



Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

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ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL?

Please check the date on the envelope this came in. If it is 2000, and has a red spot, you are now unfinancial. A renewal form is on page 23. Subs are now \$12p.a., and were due on 1 Jan. 2001. (Overseas postage extra)

AGM AND LUNCHEON:

This will be held on **Sunday 29 April (not the 22nd) 2001 at the Mandarin Club**. Full details and booking slip are on pages 22-23. The AGM itself is usually very brief, and then the event becomes a social function like the Christmas Luncheon. (Would senior or incapacitated members who would like to attend but do not have transport please contact our secretary or assistant secretary - see overleaf for phone numbers).

Many thanks to those members who sent Christmas Greetings to the committee.

LUNCHEON INVITATION, 19 April
The Australia Papua New Guinea Friendship Association invites ROAPNG members to their luncheon at **12 noon on Thurs. 19 April** at the Glover Cottages, 124 Kent Street, Sydney. The guest speaker will be John Oliver, Assistant Secretary, PNG & NZ Branch, Dept of Foreign Affairs and Trade. Cost is \$25 a head. RSVP David Marsh on 9938 3501.

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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
Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box
452, Roseville NSW 2069

**ROAPNG Office Bearers –
President**

Harry West
Phone 02 9418 8793

**Deputy President and
Assistant Secretary**

Pamela Foley
Ph/Fax 02 9428 2078

Secretary

Joe Nitsche
Ph/Fax 02 9451 2475

Editor of Newsletter

Marie Clifton-Bassett
Ph/fax 02 9958 3408

Treasurer

Ross Johnson
Phone 02 9876 6178
Fax 02 9868 2068

Caring Committee

Pat Hopper
Phone 02 9953 7061

Patron

Les Williams
Phone 02 9981 4734

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**60th ANNIVERSARY OF THE EVACUATION
OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM PNG IN
1941 - ADVANCE NOTICE**

At our next Christmas luncheon in
Sydney on Sunday 2 December, we are planning
a special get-together of the families of women
and children evacuated from PNG in 1941. If
you were involved in the evacuation please note
the date in your diary, and make a special effort
to come. If you know of others who might be
interested please let them know of our plans. At
this stage it could be helpful to us to know if
you are interested in marking the occasion as
suggested above - please write to us C/- PO Box
452, Roseville NSW 2069.

**ROAPNG CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON
Sydney, 3 Dec. 2000 - Report back**

This was one of the most successful
luncheons we have had, with over 200
attending. Those present included the PNG
Consul-General Mr Kila Karo and his wife
Judy, Ms Winnie Heroy Ugava of the PNG
Consulate, the President of the PNG Wantok
Club, Daniel Luke (representing the 800-plus
Papua New Guinean population in the Sydney
area) and his wife Carrie; the President of the
PNG Chinese Catholic Association, Denis
Chow (representing their membership of over
400, mostly Chinese ex-residents of Rabaul)
and his wife Susan.

The Consul-General's brief address
commemorated the 25th Anniversary of PNG
Independence on 16 September 2000. Members
and guests joined in singing PNG's national
song, copies of which had been circulated.

An interesting feature of the Luncheon
was a display of the work of Capt. Brett Hilder
who apart from his maritime accomplishments
was a talented artist - members of the Hilder
family were our guests at the Luncheon. Albert
Speer, with the assistance of Pat Hopper and
Don Drover, had organised the display with
books and original paintings lent to us for the
occasion. A detailed history of Brett Hilder's
life and work was part of the exhibition.

Our special thanks go to Stuart Inder who
went through all old copies of *Pacific Islands
Monthly* and made an index of Brett Hilder's
contributions. This list will be sent to the
Mitchell Library, Sydney, as it is a valuable

research tool.

In recognition of Brett Hilder's discovery and charting of a passage through the Barrier Reef, representations have been made by the Australian Institute of Navigation for 'The Brett Hilder Passage' to be identified on official navigation charts. Mr Ken Duncan, Executive Officer of that Institute, and his wife, were also luncheon guests.

An interesting exhibit at the luncheon was the flag which won the competition for a design for a national flag for PNG prior to Independence. The flag was 'run up' by Pat Johnson from a drawing by fifteen year old schoolgirl, Susan Kareke, from Yule Island.

FIRST ADELAIDE ROAPNG REUNION LUNCHEON, Sunday 5 Nov. 2000

by Jan Kleinig: In 1998 our good friends Stan and Vi Pike encouraged us to join ROAPNG and boost the numbers of those who had been formerly associated with Malaguna Technical School/College. Our first copy of *Una Voce* was a real surprise - an opportunity to read those fascinating reminiscences and anecdotes of Territory life.

After attending the Christmas luncheon in December 1998 our family moved to South Australia. Following our second luncheon, enjoyed just as much as the first, I spoke with President Harry West about the possibility of holding an Adelaide reunion. There was a hope that this might provide former PNG expatriates now living in Adelaide with the opportunity to experience the camaraderie we had experienced at the Sydney lunches. Harry provided names of former Territorians I should contact and offered encouragement, support and practical assistance right from the outset.

An organising committee was formed consisting of Ron and Josette Storer, Peter Thomas and myself. Moving cautiously we decided to place a notice in *Una Voce* to advise South Australian ROAPNG members of the date and venue for a proposed reunion. We also asked SA members for names and addresses of their non-member expatriate friends we could include on the invitation list. The response was swift and very encouraging as the phone calls and faxes started. There was no doubt - we had to proceed.

The venue was the Feathers Hotel, Burnside which was considered to be a central location. Sixty-five people attended including three now-grown-up-children who were born in the Territory. This far exceeded our expectations. Ron Storer agreed to be MC and it soon became evident that the old rivalries between kiaps and others had not diminished over all those years! Guest Speaker Peter Thomas reminisced on his work as a kiap and on his involvement with PNG as a District Governor of Rotary International.

Harry West and his committee are very keen that the contacts and friendships that have come out of our Adelaide reunion continue and develop. This will happen as it is intended to hold another reunion at the end of this year, with advance notice in *Una Voce*. Harry would also like there to be a network of these reunions in other capital cities (although we all know there is no need for that to happen in Queensland with all their activity!). If other States would like to organise their own reunion we know you will get so much out of it. And if there is any way we can contribute or assist please make contact.

Jan Kleinig is at Ph. 08 8339 8314, Fax 08 8339 1663

President's Footnote:

Our association's membership has now reached a record 1211, and 208 attended our last annual Christmas luncheon, always held on the first Sunday in December.

Jan Kleinig (with husband John) has been a regular attendant in recent years, and as she says in her article, she was confident that the camaraderie experienced in Sydney by past PNG residents could be transplanted to similar functions in other capital cities.

We have only 38 members in South Australia, but with non-member former PNG friends, Jan is to be congratulated on mustering 65 for the inaugural Annual ROAPNG Christmas Luncheon in Adelaide.

Although the bulk of our members are in NSW - 461, and Queensland - 425, and

some are in PNG and overseas, we have 69 in the ACT, 78 in Victoria, 14 in Tasmania, 41 in WA and 13 in the Northern Territory.

Our committee would be delighted to hear from some energetic person or persons in other states and Territories who would be prepared to follow the initiative of Jan Kleinig and take steps towards arranging annual (Christmas) functions in their capital cities. □ Harry West, President

HAVE YOU HEARD???

Max HAYES of Box Hill South, Vic, wrote, 'Proceeding to Brisbane for the RPNGC luncheon, I went on to Hervey Bay and had some time with Frank HOETER, former long-serving officer with RPNGC and PNGVR, and his wife Ruth. For some years after leaving PNG Frank worked in the Hervey Bay police station, but without the benefit of a uniform, handling station matters. He is now extremely busy with his activities of Past District Governor of Rotary, the International Police Association and the State Emergency Services. "There is no time for retirement," says Frank.

In Brisbane I saw James STRATTON, a Warrant Officer of the New Guinea Police Force between 1927 and 1929. At 95, Jim is still fairly fit and blessed with an excellent memory, being able to recall even the Christian names of those he worked with more than 70 years ago. His tenure was at Logui police post, Salamaua and Rabaul, and he was there for the 1929 police strike. He passed on to me the cap badge worn by European police officers in the late 20s-early 30s and a cap-band worn by the native police on their sailor-like caps of the same era. He also handed me a pile of Warrants of Conviction dated 1927, mostly for desertion by native workers, the penalty being three months' hard labour, together with search warrants dated 1928 including one signed by Eric FELDT, Chief Collector of Customs, and other correspondence. An interesting warrant from the Chief Judge of the Central Court was for a penalty of one year at the Salamaua Jail with a whipping of 24 strokes with a cane for the offence of being upon a dwelling house with intent to indecently offend a female inmate.'

Joy DISHON of Moorooka Qld wrote to say she is thrilled to be a great-grandmother to Mattiesse and to Max. She sent a photo of Mattiesse looking very relaxed in a lovely Buka baby-basket.

Ron STERLAND of Charlestown NSW wrote, 'My most recent contact with PNG was as an Olympic Volunteer Driver for the PNG team, based in the Olympic Village. Being a part of *that* Olympics was special anyway, but to help the Niuginians was a bonus. And one of the first team members I met was the team doctor (a sports medicine specialist) and a Major in the Army, who said, "Is your name Ron Sterland, and did you teach in Yangoru (East Sepik Province) in 1976? I was in your Year 9 class!" Yes, an ex-student! He wasn't the only one who rose from poor and remote beginnings to do well for himself and make a contribution to his country - he told me of other classmates. We all know of examples. The five competitors (athletics, swimming, weightlifting) and their coaches, managers and officials were a credit to themselves and the nation. No, no medals - it's expecting a bit much, but most did Personal Bests. In spite

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of all the negative media reports from PNG, this team reminds us that there are good people there doing their best (despite frustrations and limited resources). Many of the other Aussie Volunteers assisting the team had links to the country...'

Also concerning the Olympics, **Tony BAKER** of Cootamundra NSW wrote, 'Beth and I were recently volunteer drivers for the Olympics and Paralympics and in my case for the PNG team for both events. The teams were interested in a photo I had from 1962 when I trained a Tolai lad, Damien Midi for the Commonwealth Games in Perth. The photo was of Kevan Gosper and Damien at Sydney airport. One of the Paralympic team was a completely blind policeman, Ben Theodore, who had received a shotgun blast several years ago in Bougainville while on duty with a special services unit. In conversation it turned out that Damien Midi had been Ben's headmaster at Primary School on the Gazelle Peninsula... Ben is still a police officer and works radio and phones at the headquarters at Kokopo.'

Don DANIELS of Port Moresby went on a round the world trip last year. He visited South Africa where he met up with **Graham BAMFORD**, then to Ireland where he toured with **Fr John GLYNN** of Kavieng. He wrote, 'John upset the Bishop in New Ireland and had his licence suspended (no scandals, just not following his vow of obedience!) So he was busy making a film for Irish TV on the Shark Callers of New Ireland. It won 1st prize in the European Documentary Awards.' Later in his travels he visited Fiji and caught up with **Alan and Elaine HORSFIELD** (ex Madang International School - Alan is a successful writer of children's books), **Ian BANNER** (UPNG and Unitech architect), **Duffy MATINGI** (Goroka Teachers College), and **Will GUTHRIE** (PWD Madang). In Hobart he met **Roger DIXON** from Kavieng who has settled into city living with his New Ireland family'. In Melbourne Don went to the 25th Anniversary Ball (PNG Independence) with **Peter MILBURN**, ex Westpac PNG and was amazed to see around 500 people, including at least 250 Papua New Guineans, or ex-PNGs, mainly wives and children of government people.

Alfred UECHTRITZ, grandson of Richard Parkinson (author of *Thirty Years in the South Seas*, English translation), recently visited the Augustenborg Museum to see for himself memorabilia concerning his grandfather's childhood. His grandfather was the illegitimate child of a nephew of the King of Denmark and a lady-in-waiting (see *Una Voce*, No. 1 - Mar 2000, p.21). Alf saw his grandfather's school attendance book which showed when he attended school at the palace and when he missed. Max obtained copies of material and photographs concerning the early days in Rabaul and Kokopo, also family correspondence. (*The name Max Uechtritz, ABC correspondent, is probably familiar to many - he is one of Alf's children.*)

News from the Northern Territory: **Jim Toner** writes, 'By happenstance I was in Sydney to coincide with the Christmas Lunch of the Seventy-Somethings. This is always a scene to marvel at particularly by mid-afternoon when the *Wantoks* have hit full conversational stride. For those who have never been there - imagine 200 cicadas.

Amidst the din at the Mandarin I was pleased to meet up again after a mere 43 years with ex-kiap **Bob BROWNE**. Who I must say was looking healthier than any Proddy Irishman is entitled to be. Bob reigned at Bogia for several years as ADC but has now retired from the Social Services Department in Gosford where he has his family home.

It was also a pleasure also to see **Freddie KAAD** in the flesh so soon after his appearance on Channels 7 and 9 clutching the Paralympic Torch and doing wheelies along North Sydney streets. I was on kitchen duties on 17 October when I heard that familiar voice and had to gallop into the living room to catch the performance on screen.

As a result of his Fifteen Seconds of Fame, as Fred would jovially describe it, he received acknowledgment of sighting by *wantoks* from all over Australia, PNG and New Zealand. He even got a note from someone who had done Army training with him during the war and not heard from since. But to top that he was also contacted by a "boy" who had sat behind him at school when they were both 12 years old!



Freddie Kaad setting off with the Paralympic Torch

The Australia Day Honours list included an AM for **John INGRAM**, formerly of the Education Department. He has retired from directorship of Batchelor College, a post he held for 14 years, and moved back to Darwin. However, after teaching Papua New Guineans, then administering Aboriginal students, he now keeps busy setting up a remote learning scheme for Sudanese under the auspices of UNICEF.

Another former teacher visited PNG last year after a gap of 28 years. Sadly **Ian JOHNSON** lost his parents, Sir Leslie and Dulcie Johnson, in the space of eight months. He had accompanied them to Moresby in 1961 and his last post was on the staff of Kilakila High School. Ian is still involved in education as a consultant for St Joseph's, Nudgee.

Gone but not forgotten: I recall that the Netball Association in Moresby had named its courts after **Rita FLYNN** and was pleased to learn that this is still the case. She was a leading light in the '50s and '60s doing much to integrate local girls with expatriates in that sport. But I was certainly surprised to read that during January a **Mike JOYCE** Memorial Race was run in Moresby over 5kms. It is over 30 years since Mike, as the Territory One Mile champion, represented PNG at South Pacific Games and with the constant change of personnel administering Athletics it is curious that, fine athlete as he was, he is still remembered. An education officer, he moved on to Fiji.

From the archives: The Christmas edition of the *South Pacific Post-Courier* included a pictorial history of PNG, and amongst the usual suspects eg. Sir Michael Somare I was delighted to find a photo of our revered Editor. There was Marie in the garden of the Madang Residency surrounded by young contenders for the Miss Red Cross title of 1966. Just another job for a Mrs. DC'

Port Moresby Grammar School, an Independent International School
BUY A BRICK AND HELP BUILD THE NEW SCHOOL

Donations of \$Aus80 or K100 for a brick are being sought

The Port Moresby Grammar School is about to be rebuilt on the site of the old RSL (before that, the old golf course) in Boroko. (See story below.) Papua New Guineans who want a better education for their children really do sacrifice to send their children to a good school. They cannot contribute to the building fund as well.

If you would like to help, please send a cheque (in any currency) made out to 'Port Moresby Grammar School Fundraising Appeal' and send to Don Daniels at Port Moresby Grammar School, PO Box 1149, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. For further information, contact Don on Tel 321 7775, Fax 321 1719, Email: ddaniels@datec.com.pg

PNG News:

Don DANIELS, Headmaster of the **PORT MORESBY GRAMMAR SCHOOL**, an independent international school, was thinking of retiring when a group of investors told him they would like to build him a new school. In his Christmas letter Don wrote, 'I started Port Moresby Grammar in 1993 little knowing how successful it would be, even though it was an inner city school housed in buildings designed for department stores and office blocks. And here was someone offering to construct a purpose built school, to my design, on a fantastic site. Well, the retirement plans went indefinitely on hold ... We are going to build on the old Golf Course, later the Boroko RSL site. It is ideal for a school, being surrounded by other education institutions - Don Bosco Technological Institute, Caritas and Bararoko, and just down the road from St Joseph's and Port Moresby International. There are sporting facilities all round, and the tennis club next door.

Not one toea of Government or City Council funding will be seen... Our funding depends entirely on parents and the school fees they pay. And for a third world country, you can imagine the sacrifices which parents do make to send their kids to school. Even though our fees are as low as possible - from K2000 to K5000 (around Aus\$1200-3,000), when the average teacher gets a salary of K9000, then this sacrifice is immense... We need to raise a lot of money. One way we have come up with is selling individual bricks in the school construction, together with a certificate of ownership...' (See details above)

Last year Don was in Hobart at a joint conference of the Australian, New Zealand and PNG Councils for Educational Administration. He wrote, 'The keynote speaker was **Lady Carol KIDU** from Moresby (Australian born wife of the late Sir Buri Kidu, Chief Justice) and she really had these academics eating out of her hand. What a wonderful woman, and how resilient she has been in the face of overt male chauvinism and outright corruption. She is the only white face left in the National Parliament of PNG. She has guts, does Carol Kidu.'

Recently **Doug FRANKLIN** of Closeburn QLD had a phone call from **Urai POLONA**, Head of the Popondetta Agricultural College, the position Doug held from 1974-76. Then, Urai was a member of staff. Doug enquired how many students were at the College, and was told 200! Urai also informed Doug that you can drive most of the way from Moresby to Kerema on a sealed road, that an oil refinery is being built at Napa Napa on the island opposite Port Moresby, that there is a mini oil refinery close to Poroma, near Mendi, that the Oil Palm scheme is still expanding in Northern Province, that Popondetta Agricultural College is now part of Vudal University, and that clearing and burning of some of the old Sogeri rubber plantations has been stopped because the timber has been discovered to be a valuable export for furniture-making factories. Doug's comment, 'All very good news'.

JOHN PASQUARELLI

Is collecting Papua New Guinea tribal art again.

Please feel free to contact me on (03) 9314 4120

P.O. Box 139, Yarraville, Victoria 3013

or email me at kojak@alphalink.com.au

A further item from Doug concerned the new Moran oil field in the Southern Highlands. Brisbane's *Courier Mail* reported that PNG's Petroleum and Energy Minister Chris Haiveta signed the Moran partners' petroleum development licence after he was given the blessing of about 1,000 Huli tribesmen, the traditional landowners. The \$US400 million (\$767million) Oil Search-Exxon Mobil Moran oil field began full production in February. Oil extraction is expected to lift to 24,000 barrels per day over the next 18 months as pipeline, roads and gas-injection infrastructure are installed. The Moran field is 47% owned by Oil Search and 53% by Exxon. Chevron Niugini will pipe the oil to its Kutubu field for processing. (*Courier-Mail* 19-2-01)

In his address to the first Adelaide ROAPNG Reunion Luncheon, former kiap Peter THOMAS spoke of his involvement with PNG as a District Governor of Rotary International. Projects such as the reconstruction of the Kokoda Hospital, school classrooms, teachers' houses and student accommodation in many areas, and the disaster relief effort in Aitape following the tidal wave, have all played an important part in the volunteer programme of Rotary Australia World Community Service. In recent times ROMAC, Rotary Overseas Medical Aid for Children, has provided lifesaving medical treatment for many children including the separation of the Bosin twins. Rotarians provide thousands of volunteer hours and substantial sums of money assisting the people of PNG.

If you hear some interesting PNG news, please forward it to the editor.

HELP WANTED: Marie BARTON, who served as District Nurse in the late 60s/early 70s, has a treasured set of *NEW GUINEA: and Australia, the Pacific and Southeast Asia*, Peter Hastings (Ed.), published quarterly (1965-75) by the Council on New Guinea Affairs. She has offered these to the local University whose librarian is interested in the collection. However she found that several early issues are missing (probably as a result of lending the collection some years ago). Marie, and the University, would be most grateful if anyone could supply some or all of the missing copies. They are:

Vol. 1 (1965-66) - Nos 1,2,4,5,6 & 7; Vol. 3 (1968) No. 2 (June-July).

Marie is at 83 Joalah Crescent, Ferny Hills, Qld 4055, Ph. 07 3851 0115, Email: m.barton@mcauley.acu.edu.au

HELP WANTED: Can anyone provide information on William (Bill) NIEDERLE, who is thought to have died between 1956 and 1969, possibly while working on a construction site, at the age of about 40. Bill's sister, Elizabeth, would like to hear from anyone who knew of Bill or the circumstances of his death. Bill had lived at Wangaratta and worked there. If you can help, please contact a friend of Elizabeth, Daphne Muraro, 32 Thorning Street, Mackay, Qld 4740, Ph 07 4952 3998.

THE MEMOIRS OF AMY WASHINGTON (Continued)

(This is the third section of Amy's memoirs, as recorded by her daughter Tessa Jones.)

We sailed from Brisbane in May 1909 and after calling at Port Moresby eventually reached Woodlark Island. The harbour was very shallow, so the ship anchored about three miles off Bonagai where the landing jetty and Customs office were situated. A whaleboat ferried us from the ship to the landing and then we walked a mile to the Customs House where the Customs Officer Mr Harris was waiting for us. From there to Kulumadau was three miles, uphill. About 250 steps had been cut, reinforced by wood. It was a long hot trek as we were all dressed in our best clothes for our arrival. The native boys led the way, carrying our luggage. Mother carried tiny Ena, with a police boy shading her with a large umbrella. As we climbed, Dad pointed to our right and explained the largest gold mine in Woodlark was situated there. The miners' cottages were dotted all around it, plus a 'hotel' and two trade stores. These were just corrugated iron sheds filled with supplies etc. The miners' huts were extremely primitive - two rooms of corrugated iron, with an earth floor and a small overhang of iron, which they used for a verandah.

At the top of the steps, the first house we passed was Mr and Mrs Poole's; Mr Poole assisted his brother, who managed the mine. Next was the McKees'; Mr McKee worked in the mine and Mrs McKee was a competent dressmaker. Then came Captain Nelson's residence; he sailed to various islands recruiting natives to work in the mines. Next was Dr Taafe's surgery and house, and then the hospital which consisted of a large ward in the centre, surrounded by verandahs. Dr Taafe had done several years of study in medicine, but had not completed his training. He was greatly respected and many owed their lives to his skill and devotion. After the hospital came the magistrate's office and the Residency, our home. It was a large bungalow, very similar to the house we had occupied in Daru. The garden was ablaze with crotons and hibiscus - my father had been busy already. The paths were gleaming with white shell grit and there were trees planted everywhere. Where Daru had been mostly swamp land, Woodlark was a coral island and very different.

I had a most interesting time during our stay - I remember it clearly, perhaps because I was a little older. Gold and copra were the chief exports. About 100 white men worked in the Maura mine, while another mine at Busai, about six miles inland from Kulumadau, employed about six whites and 20 natives. Yet another mine, owned by Jack McLeich and managed by Tom Boylan of Cairns, was situated at Bonivat. There were many smaller alluvial gold mines scattered throughout the island.

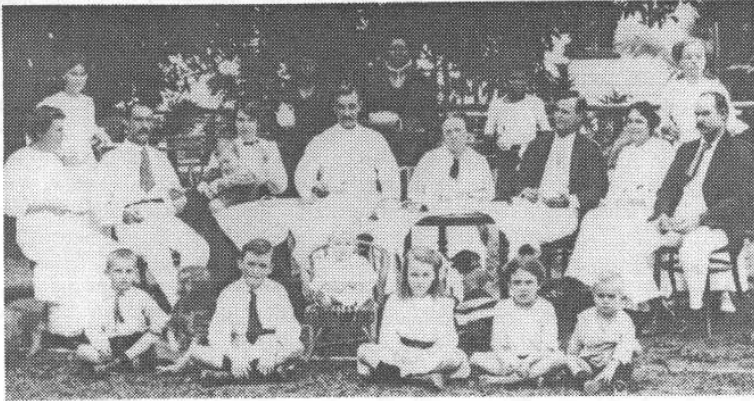
Our furniture, plus the piano, and all the bits and pieces, were unloaded from the ship and had to be ferried in the whaleboat to Bonagai. There the native carriers transported it to Kulumadau. It must have been a tremendous effort to haul mother's piano up those 250 steps at the end. It seemed to be always raining there - if we had no rain for a week it was considered a drought. The humidity was very high and everything felt damp; the piano keys loosened and each had to be secured by a small brass tack.

Before leaving Brisbane Mother had enrolled me in the International Correspondence School. Time was set aside each morning for me to work on my papers. Rosa's nursing experience in Daru was known to Dr Taafe and he wrote to Port Moresby at once, asking permission for her to be appointed as his assistant at the hospital. As a result of his request, the Annual Report of 1910 records 'the appointment of Miss R. L. Symons as a salaried assistant at the Kulumadau Hospital'. * She loved this work and in no time had quite a large clinic of native women and children to attend to each day.

There were several other children on Woodlark Island of school age besides

Muriel and Moresby, so mother contacted the authorities in Port Moresby and permission was given for a school to be built. It was constructed close to the Residency, adjoining the tennis court. A Miss Honmann arrived to take charge of the school.

Not long after we arrived my father started labourers working on a grassed tennis court and we had tennis parties there nearly every weekend. The ladies - even in the extreme heat and with their dresses to the ankle- joined in enthusiastically.



Afternoon tea at Kulumadau, Woodlark Island, about 1910 ©

Back row, standing, extreme left is Amy Symons and extreme right Tess Symons
Centre, seated at table, Alexander H Symons and his wife Theresa
Front row, third from left is Moresby Symons, then baby Ena, then Muriel Symons
(Baby Ena died of dysentery soon after this picture was taken)

The Resident Magistrate's home was always called The Residency and was usually situated on the crest of a hill. A large flagpole stood beside the house and a detachment of police, with much ceremony, raised the flag each morning and it was lowered before sunset in the afternoon.

From the verandah of our house there was a magnificent view overlooking the plantations below and a lovely harbour with an island in the centre behind which the boats anchored. The front verandah was a favourite place to sit. My father had erected a large telescope on a stand and with its aid we could see any vessel several hours before it entered the harbour.

The six-weekly visit of the Burns Philp steamer carrying our mail and supplies from south was eagerly awaited and there was great excitement when she was sighted and eventually entered the passage near the island. It always meant a great influx of visitors, as all the tourists and passengers and the captain and some officers arrived at our home for the day. It was delightful to talk over the news from south and learn what was happening in other parts of the world, but I'm sure no-one realised what an effort it was to feed them all. Most of our food was tinned. This we supplemented with whatever the shoot boy was able to bring in. There were the old faithfuls - sweet potatoes, taro, yams and for a green vegetable we used the young sweet potato leaves. When cooked and seasoned with salt and pepper these tasted very much like spinach and were quite palatable. Large tins of ox tongue were cooled in water and served with the hot vegetables. The hens provided us with buckets of eggs and these were used for custards and cakes, which seemed to be forever baking in the wood-burning oven.

There was an enormous amount of patrolling to be done in the South Eastern Division, so my father applied for a vessel. His territory included the Trobriand Islands, Misima, Sudest Island and Rossell Island to name but a few. These were many hundreds of miles apart, so a reliable ship was essential. Eventually one arrived from Sydney which had been purchased from a well-to-do gentleman who had used her as a pleasure craft. We thought she looked like a swan. She was named *Guitana* (pronounced Gooeetarna) and a Mr Mears, 'Teddy', had been appointed engineer. He was most efficient and such a kind man. He became a family friend - the younger children called him Brother Bill.

The first thing Dad did was to take her for a trial run. He never used the engine if there was any kind of a breeze - his greatest joy was to sail. That day, the *Guitana* was racing with her gunwale under water. I was as usual feeling wretchedly nauseated, much to my father's disgust, and lay on the hatch, envious of the others all enjoying the excitement. A crew boy was at the wheel and was told to steer by some landmark. He miscalculated and we shipped half the ocean!! I was dozing and the next moment was washed off the hatch and along the deck to the stern. Another crew member caught me by the dress as I was being washed over the rail. It was a narrow escape. There was a big sea running and as I could not swim I have no doubt I would have drowned before they could turn the vessel around.

Part of me will always remain in Papua and I read anything I can about the Territory and its people. I am amazed and horrified at the attacks on European women, and remember how very different it was when I was a child there. We lived on



Walking to McLeish's mine, Woodlark Island ©

L to R: Amy Symons, Annie O'Dell, Mrs McKee, Tess Symons, Mrs Poole, Rosa Symons, and the Poole children Ronnie and Leslie

outstations where there were few Europeans. Sometimes we would be the only white people in residence, but I cannot remember at any time being intimidated or worried if I was alone with a native man. Often we girls had to travel long distances from one settlement to another, and Dad would send one or two boys along to guide and protect us. On many occasions Niapa, my father's personal boy, would be our guide on our Sunday

afternoon walks. These were our special treats. We would leave after lunch and travel along the tracks into the thick tropical jungle. There was no transportation, so these tracks were the only link with settlements and mines situated at various places on the island. Because we had so much rain, it was important to have these paths usable in all weathers. Under Dad's direction the native labourers built up each side of the track with large stones. The tracks were four feet wide and were covered with crushed coral so the water drained away quickly into a deep gutter which was dug on each side. Woodlark was a large island and this task required many months of work, but was essential for communication.

Niapa would carry Ena and I would follow with Moresby and Muriel. He would make us walk very quietly and we would be rewarded when a magani or cassowary ran across our path. Sometimes it would be a beautiful Goura pigeon with its glorious crest of pale bluey-grey feathers. Niapa seemed to know where all the beautiful birds had their nests and would teach us the native name for the tropical flowers which grew along the edges of the path. We were never allowed to wander off the track for fear of snakes which in Papua seemed to be everywhere, and many of which were deadly. We would be away for several hours and Niapa brought us home safely each time.

I was very busy with correspondence lessons and when these were finished I was free to spend my time with Ena. She was a darling little thing with blonde hair and the happiest disposition and we were together every moment of the day, except for lessons.

Apart from malaria, a bad form of dysentery was prevalent. This would strike without any warning and was very serious for adults and nearly always fatal for children. Ena became ill with it when she was fourteen months old. The vomiting and diarrhoea were severe and the only medicine available was a bismuth mixture, plus chlorodine for the pain. Dr Taape spent all his time with her, and when she worsened on the second day, he sat over his medicine books trying to find some treatment which would help. Early on the morning of the third day Mother ran out of the room and flung her arms around me. 'She is dying, Amy', she said. Ena lost consciousness soon after and died two hours later.

We were devastated. She was the only white baby in the settlement and everyone adored her. The miners asked to be allowed to make her casket. They covered and lined it with white calico and trimmed it with blue baby ribbon. Mother was deeply touched by their gesture. The whole of the white population of Woodlark came to pay their respects. They had to walk many miles through the jungle or sail in small boats from plantations around the island, but all were there to attend the funeral. Many of the native policemen, their wives and families, also the native people who lived close by came to stand silently beside us to share our grief.

I cannot remember very much about it, I must have been in a state of shock. Dad carried the little coffin to the grave himself, and as there was no minister of religion present, read the prayers. I do remember watching, as if in a dream, Mr Harris, Collector of Customs, weeping openly - he had always been particularly attached to my little sister.

It was a dreadful time for me and to make things even more painful the cemetery was very close to the house and I could see her grave from the verandah. My whole day had been taken up with the caring of her, and I could think of nothing but her death. Mother told me later how she found me on several occasions preparing her food and she would have to lead me quietly away. Dad erected a stone on her grave with her name 'ENA SYMONS' and years later when I was married and living in Port Moresby, a Mrs Rogerson who was living on Woodlark sent me a photograph of the grave and said she tended it and took flowers there from time to time.

Death came again before the year was ended. Mrs Hamilton gave birth to a little

girl. Dr Taafe delivered her, assisted by Rosa. The babe was very frail and when she was three weeks old, Mother was called to the Hamiltons' late one night as the baby was ill. She came home early the next morning, exhausted - she too was pregnant. 'Amy, the little one is dead', she said. 'Would you mind sitting with Mrs Hamilton while your father and I make arrangements for the funeral?' I found Mrs Hamilton sitting in the corner of the bedroom, the limp little figure on her lap. She was staring straight ahead, but when I sat down close to her she began to cry softly, and I wept with her - the baby had been hers for such a short time. This sad situation was all too commonly experienced by the women in the Territory. Even though they anticipated and accepted the taking of their children at an early age, when the loss of a child occurred it was always a heart-rending occasion, and the grief was felt deeply by everyone.

Mother was in her eighth month of pregnancy and she planned to travel to Samarai for the birth of the baby. My father was carrying out a patrol and expected to return to Woodlark before Mother's departure. However he was delayed and when he realised he would not arrive in time to accompany her on the ship to Samarai, he sailed the whaleboat from Rossel Island to Samarai - a distance of about 250 miles.

While Mother was away, we spent our days between our home and Mrs Poole's. Muriel and Moresby went to school while I spent all morning and part of the afternoon at my correspondence lessons, and my spare time practising the piano. We had heard nothing of Mother since she had left six weeks previously. There was no form of communication, so we had no way of knowing if all was well with her and if the little one had been born alive. As the time grew near for the ship to arrive we became very anxious and spent hours at the large telescope on the front verandah.

Moresby sighted the ship early one morning and in a fever of excitement I dressed us in our best, and we then began the four-mile walk to the whaleboat's landing place. The family were in the first boatload, but we only had eyes for Mother and the bundle she was carrying. When she had greeted Moresby and Muriel, she came to me and holding out her arms said, 'Here is another little baby for you to rear, Amy. This is your brother and I have named him Cecil Francis'.

I stood very still, shading his little face with the brim of my large hat. He was so tiny, but very like my father even at that early age. He had been born at Samarai at the home of Mrs Inman, a dear friend of Mother's from Cooktown days. Dr Giblin had delivered him, assisted by Mrs Inman. My father, after the big effort to be with Mother, arrived several days after the birth. He decided to return with Mother, Rosa, Tess and the baby on board ship and arranged for the whaleboat and crew to be transported with him.

So we were all together again, but what must poor Mother have been thinking that day she returned to Kulumadau. She was bringing a newborn baby back to the island where only four months before she had buried little Ena.

In no time at all things resumed their normal routine - afternoon tea beneath the trees, tennis parties, and most of all the joy of being a family together again. However the little grave visible from the verandah often brought tears to my eyes and the fear of the dreaded amoebic dysentery must have been on my father's mind. The native hospital was only 100 yards from our home and the villagers used our path as a short cut when they came to receive treatment or carry their sick to hospital. Dysentery was always prevalent amongst the native people and Dad must have been fearful that Ena perhaps became infected from one of the people passing through. Soon afterwards he was given permission to build another hospital about a mile from the house on the road to Kowrai. It meant a longer walk for Rosa and Dr Taafe but the risk of infection was lessened.

* It is interesting to note in the *Handbook of the Territory of Papua*, compiled by

the Hon. Staniforth Smith, Administrator, 2nd Edn (1909) under the heading 'Hospitals': 'There are three hospitals for white people in the Territory, situated respectively at Port Moresby, Samarai, and Woodlark Island. At Port Moresby, Samarai, and the Trobriand Islands, there are also three native hospitals, where a number of resident and out patients are treated.' This illustrates the paucity of health facilities in Papua at this time.

(To be concluded in next issue)

THE STOLEN PAYROLL

as recalled by **Bob Cole and Colin Liddle**

Amongst the several wartime rumours circulating on Bougainville when I (Bob Cole) was posted there in 1946 was one concerning a payroll having been stolen from an Australian army unit at Torokina when there was a large concentration of troops in that area. To me it was just another of the war furbies one heard moving into a new district although this one was supposedly started by a Marist priest who was in the area when the theft allegedly happened, but this still didn't create much interest for me.

I reported to Raleigh Farlow, District Officer, Sohano and was posted to Buin in the south of the island where Jimmy Hodgekiss was the A.D.O. (who was known to the natives as 'masta wiski'). Jimmy was a veteran from WWI and WWII and he had joined the Field Service soon after his discharge from the first conflict. He had a reputation of being a 'splendid man amongst primitive natives' but would have nothing to do with clerical work and before taking over Buin he offloaded Buin's cash book, stores ledger and savings bank records onto Kieta's A.D.O. who at that time was John Preston-White.

On my way by workboat from Sohano to Buin I called at Kieta and collected all Buin records intending to handle that side of things for Jimmy, but as soon as he saw them he left me to it and 'went bush', and opened the new Boku Patrol Post. I became A.D.O. Buin with Jimmy as Patrol Officer at Boku.

Buin was only a small station at this time, with two missions, Catholic (Marist) and Methodist, operating in the sub-district. The only commercial enterprises were Bob Parer's war salvage operations and Tong Lep's trade store, both operating just off the Kangu station.

We had reopened the Commonwealth Savings Bank Agency. This was the only banking facility in the sub-district and was used mainly by locals who were in receipt of payments from war damage claims and by Tong Lep for his takings. At this time natives were paid in coins and never bank notes. The coins were wrapped in paper, generally shillings in five pound lots called 'a fuse'. When paying war damage claims in the 1940s we paid with shillings up to about ten or twenty pounds and deposited the balance in a Commonwealth Savings Bank Book in the claimant's name.

I can't remember the exact time but it would have been early 1947 that I happened to notice that many of the banknotes being deposited by the trade store had distinct creases towards the end of the notes and this persisted with each weekly deposit. I queried this peculiarity with Tong Lep and he explained that the notes came from natives of Ballale Island in the British Solomons which was situated only a few miles offshore from Buin and the notes were tendered for purchases from his store.

I arranged for Tong Lep to pay particular attention to the natives tendering these bank notes and to casually find out the name of their village etc. and he cooperated magnificently. Soon I built up a story about the notes which appeared to be in a series emanating from one village and a small group in that village.

I presented my report, through the District Officer, to the authorities in Port

Moresby who, I believe, passed it on to the authorities in the British Solomons. I understand a raid was made on the nominated village where it was found that some time earlier natives of the village had found a cache of bank notes when they were digging a pit latrine. As many of the notes as possible were confiscated and rumours filtering back to me indicated that although the serial numbers roughly corresponded with a stolen payroll, the Australian authorities would not accept them because they did not admit to any payroll theft.

I have no idea what action if any was taken by the Australian or British authorities, but as a lowly A.D.O. stationed at the southern end of Bougainville I did not expect to be notified.

An interesting sequel to the above was when, some time later, a stranger, Les Phelan, turned up at Bob Parer's war salvage camp which was run by Cyril Gleeson a few miles down the coast from our station. This aroused my interest because Buin was such a small station and so isolated it did not attract casuals or sightseers. This fellow claimed just that - that he was a sightseer with no particular interest and just filling in time. However I watched him carefully, without his knowledge, and found him asking peculiar questions for someone simply passing through, and then one night he made a canoe trip to Ballale Island. I then closed in on him and found he had irregular papers. I reported this to Raleigh Farlow who made further enquiries and it was found that he was an illegal immigrant.

Raleigh Farlow came down to Buin and requested Les Phelan to produce papers allowing him to enter the Territory and he was unable to do so. The District Officer then told him that he would be given a dictation test which he had brought with him. Cadet Patrol Officer Colin Liddle witnessed the test. Phelan failed as he was almost illiterate and the test contained unusual words including *ycelpt*. Phelan was asked to leave the country as soon as possible.

Colin Allen was the British Solomons' Kiap who raided Ballale and he later told Colin Liddle that his questioning of the Ballale people revealed that Phelan visited their village and enquired about the latrine hole and the cash, so it would appear that he was one of the soldiers who knew of the stolen payroll at Torokina and where it was hidden on Ballale during the war. Imagine his reaction finding a hole where the swag should have been.

Years later a Mr Nicholas, former Manager of the Bank of New South Wales in Mount Hagen in 1960, informed Colin Liddle that he was a paymaster in the army on Bougainville 1945-46 and that he was there when the payroll was stolen and he also remembered Les Phelan.

The above records a series of peculiar incidents centred around Buin and creased bank notes, but whether they had anything to do with an alleged stolen bankroll is conjecture and I am still left wondering.

HELP WANTED: Steven Maher would like to contact **Mervyn Charles EAMES** who spent a couple of terms in PNG with the Commonwealth Bank. Initially Mervyn was in Moresby (1969) and about early 1971 was transferred to Gizo Island, part of the Solomon Islands. While there he married a local girl, Gemma. In the mid to late 70s he was posted to Bougainville where he was a Branch Accountant (at Kieta?) He then resigned and returned to the Solomons. If you can help, please write to: Steven Maher, 73 Blackbutt Drive, Failford NSW 2430, Ph 02 6554 3444, Email: roseven@tsn.cc

60 YEARS ON - NO REAL RECOGNITION OR ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Few Australians know that the Japanese assault on Rabaul in 1942 resulted, within months, in military losses greater than the combined losses in Korea, Malaya and Vietnam (source - War Museum archives), or that some hundreds of civilians were virtually abandoned by the Australian Government. What of the after effects of this?

Some of us feel that now is the time to gather the available knowledge into a data base of names, stories, and problems experienced by those who were there or who have knowledge of them. Books published over the years give glimpses. We feel it might be interesting to compile a more detailed social history of this event, both for archival purposes and for the production of a readable book. **By doing this we hope to place 'our story' firmly in the Australian consciousness.**

The hurt still lives within many of the children from that time.

We would like to connect with people from around Australia and PNG including -

- children evacuated during 1941, their mothers and their descendants
- members of Lark Force, 1st Independent Company, RAAF and support groups
- Chinese and other Nationals and Mixed Race people who were involved
- Indigenous people who were affected by the Japanese invasion.

We seek only your time to tell us what you can. Those interested might like to contact: **Margaret (BISHTON) CARRICK**, 5 Shaw Ave., Kingsford NSW 2032 Fax 02 9697 9499; **Gael PENROSE**, 'Clevecourt', Bingara NSW 2404 (please write in first instance giving your phone number); **Geoff MELROSE**, 48 Koree Island Road, Beechwood NSW 2446 Ph (day & eve.) 02 6585 6307; **Margaret (Simpson) HENDERSON**, 11 Fourth Road, Belair SA 5052, Fax 08 8278 4849

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

A STRAIGHT YOUNG BACK by Trevor Shearston Flamingo Press, 2000; 280pp; \$24

Reviewed by J B Toner

In 1968 a patrol officer not long out of cadetship is transferred to the Southern Highlands where he meets a senior kiap who in August 1971 is assassinated near Rabaul. H'm. As someone who once appended a reasonable facsimile of the signature of Errol John Emmanuel to memoranda as a daily task this book was of considerable interest.

Wantoks should find it so for it is full of meat if not to everyone's taste. The author joined the Education Department in his early twenties and taught at Mendi. His writing holds the attention and moves at pace. However, the structure of the novel - in three parts - is curious.

In Part I the hero arrives in Mendi and meets his Deputy District Commissioner to whom are ascribed some of the mannerisms of dear Jack not to mention that he too is cast as a remarried widower. A posting to a fictitious patrol post perhaps not far from Erave follows. Shearston has a good eye for the nuances of outstation life, the obligation to socialise within the community, and the tension on a two-man outpost when the field officers are less than compatible. He also has a good ear for colloquialisms then current eg 'young titters', a collective noun I had quite forgotten never having heard it outside the Highlands.

The occasional kiap has been met who one suspects might welcome exercising *droit de seigneur* over his subdistrict. However, the necessity for a young woman to be deflowered before marriage and the kiap being asked to do the honours sounds, as

Captain Mainwaring often told Dad's Army, like an excursion 'into the realms of fantasy'. On the other hand such are the vagaries of the human condition that whereas in many cultures female virginity is a requisite for marriage in others the reverse may apply. Or one of Mr Shearston's legs may be longer than the other. The Clifton Gardens hotel was no place to seek veracity.

This story is told in the first person and Part II takes the narrator, by 1990 a Sydney civilian, back to PNG as collaborator with a TV programme intending to research the bayoneting of a District Commissioner. At Rabaul he visits the grave of Jack Emmanuel GC*. Heavens, has almost thirty years passed since that great crowd assembled for the interment at the European cemetery?

Whether the author - who was assisted with a grant from the Literature Board of the Australia Council - personally spoke to Kaviala and Tobek who were sentenced to 25 years imprisonment between them for the murder at Kabaira plantation is unclear but he certainly records their *post facto* comments. Such as Daniel Rumet, Damien Kereku and Melchior Tomot are also interviewed on the event. If you sat as I did in the Masonic Hall at Rabaul witnessing the trial of the thirteen Tolais initially charged, all of this will be absorbing but, as I say, constitutes what is now termed faction as opposed to the fiction of Part I.

Part III reverts to a ripping yarn with several sub-plots illuminating both indigenous and expatriate behaviour in PNG. Another deviance from what might be called 'novel norms' is usage of some real names. T W Ellis figures in discussion of governmental attempts to contain the Mataungan Association within the Gazelle Peninsula but the narrator really puts the boot in to an American missionary called Fr. Otmar. Since a Capuchin of that nationality and relatively unusual name did work in the Southern Highlands contemporaneously, this seems odd but the priest is probably no longer alive to read it. In any case 'Ollie' as he was known to his fellow Friars would have been unperturbed.

Shearston has been well complimented on his first publication, a collection of PNG short stories titled 'Something in the Blood', and this recently available work should do quite well although it might have more in it for we who have Gone Finish than the general public.

**Jack was awarded a posthumous George Cross in Jan. 1972 following his murder in Aug. 1971.*

MERCENARIES, MISSIONARIES AND MISFITS by Bob Wilkinson

Bob Wilkinson (son of Lance Wilkinson of Customs and Marine) grew up and worked in PNG. He retired, wrote the book, and is now returning to teaching, this time in Ok Tedi. The book is a collection of mostly amusing and a few tragic stories about everyday life in PNG before Independence. \$14.95 plus \$1 postage in Aust. Available from Bob Wilkinson, 2/2 Mimosa Street, Holloway Beach Qld 4878. Ph 07 4055 9389

Bill McGrath reports that **Pacific Book House*** has two exciting new books in stock:

BIRDS OF NEW GUINEA AND THE BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO: A Photographic Guide by Brian J Coates in collaboration with William S Peckover

This book was released in February 2001. 'This is the first photographic field guide to the remarkable bird-life of these fascinating islands. Highlights include:

- a superb reference collection of over 650 colour photos with many species illustrated in photographs for the first time;
- illustrations and descriptions of 444 species, many of which are endemic to the subregion;

- an ornithologically accurate text providing information on identification, habits, voice, habitat, range and status of each species; and
- a complete list of New Guinea and Bismarck Archipelago birds.*

272 pp. Page size 220mm x 129 mm. Retail price to members \$66 (incl GST) plus postage \$8 (in Aust).

NARRATIVE OF THE SURVEYING VOYAGE OF HMS FLY: Commanded by Capt F.P. Blackwood, RN in Torres Strait, New Guinea, and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago, during the years 1842-1846, Together with an Excursion Into the Interior of the Eastern part of Java by Beete J Jukes, Naturalist to the Expedition.

This is a collectors item, with a limited print run (250 copies). This two-volume facsimile edition of the 1847 London-published first edition is the first time a facsimile edition has been published of this famous expedition to the East Indies, New Guinea and Northern Australia. The Fly River was discovered and named by Captain Blackwood.

Countries and places visited were from Sandy Cape on the northeast coast of Australia to the Straits of Malacca and include the Torres Strait islands, Cape York, Darnley Island, south coast of New Guinea, Java, etc.

The original 1847 two-volume set sells from \$2,500 to \$6,000 depending on condition. The two-volume beautifully produced facsimile edition sells for \$369 plus GST, post free to any address in Australia. Pacific Book House have 5 sets left and have already sold 4 sets to PNG (expatriates) book collectors.

Pacific Book House is disposing of the last few cartons of the following book:

TO FIND A PATH: The Life and Times of the Royal Pacific Islands Regiment. Volume 1: YESTERDAY'S HEROES 1885-1950 by James Sinclair

The 50th Anniversary (1940-1990) Commemorative First Edition traces the development of the Armed Constabulary in the Colony of British New Guinea (SE New Guinea) by the British between 1885-1906; by the Australians in the Territory of Papua (formerly BNG) between 1906-1941; by the Germans in German New Guinea (NE New Guinea and German Micronesia) between 1884-1914; by the Australian Military Administration in Occupied German New Guinea between 1914-1921; and by the Australians in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea (formerly GNG) between 1921-1941.

Brisbane, Australia, 1990. First Edition, 310 pp, illus, endpaper maps, h/c in dust wrapper. A few new copies of Volume 1 are available. The original published price was \$55 - new copies available to members at \$25 incl GST and postage to anywhere in Australia.

* **Pacific Book House**, 17 Park Avenue, Broadbeach Waters, Gold Coast, Qld, 4218
Ph. 07 5539 0446, Fax 07 5538 4114, Email: mcgrath@pacificbookhouse.com.au

HELP WANTED: Jim RIDGES wrote, 'Pre-war on Emira Island, north west of Kavieng, Les Bell found a cast iron cannon and four brass shell cases. They were displayed at the museum in the Rabaul Botanical Gardens but after the war they were lost. Does anyone know if, pre-war, the cannon was photographed or written up in the *Pacific Islands Monthly* or *Rabaul Times*, or whether postwar any cannons were rediscovered in Rabaul? (This cannon should not be confused with the ones now on display at the Kokopo museum which came from the Marquis de Ray expedition to southern New Ireland in 1879.)' Jim is at PO Box 86, Kavieng 631, NIP, PNG

REUNIONS

A reunion of **EX KONE DOBU CLUB MEMBERS CIRCA 1969** will be held on 3-5 August 2001 in Townsville. After the success of the 30-year Reunion in Cairns in 1999, the organisers are doing it all again. They are planning a welcome get together on the Friday night, optional activities on the Saturday and a dinner on the Saturday night. If interested please contact the following for further details:

Christine Baulch, Box 1755, Townsville QLD 4810 Ph 07 4771 2622 (H), 0418 716 266 (Mob)
Tony Fraser, Sir Leslie Thiess Drive, Townsville QLD 4810, Ph 07 4772 1679 (H), 0418 770295 (Mob.)

RPNGC REUNION, Report Back by **Max Hayes**: The annual reunion of ex RPNGC officers was held on 2-12-2000 at the Mercure Hotel, Brisbane. Numbers were down because the luncheon was held at a central location for those arriving from interstate and intrastate, instead of the usual venue of the Gold Coast. Notable absentees this year were ex Commissioner **Bob COLE** and Asst Commissioner **Jack GRAHAM**, though peripatetic former Deputy Commissioner between 1965-68, **Paddy ERSKINE**, managed to fit in the luncheon after leaving his home in N.E. Victoria, en route to Singapore that night. Also from interstate were **Jim GRAY**, **Bruce INCH** and your correspondent. Queenslanders present were **Barrie BAXTER**, **Pat BARRY**, **Watson BEATON**, **Bryan BEATTIE**, **Ivan BELL**, **Gerry BELLIS**, **Geoff BRAZIER**, **Frank DAVIES**, **Jim DUTTON**, **Greville FEENEY**, **John HERBERT**, **David ILLSLEY**, **Ted JARRATT**, **Ian JOHNSTON**, **Dudley LAIRD**, **Alasdair MacDOUGALL**, **David MACEY**, **Col PARRY**, **Nick PEARSON**, **Gordon RAMSAY**, and **Ernie YOUNG**, and most were accompanied by their ladies or partners.

Senior guest was **Tom SHACKLADY**, aged 83 and still going strong. Tom is remembered as being a bandmaster with the RPNGC band, and for composing the PNG National Anthem.

A total of 42, including two visitors, enjoyed the luncheon and the brief speeches, and were reminded of the notification during the year of the passing of three colleagues. As usual, the function was superbly organised by **Derek BELL**.

MALAGUNA TECHNICAL COLLEGE REUNION, Report Back by **Stan Pike**

This was held at the Kaleen Sports Club, Canberra on 28 September and was tremendous! **Kim SEETO**, **Bob HOPKINS**, **Jenny CLAYTON**, **John and Jan KLEINIG**, **Lucky and Anna VALARIS**, **Peter and Bev KINSELA** and **Vi and Stan PIKE** had a fun-filled evening full of catching up and reminiscing. Distance, education, other functions and possibly cash flow brought many apologies.

MOUNT LAMINGTON REMEMBERED - Report Back by **Albert Speer**

On Sunday 21 January 2001 a memorial service was conducted at Palmwoods Garden Village Qld by Bishop Bevan Meredith, formerly of PNG and now living in Brisbane, for some 67 people connected with the tragic eruption fifty years ago. Some came from interstate and even Europe. The ceremony was recorded by Channel 9, and interviews for newspapers and radio were given by the organisers **Allan Boag** and his wife **Win**, and **Geoff Littler**. A sumptuous luncheon followed and the get-together brought back many memories. There was an effective and dramatic display featuring press clippings and photographs, and also a video. The organisers are to be complimented on a most successful and memorable day.

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS from SHIRLEY LOCKHART

Shirley Lockhart, daughter of Police Officer Ron Feetum, sent a number of photographs taken in the 1930s. Below are some of them.



Police Officer's home, Madang, 1933



Police Boys, Madang. Sgt. Major BEWA taking the salute.
Ron Feetum and his wife Sybil on left, Shirley in centre

NEW GUINEA POLICE FORCE, EUROPEAN CONSTABULARY (see photo opposite)

The Japs invaded Rabaul on 23 January 1942 some 2½-3 years after this picture was taken. Police had been told to evacuate Rabaul on or about 22 January and at least six managed to escape Rabaul and walk down/across New Britain for about ten weeks until rescued by the *Laurabada* under Ivan Champion. They were Theckston, Palmer, Sinclair, Crawley, Feetum, and William Bruce Ball. Simnett died of blackwater fever while on the walk.

The fate of some of the others in the photograph is as follows:

L.R.P. Johnson drowned in Japan as member of British C'wealth Occupation Forces 22-10-1946

D. McDougall and T. Walker died on the *Montevideo Maru* sinking, 1-7-1942

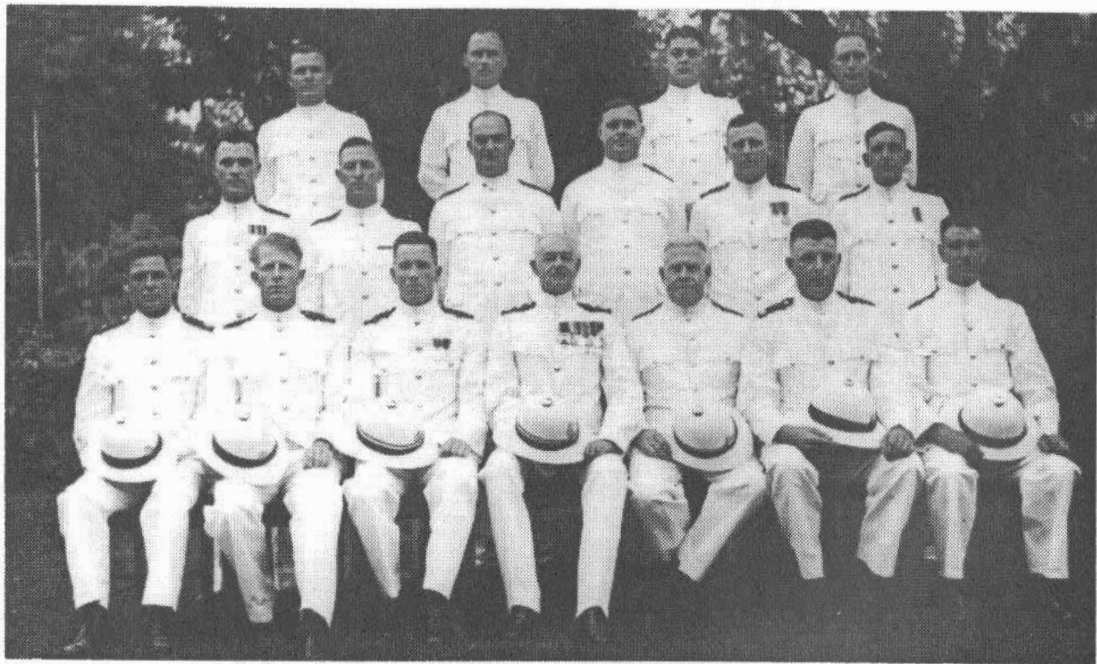
N.E. Ash captured by Japs at Rabaul, may have been executed at Tol Plantation 4-2-1942

P.G. Naulty executed by Japs at Tol Plantation 4-2-1942

R.W. Feetum killed by Japs at Aru Island when on 'Z' force special duty on 31-8-1943

Some of the others in the photo rejoined the postwar police.

In all, 10 NGPF Warrant Officers (some not in this 1939 photo) died or were executed at the hands of the Japs in New Britain or at sea, and one was executed by the Japs when in the AIF at Aru Island. (*Max Hayes has further information if anyone is interested - Ph 03 9898 7459*)



NEW GUINEA POLICE FORCE, EUROPEAN CONSTABULARY, RABAU - Taken in 1939

The following officers (except Prior, Walstab and Walker) are all ranked Warrant Officer 2nd class, and together with Inspectors and Superintendent, appear in full ceremonial uniform: L to R: Back Row - L. R. P. JOHNSON, J. F. CLARK, W. S. HARVEY, P. J. SIMNETT
Middle Row - D. McDOUGALL, J. H. THECKSTON, W. A. DIX, N. E. ASH, P. G. NAULTY, J. H. PALMER
Front Row - D. CRAWLEY, N. B. BLOOD, Inspector W. B. PRIOR*, Superintendent J. WALSTAB DSO, Inspector T. WALKER, R. W. FEETUM, A. M. 'Sandy' SINCLAIR

* Inspector Prior was awarded the Kings Police Medal for gallantry during the 1937 eruption at Rabaul, a rare distinction. He was also awarded the MBE for his army service in WWII.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 50th AGM of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc
will be held on **SUNDAY 29 APRIL 2001, at 11.30 a.m.**
at the MANDARIN CLUB, Oriental Room, 4th Floor
Corner of Goulburn and Pitt Streets, Sydney

AGENDA:

1. Members present, and apologies;
2. Confirmation of Minutes of the 49th AGM (as circulated in June 2000 *Una Voce*)
3. Business arising from the Minutes;
4. President's Report;
5. Treasurer's Report and Financial Statement;
6. Correspondence;
7. Election of Executive Committee:

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

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

8. General discussion.

Members, Associate Members, their families and friends are all welcome - but please let us know you are coming by completing the booking form opposite and returning it, with cheque, to ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069 as soon as possible. The cost is \$24 per person - this does **not** include liquor or soft drinks. We would appreciate it if members would pay in advance, and not at the door. Advance payment enables us to plan the seating and advise the Mandarin Club of numbers.

Cancellations advised to Ross Johnson on 02 9876 6178 or Pamela Foley on 02 9428 2078 by Friday 27 April will secure full refund. This is the date we inform the Club of final numbers; after this date the Association must pay for those unable to attend. Parking is available at the Goulburn St parking station (cnr Goulburn and Elizabeth Sts) for \$7.00 flat rate between 9 am and 11 pm. The parking station is only 100 m. from the Club.

FORM OF APPOINTMENT OF PROXY

I, (full name)
of (address)
being a member of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc hereby
appoint (full name of proxy)
of (address)
being a member of that incorporated association, as my proxy to vote for me on my behalf
at the Annual General Meeting of the association to be held on the 29th day of April 2001
and at any adjournment of that meeting.

.....
Signature of member appointing proxy

Date

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

NOMINATION FORM FOR OFFICE BEARERS, 2001 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
 (See Notice of Meeting, Agenda Item 7, for details)

I, (being a Financial Member) hereby nominate:

..... for the office of

I, (a Financial Member) second this nomination.

I, (a Financial Member) accept this nomination.

Please cut ✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂...✂

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

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

Please print

I, (full name).....
 of (current address).....

Phone number..... Fax number.....
 Email number..... wish to renew my membership of the
 Retired Officers' Association of PNG Inc to end of December (please state year)
 at the rate of \$12 per year. (Overseas members - see reverse side of this sheet for new
 postage rates). *Please do not send cash.*

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

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

Re the Kokoda Overland Mail

(see K Humphreys' article *Una Voce* Sept 2000)

John Horne of Dunedoo NSW wrote, 'In later years, it seems, the procedure was changed, with a policeman leaving each end with mail, meeting along the track, exchanging mails, and walking back to their respective stations.'

According to Kiap Paul Sebire, now deceased, on one occasion they met up and did whatever they usually did (had a talk, a smoke, food, or whatever) and went home again, forgetting to exchange the mails!!! I believe Paul was at Kokoda in the late 1940s which may be when this happened.'

There **WOULD** be Peace on Earth

☐ From Eileen Hanley

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CHARGES - DELIVERY OF THE *UNA VOCE* JOURNAL

Australia Post International postal charges (all items are sent by airmail) are as follows:

Asia-Pacific Areas (PNG, NZ, Fiji, Thailand etc) \$2 per issue or \$8 per year

Rest of the World (Europe, UK, USA, Hawaii, etc) \$3 per issue or \$12 per year

Overseas members should increase their membership subscriptions by the above amount and remit the total (subscription plus postage) by bank draft in Australian dollars to avoid imposition of Australian bank charges.

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THIS AND THAT FROM MY FATHER'S MOUTH

by Geoff Melrose

Pre-war Geoff's father Robert Melrose was Director of District Services and Native Affairs in New Guinea. Postwar he became Government Secretary in Port Moresby. In this article Geoff recalls stories his father told him.

I don't believe my father ever lied to me. In retrospect, I think tales of his boyhood in Hay were embellished to appeal to the imagination of his young son. But the facts in his stories were mostly corroborated by two of his brothers.

So when he told me that he'd once hanged a man in New Guinea who'd murdered a lot of natives I believed him. Particularly so when he said he'd had to fortify himself with several neat Scotchies beforehand. He told me the man was German and I just assumed this had happened while the Territory was still administered by the Australian Navy and Army.

Later I learnt that Ludwig Schmidt was the only European ever hanged in New Guinea and that the hanging had taken place at the Rabaul gaol around the mid 30s. That date coincided with the time my father had been 'kicked upstairs' to a post in Rabaul as a result of becoming unpopular with New Ireland planters.

I always had difficulty with the thought of my father wearing the black hood of the Hangman. It suited me to think he was a supervising official. Whatever, this incident gives some idea of how wide-ranging was the role of district officer.

.....

My father had what could only be described as a gnarled thumb. This had been caused while he was out on patrol (I think in the Sepik district) in search of a native murderer. As my father was arresting him, the native used a timely ruse to escape. He simply bit almost through that thumb at the joint. He certainly grabbed my father's attention - or more correctly his momentary inattention - and took off. I believe he was later recaptured. Buckets of iodine and a hasty bandage saved the thumb but it pained my father from time to time over ensuing years.

.....

On one trip on the *Macdhui*, a fire broke out in the early hours of the morning and it was a case of all to the lifeboats, including my parents. Silk pyjamas with decorated pockets, from China, were all the go. It was 'women and children first' and my father, clad only in pyjamas, was one of the last into his lifeboat. Slipping into the gap next to the lifeboats' gunwale, he didn't at first notice his pyjama pants had performed their usual slippery trick and had slid down near his ankles. It was a moonless night. 'What the heck' he thought and settled down to wait it out ... until the rather bulky woman next to him

threw her legs across his thighs in an effort to gain a less crushed-in situation. 'Oh my God!' - he concentrated on pure thoughts. It wasn't a serious fire and after a few hours they were all back on board before daylight. Dragging his recalcitrant strides up as he went, he leapt back onto the gangway, and didn't look to see who his 'intimate' companion had been. How different times were then!

.....

The word *boong* was first used by New Guinea natives to describe the white man. This was because of the sound of the rifle shots made by the guns of the first white men they encountered. How the word came to describe the natives, out of the mouths of white men, is one of life's little mysteries. After WWII I used the word once or twice, only to be reprimanded by my dad that this was an unsavoury word. *Native* was OK as it was a reflection of 'this is my own, my native land'. *Kanaka* was permissible as it was freely used by the locals themselves. *Bush kanaka* was just as permissible, as it also was in local use, but should be avoided by white fellas because it could be derogatory in the same way as *cow cocky* was a put-down term in Australia. *Coon* and *nigger* were not to be used and this was supposedly Government policy pre-war. I never heard the word *nigger* up there but *coon* was used by some planters and miners - but never a second time in front of my father. Usually a calm man, he turned into an erupting volcano at that word.

.....

My father was cursed with a medical history of kidney stones. I remembered when he was rolling around the bedroom floor in Rabaul in 1938 as he was in the throes of one passing through his system. At the time of the July census in 1931 or 1932 he was rushed south for an operation - rush is a relative term; in this case a five-day schooner trip to Rabaul to pick up a south-bound steamer.

Try then to imagine his distress, while deep in the bush on patrol, when a small stone passed down from his kidney and into his bladder. Doctors rate the pain level as equal to that of childbirth except that sometimes the stones take an inordinate time to pass on. Thus it was in this case, for the stone passed from the bladder and lodged in the urethral tract midway along his glans, successfully blocking off urine flow. His agony was so great, he told me, that he contemplated using his cut-throat razor to cut in and prise out the stone. Commonsense, if there be any at such times, ruled it out because he thought he might pass out and bleed to death. So he was left with two alternatives. The first - an attempt to force the stone along the tract with finger pressure from behind - achieved little. So he did the only thing possible. While two police boys held him securely, the third 'extracted' the stone. It was tough being a kiap!

.....

In 1946 my father returned to the now combined PNG administration at Port Moresby as Government Secretary. His first responsibility was to achieve a smooth transition from military (ANGAU) administration to civil administration.

At one time Eddie Ward, as Minister for Territories, had the idea of introducing the basic wage for the natives. To this end a three-day conference was held in Australia. As well as the minister, the departmental head and various bureaucrats and experts, my father was invited. He was the only representative from the field. Of the others, only one or two had actually been to New Guinea and then only as 'visiting firemen'. This compared with my father's near thirty years of practical experience.

For two days various luminaries expounded on the matters up for discussion, to Dad's increasing dismay and anger. On the third day he was invited to give his views. His opening remarks were something like 'I have never heard so much concentrated bull dust in my life as in these last days'. As you can imagine this did not go down well and efforts

were made 'to head him off at the pass'. Eddie Ward intervened with 'sounds as if we have an honest man here, so let's hear what he has to say'.

His basic message was that the whole of government policy had been one of gradualism; that many of the people were Stone Age primitives who had to be wooed towards the white man's civilisation; that change in culture had to be achieved without shock and that creating true mutual respect and friendship was not something which could be cemented over a couple of beers down at the pub. He was adamant that introducing the Australian basic wage could lead to all sorts of upheaval and unimaginably bad consequences. I can remember him ranting at home at the end of the second day of the conference that those bloody ignoramuses probably thought that a pub in every village would quick sharp bring the locals into the 20th century.

Most of all his concern was for the welfare of the people of New Guinea whom he had come to love as if they were his own children. He didn't think that self-government - the ultimate aim of Australian administration - would come until the close of the century. He was worried about the commercial exploitation of these relatively naive peoples. He was firmly convinced that self-government should stem from the desire and readiness of the locals and that it should not be forced on them.*

That meeting resulted in a firm friendship between Eddie Ward and Dad, based presumably on mutual respect.

* (In retrospect my father was right to be fearful. The rape of the country's timber resources by Malaysian entrepreneurs, the environmental pillage by BHP's Ok Tedi mine, the whole mess of the Panguna copper mine on Bougainville all prove it. Mind you, he had witnessed the development of the Bulolo-Edie Creek goldfields, and the actions of Chinese traders and European plantation owners in New Ireland from which he felt the locals profited little. Too often the white man regarded them simply as units of labour at a cost of one pound per month. If he had a flaw it was that he was perhaps too paternalistic and too much of a white man, unlike his good friend Jim Taylor who had an innate sense of the brown man's point of view.)

Robert Melrose was invalided out of PNG in April 1949 after a massive heart attack at age 59. He died in 1959.

ROYAL PAPUA NEW GUINEA CONSTABULARY

Profile of the Overseas Police Officers of PNG

Maxwell Hayes wrote, 'As many members will recall, I have, for the last six years, been compiling a list of the overseas police officers (but not including field staff) who served in PNG between 1884 and the Centenary of the Constabulary in 1988.

I have identified around 800 to date, the list recently being extended by the addition of 90 names of those who served in the Royal Papuan Constabulary (RPC) section of ANGAU during WWII 1942-45. RPC Section was one of the several sections working independently within ANGAU, though members held military rank.

Would anyone who can identify a former police officer, or the relative of a former police officer, please contact me at the address below. This applies to those who also served in the RPNGC Reserve, created in 1968 to supplement the ranks of regular police officers, until it folded in the mid seventies. Those members were uniformed and sworn in, and performed duties at police stations in the larger towns. Several expatriate women also served in the Reserve. All such members may also be entitled to the RPNGC Centenary Medal of 1988; details from:

Maxwell Hayes, 5 Peppermint Grove, Box Hill South, VIC 3128. Ph 03 9898 7459'

IN THE EAST - OF THE EAST

Childhood Reminiscences - Geoff Melrose

Towards the end of the 1930s war broke out between rival tongs (Chinese secret societies) in the Rabaul Chinese community. Corpses turned up in stormwater channels, in the harbour, dumped in the kunai outside town and sundry other places with monotonous regularity over a comparatively short period. Rabaul police were met with a wall of silence or claims of *me no savvy* and their investigations yielded little success. Government officials called community leaders together in consultations aimed at ending the flow of corpses, but these too stalled in blandness.

Suddenly the killing stopped as quickly as it had started. It was said that a threat to deport the whole community or as many it took was the catalyst for the peace break-out.

.....

There was a story in the territory of a European businessman whose business had failed and who had been bailed out by an influential elderly Chinese trader. It was said that a loan of £10,000 (substantial for those days) was lent, interest free, for 10 or 15 years (the term varied with the teller). The only condition was that it had to be repaid exactly on the due date. A supplementary agreement suggested the lender might take an active but modest interest in the revived business.

The transfusion was successful and the European prospered mightily over the years. So much so that his ego inflated to such an extent that he attributed his much enhanced status and wealth to his own ability and virtually forgot the part played by his benefactor. Came the due date for repayment, the businessman decided that his earlier saviour was no longer of any consequence and did not repay the debt.

Retribution was not swift. But contracts, once a breeze, eluded him and other business decisions went badly. In a little over a year his fortune slipped away at an ever increasing rate and his fair-weather friends deserted him. Everywhere the networking ability of his erstwhile Chinese friend could be seen or felt. Ultimately the ingrate got his just desserts and returned to flat broke and disgraced.

An apocryphal tale perhaps but, from my own experience of and respect for the Chinese, I believe the substance of the story if not the detail - simply because honour and loss of face were so important.

.....

Looking back now, it seems obvious that Japan was always going to be a threat to New Guinea. To us youngsters the signs were there. Consider the following:

- People in New Guinea were wireless conscious. With no local radio stations available, listeners tuned to the short-wave band. From the beginning we were aware of the Sino-Japanese war and of atrocities carried out by the Japanese in a way that the average person in Australia would not have been.
- On the fringe of Chinatown in Rabaul was a cavernous department store, quite different from the small shops which characterised the rest of the area. It was usually staffed by two or three Japanese and seldom seemed to have customers - I believe the name was Nanyo, Boyeki, Kaisha. On Christmas holidays from Australia my Chinese mate Louis (who went to Wesley College, Melbourne) and I used to spook ourselves walking through from one end to the other at odd times. So did Andy Bennie, my best friend, during 1938. The feeling was eerie and we were possessed of the sort of bravado which accompanies one going through a cemetery at night or visiting a supposedly haunted house.

In January 1939 my parents received a late Christmas card from friends in Hong Kong. Water damaged, it had been stamped 'damaged due to flying boat shot down'.

In fairness, I had had a diet of *Fu Manchu* by Sax Rohmer and had seen a number of Mr Moto movies, also stories by Newman usually about Japanese spies against America. My head was also full of tambaran (spirit) houses and the sorcery which was endemic to New Guinea. But there is no doubt that I regarded Japanese people with fear and suspicion in 1938 and 1939.

There were other signs.

Youngsters in New Guinea had a pretty free hand. Not glued to television sets, we had a wonderfully varied outdoor life. Most of us had canoes, not necessarily with outriggers, available to us. These allowed us to paddle around waterways, more specifically Rabaul (Simpson) Harbour where we explored foreshores endlessly. Many of us owned push bikes which provided great mobility. It was nothing to ride from Rabaul down to Kokopo along the coast road, explore the area and get back well before dark. Inadvertently we absorbed history around Queen Emma's place at Gunantambu and Ralum. The German-built Kokopo Hotel was my favourite building in New Guinea. It remained in this boy's imagination as one of Aladdin's castles and therefore worthy of infiltration, or attack and defence, depending on what took our fancy on the day. The owner wasn't too impressed and used to hunt us off - this suited us and the game became 'escape the gaoler' who was trying to recapture us.



German built Kokopo Hotel

As a result of these activities we became quite expert at melting away into the bush and became skilled at the silent advance. Our instinctive knowledge of the presence of others before they were aware of us was well honed. So we sometimes came upon people unexpectedly - as happened in the botanical gardens when we came upon a courting couple. I don't think we actually saw anything much but the male obviously thought we had and gave each of us a shilling to go away and keep quiet about it.

In a reasonably polyglot society we soon learnt to recognise Malays, Chinese and Japanese especially in voice. Cantonese sounded harsh to our ears. Japanese was softer and reminiscent of a quiet brook passing over smooth pebbles - perhaps they spoke more softly too.

There was, I think, a certain segregation extant and not a lot of cross-pollination between races. Adults didn't pay much attention to us so long as we weren't misbehaving. It is hard to put a finger on it at this distance, but it was noticeable that any Japanese stopped what they were doing when we were around and seemed to watch us out of sight before resumption. But this impression might have been due to the amount of time we spent around the Komini shipyards near the main wharf at Malaguna.

What was obviously out of context was the several times that we came upon the same two Japanese men apparently fishing off Kabakaul, various parts of Rabaul harbour,

once off the Duke of York islands at Mioko and once near Talili west of the North Daughter. I once asked my father what fish you would catch without a hook as these men had puzzled us by using lines with only a heavy sinker on the end. Without paying much attention he answered that we must have seen a plumbline. A worry to me ever since, has been that we once saw a European couple 'fishing' surreptitiously in the same manner in the Duke of York group.

Once or twice we came upon two others apparently exploring around Tunnel Hill. When we offered to help we were angrily buzzed off.

The signs were indeed there, it was not just a case of youthful imagination.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s from Paul J Quinlivan

No. 24 - 'Boots an' All' - Memories Stirred by Amy Washington's Memoirs

Tessa Jones' wonderful sharing of her mother's memories (*Una Voce* No. 4 of 2000), particularly those of Beatrice Grimshaw wearing long black boots when she sat at table for morning tea, and its juxtaposition with an account of the deaths of Reverend Chalmers and Mr Tomkins, brought a surge of memories. The long-time interpreter at the Supreme Court in Moresby was Kabua, a Hanuabadan with a usually immobile and heavily lined face, six (or was it seven?) Long Service stars on his police uniform with its yellow piping, and legs like a thirty year-old Rugby player! He was telling me that he had just joined the Government Service when Chalmers and Tomkins were killed and that he was in the party which went off to Goarabari Island to recover the bodies. And, as he was talking he suddenly started laughing. 'Poor Goarabaris!', he said. 'They thought they were so clever, inviting people from other areas to come and join the feast! As a means of cementing alliances it was a failure because, try as they might, nobody could eat the legs. They were very uneducated,' he said, now nearly falling over with uncontrollable mirth. 'They did not know that in those days - and because of the mosquitoes which always lived under the table - the gentlemen always wore long boots. That is why nobody could eat the legs!'

No. 25 - Kiaps and their Former Role as Defending Officer:

Several members have remarked on my comment, in Snapshot No. 22, that Mert Brightwell obtained 'a well-deserved acquittal' in the case against Meka-Ori and they have asked whether there were other notable cases where a Kiap acted as Defending Officer. The answer is, of course, that there were hundreds! In fact I have often said (and this is despite the fact that it was because of my efforts that the Public Solicitor's Office was created) that, except for those few cases where a legal defence could be argued, Kiaps provided the best defence for the vast majority of non-city cases. And I note that, as I write (26 January 2001), the distraught lawyers of the Torres Strait Islands Legal Service are giving the precise argument I used to give, as their sworn evidence in a Coroner's inquest: that they have neither adequate time nor true linguistic ability to talk to their clients. My sympathies are all with them, and their constituents! But times were a-changing and, although the Public Solicitor was created to assist Papua New Guineans who had a civil case against someone and not to take over the Defending Officers' job, the new judges wanted to be surrounded by lawyers in Court and Chief Justice Sir Alan Mann deferred to them. But, with his usual graciousness, he also arranged for *The 'Q' Reports* to be published by the Government Printer as a historical record - and I would point out that it was he who gave them that name, not me! He also arranged for a notice

to be included, when everything was finished, asking everyone to send in 'reports' of cases which I had not published so that they could be printed in a final volume.

If that had happened we would now have access to hundreds of cases showing that Kiaps can be justly proud of their efforts as Defending Officers. Unfortunately Sir Alan handed to someone else the supervision of the project and, when he went into hospital, the whole plan was frustrated. The resulting saga is a very sad one and, beyond me saying that we have lost most of even the little we had, cannot be recorded here. Part of what would have been published has survived and, with the references to previous Snapshots, which I have added, it reads:

Category 'B': Notable Defences in Individual Cases

Before listing these reports I would repeat that these cases were reported solely because, as Honorary External Tutor for University of Queensland Law Students, I had a need to provide 'local materials'. When that need ceased, I stopped, and, after that, it was Law Reports that I produced, which were limited to what the Judge said, and not what the Defence was. I would therefore like to repeat my apology to those whose Notable Defence is not included. Note also that the duties of Kiaps and Crown Prosecutors in regard to the defence of certain cases are explained in items (vii) and (viii) at the end of Sir Beaumont's speech of 12 February 1952 (see Snapshot No.8). Among the 'cautionary tales' the climax to B.25 gives a unique insight into the personality of Sir Beaumont Phillips C.J. (See Snapshot No. 11, where the ancient Luluai said, 'Ask the Big Judge here ... It was he who wrote the letter...')

- B01 TOWATIA (Copley) - See Snapshot No. 3
- B02 TOLUBUNG (Copley) - Superior Orders; Reichstag Speech
- B03 KABO (MacIlwain) - See Snapshot No. 4
- B04 LAPAE (Leabeater) - See Snapshot No. 7
- B05 IKUAR (Royce Webb) 'Boanarra case' Madang 24 March 1952
- B06 LAM (Seale) cross exam of White Woman in Wau
- B07 GUMI (Parrish) - See Snapshot No. 21
- B08 BULAI (Parrish) heavy cross exam of White witness
- B09 IMANAIVA (Humphries) 27 Oct 1952 burglary of Bignold's house
- B10 KAUBA (Wau) (Ernie Britten) causing new V.J. instructions
- B11 ORI s/o AIS'E (Humphries), unlawfully in house, Bignold J acquitted
- B12 ROMBUSA (Humphries) provocation ... standard
- B13 Telefomin Killings (Peter Lalor) Sudden Emergency
- B14 Kingsley Jackson defence of man charged with rape of ex-nun
- B15 Defence by Gerry Szarka of TIMIO SIONI, 8 May 1951
- B16 Defence by Tom Ellis of grandfather & daughter, infanticide, 10 May 1951
- B17 unknown ADO in R. v. IARUMAGIN and 7 others 6 May 1955, Kelly J
- B18 R. v. TOGASU of Moarasa 22-2-56, Gore J
- B19 Bob Daugherty's def. of Minj man by claiming 'hallucinogenic mushrooms'
- B20 GEBU, Bignold, Kerema Eric Flower def. attempt rape Euro
- B21 Phil Robb defence at Mount Hagen that offence occurred in Papua
- B22 Nep Blood's defence of PORGE
- B23 MULI and N'DREYE, Manus, cargo cult, (Bill Bloxham D.O.)
- B24 3 June 1957 my legal opinion re defence by senior Kiaps
- B25 Jameson (No. 2) cautionary tale re qualified Counsel - See Snapshot No. 11
- B26 Ronald Schmidt; Judge Kelly criticises lawyer Foy's treatment of Kiap Magistrate
- B27 Stanis ToBOROMILAT 24-11-53 Phillips C.J. chides Dudley Jones & Craig Kirke.

No. 26 - An Aspect of Defending which Tends to be Forgotten Nowadays

It is important that we understand that 'defending' someone on a criminal charge means 'doing, for him, what he cannot do himself because he does not have your specialist knowledge'. There are three basic facts which are important here. The first is that it does not mean 'getting someone off' unless, of course, that is what the Accused would do if he was qualified. But, although we have already seen in Snapshots Nos. 4 and 21 examples of this, the chances of it happening are pretty remote, unless the prosecution has fallen down badly. There are, however, many other ways a person can be 'defended' and we will return to them after noting the two other facts. These are that, until they obtain a great deal of experience, most lawyers, despite their degree, do not have the specialist knowledge to do for their client what he needs to do for himself. And there are many people (Kiaps as well as criminals) who do have that ability, and have it in abundance. We used often talk about Horatio Bottomley in England, and Guba Guba in Port Moresby, who were famous for besting the lawyers every time they went to court. Nowadays, if TV programmes can be believed, many lawyers tell their client to 'clam up'. As I write, Mark Waugh's case shows that this can, in certain cases, be the worst defence possible, second only to that other TV favourite of 'pleading insanity'. Imagine! The maximum is a fine but, not having checked to find out what the 'general tariff' is, - that is, 'what sentences are currently being handed out', as distinct from what the law books say the penalty is - his lawyer condemns him to imprisonment for life. Some defence! In the period we are talking of every Kiap knew the 'general tariff' because he sat in court every time the Court came. And he knew that, in every murder case and in many other types of cases, the Judge would write a lengthy 'report' based on the belief, which I mentioned in Snapshot No. 8, that he was being constantly watched to see

'whether our system produced an inferior result - as, of course, would be obvious if we allow ourselves to convict 'Z' when they know, since they go into these matters with a background of knowledge we can never have, that 'A' is the person we are seeking.'

He also knew that, for New Guinea cases, Crown Law also considered this point of view and, if there was any doubt, they did not go ahead - Snapshot No.4 is a case in point. In some cases, however, there is a slip-up. Such a case was The Queen against ATEMBA which we will look at in Snapshot No. 27.

No. 27 - 'Better Late Than Never'. Defending the Rights of a Convicted Man.

The Queen against ATEMBA was one of two cases which caused confusion because, in the Committal Hearing, they were prosecuted by the European Police, giving the impression to the Magistrate, and to everybody else, that they were 'town' cases. In fact, they had been brought in from a remote area but the European Police were 'helping out' because the Kiap who did the patrol had become ill and was then posted.

On 27 April 1957 I returned to Madang after spending nearly a week with Jack Page and Jack O'Shea slithering down the escarpment from Dr Braun's hospital at Amele and slogging through the jungle to the remnants of the old German road to the Sepik - and living down the rollicking hilarity of the PNG Police who had rescued me when I sneaked off to have a pee in private. There was no pathway and we were moving along the river bank so a path had to be cut through the thick growth. Suddenly, to one side, there was this gloriously clear patch of white sand so, never having been in the bush before - and busting to relieve myself - I ducked towards it not knowing that I was stepping onto the quickest quicksands in TPNG!

The District Commissioner, Les Williams, told me that some long-term prisoners

had told one of his Kiaps, John Thyer, that they thought that ATEMBA, a 'not very bright prisoner, mentally', was wrongly in gaol. In most countries long-term prisoners would have got a thick ear for talking like that but, in the TPNG of those days, Kiaps believed that there is nothing worse than having the local community laughing behind your back because you have the wrong person in gaol. They also had real feelings about the Trusteeship Agreement, the Rule of Law and the Liberty of the Subject. In this case, the D.C. said that John Thyer had made a special inspection, as Visiting Justice under the Prisons Ordinance, devoted exclusively to ATEMBA, and he agreed that the long-termers might be correct and he gave me the file.

I had, by that stage, prosecuted hundreds of cases before the Supreme Court and defended dozens so, although I remembered ATEMBA's name, it meant nothing to me. When I read the file the case immediately came to mind and my evidence at the trials of OMIS, the real killer, and KIKISAUMA, the interpreter who was his accomplice, was as follows: I remembered the case very clearly because not only was it the only one I had ever been involved in where the same interpreter was used in the Supreme Court and in the Lower Court, but also because it was about the only time, during my first six months on circuit, where I had had a day off! And I spent it, with Monte, searching for an interpreter! The reason for the 'holiday' - which was a Sunday - was that our Sittings in Manus were lengthy and we had to shuttle back and forth on the Islands-hopping 'Milk Run' plane to keep up with our schedule. Monte was always most meticulous about making sure that the interpreter in the Supreme Court was a 'clean skin' and the Kiaps, knowing this, went to great lengths to find an independent interpreter but, since most Papua New Guineans were naturally gifted in languages, this generally presented no great problem. As soon as we arrived at Madang, the first time, however, they informed me that they had exhausted all avenues of inquiry - even sending out a general plea to all plantations - but had failed. Then, on Sunday morning, a report came in from the Catholic Mission at Alexishafen saying that they had a man nobody could talk to out at their new caribou pen at Sek, and he might be from the area. So Monte got the D.C.'s car and off we went, taking ATEMBA with us. But our trip was unsuccessful because ATEMBA and the man could not understand each other.

Because of the V.J. Report (and mine) the Administrator released ATEMBA and a patrol was mounted to take him back home. It was an excellent example of defending an innocent man, even though it was a little late. In other countries I feel that nobody would have bothered, but Les Williams, John Thyer and everyone else at the Madang District Office did what was right, and they should be justly proud of it.

HELP WANTED: June KROLL, widow of former Rabaul police officer, Max Kroll, would like to reestablish contact with a former friend from Rabaul, **Josephine MYERS**, widow of **Noel MYERS** of the Rabaul vulcanological observatory. Jo Myers is believed to be living in Brisbane and has a daughter Denise who married a Rabaul Chinese who is connected with supermarkets in Brisbane.

If you can help, please contact: Max Hayes, 5 Peppermint Grove, Box Hill South 3128, ph 03 9898 7459, who will pass the information to June Kroll in South Africa.

HELP WANTED: **Leo BUTLER** (who attended his first Christmas Luncheon in Dec. 2000 and enjoyed it immensely), would like to contact any member who worked for **Vacuum Oil, Mobil, DCA, and Airline Employees over the period 1946-1970**. Leo is at Unit 2, 18 Porter Street, Moama NSW 2731, Ph 03 5480 9397, Fax 03 5480 2355

THE JIGA TRIBE LOSES ITS LEADER

John Soden, who was with the PNG Electricity Commission for six years from January 1967, found a wonderful group of Dept of Information and Extension Services photographs in his PNG memorabilia box. Accompanying the photos is a two-page article; each photo has a caption and a number, but no year. (We think it is the late 60s. Does anyone know?) Following are some extracts from the article:

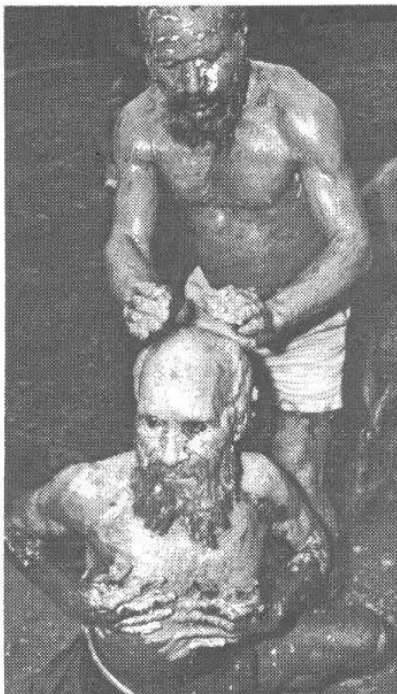
'Wok has died and his death affected the whole of the Eastern section of the Wahgi Valley in the Western Highlands of New Guinea. Forty thousand members of his tribe and associated tribes stopped work and immediately went into mourning ... Wok, a revered 53 years of age, had 10 wives and 20 children in his immediate family, but tribal alliances include all uncles, cousins, brothers, sisters as well as their immediate relatives as a close part of the family and each calls each other brother, sister, father or mother without difference - thus Wok could have up to 42 tribal fathers and mothers living.

Wok led the Jiga tribe out of the stone age into modern times all within the last 34 years, when the first white man entered the Wahgi Valley... Wok, had he not come under the influence of Europeans, would today have been the Jiga tribal fight leader. At his grave side on Sunday March 3rd at his village of Kokglamp about three miles from the growing township of Mount Hagen, leaders of the European community, leaders of other tribes and Wahgi Valley business men spoke in praise of Wok who they said had done so much to lead his people out of a primitive life into one which showed promise of much development and wealth.

Thousands of villagers walked many miles to wail Wok's death. The scene was reminiscent of the ancient Israelites - these natives who never had heard of the Bible until 34 years ago, smear themselves with mud, wail and cry visible tears and tear out their hair in grief for their dead.

Wok lived in a small grass thatched hut with bark sides built by himself. Other small huts nearby housed his wives and family. He died at the Hagen hospital and his body was taken by his relatives to his village. News of his death spread by bush telegraph and the beating of drums...

On Saturday friends and relatives pulled down Wok's house and dug his grave under the place where he had slept. On Sunday, with 10,000 tribes people present, the official funeral took place and Wok's body, which in years gone by would have been put on a raised platform and the skull later taken from the putrefied body, was lowered into a deep grave in a proper coffin and flowers laid on the filled-in grave...



Koglamp villager being smeared with mud prior to the mourning ceremonies

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WAR'S AFTERMATH AT LAE

by Eileen Hanley

It was Christmas Day and I was standing in the forecourt of the Lae, New Guinea Services Burial Ground - or as the indigenous people would say 'Matmat bilong soldia' (the cemetery of the soldiers). I was alone in this hushed necropolis, the year was 1946, and as I surveyed the row after row of graves a great sadness overwhelmed me. These boys would not be celebrating Christmas. And I cried.

Who were these young men prior to the war? Perhaps some had been farmers, or clerks, or salesmen, or shearers. Maybe some had interrupted a higher level of learning, but whoever or whatever they may have been their lives had been cruelly cut short. Dreams, aspirations and hopes would be unrealised. I remember thinking 'They should have been taken home so that their graves could be visited and tended by their loved ones'. But they hadn't, so I looked at the surroundings of what was now their 'home'.

Beautiful tropical flowers and shrubs had been planted on three sides - there were frangipani trees, colourful hibiscus, mauve bougainvillea, variegated shrubs and rain trees. The lawns had a manicured finish. No need to ask visitors to 'tread softly here', the aura of sadness and dignity made one do that instinctively.

The town of Lae is in the Huon Gulf on the north coast of New Guinea and is about five degrees below the equator. It is the administrative headquarters of the Morobe District. It came to prominence when gold was discovered in the Bulolo Valley in the 1920s. As there were no roads from Lae into the valley in those days, the component parts of the huge gold-dredges were flown in by the enormous Junkers aircraft (named after its German designer Hugo Junkers, circa 1919) and assembled at the gold fields. So initially Lae was just an airfield, a supply base for the rich gold fields in the Wau, Edie Creek and Bulolo areas and for the newly discovered Highlands. Later Lae was an important base for the overseas freight of the all-important Arabica coffee.

During the war Lae had seen some bitter fighting and had scars to prove it. It had been in enemy hands since January 1942. The town had been blasted to the ground in September 1943 during the combined effort of Australian and American military and air force troops when retaking it. Nadzab airstrip, 25 miles south of Lae, was raided on 5 September. 302 planes from eight allied airfields converged on Nadzab in perfect timing. The main force, 87 C47s, dropped 1,700 allied paratroopers and supplies, and within an hour of landing they were an instant fighting force.

Flying above the C47s in three separate B17s were General Douglas MacArthur, Allied Commander of the S.W. Pacific, General George Kenny USAF and Brigadier Ennis Whitehead (Kenny's deputy), their presence indicating the crucial importance of that raid as part of the drive on Lae.

Australians won their first Victoria Cross of the Lae/Huon Peninsular Campaign while advancing from Nadzab to Lae when Private Richard Kelleher of the 2/25 Battalion stormed a Japanese machine-gun post at Whittaker's Plantation after the enemy had killed five of his mates and wounded three more.

Other firsts in military history came to mind: Australia's first landing of amphibious troops (since Gallipoli) when the 9th Division landed at Red and Yellow Beaches 15 miles east of Lae on 4 September and Australia's first airborne troops of the 7th Division landed at Nadzab on 5 September 1943.

The Japanese considered that Lae was a prize to be held as it was to be the sea and air base for their attack on Port Moresby and eventually Australia. The taking of Lae was planned so that the two Australian divisions converged on the town simultaneously, after Australian and American bombers had given the area a pounding. The 7th Division approached from Nadzab - their progress was measured by each plantation as it was taken. It took seven days to get from Nadzab to Lae, the fighting was bitter and fierce along the way. The 9th Division approached from the opposite direction coming from Red Beach. They also encountered difficulties - they had to cross five rivers with enemy opposition on the far banks. Strong currents hindered the advance especially at Busu River. Before crossing the Butibum river on the outskirts of the town the Japanese airfield at Malahang had to be taken. And it was.

On 16 September 1943, after three days of fierce fighting, the two Australian divisions together with American troops entered Lae and drove the enemy out. Both Australian divisions went on to fight other campaigns and both left behind some of their mates who were now here in this cemetery. In the Lae/Huon Peninsular Campaign the Ninth lost 77 men with 397 wounded and 73 missing. The Seventh lost 38 men with casualties of 270.

My thoughts turned to some relics of war in this town, a constant reminder of the bitter fighting. These included two Japanese ships. One was at Malahang where the enemy had built an airstrip, quarters and a cemetery. The wreck was the *Maiyoko Maru*, about 4,000 tons. It had been beached off Malahang Point and already a couple of crocodiles had taken up residence. The other was the *Tenyo Maru*. She had been a mine-layer of 6,000 tons built in 1935 as a passenger/cargo liner and had been crippled in the Battle of the Bismarck Sea in March 1943. The captain beached her at Lae to save her from sinking; she now lies on a shelf in the water and can only be seen at low tide.

Shell cases were another grim reminder of the war but good use was made of them. After being cleaned and polished they were used as umbrella stands - there was one in just about every donga (house) in town.

The AWAS (Australian Women's Army Service) compound at Butibum was also a relic put to good use. It had become the *Hotel Cecil* but unfortunately with the sale of the buildings went cases of bully beef - this was being served to hotel guests, most of whom wanted to forget about the army's staple diet. Good use was also made of the extensive ex-army installations at Lae. When Civil Administration was restored in 1945/46 the Government moved in and used those facilities.

Perhaps the grimmest reminder of all was the Japanese hospital. In the town area of Lae the coastal flat is divided from the terrace above by Mt Lunaman and it was in this hill that the Japs tunnelled to make their hospital. When the Lae campaign was over, those inside the hospital were asked to surrender. The telegraphed messages to and from the hospital to Japanese Headquarters were picked up by Allied Intelligence. The hospital staff were asking for an order on whether or not they should surrender. The reply was 'negative'. The ends of the tunnels were then bulldozed in. The successful bidder for the

salvage rights of the hospital was governed by a Condition of Sale which imposed a time limit for salvaging. An attempt to go in before the time expired was aborted because of the stench from inside. The opening was quickly resealed and the time limit, for health reasons, was extended.

Had I been able to see into the future on that very sad day at the Cemetery I would have seen a very beautiful War Graves Cemetery that would be a great comfort to the loved ones of those boys buried here. The War Graves Commission took over responsibility in early 1947 and began beautifying the place. The New Guinea Services Burial Ground became the Lae War Cemetery where bronze plaques marked the grave sites of the 2,809 buried there (this number includes 426 Indian soldiers taken prisoner in Malaya and brought to New Guinea as slaves by the Japanese). The Lae Memorial also commemorates 348 officers and men of the Australian Army, the Australian Merchant Navy and the Royal Australian Air Force who lost their lives in PNG and have no known graves.

As I was walking away I thought of the Anzacs and WWI nurses who, through their courage, suffering and bravery, their mateship and loyalty, helped form our national identity and set the standards for the future.

Thinking about Anzacs brought to mind Colonel John McCrae who was a Professor of Medicine at McGill University, Canada, before WWI and who at the second battle of Ypres in 1915 wrote 'In Flanders Fields'. He is accredited as saying on the eve of his death, in May 1918, at a military hospital in France,

'Tell them this. If ye break faith
with us who die we shall not sleep'

I turned back to the graves in the Lae cemetery and said, 'Sleep in peace, we shall not break faith'. And we haven't.

SIR LES JOHNSON, KBE

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME

The following excerpt was part of an obituary received too late for inclusion in the last issue.

... Other obituaries have documented Les Johnson's achievements as Director of Education, Assistant Administrator (Services), and Administrator. ... His achievements are, perhaps, best expressed in his two manuscripts, *Colonial Sunset*, published by ANU Press, and the unpublished *Westminster in Moresby*. It is, however, apposite for us to reflect on those qualities which made him such a popular and effective leader and friend to all who served with him in Papua New Guinea at that time. There are, perhaps, three qualities which warrant our reflection.

Firstly and personally, he was a humble man and was able to communicate on equal terms with all manner of people, rich and poor, weak and powerful. He never lost sight of his early upbringing, which enabled him to identify with less privileged people. He was, at the same time, through education and experience able to communicate on equal terms with the sophisticated and powerful of the world. One personal characteristic which stood him in great stead was that he was a good listener, and in negotiations was never out to 'win' an argument but rather to reach 'accord'.

Secondly, his academic training was in History. These studies gave him a perspective which enabled him to see the present as a consequence of the past. Historical methodology enabled him to understand present issues in terms of past events, an understanding which was to prove invaluable in the volatile changes which preceded Papua New Guinean independence.

Thirdly, in contradistinction to his academic training in History, his professional

training was in Education. Education is a discipline which firmly faces the future and is forever seeking and experimenting with better ways of dealing with the issues of the present. It is a discipline of inherent change. As an educator, Les Johnson was not only committed to change but cognisant of the consequences of change.

With such qualities, as Australia's last Administrator, and the person ultimately responsible for the process and product of Australia's contribution to Papua New Guinea's independence, Les Johnson was the right man in the right place at the right time.

Written by Frank Johnson (no relation to Les Johnson), who was an Education Officer in PNG from 1956 to 1966, Foundation Professor of English at the University of PNG from 1966 to 1972, and is currently Professor of English at Kanda University in Japan. He worked with Les in both the Education Department and the University. He and his wife Lois (nee Niall) were close personal friends of Les and Dulcie.

HELP WANTED: The Retired Officers Association is seeking information on the whereabouts of **Brian PROCTOR**, who was a kiap stationed at Kaiapit during the 1950s, and his close friend **Raymond SULLIVAN**, who was a medical assistant. After they left the administration they acquired land in the Kudjip area of the Western Highlands Province and grew coffee. They sold out in the late 1950s. (Their plantation is now called Wagamil Coffee Plantation and is owned by Waghi Mek Plantations Ltd.) Ray Sullivan later worked for Danny Leahy digging for gold. We also seek information on the whereabouts of **Laurie NOLAN** who grew coffee at *Jimkina* Plantation. If you can help, please write to The Secretary, ROAPNG Inc, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069 for attention of the editor, or ring her on 02 9958 3408.

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

Mr Michael R. GREY (19 February 2001, aged 57 years)

Mike joined the Department of Native Affairs in 1960 and served his cadetship at Kundiawa before going to Melbourne University where he graduated with an Economics degree. On return to PNG he transferred to the Co-operatives Registry and was last stationed at Maprik before moving to a headquarters post. While attending a short course at the East-West Centre, Honolulu, he met his future wife and they married in Moresby in 1971. Before leaving PNG in 1979 he had become Assistant Director, Development Projects, in the Finance Department.

Mike became an Islands specialist in finance and development economics spending several years in Tonga and Indonesia before moving to Sydney to work for EFIC. The attraction of island life proved too strong for Mike and Lee, so they were soon off to Vanuatu where Mike advised the Departments of Agriculture and Finance before returning to Sydney to work for ACPAC (now called AusAID) in 1993. Subsequently Mike made many visits to all parts of PNG as well as Samoa and Kiribati assessing prospective projects requiring financial support. Far too young, Mike was stricken with a brain tumour but while still mobile in December he welcomed *wantoks* visiting from Perth and Darwin: Pat Dwyer whom he had known for 40 years since both were kiaps in the Chimbu, and Jim Toner, 34 years. He had been Best Man at the Moresby weddings of both. Michael leaves behind Lee and two talented sons, David and Nicholas. (From Jim Toner)

Mrs Val CRELLIN (16-11-2000)

Val was the wife of kiap Bill Crellin, best remembered for his work among the Tari people of the Southern Highlands. Later the couple moved to Milne Bay and then to Moresby, finally leaving for Sydney in 1968. Prior to her marriage Val was a senior journalist; she worked in Canberra for some time and in London was a correspondent for the Packer organisation. Bill predeceased her. Val is survived by her son Anthony.

Mr Alexander (Alec) Henry EDWARDS (30 December 2000, on his 77th birthday)

Alec Edwards spent 20 years in PNG. Initially he was an accountant in banking and then he joined the administration where he served in Treasury and then in the Public Service Commission. He retired in 1975 with the coming of Independence. During their retirement at Surfers Paradise Alec and his wife Pat took leading roles in many organisations. Pat predeceased him. Relatives from Perth and Adelaide attended the funeral service along with the many friends he made during his retirement in Queensland. (From Vin Smith)

Mrs Valmai BOOTH (13 January 2001)

Valmai and her husband Harvey went to PNG in 1951; they lived in Mt Hagen for some years, then in Wewak, before settling in Port Moresby. Val had two daughters Diane and Cheryl, born in the Territory. She worked for some time in the Department of Forests and Department of Agriculture, Stock and Fisheries. They returned to Queensland in 1974 and eventually retired to Bundaberg where Valmai passed away after a long fight with diabetes and kidney failure. She is sadly missed by her husband and daughters. (From Harvey Booth)

Mr Maxwell Francis CORLIS (25 October 2000, aged 73 years)

In 1943 Max became a cadet in the Queensland Police Force; he became a Constable in 1947 and served in Cairns, a tough posting where he dealt with itinerant workers in the surrounding cane fields. In late 1949 he joined the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary and was posted to Port Moresby Police Station where he found that many colleagues from Cairns Police Station had preceded him. They included Arthur Rackemann, Jack Woodmansey, Mick Gallen, Vern McNeil and Jim Dutton. While in Moresby he married Dallas Baldwin, and their son John was born.

Max also served at Police Headquarters, Konedobu, as well as Bulolo Police Station. He was OIC of the Police detachment sent to Popondetta after the eruption of Mt Lamington in 1951. After relieving postings as OIC Bomana and Lae gaols, Max transferred from Police to the newly created Department of Corrective Institutions and moved to Rabaul where he ran the gaol before establishing a new Corrective Institution at Keravat. Promoted to Superintendent in 1961, he returned to Bomana Corrective Institution as OIC, then served with Treasury and finally with Transport, Works & Supply before 'going finish' in 1976. Max attained representative status in Rugby League and basketball, but Rugby League was his lifelong interest. He joined the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles when it was formed in early 1951.

On returning to Australia Max was Security Manager for Big W at Gladstone and later at Kawana Waters. After he and Dallas divorced, Max married Betty Tidswell and moved to Peregrine Beach. Upon Betty's death Max moved to a retirement village in 1999 and joined in their community with gusto. He is survived by his son John, his daughter-in-law Gaynor and grandchildren Erin and Jemma, his brother Ross and brother-in-law Derry Baldwin.

(From John Corlis)

Mrs Phyllis Elizabeth COX (26 November 2000, aged 84 years)

Phyl was the wife of Harry Cox (deceased), long-time medical assistant who was later in the Teaching Commission, then in the Department of the Chief Minister and Development. Phyl was in the Air Force during WWII. She attended two CWA World Conferences and in 1973 was awarded Life Membership of World CWA. She left PNG in October 1973. Phyl is survived by her son Henly, daughter-in-law Christine, and grandchildren Kamron and Raymond.

Mrs Ailsa Mary KIENZLE, (22 January 2001)

Ailsa was the wife of Wallace Kienzle, a prospector before WWII. With his brother Bert, Wallace developed their rubber and cattle property and goldfield at Kokoda.

Mr Leslie William Gordon (Les) BELL, OBE (11 December 2000, aged 96 years)

Les passed away suddenly about a month short of his 97th birthday. Bertha, his wife, passed away some years previously yet he was never lonely. He retained his active interest in everything, particularly things technical, until just prior to his passing.

Les went to New Guinea in the 20s, followed in due course by his three brothers and his parents. Principally with plantations on New Ireland, and an engineering works in Kavieng, he moved widely around New Guinea in the pre-war days. He was involved in coastal sea transport using a variety of auxiliary sail powered vessels, and in trade stores, supported by Bertha.

WWII saw him in New Guinea with the RAAF establishing radar including behind Japanese lines - he received an OBE for this work. Two of his brothers and his father were killed in New Guinea during the war. He contracted scrub typhus, yet after recovery was re-posted to New Guinea and served north and westwards to Borneo. After the war the couple returned to New Guinea but moved to Queensland in 1951 where they bought land near Les's only surviving brother, at a then little known place called Jubilee Pocket, now known simply as Jubilee, a suburb of Airlie Beach. Here he set up a small sawmill mainly for tomato case timber, grew small crops, ran cattle, and continued his passionate relationship with amateur radio, call-sign VK4LZ.

Les is survived by his nephew John.

(From John Bell)

Mr Harry Stuart HULBERT (11 December 2000, aged 71 years)

After service with the Lancashire Fusiliers, Harry Hulbert joined the Colonial Police Service serving for 8 years in the Uganda Police. In January 1964 he joined the RPNGC and served a short while before going to the Special Branch of the Constabulary where he remained at various postings until resigning in 1971. He then joined the PNG Security Intelligence Organisation until 1976. He then migrated to Nth Qld, where he became variously a farmer, an antique dealer and lastly an estate agent. He is survived by a son in the UK (first marriage); at Rabaul he was married to Lucille Kuster (daughter of artist Annie Kuster) for some years, and is survived by his partner of many years, Maralyn.

(From M. R. Hayes)

Father Paul McVINNEY, S.V.D. (30 June 2000)

Father McVinney, who served more than 30 years in PNG, passed away in Techny, Illinois. In retirement he was writing up aspects of the work of the Divine Word Mission in PNG when in March 2000 he had a severe stroke which left him with complete paralysis on the right side of his body. December 3 would have been the 50th anniversary of his ordination.

Father Mac was an enthusiastic educator who, for a number of years, was the head of Catholic Education in PNG. In the 1960s, as PNG developed the policy of Universal Primary Education, Father McVinney laboured to ensure that Catholic schools and teacher training colleges kept abreast of new developments. Those who knew him valued him not only as an astute and indefatigable educator but as a warm and genial raconteur and friend.

He had a 'larger than life' personality and will be sadly missed by those who served with him in those formative years of education in PNG. (From Frank Johnson and Bob Calvert)

Dr Geza SARCOZY (29 September 2000, aged 71 years)

Dr Sarcozy passed away in the RPA Hospital in Sydney. He was Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the University of PNG for many years. (From John Schofield)

Mr Max WRIGHT (13 July 2000, aged 70 years)

Max joined Public Works Department in 1949 and soon became a well known and well liked figure on the road from Edie Creek through Wau, Bulolo, Mumeng, Labu and on to Lae. In 1954 he moved to Rabaul and spent some time logging for J L Chipper. In 1957 he moved to the north coast of New Britain logging at Biella. Later he also became the popular host of the hotel at Hoskins and the tavern at Kimbe. The family returned to Bundaberg in 1983 and Max took up a farm at Kilcoy. He retired in 1997 to Deception Bay. He is survived by his wife Shirley, three children and two grandchildren. (From Garamut)

Mrs Merle NISBET (10 September 2000)

Mr Norman Edward NISBET (1 January 2001, aged 84 years)

Merle and Norm were married in Perth in 1945. Following the birth of their only child Leigh in 1946, they moved to Kalgoorlie before Norm took up a position with the Administration in Rabaul in 1948. Merle became a dental nurse with the Department of Health whilst in Rabaul. In 1956 the family moved to Moresby where Norm was employed by the Customs Department. They retired from PNG in 1970 and settled at Banora Point (South Tweed Heads) where they were active in the local community. Merle and Norm are survived by their son Leigh and a granddaughter.

(From *Garamut*)

Mr Adrian MATHEWS (2000)

Adrian Mathews was in the Health Department in the 40s and 50s, always serving on the Papuan side, and was Senior Medical Assistant at the new Port Moresby General Hospital. His wife predeceased him.

(From Bert Speer)

Mr David Edward BARMES (13 January 2001, aged 69 years)

David Barnes grew up Maryborough Qld. He attended Nudgee College, then obtained a degree in dentistry at the University of Queensland. He married Rosemary in 1955 and the couple moved to PNG where he became Chief of Dental Services, a post he held from 1955-1967. During these years their five children were born. In 1962 David was awarded a higher doctorate by the University of Queensland for his work trying to find the causes of dental caries.

David believed that the world could be a better place and his life-work was to do whatever he could to secure this. In 1967 he was invited to join the Oral Health Unit at the World Health Organisation in Geneva. Here he was able to give full expression to his vision for his work. He started as an epidemiologist in 1967, became Sub-Unit Head in 1971 and Chief in 1974. In 1994 he was appointed Director of Noncommunicable Diseases, and finally from 1996 until his death he worked as Special Expert for International Health in Washington at the National Institute of Dental and Craniofacial Research. David's many honours include honorary doctorates from the University of Lund in Sweden and the University of Alberta in Edmonton, Canada; Membership of l'Academie Francaise des Sciences and an honorary fellowship of the Academy of Dentistry International, Singapore.

He is survived by his wife Rosemary, children Cathy, Janie, Mark, David and Lizzie and seven grandchildren.

Mr Ernest Emil (Ernie) KRIEWALDT (10 January 2001, aged 75 years)

Ernie went to Port Moresby after serving in the RAAF in WWII and worked in the Customs Department. He saw how much profit the Government was making on goods coming into the country, so decided to open his own store 'Kriewaldts'. He got the Peugeot franchise because a man coveted his M.G., so a trade was made and his business was started. It was a tremendous success because he was sensible enough not to charge high prices for his goods, cars or spare parts. He left PNG in 1962 to open Renault/Peugeot Aust. in Adelaide. Things didn't work out so he went back to the Territory and renewed his business interests. He had general stores, the Mobil and Peugeot franchises, engineering workshops, a service station in Boroko, real estate and a restaurant - 'La Palette'. After his youngest son, Moresby, died after a tonsil operation, Ernie went to live in England but returned to Brisbane in 1994. His first wife predeceased him. He is survived by his second wife Patricia, four children, eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

(From Brett Kriewaldt)

Mr Ulrich Max KROLL (April 1998, aged 69 years)

After serving in the Kenya Police from 1953-62 (including the period of the Mau Mau), Max joined the RPNGC in March 1963 and served in Rabaul until April 1965. He then decided to return to the Republic of South Africa and take up farming. He died at Natal, R.S.A., leaving his wife June and daughter Diana.

(From M. R. Hayes)

Mrs Muriel Rose GOUGH (19 December 2000, aged 104 years)

Muriel spent most of her childhood in Maryborough Qld. She excelled in music and in 1915 achieved her A.T.C.L. in violin from Trinity College, London. She played violin for silent movies and carried her love of music throughout her life, teaching violin, piano and theory.

In 1926 Muriel married Thomas Gough and accompanied him to Port Moresby in 1929. They were allocated a roomy bungalow in Musgrave Street which in a very short time became known as the Port Moresby Police Station. The 'Police Station' was a room in the side of their house which had two signs in front - one reading 'Private' at the front door and one reading 'Police' above a side gate. Their only child, Rita, was born in 1930. Muriel became a member of The Glee Club, a group of gifted men and women who provided the town with a night of entertainment every two or three months. Muriel taught singing to the local schoolchildren in her own home twice a week, and some came after school for piano lessons. According to Rita, their home was like Central Station, people coming and going to see either her father or her mother. Muriel provided a 'home away from home' for many.

During WWII Muriel and Rita spent five years in Australia as Tom was transferred to Commonwealth Police for the duration. Muriel and her daughter returned to Port Moresby postwar to rejoin Tom, who had returned late 1945. They arrived on New Years Day 1946 to a very war-torn army town where new challenges faced her. Muriel's new home was in Winter Street which ran up past the old lower Court House towards Paga Hill. In the early postwar years Muriel helped the Sisters of the Sacred Heart to start a maternity hospital at Koki Mission by collecting money each week after church. With the proceeds she provided all the bed linen and quilts for the 17 or so beds.

Tom was forced to retire early with health problems and Muriel and family very reluctantly 'went finish' in November 1950. Tom had Parkinsons disease and Muriel looked after him at home for nearly 20 years. He died in 1975 and Muriel went to live with her daughter until her stroke at the age of 96. She then was a resident of St Mary's Hostel for over 8½ years. She is survived by her daughter and two grandchildren.

(From Rita O'Neil [Gough])

Mr Francis Robert YOUNG (13 May 1999, aged 84 years)

Francis Young arrived Moresby in August 1940 to work as a shipping clerk at Samarai for Burns Philp Ltd. but soon transferred to the Papua Customs Department. By mid-1941, with war looming and with significant problems caused by drunken wharf labourers, ships' crew and the like, it was apparent to the sole Moresby police officer, Tom Gough, that he would need assistance. Francis Young was recommended for appointment as 'he was good with his hands', and was appointed by the Government Secretary, H.W. Champion, to be a Temporary European Constable of the Royal Papuan Constabulary on 1-8-1941, where he remained until 17-2-1942 when he joined the Papuan Administrative Unit after civil administration ceased. Postwar, he was reappointed to the RPC in March 1946 and served in Moresby and Madang until October 1948 when he joined the Dept. of Civil Aviation, being transferred with DCA to Australia in 1953. He is survived by his wife Una, two children and grandchildren.

(From Max Hayes)

Mr Herbert (Bert) Walter BRODBY (20 January 2001, aged 74 years)

Bert was born in England. His family migrated to Australia in 1927 and settled in Queensland. In 1943, at age 17 and being too young to enlist in the AIF, Bert joined the Merchant Navy and sailed the world. Post WWII, he returned to Cairns and joined DCA in 1952 and had postings, among others, to Rabaul and Port Moresby. He was involved with establishing the Aviat Club in Port Moresby and was a founding member of the Port Moresby Yacht Club. He was also actively involved in the Masonic Lodge. He married Betty Bardon in 1959 and they lived in Port Moresby until Bert was transferred to Brisbane in 1971. He left DCA some years after returning to Brisbane and joined the Department of Veterans' Affairs where he remained until retirement.

His retirement interests included Probus, golf, Neighbourhood Watch, gardening and furthering his interest in Masonry. Bert is survived by his wife Betty, son Stephen and daughter-in-law Donna.

(Taken from a eulogy given by Stephen Brodby)

Mrs Margaret (Meg) ENGLAND (28 October 2000, aged 82 years)

Meg grew up in the Sydney area and in 1945 married Peter England. The couple went to Wewak at the end of WWII and about six years later moved to Angoram on the Sepik River. There they opened the famous 'Englands Hotel'. Every guest at Englands was made to feel welcome. If food supplies were short Meg would send boys out to shoot wild ducks, or sometimes a wild pig. Peter baked bread for the hotel every morning. When Meg was due to give birth to Sue she flew into Wewak by Cessna, had the baby and was back a few days later to continue running the hotel. She managed to play golf on an improvised course in Angoram and often would go rifle shooting with Peter. She also supervised her daughter Shan's correspondence lessons for four years.

Meg and Peter retired to Sydney in 1966. Unfortunately Peter died a year later from an old war injury. Meg then built a new life for herself. She sold the family home, bought a unit in Lane Cove and went on an overseas trip. A person who was always a loyal and supportive friend was her cousin Heather Seale. Together they were 'regulars' at the weekly ROAPNG luncheons at Spit Junction, and were always on hand to help with the *Una Voce* mail-out. Meg participated in her local church and in legacy functions. She loved people and was always there to listen or lend a hand. Her family was always first and foremost in her life. She died suddenly in Sydney and is survived by her daughters Shan and Susan and their families. (From Shan and Susan)

Mr John Gerrard ASHCROFT-SMITH (8 January 2001, aged 77 years)

'Smithy' as he was always known during his 18 years in Port Moresby, was born in Adelaide. He grew up in Melbourne and always regarded that city as his home. After serving in the AIF and the RAAF, he worked for a short time in Melbourne before going to Port Moresby. There he worked in the Department of Customs and the Office of the Statistician. He met his future wife Kay in Port Moresby and they married in 1951.

In Melbourne Smithy began what was to become a lifelong commitment to ex-service associations and clubs as a founding member of the very successful Caulfield Central Ex-Services Club. He was Secretary of the local RSL for a number of years and will also be remembered for his contribution to the Konedobu Club, The Public Service Club and the PNG Automobile Association. He returned to Australia in 1966 with his wife and two children and made his home in Willoughby. He joined Tucker & Co. as customs and shipping manager where he remained until his retirement in 1988. In Sydney he resumed his interests in helping his ex-service comrades. He joined the Anzac Memorial Club and the RAAF Association & Club, and was elected president of the Air Force Club in 1979 and held this position until his death. He is survived by his wife, Kay, children Veronica and Michael, and six grandchildren. (From Kay Ashcroft-Smith)

Mr Tim BANNISTER (16 December 2000, aged 57 years)

Tim is survived by his wife Ellen and sons Sean and David. (Further details in next issue)

Mr Thomas McClelland WESTON (9 January 2001, aged 81 years)

Tom was with Posts and Telegraphs, the National Planning Office and the Dept. of Finance. He spent just over 30 years in PNG. He is survived by his wife Inez, sons Don and Neil, and two grandchildren. (Further details in next issue.)

Mr Virgil Baden (Bert) COUNSEL (19 February 2001, aged 70 years)

Bert Counsel went to PNG at around 18 years of age and spent the rest of his life there. He began as a cadet patrol officer in 1948, then went into business. In the mid-50s he settled at Ihu in the western part of the Gulf Province where his business interests included a trade store, sawmill, shipping and other ventures. In 1968 he won the Gulf and Western seat in the House of Assembly. He spoke out for his constituents and the Papua region generally and felt that the region was overlooked in the rush for development as Independence approached. He and his wife Ganiga had nine children - Ganiga died in 1989. He was one of the first to be granted citizenship after Independence. His funeral took place at Boroko, Port Moresby. (*Post-Courier* 20-2-2001)

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS:

MRS. KASHCROFT-SMITH	39 FOURTH AVE	WILLOUGHBY	NSW 2068
MR. G.H. BAMFORD	P O BOX 1149,	PORT MORESBY 121 NCD	P N G
MRS. E. BANNISTER	64A CLARK RD.	NORTH SYDNEY	NSW 2060
MRS. M. BARTON	83 JOALAH CRESCENT	FERNY HILLS	QLD 4055
MR. K. BINNIE	41 HARROW ST.	SYLVANIA	NSW 2224
MRS. B. BRODBY	22 MAYLED ST.	CHEMSIDE WEST	QLD 4032
DR. E.C. BROUWER	135 SHACKLETON CCT.	MAWSON	ACT 2607
MR. W. J. BUCH	17 BURN ST.	CAMP HILL	QLD 4152
MRS. M. CARRICK	5 SHAW ST.	KINGSFORD	NSW 2032
MR. C. CAZABON	6 JOHNSON PLACE	FARRER	ACT 2607
MR. R.M. COLE	15 MARINA PALMS, INNER HARBOUR DRIVE,	PATTERSON LAKES VIC	3179
MR. H. COX	71 LAKEVIEW RD.	WANGI WANGI	NSW 2261
BISHOP JOHN DOGGETT	FRANCISCAN FRIARS, STAR OF THE SEA		
	45 VICTORIA ST.	WAVERLEY	NSW 2024
MR R.W. DONNE	UNIT 10, 8/9 SUNNISE CT	WEST LAKES	S A 5021
MR. R.J. FAIRCLOUGH	6/6 REDDALL ST.	CAMPBELLTOWN	NSW 2560
MR. A. FAY	5 RONALD ST.	DEVONPORT	TAS 7310
MR. C.F. GREEN	17 WILDE ST.	WYNNUM	QLD 4178
MR. W. HEATH	3/2A GRAYDON AVE.	BATEMANS BAY	NSW 2536
MRS. M. HENDERSON	11 FOURTH ROAD	BELAIR	S A 5052
MR. J.R. HORNE	61 WARGUNDY ST.	DUNEDOO	NSW 2844
MR. M.J. KENNY	C/- 70/7 BANDON ROAD	VINEYARD	NSW 2765
MR. M.J. KIRBY	9 PENGUIN PLACE	BATEMANS BAY	NSW 2536
MR. K.H. MACGOWAN	23 ORCHARD AVE.	BOREEN POINT	QLD 4565
MRS. D. McKEOWEN	7 BURKITT COURT	DUBBO	NSW 2830
MRS. A. MILES	2/1 WELLINGTON TERRACE	FULLARTON	S A 5063
MR. D.W. MULHEARN	P O BOX 51	BONVILLE	NSW 2441
MR. M. PARER	7/64A CAMBRIDGE ST.	STANMORE	NSW 2048
MS. J. PATTERSON	27 BROADWATER ST.	ANGLERS PARADISE	QLD 4216
MR. J.M. PHILLIPS	37A LUSHINGTON ST.	EAST GOSFORD	NSW 2250
MR. A. PINGO	15 CRAIG ST.	NOBLE PARK	VIC 3174
MR. W. PLOECKL	8 WINDSOR AVE.	CALOUNDRA	QLD 4551
MR. D.P. SHOWELL	P O BOX 1693	RENMARK	S A 5341
MRS. N.E. STEVENS	3 PHILLIP STREET	CHATHAM	NSW 2430
BRO. JOHN STEPHENSON	131 BIRNELL ST.	WAVERLEY	NSW 2024
MR. I.A. THOMPSON	"WARRENDEAN",	POST OFFICE BOLIVIA	NSW 2372
MR. M. WATERHOUSE	82 BELLEVUE RD.	BELLEVUE HILL	NSW 2023
MRS. I. WESTON	625 PINE RIDGE DRIVE, COBBLE	HILL, B.C. CANADA	VOR ILI
MR. M.B. WHITE	P O BOX 86	BRADDON	ACT 2612
MR. R. WHITEHOUSE	P O BOX 801	TAREE	NSW 2430
MRS. F. WILKINSON	24 COLLAROY ST.	COLLARROY	NSW 2097
MR. P.G. WILLIAMSON	17 MOONBIE ST.	SUMMER HILL	NSW 2130
MR. D.G. WOOLCOCK	13 KERFORD COURT	WODONGA	VIC 3690
DR M.W. YOUNG	135 SHACKLETON CCT	MAWSON	ACT 2607

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MR. N.T. WEBSTER	(KENMORE) 46 TAABINGA ST.	WAVELL HGTS	QLD 4012

MEMBER REJOINED

MR. R.N. THATCHER	25 TOOWOOD RD.	WARRIMOO	NSW 2774
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