duke was loath to admit to having



an illegitimate son, so he forced the English-born manager of his horse stud, Richard Parkinson, to marry Louise. The Englishman did so, then left the Duke's employ and Schleswig. Fortunately for young Richard, the Duke took an interest in him, and he obtained schooling and possibly a university education."

xxxviii + 378pp, h/cover, 197 photos, Standard edition - \$89.95 plus postage, Deluxe \$249.95 plus postage (Aust. postage: \$7). Published in association with Oceania Publications (Univ. of Sydney). Available from Crawford House Publishing, PO Box 1484, Bathurst NSW 2795. Ph 02 6332 2677, Fax 02 6332 2654.

#### **CONTEMPORARY ART IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA** by Susan Cochrane

This book explores the contemporary world of Papua New Guinea seen through the eyes of its artists. The artworks are representative of 20 years development in contemporary art. Subjects covered in the book include: the antecedents of the contemporary art movement; important individual artists and their works; women and their forms of artistic expression; art in public places. There is a section on *bilas* (body decoration) by PNG artist/academic Michael Mel. 120 plates in colour, 50 colour photos, 168pp, h/cover. Craftsman House, 42-44 Chandos St., St Leonards NSW 2065. Ph 02 9966 8400, Fax 9966 0355, [Email: khill@gbpub.com.au](mailto:khill@gbpub.com.au) Special offer to members - \$64 plus \$8 postage

#### **AND THEN THERE WERE TWO** by Lionel Veale

Unlike Lionel Veale's first book, "Wewak Mission", this new book is a novel, however it is still based on Lionel's WWII Coastwatcher/Commando experiences in the Australian forces (he took part in six Coastwatching missions during WWII).

Reviewing the book, Dr Eric Lindgren wrote, "The story follows the events of the early period of the Japanese occupation of the Morobe coast. Their conquest of Lae, the establishment of bases along the coast, their increasing penetration of the inland areas and the role of individuals such as Lionel Veale are woven into a narrative which reflects the reality of his first hand experiences. It is an understated love story, interweaving the lives of two young people in the formative years of their adulthood, and in the most terrifying times this country has ever encountered.... For one who knows the country, it will bring back vivid memories of the land and its people. I can recommend it!"

Available from L. P. Veale, PO Box 408, Ashmore City, Qld 4214. Regular price \$35(+postage), members' price \$25 plus \$8 postage within Australia. (H/cover)

(Limited copies of *Wewak Mission* still available.)

*Dr Lindgren writes for Air Niugini's Paradise Magazine, Air Vanuatu's Island Spirit and Brisbane's map magazine.*

#### **GOODBYE TO THE TERRITORY** No ken kam bek! An autobiography by Jim Allen

Jim Allen, a respected geologist with 20 years' experience in PNG, wrote his autobiography as part of the rehabilitation process during his slow recovery from serious brain damage sustained after an air crash at Gurney in the Milne Bay District in November 1991. Unconscious for twelve weeks and following major brain surgery, he gradually emerged into a new world with no recollection of a colourful past. Over the months that followed events drifted back. It was during this period that he was encouraged to begin recording these returning memories in order to help build a new sense of self out of the oblivion. This book is testimony to the enormous effort and tenacity which has been the hallmark of his recovery. (*Any profit from the sale of the book will be donated to the Coorabel Brain Injury Rehabilitation Unit at the Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney.*) 125pp, softcover, illus, maps. Available from the author, 16 Orlando Avenue, Mosman NSW 2088, Ph 02 9953 7605 - \$20



## NEWS FROM PACIFIC BOOKHOUSE

Bill McGrath is offering financial members a 10% discount until the end of March on the books listed below (except the last one), or any books from their book stock on the electronic catalogues on their web page, address [www.pacificbookhouse.com.au](http://www.pacificbookhouse.com.au) Please add \$8 postage for the first book, plus \$3 per book thereafter.

Pacific Book House is at 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, Gold Coast, Qld 4218. Ph 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114 Email: [mcgrath@pacificbookhouse.com.au](mailto:mcgrath@pacificbookhouse.com.au)

### **MacARTHUR'S JUNGLE WAR, The 1944 New Guinea Campaign - Aitape - Admiralty Islands - Hollandia - Dutch New Guinea - Biak** by Stephen R Taaffe

The New Guinea campaign has gone down in history as one of MacArthur's shining successes. This is the definitive history of that assault, it offers a balanced assessment of MacArthur's leadership and limitations, revealing his reliance on familiar battle plans and showing the vital role that subordinates played in his victory. By successfully leapfrogging Japanese forces in New Guinea, MacArthur placed his armies in a position to fulfill his personal promise to liberate the Philippines. Taaffe discloses how MacArthur frequently deceived both his superiors and the public in order to promote his own agenda and examines errors the general would later repeat on a larger scale through the Korean War. University of Kansas, Wichita, 1998. pp. xii, 312, bibliog, index, h/cover, Aust\$29

### **HOSTAGES TO FREEDOM - The Fall of Rabaul, New Guinea 1941-1945**

by Peter Stone

This is an account of the turbulent war years (1941-1945) in Rabaul. It includes the devastating Japanese invasion in January 1942, pre-invasion bombing, the Tol massacre of 150 captured Australian soldiers, extraordinary escapes of over 600 Australian soldiers and civilians, plight of the missionaries, construction of over 300 km of tunnels, bombing and isolation of the Japanese garrison, execution of Chinese, Indian, American, British and Australian prisoners of war, right up to salvage of ships and war monuments. The author has relied greatly on personal narratives and first-hand accounts resulting in an easily read book which emphasises human courage and endeavour. pp572, extensive appendices, bibliog, index, 560 photos, 24 maps, charts and diagrams, h/cover, large format. Printed on 115 gsm gloss art paper. Just Released Revised Edition, Aust\$95

### **TAIM BILONG MASTA - The Australian Involvement in Papua New Guinea**

by Hank Nelson

This is a reprint of the 1990 New Edition. It is based on the ABC Radio series produced by Tim Bowden and tells the diverse stories of those Australians who went to Papua and New Guinea to administer, convert, plant, mine, marry, run a house and bring up children. People speak for themselves and Hank Nelson provides the continuity and comment, all against a background of photos, period advertising, newspaper clippings and documents. Australian Broadcasting Commission, Sydney, 1993. pp. 224, index, illus, photos, cardcover, Aust\$24

### **PLUMES FROM PARADISE - Trade cycles in outer Southeast Asia and their impact on New Guinea and nearby islands until 1920** by Pamela Swadling

This is an account of the Bird of Paradise trade from early times which involved New Guineans, Indonesians, Chinese, Europeans, hunters, traders, natural historians, officials, missionaries, planters, miners and adventurers of every kind. The plumes provide the connecting thread as the complex economic and political processes of the past 400 years are described. Historical photos, printed on quality art paper. PNG National Museum in association with Robert Brown & Associates, Brisbane 1996, pp. 352, bibliog, index, 65 figures, 40 plates, h/cover, Aust\$68

**OCEANIC ART Volumes I and II. Melanesia, Micronesia and Polynesia**

by **Anthony J P Meyer**

Perhaps the most important new publication on Oceanic Tribal Art in recent years, printed in full colour and duo-tone on heavy art paper. The majority of the artifacts illustrated have not been published previously and were photographed especially for this book. All artifacts are accompanied by detailed annotations, each area introduced by a short well written essay. Text in three columns, English, German, French. A definitive reference on Oceanic Art written by an eminent Parisian art dealer who has travelled extensively viewing private collections and public archives as well as making field trips to the islands. Konemann, Cologne, 1995. 640pp, maps, 731 plates in colour, cloth cover. The two volumes come in an illustrated slipcase; large format. Two volumes in slipcase - Aus\$99 (This is a very special price, so there is no discount for this.)

\*\*\*\*\*

**PAPUAN ADMINISTRATION NURSES OF WORLD WAR I**

by **Peter J Grimshaw**

Pat Johnson's excellent description of the dedication of the Australian Service Nurses National Memorial in Canberra on 2 October 1999 (*Una Voce*, No 4 1999 - December) reminded me of the contribution three nurses of the Papuan Administration made in World War I.

In researching material for the book I am writing on the history of the PNG Police I had noted that about one-third of Papua's Administration, or 45 personnel, enlisted in World War I. Three of this number were nurses who, similar to their menfolk colleagues, decided to accept the call to the colours. That such a large number of Administration personnel, from the small European population of Papua of 1914 enlisted is, in itself, a reflection of the sense of duty each shared. The descendants of the three nurses from Papua should be justly proud that the Australian Nurses Memorial recognises the care and succour their forebears provided men who had been maimed by war.

Details of the three nurses involved are:

**Ethel B. WILKINS:** Joined the Papua Administration on 10 April 1912, as Matron of the Port Moresby Public Hospital. At the time of her enlistment on 17 June 1915 she was aged 40 years and single. Appointed to the 1<sup>st</sup> Australian General Hospital as a staff nurse, she and her colleagues left Melbourne on 17 June 1915 aboard HMAT *Wandella* (A 62) for overseas. When the war ended she returned to the Papuan Administration, but resigned on 24 January 1920.

**Fanny Isabella HAMMERSLEY:** Joined the Papuan Administration on 25 June 1914 as Nurse at the Port Moresby European Hospital. At the time of her enlistment on 12 June 1915 she was aged 31 years and single. Appointed to the Convalescent Depot, Harefield Park, London, as a staff nurse she and her colleagues left Fremantle on 22 July 1915 aboard HMAT *Orsova* (A 67) for overseas. She returned to the Papuan Administration at the end of the war.

**Johanna FLEMMING:** Joined the Papuan Administration on 19 October 1914 and became Matron of the Samarai European Hospital. She enlisted on 1 April 1916 and was aged 29 years and single. Appointed to the 1<sup>st</sup> Australian General Hospital as a staff nurse she and her colleagues left Melbourne on 4 April 1916 aboard HMAT *Euripeales* (A 14) for overseas. She also returned to the Papuan Administration after the war.

"*Beyond all Praise*" is a fitting epitaph for the World War I nurses of Papua.

**HELP WANTED:** Dr Eric Lindgren wrote: I spent 25 years in PNG from 1969 to 1995 and worked for the Department of Environment & Conservation, and helped establish the 'War Museum' for the National Museum of PNG.

I recently went to the Kamiali Wildlife Management Area (WMA) for the Village Development Trust of Lae. The WMA is about 20km south of Salamaua on the coast. My brief was to investigate the birds and mammals of the area and to seek anything about WW2 which would add in attracting tourists to the Kamiali Guest House

While there my guides showed me the remains of some WW2 aircraft, and this is the point of this request - I wonder if anyone is able to give me further information on the identity of these aeroplanes and the circumstances of the crashes. They are all in the Fly Islands area. They are:

1)..... On the reef at Cape Roon. Said to be a C-47 but the unusual corrugated construction under the skin of the wing makes me doubt this. Two radial engines. Each engine has a double row of cylinders. None of the fuselage is present, though it apparently was very conspicuous until a few years ago.

I am told there were six survivors, who were picked up and taken to Lababia Village. The villagers looked after one with a broken leg for about six weeks, and the others walked back to Allied lines at Salamaua.

2)..... What appears to be an undercarriage strut and wheel rim on the edge of deep water at Bamaba Point. The possibility that the plane clipped the reef, leaving the strut behind, and is now in the deep water a few metres away should not be discounted. The village people described this as an 'engine', which put me off the scent for a while, until I saw the tubular strut, about 10 - 15cm in diameter. They know nothing about the crash.

3)..... There is a fighter aircraft in about 20 - 30 feet of water in a bay on Lasanga Island. I did not have any dive gear with me so could not investigate underwater. There is the right wing of a single engine aircraft (probably a radial-engine), facing to the right. The cockpit area is heavily encrusted with corals etc.

I was told the pilot, a ?US airman, escaped OK, having swum to Sangamado Point on Lasanga Island, where he was picked up by two villagers from Kui Village. They later took him to Salamaua. The rounded end of the wing looks to me like that of a P-47 but I have also been told by a scuba diver that it is a Japanese Zero, so ....?

4)..... My guides told me that Rodney Pearce, of Nuigini Diving, has dived on a 'twin-tail' somewhere north of the 'undercarriage-strut' at Bamaba Point. They say it was a US plane which was hit between the Francisco River and Tambu Bay and that it crash-landed in Hessen Bay. It apparently is too deep to see from the surface and scuba is needed. I did not see it.

5)..... I also did not see this one but I am told that a plane crashed almost vertically into a small freshwater lake near the Saia River mouth. It is only a few kilometres from the coast. We tried to get to it up a mangrove creek but could not reach the lake. I was told that only two years ago the tailplane was in good condition, still in the place of the original crash. No-one knows what happened to the survivors, if there were any. There were supposed to be a lot of crocodiles in the area so maybe they were eaten.

6)..... There were also reports of a plane lying on a kunai flat between Kaisinik and Skin Diwai, on the Wau Salamaua track. This may be well known as it appears to be fairly conspicuous.

I would appreciate any help readers could give me in identifying these planes; I am also looking for photos of them taken in the past for my report so if you have some or know of any contacts I would appreciate them also.

In anticipation, ERIC LINDGREN, 57 BUCKINGHAM ST, ST JOHNS WOOD, QLD 4060  
Tel: 07 3366 7502 Fax: 07 3366 7501 email: ericlind@ozemail.com.au

## NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Forty-ninth Annual General Meeting  
of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc  
will be held on **SUNDAY 30 APRIL 2000, at 11.30 a.m.**

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

### AGENDA:

1. Members present, and apologies;
2. Confirmation of Minutes of the 48th AGM (as circulated in June 1999 *Una Voce*)
3. Business arising from the Minutes;
4. President's Report;
5. Treasurer's Report and Financial Statement;
6. Correspondence;
7. Election of Executive Committee:

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

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

8. General discussion.

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

**A radio will be raffled during the function.**

Cancellations advised to Ross Johnson on 02 9876 6178 or Pamela Foley on 02 9428 2078 by Friday 28 April will secure full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers; after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend.

Parking is available at the Goulburn St parking station (cnr Goulburn and Elizabeth Sts) for \$5.00 flat rate between 9 am and 11 pm. The parking station is only 100 metres from the Club.

## FORM OF APPOINTMENT OF PROXY

I, ..... (full name)  
of ..... (address)  
being a member of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc hereby  
appoint ..... (full name of proxy)  
of ..... (address)  
being a member of that incorporated association, as my proxy to vote for me on my behalf  
at the Annual General Meeting of the association to be held on the 30th day of April 2000  
and at any adjournment of that meeting.

.....  
Signature of member appointing proxy

Date .....

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

**NOMINATION FORM FOR OFFICE BEARERS, 2000 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**  
(See Notice of Meeting, Agenda Item 7, for details)

I, ..... (being a Financial Member) hereby nominate:  
.....  
..... for the office of .....

I, ..... (a Financial Member) second this nomination.

I, ..... (a Financial Member) accept this nomination.

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING LUNCHEON BOOKING**

Please print Christian Name and Surname for name cards:

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

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

The enclosed payment includes:	My luncheon payment	\$22.00
	* My luncheon guest(s)	\$.....
(Annual subscription now \$10.00)	* My Subs to year 20....	\$.....
* Delete if not applicable	TOTAL	\$.....

*If you are on a special diet, please let us know.*

**Cheques to be payable to ROAPNG Inc (please do not use staples)**

**Post to The Secretary at PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069**

See note following the AGM Agenda (opposite) for information re cancellations.

## THE GOOSEBERRY

The cartoon below was published in the Sydney *Sunday Sun/Guardian* of 22 July 1934. It depicts a couple who were to become relatively well known throughout PNG. The 'gooseberry' is still with us - can you guess who she is? (Answer on page 3.)

THREE ON HONEYMOON— BRIDEGROOM  
HAD TO ESCORT PRISONER FROM RABAU



Sydney 'Sunday Sun/Guardian', 22-7-1934, p.3

LES BRADY, who died in Bundaberg on February 18, and whose obituary appears in this issue of *Una Voce*, planned elaborate celebrations for his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday on 8 March. Les always lived life to the full and good old freely flowing beer was one of his greatest loves. The following anonymous poem was printed on his unfulfilled birthday invitations:

The horse and mule live 30 years,  
And never hear of wine or beers.  
The sheep and goat at 20 die,  
Without a taste of Scotch or Rye.  
The cow drinks water by the ton,  
And at 18 is mostly done.  
The dog at 15 cashes in,  
Without the aid of Rum or Gin.  
The cat in milk and water soaks,  
And then in 12 short years she croaks.  
The modest, sober, bone dry hen,  
Lays eggs for nogs then dies at ten.  
All animals are strictly dry,  
Then sinless live and swiftly die.  
But sinful, ginful, Scotch soaked men,  
Survive for three score years and ten.  
And if your fancy runs to beer,  
You can make it to your 90<sup>th</sup> year.  
Which proves it cannot hurt you none,  
To have yourself a lot of fun. Anon.



### PNG HISTORICAL TREKS with ROPE, PACK AND PADDLE ADVENTURES

Dick and Gail Baker have a number of trips planned for 2000 - they are probably more suitable for younger members, although the Milne Bay trek is graded Easy/Medium.

There are four treks to the Kokoda Trail (14 day itinerary, 9 day trek). Dates are 19 April, 24 May, 3 July and 21 August, 2000. Three new trips are planned for 2000:

- the Bulldog & Buisaval tracks (21 day trip, 15 day trek), departs 3 July 2000
- Mt Hagen Show, a walk to the summit of Mt Wilhelm, walk to Shaggy Ridge, walk to Madang area (21 day itinerary, 13 day trek), departs 21 August 2000
- Milne Bay, Goodenough Isle - Cultural journey, walking and using local coastal boats (19 day itinerary, 15 day trek), departs 24 May 2000.

If you would like further details please contact: Rope, Pack & Paddle Adventures, PO Box 18 Lowanna NSW 2450. Ph/Fax (02)6654 5454

### TRAIL OR TRACK?

In response to Max Hayes' query as to the correct name of the Kokoda route, David MARSH wrote, "The controversy about the nomenclature of the trade route between Sogeri and Buna has now gone on for over half a century but before 1942 it was known as the 'Buna Road'. As a trade route it is centuries old. As a route to the Yodda Goldfield it dates from the turn of the century and as a mail route it was in regular weekly use from the time Buna was established.

For two years before the Japanese entered the war I worked at Yodda near Kokoda with Bert Kienzle and Bert Garbutt. Garbutt came from Fish Creek on the Lakekamu where he worked with Bethune. I walked the first cattle into Central Papua from Sanananda in 1940 and spent a lot of time prospecting with local Papuans. No matter in which direction we went from Kokoda, it was always called the Buna Dala (Police Motu for 'road'). Never was it the Moresby road or Kokoda road, let alone a track or trail.

After the war there was an annual prize for the fastest walk. A young man from near Kokoda did it in 27 hours all up and Wallace (Soccer) Kienzle (and his mate) aged 13 years, on leave from Trinity Grammar, did it in 33 hours.

The troops and adventure groups since the war called it anything but a road but the Japanese thought it was a real road and that was their great mistake.

In the wet season parts of the road became overgrown and in times of inter-village conflict it was also neglected. It was the job of the weekly mail police to ensure that the villagers kept doing maintenance. It was a big task for the sparse population of that area.

Myola (dried) Lake was named by Bert Kienzle after Sid Elliott Smith's wife, Myola, in 1936 when Smith was Assistant Resident Magistrate Kokoda. The Myola grassland was a handy landmark for pilots. War historians say it was found by Kienzle in 1942. This is not correct. He sent me to prospect the area in early 1941.

Bert Kienzle was in charge of the carriers during the Kokoda campaign and he adopted the wartime names of track and trail. I used to tease him when he changed the names back and forth in a conversation. In any case the name 'Buna Road' died with the arrival of the troops and reporters. I am probably the only adult of that period left to remember it.

Pre-war on one occasion one of the mail police killed his partner - a dispute over whose turn it was to carry the mail bag. The guilty party was Karo who later stole the safe from Ivan Champion's Rigo office. Sgt. Bagita solved that problem and Karo was gaoled. While in gaol at Koki, in Moresby, he and Goava Oae decided to take over the town. To effect this they convinced the warden that he should be tied up so that if they failed he could

claim to have been overpowered. The two conspirators then murdered the warder, his wife and children (his house was on Koki island and the gaol was on the point). The plan failed and Karo was hanged. Ken Chester was present. Goava Oae's criminal record is a real thriller. Harry Jackman wrote the Karo story some years ago.

Whatever we call the Buna road these days is of little consequence. It is still a hell of a walk for the inexperienced and unfit, and it is firmly entrenched in our history. Without it our history would be quite different.

Personally I favour the name 'Sogeri-Kokoda Track' as this is the stretch which is in fact still a track and 'track' is an Australian term. There has been an all-weather vehicular road from Kokoda to Buna for thirty years. The word 'trail' seems to be an American word and I am reminded of the song "There's a long long trail a'winding unto the land of my dreams".

Finally, seeing we can't agree on a name we should ask the authorities of the Independent Nation State of PNG what names they apply to different sections of the route between Sogeri and Buna. After all they do own it and they are not concerned what we call it any more than we would be concerned if they renamed the Pacific Highway."

**ALSO ON THE SUBJECT OF 'TRAIL' or 'TRACK',** Adrian Geyle of Ballina NSW said that author Timothy Hall in his book *New Guinea 1942-44* clarifies how both 'trail' and 'track' came into use, particularly on pages 87-88, with further discussion on p.103.

\*\*\*\*\*

### **CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON - 1999**

**Exhibition of work of artist S. T. Cham of East New Britain.** The exhibition of Samuel Terarup Cham's work, at the Association's Christmas Luncheon, aroused considerable interest. The exhibition was the brainchild of Albert Speer of Goulburn NSW - Albert assembled several original paintings and obtained photographs of others which were unavailable. In addition, as a permanent record, he produced a handsome album containing the life story of S.T. Cham together with illustrations of his work.

**Speech by the PNG Consul-General, Clement Chikalli.** During the luncheon, the Consul-General paid tribute to S.T. Cham. He said that both PNG and Australia owed the late Mr Samuel Terarup Cham a debt for a great visual record of a lifetime of work. In thanking Albert Speer he said, "I, like many fellow countrymen, am deeply conscious of the immense goodwill and continuing concern of our former expatriate community, and for this we are truly grateful."

He then alluded to events on the Gazelle Peninsular and the provinces of East and West New Britain which had a unique position in the history of PNG and Australia - in particular the engagement with German forces near Rabaul in the early days of WWI (and the first loss of Australian lives in that war) and events on New Britain in WWII. He said that these periods were significant for both countries, and for their relationship with one another, adding, "The path of independence was not a smooth one but it was indeed more placid than most emerging countries at that time. That is history now, but the process was greatly assisted by the understanding and friendship of our two peoples." In closing, the Consul-General extended his best wishes to the Association for the festive season and for the new century, and added that he might be returning early to PNG.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER from page 28, re the 'GOOSEBERRY'** On 11 July 1934 Roma Isabelle Bryant married Charles Dowson Bates in the St George's Anglican Church in Rabaul. The day after, they left for their honeymoon in the Far East, but first Charlie had to escort a prisoner to Long Bay gaol in Sydney - hence the cartoon. The 'Gooseberry' (or the 'person left out') was, of course, Roma Bates.

## SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s Series 6

by Paul J Quinlivan

### No 15 - The Comparison with Quislings and Collaborators Elsewhere

In previous Snapshots I have described certain roneoed sheets so that, if you come across one when clearing out an old collection of papers, you will think twice before you throw it out as useless junk. But, since most will never have to do that kind of sorting, we will now deal with matters where the reference is in the public domain. The first is brought to mind by the statesmanlike attitude of the leaders of both sides in East Timor. In Europe after World War II there was an attitude that, in addition to the hunting down of murderers, rapists and other war criminals, very ordinary people who had 'fraternised' with the Occupiers in any way should have their heads shaved so that they could be deprived of their livelihood. In TPNG the attitude was very different, as can be seen from The Barry Report (dated 2 August 1945) which recommended that War Damage Compensation be paid to Papua New Guineans for canoes, houses, cooking pots and other items damaged, taken or destroyed as a result of the war. At page 26 we read this:

"76. The views of Chief Judge Phillips command our full assent and concurrence. He writes - "Let me take the case of the Natives... In the middle eighties of the last century they were subjected for the first time, and for reasons beyond their ken, to government by Europeans - the Germans. They found, after some disastrous clashes, that the newcomers were too strong to be resisted. After approximately thirty years of German rule the Germans were, for reasons unknown to the Natives, conquered and supplanted by Australians who bore arms and whose governance it was hopeless to refuse to accept. After nearly thirty years of Australian rule, the Australians, again for reasons quite unknown or unappreciated by the Natives, were ousted by the Japanese. With negligible exceptions these Natives had never been outside their islands and had no conception whatever of world politics, or of the size, strength, population and resources of other countries. They therefore completely lacked the knowledge and experience which might have enabled them to judge just when a *de facto* government should be recognised as one *de jure*, a question which even enlightened European governments have found embarrassing ... It is submitted that Natives who, at the point of the bayonet or under other enemy duress, have led the enemy to an aerodrome or landing site or along a road cannot fairly be classed as "collaborators".

77. We consider that Natives who are alleged to have actively assisted the Japanese should be interrogated by the Director of District Services and Native Affairs. Unless he is satisfied beyond reasonable doubt that in so acting they did so voluntarily and without coercion or duress and with a realization that it was wrong to do so, they should be entitled to come within the compensation scheme."

The result was that, in addition to normal patrols and those for special purposes (eg chasing suspect murderers, immunising whole populations in the anti-yaws campaign etc) a minimum of three patrols went out into every area which might conceivably have been affected by the war: one to tell them the good news, the second to find out what was being claimed and the third to cover items forgotten or people missed out on earlier patrols. It was a way of saying, "We are back. The war is finished," and this simple (but unfortunately forgotten) fact had much to do with the wonderful spirit of inter-racial harmony and trust which was so impressive in those days.

### No 16 - Difference in the Commonwealth Grant

There can be no better indication of the difference between the early 50s and, say, the mid 60s and 70s than the report in *The South Pacific Post*, in its issue of 16 September

1953 that, "The Administration will receive an increased grant from the Commonwealth Government this financial year. The 1953-54 grant will be £5½ million, which is £30,000 more than the 1952-53 figure." This was thrilling news because, up until then, we had all been led to believe that the grants from Australia would soon be reduced and the Territory would have to rely entirely on internal raisings. A little further down the report, however, it said, "The handing over of stevedoring to private enterprise meant a reduction in collections. In 1951-52 the Administration received £79,000 from stevedoring charges and had budgeted for an estimated £50,000 for 1952-53," so 29 of the 30 thousand was already eaten up and the report went on to say that, "Mr Reeve said internal revenue had also shown a drop in the collection of Customs Duties (due to) import restrictions," so, since those restrictions had been imposed by Canberra, the increase was actually a loss. To give some measure of scale for the five and a half million I would point out that, on 14 June 1962, there were complaints (see *Legislative Council Debates* of that date at page 491) that £5.8 million was in the latest estimates for the provision of housing for just the Design Staff of the Public Works Department who, of course, would all be newcomers to the Territory.

#### **No 17 - Four Unusual Items of Expenditure Covered by that £5½ million**

The Commonwealth Grant paid for all Administration expenses including salaries, housing, hospitals, roads, bridges, schools, ships, prisons etc but there are (amongst many others) four special items of expenditure in the early 50s figures and, since they did not occur in the 60s or 70s, I feel I should mention them here. The first is Price Control (which we will mention in a later Snapshot), the second was Bomb Disposal, the third is the anti-yaws campaign and the fourth - the one in regard to which the *South Pacific Post* for 29 March 1953 reports that £1½ million had been paid already, and a further half a million was in process of being paid - is the payment of cash to Papua New Guineans whose canoes, gardens, homes, spears, cooking pots or other possessions were destroyed as a result of the Japanese invasion.

#### **No 18 - Comparison between Australia and TPNG**

Librarian Ruth Carter (who referred to herself as 'The Original Lady Who Lived in a Lavatory' because the library had been an Officers' Club during the war and she had converted their 'ten holer' into a flat) was the driving force of the Discussion Group mentioned in No. 6 and when she saw that I was not just another dropper-in with nothing to do, she nominated, as my first discussion paper, the article by Murray Groves on the way Natives were dealt with in the Supreme Court of Papua New Guinea. I begged off, saying that I had only been in the Territory six months, but she said that the article (which is at pages 582-588 of the 25 January 1952 issue of the *Australian Law Journal*) was written as a result of an earlier article by Professor Elkin of Sydney, about the way Australian courts had treated Aborigines and that, since I had done my schooling at New Norcia, the oldest and largest Aboriginal Mission in WA, it was right up my alley. This was a time when MauMau was in the Australian newspapers almost daily and we all had strong views about it and its effects. Nobody, however, had said anything bad about Australia's treatment of the Aborigines and the first reaction to Elkin's article was outrage because he claimed that Aborigines were dragged, terrified, before the courts without anyone bothering to explain what the Law's 'standards' were or what the consequences of being brought before a court could be. My task was to tell the Ela Beach Discussion Group whether this 'Australian characteristic fault' applied in Australian TPNG.

Since Murray Groves had only been in Port Moresby and along the southern coast of Papua, it was unfair to expect him to speak about the former Mandated Territory but

I had just spent six months there with the Supreme Court so I must be able to fill the gap, Ruth said. To cut a long story short ('long' because I had not seen Professor Elkin's paper and I had only been in the Supreme Court in TPNG, not in Magistrates' Courts) I said that the summary of Elkin's paper which they had provided resonated well with my own experience in Magistrates' Courts in Perth, Bunbury, Geraldton, Sydney and Melbourne, but the victims were not restricted to Aborigines. Too many people, running those courts, seemed to have become immersed in their own work (or their own importance) with the result that they forgot that it was all quite terrifying for newcomers. And I said that I had been thrilled to see, in every town I went to in TPNG, the care with which Kiaps listened to Monte's speeches about making sure that every Native hailed before them was properly treated. And I have repeated that many times eg in my paper: "TPNG and the Common Law", my lecture "The Papua New Guinea Precedent for Taking a Plea" and in my lectures to Magistrates.

#### **No 19 - Comparison Between Australia and the Former Territory of Papua**

In regard to Papua my task was very different. I simply had to read Murray Groves' conclusion (p. 588 n. 39) where he said: "On the general question of native attitudes to Court procedure, it is not considered that the situation in Papua is in any way very similar to that described in Professor A P Elkin's article, *Aboriginal Evidence and Justice*, Vol XVII, p.173." And, in the text on that same page he says, "It can be safely stated, on the positive side, from observation of a large number of Papuan accused in Court, and from conversations with Papuans elsewhere, that the Papuan accused is normally aware of the law's 'standards', in the sense that he knows what sorts of activity the Government discourages and for which the Government sends him before the 'big Judge', and also that the Papuan accused understands with some clarity 'the consequences of the proceedings to him'. It is also considered that the alertness shown by accused in Court, the eagerness with which they give their version of the story, and the normal clarity of their testimony, indicate that they probably understand fairly well the 'proceedings' .... and even consider them 'reasonable'."

Since I had learnt that Murray Groves spoke perfect Motu and was present in all cases conducted by the Supreme Court in Papua, over a period of two years, I told my audience that this evidence is invaluable and a great credit to those responsible for the administration of the legal system. And, with pride, I repeat it here.

#### **No 20 - My First Hearing of the Term: 'The New Guinea Side'**

The Ela Beach Discussion Group did not let me get away with my simple statement that Murray Groves' evidence was of inestimable value. There were 14 members present and several said, "Yes, but he criticises the New Guinea Side!". This was the first time I had heard anyone talking about 'sides' but they pointed out that, at pages 587 and 588, Murray Groves said, "It is not proposed to discuss the 'atmosphere' of the New Guinea Court; this the writer is not qualified to do. But the 'bare bones' of the New Guinea court procedure have been familiar from the perusal of verbatim reports of proceedings (and)... scattered sentences from a 'summing up' of Mr Justice Phillips may illustrate the practice more clearly :-

"I propose to direct myself, first, as to the law relevant to the charge, and later, as to the evidence..."

"It is now necessary for me, as Judge, to direct myself next, as Jury, as to the evidence..."

"That is a question for the Jury to answer, bearing in mind ..."

"That completes my summing up and, at this stage, had I been addressing a jury of good men and true, instead of directing myself, they would retire to the jury room... Whatever



the jury's decision might be, no reason would, or may, be publicly given for it. When a Judge is also the jury, however, he should, in my opinion, give (even though briefly) the reasons for his findings..." And from this Groves concluded that "*prima facie*, the New Guinea procedure would on the whole be less comprehensible to a Native..."

It is perfectly true that Monte wrote lengthy judgments and that they were filled with the precise words quoted by Groves. But each of those 'scattered sentences' was followed by a string of figures and letters which were never read because they were there for the typist if there was any appeal. The words quoted in the article were such that I could chant them with him because I heard them innumerable times and he, himself, said them without bothering to look at the page. My point is that, by looking at what is written, without understanding why it was written, one can get a totally wrong impression. Monte always gave a lengthy explanation to the Papua New Guineans in the court and that is why they flocked in, crowding every courthouse and leaning in through windows and, in one case, at Buin, crowding below the courthouse and listening through the floorboards.

His constant harping on the difference between this section of this ordinance and the other section of another ordinance was for a different section of his audience, the Europeans, and was to show that 'near enough was not good enough' and it was only the legislation which mattered, not any personal idea of the prosecutor or court. It was not until some years later, when I went into "Pen's Book Store" in Little Collins Street in Melbourne, that I learnt why he did this. The owner, Mr Penhalurick, had been a Kiap and he told me that, in the '20s, Chief Judge Wanliss had awarded costs against a Kiap Magistrate and this caused consternation because Kiaps had joined the service because they had served in New Guinea during the war and had fallen in love with it. But they had not been trained so, one day, at a cricket match (and although Monte's leg could not bend, he was an avid player) they asked him if he would teach them their duties as Magistrate. So he set up a training course for Kiaps and, every Wednesday in Rabaul before the War, he gave lectures on the law. And after the Second War he continued, this time making every court case another lecture. The fact that those lectures were appreciated is obvious from the fact that, as I have said so often, his court was always crowded and any Kiap who could make it, made sure he attended. That is why Monte made the distinction (*ad nauseam*, to some of the lawyers appearing before him) between the Kiap as an executive officer of the Government and the Kiap exercising his jurisdiction as a Magistrate. And the difference between his exercising his jurisdiction as 'jury' and as 'judge'.

#### **No 21 - Doug Parrish and the Difference between Kiap and Defending Officer**

I could give any number of cases which proved how deeply Kiaps had taken to heart Monte's lectures about the difference in their exercise of the various functions which they were sworn to perform. In fact, on the last analysis, every time they put forward a client's defence they were 'going against the grain' of their Kiap function or their police function or their 'administration of quiet governance' function. The case of The Queen against GUMI at Lae on 7 April 1952 illustrates what I mean but, before describing it, I should mention that, in those days, there was no position of District Commissioner. At the top of the list of 'people with power' were the District Officer administering the district (whose power was restricted to his district) and a group of three or four men with the special rank of District Officer (Magisterial) whose power extended everywhere. And the senior of this second group of godlike creatures, who brooked no interference, was Ernie Britten who had been in the Service since 1929. He had conducted a Preliminary Inquiry into a Garaina case of Grievous Bodily Harm and decided that it should be committed for sentence. Doug Parrish had been brought in from Finschhafen and, since he had been told that he was Defending Officer, he saw his client

and his client told him that Ernie Britten was wrong. What to do? Garaina was a very remote place, bordering the Uncontrolled Area, and Grievous Bodily Harm cases were of vital importance to the 'administration of quiet governance' function because Payback could lead to intertribal war. Ernie Britten's decision that the case warranted a committal for sentence meant that the witnesses had not been brought in. If Doug put forward his client's claim that Ernie Britten had made a wrong decision, this would mean that a special patrol would have to be mounted to collect them. From the point of view of the 'Kiap function', this was disastrous because it would not only divert scarce personnel from essential duties but it would involve a 'loss of face' because, as Monte was always telling everyone (but not in these words) OLI would know that Masta Britten had made a fool of himself. And there was the fact that Ernie Britten would be sitting in the back of the court. It would be very easy to 'cover up' and let the committal for sentence take its normal course. But Doug Parrish decided that his duty required that he contest the committal and this he did. Successfully. And I felt that this was a good augury for the future when the Trust Territory became an Independent Nation.

\*\*\*\*\*

### EARLY HAGEN EXPERIENCES - Frank Aveling

I was very interested in Chips Mackellar's write-up on "Kiaps on Bikes" (*Una Voce* No. 4 1998, p.5) in which he describes his encounters with these much maligned 'beasties'.

I first went to Mt Hagen in 1949 to set up a sawmill to supply timber for a leprosy hospital at Togoba, eight miles from Mt Hagen airfield. I was sawmiller, maintenance worker, make and mend, and anything else for the many regular and unexpected jobs that came my way.

It was while I was occupied on this project that I first became acquainted with the redoubtable BSA Bantam, and as far as I know it was the first of many that were used by Administration, Missions, Planters and Traders. When it was my turn for a holiday, I too came back with a Bantam, for which I paid £50 (\$100). It was in good condition, as good as new, and it saved me many a weary mile of foot sloggling. This rugged little wonder was responsible for a drastic and unexpected turnaround in my career. Taking a weekend off, I went out to visit my friend, Harold Rudd, at the Tuman River. Harold had a trade store, and also operated a small sawmill with which he produced excellent cedar planks. I was impressed with the possibilities, and said to my wife (who had come along as a pillion passenger), "We could do that."

After we had gone home the idea continued to ferment and develop. So much so that I decided to approach the District Commissioner, Bob Cole, at Mt Hagen and tell him of my ideas. He was immediately interested, and said he would do all he could to help me get going. At that time, late in 1953, there were only five permanent buildings in what was to become the town of Mt Hagen.

I asked Mr Cole how much timber he thought would be needed. His reply - "You will never be finished!" I little knew how prophetic those five words were!

Looking back 45 years later, what I did next seems utterly crazy, foolish, and sheer audacity. I had a good job, a comfortable home, and to leave this security and comfort seemed like madness to my friends and employer. On top of this we had five children, the youngest only fifteen months old. We also had very little money, but once having made the decision, and tendered my resignation, we began to make preparations for the project. I had a good friend, Buna, who said he would come along with me, and help find a suitable area of timber to begin operations.

We looked at several areas, and finally settled on an area of about 50 acres some

twelve miles from Mt Hagen and three miles from Korn Farm. The bush was owned by a tribe whose chief was Luluai Pegea, a big handsome man who somewhat resembled the Babylonian king Nebuchadnezzar. He was kind to us, and several of his tribesmen worked for us in building our new home and sawmill.

It was at this stage that the little Bantam began to prove its value. It was 20 miles from Togoba to our new venture, and although I had resigned from my job at the hospital in October 1953, I had stayed on until my replacement, Les Bartlett, arrived to take over my duties and learn the management of the sawmill. So I was able to leave with a clear conscience. It was not until March 1954 that we finally left to settle in our new home at Kundu.

Every weekend I took the little Bantam, or perhaps I should say it took me and Buna, out to Kundu to get our home and sawmill erected. Not once did the little machine let me down. It was sometimes hard to start, but I found the cause, and fixed it, and it proved its value over the three years that we operated at Kundu, until the bush was worked out. The reason why the Bantams were often so hard to start was that the stud on which the magneto's contact breaker was mounted became loose, and thus made it impossible to accurately set the contact points to 15/1000th of an inch. I remounted the assembly on my Bantam and never had any more trouble.

At last the day came for our departure from Togoba, and we loaded all our belongings on a tractor and trailer, and took the family and goods to our new home. The building was a copy of Nep Blood's home at Korn Farm, three bedrooms and an L shaped lounge room with an outside kitchen, or 'house cook', to minimise fire risk.

My resourceful wife soon made it attractive and comfortable, surrounded by a nice flower garden of gladioli, hippeastrums and native plants. A stove that no-one could make perform was given to us by the Seventh Day Adventist mission and I was able to get it going by fitting an extra long flue, and it performed perfectly.

Due to bad weather, the machinery I had ordered was slow in arriving - it was the wet season and the airfield at Hagen was often closed. At last a DC3 flew over our house en route to Hagen, and I rode into town and was delighted to find that all the equipment had at last arrived. No time was lost in setting up the new sawmill, and on 14 May 1954 we started producing timber. Our first order was for John Fox and his family, followed by another house order for Pr. Frank Maberly of the SDA mission. He came out with a jeep and a trailer to collect. These two orders brought in much needed cash to our dwindling resources. This was followed by small orders from the administration.

Near the end of June we had a visit from the irrepressible Harvey Booth, who was clerk and postmaster at the District Office. After the usual pleasantries, he said, "Get out your docket book, and write orders for timber." Not being familiar with administration finance, I asked for an order. In answer he produced several local purchase orders (LPOs) which had to be used before 30 June, or be forfeited. The LPOs totalled £450, and were to be credited against future orders. This was a tremendous lift. We had never had so much money in one amount, and this marked the beginning of a very successful enterprise.

In 1955 Hagen began to grow - several of the administration staff had school age children, also there were others from various missions, and at that time our two girls, Anne age ten, and Jeanette age 8. It was decided to build a school, and this building was also used as an entertainment centre and club. The District Commissioner sent a jeep out to the Korman River, about two miles from our home, and I would take the two girls down to meet the jeep at the river on the faithful Bantam. The first teacher was Billy Bogg followed by Sheila Lepinath. They did an outstanding job, and our two girls won scholarships under their tuition.

Meanwhile the little Bantam was our mainstay for transport. We collected mail and groceries every week, and even ferried the whole family in two relays to the many birthdays and gatherings that Chips Mackellar tells of in his write-ups of Hagen doings. I would ferry the first load with my wife as the pillion passenger, and two of our boys, Neil age five, and Glenn age four, sitting on a cushion on the petrol tank. On the second trip, the girls rode double on the pillion, and Leigh, who was three, rode on the tank. The first group would be dropped several miles up the road, and would continue walking, while I would return for the second group, and carry them several miles past the first group. This would continue until we finally arrived at our destination. Sounds crazy, but it worked! I even carried petrol in two four-gallon drums until we bought it by the 44-gallon drum from Danny Leahy's fuel agency. The fuel was brought out on the administration tractor and trailer, when it called to collect timber. (At that time fuel was about ten shillings a gallon.)

The Bantam also carried out a mercy trip. I had taught Mari, one of our workers, to ride the bike so as to save my time in collecting mail, and running routine errands into Hagen. I developed a cancerous sore on my neck, so the local doctor sent me to Port Moresby for X-ray treatment. While I was away a badly burned baby was brought to my wife, who was a nurse. She was unable to properly treat the child so she called Mari, and carefully wrapping up the baby, she mounted the pillion, and Mari took them both into Hagen to see the doctor. She was an extremely courageous lady! The little bike again proved its worth. The baby recovered, and Mari brought my wife safely home.

The little Bantam served us faithfully until 1957, when we bought a Landrover.

The administration officers, especially in the early stages, were all very helpful. DCs Bob Cole, followed by Bill Dishon, and their ADOs Phil Robb, Jack Emanuel, and Nep Blood of Korn Farm, all supported and helped when it looked like a crazy dream.

In 1954 there were only five permanent buildings in the barely visible outline of the future town, but in 1972, when we left, the town had grown like a mushroom with a population of over 3,000. The sawmilling business grew, and in 1966 I named the business Glen Eildon Timber, after our three sons Glen, Neil and Don. We sold out our interest in 1972 to Spence Arnold and his friend John Norris, and they later sold to the present timber company, and I am told they still operate under the same name. When Tom Ellis became District Commissioner the town really took off.

Those exciting years, 1954 to 1972, were the most interesting in our lives - we saw a big town grow from almost nothing in 18 years. My family grew up, and now have families of their own. All have done well, the fifteen month old baby is now a Doctor/Chaplain at the Loma Linda University Medical Centre in California USA, and the others have done equally well.

All this became possible because we had a simple, economical, means of transport - that hated, disliked, but very reliable **BSA BANTAM**.

### **EARLY MORESBY EXPERIENCES - Marjorie Head**

Marjorie wrote, "We were interested in your photos and article on BSA Bantams, June '99 edition. Phil had a BSA Bantam when we were married in Port Moresby in 1954. Having just paid my fare all the way from the UK, we were unable to afford a pillion seat, so I had to make do with a rolled-up sleeping bag lashed to the luggage carrier.

This worked well for the next year. In 1955, because Phil was then employed as a carpenter and not eligible for government housing, we commenced to build a house in Boroko Avenue. To do this we needed something larger. Whilst on leave in Brisbane at the end of 1955, Keith Tracey (I think) wrote offering to buy our BSA Bantam - an offer we quickly accepted, and we were able to purchase a 1935 Bedford utility which we

brought back to Moresby.

This proved a great help in transporting material and labour, as Phil worked each weekend on our house. (Not knowing anything about bank loans, we purchased bags of cement, timber etc with whatever spare money we had left over at the end of each week!)



Blazer Pocket, Papuan Hockey Team, 1953

However, Phil could never come to terms with the petrol requirements for this vehicle. The BSA Bantam would run for a week on £1s worth of petrol, and it took him ages to adjust. The result was that, inevitably, going home from work on Friday afternoons, we would run out of petrol on Three Mile Hill. We would turn round, coast down the hill to Ernie Kriewaldt's garage, and buy another £1 of petrol.

In another edition of the magazine someone wrote about hockey in Moresby. We still have the pocket from Phil's 1953 hockey blazer. This was the uniform the Papuan team wore when they played against Cairns. The blazer finally, gave up, but we kept the pocket with its badge of crossed hockey sticks, bird of paradise, and Papua 1953 on it."

## REUNIONS

**PILOTS AND OTHERS ASSOCIATED WITH FLYING IN PNG:** The South Pacific Aero Club is sponsoring a "Return to PNG Week" for pilots and others associated with flying during their working life in PNG. Ray Thurecht, President of the South Pacific Aero Club wrote: "The idea is the brainchild of Captain (Ret.) Peter Sharp who now flies a desk at Air Niugini Head Office. Peter is also a Director of the now refurbished, airconditioned Aero Club... In talking with other retired pilots, Peter is convinced there is great interest for a Swan Song to flying for these people to beg, borrow, steal or hire a flock of light aircraft to went their way wearily to Port Moresby to arrive no later than Saturday, 1 July 2000. He will also be arranging special discount air fares and special deals for accommodation, with those with insufficient funds being accommodated with supporters of the Club. Interested parties should contact Peter on (675) 327 3581, Fax (675) 325 7847, Email: [psharp@datec.com.pg](mailto:psharp@datec.com.pg) or Club President, Ray Thurecht, on (675) 321 7610, Fax (675) 321 4863, Email: [hrh@daltron.com.pg](mailto:hrh@daltron.com.pg)"

**PNG MILLENNIUM REUNION DINNER** will be held on **Saturday 10 June 2000** at **ANA Hotel Surfers Paradise**, commencing 6 pm, buffet dinner 7 pm. Cost of meal \$35 per person as it was in '94 and '98.

Paul Bolger wrote, "Once again the maximum number of guests will be restricted to 552 and it will be a case of first in first served. This year reservations will be accepted for friends to be seated at the same table. However for those wishing to be seated together the bookings will have to be received at the same time. Tables have a seating capacity for 12 people... The function is being held over the Queen's Birthday long weekend and accommodation will be at a premium, therefore may we have your requirements asap... Reunion shirts have been designed but we will only purchase the number ordered and we can assure you that they will be of the same high quality as the '98 shirts. There will be



'spot' prizes during the evening and the major prize will be an airline trip for two to Norfolk Island donated by Flight West Airlines. Arrangements are in hand to have lists of the seating arrangements so that people may locate friends. Festivities will cease at midnight. So that we do not have a 'registration crush' as we did in '98 you will be able to access the function room from 5.30pm... Arrangements have been made with the Search and Rescue Services Club for function attendees to become Honorary Members."

If you are interested please contact Paul Bolger, 5 Tamarix Avenue, Bray Park Qld 4500, Ph and Fax 07 3889 6805 as soon as possible. He will provide a booking slip together with information on accommodation at the ANA or nearby hotels.

**Staff of MALAGUNA TECHNICAL COLLEGE and CANBERRA COLLEGE OF TAFE - REUNION 20 October 2000:** This is being planned as a combined function to be held in Canberra. Stan Pike wrote, "We anticipate an attendance of between 70 and 100+, several of whom are from all over Australia and PNG. The date is Friday 20 October but the venue is yet to be decided." Stan said that most, if not all, details would be finalised in time for the June issue of *Una Voce*. His number is 02 6259 0666.

**REPORT BACK - RPNGC REUNION:** The 7<sup>th</sup> reunion of ex officers of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary was held at the Courtyard Surfers Paradise Resort (the venue for the last reunion two years ago) on Saturday 4 December 1999. It was pleasing to see former Commissioner **Bob COLE** along, and his usual sprightly self - age does not seem to weary this former Digger, in his 86<sup>th</sup> year. Amongst those present were **Barry BAXTER**, **Brian BEATTIE**, **Derek BELL** (who takes upon his shoulders the responsibility for the reunion), **Ivan BELL**, **Gerry BELLIS**, **Geoff BRAZIER**, **Graeme BREMAN**, **Brian CRANE**, **Frank DAVIES**, **Jim DUTTON**, **Kevin GASCOIGNE**, **Jack GRAHAM**, **Jim GRAY**, **Bob HARRIS**, **John HERBERT**, **Bruce INCH**, **Ted JARRETT**, **Dudley LAIRD**, **Peter LANGMAN**, **Alistair MacDOUGALL**, **Rennie PIKE**, **John PRITCHARD**, **Gordon RAMSAY**, **Robbie ROBINSON** (not to be confused with 'Robbie ROBERTSON') **John RING**, **Ernie YOUNG**, together with their wives and partners. **Col HOLT** endured a 24 hour overnight trip by Qld Rail to be there, but southern visitors from ACT, NSW and Victoria chose a quicker way by air.

For Bob Harris, Peter Langman and John Ring, it was over 30 years since they had had contact with other RPNGC officers. Bob Harris has had a metamorphosis from breaking bones to repairing them as a leading chiropractor on the Gold Coast, after extensive studies on the American mainland. He is about to launch an international 'sensible living' company called Slim Forever (Aust) Ltd. □ **MR HAYES**

\*\*\*\*\*

**HELP WANTED:** Bob Shaw of Alford's Point NSW wrote, "My third novel, a thriller and a fictional projection of the Bougainville civil war, is almost complete. I am seeking advice from anyone with information regarding the last days of the Panguna copper mine before evacuation, its condition today, and particularly the disabling of the forty giant Euclid trucks." Bob has already published "Island in the Sky", and his second book, "Fire Cult", will be released shortly. Bob Shaw's address is: 7 Sheoak Place, Alford's Point NSW 2234, Phone 9543 7728

**HELP WANTED:** Graeme J. Humble of Mansfield Qld wrote, "I am researching information among the Samo people in the Nomad River area of PNG. I understand that a **Mr I.M. DOUGLAS** was a patrol officer in that area sometime in the early 1960s. I would appreciate any assistance that you could give me in locating Mr Douglas." Please contact Graeme at 16 Marianna Street, Mansfield Qld 4122.



*Continued from page 10*

The weeks rolled by and it was months later before the doctor called me to say that Selina was fit enough to resume duties. And when Selina did come back to the court house, it was to stand in front of my desk, and hand me her resignation. I tore it up and threw it in the bin.

"Get back to work," I said, "we missed you."

Two tears slowly trickled down her cheeks. "Who did my work while I was away?" she asked. "All your friends here," I said, "they split it up between them." And she walked over to her desk.

But you see, the drama was not yet over. Everyone in that open plan office was watching as Selina sat at her desk, and as she began to take out her pens and ruler, she stared at her open desk drawer in amazement. For inside that drawer, lined up like books on a shelf were her pay packets. After all, her work had still been done by the others, so I had let everything proceed as normal, and in all the time she had been away, I never stopped her pay.

It was all too much. Selina bowed her head into her arms on the desk, and wept, and everyone watched in silence, as this final scene of the drama unfolded. And later, when she had recovered her composure sufficiently, Selina divided the money in her pay packets into equal lots, and went from one clerk to the other, giving each an equal share. As they accepted their share in silence the men took her hand gently, and one by one, the girls embraced her. Not a single word was spoken. I knew they had all been to see her while she had been in hospital, and that they were all happy for her to return to the court house. But this was the final act of reconciliation, Melanesian style.

Selina then went back to her desk and started to work, and with the blessing of all the others, she was back in the family again, and within a few hours everything had returned to normal as though this whole dreadful episode had never happened.

And so the years rolled by. We continued to process the big case loads with the staff working at full capacity, and it was all a lot of hard work. But the social life of the court house continued also.

At high tide on Ela Beach, the sea was only 10 yards away from the back door of the court house, and when the time and the tide was right, we could swim there at lunch times, or in the afternoons after work. Also, from time to time, we would continue to lunch at the Ela Beach RSL, and at weekends, we went sailing on my yacht *Nialyn*. Two of the court house girls married traffic policemen, thereby bonding us all even closer together, and life for us was perfect.

I have heard of kiaps who finished their time in PNG at Telefomin or Green River or in some mosquito infested backwater of the Papuan swamp lands. But as a final posting in PNG, Ela Beach must have been the very best. It was in fact idyllic.

In fact, life there was so idyllic that it began to interfere with the careers of those stationed at our court house.

I knew, for example, that some of my staff were declining promotions to other court houses, and I began to hear stories that some of the police prosecutors and traffic police were refusing the kind of routine transfers which were necessary for their careers, so that they could continue to work at Ela Beach.

And gradually, I began to realise that my continued presence at Ela Beach would increasingly have a detrimental effect on the family I had gathered around me there, and that although it had all been such a wonderful experience working together here, the time had come for us to part.

So I informed the Chief Magistrate that I would not seek a new contract, and that when my current contract ended, I would return to Australia. Other expats were also

leaving at about the same time, and so I joined the cocktail circuit for the swirl of send off parties which were regularly held all over Port Moresby at that time as, one by one, long-serving kiaps and other Australian public servants departed for home.

But after the first two or three of these parties, all the rest became boring. It seemed that the same lawyers, and the same magistrates, and the same departmental heads attended, together with the same smattering of left over kiaps, and we all listened to the same boring farewell speeches. So I told the Chief Magistrate that I did not want a farewell party. I said I would go out, without fuss or fanfare, the same way I came in, 30 years before.

So, there was no official departmental farewell for me, just as I had requested ..... But I was in for the greatest surprise of my life !!!!!

My last day at Ela Beach court house began the same as any other, and we stayed back as we usually did, to tidy up the last remaining shreds of work so that there would be a clean court sheet the following morning. Then I hung around, as I always did, while the staff tidied up and while things were locked away. On Selina's first day back at work from hospital, it had been such a dramatic homecoming for her that I offered to drop her off at her hostel on my way home. The next few days were just as busy for her, so I did the same, and somehow, it just became a matter of routine thereafter. These journeys home together gave us the opportunity to talk over the days' cases, and remind ourselves what we had to do next day. There was also the usual smattering of small talk between us, and I used to cherish these moments we spent together.

And, as it sometimes happened, on this particular occasion of my last day at Ela Beach, Selina mentioned that she might be a while finishing up, so I walked out into the car park to wait for her.

The traffic hummed along Ela Beach Road, as it always did at that hour of the day, and as I watched it all go by, two traffic police motor cycles arrived, and without talking to me, the riders dismounted and went inside the court house. I thought they were a bit late for whatever business they came to conduct, but the staff were still inside anyway. Then a few more traffic police arrived, and then all the prosecutors came, in two separate police cars. Then a paddy wagon arrived and the Shift Inspector from Boroko got out and came over to talk to me, and still I did not twig what was happening.

Then four police got out of the back of the paddy wagon and carried two patrol boxes into the office. At this stage I got a bit curious, so I asked the Shift Inspector what was in the boxes. "Why don't you take a look," he said, and we both walked into the office.

I opened one of the boxes, and saw that it was packed with crushed ice. Inside the ice were bottles of beer and other assorted drinks, and still I did not twig. Then I heard police sirens wailing in the distance, and soon the car park was full of police vehicles, as more police poured into the court house, among them Selina's father, whom I had not seen for 15 years. Then other people arrived, including Selina's brother whom I had not seen since the night he nearly killed her, and then Selina's doctor arrived in her sleek new car, and it was only then that I realised what was happening. It was a surprise send off party for me. And it had all been so carefully planned, that it came to me as a total, absolute surprise.

But it was not a boring send off party with the same boring guests like all the others I had been to. No way. It was a fun filled hilarious gathering, the like of which I have never seen either before or since. And instead of boring speeches, there were funny stories. For with the Shift Inspector presiding as MC, everyone there was called upon in turn to tell a funny story about me.

And we laughed till our sides were sore as we listened to stories of me falling off my motor bike in Madang, or falling off my horse at Menyamya, and so on. These stories

were told as only Papua New Guineans can tell them, about that bygone era when the kiaps ran their country for them.

And the play acting which accompanied these stories was superb. One story was about a very tired snake swimming across Lake Murray and which decided to have a rest on my passing double canoe. The canoe was then heavily laden with police and carriers, and all the equipment for a long patrol. I was only 19 at the time, totally scared of crocodiles and snakes, as I whipped out my revolver to ward off this unwelcome boarder. The first few shots went wide and the snake made it safely aboard. But the young traffic policeman who was telling the story had us in fits, as he sprang from chair to table to floor and back again, mimicking me trying to get a good shot at the snake without at the same time shooting the other terrified passengers or sinking the canoe with bullet holes. In spite of the turmoil aboard, the snake evaded death, and when fully rested, slithered over the side and continued its journey across the lake unharmed. Of course, the interesting sideline of this story was that at the time this incident occurred, the storyteller had not yet been born. He knew the story by heart, much embellished over the years, by his father who had been a constable with me on that canoe.

And Selina's doctor told a story of my guava tree in Samarai. She did not need to remind us of course that she was one of the most talented and most beautiful young ladies ever produced by Kwato, so she began her story by telling us how, during her final high school year, she and other mission girls from Kwato would hide in the bushes and watch me count the near ripened fruit on the tree. But I never got to eat from this tree you see, because the guavas would disappear at their moment of perfection, and before I had a chance to pick them.

This mystery of the disappearing fruit was solved one day when I caught her up the tree and gave pursuit, threatening her, so she said, with all manner of risqué punishments, as she teased me and retreated laughing, higher into the upper branches, intending at some stage to jump off.

But before this could happen the branch broke under our combined weight, and we both came tumbling down. On the way down, the doctor said, I was conceived of a brilliant non magisterial form of punishment, especially designed for Kwato girls who stole guavas. Lifting her upside down from the tangle of the broken branch, I bit her gently on her bottom.

And she had everyone laughing till their sides nearly split, as she mimicked a teen aged mission girl trying to protect her modesty, while being held upside down by a playful kiap.

"It didn't work," she said. "He never got to eat a ripe guava, but he kept on catching me up that tree. Mackellar may be leaving," she concluded, "but his teeth marks stay behind," and with that she pointed dramatically to her own shapely behind, and everyone screamed with laughter. It was not true of course, because there were no teeth marks there. But it all made for a good story.

And so the stories went on and on, late into the night, and the only sombre moment of this wonderful, wonderful party was when the Shift Inspector presented me with a Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary wall plaque. "Take it with you when you go Mackellar," he said, "and hang it in Australia on your wall, so that you will see it every day, and so that you will never ever forget that when you were here, you were one of us."

And as I type this page that wall plaque hangs beside me, with a PNG flag draped on either side: a lasting memory of my last day at the Ela Beach Court House.

I drove Selina home for the last time that night, and a thousand memories swept over us as we parted. I never went back to the court house again, and a few days after I left it, I took my yacht *Nialyn* to Australia. It was the North-West season, and we were moored

off Ela Beach. So in the thin light of a still grey dawn we weighed anchor and sailed away, and my last sight of the court house was when it disappeared behind the looming bulk of Paga Hill.

I heard later that as soon as I had left, the family just faded away. The girls who had married policemen followed them to their new postings, and most of the other policemen who had been stationed at Ela Beach received their long overdue promotions and were also transferred out.

Selina left Port Moresby to become the clerk of a provincial court house, and the others were either promoted or transferred elsewhere, and a new crew took over at Ela Beach. But not for long, because the court house building was soon demolished to make way for the new Ela Beach recreation reserve, and to this day not a single vestige of the old court house now remains.

But to me it will always remain as a land mark in my life: my last posting in PNG, a place of joy and woe, and wonderful memories where we all worked hard together for a just and noble cause. And for all of us, I am sure it will remain etched in our memories forever, as a legacy of sharing the lasting experience of that intimate family matter.

*Chips Mackellar was at the Ela Beach Court House for five years. He said this story would be the last of his series of stories about PNG as he believed he had fully covered his time there. He left the Ela Beach Court House - and PNG - in 1981.*

#### VALE

*With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends. On behalf of the Association the Committee extends sincere sympathy to their families.*

#### **Mr Ken (Birdie) BAINBRIGGE** (31 January 2000, aged 71 years)

Ken Bainbrigg spent his formative years in Thangool, in SE Queensland. In 1952 he went to PNG to work for Steamships and soon began running their sports goods section. He met his wife Enid and their sons Mark and Nicholas were born. Ken had various jobs, the last one being Promotions Manager with W D & H O Wills. Ken and Enid 'went finish' in 1970 and settled first in Toowoomba Qld. and then in Brisbane where he retired.

Ken was a keen sportsman - he was a first class cricketer, a great hockey player, and he dabbled at rugby league and boxing. Ken became sporting supervisor with ABC Radio in PNG and spent a lot of time behind the microphone for the ABC over the years. Apart from commentary on all the local sport, Ken was privileged to commentate for three South Pacific Games and two Commonwealth Games. In his later years he became a long standing member of Nudgee Golf Club and later still, of the Aspley Bowls Club. After retirement Ken took up his other passion, painting, in earnest and his output was prodigious. He spent 15 years with the Aspley Art Group and made many friends from all walks of life.

Son Nicholas said in his eulogy, "Kenny could sing and mime perfectly... Nearly every person here today will be able to recall moments of madness, moments of pure comic genius and moments of side splitting laughter... Kenny tramped the boards when he was younger, appearing in numerous musical productions, both amateur and professional. He performed ... anywhere there was an audience." Son Mark said, "...he treated everyone he found equally, usually making people laugh to kick off the friendship. It was always to laugh with someone and not at them, that was Kenny's way." Ken is survived by his wife Enid, and sons Mark and Nicholas.

(From the eulogies given by Mark and Nicholas)

#### **Mr Peter Robert GRAHAM** (30 September 1999, aged 73 years)

Peter Graham, late of Bencubbin, WA, was in the Air Force during the war, then worked as an Administrative Officer in the Department of Public Health, Port Moresby, from late 1948 to 1958. He was not married. (Information from Josephine Chandler and Jim Gillman)

**Mr Francis Xavier RYAN** (5 March 1999)

Francis Ryan was with the Department of Agriculture. Further details in next issue.

**Mr John BIRKIN** (19 December 1999, aged 67 years)

John Birkin served in the Department of Public Health from 1956-74, mainly in the areas of TB control and with Dr Gajdusek on kuru research. In 1961 he married his first wife Marlene, and the couple had three daughters. On leaving PNG he worked for about eight years as a Medical Attendant at Blackwood SA. John remarried in 1981. He and Mary retired to Kangarilla, 30km from Adelaide, and grew olives. John is survived by his wife Mary, and daughters Fiona, Amanda and Susan.

(The foregoing was provided by Mary Birkin.)

**Mr Edward FULTON** (20 November 1999, aged 95 years)

Ted went to PNG in 1926 to work for W R Carpenter in Rabaul and in 1936 he joined Jack Thurston and the Tudors on the goldfields in the Sepik District. In 1939 Kevin Parer flew Ted south to enlist in the AIF. He was on the first troop ship to leave Sydney on 10 January 1940. He served in the Middle East, then from late 1942 onwards in New Guinea. Because of his knowledge of the jungle he remained until late 1945 as part of ANGAU. He was discharged from the Army with the rank of Major.

With his wife Gwen and baby daughter, Ted returned to Rabaul after the war and with the capital he had made from gold prospecting he bought Makurapau plantation at Kokopo. He replanted it and eventually established a highly successful cocoa and copra plantation. Ted was involved with the New Britain community and served in the early 50s as president of the Planters Association. He sold the plantation in 1960 and the family moved to Sydney. Gwen died in 1979. She and Ted are survived by their three daughters Mary, Elizabeth and Catherine and six grandchildren.

(The foregoing was provided by Ted's daughter Elizabeth Thurston.)

**Mrs Betty C WARD** (6 February 2000, aged 79 years)

Betty was the widow of the late Percival T Ward, who passed away at Bundaberg in 1997. Perc and Betty met in Sydney in 1950 whilst Perc was on leave from New Guinea where he worked in the Public Works Department as an overseer. He is survived by his son, Anthony and his daughter Candida. Perc had spent many years in New Guinea serving in the RAAF during the war, and in civilian life afterwards.

Betty joined the Land Army during the war, working around the Sydney area. She followed Perc to Samarai in June 1950 and they married in 1951. Betty worked for TAA and Qantas. Together they travelled the world and enjoyed the company of their many friends. They later moved to Lae, Kavieng and Port Moresby, before retiring to Maroochydore. They lived there for 20 years, enjoying travelling around Australia and of course their golf. Their last move was to Bundaberg.

(The foregoing was provided by Frank Smith.)

**Mr John FRAME** (December 1999)

John lived in PNG most of his life. His father was E J Frame, Managing Director of BPs. John was with ANGAU during the war, he and his brother Bob, owned adjacent coffee plantations in Goroka. John is survived by his daughter Rosemary.

**Mr Terry WHITE** (1 March 2000, aged 73 years)

Terry White died suddenly from a heart attack in Hobart. Sir Anthony Siaguru, former Deputy Secretary General of the Commonwealth Secretariat, flew from Port Moresby to deliver the eulogy at Terry's funeral. Further details in next issue.

**Brother Kevin McGHEE** (4 February 2000, aged 76 years)

Kevin worked for many years at the Sacred Heart Mission school at Sideia near Samarai. His brother, Fr John McGhee, predeceased him. He is survived by his sister Barbara.

**Mrs Marjorie Ellen MARR** (27 July 1999, aged 83 years)

Marjorie Marr was the widow of the late Colin Marr. (Further details in next issue)

**Mr Edward Phillipson (Ted) GLOVER** (9 November 1999, aged 75 years)

Ted Glover was the chief of the *South Pacific Post* newspaper group in Port Moresby for eleven years between 1950 and 1961, and continued his close business connection with the papers, and with other PNG companies, for many years after returning to Sydney in 1961.

Ted was born in Blackburn, Lancashire, and before joining the Royal Navy in wartime 1942 worked as a junior reporter on the weekly Blackburn *Times*. After wide-ranging naval service, which took him to the Dutch East Indies and Sydney among other places, he was demobbed as a lieutenant RANVR in 1946. That year he married Alice, known as Bunty, and became a sub-editor on *The Sydney Morning Herald*. The two went to Port Moresby in 1950, following Ted's appointment as managing editor of *The South Pacific Post*, then a weekly owned by the Yaffa Syndicate of Sydney.

Ted's editorial responsibilities were soon superseded by the need for his managerial services. He was a competent and respected boss of the group he worked diligently to expand, becoming managing director of the paper and its subsidiaries. He was also chairman of Clarens Estates Ltd, Koitaki Plantations Ltd, Waugh and Josephson NG Ltd, and Highland Hotels Ltd.

When he and Bunty returned to Sydney to raise a family, Ted remained executive director of *The South Pacific Post*, and had other business interests. Their son is the well-known Sydney journalist and broadcaster Richard Glover. The Post group was acquired by the Herald & Weekly Times and, in turn, by Murdoch's News Ltd. Ted and Bunty later divorced.

(The foregoing was provided by Stuart Inder.)

**Mrs Dora MacADAM** (27 October 1999, aged 99 years)

Dora MacAdam lived in Rabaul prior to the war. During the war she worked for W R Carpenter's in Sydney. Many years later she settled in Brisbane. She is survived by a daughter Mrs Di Shephard of Kenmore Qld.

(Information provided by Hazel Savage)

**Mrs Olga Christina BLOOD** (10 November 1999, aged 86 years)

Olga was born in Apia, Western Samoa in 1913. She spent her early years there and later moved with her family to Sydney. Her ties with Western Samoa were very strong and all through her life she visited there frequently.

Nep and Olga were married in St Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, in the early 30s and made their home in Rabaul where Nep was a member of the Police Force. Their son Peter was born there in 1939. They were in Rabaul during the eruption of 1937 and Heather Seale remembers with pleasure Nep and Olga arriving by schooner with fresh water and food to evacuate the residents of Wangaramut Plantation. They also lived at Wewak, Kieta and Kavieng before the war. In her youth Olga was a keen sportswoman and spent quite a lot of time on the tennis court and golf links. Olga and her small son were evacuated to Sydney after the Japanese entered WWII and they remained there until the war ended.

In 1946 Olga returned to the Territory and joined Nep who had transferred to the Department of District Services at Mt Hagen. In 1948 Nep transferred to the Department of Agriculture and together they established the beautiful station of Nondugl under the auspices of Sir Edward Hallstrom. There Olga was hostess to many guests from all over the world and like other women in the Highlands in those days she manned the radio. Their daughter Susan was born whilst Nep and Olga were at Nondugl. Olga went out to the Lutheran Hospital at Finschhafen for the birth as there were no medical facilities in the Highlands in those days. From Nondugl the Bloods moved to Korn Farm, the Government Experimental Station outside Mt Hagen, and from there to Madang. In Madang Olga was very active in the local amateur theatricals.

In 1971 Olga and Nep returned to Australia and made their home on the Gold Coast.

Olga is survived by son Peter, daughter Susan, sister Wyn and seven grandchildren.

(The foregoing was provided by Nan Bunting.)

**Rev G STANTON-CROUCH** (22 October 1999, aged 94 years)

The Rev Stanton-Crouch retired from the Education Department in April 1960. No further details available.



**Mr Bernard Raphael (Brian) CORRIGAN** (25 December 1999, aged 76 years)

Brian was a long time resident of PNG - 1946 to 1975. He was for quite some years with the Department of Native Affairs mainly in the Western and Southern Highlands where he carried out many early postwar exploratory patrols. He later left the Administration as an Assistant District Officer and went to the private sector before returning to the service in Mt Hagen as OIC of the Highland Labour Scheme. Brian is survived by his wife Jo, son Kerry and daughter Cathy, and grandchildren Sarah and Hannah.

(Written by Geoffrey Gray, a close friend of Brian's. Full details will be included in a later issue.)

**Mr Eric WILSON** (4 December 1999)

Eric Wilson was born in North Queensland. He worked for the Department of Agriculture Stock and Fisheries in the Northern, Bougainville, East New Britain and Morobe Districts. His last position was as Regional Agricultural Officer stationed in Lae. He left PNG in 1972 and returned to North Queensland where he worked in an advisory capacity until his retirement. Eric is survived by his wife and a son.

(The foregoing was provided by Joe Nitsche.)

**Mr J C (Cec) WELDON OAM** (February 2000)

During WWII, Cec Weldon was a member of the 9<sup>th</sup> Division and a former Rat of Tobruk. Postwar he was Property Manager for Burns Philp in PNG and travelled all round the islands. He retired to Bribie Island some years ago where he became Patron and founding life member of the Golden Age Senior Citizens Association and a Life Member of the Lions Club.

(Information provided by Doug Franklin and Joan Stobo)

**Mr George Henry WARWICK SMITH** (27 December 1999, aged 83 years)

George Warwick Smith was Secretary of the Department of Territories from 1964 to 1970, at a time when Australia was coming under increasing pressure from the United Nations to move more quickly towards self-government and independence. He was regarded in Canberra as an energetic, loyal and dedicated public servant, but in PNG he was often criticised for his tendency to intervene in day-to-day affairs rather than allow decisions to be made by experienced Administration officers.

(Information from *The Canberra Times* 31-12-99)

**Mrs Margaret LEYDIN (née Grahamslaw)** (9 December 1999, aged 89 years)

Margaret went to Port Moresby as a baby in 1910 with her mother Annie, her sister Mary and brother Tom, to join their father who had preceded them to establish a plumbing business. She went to the local primary school and joined Burns Philp as a teenager. For a period she worked with BNGD (British New Guinea Development Company).

Margaret married Bill Leydin in 1933. Thereafter they spent about five years at Daru where Bill was the District Clerk. Bill rejoined the Navy in 1939 and Margaret lived in Brisbane with her sisters Mary Baldwin (and children) and May and Ivy Grahamslaw throughout the war.

After the war they returned to Port Moresby where Bill took up the position of Registrar of the Supreme Court. Bill retired in 1949 to farm oranges and poultry near Gosford. In 1974 they moved to Peak Hill. Bill passed away in 1981. (The foregoing was provided by Derek Baldwin.)

**Mrs Marjorie Della SISARICH** (26 October 1999, aged 75 years)

Marjorie went to Mt Hagen with her husband Gerry in May 1969. Gerry worked with Public Works and later Plant and Transport while Marjorie worked with the Commonwealth Bank. When they moved to Mendi, Marjorie ran the Bank's Agency there for Ron Neville. She later worked with Brian Chape in the Police Department. On returning to Mt Hagen in 1971 Marjorie continued with the Police Department. On subsequent postings, she worked for Mr Warner Shand (Rabaul), the State Solicitor's Office (Lae) and the Police Department. In early 1978 the couple moved to Moresby where Marjorie worked with Graham and David Frances, solicitors. They returned to Australia in 1983 and settled in Mt Beauty Vic. Marjorie is survived by her husband Gerry.

(The foregoing was provided by Gerry Sisarich)

**Mrs Mollie COLEMAN** (4 November 1999, aged 85 years)

Sybil Mollie Denier came to Australia with her family when she was six and grew up in North Queensland. She left there after her marriage to George Bingham. Her two daughters, Pam and Jill were born. As soon as women were accepted into the armed forces, following the outbreak of WWII, Mollie enlisted in the Women's Royal Air Force. She rose to commissioned rank following a promotion which made her the first female sergeant in the Queensland branch of the service. In the course of her duties she was sent to Port Moresby.

After the war, and the end of her marriage, Mollie returned to Port Moresby, amongst the first of the postwar clerical staff. There she married Ken Frank, who was killed in a car accident only a year after their marriage. Mollie then managed hotels in WA and Queensland, before returning to PNG in 1959. In 1961 she married Alexander David (Toby) Coleman who was with the Electricity Commission. Mollie worked in the Rabaul office of the Department of Lands. She and Toby had a wide circle of friends. Mollie was a very community-minded person and a strong supporter of Girl Guides and similar organisations. In 1972 the couple returned to Brisbane, firstly to a riverside unit and then to Redcliffe. After Toby's death in 1979 Mollie moved back to her riverside unit where she made full use of her proximity to the city - only a short ferry ride to shops and restaurants. She also became a supportive parishioner of her local church.

Mollie is survived by her two daughters, her grandchildren and great grandchildren, and her sister Mary.  
(The foregoing was provided by Margaret Kelly.)

**Ms Mary Anna TROY (Trojanovcky)** (6 January 2000, aged 79 years)

Mary Troy arrived in PNG in 1956 as a nursing sister. She served in almost all the government hospitals in the country, retiring in December 1971 when she was matron of Goroka hospital. No further details available.

**Mrs Helen SHERRY** (20 February 2000, aged 85 years)

Helen von Grabowska was born in London and spent her first six years there. Then she travelled the world with her parents and became proficient in seven languages. But before she was out of her teens she had lost her parents, and her grandparents - her only surviving relative was a cousin in Rabaul so she decided to go there. She found employment with Burns Philp & Co and it was there that she met Jack Sherry and Roma Bates (both also with BPs) and later Linda Evans. Strong friendships were formed and lasted her lifetime. At the age of 20 she married Jack Sherry and in 1941 daughter Marie-Louise was born. With the outbreak of WWII, Helen and baby were evacuated to North Queensland and Jack, like most men in New Guinea, was left to trek across New Guinea to Moresby. Eventually Jack and Helen set up house in Australia where daughter Maureen and son John were born.

After the war Burns Philp sent Jack to Madang where Helen and the children joined him. In the late 50s the family returned to Australia and settled in Ashfield NSW. In the 80s, husband Jack died, and son John died some four years later. Helen and her daughters, and grandchildren, were very close and the last years of her life were very happily spent. It was in this period that her artistic gifts came to the fore - she did exquisite embroidery, sketching and watercolour painting.

For Roma Bates a friendship of 68 years has ended. (Provided by Roma Bates.)

**Mr Anthony (Tony) NORMOYLE** (26 December 1999)

Tony Normoyle was the younger son of the late Chris and Mona Normoyle. He grew up in PNG at Rabaul and Kokopo and completed his secondary schooling in Brisbane where he was outstandingly successful in a wide variety of field games. He subsequently played Rugby League for Papua against New Guinea and for New Guinea against Papua.

After working in private enterprise upon his return to PNG from school, he joined the Public Service and served in Customs and Treasury. When he returned to Australia at the completion of his service he and his family settled in Perth where he maintained contact with former PNG residents and became involved in community affairs. He was a strong family man and a friend to many. Tony passed away in Perth WA after being in poor health for a long time.

Tony is survived by wife Del and children Christopher, Julia and Sandra and six grandchildren.  
(The foregoing was provided by Tony's brother Chris.)

**Mrs Dulcie (Flora) JOHNSON** (31 December 1999, aged 78 years)

*The following is an abbreviated version of an obituary written by John Farquharson:*

Dulcie Johnson, who died on New Year's eve, was the wife of L.W. (Les) Johnson, the last Administrator of Papua New Guinea. But during her 12 years in PNG she was much more than that - a person in her own right who played a significant role in developing opportunities for Papua New Guineans as well as facilitating their transition into a newly emerging relationship with Australians, Australia and the rest of the world....

Dulcie grew up on a wheat farm at Dudinin WA, where her father, Bill Gray, struggled to make a living growing wheat through the hard Great Depression years. She and her two brothers walked or rode a horse for several miles every day to a one-teacher school until she went to high school in Northam. During her years boarding in Northam, a young teacher named Les Johnson boarded with her family. Les and Dulcie married in 1940 when she was 19. They were to have celebrated 60 years of marriage this year.

WWII saw Dulcie serving in the WAAF, while Les served with the 7<sup>th</sup> Division in the Pacific, Indonesia and Borneo. In the postwar years Les progressed through the WA Education Department. He went to PNG with his family in 1962 to spend six months as a deputy director of education before taking over as director when G. T. Roscoe retired.

From the outset Dulcie wanted to be involved with the people. But, as she told (Dame) Rachel Cleland, wife of Administrator (Sir) Donald Cleland, "I don't think committees are my thing. ... I want to do it in my own way". And this she certainly did, beginning with a young teacher she met named Vincent Eri and his wife, Margaret. She made dresses with Margaret, a shy village girl of limited education, cooked with her and had the Eri children to play. The open, undemanding friendship which Dulcie extended to the young couple was undoubtedly a factor in what they were later able to achieve. For Vincent Eri became Governor-General and received a knighthood. This was the beginning of Dulcie's involvement with the local women, whom she got to know quietly in a personal way, through just doing things with them. Many friendships were built in the same way with students from the Teachers' College. She did eventually get drawn into organisations such as Red Cross, PNG Women's Association, YWCA and Girl Guides, but her style of doing things remained the same and extended to Members of the House of Assembly and their wives.

Her work with organisations began when she was asked to run a popular-girl competition for the Red Cross. This led to organising fashion parades for which she often made some of the dresses, drawing on her flair for design. Over the years she was also responsible for various debutante balls, cabarets and concerts while her enthusiasm for music found expression through her fundraising efforts on behalf of the Junior Music School.

Her easy, eye-to-eye friendliness was never more evident than at Government House, where she was known as "Missus bilong Namba Wan Gavman", after Les became Administrator in 1970. Ken Inglis, former PNG University vice-chancellor and noted historian, remembers her "putting people at ease, old and young, black and white - all were treated alike and everyone was family to her. She was a person of grace, good humour and generosity".

As both Assistant Administrator and Administrator, the Johnsons concentrated on building friendships with up-and-coming Papua New Guineans and their wives... There would be long afternoon teas and dinners, invariably with music and dancing, but above all conversation and discussions which would often go on until the small hours of the morning. And Dulcie's involvement with PNG, its affairs and people continued after retirement to Canberra. She was patron of the Wantok Association which, through cultural and social events, helped to make any PNG people who came to live or study there feel at home...

Dulcie is survived by husband Les, daughter Fay, son Ian and three grandchildren.

*John Farquharson was editor of the "South Pacific Post" in 1965-66. Our thanks to John for permission to publish this.*

**Mr Cedric P INKSTER** (31 December 1999, aged 86 years)

Cedric Inkster retired from the Education Department in Feb. 1969. No further details available.

**Mrs Margaret S FEETUM** (8 February 2000, aged 96 years)

Margaret Feetum was the widow of the late Ronald W Feetum. No further details available.

**Mr Eric STORM** (24 February 2000, aged 103)

The death of venerable Sydney investor and share trader Eric Storm in Sydney on 24 February, just nine days short of his 104<sup>th</sup> birthday, closed the last chapter in the story of Eric and his longtime friend and associate Fred Archer, late of Rabaul. In 1961, Eric and Fred jointly formed an investment company, F.P. Archer Holdings Pty Ltd, with a capital of £401,000, and at the same time the Fred P. Archer Charitable Trust, which was financed by investment profits. With Fred in Rabaul, Eric handled the investment portfolio from the Sydney end and, without publicity, the trust began donating to various PNG charitable causes. Fred died in 1977, aged 86, after 54 years in PNG, but the trust continued under Eric's control. In recent years it has been paying out half-a-million a year to charities in PNG and Australia. On Eric's death the capital was about \$25 million, but its munificent support of charitable causes, built on a lifetime's friendship, will continue, for the assets of F.P. Archer Holdings will be wound up into the trust and managed by the Permanent Trustee Company.

Eric Storm, born in Mosman, was widely known and respected in Sydney business circles for his astute knowledge of the markets and for his unshakeable integrity. He was a modest man, without affectation. He and Fred met in Queensland just before WWI, when they went into a partnership in a small trucking business. With the war, Fred Archer enlisted with the Australian Light Horse, returning at war's end to become a plantation manager with the NG Expropriation Board, acquiring his own plantation, Jame, near Buka Passage, at the third and last group of Expro sales in 1927.

Eric, rejected for war service, took an accountancy post with Burns Philp in Batavia, becoming a commodity broker there on his own account through the 1920s. He returned to Sydney in 1930 and increased his wealth during a lifetime of investing and trading. Eric's wife of nearly 50 years, Blanche, died before him, and they had no children.

Eric remained active as a share trader to the last, phoning his brokers from his small Cremorne home usually twice a day. He retained all his faculties, including a remarkably retentive memory for names and faces and an alert mind. His face was unlined and his eyes sparkled. He was a strict vegetarian but he enjoyed a regular glass of wine, and the activities of the Archer Trust enabled him to keep up warm friendships with a number of current and ex-PNG people.

PNG charities which benefited from the Trust last year include St Mary's High School, The Salvation Army PNG, Rabaul Business College, Morobe Handicapped Children's Assoc., Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Kokopo, Kindergarten Long Ples, Hutjena Provincial High School. Others were the 6<sup>th</sup> Division Aitape Relief Fund, the Kokoda Trail pathway (at Concord NSW) and the Rabaul Relief Fund. Acting for the Trust, Pat Hopper received money which supported the ANGAU Memorial Hospital at Lae, tidal wave relief, the PNG Eyecare Project, the sending of surplus hospital equipment from Australia to PNG, and the school set up by the American airman, Fred Hargesheimer. (The foregoing was written by Stuart Inder.)

**Mr Frederick Laurence STRUTT** (16 January 2000, aged 71 years)

In 1949, aged 21, Fred followed his family to Port Moresby where his father was manager of the hostel on Paga Hill. Fred became a storeman and afterwards Stores Inspector with Comworks. Later he was a clerk with PWD, then moved to Education, and later to the Department of the Administrator. His final job was Works Programming Officer with the Department of Finance. In Samarai Fred met Audrey, daughter of Bert and Maude Clausen, and the couple married in 1960. Fred had numerous interests apart from work. He was involved in hockey (he was a member of the hockey team representing Papua in Queensland in 1953) and swimming (he was one of PNG's swimming team officials at the South Pacific Games in Guam in 1975). The family left PNG in November 1975 to live in Brisbane.

Back in Australia Fred began work with the Brisbane City Council and rose to the position of Finance Inspector with the SE Qld Electricity Board. He renewed his love of Freemasonry and served with distinction in various offices. He retired from the SEQEB in 1993 and was able to devote more time to his work for the Freemasons Homes, Sandgate. One of his highlights of recent times was the PNG Treasury reunion at Maroochydore in September 1999.

Fred is survived by his wife Audrey, children Deborah, Llewellyn, Harald and Richard, Deborah's son Regan, and his four sisters. (The foregoing was provided by Audrey Strutt.)

**Mrs Elma Grace HOLMES** (17 November 1999, aged 75 years)

*Following are excerpts from the tribute to Elma delivered by our President, Harry West, at her funeral service in Sydney on 20-11-1999:*

"Elma was a calm, thoughtful, compassionate person of sound common sense and a degree of determination, with a capacity to adapt to the many different and often unexpected circumstances that presented themselves, particularly where outstation life was concerned, in the early postwar years in Papua New Guinea. Both Ian and Elma were well known for their friendly hospitality, particularly welcoming to their home the younger single expatriates on special occasions such as Christmas and Easter - when families back home in Australia would be most missed. I had a very close association with Elma and Ian in the Eastern Highlands for a few years in the middle 50s and those were wonderful times of rapid and overall development, with everyone full of enthusiasm in that invigorating climate, enjoying work equally as much as leisure.

Back in Australia, in more recent times, Elma has been a very popular, respected and active member of the closely knit former PNG residents community. Up until two years ago she was for a number of years a most competent treasurer of the Retired Officers' Association of Papua New Guinea which has some 1200 members. Elma will be greatly missed by all of us."

*The following is from Alison Marsh, a close friend of Elma's for 50 years.*

"Elma died in Sydney after a long brave battle with cancer. Elma and I first met in Port Moresby in 1949 when Elma was Staff Clerk at the Department of Native Affairs and I worked in the same Department. Ian and Elma had been posted to Moresby from Samarai where Ian had been the Assistant District Officer and Elma Postmistress at the Samarai Post Office. Prior to that posting they had been stationed at Kikori in the Delta District and then on to the Long Course at ASOPA in Sydney for two years. They were later stationed in the Highlands at Minj and Goroka, and later back to Moresby. Ian was far from well and was 'boarded out' of the service - which saddened them both. Elma became our ROAPNG treasurer and held the post for many years - she was a very efficient person. Ian would often say 'Elma thinks like a man' - which was a very high compliment from him, but Elma was not impressed!"

**Mr Leslie John BRADY** (18 February 2000, aged 89 years)

Leslie John Brady grew up in Bundaberg Qld. He joined his father's business and set about a career as a real estate agent. At Brisbane in 1934, he married Elizabeth Gertrude Thynne and a wonderful partnership began and continued until the tragic death of Bess in a car accident some 12 years ago. Les joined the AIF in February 1942 and served in Intelligence in New Guinea - he was discharged with the rank of Sergeant in 1945 and returned to Bundaberg.

New horizons beckoned in 1952 when Les took up the chance to develop land at Kainantu in the New Guinea Highlands. He established the 'Aionora' coffee plantation and succeeded where many others might well have failed. Les and Bess went to start a new life with no house, no phone, no power, no road and no coffee income for four years. He was innovative and creative in working out better coffee farming practices. He always had a way of communicating with the indigenous people of New Guinea, even down to paying wages to his workers by the phases of the moon. The natives understood and accepted this and not our printed Roman calendar.

Les was able to form a syndicate and purchase 'Gusap Downs' in 1959. This syndicate, with Les as Chairman, developed the largest cattle property in New Guinea, in the Ramu Valley.

Eventual disposal of his New Guinea interests saw Les back as a property developer in Bundaberg. He travelled the world and left behind friends in many countries - he wrote and published the book "Happy Times Abroad". He found time to enjoy horse racing, buying yearling in Australia and New Zealand. He enjoyed success at many venues, including the Gusap Picnic Races. In New Guinea he served as Chairman of the New Guinea Graziers Association and the Kainantu Farmers and Settlers Association.

Les died a few weeks short of his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, for which he had planned a big party. (The above is taken from a eulogy sent to us by Les's niece, Norma Horton, of Bundaberg Qld)

**Mrs Jocelyn E DOBBYN** (5 January 2000, aged 81 years)

Jocelyn Dobbyn was the wife of the late William P Dobbyn who was with the Transport Department. No further details available.



**Mr Nathaniel (Niel) GRIEVE** (21 December 1999, aged 94 years)

In 1933, Niel joined Bulolo Gold Dredging (BGD) as foreman in their workshops. At the outbreak of war he joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles. His engineering skills were of great value to this small force operating in hazardous conditions. After his unit was relieved, Niel, along with others of his unit, all in poor health, walked across the mountains from Wau to the Papuan coast and were evacuated to Australia. He then joined the 15<sup>th</sup> Aust. Small Ships Co., was commissioned a Lieutenant, and was in charge of 24 ships in Darwin. After the war Niel returned to BGD, then in 1951 he formed a company to construct a slipway in Madang. This venture was successful and serviced vessels from around the world. He and his wife Ellie retired to the Gold Coast in 1969.

**Mr Lionel MANSFIELD** (19 December 1999, aged 80 years)

Lionel spent all his working life in New Britain; for many years he was manager of Tavua plantation, near Kokopo. Lionel and his late wife Marjorie retired to Sydney, and then later to the Gold Coast. He is survived by his sons John, Robert and Chris and their families.

**SALE OF BOARD GAMES TO HELP ROTARY CLUB OF HUON GULF**

R D Hunter of the Rotary Club of Huon Gulf Inc sent a board game similar to Monopoly but called 'The Wheeler Dealer Game of Lae'. The accompanying letter reads, "We purchased a large quantity of these games with monies raised from a good old PNG auction for spots on the board. These games are sold for K30.00 (not much in Australian dollars these days) and monies raised are redirected back into the community of Lae and surrounding areas by way of projects carried out by the Rotary Club of Huon Gulf. These projects are mainly aimed at Education and Health and by way of equipment and books rather than cash. The Club was wondering if maybe some of your members might be interested in purchasing the game. There would be a freight charge on top of the price but if by chance the order was substantial we should be able, through contacts up here, to get a reasonable sea freight rate." If interested, please contact the Rotary Club of Huon Gulf Inc, PO Box 3178 LAE, M.P. 411, PNG. Email: [huongulf@hotmail.com](mailto:huongulf@hotmail.com) or the Club Secretary, Alan Wilson, Ph (675) 472 2339, Fax (675) 472 5766.

\*\*\*\*\*

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS TO:**

MR. D.E. BENSTED	49 TRAILING RD.	GLASSHOUSE MOUNTAINS (Prev. Lot 46)	
MR. J.A. CHIVERALL	134 WESTLAKE DRIVE	WESTLAKE	QLD 4074
MR. D.J. CLANCY	77a BAYVIEW TERRACE	CLAREMONT	W. A. 6010
MR. M. & MRS M.A. COCKBURN	33 NEWLOP ST.	NGUNNAWAL	ACT 2913
MR. R.B. DUNCAN	1/4 SHEARWATER CLOSE	BALLINA	NSW 2478
MR. P. ERSKINE	P.O. Box 520	BEECHWORTH	VIC 3747
MRS. J. HAYES	1/29 MAROOCHY WATERS DR.	MAROOCHYDORE	QLD 4558
MR. F. HAYNES	76/109 WISHART RD.	WISHART	QLD 4122
MR. J.M. HOWARD	P.O. Box 33	PORT MORESBY 121 NCD	PNG
MR. A.D. HUNT	1/12 ST. MARTINS TERRACE,	BUDERIM	QLD 4556
MR. N.J. JUSTO	48 PACIFIC DRIVE, BANKSIA	BEACH, BRIBIE Is.	QLD 4507
DR. V.D. McNAMARA	P.O. Box 456	PHNOM PENH	CAMBODIA
MR. I.C. McPHERSON	3 WOODWARD TERRACE,	BELLA VISTA	NSW 2153
MR. E.C. MEISSNER	P.O. Box 8291 GOLD COAST MAIL CENTRE	BUNDALL	QLD 4217
MRS. M. PARSLOW	MT. LA VERNA RETIREMENT VILLAGE, ST. FRANCIS HOSTEL		
	678 NORTHBEACH RD.	GWELUP	W.A. 6018
MR. D. READ PSM	P.O. Box 663	COOROY	QLD 4563
MR. L.K. SEARLE	686 BELLANGARY RD.	MORTONS CREEK (Prev. RMB 38)	
	UNIT 36 TRICARE RETIREMENT VILLAGE		
	1748 LOGAN ROAD	MT. GRAVAIT	QLD 4122
MR. W & MRS. B. SIDEBOTTOM	24/32 RIVERVIEW RD.	NERANG	QLD 4211
MR. P.M. SMITH	35 TORAL DRIVE	BUDERIM	QLD 4556
MRS. E. STANDEN	P.O. Box 407	HARRIS PARK	NSW 2150
MR. R.D. STORER	P.O. Box 394	MAGILL	S.A. 5072
DR. M.J. TRINICK	P.O. Box 18	ERINDALE CENTRE	ACT 2903
MR. D. VINCI	1/116 LITTLE USHER AVE.,	LABRADOR	QLD 4215

**MEMBERS REJOINED:**

MRS. M. BLAKE	19 YALBA ST.	ASCOT	QLD 4007
MR. J. BOWERS	15 BUSHLANDS AVE.	HORNSBY HEIGHTS	NSW 2077
MR. J. BROWNE	36 CLANVILLE RD.	ROSEVILLE	NSW 2069
MR. J.H. ROACH	P.O. Box 23	COOROY	QLD 4563

**CORRECTION:**

MR. J. BATTERSBY	9 LINDEMANS RD. (Delete "Lot")	LOWOOD	QLD 4311
MRS. E. MOORHEAD	P.O. Box 1129 MDC	BURPENGARY	QLD 4505
Mr. B. & Mrs. J. SWIFT	Postal addr. P.O. 175	CARLINGFORD	NSW 2118



WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MRS. J.K. AITCHISON	9 ANGOPHORA PLACE	CASTLE HILL	NSW 2154
MRS. D. ASTLE-STEOP	21 MACLEAY ST.	GLOUCESTER	NSW 2422
MR. F.L. AVELING	UNIT 63 KRESSVILLE	COORANBONG	NSW 2265
MR. J.H. ALLEN	16 ORLANDO AVE.	MOSMAN	NSW 2088
MRS. P. BENSON	8 PHOENIX ST.	MALANDA	QLD 4885
MR. G.J. BOWDEN	8 BEDELIA WAY	HAMMERSLEY	W.A. 6022
MRS. D. BRAXTON	3/9 LIDGETT PLACE	FLOREY	ACT 2615
MR. J.K. BROWN	P.O.Box 714	RABAUL 611 E.N.B.P	P.N.G.
MR. G. BUTLER	WAUCHOPE HOUSE,		
	36 WEISMANTLE ST.	WAUCHOPE	NSW 2446
MRS S. COCHRANE	283 LILYFIELD RD.	LEICHHARDT	NSW 2040
MR. K.V. COOKE	21 ALDENHAM RD.	WARNERVALE	NSW 2259
MR. G.K. COWPER	31 SILVERWATER RD	MORISSET EAST	NSW 2264
MR. J.E. DIXON	46 DURALI AVE.	WINMALEE	NSW 2777
MR. S. DORNEY	149 QUEENSCROFT ST.	CHELMER	QLD 4068
MR. R.B.H. DOYLE	LANGU	PMB KIMBE	P.N.G.
MS. C. DUNCAN	13 EINSTEIN ST.	WINSTON HILLS	NSW 2153
MS. D. DUNCAN	8 COBBITTEE ST.	MOSMAN	NSW 2088
MR. A.W. GALLOWAY	PO Box 202	COOMA	NSW 2630
MR. A.M. HALLETT	19 RIALANNA ST.	KENMORE	QLD 4069
MR. G. HANSSSEN	6 MAREE COURT	TOOWOOMBA	QLD 4350
MR. P. HUMPHREYS	P.O. Box 63	KIMBE 621 WNPB	P.N.G.
PROF. F. JOHNSON	984-298 WAKAMATSU-CHO	WAKABA-KU, CHIBA-SHI	
	CHIBA-KEN 264-0021		
MR. A. JONES	87 HERRON RD.	PULLENVALE	JAPAN
MR. F.E. KING	122 BISHOP RD.	BEACHMERE	QLD 4069
MR. J. LATTIN	57 BARDO RD.	NEWPORT	QLD 4510
MR. B.D. LAWES	38 TALLOWOOD AVE.	CABARITA BEACH	NSW 2106
MRS B. LAWES	38 TALLOWOOD AVE.	CABARITA BEACH	NSW 2488
MS. R. LEE	50 GERARD ST.	ALEXANDRIA	NSW 2488
MR. P. LE MONNIER	64 RUE BOULEGON,	13100 AIX-EN-PROVENCE	NSW 2015
MR. W. LINDSAY	33 NOIRTHBORO RD.	TAIGA PUNA, AUCKLAND 9	FRANCE
FR. P. McVINNEY SVD	P.O. Box 107	EAST TROY, WI. 53120-0107	N.Z.
MR. E.W. MAIDMENT	PACIFIC MANUSCRIPTS BUREAU		U.S.A.
	RSPAS, ANU		
MR. A.W. MARSH	"SPRINGDALE", M.S. 1981	CANBERRA	ACT 2600
MR. R.J.M. MARTIN	8/6 STANLEY ST.	THE SUMMIT	QLD 4683
MR. D.J. MARTIN	P.O. Box 50	BURLEIGH HEADS	QLD 4220
MR. N.J. MATTHEWS	16/49 OSBORNE RD.	OAKBANK	S.A. 5243
MRS. R. MOORHOUSE	82 CLAUDARE ST.	MANLY	NSW 2095
DR. P.M. MUNSTER	77 BLUFF RD.	COLLARROY PLATEAU	NSW 2097
MR. C.B. O'BRIEN	50 CLANVILLE RD.	ST. LEONARDS	VIC 3223
MR. P.J. PENSON	16 GROVE RD.	ROSEVILLE	NSW 2069
DR. T.O. PETR	27 McLEOD ST.	ROSANNA	VIC 3084
FR. P.J. O'REILLY SVD	P.O. Box 196	TOOWOOMBA	QLD 4350
DR. I. D. RILEY	16/124 MACQUARIE ST.	BOWEN	QLD 4805
MR. J.P. RING	109 HARVEY ST.	ST. LUCIA	QLD 4047
MR. J.H. ROACH	P.O. Box 23	ANGLESEA	VIC 3230
MR. P.H. ROGERS	P.O. Box 382	COOROY	QLD 4563
MR. R.P. SCOTT	5 MACKELLAR COURT	WESTMEAD	NSW 2145
MR. R.A. SPARK	47 DENMARK ST.	MT. OMMANNEY	QLD 4074
MRS. M. STRONG	111 BULWER ST.	KEW	VIC 3101
MRS.A. STRUTT	7 LOBE ST.	TENTERFIELD	NSW 2372
MRS. J. THOMAS	19 SUFFOLK RD.	BALD HILLS	QLD 4036
MR. M.A. TURNER	8 HOGAN RD.	DANDENONG NORTH	VIC 3175
MR. K. WEARE	86 SWALLOW ST.	TARZALI via MALANDA	QLD 4885
MRS. R. WENNERBOM	C/- QBE INSURANCE (ASIA PACIFIC LTD)	INALA	QLD 4077
	82 PITT ST.	SYDNEY	NSW 2000

NEWSLETTER RETURNED: Does anyone have information regarding Mr R D COCHRANE of  
1/16 Bibimulya Street, Bellara QLD 4507

*See previous page for Change of Address etc*