



Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

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ATTENTION PLEASE! NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATE

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When renewing, please make sure
you send **\$12, or multiples thereof**

**25th ANNIV., PNG INDEPENDENCE -
Major Event**, Sat. 16 Sept. Please see our
President's message at top of page 3.

Church Service: Sat. 16 Sept. 10am at St
Leonard's Church, cnr Merremburn &
Willoughby Rds, Naremburn - Wantok
Club/PNG Chinese Catholic Assoc.

PNG INDEPENDENCE AND OUR CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON -

16 Sept. is PNG Independence Day and its
25th anniversary - its silver jubilee.
Because this coincides with the opening of
the Olympic Games in Sydney, the
Committee has decided to incorporate our
celebrations with the Christmas Lunch at
the Mandarin Club on 3rd December,
with special features. We would like as
many members as possible, together
with family and friends, to make a
special effort to attend.

H W West, President

Full details and booking slip in next issue.
(There will be an exhibition of the work of
Brett Hilder at the Luncheon.)

2001 AGM and LUNCHEON will be on
Sunday 22 April 2001

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**Membership of the association is
open to anyone who has lived in
PNG or who has an abiding
interest in the country.** The fee

has been increased to \$12 per year
to cover GST and other costs. The
membership year is the calendar
year. Membership application
forms are available from The
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Phone 02 9981 4734

VISIT TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

Thursday 5 October

We will be visiting Leura, a delightful village
with a variety of small shops containing
attractive merchandise. Lunch will be at the
Leura Gourmet Restaurant (as last year) at
159 The Mall, which is on the right hand side
a short easy walk down from the station. The
proprietors would like us there a little before
12.30 as the restaurant is crowded between 1
and 2pm. There should be two suitable trains
from Central, departing at 9.02am or 9.57am,
arriving Leura 10.50am or 11.49am (\$2.20
Return for Seniors Card holders). By then,
trains should be back to normal after the
Olympics, but please check with City Rail a few
days before the day (City Rail's Sydney number
- 13 1500, select 0 to speak to operator). If
driving we suggest you arrive midday or earlier.
If interested, please ring Pam Foley (9428
2078), or Joe Nitsche (9451 2475) before 30
Sept. so we can advise the restaurant. **-D Parrish**

**SHIELDS OF OCEANIA and
MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE OF WEST
PAPUA - 11 Aug.-23 Sept. 2000**

The Sydney College of the Arts in conjunction
with the Oceanic Arts Australia is holding an
exhibition of (a) the shields of West Papua and
the PNG Provinces of the Highlands, Sepik,
Madang and Gulf, and (b) the work of the
Asmat and Mimika people of the southern coast
of West Papua. The Sydney College of the Arts
is in Balmain Road opp. Cecily St. Open 10am-
4pm Wed-Sat, 10am-6pm Mon-Sun during
Olympic Arts Festival 1-11 Sept. Entry free.

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A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT -

CELEBRATING PNG'S 25 YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE

A night of celebrations to mark the silver jubilee of PNG's independence is being organised by the Sydney PNG Wantok Club, the focal organisation of the 800 PNG Nationals resident in the metropolitan area.

It promises to be a fun affair for all age groups, with informality the keynote - a band is visiting from Port Moresby and there will be traditional dancing and other floor shows.

The function is on Saturday 16 September at the Twin Reception Centre, 560 Botany Road, Alexandria. Doors open at 7.30pm and the main meal will be served about 9pm. The cost is \$45 per person and this includes all foodstuffs, wine and beer. The location is easily reached, parking is no problem and the taxi service is good.

Our Committee is organising a group of former PNG expat residents and friends to attend and be seated together. Please join us - phone Noe Nitsche 9451 2475 for all details.

- H W West

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Honours Awards (notified to us)

- **Les JOHNSON**, the last Administrator of PNG, received a knighthood in the PNG Honours List (Queen's Birthday, 2000). Dulcie, his wife of 59 years, died last December. Les is far from well, and recently moved to a nursing home at Rose Bay NSW.
- **Bob WOODS** was awarded a knighthood in the Queen's Birthday Honours for services to the law and scouting in PNG. Bob stayed on after Independence and became a Judge of the National Court from which he retired in late 1999.
- **Dr Jan SAAVE**, who served in PNG from 1950-72, has been awarded an OBE for services to health and health education, also in the PNG Queen's Birthday Honours. Dr Saave is a consultant on health services in PNG and on Health Aid for Melanesia.
- **Peter GRIMSHAW**, MBE, has been awarded an OBE for services to tertiary education (PNG Honours list).
- **Ben MEEK**, who was Bursar at the University of PNG from 1966-72, received a Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM) for restoration of heritage buildings particularly through the National Trust and for encouraging local history. Ben said he had always been interested in history and after retirement was able to follow up this interest.

Richard (Dick) DOYLE of *Langu* plantation, Kimbe, PNG wrote, "My plantation has a mooring about 200 metres in front of our house. This week *Febeina*, a Walindi (Kimbe) based live-aboard dive boat, *Star Dancer*, a Peter Hughes fleet live-aboard dive boat and *Mantaray*, Cairns-based 95' corporate boat (Ray White Pty Ltd) have moored overnight - different nights, of course. *Langu*, on Witu Island (4°42' S; 149°27' E) is not short of international visitors, despite the 2,700 ft grass airstrip no longer in use due to lack of maintenance by our Local Level Government. Quite a few of your members have visited *Langu* and Witu over the years."

The following is from **Bob BLAIKIE** of Mt Gravatt Qld, "I am sure that others involved in the relief parties despatched to Popondetta were as interested as I was to hear of the reunions being planned for the 50th anniversary of the eruption of Mt Lamington. I was based in Lae at the time and together with Horrie Niall and PO Des Martin sailed on the administration vessel *Huon*, skippered by Geoff Hall, from Lae to Cape Killerton with medical and food supplies. Also in the party was a doctor who I think was Dr Zverkles and a nursing sister 'Rusty' McLean. We left Lae on the afternoon of Sunday 21 January, 1951, the day of the eruption, arriving at Cape Killerton early the next

morning. Des and I spent about three weeks at Popondetta as part of the relief mission before we returned to Lae.

I became a grandfather for the sixth time last Friday 9 June 2000 when my younger daughter Jennifer had a son... It seems as though my family don't have the recipe for producing girls as this is my sixth grandson."

Jim COX of Upper Natone Tasmania wrote, "Wife Valerie and self still busy with our specialist strawberry nursery (now 21 years) getting bigger instead of 'downsizing', which suggests that considering our age we must be 'bl--dy long-long'. However we do derive quite a bit of satisfaction from knowing that we have a lot of happy clients all over Australia. This year we went international in that we supplied plants to the UK and to a Japanese Company operating out of Tassie. We manage to keep our blood from getting too thick by making regular visits to family in Darwin and Cairns - this makes living in Tassie quite tolerable.

As a former *didiman*, sorry to read of 'FX' Ryan's passing away. Frank was one of my mentors who was a real 'spark-plug' ie the innate ability to generate enthusiasm for a project. He loved the fight for District resources, much to some kiaps' annoyance, and he took great delight in setting-up such types by feeding them misinformation etc etc. Despite the competitiveness between some didimen and kiaps, on the whole we were all genuine people trying our best to help the PNG'ns."

The Editor's four weeks away:

"While my co-workers were busy folding and posting the June issue, I was on my way to South America - first to Buenos Aires, Iguassu Falls and Rio de Janeiro, then to Peru and Bolivia. I went with Diana Duncan, previously **Diana STOCKLEY** from the library at ASOPA. We were 'independent tourists' - the tour company provided transfers to and from hotels, airports etc and a guide and driver to take us around each area.

The places we went to were extremely varied and sometimes quite breathtaking. There were many highlights: Iguassu Falls were superb (and not a McDonald's in sight). The Falls are not just one wall of water, they 'wrap around' - going up-river in a powered rubber dinghy to view them was unforgettable. A Tango Show in Buenos Aires was brilliant, and the view of Rio de Janeiro from high above the city was spectacular. Once in Peru there was the thrill of seeing Machu Picchu for the first time and of taking the 10 hour train journey high in the Andes mountains.

Machu Picchu definitely lived up to expectations! You can walk into Machu Picchu along the Inca Trail (usually a four-day hike), but most people reach it by bus up the mountainside - this was a bit scary as there were numerous hairpin bends, and if a tyre blew??? But the excitement of my first glimpses of the 'lost city' put that worry behind me. The settlement is huge, and virtually intact; exploring it, you cannot help but be amazed at the engineering and construction skills of the people who built it over five hundred years ago. You wonder why they left it ... we'll probably never know.

A visit to Peru almost always includes a visit to Cuzco, built on the foundations of the old Inca capital. It is a charming city with a large central plaza surrounded by the cathedral and other old buildings. There you find a range of shops and restaurants often set behind colonial archways. The local people ply you with postcards and inexpensive artifacts, while young boys are forever eager to clean your shoes. For us it was a photographer's dream as there was the celebration of Corpus Christi on the Thursday, followed by a colourful parade on Friday and Inti Raymi, the Inca festival of the winter solstice, on Saturday. (Corpus Christi and Inti Raymi do not usually occur together.) Peru values its tourists - in Cuzco, Tourist Police are stationed in pairs around the main square and in popular tourist areas.

In Peru and Bolivia the Indian women stood out in their colourful skirts and

various styles of hats. We were told the women do not feel properly dressed without their hats. In rural areas the Indians live very simple lives probably much as their ancestors did. Every little settlement had a church, usually a substantial one. The countryside we travelled through was forever changing, often with a backdrop of snow-covered mountains. We could not believe how much land had been terraced - some of the terraces dated back to pre-Columbian times. Then there is the beautiful Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world. Catamarans take tourists on 24-hour trips, stopping off at islands of interest - a lovely way to go sight-seeing.

In Rio we had a spare afternoon, so booked for a half-day tour to a favela (favelas are the poorer areas of the city). I was surprised when the guide arrived in a Jeep and invited us to climb into the back. But it was fun tootling along past beaches and down Rio's busy streets. We had a look around the crowded market area of the favela and then drove up the hillside into the residential areas, with youngsters jumping in and out of the back as we went ... as someone said, "In Rio, anything goes". Our guide spoke four languages and in the evenings taught English to help the unemployed find jobs.

We made the most of shopping opportunities and bought some lovely things - handwoven items, jewellery, pottery, paintings, ornaments and alpaca garments.

I would certainly like to visit South America again - it is a fascinating place. Back home, I was more conscious than ever of how lucky we are to live in this wonderful country." **Marie CLIFTON-BASSETT**

News from the Northern Territory: Jim Toner writes, "Warring factions within Darwin's PNG cultural group (to overstate the situation somewhat) have happily become reconciled since last year when Independence Day was not marked. This year, however, everyone is to combine in September for a 25th anniversary celebration.

On that score a quarter century seems a somewhat lengthy pause between meritorious performance and due recognition for PNG's Last Administrator. Sadly his knighthood bestowed in the Queen's Birthday Honours came just too late for him to ever hear his dear wife addressed as Lady Dulcie. Anyway, congratulations to Sir Les JOHNSON KBE.

Concurrently our fellow member **Peter GRIMSHAW**, son of the Police Commissioner responsible for creating the RPNGC from the separate NG and Papuan Forces, was named OBE on the PNG list and also received an OAM on the Australian list. Tupela wantaim! If not unique then certainly rare.

In July there was a brief but enjoyable gathering in Darwin of former Southern Highlands kiaps. **Frank LEIBFRIED** came up from Tasmania, **Chris WARRILLOW** flew down from Moresby, and **Mike PRESS** is resident here in Palmerston. All had served together in Kagua, Tari or Mendi. When the subject of cricket came up I was able to recall that **Des CLANCY**, co-founder of the Mendi station, had naturally provided a cricket pitch. It was always a fascination to me that the British Empire had found its way to that remote valley and bat met ball beneath great limestone cliffs which had seen nothing like it for millennia.

That pitch was a place where our Papuan staff could meet the Taubadas on an equal footing. And how they loved to take a kiap wicket. Players we had, but no umpires, and Des as senior officer present would take on the dual role. It was an odd thing but when he was at the crease himself I can never recall him answering an appeal for LBW or stumping with anything other than 'Not Out'.

Pacific Islands Monthly was published for the last time in June just two months short of its 70th birthday. Most of us didn't know it was still being published (in Suva) but the magazine was a good 150 pages read in the days when news and communications

were minimal, and there was a substantial PNG content.

Those of us never likely to see PNG again are always interested in films made there. Unfortunately we may not see a German-NZ co-production recently shot in and around Madang. It is a four-hour TV series titled "Bird of Paradise" and the cast includes the well-known Aboriginal actor Gulpilil as a witch-doctor. The possibility that it also includes every island/jungle/colonial stereotype known to Hollywood is sickeningly exciting. I trust they don't forget the scene where the volcano erupts just as the natives are about to sacrifice a virgin ... Saved in the nick of time."

News from Papua New Guinea: Peter BARTER, A/Chairman of the PNG Tourism Promotion Authority, advises that arrangements for celebrating PNG's Silver Jubilee on 16 September are well under way, both in the National Capital District and the Provinces. The VIP guests from Australia will be Dame Rachel Cleland, Mr and Mrs Tom Critchley, Mr and Mrs James Sinclair and the Hon Andrew Peacock. (Regretfully Sir Les Johnson is too ill to make the trip.). Peter said, "We would have loved to have a lot more, but as Chairman I am conscious of the financial constraints ... nevertheless, we welcome ex PNG residents as the event will be very special."

The Madang Resort Hotel has recently been extended and upgraded. The Prime Minister Sir Mekere Morauta opened the new complex in May and congratulated Peter Barter and his wife Jan for their commitment to the tourism and hospitality industry. The Hotel employs about 300 people and has spent a large amount of money over the years on training its staff, the Prime Minister said. After the K30 million refurbishment, the Hotel is now a four-star hotel and offers over 100 rooms ranging from standard room to presidential suites.

Peter's activities extend to humanitarian services - his company, Madang Tourism Services (MTS) has set up the Melanesian Foundation, which supplies desks to thousands of school children, builds rural aid posts equipped with radios and is involved in many other welfare activities. Recently MTS received a Culture and Heritage Award from PATA (Pacific Asia Travel Association). (The National 23-5-2000)

HANNAH CHANCE OF LISMORE from K. Humphreys

Sydney H Chance served in Papua as a Resident Magistrate after the Great War and retired in 1943. Details of his extensive field experience are in James Sinclair's biography of Ivan Champion, *Last Frontiers*. Sydney married Hannah Annand whose family resided in Lismore NSW. The Chances lived in Samarai, Daru, Kikori, Kokoda and Port Moresby. Whilst at Kikori in 1926 Hannah was bitten by a cat and contracted an obscure fever, of which only five cases had been recorded to that date. The effects of the bite contributed to chronic ill health resulting in her death in 1943, aged 51. Sydney died in Brisbane in September 1965. There were two children from the marriage.

During research on the occupation of German New Guinea I made contact with the Richmond River Historical Society of Lismore. I was advised that there is considerable interest in Hannah Chance due to her glorious soprano voice. She sang solo and as a member of the Lismore Ladies Choristers throughout the Northern Rivers and was a fund-raiser for the war effort of 1914-18. In 1945 she was remembered by the inauguration of the annual Hannah Chance Memorial Trophy for soprano excellence. The competition no longer survives.

If any member has further details of Hannah's life could they advise and I'll pass it on to Lismore. (Ken Humphreys is at PO Box 291, Caloundra QLD 4551.)

DEATH IN THE *FRIESIA*

They died there,
Near the wharf, in sight and sound of help.
Through the portholes of the smoke-filled cabin
They could sight the living and envied them
The life and air which they themselves were losing sight of.

There were other ways of dying, less tortuous than death
By fire, by flesh burning and breath suffocating.
Had each of them, some mother's child,
Survived the do's and don'ts of childhood for this?

A few hours later, the rain came.
Too late for them.
It could not recall the dead to their unburnt state before.
Time is ruthless in its happenings.

And now the *Friesia* stands cold and black
Burnt against the sky,
Only the fire streaked portholes
Echo the hopeless cries for help.

People ask what caused it.
A reason must be sought
A smouldering mattress carelessly lit
A drunken error with a cigarette,
And three men died - - -

Mary R. Mennis (1968)

The fire took place in Rabaul at 3.30am on the night of 2-3 May 1968, killing the Chief Officer, Geoffrey Bye of Boolaroo NSW, Marago Amai of Daru and Chief Engineer James Connors of Lae. Earlier the previous day several buckets of water had been thrown on a cigarette burn in a kapok mattress and the sopping mattress, with the fire apparently extinguished, had been taken on deck and propped against the deck-house wall to dry out. The Coroner, Mr Paul Quinlivan held that kapok mattresses should not be used on ships because of the danger which this case showed, because the fire suddenly flared up, burning a leather strap which held an oxy-acetylene cylinder upright causing it to fall over and turning it into a flame-thrower which was pointing down the companionway into the crew's quarters. Flames set varnished wall panelling alight and destroyed the wooden treads of companionways, completely blocking normal means of egress.

Mr Quinlivan condemned the position of the oxy-acetylene unit but attached no blame to the ship's master. He also said that had the portholes been larger and had there been escape routes at other ends of passageways, all the victims would have survived. As it was, the three men died of asphyxiation. (Post Courier 6-8-1969 and Paul Quinlivan)

Mary wrote, "I remember being horrified at the deaths of these men as I stood on the wharf and saw the blackened ship the next morning."

THE MEMOIRS OF AMY WASHINGTON

Amy Washington was born Amy Symons in 1897 and died in 1988. She spent almost 70 of her 90 years in Papua. When Amy's daughter Tessa realised her mother was the only surviving member of her family, she decided to record her mother's reminiscences. Tessa wrote, "A period was set aside each day for the task and my mother began to enjoy the sessions as much as I did. Her memory was still vivid, with a keen recollection for detail, and as we progressed she recalled many forgotten incidents.

As far as I can ascertain, the Symons family was unique in that it appears to be the only one which stayed together as a family unit, accompanying my grandfather to his many isolated postings throughout the Territory. Theresa, my grandmother, clearly emerges as the real strength that welded the family together. Like many women who ventured into British New Guinea in the 19th century, she was loath to be separated from her husband. Discovering the reality of their new lifestyle only when they arrived at these far-flung outposts, they accepted the vicissitudes and strove to maintain the civilised tradition to which they were accustomed. They succeeded to a remarkable degree. What follows are excerpts from the stories she related to me



1981 - Amy Washington (née Symons) being interviewed by Adrienne Swanton for *Taim Bilong Masta*
(All photographs in this series of stories are copyright.)

"My father, Alexander Henry Symons, became an officer of the Government of British New Guinea in 1892. He had served in the British Navy and when he arrived in Cooktown in the HMS *Mosquito* he decided to remain in Australia and obtained a discharge. When the *Merrie England* (the official transport for the Governor of British New Guinea) was in port some years later, he approached Sir William MacGregor and was offered the position of Purser, which he accepted. He served as Purser for six years and whilst on board was called upon to assume the duties of private secretary to Sir William whenever the occasion demanded. They became friends ... Sir William was anxious to see my father settled with his young family before his term of office expired in 1897.

In 1896 the opportunity presented itself when the position of Sub-Collector of Customs, Samarai, became vacant, and my father was appointed to this position. Samarai, a tiny, beautiful island off the tip of the south eastern Papua with only a small resident population, was the port of entry for the South Eastern Division. During this time, my

mother lived in Cooktown with her three small children, Rosa, Theresa and Herbert... Whilst in Cooktown she gave birth to a little boy, named for his father, Alexander Henry. He survived for only five days and is buried in Cooktown. Mother and Herb joined my father in Samarai. There were three other European ladies - Mrs Mahoney, who owned the hotel, and two lady Methodist missionaries. Mrs Mahoney, a legendary figure, had owned the hotel at Daintree. It is not generally known that a large proportion of the early settlers in Papua originated from the northern area of Queensland, particularly the Cooktown and Daintree region. Mr



Theresa and Alexander H Symons ©

Armit, the Collector of Customs, gave the family the use of his house, as Mother was expecting a child. When her time was near she crossed in the sailing ship *Ivanhoe* to Cooktown. This was a tedious journey for her. There were no cabins. The passengers slept on a tarpaulin on the hatch. The ship generally took a week to reach port but on this occasion she was becalmed, and arrived later than anticipated. I was born several days after landfall.

She returned by the *Ivanhoe* to Samarai, this time taking with her, Rosa and Tess, Herb and the new month-old baby. We lived in Samarai for several years. The resident population was very small, but the miners from Sudest Island and Milne Bay came there to replenish their supplies and to spend a few days catching up with the news of the world. Mother would tell us of the miners arriving in town in ragged clothing, emaciated and often ill with fever or dysentery, their legs swollen with the dreadful tropical ulcers. There was no doctor, but mother always took them in and nursed them back to health. Before she left Samarai several of the miners arrived at the house and presented her with a gift in recognition of her kindness. It was a gold nugget, of an irregular shape, the size of a fifty cent piece. It was so heavy it had to be mounted on two wide gold bars. On the back was a small gold plate with an inscription thanking her for the many kindnesses she had shown to the men during her stay there.

Prior to my father's departure a presentation was made to him in the form of an address. It was signed by all the grateful residents of Samarai and districts. The document was surrounded by a border of Papuan lakatoi stamps of various denominations. It read, "Dear Sir,

The present time being rather unique in the history of Samarai, inasmuch as there are an unusually large number of miners from all parts of the Eastern and Northern Divisions of the Possession in town, we, the undersigned miners, proprietors, traders, business people, and residents of Samarai, venture to regard the occasion as opportune for the public expression of our confidence in you as one of the Executive Officers of the Government in this part of the Possession.

During the five years in which you have held the Office of Sub-Collector of Customs and Assistant Resident Magistrate at Samarai, you have always carried out your duties in a fearless and impartial manner, without regard or favour, yet, withal, with a

dignity and courtesy that commanded the respect and won the esteem with all whom you came in contact in your Official capacity.

We trust that you may be long spared to carry on your duties, and that your valuable services and merit will receive that recognition from the Government, at some future date, which they so richly deserve.

We ask you to accept the accompanying Purse of Sovereigns as a very small token of our goodwill and esteem, and have great pleasure in wishing you the triumvirate of fortune's good favours in the future - Health, Wealth and Happiness.

We remain, Sir, yours Sincerely, "

A list of people who signed the document followed:

(SIGNATURES ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.)

Alvarey, A.	Davis, D.	Jenkins, E.	McKay, J.	Sampson, C. H.
Anderson, J.	Doolan, M.	Johnson, E.	McMahon, J.	Schmidt, F. E. J.
Anderson, N.	Duir, E. D.	Jones, E.	Neilson, E.	Slater, G.
Arbouin, C.	Dwyer, J.	Jorgenson, A.	Neilson, P.	Sloane, H.
Aroitte, J.	Elliott, R.	Kallaway, G.	Nicol, H.	Sorenson, P.
Asmus, O.	Elkington, T.	Keating, W. E.	Nicol, J.	Sullivan, F. A.
Auerback, E.	Emery, H.	Keogh, T.	O'Reilly, P.	Svennenn, G.
Auerback, G. T.	Emes, H.	Kilkenny, F.	O'Toole, J.	Tait, J.
Bell, G. A. S.	Evennett, C.	Klotz, G. H.	Patterson, A.	Tanner, H.
Bell, L.	Evennett, F.	Lamont, W.	Patching, W. B.	Thomson, Capt. A.
Bowler, M.	Farrell, H.	Leetch, A. P.	Pederson, P.	Thompson, C. A.
Bridle A.	Fletcher, H.	Leahy, J.	Peason, J.	Treacy, J.
Bunting, A. H.	Foster, W.	Little, W. J.	Pimm, G. W. A.	Warren, T.
Campbell, N.	Gibson, W.	Lowe, J.	Pinsent, J.	Walsh, T.
Carlin, R. A.	Gillespie, A.	Magnire, H. R.	Power, J.	Whitten, W.
Clements, A.	Graham, J. W.	Mahony, E.	Pryke, F.	Whitten, R. F.
Clunas, J.	Gray, G.	Meyerhoff, W.	Quinn, J.	Whitehead, C.
Clunn, J.	Grovenor, F. A.	Miller, H.	Ramberg, C.	Wisdel, W.
Collins, J.	Harland, C. H.	McAlister, J.	Ranyard, G.	Zimmine, A.
Cochrane, T.	Howe, H.	McBride, W. H.	Reynolds, J.	
Colliary, H.	Holmes, E.	McEmery, T.	Richards, C.	
Craig, T. E.	Hodges, G. F.	McGowan, E.	Roberts, S. G.	
Curtain, J.	Ivers, E.	McKinnon, W.	Ruthford, D.	

SAMARAI, 31ST OCTOBER, 1901.

Most of the gold nuggets which my father later had made into brooches for my sisters and myself were bought in Samarai from the miners. One nugget would be bought for mounting, and another to be melted down for the pin. Another brooch, which Mother wore, was made of two gold sovereigns from German New Guinea. They were mounted side by side with the Bird of Paradise showing on one side, and an inscription in German on the other. Unfortunately, very little remains with us of her jewellery. The pension of an officer of the Papuan Government terminated on his death, and Mother was forced to sell most of her jewellery after Dad's death.

The European population of the Territory in those days was really quite small, so they tended to meet and meet again constantly in different parts of Papua over the years. They were dependent on each other for entertainment, help in sickness and comfort in times of distress. The friendships made by the parents were perpetuated and enjoyed by all the family, and persisted wherever they were.

In 1901 Alexander Symons was transferred to Port Moresby, the capital and headquarters of British New Guinea, as Chief Clerk, Treasury Department. I was five years old when we sailed in the *Merrie England* to join my father in Port Moresby, where he had a house waiting for us. It was a small and undeveloped place. There were several Government buildings, a couple of shops and houses for the Governor and government officials. There was also a Dr Craigen, who was housed in part of a small modest building

which passed for the town hospital. There was no school and only one church, the Ela Protestant.

The house provided for the family faced the road leading down to Ela Beach, and would be on the right of the present Catholic Cathedral. It was a typical Port Moresby house, framed with timber and sheeted and roofed with corrugated iron. It was completely uninsulated and became unbearably hot. Rain water was caught in two tanks - as very little fell after the monsoon and this was our only supply, it was very precious. Feeding a family of young children must have been a mammoth task for Mother. My father employed a 'Shoot Boy'. This man was given a certain number of cartridges, and when he came back he had to account for the number he had used. He brought back pigeon (Goura), cockatoo and magani. Sometimes, if he was very lucky, he would bring back a wild pig. Apart from that, the tinned meats, corned beef and luncheon meat was the usual fare. The ships brought dried vegetables from Australia.

Sickness in British New Guinea was a constant threat and fear. Malaria and dysentery were always prevalent. There was no preventative or proven treatment and the Annual Reports from that time show the list of officers and members of their families who died each year. It was a hard and cruel land to many people. When I returned to Papua in the early 20s, Dr Lahs was the Medical Officer in Moresby. His only child, a girl of 18 years, had been on a visit to one of the plantations and on her return home became very ill with cerebral malaria. Nothing it seemed could lower her temperature. In a desperate attempt to make the hospital a little cooler, huge tarpaulins were draped over the tin roof, but it was all in vain as she died soon after.

In such a close-knit community, a serious illness or death was a matter of great concern to all. It was the practice when anyone in town was seriously ill to watch the flagstaff at the hospital. If someone passed away, the flag would be flown at half-mast. When I returned in 1920, the flag was flown from Burns Philp's pole. In deference to the climate and lack of facilities, the funeral usually took place on the same day.

One morning I came in from playing to find Mother and three of her friends, Mrs Champion, Mrs Hides (whose son Jack was later to become an explorer in the Territory) and Mrs Benstead (her husband was Director of Public Works) making wreaths. Everyone was most upset as the Acting Governor, Judge Robinson, had committed suicide early that morning beside the flagpole at Government House. The following is condensed from an article by Robert Travers, *Sunday Mail*, 16-9-1979 -

"In 1901 the Rev. Chalmers, a much-loved missionary, and his offside Oliver Tomkins, were killed and eaten by the Goaribari people. Subsequently the Governor of British New Guinea, Sir George le Hunte, set out to investigate. The perpetrators were attacked, their warriors' huts were burned and their war canoes smashed. Le Hunte was promoted, and left Papua. In line with tradition, the Chief Judge (Judge Robinson) was made acting Administrator. He was 32 years of age and had been in the Territory for less than a month. Judge Robinson, the son of an Archdeacon, then led an expedition to bring back the relics of the dead missionaries. There was a short but savage clash between the islanders and a party of armed native constabulary led by Judge Robinson. Fearing for the safety of those on board the *Merrie England*, the police fired volley after volley into the crowd of natives paddling out in their canoes. When news of the affray reached Australia there was a public outcry. A Royal Commission was hastily set up by the newly federated Commonwealth Government. When news of the Royal Commission reached Judge Robinson, he was suffering a bout of malaria and broke down completely. Feeling he had been disgraced, he sat up all night composing a long document explaining his actions at Goaribari. Then at dawn he went out to the flagstaff at Government House and blew his brains out."

Robinson was buried in the cemetery at Konedobu near Government House. At that time there was no connecting road to Port Moresby from Konedobu. The only access was by bush track of about two miles, or by rowing boat across the harbour. When a funeral was held, the coffin was carried to a whaleboat, and rowed across the harbour by natives. In the case of Judge Robinson, the rowers were police boys dressed in navy serge jumper tops and ramis, trimmed with red. The mourners all followed in rowing boats. When they reached Konedobu on the other side of the harbour the coffin was carried to the cemetery by the native police boys, and the mourners followed on foot - a journey of approximately a mile (only men attended funerals in those days).

The seventh member of our family was born in Port Moresby. Five ladies were expecting babies at the time, so arrangements were made for Mrs Owens, the midwife from Cooktown, to make the journey from there to assist Dr Craigen. She travelled in the sailing ship *Jeera*. Henry Moresby Symons was the first boy born, after that four other boys, Ivan Champion, Alan Benstead, Robert Bruce and Victor Matthews.

The essential practice of exchanging inter-office memos in the government offices extended into the homes. Prior to the introduction of the telephone service, contact between friends was by exchange of notes carried by houseboys. In fact this practice persisted for many years after the telephone arrived. Houseboys looked forward to these errands. They always changed their ramis from working ones to best and, with a flower tucked behind the ear and the note safely in hand, would set off to perhaps the other part of town to deliver it and then return with the reply. The men walked home from the various offices for lunch at 12 noon, however at 10 am each day a procession of boys would depart with trays set with teapot, cups etc and freshly baked scones or cakes to the various offices, to present each Taubada with his morning tea.

We had no transport except horses, which we rode to go visiting, picnicking etc. We all had our riding habits which we had tailored in Australia. They were made of navy serge, the ladies rode side-saddle and the skirts were divided. Large panama hats were worn as protection from the sun, tied under the chin with a veil or scarf.

The standard of dressing was important and no concession for the heat was made. My father wore Jaeger singlets and Jaeger shirts all made of cream pure wool, which were purchased from Pike Bros in Brisbane. For everyday wear he wore khaki drill trousers. However on Sundays or for social or official occasions he wore white starched drill suits. These were always immaculate. The collars were in mandarin style with gold studs; brass buttons, brightly polished, fastened the jackets. He wore tan boots, and was most particular about the way they were polished.

My sisters and I had three types of dresses - printed or sprigged cambric for morning or everyday wear, white cambric with embroidery for our afternoon dresses, while our Sunday, or best dresses, would be of silk or white cambric elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery and finely tucked. I can see Mother now, dressed in her 'going out' frock of white voile, with rows of tucking and insertion. The belt was of black velvet with a sterling silver buckle monogrammed with her initials T.S. in gold. Never at any time can I remember Mother allowing our standards to decline. Morning tea was served at 10.30 each morning - the silver tea service was used, and the fine china cups and saucers. Afternoon tea was served under the trees and was a much more leisurely affair. By this time most of the men had finished work and there were always guests to share the cakes and biscuits the boys served. It would be cooler then and was pleasant to sit and chat about the doings of the day.

I had three little girls as playmates. Eileen Chester, who lived in the Church of England manse on the hill opposite our house. She lived with her mother, a widow, and her brother Bill. Essie Fowler lived in a cottage situated between the then Customs House

and Burns Philp. The third was Ruth Catt whose father managed Burns Philp.

In such a small settlement a wedding was a big event. I can remember when Eileen's mother, Mrs Chester, remarried and how excited we all were. She married a Mr Champion, who later became Government Secretary. After the wedding they left for their honeymoon on horseback to travel to Wariata, the government coffee plantation situated in the hills about 20 miles from Port Moresby. We all assembled to farewell the newlyweds. Herb and I stood with her two children Bill and Eileen, whom Mother had invited to stay with us until their mother returned. Bill and Herb were the only boys of the same age in Moresby and were great friends. Mrs Champion rode beside her husband, several native boys went ahead to guide them, while others followed behind leading some mules laden with luggage and provisions.

Bill Chester, after being educated in Australia at the Southport School, returned to Papua to join the Government Service, ultimately becoming Treasurer of Papua-New Guinea. He married my childhood playmate Essie Fowler who, until her death several years ago, was my closest friend. Eileen Chester was only a little girl when she died of a brain tumour. The family was on leave in Australia and she begged to be taken back to Papua, so her parents returned by ship with her body and she was buried in the cemetery at Konedobu.

Mr and Mrs Champion had three sons, Ivan, Claude and Alan. They also were educated at the Southport School and returned to become distinguished officers in the Papuan Government and later the Administration of Papua-New Guinea. Two baby girls were born, a year apart, but both died only a few weeks after birth and are also buried at Konedobu. I recall Mother telling me how Mrs Champion carried the tiny babes around in an apron type garment in an attempt to keep them at body temperature and so prolong their life. They had no facilities for premature babies in the early 1900s ...

When Mother was expecting her next and eighth child, the midwife was not available, so she travelled to Cooktown, with the family, in the sailing ship *Jeera* captained by German Harry. There was only one cabin and this was occupied by Mrs McCran, the wife of the hotel proprietor in Port Moresby. The Symons family was accommodated on the hatch and a tarpaulin was erected to give us shelter and shade. The food, tinned meat and boiled potatoes, was cooked in the galley below decks and brought to us on enamel plates, with pannikins of tea, by the native cook boy. There was no bathroom, and the toilet was a heavy wooden and iron seat which hooked on the gunwale. It was unnerving to say the least to be suspended in this fashion over the back of the ship. Journeys were very difficult for ladies in Victorian times, particularly if one was the only female passenger aboard. Mrs Owens, the midwife, who had to travel frequently by sailing ship, confided to the ladies she attended how she overcame the embarrassment of using these toilets. She found doses of grated nutmeg taken the day before and during the journey lessened considerably the number of visits she was forced to make to the gunwale. On arrival at her destination, she would take a very large dose of Epsom Salts, which righted things for her. These measures may seem drastic to us now, but in those times were essential to maintain the dignity of women forced to travel under such difficult conditions. Only on one day did the waves break over the *Jeera* and the wind become so strong that the Captain ordered us below decks. Several weeks after our arrival in Cooktown, Muriel Kathleen, the eighth member of our family was born.

Dad joined us not long after, for leave. He had received word that he was to be transferred from Port Moresby and was given the choice of Cape Nelson (at Milne Bay), or Daru, an island at the entrance to the Fly River. *(To be continued)*

Many members of ROAPNG will recall with affection native house staff who were influential in their early lives. This is one such story. Geoffrey is the son of the late Robert Melrose, Kiap, and Director of District Services and Native Affairs for the Territory of New Guinea just prior to World War II, and subsequently, after the war, Acting Government Secretary for the Territory of Papua and New Guinea until 1949 when he retired due to ill health.

BOSANGAT! O' BOSANGAT!

by **Geoffrey Melrose**

Where do I start with this man, Bosangat, (pronounced Buh-sang-et) who was so much a part of my early life?

He became an influence in our family sometime in the late 1920s. Reputedly the son of a village chief on Manus Island, he spent much of his life paying off his father's debts - gambling or otherwise, who knows? In the Territory of New Guinea of those days, debts could accrue in many ways - bribes, influence seeking, bride price, payback and yes, straight-out gambling.

At seventeen years of age, Bosangat was a deck hand on a schooner, plying the ports of northeastern New Guinea and its satellite islands. Somehow he displeased the authorities and was charged with receiving stolen goods - a few sticks of tobacco - and was sentenced to two years gaol. (In those times, receiving was considered more serious than theft). Whether my father, as a government officer, was responsible for the charge or the sentence I'm unsure. What is certain is that he was never easy with the result. He approached the young man, after the sentence, with a virtual promise of a job on completion of the sentence - you can imagine Bosangat's reaction, nowadays we call it the two-fingered salute! Dad also confided to me in later years, there was an older Bosangat in the same crew and that really, there was some doubt about proper identification. But such was British justice - and it was British style justice, even though Australia was nominally in rule - that a culprit should be found promptly. (Here I have to admit to personal bias. I don't believe Australia became independent of Britain - at least in heart and mind - until mid World War II. But that is another, more complex tale). In any case, at the end of his sentence, Bosangat visited my father and was promptly hired. This was around 1927 but there is no way to check the exact date.

Where he learnt the skill I don't know, my main memory of him was as a cook although this was not so in Kavieng around 1932. Certainly in Aitape up to 1930 there was some kitchen association and from 1936 on he was not only cook, but super cook and cook with influence. My father was the most even-handed man I have ever known, with a strong sense of duty and discipline, fearing no one and mostly favouring no one - but he was soft on Bosangat. He let him get away with small breaches of discipline and paid him the princely sum of thirty shillings plus keep per month in 1938 - the highest domestic wage in T.N.G. A sign of a guilty conscience or recognition of quality?

I'll tell you of the Bosangat I knew and you be the judge -

Self-appointed baby-sitter, he was the one who patted me off to sleep and softly crooned in the hot New Guinea afternoons - my earliest true memories. He it was who entertained me, when my parents attended some night function, with folk legends - stories of the origin of mankind (startlingly like the Bible.). Often the one who tucked me in - mosquito net under the mattress, and checking as well through the night. Also, he explained the meaning of the drums which beat at night. Even now, sixty odd years later, I can still

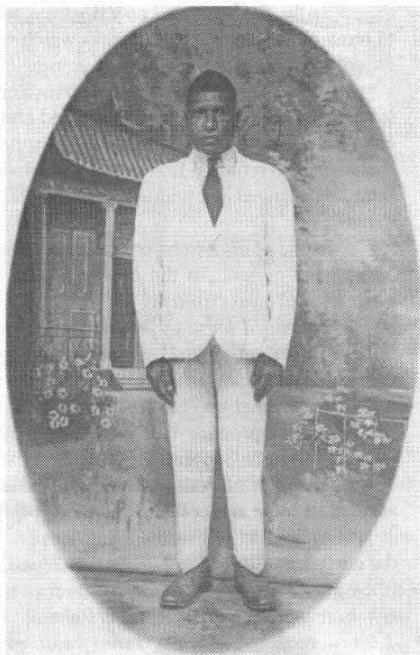
hear those drums beating in my memory, sending those shivers through me - part wonder, part anxiety, part thrill. Those drums calling me - this is your country, your heartbeat, come back home.

Bosangat, the man who taught himself to read and write English in Aitape - the anguish (as my mother reported) of the word Aitape, Aitape written over and over on the scalloped edge newspaper sheets which graced our kitchen shelves. Just twice, 'oh Aitape' was written to indicate the boredom, the sense of alienation of a foreigner in a foreign country, day after day the same. Seldom a new face. His only real friends my father, my mother and myself, little more than a baby. Few other Caucasians and only one trade store run by a Chinese gentleman, with whom Errol Flynn ran up hefty bills on occasional visits, and not a wantok to be seen.

Bosangat, who lost the pedals on his fixed wheel bicycle as he careered down William Street from King's Cross, passing trams and the occasional car, and finally getting control on the uphill stretch to College Street.

Bosangat, who nearly caused all of us to miss the ship back to New Guinea because he had to farewell the shopkeepers of Elizabeth Bay and Darlinghurst Road, finally arriving festooned with farewell gifts from his new friends and looking somewhat like a live Christmas tree.

Bosangat, who wrote me letters when I was in boarding school, all of which ended with a plea to bring him a nice red apple when I next came home to Salamaua or Rabaul.



Bosangat - 1936

Bosangat, who dressed up in a white duck suit, cast off by my father, with a shirt and tie as well and hied himself off to the town photo studio where he posed in front of a bamboo backdrop. I still have the photo with its legend, 'Mr Geoffrey Robert Melrose' on the back. With it came the usual two page letter and the reminder of the nice red apples. I was then nine years old.

At age ten I spent the full year of 1938 in Rabaul. Bosangat taught me to ride a bicycle. He also tried to teach me his own language with not a lot of success. I remember only that *tikai* meant one and *liptikai* might have been three. He also taught me to make cream cheese - sour milk in that climate was more the go than milk which had not turned.

1938 was also the year he introduced me to lamingtons. He always put aside a couple for me. I have never, at any time since, tasted their equal but I keep trying.

In 1938 too, the pumice from the eruption of 1937 lay everywhere. Young boys' feet quickly became, at best, dirty. Not to worry, Bosangat would sit me down, take my shoes off if I was wearing any, put my feet into a dish of sudsy warm water and wash/massage them while telling me a story or while I read him a comic, until my mother found us out. She

ordered him "never again" and I copped a minor hiding and later a lecture from my father on the proper order of things - boys, especially white boys, did not, repeat not have black men perform servile tasks for them. It took me years to find out what servile meant - the way my father had emphasised the word left the impression of a hanging offence. The episode left poor Bosangat with a sense of guilt and, ever after, I received samples of any special food preparation and always three lamingtons - but no more foot washes.

Sadly, the last time I saw Bosangat was in January 1939. He'd come to the wharf to farewell me on the M.V. *Bulolo* which was taking me back to Sydney and boarding school. But his tale has a little more time to run.

World War II arrived in our lives September 1939. My father had to cut short a leave he had not long before started and return to New Guinea. My mother stayed long enough to supervise me into a new boarding school in 1940 then rejoined my father. Bosangat also returned from leave and returned to the bosom of our family. But all our lives had changed and nothing would be the same again for any of us. Sic transit gloria mundi.

In one of his letters, my father complained that Bosangat was up to his old tricks, baiting the police. In those days, a native (I use the word advisedly) had to be in possession of a pass from his "masta" if out on the streets at 9 p.m. or later. Bosangat had a well-developed sense of propriety. His "masta" was the kiap and therefore the top of the tree - only out-ranked by the King of England, and maybe the Administrator of New Guinea - and Bosangat was his offsider. He never failed to get a pass when going out at night because that was the law. But he had very firm ideas on who ranked sufficiently to ask him to produce that pass. Certainly no mere police boy or police sergeant qualified. Police Superintendent Colonel Walstab barely did, so, often he was run in. The weary voice of Walstab, at all sorts of hours, would come through on the phone and ask dad to come and collect "that bloody boy of yours!"

At school I received one last letter from Bosangat. It was quite long and detailed the move from Rabaul to Lae for the Department of District Services and Native Affairs (the last one to make the move before the Japanese intervened - fortunate for my dad but not for many of his friends still at Rabaul). Remembering it now, I can feel the sense of disillusionment of which I was not aware when I received it as a thirteen year-old. Quite clearly there was a loss of faith in the King of England - the all powerful protector, represented by the daily ceremony he'd witnessed for much of his life, this time there was no request for a nice red apple and for the first time the letter ended with the word "good-bye". That letter was sent around October 1941 I think.

In January 1942 my father left New Guinea leading a party of civilians to safety - in Australia ultimately. He told me he farewelled Bosangat and advised him to try and find his way back to his home island. In 1946 my father returned to New Guinea. One of his first tasks was to seek news of Bosangat where he'd last seen him. Two stories surfaced. Neither could be verified. The first was that he had been executed by the Japanese for participating in some sort of uprising against them. The second told of his being killed when travelling home through country hostile to him. The only verifiable fact was that he never made it back to Manus.

This man of influence did not even make it to his thirty-fifth birthday. But he lives for me.

JOURNALS RETURNED: Can anyone advise us of the whereabouts of the following members whose copies of *Una Voce* have been returned marked 'Return Sender'?

Mrs Y Bailey, Beenleigh Qld	Mr C Meszaros, Dunlop ACT
Mr R D Cochrane, Bellara Qld	Mrs V V Miles, Toowoomba Qld
Mr W Jamieson, East Sussex UK	Mr&Mrs W & B Sidebottom, Carrara Qld

AN APPRECIATION OF FRIENDSHIP

by Nancy Johnston

Today, 26 June 2000, Heather Seale died. When a friend dies, the mind goes back and memories take over. I remembered the deaths of others and attending some of their funerals. Because of how things are for me now, sadly, like when Elma Holmes died, I will be unable to attend and pay my last respects to Heather at her service.

Still sitting with a cup of coffee, I thought of the late forties and early fifties when my husband Bill and I, and most of our *wantoks*, were in our twenties and starting the great adventure of living in postwar Papua New Guinea and of the camaraderie that resulted. My thoughts then went back to a couple of years ago to the time of attending one of our lunches and I suddenly realised how sad it was to see life taking its toll, youth was in the past for our *wantoks*. Many of these people had filled the void for us and others when, not having family and friends to turn to in time of need, they gave us the friendship we needed. Memories of outstation life passed through my mind, of the days when we were young - we had little in the way of material things and made our own fun. These memories overtake those of the lonely and frustrating times we often experienced. Recently some of these times were recalled when Terry Turner, from Queensland, with his wife, attended our last lunch and we were young at heart again, reliving our days in the early fifties at Kikori. I have never forgotten Freddie Kaad bounding up the steps of our house with vegetables he had brought from the highlands, and Bill telling me how, as a schoolboy, he had admired the prowess of Freddie when witnessing his performance at a combined high school athletics meeting. At that time Bill had no idea he and Freddie would meet several years later in PNG and become friends.

In 1970, when health and youth was still on our side, and realising that Independence for PNG was looming, Alison Marsh and I planned to organise a huge 'Kiaps and Friends' party at the turn of the century. Sadly, half of 2000 has now gone and ill health and progressive age has taken over. Alison and I, living on opposite sides of the city, no longer have bi-monthly 'morning tea-lunch-afternoon tea' meetings in the city and we no longer have dinner and lunch parties, with guests travelling from one end of Sydney to the other to attend. Circumstances have changed the lives of many of us. Even so, the close friendship we experienced in PNG still exists. In June this year our Patron Les Williams, our President Harry West, our Secretary Joe Nitsche, Heather Seale, my husband Bill and I had spells in hospital. Visits and frequent telephone calls were made, cards and flowers sent. I am so grateful to the Caring Committee, particularly Frank Smith, for the constant visits he made during Bill's prolonged stay in hospital and the many telephone calls he made to me, checking my well-being after coming home from hospital - and I will not forget the kindness and help given to us by John O'Dea when Bill, confined to a wheelchair, has attended the Association's lunches.

As the years go by it is a pity this unique friendship, which so many of us shared for the past fifty years or so, is likely to disappear. Hope is being put into the offspring to carry on the Association. Many attend our Christmas lunches so in 1999 a 'kids' table was arranged. It was a popular decision, these now 40-50 year old 'kids' have a lot in common - the unique lifestyle they had in PNG, boarding school experiences etc, but I suspect the same bond that we old timers have is not there. Will they meet someone after fifty years and carry on the conversation as if it was yesterday, as I recently did with Terry Turner?

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CARRY ON UP MT WILHELM
 by J B Toner

I wanted to be Administrative Officer of the Department of Native Affairs. When Max Ford, kuskus at the Goroka District Office, won the chair vacated by the great Jim Sullivan at Konedobu, I moved onwards. And, very soon, upwards.

Mt Wilhelm, New Guinea's highest peak, rises to 4,750 metres but on a shoulder at the 3,500 metres level is a lake. In 1965 the Australian National University set out to build a scientific station at the lakeside comprising a laboratory and living quarters. A well-insulated structure was ordered from the Melbourne manufacturer of prefabricated buildings designed for use in the Antarctic and Dr David Bettison, founding head of the New Guinea Research Unit (NGRU), volunteered to erect the station using Chimbu labour only. Having rattled around Egypt in a tank with the South African Armoured Brigade, he was somewhat more 'hands on' than the average sociologist. My job as the new Admin Officer, NGRU, was to get the materials up the mountain to him.

The building had to be sea-freighted from Melbourne to Madang, air-freighted to Keglsugl, a tiny airstrip on the flank of Mt Wilhelm 2,600 metres a.s.l., and then portered up a rough track to the lakeside. At the factory the structure had to be broken down in the light of two determinants: firstly, the door size and interior dimensions of a single engine Otter aircraft and, secondly, the weight which the carriers could reasonably bear.

I met the ship at Madang, hired a truck and, attempting to do the right thing, went to the Native Labour Office to obtain four men for a day. A clerk produced a detailed form, licked his pencil, and enquired my name. When he asked for my father's name, I walked out into the street and shouted "Wusat i laik wok?" In no time I was driving three sturdy lads to the wharf. I took a puny fourth because they pleaded for him as a 'liklik barata' (little brother). Good move, as it turned out.

The building and its fittings arrived in 61 packages. Carefully I ticked these off the manifest as we located them scattered around the cargo shed and loaded them onto the truck. I recorded only 60 and assuming I had merely overlooked the final item was about to depart when the little fellow touched my sleeve. "Mathta", he lisped and led me behind stacks of cargo, finally pointing out a half-hidden crate stencilled 'ANU'. I was grateful for this unexpected assistance - else I should have moved off without the stove, a vital item.

The Otter carried no more than a tonne making several return trips from the coast to the highlands necessary. I flew up on one of them and found that Dr Bettison, having parked the ANU Landrover at the strip, had led the first group of carriers up from Keglsugl. I was anxious to talk with the Patrol Officer at Gembogl, the nearest Admin.

Post, and had two hours to get there and back before the Otter returned with another load. Here I made a mistake.

New Guinea or wherever, one must drive according to the state of the road, not to the dictate of the clock. I slid the Landrover into a 'barat' (ditch) on the higher side of the Gembogl track - bad, but always preferable to the nasty drop on the lower side. Loss of this logistical support for the operation could have significantly blotted my first year of service with the University (which eventually stretched to 29 years). However, to my astonishment, from a seemingly deserted landscape heads began to appear. Chimbus found a sturdy tree trunk and with negligible direction from me levered the Landrover back on to the road. Once again I was appreciative. Admittedly that was the state of play 35 years ago and the outcome might be different today. Still, a reminder that what 'we' achieved for 'them' was generally only made possible by 'them'.

Dr Bettison was paying the carriers with shillings on delivery of bits of the house but exhausted his supply when they suddenly doubled the agreed rate. He sent a 'pas' down the mountain asking for more coins urgently but on return to Madang I found the Commonwealth Bank closed. Hammering on the door I got in to see the manager and persuaded him to accept my personal cheque for £200 in exchange for a bag containing 4,000 'marks' as they were still called in the former German colony. Bank johnnies in New Guinea were a bit different to the kind you encounter in the CBD today. That bag spent a comfortable night in my bed at the hotel but was despatched safely via the Otter on the following day.

I returned to Moresby to man the office, whilst on the mountain David Bettison assembled the walls of the new station. However, he struck difficulty with the roofing and asked for help from the manufacturer. Enter Albert. He was plucked from his Melbourne workplace one afternoon and put on a plane to Sydney. In those days there was a midnight flight to PNG landing first at Moresby but terminating at Lae. I had packed a patrol box with food and useful items and intended to load it on to Albert's aircraft at Jacksons at 6 am. He would then take it with him, first on the DC3 from Lae to Goroka, then on a Cessna, which I had chartered, to fly him into Keglsugl.

There were two problems. Albert was wearing a suit and footwear known in England as 'winkle pickers'. The second was that for reasons unknown, and to my annoyance, his plane overflew Moresby and proceeded direct to Lae. The result was that Albert found himself virtually straight from downtown Melbourne amongst the spectators at the Keglsugl airstrip ("undreds of 'em and not a bluddy white face in sight" he explained) and confronted with a two-hour climb in what he referred to as "me pointy toe shoes". Dr Bettison said that he arrived at the lakeside being pushed from behind by two Chimbus with a third hugging the carton of VB he had acquired at Goroka.

After 48 hours Albert had to descend as the high-altitude air invaded his under-exercised lungs but he had diagnosed the roof problem and the ANU got its unique research facility.

Being a man with a high regard for procedures, I did not claim reimbursement of my £200 until I could produce tangible evidence of its usage. By the time that Dr Bettison could give me his record of payments to carriers, duly receipted with their crosses in lieu of signatures, a couple of months had passed. The Accountant took a dim view of my claim. "You are never to lend money to the University again," he instructed. So I never did. And I never regretted that I had spent a large slice of my working life in PNG rather than in Canberra either...

THE KOKODA OVERLAND MAIL

by K Humphreys

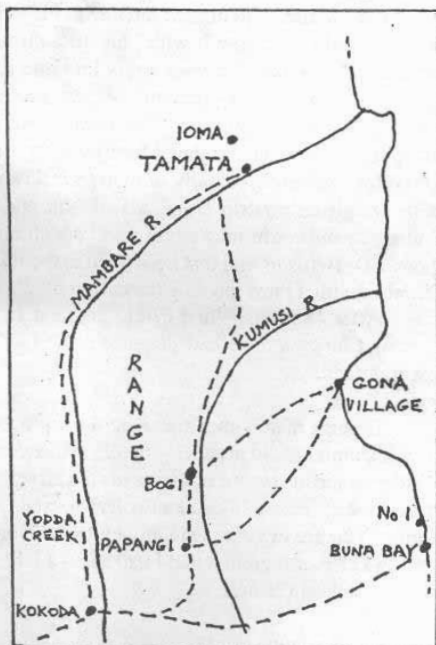
I can add a little to David Marsh's article 'Kokoda Trail or Track' in March *Una Voce*.

The inauguration of the Kokoda-Port Moresby mail route was described by Magistrate H L Griffen in his 1925 book *An Officer in British New Guinea*. Griffen was stationed at Kokoda which had opened in July 1904. In early December of that year he received orders to meet the new Administrator, Captain Barton, at the Gap on Christmas Day. Griffen's party arrived there early on the 24th and prepared a camp site. Barton arrived around 10am. The historic event was celebrated with champagne in enamelled iron mugs. Barton's Private Secretary, Guy Owen Manning, recorded the circumstances of the day including the exchange of mailbags. All signed the document and it was sealed in the empty bottle and buried under a cairn of stones where it probably still lies. Thus Kokoda Trail trekkers should look for a level camp site, close to a rocky stream and light timber with a perfect SW view to Port Moresby.

It was arranged that an overland police runner mail would commence in January between Kokoda and Port Moresby. Initially two police would depart Port Moresby each fortnight. After 4 to 8 days depending on the weather they would arrive at Kokoda, rest a day, then return with the Kokoda bag. The runner service was extended using local police to Tamata and occasionally Cape Nelson. Buna joined in early 1907. Bogi and Papangi stations had closed in July 1904 with the opening of Kokoda.

The history of Buna is of interest. In 1903 Magistrate Monckton built a base camp for construction of the Buna-Kokoda road. This Buna No.1 site was possibly on a slope overlooking the right bank of the Giruwa River (face downstream, left is left bank; right, right bank). Both Whitten Bros and Clunas & Clark opened stores there alongside the government galvanised iron shed. The reason for the siting at Buna No.1 was that it was getting too expensive and slow for the gold miners to receive supplies by wood burning and power kerosene launches up the Kumusi River to Bogi station from where it was a ten day walk to the Yodda claims. Buna No.1 was abandoned in June 1905 and the shed and stores relocated to Buna No.2. The Buna-Kokoda road had been completed in September 1904 giving the mule trains a safe four-day trip to Kokoda. As a result the Yodda store price for a 50 lb. mat of rice fell from £5 to £1/16/-.

The two storekeepers at Buna No.2 were unofficial postmasters, so no doubt they sent and received mail via the Overland Mail, using their own carriers, there being no permanent magistrate at Buna until January 1907. In that month Magistrate Oelrichs arrived from Ioma to build the



government station which became Buna Bay. A post office opened there in October 1907 and in 1911 the Kumusi Division HQ was transferred from Kokoda to Buna. The two stores were still at Buna in late 1910 but temporarily withdrew to Samarai as the miners had departed the Gira and Yodda goldfields. When the miners left the Yodda, the villagers considered it a victory over the intruders and celebrated accordingly. I wonder what they thought in 1942!

von Oelrichs was an amateur architect and surveyor rarely leaving a station because of his massive frame. Thus he is the candidate for surveying 3,637 acres for Buna Bay station. Only 50 acres had been purchased for Ioma and in 1891 the Anglican mission had purchased 260 for Dogura. If the 3,637 is correct, then possibly the Japanese thought the Buna boundaries contained a metropolis. Some texts have Magistrate Lyons opening Buna Bay but in January 1907 Lyons was at Kokoda, not going to Buna until April.

Regarding Oelrichs, in 1903 Government Secretary Musgrave had sent him on three months sick leave, he was so huge. Musgrave ordered him to obtain a medical certificate in Brisbane that stated he was fit for further tropical duty. Oelrichs dieted for the three months and obtained his certificate from a Dr. Hirschfield at the German Club on the night before Oelrichs sailed for Port Moresby. For Queensland members, Roslyn, a grand-daughter of Dr. Hirschfield is married to one-time Premier Wayne Goss: small world.

Except for the war years the Overland Mail operated until October 1949. In that year QANTAS commenced a weekly DH84 Dragon service from Port Moresby. The Kokoda strip had received its first plane in September 1932, a Junkers F13 piloted by Frank Drayton and Orme Denny, so occasionally mail would have been flown in. In her 1958 book *Things Worth While*, Evelyn Cheesman wrote that she was flown to Kokoda in a Tiger Moth - rather exhilarating one would think. The first flight into Ioma was in August 1935, a Junkers W33/34 piloted by Orme Denny. I have a strip at Buna in 1928 but no record of a First Flight. James Sinclair's *Wings of Gold* p.95 has a DH61 Giant Moth landing there in June 1931 en route Salamaua.

Even the German New Guinea station at Morobe joined the mail network. District Officer Hans Klink of Klinki Pine fame opened Morobe in 1909 and established a monthly runner mail to Ioma using Papuan postage stamps. The German bureaucrats sarcastically called the enterprise Klink's Invention. But Klink is in the history books and they are not. From Ioma the German mail went to Kokoda and Port Moresby. By 1914 mailbags were leaving Morobe on the 15th and 25th of each month, the former to go down the Mambare River to be picked up by the Burns Philp *Misima*; the latter to go via Kokoda. There were plans to register the route with the Universal Postal Union resulting in Morobe being able to use Deutsch Neuguinea postage stamps. But the Great War put an end to that.

HELP WANTED: Jim RIDGES of Kavieng PNG wrote, "Pre-war on Emira Island, north west of Kavieng, Les Bell found a cast iron cannon and 4 bass shell cases and they were on display at the museum in the Rabaul Botanical Garden. After the war, not surprisingly, they were lost. Does anyone know if pre-war the cannon was photographed or written up in *PIM* or *Rabaul Times* or whether post war any cannons were re-discovered in Rabaul? This cannon should not be confused with the cannons now on display at the Kokopo museum which came from the Marquis de Ray expedition to southern New Ireland in 1879". Jim said he would like to think the cannon wasn't treated as scrap iron after the war. If you can help, please contact Jim at PO Box 86, Kavieng 631 NIP, PNG.

POLICE MAIL RUNNER RE-ENACTMENT, PAPUA NEW GUINEA

by Maxwell R Hayes

In 1985, the PNG Post and Telecommunications Corporation staged a mail re-enactment, commemorating the carriage of mail on foot along the infamous Kokoda Trail. The participants flew to the top of the Kokoda Trail and walked back to Port Moresby. Seven walkers including five local citizens (one of whom was Sgt Peter BAIAGAU of the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary) made the walk. As part of the commemoration, the Corporation issued a pre-stamped envelope, 'Port Moresby-Kokoda Mail Runner Re-enactment'.

Commemorative Cover



Papua New Guinea



Port Moresby-Kokoda Mail Runner Re-enactment

Copy of the pre-stamped envelope.

The envelopes were cancelled at Kokoda, then further cancelled at Port Moresby at the end of the walk. The cancel at Port Moresby depicts the Moresby Post Office erected in 1921/22.

The Kokoda Trail, an arduous foot track, winds along part of the Owen Stanley Range (which peaks at 13,000ft) between Port Moresby in the National Capital District (previously the Central District) and Kokoda in the Northern Province (previously District). It was on this track, between early 1942 and late 1943, that Australian forces succeeded, in a most bitter campaign, in halting and subsequently reversing the southward Japanese thrust towards Port Moresby and eventually to Australia. Although members of the Royal Papuan Constabulary and the New Guinea Police Force (then two separate forces) fought alongside the Australian soldiers, early police involvement with the Kokoda Trail goes back as far as 1904, when Papua was known as British New Guinea.

The British New Guinea Armed Constabulary (BNGAC) was formed in 1890 and by the turn of the century had participated in many exploratory patrols into hitherto unknown, unexplored and always hostile territory renowned for native head-hunting and cannibal rituals. With the extension of government influence, government stations, mission stations and plantations were eventually established in the hinterland, one of the earliest being at Kokoda, a distance of only 60 miles (100km) from Port Moresby, though by then settlements had been established for some time in coastal areas where access was

far less difficult. Mails to these coastal settlements were carried by native police in the course of their duties.

By January 1905 a regular weekly overland mail runner service between Port Moresby and Kokoda was established utilising native police of the BNGAC. Travelling in pairs, and always equipped with the Martini Henry rifle for protection, the police mail runners proceeded on foot from sea level through the lowest point of the ranges (6,500ft) to Kokoda in the valley below, situated at about 1,500ft. They travelled in extremely arduous tropical conditions with rain falling on most days. High altitudes in the tropics can be near freezing at night. Outside Port Moresby, the track narrowed to that of a single foot track. There were rest houses spaced along the track, and the police carried their own rations as well as the precious mail in a strong leather satchel. The journey to Kokoda usually took nine days, and the return trip to the coast took less.

When the British New Guinea Armed Constabulary was renamed the Armed Constabulary in 1906, regular mail runs continued. The mail for Kokoda would be sent from Port Moresby a day or so after the arrival of a steamer from Australia.

In 1929, an incident occurred during the Moresby-Kokoda mail run which caused much shame on the Armed Constabulary. On or about 5 September, two armed constables, KARO and BILI, were despatched on the regular mail run. During the course of the trip an argument occurred over the distribution of the mail satchel, and Karo fatally shot Bili, and then continued along to Kokoda. Shortly after, Bili's body was located and Karo was arrested. Although the offence carried the death penalty Karo was sentenced only to five years i.h.l. (in hard labour). After his release he continued to cause trouble, and finally broke into a government office, stole the safe, destroyed it and removed a (then) considerable sum of money. He was apprehended in early 1936 and sentenced to 10 years i.h.l. In June 1938 with another prisoner, Karo murdered a senior warder, his wife and daughter. (*Rita Gough's personal recollections of this event were printed in the June issue, page 8.*) He was sentenced to death and hanged at Koki gaol on 8-8-1938, the last man to die on the scaffold in Papua.

The police mail runner service continued until October 1949 when a regular air service was commenced (the mail runner service had been interrupted during the time of the Japanese onslaught on Port Moresby). Nowadays, intrepid tourists fly to the top of the Kokoda Trail and make the return downhill walk to Port Moresby in 4-5 days, in greatly improved conditions. There is still some risk, especially in travelling alone, and a female Canadian tourist died on the journey in 1968 when she became lost and there have been recent ambushes and holdups by *raskols*.

As with the development of many colonial territories, mail distribution, especially in the very early days, was one of the roles of the respective police forces. It is thus fitting that the early mail carriers of British New Guinea are now honoured.

**Max Hayes wishes to thank Amirah Inglis for providing him with a copy of her book, 'Karo: the life and fate of a Papuan' which enabled him to provide details of the murder.*

Postscript: Keenly sought by collectors of PNG postal history are the covers carried by police in Bougainville during the 1950s and 60s. A keen postal historian, the Rev Harry Voyce, a missionary on Bougainville, organised a number of runner stamp cachets 'Carried by police runner from ... to ...' and had these applied on mail within Bougainville. Although never officially authorised, the system operated for a number of years, and has created a number of postal irregularities which are now worth a considerable sum to interested collectors.

If any readers know of any organised police mail runner mails during the postwar period, please write in and advise.

For those with an interest in philately, and PNG history generally, Max Hayes provided further details of 'police' philately in PNG:

The very first postage stamp in the world to depict a policeman was issued in Papua. This occurred in 1932, when the 5/- stamp, of the definitive series, depicted Sgt Major SIMOI of the Armed Constabulary. SIMOI was from the Kiwai area and gave long and loyal service to the constabulary having joined the British New Guinea Armed Constabulary (BNGAC) in 1899. He was the first Papuan promoted to that rank, and sadly died in Daru in 1934. As 5/- (now 50c.) was a big sum of money in 1932, few of this stamp exist, especially in unused condition. His name and rank appear in text on the stamp.

The next famous policeman to appear on a postage stamp was Sgt Major MERIRE, BEM, of the Royal Papuan (as it was then known) and New Guinea Constabulary. This stamp, on which his name was not depicted, was the 3d. stamp of the 30-10-1952 issue. MERIRE joined the New Guinea Police Force in August 1936, and was promoted to Sgt Major in October 1948. For his loyalty and service behind Japanese lines in occupied New Guinea in 1943, he was awarded the British Empire Medal. He was also awarded five war medals and the Queens Police and Long Service Good Conduct Medal. He was a member of the police contingent to the Coronation in 1953. He retired in 1967 to his small plantation at Salamaua where he died in 1973. His son, Boin MERIRE graduated as a Cadet Officer of the RPNGC in September 1968, and eventually became an Assistant Commissioner in December 1974.

On 5-9-1962, a 3/- stamp depicted Constable Ragis NAMISMATIA on traffic duty at the intersection of Douglas and Musgrave Streets, Port Moresby. The uniform depicted, viz. black sulu (jumper), lap lap, black beret, red sash under cartridge belt and brass chain on left waist (which served as a primitive form of handcuffs) under a .303 rifle bayonet, had basically served as the uniform in British New Guinea since 1890, and in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea in the early postwar years. It was changed to the new style uniform of blue in October 1964. NAMISMATIA was from near Kaiapit, and joined the force in February 1954.

The next stamp to depict native policemen was never issued. It appeared as a 5/- stamp, as part of the 1961-64 definitive set, and was printed in multicolour. It depicted an indigenous patrol officer, accompanied by police on patrol. The issue was withdrawn without issue, allegedly on the orders of the then Administrator, for reasons which were never disclosed. All stocks were allegedly destroyed, save for two sheets of the stamp. In 1974, I photographed two sheets in the Post and Telegraphs archives. In recent years several copies of this unauthorised stamp have appeared in sales in Australia and elsewhere, and I assume that the sheets which I saw in 1974 no longer exist in the archives. Because this stamp is keenly sought by collectors of PNG stamps (and being unissued is quite rare), sales of between \$600-\$900 for a single stamp have been reported.

On 26-10-78 a set of five multicolour stamps depicted various police uniforms and badges in use since the formation of the BNGAC in 1890. The first day of issue cancel depicted the badge of the force (*see illustration next page*).

A police mail runner appeared on the 40t. 'Admission to the Universal Postal Union' issue of 23-1-1980. Police had a long connection with mail deliveries, particularly in Papua.

To commemorate the centenary of police in PNG, a set of four stamps was issued on 15-6-1988. Again, uniforms and badges throughout the years were depicted.

Apart from actual postage stamps, there have also been a number of cancels used to cancel covers for special events.

The pictorial cancel for the Papuan Agricultural Show on 11-6-1967 depicted a traffic policeman on point duty at the same intersection as the 1962 stamp. The constable is shown in the new in-line style uniform in use from October 1964.

On 9-6-68 the same cancel was again used, but with the new date, again for the Papuan Agricultural Show. However the epaulettes shown on the cancel used in 1967 were withdrawn in September 1967, and hence the 1968 cancel is technically incorrect.

The pictorial cancel used on 23-7-83 for Remembrance Day, issued at Wau, Morobe Province, depicted a member of the RPNGC in the pre-October 1964 uniform presenting arms with a .303 rifle with fixed bayonet.

August 1984 saw the issue of a number of different slogan cancels (used on machine cancellers at major post offices) in conjunction with the first 'National Law Week'. One of the 19 different slogan cancels had the text 'Help the Police to help you'. This cancel was again used in 1985, along with a number of the different slogan cancels for another National Law Week (but since then has not been seen). The 'police' slogan was only used at Kainantu.

The pre-stamped envelope 'Port Moresby-Kokoda Mail Runner Re-enactment', pictured earlier, was cancelled at Kokoda on 26-8-1985, then carried by the seven walkers taking part in the re-enactment and cancelled on arrival at Moresby on 31-8-1985. There are two separate cancels of interest to police philatelists. The pictorial 'first day of issue' cancel depicts a police mail runner, and the second cancel at Kokoda Trail commemorates the re-enactment. The 'first day of issue' covers were not carried on the walk.

Issued 26-10-78 - five stamps depicting various uniforms and badges since 1890



Clockwise from top left: Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary; Mandated New Guinea Constabulary 1921-1941; Royal Papua & New Guinea Constabulary 1906-1964; German New Guinea Police 1899-1914; British New Guinea Armed Constabulary 1890-1906

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MORE ON THE KARO/GOAVA OAE STORY

The story by Rita Gough (O'Neil) in our June issue brought responses from two members -

Marise LAYBUTT of Mossman Qld wrote: "Rita Gough O'Neil's article about Goava Oae brought back memories of my arrival at Daru, our first posting.

A day or two after I arrived, there appeared at the door a dignified gentleman, wearing the regulation prison garb of a red rami bedaubed with black arrows. He also sported a white-spotted navy blue bandanna, which I subsequently learned he was permitted to wear because he was embarrassed at going bald. Handing me one of his pawpaws, he bowed slightly and said "Good morning Sinabada, I'm Goava," adding that he was the plumber. I thanked him, gave him some tobacco, and off he went, trailed by a young policeman carrying his tools of trade.

Apparently a visitor from Canberra had complained about a mass murderer being allowed to roam the island unattended, so a police guard had been provided. It hadn't taken Goava long to install him as plumber's mate.

Goava made it his business to introduce himself to every new expatriate on Daru. Soon after Reg Bentinck and his wife arrived, Goava knocked on their kitchen door and told Mrs Bentinck (new to PNG) that the taubada wanted the flug. Mrs Bentinck (unaware that Papuans frequently transposed 'f' and 'p') described afterwards how she "flapped all around the kitchen, trying to look as if she knew what a flug looked like" until Goava gravely handed her a plug, saying "I think this is what the taubada wants".

The elderly Goava enjoyed a healthy respect within the community, among the Papuans because of his reputation as a practitioner of 'puri puri' (magic) and among the expatriates because he was an efficient plumber - the only one in the whole of the Western District. He had a rapport with then DC Alan Champion.

In those days, the calaboose at Daru consisted of a rusty galvanised iron shed, surrounded by a couple of strands of barbed wire, two or three feet off the ground.

At one stage, Kila, a young mass murderer, planned to incite his fellow prisoners to riot, slaughter the expatriates and take over the island on the departure of the fortnightly Catalina service. Fortunately, this was forestalled by Goava who advised Alan Champion during one of their regular little chats in the DC's office. Arrangements were made for Kila to join the team of police and prisoners who crewed the raft which met the Catalina as it landed a few hundred yards offshore. When all the cargo was transferred, Kila was seized and thrust into the plane, handcuffed and taken off to Moresby with a police escort. We never saw him again and the threatened riot did not eventuate.

Although Goava's file was reportedly marked 'never to be released', I believe that it was lost in the fire which destroyed the old Supreme Court building.

Goava was eventually released and lived out the rest of his life in Port Moresby

with his son Sinaka Goava, who was a senior announcer with 9PA.

I thought that Rita Gough O'Neil, having been there at the beginning, might be interested in a little of Goava's subsequent history."

.....

The other letter was from **Dr Margaret SPENCER** of Tenterfield NSW who wrote, "We were most interested to see the photograph of Sergeant-Major Bagita in the June issue. My husband (Dr Terry Spencer) and I were stationed at Mapamoiwa from 1956 to 1959. Both the station and the village are on the northwestern tip of Fergusson Island in the D'Entrecasteaux Group, at the eastern end of the main island of New Guinea. At the time that we were there they were separated by a creek over which was a marsden matting bridge situated below the wards of the Native Hospital. The village was very small, with only seven houses and ten inhabitants apart from the pastor-teacher and his wife and seven children. One of the houses belonged to Bagita, within which hung framed photographs of himself; the village was very proud of him, and looked after both the house and an enormous fat pig which belonged to him. This pig could not be killed until Bagita ordered it. It was quite alarming in its size, but too fat and cumbersome to be dangerous. The village was right on the beach, shaded by the two large native almond trees which gave the village its name, 'The Place of the Tree'. Often trading canoes were drawn up on the beach, for this small village was quite an important port of call and trading post for yams, cooking pots and betelnut. One morning we were shown a big wound in the huge pig's haunch where the local crocodile had tried to drag it away, but had failed to conquer its immobility. Later the same morning we saw the twelve-foot crocodile sunning itself on a small beach. The pig was still there when we were posted away from Mapamoiwa, so we do not know its fate. Strung up on a line of cane near the village were seventy-six lower jawbones from wild pigs, trophies of dangerous hunts. The first patient that my husband saw had been gored by a bush pig, and we were solemnly warned to look out for them while on foot patrol."

BOBBY GIBBES' WARTIME EXPLOITS REMEMBERED

Recently the Mosman Art Gallery staged an exhibition called "Up Front: Faces of Australia at War". Among the exhibits was a head cast in bronze, by distinguished Australian sculptor Barbara Tribe, of Wing Commander 'Bobby' Gibbes, DSO, DFC and Bar. On 19 May Bobby gave a talk at the Gallery which drew a crowd of over 100. Bobby became a pilot at 23 and was posted to the famous No 3 Squadron, later becoming the Wing Leader of 80 Spitfire Wing. He flew Kittyhawks against the German Luftwaffe. At the time of his return he was the most decorated pilot in the RAAF. He served in the Pacific War fighting the Japanese. In all, he flew a total of 553 operational hours and 191 sorties - Bobby said the Yanks called their operations 'missions' and not sorties.

The exhibition is currently touring Australia as part of the Australian War Memorial's travelling exhibition program.

□ Pat Hopper

RESTORATION OF EUROPEAN CEMETERY AT RABAU

As noted in the last *Una Voce*, the New Britain Provincial Government is planning to restore this cemetery which is now completely covered with pumice and vegetation. Several relatives of people buried there have sent donations to help with this work. After reading about this in *Una Voce*, Mr C.O. (Bill) Harry, AM, OBE, Honorary Secretary of the 2/22nd Battalion "Lark" Force Association, became interested and through the National RSL he is trying to get the Federal Government to help with the project.

Donations are still needed and may be sent to The Sydney Relief Fund, 9/11 Hardie Street, Neutral Bay NSW 2089.

□ Pat Hopper

AN EDUCATION OFFICER'S REMINISCENCES - Nancye Simington

This letter from Nancye Simington (née Ellis) is dated 11 May 2000: "I read in a recent copy of *Una Voce* of the death of Lily WHITCHURCH in Hobart at the age of 82. The sight of her name certainly stirred up a lot of memories for me. I arrived in Port Moresby on a Sunday morning in July 1951, only to find nobody had ever heard of me. The Qantas staff did some phoning around and finally a grumpy, grumbling personnel officer arrived making remarks like "Why have they sent another teacher? We don't need another teacher. Why can't they send us a typist?"

When I made my way to the Education Office the next morning they were more welcoming but of course had to decide how to use my services. At that time Lily was teaching at the European school in Lae but she had been pestering them in Moresby to allow her to do native work and she desperately wanted to teach girls. This just didn't slot into the way things were at that time. Women teachers stayed in the towns and taught at either an Asian school or a European school, men taught in the villages with the help of native teachers and these schools were for boys who would start at about age seven or eight. Girls just weren't part of the picture at all. They would stay close to home in the village and when they reached puberty they were married off. By the time they were about thirteen or fourteen, they were young mothers working in the family vegetable patch. However, Lily was a persistent lady, so it was decided to send me over to Lae to take over from Lily and she could go to Kerema to set up a girls' school with an enrolment of about 25. I think they thought that was the end of that, but it was really only the beginning.

It took a while to get all this organised so I had almost two weeks in Moresby. I had a lovely time. Every morning I took myself off to the European school down on Ela Beach. Polly Cargeeg and Jean Westmore were teaching there at the time and took me under their wing. There was a two-hour break in the middle of the day and most of the children went home for lunch so Polly, Jean and I would push some desks together and with a pile of books for a headrest, we'd stretch out and indulge in 'girl talk'.

I loved exploring the town. It was full of new sights, sounds and smells. I looked at the fuzzy wuzzy angels we'd been hearing about all through the war years. I gazed admiringly at the bare-topped belles swishing along in their grass skirts. It was all so new! The Asian stores were a delight ... full of beautiful things that we didn't see in Australia at that time. In addition, the European population was so kind and hospitable, but all good things come to an end and I found myself heading off over the ranges to Lae.

Lily was still there when I arrived. She was busy packing but we had time to spend an hour or so together over a cup of tea. As she was going out the door she said, "Do you want to buy my bathtub? I want a pound for it." I said "Yes" not knowing what I was getting. When it was delivered about an hour later it turned out to be a large galvanised laundry tub. It didn't take long for me to find out what treasure I had. At that time, women working for Admin. in Lae each had their own donga. They were about the size of a single car garage, with a tin roof, wooden floor and arc mesh walls. They had been built during the war to house American WACs. Our little corner of the world was known as Virgins' Row. The men resided either in the Monastery or over in Bag Town, so named because of the hessian walls. In the corner of each of the women's dongas was a cold water shower, the water of which came from the Butibum River. It smelt terrible and so did anyone who used it, but outside each front door was a 44-gallon drum that was usually full of nice soft rain water. Four buckets of this tipped into my tub, an immersion heater hooked onto the side for about an hour and the result was lovely. Of course it did

take a special sort of manoeuvre to get in. First you stood in it, then you crossed your ankles, and finally you sank down into a sort of yoga pose. Before long friends were saying, "If I bring my own soap and towel, can I come up on Saturday afternoon for a bath?" Not everyone liked my tub, though. I was moved around several times and each time the list on my travel warrant got longer. One suitcase, several cartons, one trunk, one camphorwood box (large), one cat, one dog and of course, one tub. The Qantas boys used to say, "Nancye, will you please stay put this time!" I don't know who I gave it to when I finally came south but I'm sure it still got plenty of use after I left.

Reading our newsletter it is obvious that Lily's school was most successful and that she spent her life getting much satisfaction in teaching her 'little rays of sunshine'. I am so pleased things worked out well for her. She deserved it."

DOWN MEMORY LANE - Colleen Neville

I had a great trip to PNG recently "down memory lane". I flew to Alotau in Milne Bay and spent a week with my second son Peter and wife Vicki and eight children. Peter is the chairman of the Alotau hospital board and my visit coincided with the opening of the new maternity ward by Sir Mekere Morauta. His wife Lady Roslyn, ex Governor General Sir Wiwa Korowi and hundreds of other people enjoyed the day after the blessing by Bishop Moore. The family and I flew to Port Moresby where we met No. 3 son Gregory and flew to Mount Hagen, where we overnighted at the Highlander Hotel – the only place to stay, the gardens and accommodation first class.

The following morning we drove to Mendi with a police escort as the Mendi airstrip was closed for maintenance. Francis Awesa and his wife Martha, owners of Kiburu Lodge and long time friends gave us a wonderful dinner with about 30 friends from "before", Franciscan Sisters, Capuchin Friars and local friends. My five grandchildren put flowers on their grandfather's grave and we drove around Mendi meeting old friends, with Peter and Greg reminiscing about all the fun and mischief they got into as children. We all had morning tea after Palm Sunday Mass at the Mission which was always a regular treat. We were sad to leave Mendi.

After flying back to Moresby I met No. 1 son Tim, his wife Fiona, and children and we flew to Rabaul for Easter and stayed at the Submarine Base – little dongas by the sea at the Japanese Sub Base during the war. Had a great time exploring tunnels and visiting the war museum (very interesting), flying over the extinct Vulcan volcano and watching the still belching Tavurvur. Kokopo is growing rapidly and moves are being made to gradually restore the old township, but the damage has been devastating.

After a few days we flew on to Buka where we were met by the Deputy Governor who worked for many years with my auntie Sister Kenny in media communications for the Catholic Church. We caught a banana boat ride to Sohano where we stayed in a lodge, part of the old D.C.'s house. The peace-keeping forces are doing a great job and hopefully there will be no further fighting. The morning we left, Gerard (the deputy Governor) took us to Bougainville Chobe Mission where my auntie worked and we met the four Buka nuns who are running the Mission. The orchid and rose gardens are magnificent and they are doing a wonderful job but are desperately looking for children's story books to set up a library for the primary and high school children. Perhaps someone can help?

PNG is a really beautiful country with a lot of dedicated people and it could be restored to its former glory with some T.L.C. and a good coat of paint!

BOOK NEWS

TERRITORY KIDS - A Memoir by Genevieve Rogers

Genevieve Rogers has gathered the recollections of 42 'Territory Kids', in which they recount their childhood experiences. Genevieve is a Territory Kid of the 1950s (the daughter of Frank Breene, a DCA weatherman). She is a retired high school teacher and solicitor and lives in Mornington, Victoria. She has never returned to PNG.

The brochure reads, "... In their own words, the Territory Kids describe growing up in an extraordinary place different in almost every way from the Australian mainland... they had few reference points in mainstream Australian life. They were different and they were conscious of that difference. They endured long separations from their families as they were educated in Australian boarding schools for a future which seemed as likely to be in the Territory as on the mainland. Overtaken by events in the larger political sphere however the Territory Kids found themselves without that option; whether prepared or not, as young adults they were living on the mainland, facing the challenges of Australian suburban life... Here the Territory Kids recall in poignant detail, with warmth and insight, the wonder of their unique small world, conscious that their experience has made of each of them 'a different sort of Australian'...". Available October 2000. Softcover, about 250pp, over 50 photographs and documents, map, glossary, bibliography, index. Size 17cm x 25cm. Advance orders attended to first. The author is happy to autograph or inscribe copies as requested. Available from **Seaview Press**, PO Box 234, Henley Beach SA 5022, Ph 08 8235 1535. RRP - \$39-60 plus P&P for single copies \$6-95.

AN UNORTHODOX SOLDIER - Peace and War and the Sandline Affair, An Autobiography by Lieutenant-Colonel Tim Spicer OBE

Following are extracts from the dust jacket: "Having won the Sword of Honour at Sandhurst Tim Spicer served in Northern Ireland, Cyprus, Germany, the Falklands and Bosnia. He became one of Britain's leading battalion commanders. This military career provided him with the background and experience that later led him to set up Sandline International, one of the world's foremost private military companies. In this autobiography, Tim Spicer describes the events in PNG when he was captured at gunpoint and held in captivity - and came away with his life, his men and the company's honour intact. It describes the 'Arms for Africa' affair. The book is a guide to life as it is lived in some of the world's trouble spots, as well as a glimpse of the intrigue that lies behind the British political scene."

Available only from **Pacific Book House**, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, Qld 4218, Ph 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114, Retail \$29 includes GST, plus \$7 postage.

HOSTAGES TO FREEDOM - THE FALL OF RABAU by Peter Stone

The author wishes to advise that by popular demand this book has been reprinted. It was launched in October 1995 but soon went out of print.

Hostages to Freedom - The Fall of Rabaul was reviewed in *Una Voce* in December 1995 p.22. Editorial comment was as follows: "It is an extraordinary book, Peter Stone has searched archival sources, memories and many bottom drawers to gather written data, photographs, maps and memories to record what happened in Rabaul leading up to, during, and immediately after the Japanese occupation 1942-1945. He has chronicled the inexcusable blunders of the Australian government in not evacuating non-indigenous residents (including Chinese), not fortifying Rabaul as the Japanese did their northern island possessions, and making no provision for the safe withdrawal of the

pitifully few Australian troops pitted against the Japanese hordes. He has told delicately and with empathy the sufferings of the races imprisoned by the Japanese, the bravery of the Tolai in assisting Australian coastwatchers and the quiet dignity of missionaries who risked their lives daily to help the sick and the frightened. This is a book to be savoured, page by page.... it is a must." Hardcover, large format (A4 size), 572pp, quality gloss art paper, over 560 photographs, maps & charts, appendix, bibliography & index. Available from **Oceans Enterprises**, 303 Commercial Road, Yarram, Vic 3971, Ph 03 5182 5108 and **Pacific Book House**, 17 Park Ave., Broadbeach Waters Qld 4218, Ph 07 5539 0446. \$96.00 plus postage - within Australia, \$6.50; overseas, economy air, \$44.

REUNIONS/ANNIVERSARIES

THE ROAPNG ADELAIDE REUNION LUNCH will be held on **Sunday 5 November 2000** from 12.30pm at the Feathers Hotel, Glynburn Road, Burnside. An invitation will be sent to all South Australian ROAPNG members in early September. For an invitation to be sent to your Territory friends/colleagues who are not members, please contact Jan Kleinig 8339 8314(home), 8339 1663(fax).

For any information on the reunion please contact - Peter Thomas 8564 2294, Ron and Josette Storer 8363 5314, or Jan Kleinig 8339 8314.

1956 INTAKE OF CADET PATROL OFFICERS - 45TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION: Andrew Macintosh is organising the above reunion as part of our Association's Christmas luncheon at the Mandarin Club, Cnr Goulburn & Pitt Streets, Sydney on **Sunday 3 December 2000**.

Those interested please ring Andrew on 02 9977 4287.

50th Anniversary of MOUNT LAMINGTON ERUPTION, PALMWOODS QLD:

A group of Sunshine Coast residents who were associated with the development of the Saiho Medical Centre are planning to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the Mt Lamington eruption. The town of Palmwoods is centrally situated and a few minutes drive from Nambour. Initial planning is to meet mid morning on **Sunday 21 January** for a memorial service to be conducted by an Anglican priest who has served at Popondetta. A get-together with lunch will follow. The cost including refreshments will be \$25 per head. The invitation is open to all who would like to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the eruption and meet again with old friends from the Northern Province.

The organisers need a commitment by **November 30th**.

Please contact: Alan Boag - Ph 07 5478 9546, or Geoff Littler - littler@ozemail.com.au

SAMARAI REUNION 2001: This will be held on **4 March 2000** at the **Royal Canberra Yacht Club**. The Club can only take 150, so it's a case of first come first served - the Club could manage a little over 150 but if 200 or so wish to go then another venue will have to be found.

A Saturday buffet-style lunch is being planned (with tables optional). The organisers are considering a breakfast on Sun. morning as well, for those interested. Pre-GST cost for the two events is around \$40 per person with drinks at the afternoon event additional. If you would like further information please contact any of the following:

Mrs Una Douglas, 13 Molineux Place, Farrer ACT 2607 Ph 02 6286 2456 (AH)
Laurie Le Fevre, 16 Highland Avenue, Croydon Vic 3136 Ph 03 9725 8765 (AH)
Ms Onu Palm, 48 Carr Crescent, Wanniasa ACT 2903 Ph 6296 4153 (AH)

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SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s

by Paul J Quinlivan

No 22 - Rescuing a Judge in Samarai

Because of the poor food generally available, people used to pool their resources when something special was on. The arrival, in March 1954, of the first new judge of the Supreme Court was such an occasion, so the expatriates of Eastern Papua planned three receptions for him, the first at the District Commissioner's residence, the second at the home of Don and Marion Grove and the third at the Cottrell-Dormers. But everything went wrong the moment the judge arrived at Samarai. His was only an "Acting" appointment and, for reasons which will become obvious, I feel that I should not mention his name.

The facts are that I returned from leave on 10 March 1954 and, on Monday 22 March, I received a call to go to Government House where Sir Donald Cleland told me that one of his house-guests was in Big Trouble at Samarai and I was booked on the Sandringham flying-boat, next morning, to salvage the situation. Seeing my blank look he continued, "He is a new judge of the Supreme Court. He is taking refuge on the Government trawler *Leander* because half the local community have threatened to tar-and-feather him. You'd better sit down and read this," and he handed me a long - a very long - telegram from the judge, in plain language, which not only stated that he had been threatened with tarring-and-feathering but that District Commissioner Healy had interfered with the course of justice by attempting to bribe him. I said something, and Sir Donald said, "Precisely! Imagine the headline! But if the DC did make even the slightest attempt to interfere with the administration of justice, there'll be no mercy shown him. He'll be out on his ear in no time! I can't tell you to keep that telegram secret because it was sent in clear and half of Papua will have heard it on the sked. But remember: Australia's Good Name can be destroyed by this."

In the mail that afternoon I received a reel of 8mm cine film I had taken on leave and, for reasons which I can't explain, I packed it to take with me. My guardian angel was working overtime because that reel of film solved all my problems. On arrival at Samarai I was met by the DC, Mick Healy, who said, "I don't want to appear to be influencing you so I've booked you into the Qantas Guest House." I said that the Administrator had given me instructions to protect the new judge and I presumed that I could only do that by living where he was living. He said, "I am fully aware of why you are here and, since this is the first available opportunity, I have the right to simply say that I have never spoken to the judge, except to introduce myself, and as soon as I said who I was he burst into a tirade of abuse! I have certainly never tried to bribe him, or anyone, in any way, shape or form and I'm bloody disgusted by all this." I asked if he had written something which the judge could have misconstrued and he said, "No! I've never sent him any note. I simply went to *Leander* to ask him why he was not staying at the Residency, as the judges always do, and he blew up." I asked about the 'tarring and feathering' and he said there was a wall of silence but it was clear that the judge had somehow got the Mixed Race community 'up in arms'. He then went on to say that he (the DC) had brokered a deal with the Mixed Race men and, out of respect for Judge Gore, whom they all loved and admired, no harm would come to the new judge while he was performing judicial functions (including going to or coming from the court) but that if he stepped outside this protected circle there was no way he could be protected because of the numbers involved. I asked what those numbers were and he said that the term 'Mixed Race' meant everyone who had a Licence to Drink and there were hundreds. When I said that tarring-and-feathering was a strange term, he said that Kwato Mission had inculcated many English upper-class expressions. And when I asked how the Samarai community

in general were reacting, he said that the Mixed Race community and the judge were keeping it to themselves and he hoped it would remain that way.

I then said that, since there was an agreement in place, it would be unwise to give any appearance of 'tilting the balance', so he took me to the Guest House and left me. After establishing myself there I went to the Government wharf and found the judge. I introduced myself as the Crown Prosecutor who would be taking over the rest of the circuit but instead of talking about the troubles I had come to solve, he talked about the weather and said that he regretted that there was no space for me on the trawler! He was very nice, but it all seemed very odd. I noted that several burly Mixed Race men were sitting on deck in the forward part of the vessel, in addition to the crew who were sitting separately. There were an awful lot of people on that boat! And they were all very busily doing nothing! I asked where the captain was and was told that he was ashore so I went in search of him. He was Bill Johnson who said that things had been very harmonious all the way from Port Moresby; that each evening the judge had asked him (Johnson) if he would care to join him in a few drinks and he had replied, "No thank you, Judge. I don't drink when we're at sea," and that would be that. And the judge had told him, on a number of occasions, that if he had any laundry which he wanted done, his (the judge's) servant, Andrew, could do it, an offer which he continued to politely refuse because he had his own servant, in addition to the crew, to do whatever was needed. Everything was going well, he said, until they arrived at Samarai when all hell broke loose. He did not know what had triggered that explosion, he said.

Next day I sat in on the criminal trial which was almost completed. An Australian named MacKay was charged with stealing money as Honorary Treasurer of the Samarai RSL Club. He was convicted and sentenced to six months hard labour and ordered to make full restitution. It was a tawdry case and it seemed strange that a DC would jeopardise his good name and career by attempting to bribe a new judge to protect such a man. But, apart from the statement in the telegram, I still had no information about that except for Mick Healy's denial.

That evening I went to a large gathering at the District Commissioner's residence to honour the new judge. It had been organised months before and people had gone to a great deal of trouble but the judge did not attend. Despite this, it was a very pleasant occasion and a letter from Dame Rachel Cleland was read because she described her recent meeting with the Queen. Nowadays it is difficult to appreciate how important the reading of such a letter was, but in those days we liked being part of the British Empire and the conversation turned to the war and Mick Healy told us about Colonel Situ, a Japanese officer who became mentally afflicted and lived for quite some time as a sort of pet in a Trobriand Island village. Then, in an unguarded moment, I said that I had a film of the Queen's visit to Brisbane in my luggage. That broke up the party! I was escorted back to the Guest House to collect the film and someone else raced off to get an 8 mm cine projector. The party continued with my film.

After that Rev. Cecil Abel, from Kwato Mission, buttonholed me and said that he had been talking to Brother Vogt MSC, from the Catholic Mission at Sideia, who was building a church on Samarai and they felt that, between the "Mixed Race" men Brother Vogt had trained as carpenters and builders, and those who had been to school at Kwato, they might possibly have enough 'friendlies' to convince the others to free the judge. I said, "That would be wonderful!" and he said, smiling, "It will cost you, of course! We could use that film of yours at Kwato. Would you lend it to us?" And just over a decade later, when I was trying to get Magistrate Training off the ground, against enormous odds, it was Cecil Abel (and Christine Kaputin) who came to my aid. And from those efforts, at the old Ray Gorris Home at 6 Mile, the Administrative College grew and, with it, the whole of "advanced training" for Papua New Guineans which had been so dear to the

hearts of Monte Phillips and Judge Gore.

But to return to my Samarai visit. Next morning - and with two other welcoming parties still to be held - the judge informed me that we were leaving immediately to go back to Fyfe Bay and Abau, where *Leander* had taken the judge the previous week, before returning again to Samarai to hear the other Samarai cases. I found out later that the judge wished to meet, at Maiva Plantation near Abau, the cousin of his friend Bill Elworthy. It all sounded like a millionaire's luxury cruise, but I had no choice in the matter and, in any event, it would remove the judge from Samarai until Cecil Abel's/Brother Vogt's plan had a chance to work. In fact, when I found out that Fyfe Bay was the LMS Theological College where one of my Papuan friends (mentioned in Snapshot 6 in *Una Voce* No 2 of 1999) was studying, I started looking forward to the trip.

On a millionaire's cruise, one would expect excellent meals but this was a trip like no other. Relations between the judge and the captain were studiously correct but frigid, for reasons which neither would explain. And when the midday meal was very late, the judge announced that 'we' will be feeding ourselves and Andrew (his servant) was experiencing some difficulty in the galley. When lunch did arrive it was pork and the smell was such that even the judge thought it might be dangerous so I got out a packet of biscuits and some dried fruits which I always carried "in case we had a forced landing", and tried to get him to talk. But the only topics I could get out of him were 'fair rent' cases which he conducted under the wartime National Security Regulations. One good result of my supplying the biscuits was that, although he never mentioned the 'tar and feathers' topic, I was able to tell him of Cecil Abel's offer. Whether it pleased him or not I could not say because he merely gazed fixedly at me and said nothing.

When we reached Fyfe Bay I started to disembark but the judge said he would go alone. He soon returned, with Rev. Perry (of the London Missionary Society, a foundation of the Congregational - now United - Church) so I went ashore to meet them. Rev. Perry was clearly upset and, without introducing me, the judge went on board leaving me free to ask Rev. Perry about my Papuan friend who was at his Theological College and he gradually calmed down. He then took me to the College, went inside and returned with two baskets saying that they contained fruit and two live crabs, "one to bribe the captain's cook with; one for you", so I gathered that bad news had travelled fast! I gave both baskets to the judge and we had their contents as our meal that night.

We departed at First Light for Abau. Mert Brightwell (who joined the Field Staff on 9-6-1947 and who did excellent work looking after the interests of those charged with the Telefomin killings some months later) was the Assistant District Officer and he invited me to stay with him, so my meal problem was solved. He also sent supplies on board for the judge and was able to provide me with fresh milk! He defended Meka-Ori who was charged with rape, obtaining a well-deserved acquittal, and we then set off back to Samarai, arriving at 11.20 am on Monday 29 March. On the way I borrowed a fishing line from one of the crew, purely to get away by myself and, by a stroke of luck, I caught a large fish which provided another meal and an opportunity for me to attempt to find out more about the judge. But I got the same empty result as before.

When we arrived back at Samarai the Mixed Race guards were soon back so I asked them what their intentions were. They said that the judge would not be harmed provided he acted like a judge. I gathered that Cecil Abel's negotiations had not succeeded so I said, "The District Commissioner arranged an official welcome for the judge and he did not attend. There are two more parties and he should attend them because he is the judge." They said that "anything he should do as a judge, he could do and this has been made clear to him" so I went to the judge, told him what they had told me and asked if he wanted me to remain on board. He stared at me and then said that I was being impertinent and he could look after himself! I had no choice but to leave so I did, returning to the

Guest House.

At 3 pm the Samarai Sitings began again, and at 5.20 pm we adjourned. That evening we had the rescheduled welcome at Don and Marion Grove's home where, in addition to local residents, I met Bishop Philip Strong (later to become Archbishop and Anglican Primate of Australia) and vulcanologist Taylor who received the George Medal for his work at Higaturu. But, once again, the guest of honour did not appear. One of the results of that party was that, when Monte asked me to reconstitute his Land Judgments from the tattered remnants he had been able to collect after the destruction of the war, Don (who joined the Field Staff on 20 September 1946) undertook the distribution of the result which, in some cases, involved reports of over 140 pages. Had he not helped, the project would have collapsed and the world (including Australia's march towards Mabo), would have been much the poorer.

Next day, Tuesday, the cases continued and, that evening we had the third of the welcome parties, this time at the home of Bill and Kath Cottrell-Dormer, the former Director of Agriculture and now in charge of a Native Economic Development Project. It was at that party that I met Brother Vogt. He told me that, in 1935, he and his team of Papuans had built the District Office at Samarai for £600 and that practically every carpenter or builder in Eastern Papua had been a member of his team at some time. Since Papuans who were trained carpenters could usually get a Drinking Permit, I realised that Cecil Abel's belief that he and Bro. Vogt could influence the Mixed Race community was well placed.

At 2.50 pm the following day the cases were completed and, since I believed that *Leander* would (as would have been normal) be returning to Port Moresby as soon as possible to take up her next round of duties, I went to the wharf to find out when we were leaving. The lookout which the Mixed Race community had maintained on board had now disappeared. I asked Captain Bill Johnson our time of departure and he told me that the judge had given him written orders to remain a further 24 hours at least. When I asked why, he said no reason was given. I said that I noticed that the Mixed Race group had left and he said that "everything was now settled" although he was saddened that, to quote his words, "the judge did not have the guts to apologise". I asked him "apologise for what?" but he refused to explain saying he had "always been trusted by all the judges and that was enough" for him.

I then searched out the judge and said that I understood we were not leaving today. But instead of answering he simply stared at me. I told him that I had noticed that the forward parts of the vessel were now clear of Mixed Race watchers and still he did not answer. I then said, "Look, Judge, this is no good. What is it all about?" and, with eyes which suddenly came alive but with an impassive face he said, "I discovered two Boongs conspiring with Andrew to take my gear off the ship and I demanded to know why. They said that the District Commissioner told them to bring my gear to his house. I told them that this is my ship and it is interference with the independence of the judiciary for anyone to touch my gear. I made them put it back. That is all that happened! I don't know what this is all about, as you so inelegantly express it."

I said, "But did the DC himself say anything to you, or write you a note?" He said, "That is a stupid question! You really must cure yourself of this habit of asking stupid questions, Quinlivan!" That floored me but I said, "I ask because, as you well know, Judge, I have been sent here because you sent a lengthy telegram alleging that the District Commissioner had tried to bribe you." He said, "Bribe me? How? I have never heard anything so stupid!" I said, "But you wrote that he had attempted to interfere with the administration of justice in your first case here. McKay's case." He gritted his teeth and said, "I told you that his SERVANTS were interfering with the administration of justice. That is all that happened" - and I believe that, if there had been a table close by, he would

have thumped it on 'servants' and on each of his final words, because of his emphasis. He then turned and walked away.

It was one thing for him to say "That is all that happened" but the telegram had specifically said that much more had happened so I went to the Wireless Office and started saying who I was but the official there said, "I know who you are and why you are here. But telegrams are confidential." I said, "I know that. I'm not trying to get you to tell me what was in the telegram. All I want to know is if it was ever sent." He misinterpreted my question and thought I was charging him with not doing his duty for he replied, without thought, "Of course it was sent. I told him I could not accept it unless he paid cash for it but he went off his rocker and said I was involved in a conspiracy of some sort." I said "Who?" and he said "This new judge. I told him it was too long but he said that he was the new judge and I had to accept it. I decided to give in to him, and tallied the words and told him how much it would cost and he said, 'Get Healy to pay it.' I said I could not do that and then he really did his lolly. So I sent it."

I found this last piece of the jigsaw the most disturbing and, since I now had nothing to do but wait, I began to write my report. It was, of necessity, a very long report and I found evening falling, and a note for me to come to Don and Marion for dinner, which was typical of their kindness and greatly appreciated. I spent next day (Thursday 1 April) completing the draft and was told three things (i) that the passenger ship *Soochow* had arrived, (ii) the judge would be sailing in her at 5 pm and (iii) that *Leander* would sail at midnight. I felt that the judge was guilty of grave discourtesy leaving like that and I must record the fact that, some weeks after he left, he wrote me a charming letter of thanks for all I had done and, in it, he said that he envied me greatly because of the wonderful future which was clearly ahead of me! Unfortunately, some days before he wrote that note, the Administrator ordered the Crown Law Officer, Wally Watkins, to 'sort out' the Telefomin massacres and Wally took me with him to Wewak and left me there, so I did not receive the note for many months.

I had a final dinner with Don and Marion and then boarded *Leander* for the return to Moresby. And I again borrowed a fishing line, for pleasure this time, and caught another fish which I gave to the ship's cook. It was the fish which broke down Bill Johnson's resolve to say nothing because he suggested I talk to Andrew, the judge's servant who, unknown to me, was travelling back to Moresby with us. Andrew said that when he arrived on board he asked the crew what his job would be, and they told him that since there was only a small galley, his job would reduce itself to packing the judge's gear and taking it ashore when they reached Samarai. When they reached Samarai, he said, the judge started shouting at the captain's wife's relatives in a very frightening way so, when the DC's servants came, he hurriedly bundled the judge's gear together and handed it to them so that he could escape 'this madman'.

I said, "What do you mean, this madman?" He said, "He is often like that. Most of the time he is OK but then, for no reason, he goes mad. And he seems to enjoy hurting people. When the DC came he started shouting at him. Sometimes he shouts softly at me and that is worse. He shouted loudly at Captain Johnson and his wife's relatives but, after that, he just stared at them and said nothing. But it was an evil eye he gave them each day." I said, "What do you mean, the captain's wife's relatives?" and he said, "The Half Castes".

All Saturday the weather was unpleasant but at dinner time we entered Wolverine Passage and the rain cleared and we enjoyed a glorious sunset. At dinner Bill Johnson opened up saying, "You asked me why he blew up at me. I don't know why he did. But you must understand that this vessel is my home and, when we are in Samarai, it is my wife's home. And since she is from there, it is her relatives' home also. All the judges and everyone else respect this and, when we reach Samarai, they go ashore and my Mixed

Race relatives come aboard. But when this new judge saw them he hurled abuse at them for perverting me. Can you imagine it? 'Perverting' me! You don't say things like that! He thinks they don't understand English! Then he said he would call the Police and have us all kicked off his boat! His boat! It is my home and it is MY command no matter who is on board. And he went on and on, insulting all my relatives and friends calling them Half Caste Bastards and Half Breeds."

We arrived at Moresby at 2.30 pm and I reported to Government House after cleaning up. Sir Donald thanked me and I then said, "I'm afraid the report is rather long and I don't know when the typist will complete it." He said, "Don't worry about that. If you think the DC has done wrong, even if you can't prove it, he will have to be charged. We've never had interference with the administration of justice before, and it's not going to start while I'm Administrator."

I said, "The DC did nothing wrong. In fact, by negotiating a truce in the early stages, he saved a very dangerous situation created by a series of misunderstandings. The new judge thought that *Leander* was his to do with as he willed. He seems to have thought she was "The Judicial Yacht" - like the Royal Yacht - and did not know that she worked for many different departments. Or that she was Bill Johnson's home; that, when *Leander* was in Samarai, members of Bill's wife's community were accustomed to visit. And when they visited he drank with them, not because they 'perverted' him, but because he was no longer responsible for a ship at sea. It was a clash of cultures, both in the ordinary sense and in what the new judge expected. The DC's only involvement was through his servants who, when they arrived, as usual, to help the judge up to the Residency, had the new judge's belongings thrust at them by his terrified servant. Now, as to the rights and wrongs of it ..." and he stopped me, repeating that he only wanted to hear about the DC at that stage, and he would read my report in due course. He thanked me again and I left.

Postscript. I have updated the report to make it understandable today but there is something which should be explained. I wrote in longhand and included everything which could be useful both to the Administrator in his task of deciding whether an official investigation should be ordered, and to the person making the investigation if one was ordered. I therefore included the paragraph which appears below but, on further consideration, I felt that I was being emotive and the paragraph was 'political' so I struck it out. Then I was sent to Wewak for many months and never saw the typed product. Since I had been commissioned to get a house-guest out of trouble, I felt that it was a private matter but the Crown Law Officer did not have the same opinion for, when a similar situation occurred some years later, he re-issued my report to tie in with a submission he was making on the basis of some other reports I will mention in a moment and, in that re-issue, the paragraph I had deleted was included. The circumstances were that an official from Canberra had been appointed Assistant Administrator and he made serious accusations against a number of senior men who had served the Territory well for many years. I do not know how many he hurt but I personally had to investigate four, one in the Sepik, one in Morobe District and two in Port Moresby, and in each case there was clear evidence that the person accused had been gravely maligned.

The paragraph read: "A stable person does not normally lash out at the clerk behind the telegrams counter, and I wondered just what investigations the authorities in Australia had made as to the appointee's mental health before imposing him on an unsuspecting Trusteeship Territory as the equal of judges who had devoted their lives to creating a viable legal system for its peoples."

GERMANS FACE MOB LAW AFTER WAR'S END

by Ken Blanch

Lynch law was the order of the day when former German nationals tried to return to New Guinea after World War I.

One of the first Australian actions of the war had been to seize the German headquarters at Rabaul, on New Britain, and subsequently the control of all German territorial possessions in the Pacific. And victorious Britishers in Port Moresby were not having any Germans back after victory six years later - even if they were naturalised citizens.

When the Burns Philp liner *Marsina* arrived at Port Moresby from Australia in late 1919, word quickly got around the town that she was carrying three former German nationals who had been taken from the islands and interned on the mainland during the war. Virtually the whole white population rallied to oppose their landing, and warned the Acting Administrator, a Mr Champion, that they would not be responsible for what might happen if the trio remained in the Territory.

The whole story came out when the *Marsina* arrived back in Brisbane a week or so later - with the three returnees, two planters named Carl Ettling and Charles Konig and a ship's captain named Gortz, still aboard. It seemed that the three former German nationals had embarked on the ship in Sydney in late December to return to the islands under the auspices of the Defence Department. The steamer reached Port Moresby on December 30, but the three men were not allowed to land for another two days.

When it became known to the townspeople that they were aboard, a group of returned soldiers began agitating to have them deported and the whole town stopped work while a deputation of returned soldiers and townspeople went to Mr Champion to try to prevent them from landing. Mr Champion told them he was powerless to act because the three men had been sent on the orders of the Defence Department. Members of the deputation then warned him that feeling against the return of Germans was so strong that they would be in danger if they remained.

While all this was going on, the three men had come ashore and were being kept under surveillance by a picket of returned soldiers. The leaders of the unsuccessful deputation made their way to the Port Moresby Customs House, where they announced their failure to a disapproving crowd. When a returned soldier asked "Do we want Huns in New Guinea?" there was a unanimous roar of "no" from the crowd.

By that time the *Marsina* was an hour from scheduled sailing time on her return voyage to Brisbane, and when the pickets announced the whereabouts of two of the Germans they were ordered back aboard and a guard was placed on the wharf to stop them from landing again. The entire white population of Port Moresby then began a hunt through the streets for the third man, who was spotted by returned soldier "scouts" heading for the Administrator's office. The crowd set out in hot pursuit, but the fugitive was too quick for them and dashed through the building and into the bush behind it. The searchers eventually found him hiding in an old hut 1.5km away. He was escorted back to the *Marsina* by a guard of eight men and placed aboard forcibly. As the *Marsina* moved out from the wharf taking the three former German nationals with her, there was a roar of cheering from the crowd.

When the ship returned to Brisbane on January 8, 1920, Carl Ettling told how he and his companions had feared for their lives while they were in Port Moresby. Speaking in what the *Brisbane Courier* of January 10, 1920, described as "excellent English with the merest trace of an accent," Ettling said he had been given permission by the Defence Department in May, 1919, to return to New Guinea, and was trying to reach Dutch New

Guinea to resume his pre-war job as a planter for a Dutch-Belgian syndicate when he was intercepted by the Port Moresby mob.

After landing at Port Moresby and taking a hotel room before setting out to make his way overland to the Dutch border, he was told by an official he knew from Rabaul that his life would not be safe if he was found in Port Moresby after the *Marsina* sailed.

"To keep out of trouble, I then went for a walk and was held up by nine white men," he said. "One of them put a gun to my head, searched me, and told me to get on board the steamer. I was hurried on board, my captors giving me no chance to pack my belongings. Afterwards, one of the men brought my bag to the wharf, but in the excitement some papers and about £20 (\$40) were left behind.

"When I boarded the *Marsina*, the captain requested me to sign a paper asking permission to leave Papua. If I did not, he said he would be compelled to leave me ashore. This I did, knowing that without protection from the Government, which was not given, I could not proceed to the Dutch boundary."

The worst part of the whole affair for Ettling was that his wife had left from Java to meet him in Merauke, in Dutch New Guinea.

(From the "Review" Section of the Brisbane *Sunday Mail* 27-2-1994, supplied by Esme Johnson of Lawnton Qld. Our thanks to the author, Ken Blanch, and to *The Sunday Mail* for permission to reprint the article)

DR S C WIGLEY M.B.B.S., F.R.C.P. - A MAN WITH A MISSION

by **Paul Enders**

He came to Papua New Guinea in 1956 as a chest physician to select tuberculosis patients who needed thoracic surgery, which was to be performed by visiting surgical teams from Australia. After completion of this task, he stayed on to conduct a mass tuberculosis survey in the Sepik District. In 1957 he was appointed Specialist Medical Officer in charge of the Tuberculosis Control Unit in Port Moresby.

I met Stan Wigley soon after in Wewak, and was impressed by his vision and enthusiasm to reduce the incidence of tuberculosis, a major health problem in PNG.

The slow progress, due mainly to the shortage of trained staff, was a concern. To accelerate the program he enlisted the assistance and cooperation of the medical professionals from the Department of Health general services and also from the Christian Missions. To conduct a National Health campaign effectively from an office in Port Moresby was difficult for a litany of reasons. It also was not Stan Wigley's style. He was a person with a 'hands-on' approach and liked to be in the field, where his leadership was needed most.

In 1961 he made the important decision to decentralise the Tuberculosis Control Service, to provide a wider coverage of the population. He established a Tuberculosis Control Unit in each of the four regions: the Papua, Mainland, Highland and Island regions, each unit consisting of a medical officer, a medical assistant, radiographers and vaccinators. They were self-sufficient to carry out mass surveys, vaccination programs and ensure treatment for tuberculosis cases found.

In the early years, patients were treated in special tuberculosis hospitals, somewhat reminiscent of medieval times. Their location was isolated, in some instances on an island. For the patients this meant separation from family and village life, and it caused unhappiness and resentment.

In the mid-60s, Stan Wigley initiated a major innovation to bring management of tuberculosis closer to the people. Health workers of all levels were trained in chemotherapy for tuberculosis. For those patients who needed to be hospitalised,

treatment was provided in general hospitals. Approximately half of the patients were managed as outpatients, receiving treatment at rural health centres, mission clinics and aid posts. Twice a year Stan Wigley personally visited most establishments to check progress. The success of this domiciliary treatment program was such that special tuberculosis hospitals became virtually redundant by 1973. The scheme was not only economical but was enthusiastically accepted and supported by the patients and the population at large.

Stan was a man of the highest professional standards and intellectual qualities. He was widely respected by his colleagues at home and abroad. With the loyal support of his dedicated health professionals, his Tuberculosis Control Program was an outstanding success and one of the most important contributions towards the health of the people of Papua New Guinea. Stan Wigley retired in 1973; his recent death has left a big gap in our lives. We miss him, he was our friend.

CHANCE FIND SOLVES MYSTERY - Bomber missing since 1943 located by Bob Piper and Charles Miranda

As reported in 'The Daily Telegraph' of 22 January 2000

An Australian bomber and possibly its crew of four has been found near a small island off eastern New Guinea, 56 years after it flew out on a night bombing mission.

Cruise and dive operator Rodney Pierce was diving from his vessel *The Barbarian* near a collection of islands when he saw the Beaufort bomber lying inverted on a sandy bottom 20m below the surface. He contacted colleagues and authorities, using a satellite telephone and fax, who confirmed the aircraft had not been seen since it departed Kiriwina Island at the height of World War II in 1943.

Mr Pierce, a well-known highly experienced ship and aircraft wreck diver, said he and others dived to the aircraft. He plotted its position using GPS and informed the RAAF. RAAF headquarters is investigating the find but a spokesman said yesterday the issue was "very sensitive". He declined to comment pending confirmation of the aircraft's identity and informing any next of kin of the airmen. The Australian High Commission in Port Moresby also declined to comment.

Twelve Beauforts from 8 Squadron, armed with bombs and torpedoes, left Kiriwina Island shortly before midnight on November 14, 1943. Their target was the Japanese fortress and shipping at Rabaul. All returned safely in the early hours of the morning, except Beaufort A9-217 and its crew of four.

The pilot, Flight Sergeant Jack Carroll Woodgate, navigator Flt-Sgt Stewart Ian Drakes and two wireless operators/air gunners Flt-Sgt Byron Veitch Maclean BEM and Flying Officer Geoffrey Stewart Wells are still listed as missing, presumed killed. According to the squadron's 'detail of operations', the aircraft circled Kawa Island before crashing a short time later. "PT boat from Kiriwina attempted to rescue but was unable to locate survivors," the report says. "Nil sightings on shipping sweep. Bombing attack completed successfully." Mr Pierce said yesterday a fuel tank found in 1943 by the patrol boat crew had been left on the island and was still in the safekeeping of locals.

More than 500 enemy and allied aircraft are still missing in New Guinea and the south-west Pacific. At least five missing aircraft and crews are discovered and reported to Australian, US and Japanese authorities each year. Improvement in communications as well as increased exploration is seeing many wartime mysteries being solved. With each discovery comes the difficult but crucial task of relocating wives, children and next of kin, many of whom have remarried or moved to new addresses and lives.

The RAAF operated about 700 British-designed Beaufort bombers during WWII with most of them built by Australia's own Department of Aircraft Production.

(Subsequently the aircraft was 'officially' examined in early March by Richard Leahy, Rodney Pierce and two RAAF representatives. Their findings were inconclusive and the Air Force are sending another group back for a re-examination. While there, one of the RAAF members, a trained medical assistant, spent much worthwhile time treating the Kawa Island people. It is understood they feel much neglected by the Port Moresby and Milne Bay government since Independence. Bob Piper)

WHAT WE HAVE SEEN AND DONE?

(From an article in 'The Superannuant', the journal of the Retired State Employees' Association (Vic) Inc. with thanks.)

Those of us in the prime of life (let us not talk of them as the twilight years as many do) have seen more changes than any other generation to date. Yes, there was air travel when I was a child but it was not common nor reliable. My father had a truck, the only motor vehicle in our street, we made our own crystal sets to listen to the radio, and flush toilets only existed in the inner city immediate vicinity. Think of the technology we accept today as part of our everyday lifestyle!

We have lived in such interesting and fast-moving times that we should record it for our children and their children. We have seen probably the greatest and most rapid technological changes in the whole history of mankind.

Write down your memories, what school was like, what happened to you as a child, your first job, what you did for recreation and so on. You do not have to be a literary genius to record it. Albert Facey wrote *A Fortunate Life* in the plain language he used and understood, and that is one of the most compelling of autobiographies.

If you feel that you cannot write, then make an oral autobiography using a tape recorder. It does not matter that you don't recall the precise sequence of events. Note them down as they occur and sort them out later. It could be that a grandchild perhaps will write the story. I have found that there is a developing curiosity in the youth of today to learn of the immediate past, especially concerning their family.

The important thing is to make some sort of a record. Many branches of U3A (University of the Third Age) run writing groups that can assist you.

Do you know what sort of a childhood moulded your grandparents into the people you knew? I don't, but I wish I did and the family tree does not tell me what I would really like to know.

Don't aim for a publishable best seller or a great literary epic. What's important is simply to tell your descendants what you have seen and done. It's a lot more than you think.

□ Tom Norwood

HELP WANTED: Max Hayes wrote, "I would like to get in touch with **Ron HICKS**, son of **Ronald Herbert HICKS**, who is well known to many having served in the NGPF, the RPC Section of ANGAU, and later the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary." Max added that any clues, however small, as to his whereabouts would be greatly appreciated. Max is at: 5 Peppermint Grove, Box Hill South, Vic 3128, Ph 03 9898 7459.

HELP WANTED: Mr and Mrs Jim Dutton would like information on any work re **Taffy JONES** published in the 1950s. They are at: 9 Mountain View Road, Pomona Qld 4568, Ph 07 5485 1129.

VALE

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

Mrs Alice Victoria MIDDLETON (17 July 2000, in her 100th year)

Alice was born in Miram, Armadale, Victoria in February 1901. In 1919 she relocated to Melbourne to assist her elder brother Dudley who was blinded in the last few days of the Great War. She assisted him for some years studying for a law degree which he eventually obtained in spite of his disability. During this period as a result she acquired training in, and the skills of making artificial glass eyes.

She eventually relocated to Sydney and set up her own business making eyes mainly for the war wounded - and there met her husband William (Max) Middleton who had lost an eye on the Somme in 1917. He had been a long-term resident of PNG being on the staff of the first bank opened in Papua, the Bank of New South Wales at Samarai in 1910.

He had bought Kulili Plantation on Karkar Island in the mid twenties and this is where Alice settled after their marriage in 1928 and where she lived till the approach of the Japanese war. During this period her two sons were born, John in 1930 and Roger in 1936.

In the late twenties and through the thirties life on Karkar was very much a pioneer event, monotony only broken by visits of the BP ship, the *Muliana*, and the Nord Deutsche Lloyd ship, the *Friedaren*, to collect copra. The ships often carried interesting passengers and the officers were always entertaining.

Alice returned to Kulili after World War II but Max's health had deteriorated during his army service in PNG and he and Alice spent half the time each year in Australia, travelling always by ship right up until the last passenger service to PNG closed down. This allowed them to keep in touch with their many friends around the country till the mid seventies. Alice's last visit to Karkar was made late in 1993 to attend grandson Derek's wedding; failing health precluded further visits.

'Cyclone' Alice will be remembered by many for her wonderful sense of humour and boundless energy in the many years on Karkar and in New Guinea. She kept her keen wit right up to the end, passing away peacefully of old age but still willing herself to live to the end. Alice is survived by her sons and three grandsons (all resident in PNG) and five great grandchildren.

(The foregoing was provided by the Middleton family.)

The Middleton family received the following message from the Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, Sir Mekere Morauta: "Dear John - Roslyn and I were saddened to learn of the passing of your mother, Alice, last Monday. We extend to you and Anna, to Roger and Rosa, and your families, our sincere sympathies, our thoughts and our best wishes, at this sad time. We look to our merciful God to offer you comfort, and grant you all deep gratitude for the gift of life that your mother enjoyed and lasting peace in your hearts. God bless you!"

Mr Thomas George CARR (21 June 1999)

Tom first went to the Territory in 1951 - as a Stockman taking cattle by ship for W R Carpenter, to restock Ulaveo Plantation near Kokopo. A few years later he obtained a position with the Dept. of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries at Port Moresby, at the Papuan Lowlands Livestock Station at the 8-mile. Tom and his wife Margaret (Heape) went South in January 1957 when Tom worked in various parts of rural NSW. Later he purchased a Header and commenced contract harvesting in Queensland and Northwest NSW wherever the ripening wheat, barley or oat crops called. He is survived by his wife Margaret and family. (Condensed from *Garamut*)

Mr David Docker READ (21 October 1999, aged 67 years)

Docker passed away in Cairns after contracting leukemia. He worked for the Department of Forests throughout PNG from the late 50s to the early 70s. He and his wife Maxine and daughter Erica then moved to Groote Eylandt for some years before settling in Northern Queensland. Docker was running a taxi business in Cooktown when he became ill. He is survived by his daughter Erica, Maxine having predeceased him. (Condensed from *Garamut*)

Mrs Marion HEARNSHAW (13 June 2000, aged 90 years)

Mrs Hearnshaw was the widow of Rev. W D Oakes who was a Methodist missionary in New Britain and New Ireland from 1933 until he was lost on the *Montevidea Maru* in 1942. As Mrs Oakes, she was in New Guinea from 1933 to 1941 when she was evacuated from Kavieng on the *Macdhu* with her two young sons, George and Parker. George later returned to New Guinea as a kiap in 1954, leaving at Independence. (Written by Marion's son, George D Oakes)

Mr Douglas John MacGOWAN (5 June 2000, aged 66 years)

Doug was born in Rabaul along with his sister Muriel Larnar, and two brothers Ian (deceased) and Kenneth. The family were evacuated from Rabaul in late 1941 on the *Macdhu*. Their father, Public Works architect Bill MacGowan and a member of the NGVR, remained behind to escape later to Moresby under epic circumstances. Postwar, Bill was Deputy Controller of Commonwealth Department of Works until his death in 1953.

Doug finished his secondary education in Queensland postwar and immediately joined the Administration. He commenced with the Post Office and then transferred to Treasury where he served for about the next twenty years. During the sixties he was Senior Treasury Officer in Goroka. Following posting back to Moresby in the early seventies, Doug rejoined the Department of Posts and Telegraphs at senior level and was principal adviser to the Director when he resigned some two years after Independence.

Doug married Doreen Crawley, daughter of Police Bandmaster Inspector Dave and Kath Crawley. They had three daughters Karen and Diane (twins) and Jenny. A fine all-round sportsman from his youth, Doug excelled as an adult at cricket, tennis and golf. He endured with enormous courage his long battle with cardiac and stroke problems. His children and family, sister Muriel Larnar and brother Ken, survive him. (The foregoing was provided by Derek Baldwin.)

Mr Ian Wallace THISTLETHWAITE J.P. (20 April 2000, aged 75 years)

Ian was born and educated in Sydney. He enlisted in the RAAF in 1943 and trained as a navigator. He served in Beauforts seeing action in Papua New Guinea and Borneo. In 1949 Ian applied for a position as patrol officer with the Department of Territories. He was accepted and after training at ASOPA spent the next 12 months in Port Moresby.

In January 1950 Ian, or 'Ian the Thistle' as he became known, was posted to Esa'ala on Normanby Island where he witnessed firsthand the tragic Mount Lamington eruption. Ian's service was mainly in the highlands and his appointments included Coroner, Magistrate, Collector of Public Monies and Native Labour Inspector. He dearly loved PNG and its people, and it was with heavy heart that due to ill health he had to return to Australia late in 1958.

Back in Australia, Ian worked for the Farmers and Graziers Association until retirement. He devoted over 40 years of his life as a volunteer worker with the St. Vincent de Paul Society helping to improve the lives of the disadvantaged. He was a member of the RAAF Beaufort Squadron Association and the Forestville RSL where he played bowls. He was also a keen golfer and fisherman. Ian is survived by his wife Margaret and children Paul, Leanne and Janine.

(The foregoing was provided by Brian Delaney.)

Mr Lindsay CURTIS AM (8 April 2000, aged 71 years)

Lindsay took over from Wally Watkins as Secretary for Law on the latter's retirement in 1969. He came on secondment from the Commonwealth Attorney-General's Department and brought with him many new ideas, great integrity and a tremendous capacity for hard work. During his two years in PNG he was an official member of the House of Assembly and made significant contributions to the legislative process. On his return to Canberra in 1971 he resumed his career in the Attorney-General's Department from which he retired as Deputy Secretary in 1989. He then became Adjunct Professor of Law at the University of Wollongong, President of the ACT Administrative Appeals Tribunal and Chancellor of the Anglican Diocese of Canberra-Goulburn.

Lindsay died after a short illness and is survived by his wife Ailsa and their children, Christopher, Elizabeth, Helen, Lyndal and Alison. (The above was provided by Peter Clay.)

Dr Stanley Cuthbert WIGLEY M.B.B.S, F.R.C.P. (3 June 2000, aged 83 years)

Stanley graduated in Pharmacy in 1937 and proceeded to study medicine at Melbourne University graduating in 1944. He gained his experience as a chest physician at the Brompton Hospital, London, and in 1950 obtained his Membership of the Royal Australian College of Physicians. Before coming to PNG in 1957 he had an appointment in thoracic medicine and tuberculosis at the Greenvale Sanatorium Melbourne. He gained his FRCP London in 1971.

He was appointed as Senior Medical Officer, Tuberculosis, on the advice of Australia's senior TB specialist Sir Harry Wunderly.

He designed and set up a program which in his words was to "procure the reduction of the tuberculosis problem to the position of minor public health importance in the shortest possible time. The aim required that an expensive and comprehensive program should be mounted initially, using biological prophylaxis on a large scale, mass case finding campaigns, and intensive therapy campaigns including chemical prophylaxis".*

To achieve this near impossible objective he devised a comprehensive plan and obtained funding for Tuberculosis Control Units in what were to become the four health regions. This program was successful and over the 16 years Stanley was in Papua New Guinea tuberculosis became one of the lesser health problems. Stanley warned in his history 'Tuberculosis and New Guinea' that political and other forms of instability would shape the extent of tuberculosis in the future. Unfortunately, as he predicted, there is evidence of its resurgence.

Stanley was one of the many Australian specialists and general practitioners who were part of the rapidly expanding health services of the 1960s. He made the health and well-being of the people of Papua New Guinea his main career. With his personal qualities, administrative skills and high intellect, he made a significant contribution to the professional roles he chose. He saw clearly what had to be done and set about doing it. It was my privilege to work with him through his entire PNG career.

After retirement in 1973 he worked in various positions in Sydney hospitals and health services. His thoughts were often on the health problems of PNG and on the risk of political instability undoing the good that his work had done. His wife Elaine died in 1997. Stanley is survived by his children Stephen, Mandy and Lisa and eight grandchildren.

* Burton-Bradley B G (1990) *A History of Medicine in Papua New Guinea*, Wigley S C pp 167-204 'Tuberculosis and New Guinea' (The foregoing was provided by Roy F R Scragg)

Bishop Albert Naunton HALEY (6 June 2000)

Father Haley, as he was then, was the Church of England Minister in Rabaul in the late 50s to early 60s.
(Information from Pat Hopper)

Mr John CASSON (14 July 2000, aged 62 years)

A barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court of Victoria, John Casson accepted a legal position in the PNG administration and in 1965 joined the prosecutions branch as crown prosecutor. Later he held positions at the Land Appeals Council and the Supreme Court. He helped complete a constitution for the University of Port Moresby. He left PNG in 1972 to work in the Public Solicitors Office in Melbourne and later the Legal Aid Commission of Victoria.

(Herald Sun 1-8-2000)

Mrs Mary CARROLL née PERRIN (2 August 2000, aged 58 years)

Mary went to PNG in 1973 to visit her sister Sheila Thomas, who at the time worked at ADCOL. Mary loved the place and was fortunate to find a job at the Harbour Masters Office which enabled her to stay. Later she worked at the Bureau of Management Services at Waigani. Mary met her future husband Mick Carroll in Port Moresby. Mick was a career officer in DDA.

Mary and Mick came south in 1978 and settled in Grafton where they successfully ran a newsagency until retiring in 1996.

Mary passed away peacefully at home after a determined battle against lung cancer. She is sadly missed by her husband Mick, children Rob and Dawn, grandchildren Aaron and Jessica and all her family and friends. Mary is remembered for her unfailing optimism and unbounded love and regard for others.
(The above was provided by Mary's brother-in-law Ivor Thomas.)

Mr Robert William COTTLE, (14 July 2000, aged 79 years)

Bob was in the RAAF for five years in the Pacific and at war's end was a W/O tail gunner. After graduating from Gatton Agricultural College, Qld, he joined the Department of Agriculture in the early fifties and served till the late sixties, mainly as a District Agricultural Officer in the Highlands and Madang Districts. He played a significant part in the development of the coffee industry. In 1961 he married Ida Dobbys, matron of the Madang Hospital and universally known as 'Dobby'. The Cottles lived for many years in retirement at Clontarf, Queensland. Bob developed his stamp and coin collection extensively and became well known as a collector. Dobby died in 1981.

(The foregoing was provided by Harry West.)

Mr David C POWYS (10 August 2000, aged 76 years)

David arrived at Boram school near Wewak as second in charge to Fred Barron in 1952. At the instigation of the legendary Simogun Pita he was sent to Dagua in 1953 to open a government school and remained for three years. With his wife June he shared what was then an isolated posting with Bob and Mary Pulsford of the Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries. David moved on to Moresby and Sogeri and transferred to Trade and Industry in 1963. He returned to Australia in 1965 and after retiring from the Australian Education Council in 1984 was active as a volunteer with the Botanic Gardens and the Print Handicapped Radio Station. He is survived by June and their four children.

(The foregoing was provided by Harry West.)

Mr Lyle Melvyn HANSON (19 June 2000, aged 64 years)

Lyle grew up in Rockhampton, Queensland, and arrived in the Milne Bay District as a 20-year-old cadet patrol officer in 1955. He moved on to New Britain in the early 60s. Most of his 20-year PNG career was in Milne Bay, New Britain and Highland Districts. Lyle was fortunate in his many coastal postings, for his great love was the sea. He used the yacht he sailed from Sydney to facilitate his work, particularly in the Duke of York Islands. For many years he was a familiar and popular figure in Rabaul and Kokopo.

Bill Kelly said at his funeral, "He was hard-working, dependable and knowledgeable, in spite of his predilection for larrikin off-duty pastimes. He was unconventional by the standards of the 60s. His common sense and wit helped him do his job well."

With his beloved Sally, Lyle moved to Yorkey's Knob near Cairns at Independence in 1975 and enjoyed the maritime life until last year's move to Bribe Island. Lyle is survived by Sally.

(The foregoing was provided by Harry West.)

Mrs Gladys NICHOLAS (22 July 2000, aged 91 years)

Gladys was engaged to Bill Nicholas who was employed in the Government Printing Office, and went to Moresby in 1935 to be married. For a time she worked for A.P.C. Their daughter Lyn was born in 1937. In 1941 she was employed by Mr Bertie, an old-time resident and local solicitor, who was in charge of the evacuation of women and children to Australia in December that year. In a letter to the Association in 1990 she wrote of events surrounding the evacuation - "Mr Bertie and I were frightfully busy, people were coming in to make their Wills before being evacuated... The stores reduced the prices of everything almost to the point of giving goods away..." After the war Gladys returned to Moresby with her daughter and rejoined A.P.C. Later she worked for the Lands Department, the Supreme Court, the Registrar General's Department and the Public Curator. Bill was appointed Government Printer in May 1953.

Gladys's main interests in PNG were the Yacht Club where her husband was an active member for 25 years, and the Girl Guides which she was associated with for some years. The couple left Moresby in 1962 and Bill died six years later.

Gladys has written an account of her life in PNG and a history of the Printing Office which included her husband's work as OIC, New Guinea Printing and Press Unit, the unit which produced *Guinea Gold* for the troops in PNG during the war - her article was published in *Una Voce*, September 1993, pp.17-19.

Gladys is survived by her daughter Marilyn Anne McInnes and grandchildren.

(The above is taken from Gladys's letters and the *Una Voce* article.)

Mrs Linda Kathleen CRAWLEY (5 May 2000, aged 90 years)

Kathleen Crawley was born in Tasmania and travelled by ship to Rabaul in March 1938 to marry David Crawley (ex British Army) who had joined the New Guinea Police Force in 1935 and later became Police Bandmaster.

Kath with two very young children was evacuated from Rabaul on the *Macdhui* early in 1942 just prior to the Japanese invasion. David made his escape from Rabaul on foot through New Britain, and later returned to serve with ANGAU at Bisiatabu. Kath spent the war years in Sydney and returned to PNG early 1946 to rejoin David who was then stationed at the Sogeri Police Training Depot. In 1947 their third child was born.

Kath was an active member of the Sogeri community. She taught her children by correspondence and at times filled in as teacher at the tiny Sogeri Primary School. Like many Territory women she managed alone for long periods when David was accompanying the band on tours of Australia. In 1957 the Police Training Depot was moved to Kila, Port Moresby, where they lived until 1963 when David retired. After an extensive trip overseas they settled in Toowong, Brisbane. David died suddenly in 1966 at the age of 60.

Kath's warm and generous nature won her a wonderful network of friends and neighbours and she kept busy with various community interests. For many years she regularly met with many of her old PNG friends. She was devoted to her family.

Kath is survived by her son Allen, daughters Doreen and Joan, four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. (The foregoing was provided by Kath's daughter Doreen MacGowan)

Sqdn/Ldr R N B (Reg) STEVENS, DFC & Bar (21 July 2000, aged 82 years)

Reg attended North Sydney Boys High and at the age of 18 decided to satisfy some wanderlust. He went to Port Moresby where he managed a store for Percy Heinz Ltd which dealt mainly with the indigenous population. Just prior to marriage he joined Government Stores where he was Acting Paymaster. In early 1938 Reg married Nancy Hurd of Chatswood at Ela Protestant Church. Reg became Acting Government Storekeeper. Their first son was born in 1939.

At the outbreak of war Reg was keen to join the RAAF, however he was not granted release until 1940 when he was the first PNG resident to join the RAAF. After initial training in Australia he was sent to England where he trained and flew on Spitfires.

In March 1942 Reg was posted to the Middle East and in June 1942 he joined 3 Squadron, one of Australia's most famous fighter squadrons and flying Kittyhawks. Reg received one of the quickest promotions ever, from commission (Pilot Officer) to Squadron Leader in four weeks.

In July 1943 Pilot Officer Reg Stevens was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for courage and devotion to duty in the Western Desert. His aircraft had been shot down on several occasions and on others badly damaged in air combat and by enemy ground fire. He was made CO in the same month. In August 1943, now as Squadron Leader, Reg won an immediate Bar to his DFC when, as leader of a Kittyhawk formation, he flew through an intense anti-aircraft barrage and attacked enemy shipping in Milezzo Harbour, Sicily, from a low level.

After being away for almost three years, Reg returned to Australia in 1944 to train pilots. Following discharge from the RAAF in 1945, he returned to Port Moresby with his wife and family. In 1946 he was posted to Higaturu as Native Labour Officer. Postings to Lae and Wau followed. In 1950 he was posted to Samarai as Senior Inspector of Native Labour, a post he retained until returning to Sydney in 1952.

Following a long stint in hospital in 1952 when he was encased in plaster for many months to try and correct a spinal injury received early in the war, he was deemed medically unfit and retired from the PNG administration. He then settled in Newcastle where he worked for Comsteel and later Titan, taking early retirement at age 54 due to war related injuries.

Reg and Nancy retired to the mid north coast where Reg continued to take leadership roles in the community especially assisting young people in business. In their retirement, Reg and Nan made many trips to PNG and retained old PNG friendships.

Reg is survived by Nancy, his wife of 62 years, their three children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. (From information supplied by Reg's daughter Noelene Stevenson.)

Mrs Heather SEALE (née Holmes) (26 June 2000, aged 81 years)

Heather was born in Sydney in 1918 and travelled to New Guinea with her parents Jos and Esther Holmes. Heather grew up in Rabaul and Kavieng where she met her husband Bill and they married in Kavieng in 1939. After starting married life in Salamaua, Bill and Heather spent the next thirty years living in Kavieng, Wau, Lae, Goroka, back to Kavieng and Lae. After Bill retired in 1971 Heather and Bill moved to Sydney, watched their grandchildren grow up, and kept up many interests including retaining friendships with many NG friends.

Heather struggled with bad health the last few years and sadly died at Mosman on 26 June. She is survived by her son John and daughter Margaret and their families.

(The foregoing was provided by Heather's daughter, Margaret)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LOVELY LADY - MRS SEALE

by **Patrick J Leahy**

As a shy inexperienced 17-year-old I arrived in Goroka in February 1957 to start my adult life working for my uncle, James Luby Leahy, on his plantation 'Erinvale' five miles out of Goroka. I had flown up from Brisbane the day before and stayed overnight in Lae with Uncle Jim's friend George Washington who was the manager of New Guinea Company Lae. I was to spend the next 24 glorious years in Goroka. Uncle Jim, the first European settler in the Goroka valley, was a bachelor but knew everybody and had a close mutual association with District Commissioner H.P. (Bill) Seale and his wife Heather. Naturally I spent quite a lot of time at the Residency and became firm friends with Mr and Mrs Seale's two children John and Margaret. So began my association with a Lovely Lady, Mrs Seale, her two children and their mates.

It was Mrs Seale who started me on the way to finding my fast disappearing youth that I had not at that stage taken an active interest in. From the age of 13 on it was school in Toowoomba and work (no holidays) - driving tractors, ploughing paddocks, mustering cattle, milking cows - on my dad's (Tom Leahy Snr.) farms near Dalby in Southern Queensland. Dad at 6'4" and 17 stone was pure Irish terror and it was not a prerogative of mine to be a teenager in the way that people dream about. The call to New Guinea came from Uncle Jim. So there I was wide-eyed and bushy-tailed, just arrived in this most beautiful valley in the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea about to enjoy for a few short years the love, affection, support and guidance of a wonderful human being, Mrs Seale - my second mum.

When Uncle Jim permitted, I became another one of the happy youngsters who 'spent time' at the Residency. Along with John and Margaret were Bev Bunting, David Frame, Rosemary Frame and Graham Downs just to name a few and we did what kids do. On weekends we swam in the pool opposite the Residency, went for picnics, went for Gumi rides on the Asaro or Bena Rivers or played records till the cows came home. Mrs Seale was there for all the children but in my mind it was Mrs Seale who would help me get by no matter what. I likened her to a modern-day torchbearer with a bright 'can-do' attitude and us children following happily behind and me gaining confidence by association.

Mrs Seale had an enormous capacity to make people feel at home at the Residency. At official functions Mrs Seale added a distinctive presence to a room as she moved around and just made everybody glad they were in her home. There was much joy and laughter in her conversation. She was a passionate supporter of her husband, her family and her friends. Being a District Commissioner in those early days was at times a difficult task - to have somebody by your side who was free from bias, prejudice or favouritism (except when it came to the all-conquering Goroka football team) must have been a blessing for Mr Seale. I like the words intangible asset loosely interpreted as 'the value of which is difficult to assess' when describing Mrs Seale. No doubt Mr Seale, John and Margaret and all the grandchildren and many many others who knew and loved her felt the same way about this kind, talented and vivacious Lady.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

MR. J. H. ALLEN	11 BYRON ST	BRUNSWICK HEADS	NSW 2483
MS.A. BRADFORD	10/46 ENGLISH ST.	CAIRNS	QLD 4870
MR. R. BRADLEY	11 PALMERSTON ST.	AEROGLEN, CAIRNS	QLD 4870
DR. F.J. BROCKHALL	P O BOX 963	CROYDON	VIC 3136
MR. L.P. FERRY	MEREWETHER BUILDING	UNIV. OF SYDNEY	NSW 2006
MR. J. GROSE	P O BOX 430	ALSTONVILLE	NSW 2477
MR. E. HAMMERMASTER	30 CAPTAINS WAY	BANORA POINT	NSW 2486
MR. D. JONES	20 DORRIGO CRESCENT	KARAMA	N. T 0812
MR. D. KEATING	P O BOX 73	NEW FARM	QLD 4005
MR. G.A. KELLY	10 WIRILDA TRAIL	WARRNAMBOOL	VIC 3280
MR. F.G. MADDEN	P O BOX 2982BC	SOUTHPORT	QLD 4215
MR. H. MAHER	68 MURRANJI ST.	HAWKER	ACT 2614
MR. J.W. MEEHAN	P O BOX 1135	PORT MORESBY 121	P N G
MR. G.F. PIGGOTT	P O BOX 1053	BOWRAL	NSW 2576
MR. P.J. RICHARDSON	1/29 BARRETT ST.	ROBERTSON	QLD 4109
MR. J.L. RYAN	ALTON DOWNS	Via ROCKHAMPTON	QLD 4702
MR. F.V. STEPHENS	PO BOX 403	LAE 411	P N G
MRS. E. THURSTON	131/66 DARLING PT. ROAD	DARLING POINT	NSW 2237
MR. G.C. WILKS	9 ILLABUNDA CRESCENT	KOONAWARRA	NSW 2530

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>		
MR. L. ARROWSMITH (DAISY HILL)	13 KAWABA CRESC.	LOGANDALE	QLD 4129
MRS. P. AUCHETTL (ENDEAVOUR HILLS)	9 HERRY ST.	LANGWARRIN	VIC 3910
MR. C.T. CAMPBELL (KIMBE PNG)	P O BOX 836	SMITHFIELD	QLD 4878
MRS. G. CHALMERS (CHIFLEY A.C.T)	P O BOX 6093	PHILLIP	ACT 2606
MR. J.I. COX (TASMANIA)	1033 UPPER NATONE RD NATONE	TAS 7321	
MR. A.A. DICKSON (KAPUNDA)	9 CRASE ST.	KAPUNDA	S. A. 5373
MR. R. DOYLE (KIMBE PNG)	P O BOX 695	KIMBE 821	P N G
MR. J. DOWNIE (P N G)	92 CYCLADES CRESC.	CURRUMBIN	QLD 4223
MR. T. ELLIS (PUKEHONE)	6/79 QUEEN ST	PUKEHONE	N Z
DR. K. FISCHER (ROSE BAY)	282A BRONTE RD.	WAVERLEY	NSW 2024
MR. L. GOVAN (NORFOLK IS)	5/129 SURF PARADE	BROADBEACH	QLD 4218
MS. G. JONES (BEVERLY HILLS)	C/- 52 SEAEAGLE ST.	GREEN VALLEY	NSW 2168
MR. L. LeFEVRE (MAWSON)	16 HIGHLAND AVE.	CROYDON	VIC 3136
DR. V. McNAMARA (CAMBODIA)	C/- 16 QUEEN ST.	KEW	VIC 3101
MRS. J. RALPH (BOWRAL)	THE ABBEY, RANGE RD.	MITTAGONG	NSW 2575
MR. P. ROGERS (CALOUNDRA)	30 CONWAY COURT	BLI BLI	QLD 4560
MR. A. SMALES (MELBORNE)	BOX 13202 LAW COURTS P.O. MELB.		VIC 8010
MRS. E. SMALES	"	"	"
DR. G. F. COYNE	P O BOX 2494	PHNOM PENH 3	CAMBODIA
MRS. C.T. WHITE (BROADBEACH)	74 WARDOO ST.	ASHMORE	QLD 4214

UNFINANCIAL MEMBERS

The following members are unfinancial. If you know any of these people and think they may have forgotten to renew, please jog their memories.

ABEL Miss E.R.	BUDERIM QLD	LATCHFORD Mrs J.	GORDON NSW
ALLEN Mrs. C.R.	MOOBALL NSW	LILLYMAN Mrs J.	CASTLE HILL NSW
BAILEY Mrs. Y.	BEENLEIGH QLD	MIDDLETON Mr. CM	COBAR NSW
BAILEY Mrs. P.M.	CAPALABA QLD	NYE Mrs J.B.	HARBORD NSW
CADDEN Mrs. B.	CHURCH POINT NSW	O'HARE Mr. P.F.	RAINWORTH QLD
CAVANAGH Mr. N.J.	WAVELL HTS QLD	PASCOE Mr. L.O.	UMINA NSW
CAVANAUGH Mr. LG	SURFERS P'DISE QLD	PIKE Mr. G.D.	MOIL N.T.
DOE Mr. W.L.	DALMENY NSW	RUDGE Mrs B.	TUMUT NSW
FRAME Mr. P.J.	GOROKA E.H.P. PNG	STRAVS Mrs S.	BELLEVEUE HILL NSW
HOCKENBRINK Mr. FG	GATTON QLD	TAYLOR Mrs J.O.	DURACK QLD
HOLMAN Mr. H.	THORNLEIGH	THATCHER Mr. RN	WARRIMOO
HORNER Mr. R.I.	WANNEROO W.A.	TRACY Mrs S.	BORONIA PARK NSW
HUNT Mr. B.	NOOSA VALLEY QLD	VIRTUE Mrs P.	TURRAMURRA NSW
JOHNS Mr. W.J.	THE GAP QLD	VIRTUE Mr. G.P.	TURRAMURRA NSW
JOHNSTON Mrs R.C.	YANGA QLD	WHITELEY Mrs N.	MT. RIVERVIEW NSW
JOHNSTONE Mrs E.	EVERTON PARK QLD		