



# Una Voce

PAPUA NEW GUINEA - INSIGHTS, EXPERIENCES, REMINISCENCES

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No 1, 2003 - March

## ARE YOU UNFINANCIAL???

If you notice a red sticker on the address label of your copy of *Una Voce*, you are **unfinancial**. Please complete the Membership Renewal Form on the buff insert.

**Advance notice: membership fees will be \$15 pa. as from January 2004** - at present they are \$12 pa.

## SGM, AGM AND LUNCHEON:

To be held on **Sunday 27 April 2003 at the Mandarin Club**. Full details are on the yellow insert. The meetings should not take long, 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.

If you do not wish to have your name and address included in the membership list which is published in the June issue of *Una Voce*, please advise the secretary.

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All correspondence should be addressed to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.** (Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: [mcliftonbassett@ozemail.com.au](mailto:mcliftonbassett@ozemail.com.au))

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**Membership of the association is open to anyone who has lived in PNG or who has a positive interest in the country.**

The annual fee is \$12. The membership year is the calendar year. Membership application forms are available from the Secretary at the above PO Box address.

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**CONTACTING OUR OLDER OR INCAPACITATED MEMBERS:**

The Association is considering ways of making regular contact with elderly or incapacitated members, particularly those living alone. Please let us know of any elderly members who might appreciate a phone call now and again. Also let us know if you yourself would be willing to contact elderly or incapacitated members. Please write to The Secretary, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069 or fax her at 02 9428 2078, or you can email us at: [mcliftonbassett@ozemail.com.au](mailto:mcliftonbassett@ozemail.com.au)

**CORRECTION:** In *Una Voce* No. 4 of 2002, in 'Vale' (p.36) the name of **Professor Timothy George Calvert MURRELL AM** was written incorrectly. Professor T.G.C. Murrell discovered *pigbel* or enteritis necroticans in the highlands of PNG in the early '60s.

**MADANG MEDICAL CONFERENCE**

The Torres Strait/NPA and Western Medical Exchange are holding an inaugural medical conference in Madang from 18-28 April 2003 at the Madang Resort Hotel. The topics include: Chronic Disease Strategies HIV/TB/JE, Updates in Malarial Research, and Torres Strait/Western Province Health Issues. If anyone is interested in attending the conference, or assisting with a donation to help pay fares of PNG doctors to Madang, please contact Miss Leigh Woltmann or Dr Nathan Kesteven at Thursday Island Hospital on 07 4069 1681 or 07 4069 1109

**HELP WANTED:** Information sought, for family history, on **Keith 'Tiger' GODDARD** (1894-1972), who was a Warrant Officer with ANGAU during the war, and a plantation manager 1938 to late 1950s. Please contact Scott Milson, 02 9365 4273. Scott is anxious to get in touch with anyone who knew him, or knew of him.

## LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Dear Member

I am pleased to advise that on 16 December 2002, the Director-General of the NSW Department of Fair Trading formally approved our change of name. This together with our revised Constitution marks a significant step in the continuing life of our Association.

While we tried to dot all the 'i's' and cross all the 't's' we did overlook an undertaking previously given to our superannuated members that they would be the only members eligible to vote on matters affecting their retirement benefits and conditions at General Meetings of the Association. In this respect I refer you to the Minutes of our Special General Meeting (SGM) held on 1 December last (printed in full on pages 45-47).

It was agreed at that SGM that a further Special General Meeting would be held prior to our AGM in April 2003 to consider a proposed amendment to the Constitution reinstating the rights of superannuated Members of the 'former services' to be the only Members allowed to vote at General Meetings on matters affecting their retirement benefits and conditions.

In confirmation thereof, separately enclosed are -

- Notice of a **Special General Meeting** (SGM) to be held on 27 April 2003 prior to the AGM. (*Note that this notice carries the full text of the Special Resolution that will be considered at the SGM.*) Also, the formal Notice of our **Annual General Meeting** and the business to be transacted at the AGM appears on the reverse of the SGM Notice.
- **SGM Proxy** form to enable members who are unable to attend the SGM to vote on the Special Resolution. This form should be returned to the Secretary prior to Thursday 24 April 2003. Note that the **AGM Proxy** form also appears on the reverse of the SGM Proxy form and contains a nomination form for Office Bearers, 2003 Management Committee.

Yours sincerely,

Harry West, President

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### SHIPPING from PNG in 1941-42 - Details of arrivals in Australia

Ray Mooney of Ulladulla NSW advises that anyone wishing to investigate their arrival on shipping from PNG in 1941-42 will find voyage details in the Noel Butlin Archives Centre, Canberra ACT; the passenger lists are held in the National Archives, 120 Miller Road, Chester Hill, NSW 2162, Ph 02 9645 0100, Fax 02 9645 0108, Email: [refnsw@naa.gov.au](mailto:refnsw@naa.gov.au)

For those seeking this information on voyages of *Macdhui* from PNG in 1941-42, the relevant details from Rabaul and Port Moresby to Walsh Bay, Sydney are:

<u>Voyage No.</u>	<u>Arr. Walsh Bay</u>	<u>Voy. No</u>	<u>Arr. Walsh Bay</u>
88	Thurs 12-6-41	93	Sun 8-2-42 (from Port Moresby)
89	Fri 1-8-41	R1(94)	Wed 25-3-42 (no details provided)
90	Thurs 18-9-41	R2 (95)	Sun 26-4-42 (from Port Moresby)
91	Fri 7-11-41	R3 (96)	Wed 27-5-42 (as above)
92	Tues 30-12-41	R4 (97)	Departed for Port Moresby 6-6-42, sunk In Port Moresby Harbour by aerial bombs 18-6-42

## IN 100 WORDS OR LESS - MEDICAL EMERGENCIES

**In 1963 my wife Barbara had appendicitis** at Ihu Station in the Gulf District. No doctor, no roads, no airstrip - big worry. I learned solo for one hour on Bert Counsel's trade store motorbike. With one false start (she fell off) we set off with the patient on pillion. Canoe across the Vailala River; race along the beach to beat the high tide; light a signal fire on the beach for the ferry man from Kerema. Just in time to catch the Catalina flying boat that only touched at Kerema Bay on Wednesdays. Barbara's still blooming and I've never ridden a motorbike since. Thanks Bert.

□ Ralph Sawyer

**I was observing repairs** to a petrol tank when the vapours inside the tank exploded (it had initially been filled with water, but not for the new found 'minor' leak). A piece of shrapnel grazed my nose, passed over my eyelid and then ploughed through my right eyebrow which then drooped over my eye. The national medic on duty at Mt Hagen Hospital's Emergency threaded the needle and started to stitch me up. I explained, 'Me no married yet so you must putim face straight'. With this as an incentive he put twelve stitches in a 3cm. gash resulting in an invisible seam.

□ Graeme Baker

**I flew from Dregerhafen back to Rabaul** seeking an old German doctor for recurrent painful tropical ear care. When the doctor saw the ears again, he was sympathetic, but surprised that I had returned for his treatment. This was to put white powder in a fold of ~~new~~ newspaper and to blow it into the ear-hole. He said he would tell me the secret and my husband could follow-up. The secret: the white powder was only cooking soda. I treated scores of students similarly through the years. The question now is, was any reader ever rendered this ear procedure elsewhere? Recently I told a young doctor who saw no justification for it.

□ Pam Quartermaine

**It was a quiet Sunday morning in September** as the M.V. *Malekula* steamed away from Rabaul towards Madang. My husband and I with our three small children had chosen this route to return to PNG from leave so we could renew the friendships we had made when living in Rabaul, but be back in Kainantu to await the baby I was expecting in November. Suddenly I was made aware that the baby wasn't going to wait till November, and an urgent message brought the Captain to our cabin. He brought the ship's manual which dealt with all manner of exigencies in detail but devoted one small paragraph to childbirth. There being no medical personnel on board, it fell to the First Officer to look after me - at least I had the advantage of having been through the process before, whereas he was a bachelor (and I sometimes wonder if he still is!). But we managed, between us, and my baby girl, Mary, was swathed in new towels from the ship's store as I had no baby clothes with me. The *Malekula* was diverted to Wewak some four hours away, and I was told afterwards that the old ship had never moved so fast in its life. Mary and I were offloaded there. No humudicrib at the hospital - there was a brand new one not yet operational at the almost completed new hospital so Mary was kept on a hot water bottle and survived for the next two months (until she reached seven pounds) due to the wonderful care of the nursing staff and the humid climate of Wewak. These days she is herself a registered nurse and is one of the few people who have to state their birthplace at sea in terms of latitude and longitude!

□ Pamela Foley

## THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE - ENCOUNTERS WITH NATURE

**Deadline for entries - 22 MAY 2003      Write/Phone/Fax/Email**



## HAVE YOU HEARD???

After 14 years as Principal of Port Moresby Grammar, **Don DANIELS** is leaving to settle in the heart of Brisbane. He said he would still be visiting Port Moresby regularly to keep an eye on the School but that it was in good hands. Don was awarded an MBE for services to Education in the New Year Honours.

**Bill CONROY**, who was Director of the Department of Agriculture Stock and Fisheries from 1966-72 and served with Foreign Relations & Trade 1972-77, featured in a major article in the *Sydney Morning Herald's* 'Insight' page (16-12-2002). The article was about the paralysis tick which is a 'deadly efficient sucker of blood and a spreader of bacterial infections, including spotted fever, or tick typhus, and the far more debilitating Lyme disease.' For years Bill has been collecting ticks in Avalon on Sydney's northern peninsular for the Tick Diseases Research Unit based at Royal North Shore Hospital in Sydney - he estimates he has collected tens of thousands of them. He sets off with pants tucked into his socks, repellent everywhere especially round the neck, waistline and ankles and on hat and clothes - and carries a large white flag. The flag is an old, cheesy-smelling towel attached to a long wooden pole - he sweeps it back and forth, hoping to pick up ticks from the under-storey of bushes. After each outing he checks carefully to see that no ticks have penetrated his defences. He once had immunity to tick bites but said he is now highly sensitised and a tick bite could kill him. As well as collecting ticks he regularly holds tick information sessions for local councils and various agencies whose workers operate in or near bush. He recently received a certificate of appreciation from Pittwater Council for his work with the tick research unit and for holding tick information sessions.

**Marie CONROY** has also been in the *SMH* lately (23-12-02). There was a recent photo of her in her Avalon NSW home, and one of the scene in Martin Place on VJ Day, 15 August 1945, showing the famous picture of a young man dancing with joy and a couple of lasses and some servicemen nearby. Marie is sure she is the young woman in the suit, looking over her shoulder, and says she still has pictures of the suit, the hat and the handbag she was wearing at the time to prove it.

On 29 February **Sandy SINCLAIR** was due to celebrate his 99<sup>th</sup> birthday. He now lives in a nursing home at Chatswood NSW. Sandy joined the New Guinea Police Force in November 1934. He escaped capture by the Japanese, was taken out on the *Lakatoi*, and then joined the army. He served in ANGASU, then joined the post-war police in early 1946 and retired as a Senior Inspector in late 1960. Sandy led the RP&NG Constabulary contingent to the Queen's coronation in London in June '53, and describes the march with the police through London as the highlight of his career.

**Joy DISHON** writes that she has been in and out of hospital all last year and the year before and apologises to her friends for not sending Christmas cards. She is very weak and shaky. She sends everyone her best wishes for the coming year.

Last year **Dr. Ken CLEZY** and another Australian doctor were working with a group of American missionaries providing humanitarian assistance to people in southern Yemen. One morning in late December an Islamic extremist walked into the hospital, was not noticed by security guards, and shot and killed the director and two of his colleagues.

Ken Clezy and the other Australian were unhurt. They intended to return home very soon. (SMH 1-1-03) In 1964 Dr Clezy, who had been surgeon at Rabaul, spent the year studying reconstructive surgery and rehabilitation of leprosy patients at Vellore in India. In 1965 he established a base at Madang - he initially was provided with a 50-bed ward but this was extended to cater for up to 80 patients at a time. He then introduced reconstructive surgery for leprosy patients in hospitals throughout PNG. In 1970 he went to Port Moresby where he largely did general surgery and in time became involved in teaching at the Medical Faculty.

**Jack GOAD** will be 85 on 26 March - his son said his dad would be delighted to receive a few phone calls. Jack is at 07 3886 1571. Aged eight, and accompanied by his mother and brothers, Jack arrived in Kieta from the UK to join his father who was a medical assistant there. After a few years the family moved to Kavieng. Jack's first job at the age of 13 was at the Kavieng Workshop; he later joined Burns Philp as an office boy and worked his way up to shipping manager. As a member of the NGVR he helped J. K. McCarthy in the rescue of soldiers and civilians after the Japanese invasion of New Britain. He reached Australia in the *Lakatoi* in late March 1942. In January 1942 he had joined Customs and in October that year married Emily, the only daughter of planter Carl Jacobsen. Emily and Jack remained in PNG until Jack's retirement from Customs in 1973. They settled at Dohles Rocks (Brisbane) on the Pine River and in 1987 Emily passed away. Jack continues to live there and is regularly visited by son John and daughter Helen.

**Colonel Donald RAMSAY OAM** is retiring from Scots College in Sydney next March in his 25<sup>th</sup> year at the College. Until 1994 Don worked full-time as non-academic assistant to the Principal. In 1987 he discovered the land for the bush school at Glengarry and recommended its name. In 1993 he ran the centenary of the School and basked in the efforts of the mothers at that time who chaired the various sub-committees. After he finished working full-time, the Old Boys Union asked him to be their secretary and edit their magazine. He said it had been a marvellous second career for an old soldier.

## **NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY:** Jim Toner writes -

In the last issue I mentioned that **Bill BARCLAY**, ex-kiap and Co-ops, was now resident in Darwin and Executive Officer of the Tiwi Health Trust. Since then the ABS Mortality Atlas to 2000 has been published revealing that death rates for Bathurst and Melville islands are the highest in Australia, four times the national average. Bill told *The Australian* in December 'It's disgraceful that this has been allowed to happen'. He has an uphill task.

**Duncan DEAN** went to PNG as a contract kiap in 1967 and departed in 1980 by which time he was Provincial Works Co-ordinator for the Southern Highlands. Now a fellow dweller in the City of Palmerston, Duncan spends much time spearheading public resistance to the proposed location of a huge LNG plant on the harbour within a few kms of Darwin CBD. 50,000 tons tankers calling to ship gas to Japan would certainly alter the ambience of a harbour more accustomed to men in 'tinnies' catching 'muddies' and drinking 'stubbies'. Duncan supports a site 40 kms distant.

**Johnny STEPHENS**, a B4 (as a child) and still resident of Lae, says that at a Christmas function he met **Graham POPLE**, a 1950s PO, down from the Mt. Kare

goldmine. Apparently such vintage Territorians are referred to by current expats as 'Lifers'. Although he might not care for that prison appellation **Justice 'Tos' BARNETT** was practising in the PNG courts back in the '60s and thus qualifies. In the New Year Honours he received a CMG to add to his OBE.

Making the journey from Sydney to Budgewoi sound like a Jules Verne adventure but with more complications **Patrick Virgil DWYER** reports that he wanted to pay his respects to **Ken BROWN** his onetime boss in Native Affairs. The former DC went along to the bus station to meet 'Young Pat' but all he could find was an old fellow with a white beard. How time flies. Anyway Ken may be pleased to learn that back in Perth the beard is off and 'Young Pat' rides again.

In January, Tikopia, remote in the Solomon Islands, was struck by a cyclone and the first outsider there to ascertain the damage was a News Ltd journalist. He reported that 'the locals are collecting water from green coconuts but obviously that's not very good for them'. Like Pavlov's dog to the sound of a bell ex-kiaps **John PASQUARELLI** and **Chips MACKELLAR** sprang into print on the letters page of *The Australian* pointing out that such 'water' was a staple throughout Melanesia and Polynesia and was in fact a dietary plus. (Raymond Firth, anthropologist, who spent a year on the island said that villages had ((unsurprisingly?)) been established next to streams flowing from its mountainous centre. While the cyclone could have flattened gardens it would not have affected that water supply. The journalist would have seen *kulau* in normal use - as beverage when people were distant from their stream.)

Former kiaps patronising their web site ([www.exkiap.net](http://www.exkiap.net)) would have been much entertained by the December dust-up between **Peter EDWARDS** and **Colin SANDERSON**. Following the successful Kiap Reunion at Sandown, Vic. last November **Phil BROWNE** suggested each retiree contribute to an anthology of their PNG recollections possibly titled 'History of the Kiaps'. Supporting this, Peter happily alluded to the best 10 years of his life. Colin, with 20 years service, also supported it providing that it was 'not just a recounting of self-glorifying feats by lounge kiaps' and that the History told it 'warts and all'.

Then ensued a considerable divergence of opinion on matters including 'punishment stations', about which Col appeared to be well informed; taking wives on patrol; the well-known circular instruction regarding native women; and the thought processes of senior officers. This led to the suggestion by Col that Pete must have been living in some sanitised parallel universe and the counter suggestion by Pete that Col go and write his own satanic version of the History. 'Salman Rushdie' and 'Sanders of the River' were terms of derogation cheerfully flung across the internet. All a neutral observer can say is *Moa Iet*.

## **NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA:** Graham Taylor reported -

The South Australian Branch of the Association held its **third annual luncheon** at the Hackney Hotel in Adelaide on 27 October. Sixty one members and guests attended a gathering which proved to be both memorable and entertaining. A late apology was received from Jack Page.

Introduced by relinquishing chairman, **Ron STORER**, and reflecting on his own umbilical association with the Territory, **Graham TAYLOR** chaired the occasion extending a very warm welcome to **Rev Rodger BROWN**, **Pastor Ian KLEINIG** and

**Dr Roy SCRAGG.** He read a special message of welcome from Association President, Harry West. In keeping with tradition those present observed one minute's silence in memory of the ninety-six colleagues, friends and acquaintances whose passing had been recorded in *Una Voce* during the last twelve months, acknowledging in doing so, that many others had slipped away quietly without any valedictory acknowledgements.

Three guest speakers addressed the gathering. **Dr Anthony RADFORD** recalled that his early association with PNG began as a cadet medical officer in 1958 and reflected on his subsequent service in Port Moresby, Kainantu and Popondetta. With impeccable modesty and more than an injection of gracious humour he traced some aspects of his experiences reflecting on the trials and tribulations and also the vagaries and vicissitudes of his life as a medical officer in the Territory. He spoke about his own family's close relationship with the Orokaiva people of the Popondetta area with particular affection. Anthony and his wife Robin left the Territory in 1972 but he has maintained his professional interest and contact with the Territory in his role as a consultant with WHO, UNICEF, AusAID and WORLD VISION. Robin has published a book *Highlanders and Foreigners*, the story of entrance into the Highlands during the early years 1919 – 1942. It is an extension of her earlier studies which culminated in her MA thesis.

**Dr John FOOTE** then recounted his experiences as a medical officer in the Territory during 1966 – 75 when he was stationed at Wabag, Mendi, Lae, Vanimo, Wewak and Goroka. John, now a specialist anaesthetist in Adelaide returned to PNG in 1994 to attend a medical symposium in Rabaul and went on to visit missionary friends in Wabag and later undertook some relief work with missionaries in the Baiyer River and Telefomin. In 1995 John and his wife Lorraine returned to Telefomin and spent the next six years building up medical services in the Telefomin District. John illustrated his very detailed account with some excellent photographs

**Jane MORRISON**, now a specialist palliative nurse in Adelaide, and the wife of former patrol officer **Rod MORRISON**, spoke of her father's war-time service in the RAN in Lorengau and how his tales of life in the Territory kindled her interest in Papua New Guinea. Having completed her training at St Vincent's Hospital in Melbourne, Jane's childhood dreams came true with her marriage to Rod. She gave a heart warming and at times extremely dramatic account of her initial experiences between 1970-78 as a young wife in wild Kukukuku country. She spoke of the loneliness of outstation life and dramas attending the birth of her two children. She recalled her work as a trained nurse tending to the needs of local tribesmen severely wounded in the course of local tribal fighting and the less dramatic health problems of surrounding villagers. Jane now works as a liaison officer with the Daw House Hospice Foundation in Adelaide, a palliative care body.

In thanking the guest speakers, Graham Taylor said that there was no doubt that expatriates and indigenous peoples alike acknowledge an enormous debt of gratitude to all those who devoted their lives to the profession of medicine in the Territory. There were very few expatriates and indigenous people who in the face of serious personal medical problems had not called upon and relied upon medical professionals for treatment and advice which was always so generously given. We expatriate Australians, in particular, recognised with pride and gratitude the enormously important role played by medical staff at all levels in working towards a much healthier and happier New Guinea.

The luncheon concluded with a spirited vote of thanks to **Jan KLEINIG** acknowledging her untiring energy and enthusiasm in arranging this her third reunion

luncheon. There was a vote of thanks too to **Ron and Josette STORER** for their very important ongoing assistance.

## NEWS FROM PNG

**AN INVITATION TO MEMBERS** - **Ross HUMPHRIES** writes from Lae to say that ten 'old hands' and their wives have formed a luncheon club called **THE PARADISE CLUB**. Club members gather in a local hotel on a quarterly basis, and any member of our Association who may be visiting Lae is cordially invited to join the group as a Club Guest - perhaps to augment the tall tales of long ago in PNG. Please contact the Club Secretary, **Chris Black** on 0011 675 472 1000 or fax 0011 675 472 6720 for details of future meetings (usually March, June, September and December).

**Ross** said the Paradise Club started when **Bob SINCLAIR (Lae Builders)** invited a few friends to a luncheon at the Lae International Hotel in Dec. 2001. The event was a huge success and as everyone at the luncheon had been in PNG for more than 20 years, this was made a requirement for membership of the Club. Office-bearers voted in were: **Fred COOKE OBE** - patron; **Rodger CUNNINGHAM MBE** - president; **Ross HUMPHRIES MBE** - vice president; **Chris BLACK** - secretary; **Margaret HUMPHRIES** - treasurer; other inaugural members - **Sir Robert SINCLAIR**, **Lady Lan SINCLAIR**, **Anne CUNNINGHAM**, **Bob HUNTER**, **Eneke HUNTER**.

When the QE2 called in at Lae a couple of years ago, **Ross HUMPHRIES MBE**, a long-time resident of Lae and a senior figure in the Rotary Club there, invited those Rotarians on board to the weekly Rotary lunch. After lunch one of the guests, an elderly lady from the north of England (name withheld) was invited by **Ross**, as chairman of the Board of the ANGAU Memorial Hospital, to view the sorry state of the hospital including the demolition of the children's ward with an asbestos problem. On returning home this lady motivated her club members to help the ANGAU Hospital. As a result a very significant sum was raised and **Ross** was asked to provide a wish list. The fairytale ends with equipment and supplies for the hospital being unloaded onto the Lae wharf.

**Clement CHIKALLI**, a consul at the Sydney Consulate-General office a few years ago, was killed in Port Moresby recently. Mr Chikalli was changing a flat tyre on his car when he was approached by two groups of men. The first group helped him change the flat tyre. The second group came up from behind and stabbed him. They then took the car and drove off. Mr Chikalli died the following day (8 January) at the Port Moresby General Hospital. He is survived by his widow Patricia and children. The Weekend Edition of the *Post Courier*, 10-12 January 2003, contained an article calling for the National Government, provincial governments and various departments and agencies to unite in dealing with the squatter problem. It said that squatter settlements are the breeding ground for criminals and it was time that authorities admitted this. (Information from 'Post-Courier Online', taken on 12-1-03)

**Laurie LE FEVRE** wrote, 'Living at Ok Tedi needs a lot of time and space to describe - far too much for an e-mail. It is a friendly and safe town, and it is a very close community. It has a lot of the characteristics of some of those really good stations back in the 60s - except we get two weeks leave each eight weeks rather than three months after 21 months. People just can't believe stories about being on a posting like Samarai or Kerowagi for a 21 month period.'

There are people here from all over the world. Whilst the majority of the people

are Papua New Guineans, many of whom are local as required by law, there are people from the USA, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Indonesia, Chile, South Africa and the UK. The population of the town is about 10,000, and there are currently about 1900 employees in the company.

It is a highly skilled and capable workforce. Many of the Papua New Guineans have had the opportunity to travel and work overseas. It is one of the most highly credentialled workforces in PNG - many Papua New Guineans are educated to Master's and PhD levels, and the most highly educated local (as defined) member of staff was recently awarded a Master's Degree. It is a great success story, which unfortunately is often lost in discussion about the "environmental disaster".

#### **WAR CEMETERIES IN PNG:**

A four-year \$1.8m. programme to preserve, repair and improve three cemeteries in PNG is nearly completed. These are Bomana at Port Moresby, the Lae Cemetery and Bita Paka at Rabaul - all have all been restored to near new condition. Work at Bomana is complete and all garden beds replanted. At Lae and Rabaul the Memorials to the Missing, Crosses of Sacrifice and other structures have been restored. Further, the Federal Government provided \$1.5m. to develop memorials at Isurava and Milne Bay and to upgrade existing memorials to mark the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of PNG campaigns during WWII. A party of 18 veterans who fought at Milne Bay, Buna, Gona and Sanananda, plus two war widows, returned in October 2002 for the dedication of the memorials. The six-day mission was led by Minister for Veterans Affairs, Danna Vale. (From Pat Hopper)

#### **PNG - WHERE TO NOW**

- PNG has one of the fastest-growing populations in the world, at about 3.2% a year (speech by Sir Mekere Morauta, *Fin. Rev.* 18-6-02). Its population could double to 10 million by 2025 (Rowan Callick in *Fin. Rev.* 15-16 Feb 2003, p.20).
- Of the region generally, Rowan Callick, writing in *Financial Review* of 7-12-2002 said, 'A seismic shift is on the way in Canberra among policy makers and administrators, about how Australia handles its deeply troubled neighbours. The once utterly unthinkable is now being thought and articulated: we should re-engage in a very hands-on manner, sending people into the region not as consultants and short-term advisers but as teachers, doctors, budget drafters, policemen.' He goes on to say the idea will promote a 'frenetic debate' in the region and in Australia, with words such as 're-colonising' and 'neo colonialist' bandied about, but it is an idea which has to be considered because of the appalling slide in living standards in the region. 'On the United Nations Human Development Indicators listing, Vanuatu now ranks 140<sup>th</sup>, Solomon Islands 147<sup>th</sup> and Papua New Guinea 164<sup>th</sup>.'
- In the budget announcement for 2003, PNG's new Finance and Treasury Minister Bart Philemon announced tax relief measures designed to encourage the mining industry to invest. Up to now the industry was taxed heavily, and was on the brink of collapse. (*Fin. Rev.* 29-11-02)
- 'The mining incentive package comes two weeks after Australia rebuffed pleas from PNG to defer repayments on a \$200 million loan because of its economic crisis. An Australian ministerial delegation led by Foreign Minister Alexander Downer agreed to redirect about \$40 million in aid into PNG's budget but refused to consider additional cash injections.' (*Fin. Rev.* 28-11-02)



- 'More than a quarter of the [PNG] annual budget goes to repaying loans and, unless he wins significant rescheduling only two years after the country won its last structural adjustment program, Mr Philemon will have to take a quantum leap to scale down spending in 2003.' (*Fin. Rev.* 9-10-02)

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## ANU WORKSHOP ON PNG DECOLONISATION AND INDEPENDENCE

by Mark Lynch

A two-day retrospective workshop on PNG decolonisation and power transfer processes was held at ANU in November. Organised by Professor Donald Denoon and Hank Nelson, it was attended by almost 60 people. Most had played, either in Canberra or PNG, a significant role in the events leading to Independence.

Participants included politicians (Gough Whitlam, Bill Morrison, Sir Ebia Olewale, Tom Leahy), Commonwealth officials (David Hay, Tom Critchley, Don Mentz, Alan Kerr, Christine Goode, John Greenwell, Jim Nockles), PNG officials (Sir Alkan Tololo, Ilinome Tarua, Ross Garnaut, Geoff Dabb, Jim Fingleton, Tom Allen, Peta Colebatch, Nick O'Neil), advisers to the PNG Constitutional Planning Committee (Ted Wolfers, John Ley, David Stone), journalists (Sean Dorney, Chris Ashton), and academics (John Ballard, Hal Colebatch).

The workshop focused upon key aspects of power transfer (Australian political context, aid, economic development, land, national unity, law and order, defence and the PNG politics of constitutional change). It also provided a unique and enjoyable opportunity for a social reunion of some of those who were so intensely involved in these matters in the mid-1970's – and for a few to re-live their old arguments.

For myself, there were several highlights. To meet again so many former friends, colleagues and associates was a great joy. The proceedings provoked and refreshed memories of many issues and events that, without such a stimulus, would have remained well buried. I think everyone gained new insights into what happened and why – particularly at the Australian end. For example, former Minister for Territories, Bill Morrison, made it quite clear that he had been pushing an Australian domestic agenda and a quick timetable to transfer power, irrespective of whether there was a Constitutional Planning Committee Report or not and of what might be in it. A few speakers refreshingly referred to matters that, in hindsight, could and should have been done differently.

A record of workshop proceedings and papers will be prepared. Sean Dorney may well do a short ABC radio piece on the workshop sometime in 2003



**HELP WANTED:** Quentin Anthony wrote, 'A friend of mine, a retired senior naval officer, has asked me if I could identify a small badge of apparently PNG origin, which was acquired by his father during WWII in PNG. The badge (illustrated) measures 14 mm in diameter. The face is bronze and is designed to screw through a buttonhole into a brass backing disc. The number 95 is stamped into the back of the disc.'

Quentin can be contacted at 17 Hawkesbury Crescent, Farrer ACT 2607, ph 02 6286 3885

or e-mail: [janandquentin@ozemail.com.au](mailto:janandquentin@ozemail.com.au)

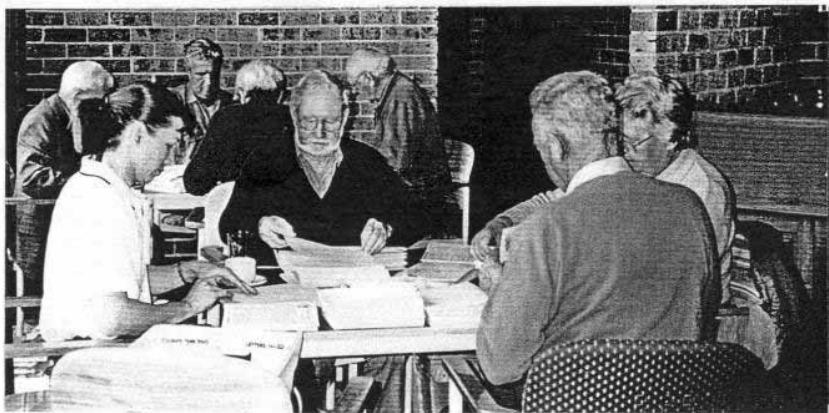
## FOLDING AND POSTING DAY

This is the day a number of volunteers (mainly Committee members) fold 'Una Voce' and despatch it to your address. (Prior to this, our secretary prints out the labels, and two Committee members stick the labels onto envelopes, well over 1200 of them.) The job completed, we relax over tea/coffee and goodies, and our treasurer then deposits all the crates of envelopes (sorted as per Post Office requirements) at the Mail Exchange.

**Volunteers are more than welcome!** If you live within easy distance of Chatswood West and can spare three or four hours on a Thursday once every three months, please give our secretary a ring (9967 2818).



Ross Johnson (treasurer), left, and Harry West (president), providing the group with 'crates' for the envelopes



Some of the volunteers at work on Folding and Posting Day  
In foreground l. to r.: Andrea Williams (Coote), Ian Reardon, Harry West and Marie Day.  
At rear table, l. to r.: Frank Smith, John O'Dea, Mary Pulsford and Roger Inder.

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## LETTERS FROM THE JUNGLE

by **Marge Jarry**

*In 1951 Marge went to Aitape as a bride to join her husband, medical assistant Len Fisher. Some years after Len died, Marge married John Jarry in Port Moresby where they lived until 1995. Fortunately Marge's mother kept all her letters - here is one of them, written from Aitape on 20 Nov. 1951:*

Dearest Mum,

You must be wondering why you have not heard from me for a while. Well, actually, we have all been rather ill. To begin at the beginning Len had to go on patrol up the coast to investigate rumours of a measles epidemic and he decided that as it would be a reasonably easy walk, Ron and I could go along too. (*Len's first wife had died and Len looked after his young son Ron.*) I was thrilled as we would be away for probably a week and I wanted to see more of the country. So, on the Monday preparations began. Thirty carriers were rustled up, patrol boxes filled with medical supplies by the *doktabois* (native medical assistants); bags of rice and hard biscuits for the carriers were all stacked up ready; sticks of tobacco and tinned fish for the *doktabois* and food for us. Arrangements quickly made for a couple of police *bois*; ammunition and petrol procured. It was all new and exciting for me and I could hardly wait for the next morning when we were due to begin the trek.

The day dawned fresh and fairly cool and the long line set off on schedule, 6am to be exact. Still dark, of course, as we walked at a steady pace through the first little village where everyone knew us anyway. Only one or two were abroad at that time of day so we were spared the stares of curious onlookers. The scent of blossoms filled the air and with the early sea breeze blowing it felt just so wonderful to be alive. We had on stout shoes or boots and pith helmets. Len and Ron were in shorts as usual and I in a sunfrock (women don't wear shorts among the natives) - anyhow, I find a dress is cooler. Ronnie walked for about a mile and then the boys carried him in a patrol chair. They would have carried me too, but I could not bear it. Apart from the fact that I enjoy walking, especially with Len, I find that with four of them bearing the chair, and all of them having a different gait, I tend to become seasick. I don't mind just crossing a river which I've experienced many times but for more than five minutes - no, thank you! As the morning grew hotter we were glad to stop for a cup of tea which we had brought in a thermos flask and the carriers were relieved to sit down in the shade.

We passed through several villages and as word had gone on ahead that we were coming, there was always a welcoming group to meet us. Men and women on either side

of the road smiling and nodding and pointing Ronnie out to their own kids. The Luluai and the Tultul (village leaders) would come up to Len and have a noisy pow-wow, very friendly of course, and bring any sick people to be shown to Len, who reads the riot act about cleanliness. Most of their sicknesses are caused through lack of hygiene and they think we are all quite mad to be making such a fuss about soap and water! As we came to each little village the *meris* (women) would hand us coconuts already cut for us to drink from. Even though I hate the juice I had to pretend or else insult the poor things! Most of it went down my bra anyway as I'm not very good at drinking from a coconut.

About midday we came to a place called Malol where the only European was a Franciscan priest - a middle-aged man who ran the mission there, spending his days dispensing holy water and Dettol and the rudiments of English. He invited us to lunch which consisted of tinned beef, yams and cooked paw-paw - I think this was his staple diet for many months (and we thought *we* were badly done by!).

After a short rest we were escorted by the Father to a lagoon where we (Len, Ron and I) boarded the mission dinghy which the priest and Len proceeded to coax into action with a view to getting us to our destination more rapidly. The carriers, police and *doktabois* went on by road/track. And so we set off in style.

In this part of the world there is a series of lagoons right on the coast and every few minutes we would be out in the open and then into a lagoon where we glided along under the overhanging trees and trailing vines which we could reach up and touch as we went by. It was a really glorious experience to see the Birds of Paradise suddenly dart out from the overhanging branches as the 'put-putting' of our boat disturbed them. I had never thought I would see these beautiful birds in their natural habitat.

Then there was a contretemps ... suddenly when we were out in the open the engine conked out. Len and the priest took turns hopping in and out of the boat - the water was only about four feet deep - and alternately trying to push and get the spark plugs going, while I was issuing frantic instructions to get back into the craft because of crocodiles! In the meantime the little boat was being swept further and further towards the open sea and quite frankly, as Ronnie and I sat huddled under a huge umbrella, I was scared. This wonderful pioneering spirit which I was sure I had just about acquired somehow began to wane and I wished I was back on a London bus or a Collins St tram!

However, after a couple of hours of 'push and prayer' we arrived at Sissano where we were to stay for a few nights at the Mission. The priest here was a much younger man and full of fun. The village here is fairly large and there is a quaint little church. These missionaries have the most marvellous spirit of dedication and always a delightful sense of humour!

Father Sylvester made us very welcome, while apologising for the food and lack of amenities which he need not have done because our own are not really so different. He gave us one huge bedroom for the three of us. That was fine but the fun began at bath-time! The shower was situated outside the house and was extremely primitive! I suppose the priest was used to running in and out with a towel wrapped around him and dressing in the house. But I, being a woman - and the only one ever to stay there - did not know what to do. There was no lock, not even a proper door. It was rather like a park toilet! So Len had to stand outside and throw me a gown when I yelled, and then rush me past all the curious faces into the house.

All day and sometimes far into the night Len was down at the little hospital tending to patients, hundreds of whom had the measles and some of them were very ill, poor things. I spent the days talking to the *meris* who were enchanted with Ronnie and

walked for miles just to see the little white master (who, incidentally, was lapping it all up!). Or else I spent hours reading. Sometimes I went down to the hospital but Len was not at all keen about that as Ron has not had measles and of course I could get it again.

At night, while Len was at the hospital, I had fun arguing and talking with Fr Sylvester who is such an erudite gentleman. He is very humble and regards it an honour to serve these people. They come to him with all their troubles and they have plenty. Every night, before turning in at about 10 pm, I wanted to visit the toilet which turned out to be the funniest ritual ever. As Len was down at the hospital until midnight the priest would stand at the back door and with a very strong torch, light my way to the pit toilet through a 'guard of honour' consisting of dozens of *meris* who had been waiting for me for hours with their babies in their arms! I thought - if only some of my friends could see me now - not everyone can boast of an ecclesiastical escort to the loo! After making sure I was safely in bed Father would join Len in the wards.

We had intended to go on to Vanimo but Len decided to go on alone and so sent Ron and me home by plane (Dr McNerney had called in for a few hours). Next time I'll go to Vanimo, but not with Ronnie, much too far.

Now I'm back to where I began. The day after our jungle trek, Len and then Ronnie came down with fever. At first we thought it was just malaria and treated it accordingly, but their temperatures went up alarmingly and I spent hours running from one room to the other changing pyjamas and sponging them and they were wet again in a matter of minutes. They were both vomiting and most miserable and would not eat at all. Len diagnosed dengue fever and went back to work after four days but feeling very weak and not at all well. Then, guess who succumbed? I was so ill that I did not care whether I lived or died. Just like the others I was hot as hell and vomiting and at times delirious. We are all back on our feet again but far from well. Apparently it is part of the complaint that one becomes terribly depressed and it takes weeks to shake it off.

Obviously, while up the coast, we came into contact with the *Aedes Aegypti* mosquito and that was how we caught the wretched thing. Len is still suffering the aching bones etc, and Dr McNerney is going to send up one of the foreign doctors to relieve him for a couple of weeks which means he can rest up at home.

Hope you are all well down there, mum dear. Do tell the girls to put pen to paper to cheer up their pioneering sister! Lots of Love, Margie

***And another letter dated 2 February 1952:***

Dear Mum,

Yesterday was a 'red letter' day, or rather a 'three letter' day. One from you, one from Eileen and, wonder of wonders, a lengthy missive from Doreen.

This morning we were awakened at the unearthly hour of 3am by one of the *doktabois* knocking on our bedroom wall. It seemed a *meri* had been brought down in a canoe after having been mauled by a crocodile several hours before. Len leapt out of bed and raced down the cliff to the *haus sik* (hospital) and the poor woman was in a dreadful state. I saw her later in the day after Len had sewn her up and administered penicillin. She had frightful gashes across the pelvic area, thigh and hip. The story is that she, along with other mothers, was washing her clothes in a stream when the croc. attacked her. With great presence of mind she managed to grab the monster's tongue, giving it an almighty twist whereupon he loosened his grip and she was able to scramble up on to the bank.

As they usually do, her friends had stuffed the wounds with leaves to staunch the bleeding ... apart from the shock the pain must be terrible. A bite from a croc. is a filthy thing as they are such scavengers. The *meri* is very weak and of course there is no such

thing as a blood transfusion in this neck of the woods. Len has radioed Wewak and Lae but a plane cannot be spared so we are just keeping our fingers crossed.

To complicate matters she is pregnant, about four months we think. Her husband and two small children, plus assorted uncles, aunts and cousins etc. are camped in the grounds and all wailing and carrying on until Len had to tell them to shut up or go home. At the moment the husband is lying under the patient's bed.

Later - The *meri* I told you about yesterday seems to be recovering slowly. These people have marvellous endurance and of course penicillin is fabulous. Len is attending to her himself, not allowing any of the *doktabois* to change dressings or administer any drugs. Seeing Len with a seriously ill patient makes me very sad to think he was not able to finish his medical studies - money problems during the Depression - but he is a born doctor and regards something like this as a challenge as well as a chance to alleviate great suffering. Last night we had very little sleep as Len was popping down to the ward every couple of hours. I must see that he gets some sleep tonight and let's hope there will not be any more emergencies for a while.

Must finish mum, dear. Love to the family and look after yourself. Lots of Love

*And from a letter dated 30 July 1952:*

I forgot to tell you about the *croc. meri*. Well, she came down from the 'wilds' last month and had her baby as easily as falling off a log! These people, especially the women, have such resilience. The poor things have so much travail in their lives.

(To be continued in a future issue)

## **PETITIONS re 'MONTEVIDEO MARU', and MISSING SERVICEMEN AND CIVILIANS:**

**Were any of your forebears or relations reported lost on the 'Montevideo Maru'?**

A concerned group is pressing for further investigations into -

- (a) events involving the 'Montevideo Maru' and the fate of those said to be on board when the vessel was torpedoed;
- (b) the location of still-unknown burial places of servicemen and civilians who went missing during the Japanese occupation of New Britain, New Ireland, islands of the Bismarck Archipelago and the mainland of New Guinea.

To help achieve this, concerned people, **including all relatives no matter how distant**, are asked to sign petitions to be presented to the Federal Parliament.

Petitions are available from: ***Concerned Relatives, PO Box 1242, Southport, QLD 4215*** or at: ***Territory\_New\_Guinea@Yahoo.com.au***

**WEB SITE IN MEMORY OF THOSE LOST AS RESULT OF JAPANESE INVASION:** Jenny Evans and her daughter Jo have put together a web site containing information for people interested in what happened in New Britain, New Ireland, Watom Island and surrounding islands, New Guinea Mainland, Territory of New Guinea. This site is to be linked to the Australian War Memorial's 'Australia Japan Project'. The site is: <http://users.tpg.com.au/jen39/index.html>

If you would like your own, or a family member's, story included on the web site, please send it to Jenny Evans. Email: [jen39@tpg.com.au](mailto:jen39@tpg.com.au), or Ph. 03 9787 3443, or post to 16 Warana Way, Mt Eliza, Vic. 3930



## A WHIMSICAL VIEW OF STATISTICS

by Neville Threlfall

During my years in PNG, working first for the Methodist and then the United Church, I learned to dread the annual call for 'agricultural statistics' from the Government Statistician, based in Konedobu for most of that time. I was usually responsible for a number of properties occupied by schools, with perhaps a hospital as well. The trouble was that the Statistician regarded any property of over five acres as an Agricultural property, even if it was not a plantation as such. As schools which were boarding schools had a tract of land where students and teachers could grow food, they came under the 'over five acres' rule, and statistics were required: numbers of coconut palms and all other fruit trees, how many mature and how many immature, new plantings, trees died (all to reconcile with last year's figures) etc. etc. The really hard one was the numbers of poultry and how many eggs they had laid during the year, and whether sold or eaten on the property. As all teachers and some students kept fowls, which ran about the place and laid anywhere, this was impossible to record accurately. (One year I noted in desperation, 'The hens wouldn't tell me'.)

I was therefore sympathetic when in 1974 a new accountant in our Regional Office in Rabaul moaned about these forms, which he had to fill in for some properties. To cheer him up, I wrote for him the following whimsy -

1.  
When Adam and Eve left Eden,  
Ashamed and in disgrace,  
They thought that they would never hear  
Again about the place.  
But one day they got a letter  
(‘Twas on a slab of clay).  
When Adam looked at it he groaned,  
And his happiness fled away.  
It read, ‘Dear Sir, We note with pain  
You haven’t informed us yet  
How many apples you grew last year,  
And how many you ate.  
Number of serpents on your farm?  
And value of fig-leaves sewn?  
Konedobu won’t be satisfied  
Till all the facts are known.’

2.  
As Moses chiselled the Ten Commands  
Upon a Mount Sinai boulder,  
Someone behind him gave a cough  
And tapped him upon the shoulder.  
‘You haven’t told us how many bricks  
Your people produced last year.  
When the Nile was turned to blood, what  
group?  
From Egypt you brought here  
How many men, women, children, stock?

How much was the herdsmen’s hire?  
How much manna consumed en route?  
What wattage the pillar of fire?  
Country of origin of the quails  
By the wind to your campsite blown?  
Konedobu won’t be satisfied  
Till all the facts are known.’

3.  
And today, as many a weary Mish.  
Or Church worker in this land  
Is trying to preach, heal, counsel or teach,  
Or whatever the task at hand,  
The mail will bring a voluminous form  
With a letter stern and strong:  
‘You haven’t supplied your statistics yet;  
Just hurry the things along!  
How many patients/students, staff?  
What were your workers paid?  
Value of kaukau consumed on the place?  
How many eggs were laid?  
Moneys received from overseas  
And all local funds to be shown.  
Konedobu won’t be satisfied  
Till all the facts are known.’

### Epilogue

'Tis a nightmare thought: when I get to heaven  
And line up in front of the Throne,  
The Recording Angel may say, 'Come, come,  
There's still some facts to be known!'

This was only meant for the accountant's private amusement. But when he sent in his forms to the Statistician, he popped my poem in with them! It turned out that the then Statistician, Mr Ron Fergie, had a sense of humour. His letter of acknowledgment included a verse of his own, Bible reference and all! It ran:

### Statistician's epilogue to the epilogue

But fear ye not, brethren, be not despondent,  
The Statistician loveth a cheerful respondent.  
Surely YOU won't get lumbered:  
The very hairs on your head are all numbered.  
And if statistical forms don't get fewer,  
'Behold, we count them happy which endure' (James 5:11).

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## WAIGANI CEREBRATIONS

by Jim Toner

Just before Christmas Ivan Illich died, aged 76. His connection with Papua New Guinea was fleeting but in 1972 he caused consternation at the Australian Embassy in Mexico as its first ever applicant for an Entry Permit to PNG. 'Bruce, where did we put them forms?'. His objective was to attend the sixth Waigani Seminar.

The Territory's inaugural academic conference convened by the Australian National University in 1966 had actually been held at Badili. Notta lotta people know that, as Sir Michael Caine would say. Seeking the Badili Club in Scratchley Road as a venue I approached its committee who, all Burns Philp staff, were wary of an intellectual invasion of their premises until I pointed out the benefits to the lunchtime trade. That Seminar lasted three days and was opened by the Assistant Administrator, Dr. Gunther. In subsequent years the University of PNG and the Administrative College joined forces with ANU to mount these annual meetings at Waigani.

By 1972 the event ran over five days, was opened by the Minister for External Territories, Mr. Peacock, and was probably its apogee. Three professorial 'stars' were brought to Moresby: Best, a West Indian enmeshed in de-colonisation problems in the Caribbean; Dumont, the French Communist authority on agricultural policy; and Illich. In global socio-philosophical circles he was not the Next Big Thing - he was It. During the previous year his book titled 'De-Schooling Society' had caused a sensation in the ivy towers of academe. Of course nothing which happened at Waigani was ever going to cause a ripple of excitement at such as Namatanai or Nomad but news of Illich's decease caused me to reflect on that sixth Seminar.

Raised in Vienna, the son of a Croatian Catholic and a Sephardic Jewess, Illich was conversant with 14 languages. A priest until 1969 his experiences in the Americas led him to radically reject the adoption by undeveloped countries of First World practices in health, education, transport and energy usage.

Professor Oscar Spate, the geographer, when summarising the week said 'It is rare for PNG, or Australia for that matter, to be exposed to a mind so daring and seminal that one feels dazed and needs time to think for Illich's manifesto is potentially more explosive than the *Communist Manifesto*. His colleague at ANU, the historian, Prof. Ken Inglis, had said 'One cannot be exposed to Illich and refuse to think and rethink'.

In view of such comments by former bosses I would not wish to trivialise Illich's propositions but some may seem rather odd to the lay reader. What would happen, he asked his audience, if you got rid of all your cars and transportation in PNG was by bicycle on roads much more cheaply built. Mechanised tricycles could be used for carriage of goods, he added. He did not believe 'schooling' was truly 'learning' and felt it to be a ritual which had replaced baptism ie. that sacrament was to save children from original sin and now compulsory schooling was to save them from original stupidity.

Illich also argued that the legal system heightened rather than resolved people's grievances and that doctors had set themselves up as a new secular priesthood. In a book titled 'Gender' he suggested that tap water was not an unqualified benefit when supplied to Third World women since it put an end to them carrying jugs to and from the well and meeting friends there.

Back at the Seminar many pointed out that the desire for new goods and services by Papua New Guineans - particularly education so as to qualify for the new post-Independence ruling class - was unlikely to be blunted by Cassandraic warnings from Mexico.

Illich, who revealed that his knowledge of PNG prior to arrival had been an article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* was irate on being driven to Waigani to give his lecture only to find all car parks full.... So this apparently unspoiled country was just like everywhere else! The adversary of industrialisation and consumerism then tore up his speech and in a remarkable extempore address to the UPNG students challenged them as to what they wanted for their country's future.

Illich is said to have spent the final years of his life living in a mud hut. But he had flared over Moresby one night like a Mexican meteorite.

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Laurie Le Fevre of Ok Tedi Mining wrote, 'I was sorry to read of the passing of Brian Wrigley in the December 2002 issue. But I was delighted to read that it was Godfrey Grubb who had reported Brian's death. In seeing his name there with Brian's, I was reminded that it was reported in 1970 (in the *Soporific Post* as I recall) that among the residents of Kundiawa at the time there were two Wrigleys, some Grubbs and a family of Wurmes. (I may not be quoting verbatim, but the sense is there.) Brian had a keen sense of the ridiculous. I know he would not have minded me telling the story.'

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## Pacific Collections at the South Australian Museum, Adelaide

compiled by Barry Craig

The South Australian Museum has the largest number of Pacific artefacts on display in Australia. There are around 3000 objects in the Pacific Gallery. Most of these are from Papua New Guinea but there is excellent material from the Solomons, Vanuatu, New Caledonia and Fiji. Of course, there are many more objects in the off-site storage at Netley. The PNG collections total over 11,000 pieces and the whole Pacific collection is around 16,000.

The building in which the Pacific Gallery is located was first opened in 1895 and some of the Melanesian material on display today has been in that Gallery since that time. Most of the exhibits have remained virtually untouched since Norman Tindale refurbished the displays in 1947-49.

Because there was little in the way of secure storage in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the curators were forced to treat the exhibitions as visual storage open to the public. There was therefore little room for explanatory labels, maps and photographs. Although the Pacific material has expanded to occupy the whole of the Gallery space, with natural history specimens being relocated to other galleries, the cost of revising the exhibits has proved too great and the Gallery therefore has retained its 'Victorian', colonialist atmosphere. This has attracted criticism from 'progressive' academics but in fact may now be turned in favour of the Museum. It is one of the few museums anywhere in the world to retain the old style of exhibition and therefore has heritage value, as well as providing the opportunity to bring the history of colonial collecting and of early museum exhibition methods to the consciousness of the viewing public.

Although the money is still not yet available, the present curator has been researching the collections awaiting the opportunity to retain the exhibits more-or-less as they are but with multiple layering of interpretive materials. Thus the exhibits show the geographical distribution and variation of 'traditional' material culture throughout New Guinea and Island Melanesia. The exhibits can also be examined asking the question, 'Who collected this stuff and why?' There can also be focus exhibits dealing with betel-chewing equipment, tobacco and smoking equipment, stone tool manufacture and distribution networks, tapa cloth making and use, shell ornaments and trade, maritime canoes and trade, and so forth. Finally, there can be exhibits of contemporary material equivalent to the material collected a hundred years ago, to demonstrate continuity and change in culture. The elements of such exhibits are already, for the most part, on display but require some additional material, some restructuring, and means for providing the various levels of interpretation, such as appropriate labelling and audio/visual computer terminals.

In these days of stringent budgets and focus on 'the bottom line', the cost of such a project awaits a generous patron or a group of modest donors. Pacific countries are our nearest neighbours and the crises being experienced in these young nations – political, socio-economic, and environmental – have major consequences for Australia (and New Zealand). It is imperative that Australians understand something of the cultural heritage of these peoples, where they are coming from. The turmoil of parliamentary democracy in PNG cannot be grasped without understanding that there

are over 700 distinct language groups in PNG and major cultural differences between highlanders and islanders, between the hills people and those of the rivers and swamps. Just as the Pacific peoples have been the most creative on earth in developing such a vast array of different languages and cultures, so we can expect them to contribute creatively to the notion of parliamentary democracy, and not simply follow an Anglo-Australian Westminster model. And perhaps we have something to learn from their struggles, even though we may be appalled by the way it is being worked out on a day-to-day basis.

Barry Craig, the Curator of Foreign Ethnology, invites members of the Papua New Guinea Association and their families and friends to visit Adelaide and take a day or two soaking up the wealth of Pacific creativity on display. There is little in the way of interpretative material but for those who have lived and worked in the Pacific, and in particular in PNG, this will not pose an insurmountable difficulty. We have material from north coast Sepik collected by Captain Hunter following Australia's takeover in German New Guinea, and by Patrol Officer Kenneth Thomas in 1927-34. Harry Balfour Ogilvy of Renmark, who rode with 'Breaker' Morant in southern Africa, collected from Bougainville, New Ireland and New Britain during WW1. We have several important missionary collections: Rev. William Gray, Vanuatu, 1882-95; Rev. Arthur Chignell, Collingwood Bay, pre-WW2; Rev. H.K. Bartlett, Milne Bay Province, pre-WW2; Rev. Harold Freund, Western Highlands and Kukukuku, 1930s-50s; Rev. Ralph Lawton, Trobriand Islands, post-WW2; and many more. There is a large New Ireland *malagan* collection from the then-Director of the Museum, Edgar Waite, 1918; Dr Michael Alpers (who worked on the epidemiology of *kuru*), made an extremely well-documented collection in the Eastern Highlands, early 1960s; and Graeme Pretty (a former Curator) and Tony Crawford (now a book publisher) put together an excellent Southern Highlands collection. Unfortunately, at the present time there are no exhibits of Highlands material and the Curator awaits the opportunity to remedy this.

*Barry Craig got his BA (Hons. Anthropol.) and Dip.Ed. at Sydney University and went to PNG as a school teacher, posted to Telefomin in 1962. He participated in the Australian Star Mountains Expedition of 1965, obtained his Masters degree in Anthropology at Sydney University in 1970 and, subsequent to various museum collecting expeditions in central New Guinea and the upper Sepik from 1967 through to 1973, became Curator of Anthropology at the PNG National Museum, 1980-83. He submitted his PhD thesis to Flinders University in 1996 on the topic, 'The collection, documentation and preservation of the material cultural heritage of Papua New Guinea', and has been Curator of Foreign Ethnology at the South Australian Museum since 1995. He has been a member of ROAPNG (now PNGAA) for several years.*

*Website: [www.samuseum.sa.gov.au](http://www.samuseum.sa.gov.au) (See following notice for Barry's contact details)*

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**HELP WANTED:** Anthropologist Mike Wesch is working at Tumolbil, West Sepik, near the West Papua border and would like to contact **Mark WINFIELD** who he believes was involved in the construction of the airstrip at Tumolbil when he was a patrol officer, probably based at Telefomin in the early 1970s. If you can help with contact details for Mark Winfield, please contact Barry Craig, Curator of Foreign Ethnology, South Aust. Museum, GPO Box 234, Adelaide SA 5001; Ph. 08 8207 7374; Fax 08 8207 7430; email [craig.barry@saugov.sa.gov.au](mailto:craig.barry@saugov.sa.gov.au) Barry will then pass the information to Mike Wesch.

## WAS MICHLOUHO MACLAY THE EARLIEST EUROPEAN SETTLER ON THE MADANG COAST?

by Mary R. Mennis M.A., M.Soc.Sc.

Following investigations which I made in the 1970s, it seems there was an earlier contact from a boatload of people who arrived in the Madang area some 40 years before Maclay. There is strong evidence that this boat/ship was washed ashore at Budup - reportedly the birthplace of Kilibob and Manup, the heroes of the local myth. This earlier contact appears to be the basis for the myth or at least an added chapter to an already extant myth. There are many versions of this myth. Here it is told by Dau of Riwo in 1976:

The two brothers, Manup and Kilibob, lived at Budup with their mother and father. They thought that if they killed their father they would have as much knowledge as he did. Their mother was cross with them, 'You should not have killed your father'. The two brothers were frightened by their mother's anger and accused each other. They continued to argue in this fashion and their mother was angry and showed them her stomach where they had both been in her womb. The two of them were very ashamed but it did not stop them fighting.

Manup made a canoe and Kilibob built a ship. The two of them fought and fought and then they rested. They went to Karkar and fought and then they left and went to the place of the whiteman. This is the basis of the story of Kilibob and Manup. They had committed a crime and left New Guinea. When Kilibob came to Riwo my ancestors were here. He went to Kranket, Bilial, Bilibil and Bogati. In each place he introduced singsings and feasts and all the customs of the ancestors. Then he left for the whiteman's land. My ancestors used to talk about this. 'Later on he will come back and bring good time for us.'

The question remains - how much history is embedded in this myth of Kilibob and Manup? Peter Lawrence said various villages claimed to be the birthplace of Kilibob and Manup and the place where they had the fight. 'Their birthplace was generally accepted as Karkar Island, although the Seks [*Budup*] and Milguks (inland from Yabob) separately claimed the honour for their own areas.' (*Road Belong Cargo - A study of the Cargo Movement in the Southern Madang District, New Guinea, 1967, p 21*)

In about twenty interviews I had with informants from Bilibil, Yabob, Kranket, Siar and Kauris, the birthplace was always stated as being at Budup, just north of Sek. As I was living in Madang at the time (1976), I decided to go to Budup and inquire what historical evidence there was in this myth. It was a long shot and I felt foolish at the prospect of the investigation. My friend, Pall, clan leader of Bilibil Village, accompanied me and introduced me to Larnau, the headman of Budup. When I asked Larnau the location of the fight between the two brothers he said without hesitation, 'Come I'll show you'. We drove down the road. He directed us to an area within the Budup area called Doylan where the two brothers were said to have built their ship and canoe. Larnau indicated where there had once been a large hole, but which was by then covered with thick undergrowth and tall trees. His father had told him that there once had been planks, hammers and a chain in this place.

Pointing out two channels which ran down to the sea, Larnau said they were the original channels created by the tidal wave which had swept Kilibob's ship out to sea. Was it possible that there had been a tidal wave in the past which had become assimilated into the myth? This would explain why Kilibob and Manup had been credited with such

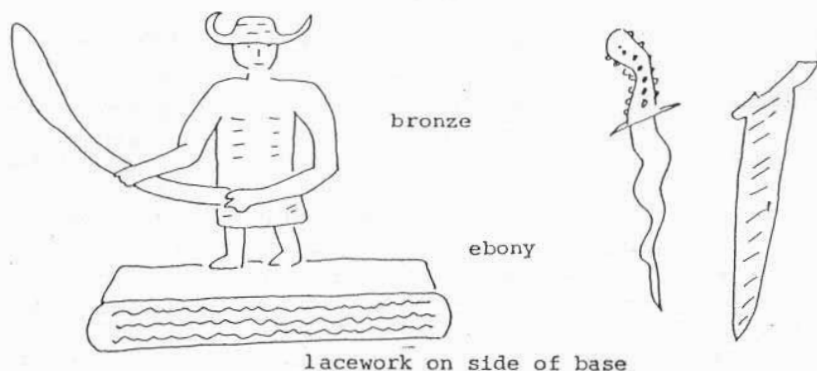


magical qualities. Further evidence of this ship needed to be found but there were strong hints that there were some facts in this story.

Franz Moeder who lived on Sek Island as a boy remembers being visited by an old man called Ngangai, a local headman in the 1920s. Ngangai told him that when his father was a boy he had seen this sailing ship at Budup. This would have been about the 1830s. It was before Maclay came because Ngangai met Maclay on his visit to Sek in the 1870s, and showed him the site where the ship had been overhauled and some of the artefacts.

According to Ngangai, the boat/ship had apparently been stranded on the reef during a tidal wave and had become so badly damaged that the sailors had pulled it ashore and repaired it in the hole where Kilibob is said to have built his ship. They lived there for many months, learnt to speak the local language and before they sailed away they said they would return. The fact that they said they would return bringing cargo and the good times could have sparked the first cargo cult. (Interview with Franz Moeder, 5 July 1977)

When Franz Moeder was young he visited Budup with Father Kirsch, a missionary from Sek. In the hole itself and in the surrounding villages they found four steel daggers, two bronze statues of legionaries and some ship fittings. The daggers had carved horn handles. The steel blades were old and rusted but were the type that sailors wore in the belts. The statuettes were made of black bronze. One was holding a sword with the blade pointing down and the other had the blade facing upwards. They wore copper crowns and had two black horns. They were carved in great detail with breast plates and leg plates and were mounted on ebony stands.



**Franz Moeder's sketch of one of the bronze statues**

Franz Moeder drew a likeness of one of the statues and the sword and scabbard. Of all the evidence this was the most important and the most concrete that there had once been a sailing boat in the area. Portuguese sailing boats must have gone past the north coast of New Guinea for centuries on their way to the spice islands of Indonesia but only recently has there been evidence that they had called into, or had been washed ashore, on the north coast of New Guinea. Moeder used some of the ship fittings on a new boat. There was also a wine stand or ash tray and copper fittings. Moeder said that the items found at Budup graced the school room at Sek for many years until Fr Hirsch sent them to a museum in Europe. (Lawrence backs this up when he stated [p.191 of *Road Belong Cargo*] that some carvings and other artefacts were collected at Sek by the missionaries and posted off to the Lateran Museum in Rome in 1925 and again in 1932.)

Who were these white men who came on this ship? Were they in fact the first

Europeans to have settled on the north coast of Papua New Guinea? The first definite landing of a European on New Guinea soil was that of Jorge de Meneses who landed on the north west coast in 1526. He called it the Ilhas dos Papuas or the fuzzy haired men. In 1545, a Spanish captain sailed along the north coast and called it New Guinea after the Guinea Coast in Africa. From then on many European trading ships passed along the north coast of Papua New Guinea and it is conceivable that one of these ships became stranded at Budup early in the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

Lawrence's research had hinted that there may have been a shipwreck somewhere in the Madang area that predated Maclay's sojourn there. In *Road Belong Cargo* (pp 65-66) he says, 'The people of Sek showed Maclay a "telum Anut", which the sea brought up on one of the islands. This was a female figurehead of a European vessel.' Lawrence refers to this and rightly assumed that there must have been a shipwreck somewhere, but as he did not have any further evidence, he concluded that 'further conjecture would be useless'.

In the light of this new evidence, particularly the evidence given by Franz Moeder, there was an earlier boat on the Madang coast. Whether they were able to salvage their wrecked boat and make it seaworthy again is a matter of conjecture although according to the myth of Kilibob they did sail away, promising to return one day.

[This of course became the basis for a cargo cult in the Madang area.]

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## REUNIONS

### 9<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL RPNGC FORMER OFFICERS' CHRISTMAS LUNCH - Report back

This was held at the Mercure Hotel in Brisbane on Sat. 7 December 2002. This year's attendance was marked by a rising number of older members being unable to make the trip, and an increase in the number of younger members coming along for the first time. Present were Jim and Joan Dutton, David and Jeanette Illsley, Gordon and Linda Ramsay, Dud and Barbara Laird, Ian and Jenny Johnston, Gerry Bellis, Nick Pearson, Peter and Val Gentile, Alisdair and Kath MacDougall, Sue Jewell, Bruna Symonds, Jean Carter, Pat and Joan Barry, Bryan and Jackie Beattie, Jim Gray, Derek and Sharenne Bell, Terry Selva, Frank Davies, John Monk, Robbie and Cath Robinson, Trevor Day, Graham and Jenny Breman, Ted and Phyllis Jarratt, Jim and Marie Kirby, Alistair and Jean Bain, Ivan Bell, Dave and Margaret Macey and Alan Dyer. Apologies were received from Bob Cole, Paddy Erskine, Barrie Baxter, John Herbert, Col Parry, Watson Beaton, Max Hayes, Bruce Inch, Col Holt, Grev Feeney, Ernie Young, Jim Trautner, Tom Shacklady, Dave Fitzgibbon, Geoff Brazier, Carmel Selva, Rennie Pike and Chris Coady. A toast was given for two members who passed on during the year - Leo Tumilty and John Mitchell.

Next year's Christmas lunch is on 6 December 2003, probably on the Gold Coast. It's the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the first reunion, at the Irish Club in Brisbane in 1993, and if the 2002 lunch was any guide it should be a great day. From Derek Bell

### An Airline Story which missed our December issue -

Vicki Walshe of Cammeray NSW wrote, 'As a group of novice teachers on our first posting ex ASOPA, we were puzzled when the pilot of our flight from Wewak to Maprik in a Dornier put on his raincoat before taking his position in the cockpit. Sure enough, it began to rain over Mt Turu inside and out of the plane - we all emerged at Hayfield bedraggled and with wet backsides (which could have been also attributed to our condition after the stall warning kept sounding throughout the flight). He was bone dry.'

## A MEETING WITH ROSELYN, DAUGHTER OF SIMIK

by Laurie Le Fevre

We stopped at Horn Island to fuel. We had 20 minutes there, and I was chatting to one of the flight attendants whom I know well. Her name is Roselyn Simik. I had just been reading the piece by Phillip Fitzpatrick about Olsobip, and Simik the station clerk (see *Una Voce* Sept 2002, p.38) - and yes, Simik is Roselyn's father. Simik is well, and has retired to Kiunga, Western District.

Roselyn said that when she saw an air hostess for the first time she was fascinated by the uniform. She told her parents and teachers there and then that that was what she wanted to be. Twenty years later she had earned her wings.

Roselyn is Western Province to the core. Her father Simik Tetra was one of the first people to live in Kiunga. Her mother came from across the border in West Papua a few kilometres away. Roselyn remembers Denis Young, Robin Barclay, and other kiaps with whom her father worked, and tells second generation stories of the first white people who visited the area.

Other than her family it was Warren and Joy Dutton who had the greatest influence on the young Roselyn. They gave her her first job, and appear as a recurring motif in her life as she described their influence at various stages, including today. They encouraged her to explore new opportunities, and generously welcomed her back on her return on the occasions when the outcome did not match the expectation.

The opportunities Roselyn explored helped her to build the skills she ultimately needed as a flight attendant. There was little call for flight attendants in Kiunga, so instead she got to know the river well (Fly R.) and is steeped in its culture. When the opportunity to fly came she was working in Tabubil, where Ok Tedi Mining Limited has its headquarters. Her broad background in working in offices, engineering companies, hospitality, and then as ground crew with an airline, had given her the mix of skills she needed to win her job with Asia Pacific Jets.

Today Roselyn Simik is the longest serving member of the cabin crew at Tabubil. She is still the only woman from Western Province working as a flight attendant. Her languages reflect a dyed-in-the-wool Western Province heritage. Awin is her first language. Motu, English and Tok Pisin come in equally at number two. And she can also get by in Yongom, Daru and Balimo.

Roselyn loves travel, and has made extensive visits to the eastern States of Australia, seeing much of it by motorcycle. She does not see her job as an opportunity to travel as such - it is just that in doing what she likes, it happens that her office is in a plane and moves around a lot.

She says that flying has its high points (without intending the pun), but that it is tiring work. She loves the rare short days, and being on stand-by when no-one is on leave nor likely to report in ill. Her long days start at 4.30 in the morning and finish at 6 pm, after six hours in the air and four hours on the ground on a milk run that may take her to Hoskins, Rabaul and Madang on the one service. She admits it would be difficult to cope with such a long day without an understanding partner who indulges her when she returns home.

How does Roselyn see the future? She is very positive about the future of her country, and her province, and has longer-term plans for life after flying. 'It will be a small venture in the world of hospitality, and it will be in Kiunga' is all she will offer. I know it will be an opportunity for Roselyn to continue to leave her mark on the province she loves. And for her parents and the Duttons to continue to be proud of her.

## WANTED TO BUY

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

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Caspian Gallery, 469 Oxford Street, Paddington NSW 2021  
phone 02 9331 4260, fax 02 9360 1385. Outside Sydney free call 1800 818 056

## 'THEY PREFER N.G. LIFE TO SYDNEY'

This was a heading in the *Sun-Herald* Women's Section of 22 November 1953

This quite lengthy article began, 'Life in a native house on an outpost station in New Guinea appeals more to a group of Australian women than the comforts and conveniences of life in Sydney. The women are the wives of district officers in New Guinea who have spent the past two years in Sydney, where their husbands have taken a course in native administration.' The wives were at an outdoor luncheon hosted by Ronnie Galloway at her home at Balgowlah.

The article said, 'Although the district officers are often away for 30 days at a stretch, their wives do not complain of being lonely or bored'. It went on to describe the sorts of things the women did in PNG. In addition to the main photo (below) there were photos of Ann Young-Whitforde, and education officers Betty Roach and Billy Bogg.



L to R: Val Robinson, Pam Foley, Enie Fleay, Phil Linsley,  
Elma Holmes and Ronnie Galloway

## BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

### AND THEN THE ENGINES STOPPED - Flying in Papua New Guinea

**Reviewed by Frank Smith\***

'And Then the Engines Stopped' is a collection of twenty short, but true, stories by people who because of their professions or occupational commitments were at times required to travel by light aircraft.

This is a fair appreciation of the idiosyncrasies of light aircraft operations, pilots and weather and also the concerns and enjoyment of the passengers who saw the country in which they were interested more closely than at 20,000 ft in a large aircraft. There was nothing like it! ...An enjoyable read.

From Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies at the Australian National University, Canberra ACT 0200. Normally \$34-95 + P&H, but \$30 + P&H to Association members on mentioning this review in *Una Voce*. ISBN 1 74076 005 0 P&H - \$7 for 1<sup>st</sup> book, + \$3 for each additional book to the same address in Australia.

\* *Frank Smith was formerly with Madang Air Services and Ansett-MAL*

### THE PARKINSON FAMILY, QUEEN EMMA AND RELATIONS IN GERMAN NEW GUINEA 1878-1930 by Karl Baumann. Schaltungsdienst Lange OHG, Berlin 2003

**Reviewed by Peter Cahill**

Little is known about expatriate society in the Kokopo and Rabaul areas of German New Guinea. Retired engineer Kaul Baumann supplements R. W. Robson and Geoffrey Dutton's writings about Emma Forsayth (dubbed 'Die Konigin' by Eduard Hershheim of Matupi) and her brother in law, Richard Parkinson, from official and private files in Germany with help from Max Hayes in Melbourne. This is a must-have book for anyone interested in New Guinea.

With her partner, Thomas Farrell, Emma reached Mioko, Duke of York islands, in late 1878 as traders in native copra and marine products. In 1882 they were joined by her sister Phoebe (Phebe) and husband Richard Parkinson. Emma saw the potential of the Gazelle Peninsula for coconut plantations and Parkinson laid them out, thus establishing the copra industry in German New Guinea.

Baumann presents fresh insights into the interplay between German officials and trader/planters, or employees of the Neu Guinea Kompagnie (NGK), living among savage native inhabitants who initially resented their intrusion, but were gradually won over by trade, tobacco and religion. Photographs show an expatriate society dominated by full blood and half-caste (the word is used frequently in the documents he cites) Samoan women. Names that sprinkle German writings come to life in photographs of family groups enjoying tea in *haus-winds*, photographs of lavish dinner parties and of the changing infrastructure of Kokopo and nearby plantations. The determination of German colonisers is clear in their solid and elaborate buildings. The constraints of the period are equally clear in their starched white suits and high-necked dresses. And in the background are glimpses of the magnificent plantations which rivalled those of German Samoa and attracted avaricious Australian eyes.

Nine of the twelve Parkinson children survived. No son married, or had children, so the family name vanished from the South Pacific despite the blossoming of an embryonic Parkinson dynasty in the early twentieth century. Emma introduced a steady stream of her sisters, cousins and nieces to marry German officials, plantation owners and NGK employees. Most had sizeable families. She enjoyed several liaisons until she

married NGK employee Paul Kolbe in 1894.

The occupation of German New Guinea in September 1914 was not one of Australia's finest hours. Looting by officers and men of the military was reported to the Prime Minister (see *Australia. Commonwealth. Parliament. Papers presented to Parliament - General. 1914-15-16-17. Pp.369/378*). Personal possessions, including wedding presents, were sold at public auctions; many Australian houses were furnished with other items liberated from German owners. Baumann's photographs of happy family groups in their comfortable homes contrast starkly with 1920s writings about expropriation, bankruptcy and poverty in Germany. The fumbling inefficiency and astonishing corruption of the Australian Expropriation Board which seized and sold German property guaranteed most would pass to Australian companies with predictable results.

Baumann's book would have benefited from a native English editor who would have picked up repetition and text errors. Pages 73/80 are out of sequence and several in my glued copy came loose very easily. Future copies sold will be in hard cover. But these minor faults do not detract from Baumann's success in revealing more about the trials and triumphs of the true pioneers of New Guinea. It is sad that this Samoan based society disappeared from New Guinea. Where did it go?

116pp., maps, illus., bibliog. Payment to be in Euros, by bank draft, 40 Euros plus 12 Euros (minimum postage: up to 4 copies may be sent for this rate) to Karl Baumann, via Norddeutsche Landesbank Hanover, BIC/SWIFT CODE:NOLADE21CEL., Sparkasse Celle, Grosser Plan 2, 29221 CELLE, GERMANY. Or by bank notes (registered mail) to Karl Baumann, Uhlenflucht 11, 29328 FASSBERG, GERMANY. Email address: KBUI129328@aol.com

#### **A REMARKABLE JOURNEY by Carol Kidu**

Longman Sydney 2002 ISBN: 0 7339 3227 4. RRP \$21.95 (incl. GST) soft cover, illus

#### **Reviewed by Bob and Mary Pulsford**

This is indeed a most remarkable story told by a superb story teller. It is the love story of a Queensland woman, who as a schoolgirl fell in love with a Papuan youth who had won a scholarship to attend boarding school and then Law School in Queensland. Buri was a charismatic figure. While at Toowoomba Grammar he rose to become captain of the school, and after graduating as a lawyer at Queensland University and working in various senior positions in the Department of Law based in Port Moresby and Rabaul, at the youthful age of thirty five became the Chief Justice of Papua New Guinea. He and Carol wanted to wed before he had completed his Law degree and in preparation for that went to Carol's father and asked for his permission and co-operation and then went to his extended family at Pari and asked for and obtained their permission!

Carol, training to be a teacher, had managed to visit Port Moresby with a group of University students and had been to Pari and met Buri's family. After they married she adjusted herself to fit into the Motuan culture and Buri's extended family with remarkable success. Her story gives the reader a wonderful insight into the richness and complexity of cross-cultural relationships. She became inflamed by and shared Buri's passion for the rule of law. When he died of a heart attack, with remarkable courage and insight, she became determined to continue the fight, and to this end stood for and won a seat in the current Parliament, being one of the only two women in the house. A high point of the book that touched us most deeply was the speech at Buri's funeral by fellow lawyer and Shadow Attorney General, Bernard Narokobi (page 129). We would like to quote it in its



entirety but will give this excerpt -

"Brother Buri, we remember you, not as a defeated judicial officer. We will remember you as a model of a true Papuan, loving his people, dedicated to the rule of law and destined to be a national hero; a true Papua New Guinean."

Carol has launched an appeal to raise funds to equip Professor of Medicine, Isi Kevau's clinic with the things he needs to effectively diagnose and treat heart disease. The lack of necessary equipment prevented Dr. Kevau, also a Pari man, from appropriately helping Buri in his hour of need and thus saving his life.

**GILABWALA AND HIS SISTER - A Trobriand Legend told by Chief Nalubutau**  
Produced by Jutta Malnic in collaboration with John Kasaipwalova - ISBN 09581 267 12

**Reviewed by Mary R. Mennis**

'Chief Gilabwala and his sister' is a traditional legend. It is a moralistic tale similar to the European traditions about relationships gone wrong - in this case it is the relationship between a brother and sister. The introduction explains the importance of the story which has been handed down from one generation to the next, probably for hundreds of years. Oral traditions have always been important in Papua New Guinea - it was one way people had of handing on their history, customs and taboos.

The veracity of the story is noted in the introduction - it was told by Chief Nalubutau to his grandson, Kelai, on his tenth birthday and was translated from the original by Linda Stocker. There are some anthropological notes about the Trobriand Islands. Because it is a matrilineal society, women are very important - it is through them that land is inherited. Traditionally a brother is bound to provide food for his sister.

However, in this story, Chief Gilabwala of Wawela Village did not follow this tradition and the moral of the story is if you don't follow the traditions see what will happen to you. Gilabwala treated his sister badly and furthermore his wives set him against her (she remains nameless in this story). As a result she left her village and moved to an area between Wawela and the next village Obulaku. Somehow she managed to grow her own food and remained undetected, even after she had given birth to a beautiful daughter, Bomutailegisa, and a son who remains nameless in the story. Before she died she told her son of her brother's mistreatment. Thus the story was handed down to the next generation. Later when Chief Gilabwala met up with his niece, Bomutailegisa, and nephew, he invited them back to Wawela Village but they rejected him, 'if he abandoned our mother, he is not our uncle' was their attitude. Gilabwala is heartbroken and tries many ways to be reconciled to them, but nothing seems to work.

In the end, word of Bomutailegisa's beauty travelled via the Kula Ring (the trade route of the indigenous exchange system) the length and breadth of Kiriwina Island and Paramount Chief, Kauguya, from the distant village of Omulamwaluva came to visit her and later married her. Eventually, Chief Gilabwala made his peace with his niece, Bomutailegisa, with a gift of 50 pigs and the story ends on a happy note of reconciliation.

This book is informative about the Trobriand way of life: for example, we see the importance of the relationship between a brother and sister, we learn that a boy is born into his mother's clan and a girl into her father's, and that the Trobriand Islands are sectioned off into several Kula districts. These districts and many of the village names are marked on a map on the inside cover which makes it a good reference tool.

Overall it is a good traditional story and worth the telling.

32pp. Illus, \$24-95 (GST and postage are included for Association members), from Cowrie Books, 58 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga NSW 2076 Ph: 02 9489 1542

**YOURS SINCERELY, TOM - A lost child of the Empire** by Margaret L. Henderson

This book was published in late 2000 (see *Una Voce*, Dec. 2000, p.27) - it is the story of Tom Simpson, the author's father, who came to Australia as a Barwell Boy in 1924, went to PNG as a missionary in 1936 and was killed by the Japanese. Margaret Henderson went to Kavieng in mid-2002 for the Memorial Service for those lost in New Ireland as a result of the Japanese occupation. This is a reprint.

Cost is \$25 which includes GST and postage, available from Mrs Margaret Henderson, PO Box 1217, North Haven SA 5018 ISBN 0 646 39640 4

## AUSTRALIAN DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY REVIEW

Written for *Una Voce* by Stuart Inder

Detailed biographies of some notable men and women who played a part in the development of Papua New Guinea are included in the latest volume of the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, published in November 2002 by Melbourne University Press.

The volume, the 16th, records the careers of notables from all walks of life whose surnames run from Pike to Zinnbauer and who died between 1940 and 1980. The volume contains 673 names, researched and written by 569 honorary authors, working under the direction of the Research School of Social Sciences of the Australian National University. It was edited by John Ritchie and Diane Langmore.

Volume 1 of the *Dictionary* appeared in 1966, and subsequent volumes have appeared every few years. Any good reference library will have a set.

There are to be found in this volume, as in the previous one (for extracts from that, see *Una Voce* June 2000, p.23), more men and women involved with PNG during their careers than the handful I've selected. But the following 11 may be said to have had a significant input to the modern story of PNG. I've had to condense their details, some of the original biographies being more than 1000 words each (and well worth reading).

**STEWART, Flora (1886-1979), pioneer and hotelkeeper.** Scottish-born Flora Stewart first went to Papua in 1908 and within a few years had married Harry Goften and was trading, croc hunting and mining. Harry was killed in France in World War 1 while Flora was running a guesthouse in Moresby. She married James Stewart in 1929 and established the Hotel Bulolo. 'Ma's' exploits on the diggings became legendary. She opened the famous Hotel Cecil in Lae in 1936, rebuilding it after the war. A founding member of the Morobe Agricultural Society, 'Ma' led the parade at the annual shows until the end of her life. She was buried in Lae. Jim Sinclair wrote the biography.

**REFSHAUGE, Dr Joan (1906-1979), medical practitioner and medical administrator,** went to Port Moresby in 1947 for the Department of Health, where she became 'a highly professional doctor, and unlike some of her flamboyant male colleagues, reassuring to her Melanesian patients' (writes her biographer, Donald Denoon). A pioneer in public health, by 1963, when she left, Joan Refshaug had established 21 central clinics, 528 village clinics and 541 centres visited by mobile patrols.

**WRIGHT, Dr Eric (1912-1979), medical practitioner,** was another key player in the development of PNG's health services. He had joined Papua's Health Department in 1930 as a medical assistant, establishing a school for native assistants, believing they should be trained in their own country. He took his medical degree in Sydney during the war, and following private practice in Rabaul, became Assistant Director for medical training

in PNG in 1958. He helped establish schools of nursing and the Papuan Medical College, of which he was principal. Dr Wright was expelled from PNG in 1975, having been deemed as interfering with the political affairs of the emerging nation because of his association with the Papua Besena movement. Bert Speer wrote the entry.

**TOLIMAN, Matthias (1925-1973), schoolteacher and politician.** Matthias, a Tolai, was training for the priesthood when the Japanese occupation of Rabaul intervened. After the war he became a schoolteacher and won a seat in the first House of Assembly in 1964, where he did invaluable work on education. He became a founder and leader of the conservative United Party, and Opposition leader when Michael Somare was elected Chief Minister in 1972. Described as 'an outstanding political leader, liked and respected by allies and opponents', he died in office from a sudden heart attack. Neville Threlfall wrote the entry.

**TO ROT, Peter (1912?-1945), martyr,** was born in New Britain. He was a Catholic catechist in Rabaul when war came, and he found himself in charge of his parish when the European missionaries were interned. He carried out the church functions, including marriage ceremonies, until the Japanese tolerance of the Christian faith turned at the end of 1943. Eventually forbidden to take part in any form of religious observance, he exercised prudence but refused to cease doing what he considered his duty. Eventually he was gaoled, during which he was murdered by the military police. Peter To Rot was beatified by the Pope in Port Moresby in 1995 and his canonisation proceeds. John Dempsey wrote the entry.

**WILLOUGHBY, John (1908-1962), public servant,** was a key man in the Department of Territories, advising on the economic development of PNG in the years before independence. He had influential input in the planning of financial self-reliance, including the introduction of income tax and, in the beginning, of the program to replace expatriates with local officers in the territory's public service. He helped plan the eventual establishment of tertiary education and higher training. The entry was written by a former Canberra colleague, Bob Swift.

The next three island old hands are in the Dictionary because of their wartime exploits:

**VIAL, Leigh (1909-1943), patrol officer and coastwatcher,** began his career as a kiap in NG in 1933, his activities including the pursuit of notorious murderer Ludwig Schmidt through the unexplored western Highlands. With the occupation of Rabaul in 1942 he led RAAF ground crew to safety before being appointed a pilot officer and assigned as a coastwatcher in the Salamaua area. His 'extraordinary heroism' reporting from behind the lines over a long period won him the US Distinguished Service Cross. He wrote a handbook on jungle survival, but died in action in a plane crash near Bena Bena in April 1943. Bill Gammage wrote the entry.

**ROBINSON, Alfred (1903-1948), government officer and soldier,** joined the NG public service in Rabaul in 1926, serving as a clerk in various districts until the war found him again in Rabaul where, as a member of the NG Volunteer Rifles, he was called to full-time service. He was captured at Tol Plantation, but amazingly survived the infamous massacre of 150 other men, and went on to notch up a NG war record notable for instances 'of laconic courage'. Postwar, he resigned as ADO Gasmata to take up the lease of a New Britain copra plantation, but was killed by natives while out recruiting. He was buried at Kandrian station. Hank Nelson wrote his entry.

**SETON, Carden (1901-1970), coastwatcher,** ran a Solomons plantation from 1927 until

the war, when he enlisted in the AIF and returned to the islands as a coastwatcher, and then as a member of 'M' Special Unit. In the Solomons he helped rescue many downed Allied airmen. His guerilla activities on Bougainville were responsible for killing 708 of the enemy, and helped keep the local people loyal to the Allies. He also conducted guerilla operations against the Japanese in New Britain. He returned to the Solomons after the war and was a member of the BSIP Advisory Council. Shirley Lithgow wrote his entry.

**WEDGWOOD, Camilla (1901-1955), anthropologist and educationist**, who is still recalled with affection by many older kiaps as an outstandingly popular lecturer at ASOPA, Mosman, gets almost two pages in the Dictionary. After dealing with her field work on Manam Island and on Nauru between 1932 and 1935 ('her Manam work established her scholarly reputation'), her entry details particularly her long association with the University of Sydney, especially with women's affairs. In the Territory towards the end of the war with Alf Conlon's Directorate of Research and Civil Affairs, she helped develop future policies for education and reconstruction. David Wetherell wrote the piece.

**YALI (c.1912-1975), political and religious leader**. Born in the Madang district, Yali joined the Armed Native Constabulary in 1937, and with the advent of war he emerged as a brave and resourceful soldier and coastwatcher, and trainer of recruits for the Allied Intelligence Bureau. With war's end he drew on his knowledge of Australian life through three visits there to promote the value of hard work, cash cropping and education among his own people. But somewhere along the line the Administration decided he had developed into a cargo cult leader, stirring up unrest. In 1950 he was sentenced to six years' gaol, which he served, and never recovered his influence. The entry was written by Elfriede Hermann.

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## HOW WILL WE REMEMBER? by Erica Ryan\*

Mine is, most likely, not an unusual experience. I am the younger daughter of retired officers, seeking to learn more about my parents' experience within the country I was born. My interest came from the deteriorating health and ultimate demise of my father, who spent 'the best years of his life' in Papua New Guinea. My parents have combined history from 1950 to 1971 of almost 34 years in the Territory, working in agriculture and education.

There was endless talk of the 'good old days' when I was growing up but I remember very few details. I was too young to be greatly interested.

In 1994 I was fortunate enough to return to New Guinea in a work capacity, and again in 2001 as a visitor not long after my father's death. While I didn't enjoy the closest relationship with him, my last visit was tinged with regrets – that I travelled with a student of human geography who knew more of my father's professional life than I did; that I could not share my experiences with my father 30 years after his departure from the Territory; that I did not have the opportunity to ask him the questions as a mature young woman that I could not have imagined as a child; or that I could not simply show him photographs of just how far down the Arrafundi River I got or how the old cacao blocks looked. My brother remembered more than I did but, sadly, he died nearly four years ago and another opportunity vanished.

To meet my father's contemporaries and to visit the places where he and my

mother lived, individually and together, was a special experience for me. To the locals it seemed equally important that a 'meri bilong Sepik' should go back so soon after her father's death, or that I should revisit the plantations where 'papa bilong me' worked in New Britain as an agricultural extension officer.

I met an old man from the Department of Lands on the back of a truck between Wewak and Angoram who recalled my notorious father in the late 1960s. We had a very superficial conversation about a soldier settlement scheme, as we careered along the rutted road and fireflies flew overhead. It offered me an unexpected and intensely personal connection with the country he held so dear but about which we never really spoke. Sighting a Sepik blue orchid at Munduku strip I was reminded of a second-hand story I'd heard of his patrols into this area with a botanist in the 1960s. When dad was dying, I spoke on the telephone to dad's closest Tolai friend from the 1950s and finally meeting Tomeriba at his home in Kokopo after dad had died was a very emotional experience for us both.

In recent years there appears to have been a resurgence of academic interest in the Australian experience in Papua New Guinea, with researchers commenting on the absence of personal recollections to supplement the official records held by the national institutions in Australia and PNG. Some of the collections in the tropics are physically deteriorating but have been microfilmed. Academics around the world have their own rich collections and the work of the National Library of Australia in collecting oral histories and personal records of administrators and senior public servants is helping build up our story but surely there are more stories to be told? Moreover, the researchers fall back on the oral traditions here, and amongst those who still remember, in New Guinea. Recent trends to digitise and make collection available over the Internet (within government and the academic sectors) have increased the accessibility of the 'official record'.

My mother is preparing a very personal record for me, but my father left not much more than a few artefacts, some stamps, a collection of largely unidentified colour slides and a bundle of familiar names of friends back in New Guinea with whom he had maintained contact after his retirement.

If the work of Australians in PNG is to be remembered by future generations, the stories need to be recorded NOW. Members of the Association, I encourage you to:

- Take the time to organise and describe, arrange and date your slides, photographs, papers and personal service records, diaries, letters and mementoes for your families or whoever else may be interested, before your stories are forgotten;
- Keep documents, diaries, letters and photographs etc cool, flat and dry; seek advice about anything else you can do to preserve your records - talk to a conservator at your State or Territory Library;
- Talk to researchers or collecting institutions (eg the organisations you worked for, universities which have a school of Pacific studies; local, state or national libraries and archives) about your collections, your papers and your recollections;
- Think about where you want these records to reside ultimately and make your wishes known so that the material is not lost or destroyed.

The PNG hooks are strong and I am continually surprised how, now that my interest has heightened, they often surface in my professional and personal life. Please don't let this wealth of wonderful material just disappear.

*\*Erica Ryan is the daughter of Francis Xavier Ryan, Department of Agriculture, Stock & Fisheries and Greta Ryan (nee Hard), Department of Education*

## TO SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA VIA THE SOLOMON ISLANDS IN THE 'OLD DAYS'

by Hal Evans

*Hal Evans joined the New Guinea Administration in the mid 1930s as a clerk in Rabaul. His work included interpreting in native court cases. Following terms in Madang as Chief Clerk, he transferred to Co-ops, in Kavieng. This article was written in the 70s, not long before he died.*

Territory students travel to and from school and home for the holidays in a much different and far quicker way than in the old days when the writer was a boy. In those days, the 1920s, I lived with my parents in Buka on a plantation where we also operated trade stores around the island.

After having fun at home growing up in the Island atmosphere and doing schooling by correspondence, the time came for me to go to boarding school in Sydney. There were no air services in those days, so the method of travel was by ship to Sydney via Solomon Island ports. The first ship I travelled to school on was the *Marsina*, a BP Line ship not much bigger than the *Tulagi* but she carried more passengers. She was a steam ship, a coal-burner, and most of the time she sailed along, black smoke poured from her funnel and stokers spent long periods down below shovelling coal into the furnaces. It must have been very hot and hard work down there while the ship steamed around the island ports.

To join the ship to go to school I first of all travelled by sailing cutter to Soraken on the northern tip of Bougainville, where the ship called to load copra and discharge cargo. Once aboard I found a bunk in a small cabin which I shared with an elderly gentleman who was not too friendly but he got better as the trip progressed. In those days it took nearly 21 days from Soraken to Sydney. After leaving Soraken we called at ports in Bougainville loading copra and then left Kieta to enter the British Solomon Islands at Faisi. Faisi was a very pretty place where there was a district officer, a doctor, and Burns Philp had a store. Plantation people came from outlying areas in very picturesque Island ketches and cutters. We loaded copra and ivory nuts there. Today there is no sale for ivory nuts but in those days there must have been a good market for them because at every port we called at in the Solomons ivory nuts were loaded as well as copra. After leaving Faisi we steamed to Gizo, another very pretty place, where cargo was discharged and copra and ivory nuts loaded.

Loading on this trip was done in surf boats which the ship carried aboard and they were towed by a launch the ship also carried. This launch and the surf boats were operated by Solomon Islanders who came aboard at Faisi and finally left the ship at Tulagi, our last port of call before setting off for Australia. I have always been very keen on mucking around in boats and so it was not long before I summoned up enough courage to ask the Chief Officer of the *Marsina* if I could ride backwards and forwards in the launch at each port as it towed the cargo boats to and from the shore. He was a kindly fellow and, to my joy, agreed to the proposition. After that I spent most of my time on the voyage through the Islands in the ship's launch during working hours. It was not long before I got friendly with the Solomon Islanders who operated the launch and soon was able to persuade them to let me steer it once we got clear of the ship, and the captain and/or chief officer could not see me at the helm. The drill was that on the way back from shore as we got near the ship I handed over the helm again to the Solomon Islander in charge of the launch and all was well. Because of this pastime my trip to school by ship was always very enjoyable and each year this became quite a part of the holiday to which I looked forward most. It was not long, of course, before the ship's officers knew what went on but I am glad to relate that they were apparently kindly chaps who did nothing



to stop the practice; probably they remembered they were boys once themselves.

From Gizo we went to Yandina in the Russel group. There was a wharf there where the ship tied up to load, so I was always a bit bored when we called at Yandina and again at Tulagi where we tied up to a wharf on the island of Makambo, which was the headquarters for Burns Philp at Tulagi in those days. After Tulagi, Gavutu for fresh water and off across the sea to Australia, calling at Brisbane before Sydney.

Usually there were other children who joined the ship in the Solomons and we chummed up aboard and had lots of fun, particularly after the ship left for Australia. We school children were given our meals in the dining saloon early, before the adults and this suited us fine for it meant that afterwards while they were down at meals we had the decks to ourselves for games we could not have played with the Oldies around. Deck quoits and tennis were popular with us but ordinarily during the day it was hard to get a game because the adult passengers also had the same idea. However, while they were at meals we had open go and much fun, which included losing quite a few quoits overboard! The Bosun was always grumbling about having to replace so many quoits. Luckily the junior passengers were not suspected for rarely were we seen playing with them. When the adult passengers were at meals most of the crew seemed to be likewise.

They were good and interesting days for school boys and I always looked forward to the trip and learnt a lot about ships and ship-handling from those days, a subject which I have always been interested in. The *Marsina* had a small promenade deck which extended right under the ship's navigating bridge and going in and out of Island ports I used to take up a position right under where the Captain stood and so was able to hear every command he gave, which I found interesting and from which I learnt quite a bit.

This brings to mind a remark I heard one Captain make once as we were steaming out of an Island port one night. When a ship is being navigated at night it is necessary for all deck lights to be switched off to avoid glare, which obscures the vision of those on the bridge. We were moving slowly across a calm lagoon in an almost full moon with the usual Island scene of coconut palms reflected in the water near the shore that we who have lived in the tropics know so well. The Captain gave the order 'Lights out on the decks' and then in an aside said, 'Now some of the Don Juans will be up to their tricks!'. At the time I was a bit young to be among the Don Juans but on later voyages I always remembered that Captain's remark whenever the lights went out when we were leaving or entering a port at night.

Reflecting on it all now I think the present-day student, who travels to and from the Islands to school by air, misses quite a bit of the fun that we had travelling by sea. However, no doubt that is compensated for by the fact that they have much more time at home with their parents.

**HELP WANTED:** Bob Piper of Higgins ACT wrote: 'I have some interest in **KING CAMERON** of Kitava Island but especially an incident there in WWII. Apparently a Japanese Zero pilot arrived there by canoe trying to get back to Rabaul. Some say he was bright and well educated, and he quickly became great friends of King Cameron and the local people, they teaching him things about their culture and he in turn teaching them of his. Because of the remoteness of the area, it was some time before ANGAU/Army personnel arrived and much to Cameron's horror they took the pilot out into the yard and shot him. King Cameron never forgave them. Can anybody tell me the true story please?' Bob Piper is at 02 6254 8376, or at 7 Brazel Street, Higgins ACT 2615

## JAMES LINDSAY (JIM) TAYLOR 1901-87

by Geoff Melrose

*Geoff Melrose thought this was an appropriate time to send us his tribute to Jim Taylor having heard that Jim's daughter Meg was recently made a Dame of the British Empire.*

Jim Taylor's working life, exploits, and his famous explorations in New Guinea in 1933 and 1938/9 have been detailed by others more competent than I am. I can only add a small tribute to this man who risked his life on many occasions. I admired and loved him. My father\* described him as the truest man he had ever known. My mother said he was more charming than Errol Flynn because he was natural, not spurious. For me he was an emperor who looked a long way into the distance. He treated me as an equal at all times. He would listen carefully to my answers to his questions, which always seemed to have a point. In a way, he taught me some of the art of conversation.

On social occasions he tended to be an observer rather than a participant. I could never make up my mind whether he was shy or naturally quiet. Perhaps he was both. Or perhaps he was sometimes bored because he was a doer rather than a talker. He was a seeker of truth, impatient with vacillation, contemptuous of all pretension and had little time for the wheels of bureaucracy. He felt they (the wheels of bureaucracy) turned too slowly for the man in the field. He once told me, 'Those shiny bums at headquarters could be a lot more effective if they stopped looking in the blue book for answers, and came out here to find out what the problems were in the first place. Understand the problem, and you get the answer. There are times when I question whether they even understand plain English'.

In retrospect, I sometimes think he gave time to youngsters like myself simply because 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings' do you at least hear truth. It was Jim who led me to Emerson's quote, 'Every man is in some way my superior, and in that way can I learn of him'. Naturally this attitude did not endear him to some of his colleagues in the administration, nor to many outside it. They thought him too 'pro-native'. In return, he thought they were too intent on exploiting the locals. He had a bigger vision and pursued it to the end as far as I know.

In 1938 my father took me up to Government House in Rabaul a couple of times. It was late afternoon on both occasions when he had a radio schedule arranged to talk to Jim Taylor. Jim and John Black were involved in a 15-month epic patrol to previously unexplored areas from Mount Hagen to Telefomin. On one occasion my dad let me have a few words with Jim who promised to bring me a souvenir. He did this, in mid-1939, when he returned to Rabaul. It was a prized Mount Hagen axe - unfortunately I never did see the axe as I was in boarding school and then the war intervened.

In 1940, Jim visited me at boarding school and gave me a photograph of a similar Hagen axe. He also arranged with the headmaster to put on a film night of the Hagen/Sepik Patrol. My fellow boarders were privileged to meet this wonderful man and to see his unique patrol films. Among those newly discovered inhabitants of a part of New Guinea not visited before were the Clay men (who completely cover themselves with greyish clay) and the Wig men. The wig men wore shaped wigs made of human hair. One represented the spread of buffalo horns and appeared to be about one metre across. One wonders now, what possible connection there could have been between those isolated primitives and buffaloes! Perhaps a tradition dating aeons back to the time when there was a land bridge from Asia to Australia?

It was immensely generous of Jim to give us this precious time during his leave,

but that was Jim. He visited me once more through those war years. In late 1945 or early 1946 he took me and a girlfriend out to dinner at Julie's restaurant which was located in the Kings Cross Dirty Half Mile (Kings Cross Road). It was a wonderful evening, though we both were a little in awe of this great explorer. My girlfriend asked him a couple of questions about his long patrol. Jim, in his modest way, was quite dismissive of his role saying that it was 'just part of his job'. He had a particular tone in his voice that I could never adequately describe. My girlfriend described it as 'velvety'.

The last time I saw Jim was at St Luke's hospital around 1971. My daughter was training there as a nurse, and she rang one evening to ask me if I knew a Jim Taylor from New Guinea. I was delighted to hear his name mentioned. I went to visit him the next night and we chinwagged long past visiting hours. I was at that time planning a visit with my wife to her sister who was living in Rabaul. Jim counselled against it saying that I should keep my memories intact, and that it was no longer the same happy country that I had known, and that exploitation sadly had taken its toll.

One last postscript. Not long before my father died in 1959, I was visiting my parents. A long-time New Guinea friend was also present. Jim Taylor's name came up, and this friend commented that Jim had 'gone native'. Never had I seen my parents so angry. Dad in particular went 'right off his rocker', spitting his words out like a machine gun. His final words were, 'Jim Taylor has been his own man all his life, and has remained true to his ideals always. He has never faltered in the face of opposition, nor has he ever been false to any other, which is more than I can say for you, and for that matter many other of our New Guinea friends. What he does is his own business, and none of yours. Like it or not, I'd prefer you leave now and never visit us again'. It took some time to calm dad down.

If it appears that this family was pro-Jim Taylor, then that is the correct conclusion. No-one could claim to know Jim totally except perhaps his immediate family, for he was often a loner, often a dreamer and, as I wrote at the beginning, an emperor who looked long into the distance. But he was true. (Though I have referred to him as Jim, it was either 'Sir' or 'Uncle Jim' during the period of which I have written.)

*\* Before WWII Geoff's father, Robert Melrose, was Director of District Services and Native Affairs in New Guinea. Postwar he became Government Secretary in Port Moresby.*

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## DOES THE NAME 'FORDMAN' RING A BELL?

**Pastor Fordman O-opare** wrote to us asking for help to find the person after whom he was named. He explained that he was born in the 1960s, (exact date unknown) in the Okapa District of Eastern Highlands Province. He was given the name **FORDMAN** at birth and said, 'The question I often ask is, who gave me this name? I've asked my mother but she never told me.' He went on to explain that his father, AMESA, was the first man from Okapa to know pidgin and the first to interpret it into local dialects. His father was killed by sorcery because of jealousy when Fordman was only one month old. His mother re-married and he was raised by his step-father. Pastor Fordman O-opare suspects he was named after one of the patrol officers in the area in the '50s or '60s and would like to find that person, or find anyone who knows something about him. Please send any information that might be helpful to the Editor, *Una Voce*, PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069 or phone or fax her on 02 9958 3408. This will be collected and forwarded to Pastor Fordman O-opare in Goroka.

## SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EARLY '50s - from Paul J Quinlivan

### No. 53 - First Congress of the Public Service Association (PSA), 1955 - Part One

The conference was held in Port Moresby on Saturday 26 and Sunday 27 November 1955 and it was one of the most important events in TPNG history. Since 200 copies of the transcript were distributed, researchers should have no difficulty finding a copy but, now that nearly 50 years have passed, matters which would have been understood at the time require an explanation. A good place to start is at paragraph 52 where Stan Pearsall (joined 15 May 1946 and PSA Vice-President) says that meetings were what the Association had always hoped for but 'funds would not run to this sort of expense. However, for some reason or other, the Administrator . . . agreed to pay the fares of delegates to Moresby and so made it possible'.

The background is that the PSA had, for some years, been pressing Canberra for a number of improvements but it was getting nowhere. Then, after friends put pressure on the Prime Minister, one of Australia's most highly regarded Conciliation Commissioners, a Mr Chambers, was appointed and his Report recommended practically everything the PSA had asked for. The Minister then appointed a committee consisting of Messrs Lambert and Archer of his Department and Messrs Huxley and Wilson of the Territory to consider the Chambers Report and it was rejected. This meant that the PSA had to go to arbitration and a Mr Wood was appointed. He held hearings and printed and published his Findings and set out for the airport to return to Australia.

Because it was the proper thing to do the Executive of the PSA went to farewell him and everything was very civilised until Mr Wood said that he 'supposed' they were disappointed. This opened the floodgates and they told him that he had 'found' that single officers lived in hostels on outstations despite the evidence that hostels existed at only three main centres and there were over a hundred outstations where most single officers lived. Mr Wood said he would alter his decision on that part of the claim when he got to Canberra! They explained, in detail, how several other 'findings' went completely against the evidence and, each time they did it, Mr Wood said he would alter the 'finding' when he got to Canberra. This was astonishing enough but he then went on to say something which was generally regarded as being an admission that he had taken instructions from the Opposition and this caused outrage. I was on circuit during all of this so I don't really know what his precise words were in this part of the conversation (I have summarised the transcript for the above) but, putting it at its least horrendous, it was probably this: in answer to the PSA saying he could not alter his 'findings' he said 'I can'. Now that I've done what they said they wanted, they can't refuse what I'm going to ask for now.' But whatever the words, the outrage was immediate, and Territory-wide!

It became so great that there was talk of a general strike, not only of public servants but by people in private enterprise who relied, in one way or another, on Canberra's decisions being made 'without fear or favour'. To put a stop to the wild talk the PSA Executive telegraphed all outstations asking them to nominate a resident in Moresby to speak on their behalf at a conference it would call. It was a good idea but there was one fatal flaw. And it speaks volumes about the all-embracing nature of Supreme Court circuits - and the lack of visits by other Departments - that people on many outstations did not know a Moresby resident! Ruri Brennan, the president of the PSA told me that one outstation had even nominated me to be their representative! I felt deeply honoured so I accepted. But when, some days later, he said that six other outstations had done the same - and the replies were still only a trickle but rising - it was obvious that this was not the way to go. And so he saw the Administrator and explained

that we would be making headlines throughout the world if some other solution was not found. So the Administrator said he would fund the conference but, instead of each outstation sending a rep., they would have to elect one from each District and he would pay the fares. So I was asked if I would produce the transcript of proceedings and, when I said 'yes', I was made Observer and given the title 'future editor of the PSA Bulletin'.

#### No. 54 - BUKUMBANGI, a Policeman with initiative

We have already asked who trained BUNAT, PAHEKI, MUYEI and others; who allowed SAUWENI and others to flourish and, since it appears that - with some notable exceptions - modern-day Papua New Guineans do not automatically display the same initiative, I feel that I should point out that these were far from unique. Peter Ryan's description of Lance Corporal KARI in his *Fear Drive My Feet* (Melbourne Uni. Press, 1959) is well known but I would like to pay tribute to a forgotten group who are represented by this illiterate Chimbu. Although I was recruited to be a Crown Prosecutor, I also defended people. And one of these arose out of a tribal war (reported in the *South Pacific Post* of 11 and 25 July 1952) in which Goilala labourers at Koitaki Plantation, in the mountains behind Port Moresby, killed a Chimbu labourer. I cannot find a note of the date of the trial, or my clients' names, and I have absolutely no memory of the case itself; - it was just like any other battle between two 'lines'. The aftermath of it, however, is as clear as if it happened yesterday. I got both my clients off but, that evening, when I returned to the LOQ (the Legal Officers Quarters in a big empty block in Hunter Street with wonderful views but completely open to any passer-by) a delegation of three Papua New Guineans awaited me. I said 'Good-day' and the burliest replied in a burst of pidgin and the tall, elegant one beside him said, 'I have been asked to interpret. This man is BUKUMBANGI, the Captain of the Chimbus and he wants to talk to you about the court case you had today.'

I said, 'I have never heard of a Captain of Chimbus. What is that?' and the elegant one said, 'Where there are a large number of Sepiks or Chimbus or other people in any town there is always a policeman who has the duty to make sure that they all "sit down good together"'. I am a policeman and Captain of my group in Moresby and Bukumbangi, who is a policeman and a Chimbu, is responsible for the good conduct of the Chimbus here. And he is worried that, if he and you cannot agree to a certain course of conduct, the Chimbus will get out of hand and, if they do, they could kill you and this would bring great shame to him.' I said 'Oh'.

BUKUMBANGI then spoke and the translation was, 'He says that you will be all right at night, because his people will have to have a "pass". And he doesn't have to worry about when you are at your office or in the court. It is when the curfew is lifted and you are at home, or when you go walking, that he has to worry about what his people might do so he has devised a plan to which you must agree.'

'Must agree' was precisely what he meant but there was no arrogance in it. Certainly no blackmail! It was a simple statement of what Bukumbangi had decided should be done and my only function was to pay a reasonable sum, each week, for his (Bukumbangi's) brother, MONDO, to be my guardian during the designated hours. I must admit that I had had some flutters of apprehension - there had, after all, been a lot of Chimbus put in hospital and at least one killed. To cut a long story short, he convinced me of the reasonableness of what he was proposing and, with the approval of Andy O'Driscoll and Joe Lynch, with whom I shared the donga, Mondo became a fixture around the LOQ when I was there and, less obvious - but close by - when I was away

from the house. Then, after three weeks of my paying a very small sum, Bukumbangi came and told me that he had convinced the Chimbus that I should not be touched, and the arrangement ceased. I kept Mondo on, on an irregular basis, to water the hedge he had grown to shield the LOQ from public view and to do other odd jobs including the repair of broken floorboards in the donga.

A year later Bukumbangi was at the LOQ again and said I was going to Sogeri for the inaugural Sogeri Show (6 September 1953) and he could not be sure that the Chimbu labourers at the various plantations in that area might not get out of control. I told him that I was not going to Sogeri but, three days later, Bruce Ireland invited me to go and Bukumbangi was on my doorstep next day to say 'I told you so!' and promising to be close at hand if I needed protection! And I did catch a glimpse of him up there.

When Sir Alan Mann arrived and was looking for a domestic servant I told him this story and he asked if I could find Bukumbangi. I did, and Mondo became his first servant and remained with him for some years. I have asked a number of Old Timers whether this Captain system was a hang-over from German days or whether some kiap created it but although many knew of it, in certain towns, nobody has been able to tell me. But whoever kept it going did a wonderful job. My mind boggles at the thought of anyone, particularly a lowly-paid constable of police, accepting responsibility for the conduct of all the Chimbus that the various plantations saw fit to bring in. But, to Bukumbangi, it was a matter of 'shame' if he did not do the job well and, as C.J. Dennis and the Australians of his era used to say, 'I dips me lid!'

#### **No. 55 - Re-statement of why I am writing these 'Snapshots'**

Bob Blaikie's tribute to David Selby in the last issue of *Una Voce* causes me to mention that, over the years, readers have asked that I include famous trials that I was involved in and the Mataungan Trial has come in for special mention on a number of occasions. In regard to the Mataungan Trial there are two aspects: there are the parts which are matters of record and there is the lead-up to the case which has not been reported. Since the latter can remove possible imputations against those who refused to allow a lawyer access to the men arrested - and since it also includes a reference to the proposed prosecution of District Commissioner Keith McCarthy - I will report it. But, just as there are two parts to that trial, there were two distinct periods in my time in TPNG and events in the latter period do not necessarily reflect the spirit or tone of the former period. Some do, but it depends on how you look at it. The question of whether the general public - especially Papua New Guineans - turned up in large numbers to listen to cases is one test. In the 'old days' the courthouses were packed so I will report a case I was involved in where the Tolai community wanted to bring back a young man and a young woman who had broken a totemic law and hundreds attended the hearings.

In speaking of 'two periods' I do not want to suggest that those who were recruited to serve in TPNG after, say, 1960 did not do a wonderful job or that their dedication was anything less than that of those who went there before them. The difference is not in people - except for those few who used political influence to get appointed to top positions. The difference is in the system. This brings me to Bob Blaikie's tribute which contains this summary of what Judge Selby said of the earlier period (*Una Voce* No. 4 of 2002, page 35):

Judge Selby said that Australia could be proud of the way in which so many of her officials, from the Administrator downwards, were tackling problems . . . it is impossible, after living and working with these men, to fail to



recognise that the spirit of real service to a cause is still very much alive.

For present purposes I suggest that this be read with two other statements. The first is Ruri Brennan's proud boast on behalf of the Public Service Association of 1955 (paragraph 3 of the transcript mentioned in No. 54):

always we have striven to keep in our minds this one fact, that . . . we are Australia's representatives amongst roughly 2,000,000 Native people

The second is what I said in the second of these snapshots (*Una Voce*, No. 1 of 1999 page 34):

These snapshots will, I hope, bring back proud memories to those who served in TPNG at the time and explain to their descendants just what it was that made TPNG so different from other dependent territories.

The words 'so different from other dependent territories' are vitally important. In the books we use in schools, Australia should have featured the fact that, whereas the 'dependent' races in the British, French and Dutch colonies threw out their former masters when the Japanese invasion gave them the opportunity, Papua New Guineans by and large rallied to the aid of countless Australians who were trapped. Some day - soon I hope - these deficiencies will be righted and the Papua New Guineans of today will see that, although they might be going through a difficult period at present they did, in the past, produce men like Bukumbangi and Mulai, Sauweni and Suni and all the others. And future Australians will also see that the vast majority of Australians who served in Papua New Guinea did a pretty good job.

#### **No. 56 - Religious harmony and its debt to the Japanese**

When I arrived in the Territory I was taken on a long overdue circuit but, instead of starting work as soon as we got to Rabaul, Monte took me to Vunapope to meet Bishop Scharmach. The meeting was memorable in several ways but most importantly because the bishop said that the Japanese had done one great service to the Territory. Before the invasion, he said, the adherents of the various missions used to burn down each others' churches! 'But when the Japanese came, they could not see any facial difference between a *Popi* and a *Talatala* so they put us both in prison camp and we started to see each other in a more Christian light. And we got along quite well together!'

In 1958 I had an unusual experience which proves this. I had to do a special investigation as to why some police had shot some Catholics and this involved quite a lot of travel by car. I could not use Government transport so Wesley Lutton, the Chairman of the Methodist Board of Missions, offered to be my chauffeur. One day he asked if I minded if he diverted for a while because he needed to check up on something and naturally I said OK. We ended up in a cleared area in the bush where a frailish looking European was energetically training a Tolai choir. I had had something to do with choirs and this man was a master who was making an already excellent choir into an even better one. We listened for some time, then drove off. I said, 'That was wonderful' and Wesley said, 'Yes. The George Brown Day competition comes up soon and we have an overseas visitor we need to impress so we have brought Father Reischel in to make assurance doubly sure.' I said, 'Father Reischel! I didn't know you called your pastors Father!' Wesley chuckled and said, 'Father Reischel is the acting bishop [Catholic] of Vunapope, while the bishop is away. But he is also a world-class musician!'

Years later, when I became president of the Boroko Parish Council (Catholic), Wesley Lutton's wife became a highly respected teacher at St Joseph's International School!

## POPONDETTA - THE MYSTERY OF THE NAKED AIRMAN

### The Discovery of the Remains

by Robert Pfeng

I have read with interest the report in *Una Voce* (Sept. 2002, p.32) on the American airman whose image supposedly appeared on several photographs of a crashed American war plane somewhere near Popondetta in the Northern District. I regret having to say that I cannot quite agree with the writer's description of events. As I was the person who triggered off the finding and recovery of the airman's earthly remains I suggest that I tell the story of Elmer (the name given to the remains by the District Office staff in Popondetta).

At the time, probably the mid-1960s, I was an Inspector of the Lands Department stationed in Popondetta. One of my duties was to inspect and survey cocoa plantings on ex-servicemen's plantations for the Ex-Servicemen's Credit Board. This day I was carrying out a compass-and-chain survey of a cocoa plot when my line *bois* came upon a damaged and very overgrown aero-engine. It was a radial engine the likes of which I had seen being used by Patair on their DC3 aircraft. I thought that the rest of the plane with the second engine should be somewhere close by, so we carried out a fairly thorough search for the remainder of the plane but to no avail. I then asked an elderly Papuan who lived somewhere close by and worked on my labour line if he knew where the aircraft wreck was. He replied that he did know the whereabouts of the second engine but that it was 'long way lik lik'. This meant that the engine could well be somewhere between one and ten kilometres distance. We looked no further.

After work I reported our find to Paul Sebire - Paul was our official registrar (if I may call him such) of found wartime left-overs and wrecks. He had been a Spitfire pilot with the RAAF and was very versed on wartime happenings in the Popondetta-Kokoda-Oro Bay area which had been one of the largest military concentrations in the South Pacific. He also had a personal interest in finding crashed aircraft as several of his mates had disappeared in the backblocks of Papua during the war, never to be heard of again.

Here my story should end and Paul should tell us what happened then. Unfortunately my old mate passed away some time ago, so it is left to me to relate for Paul, to the best of my memory, what happened to, and about Elmer. I have been very fortunate to be able to contact Nancy Johnston, who was at the time Senior District Clerk. Nancy's husband was the Deputy District Commissioner, but at Elmer's time, from memory, a/District Commissioner. Nancy typed Paul Sebire's lengthy report on Elmer and well remembers Elmer in his box under the counter in her office, until he was uplifted by an American official who took him and anything pertaining to him, never to be seen again.

Now back to Paul Sebire's story. Paul left the very next day to find the crashed aircraft, taking a Cadet Patrol Officer and several native policemen with him. He picked up the elderly Papuan who had given me the information, and who then guided him to the vicinity of the downed aircraft, but did not go to the aircraft himself. What Paul found was a single-engine fighter plane. It had landed with wheels in drawn and on its belly in obviously soft undergrowth. It appeared reasonably well preserved, however on its left wing lay the skeletal remains of a human being. All bones were clean picked, no remnants of the uniform were left and the skeleton was encased in webbing which had the pistol holster with the pistol attached. No ammunition for the pistol was found, also no dog tag. Elmer had two gold teeth which, however, were gone when he reached Popondetta.

After Paul did what he had to do to identify the aircraft, he had Elmer placed into the back of the Landrover and drove back to Popondetta. Elmer was then put into a wooden box and put into Nancy's office for safe-guarding. Before Paul drove back, he and the Cadet Patrol Officer took several photographs of Elmer. The film was sent to Port Moresby for development and came back a few days later. When Paul received the photographs he came round to my office to show them to me. He was a little rattled and so was I after I looked at them. This is what Paul, I and others saw -

Photo No. 1: Paul standing on the ground, leaning against the wing of the plane with his left arm on the wing. To his left lies the skeleton, and behind Paul, looking down on him, is the image of a human being. It appears to be in uniform, it carries webbing across its chest and a pistol holster on its belt. The upper half of its body is quite clear and distinct, from the belt downwards the body appears to be surrounded by mist and outlines cannot be defined.

Photo No. 2: Paul is sitting in the pilot's seat looking up at the camera. The figure is again standing on the wing, bent downwards and with hands on hips but closer to the cockpit and apparently looking at Paul.

Photo No. 3 and 4: The Cadet Patrol Officer is sitting in the cockpit with his hands on the joystick. On one photo he is looking at the camera and in the other he is looking straight through the windscreen. On both photos the image is looking down on him. Again the image is quite clear and distinct from head downwards to the midriff with its lower half shrouded in mist.

At the time Paul Sebire asked two questions, the answers to which he wanted to include in his report. These were: why did Elmer crash land so close to several air force landing strips at Oro Bay, and why could Elmer lie on the wing of his aircraft for some twenty years without being seen and removed.

Paul's answer to question one was that Elmer experienced engine trouble, with the engine giving intermittent bursts of power keeping him in the air but losing height. In the end the engine cut out altogether. Elmer jettisoned the cockpit canopy and put the plane down quickly without putting the wheels down, maybe he was injured in the landing.

As for the second question, undoubtedly native villagers saw the plane come down as Elmer probably landed in their gardens. The old native who showed Paul where the plane was knew its location, but did not go near the plane - so if he knew, all other natives knew. So what happened? Did Elmer consider the natives to be hostile and open fire with his pistol whenever he saw one, or did they believe Elmer was a ghost and therefore did not go to his help. Elmer might also have spent his ammunition on firing distress signals, three shots in succession. Primitive Papuans are very ghost oriented and if they believe there is a ghost in a certain locality, nothing in the world will induce them to go to that locality. So Elmer lay on his wing for more than 20 years undisturbed.

So this is the story of Elmer, the American airman who died on the wing of his aircraft and lay there until Paul Sebire found him and brought him to Popondetta, from where his earthly remains were taken back to his home country. It is my hope that now his spirit did return home too, to find its eternal peace.

*P.S. Nance Johnston thinks that the prints and negatives of Paul's photos were taken to America along with Elmer's remains.*

## Extract from COMMISSIONER FOR SUPERANNUATION ANNUAL REPORT 2001-2002 - COMSUPER

### The PNG Schemes

#### Legislation:

There were two amendments to the legislation during 2001-02. One provides for twice yearly indexation of pensions. The other makes changes to various criminal offences in line with the Commonwealth's criminal code while at the same time preserving parliamentary intention.

#### Contributions:

All benefits are paid from the Consolidated Revenue Fund. All pensions have been fully purchased and no contributions were paid during 2001-02.

#### Pensions:

During the year, 36 new pensions commenced and 50 pensions ceased, leaving 397 pensions in force at 30 June 2002. All of the pensions ceased because of death of the pensioners. Table A1 gives a breakdown of PNG pensions in force at 30 June 2002

**Table A1: PNG Pension commencements and cessations 2001-02**

	<u>Pensions at</u> <u>1 July 2001</u>	<u>Commencements</u>	<u>Cessations</u>	<u>Pensions at</u> <u>30 June 2002</u>
<b>Males</b>				
Early retirement	57	0	0	57
Maximum age	70	0	4	66
Invalidity	36	0	0	36
Dependant	2	0	0	2
<b>Females</b>				
Early retirement	7	0	0	7
Maximum age	13	0	0	13
Invalidity	4	0	0	4
Dependant	222	36	46	212
<b>Total</b>	<b>411</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>50</b>	<b>397</b>

Expenditure on PNG pensions during 2001-02 totalled \$14,022,036.

**Papua & New Guinea Schemes** - The commissioner for Superannuation is also responsible for the payment of pensions under the *Superannuation Ordinance 1917* of the Territory of Papua and the *Superannuation Ordinance 1928* of the Territory of New Guinea. The funds that were established under these ordinances have not existed for many years and the full cost of these pensions is met from Consolidated Revenue.

#### Miscellaneous

**Cost of administration** - Administering the PNG schemes is estimated to have cost ComSuper \$10,500 during 2001-02.

#### Reconsideration of decisions

People who are dissatisfied with decisions made under the *Papua New Guinea (Staffing Assistance) Act 1973* or the *Papua New Guinea (Staffing Assistance) (Superannuation) Regulations* may have the matter reconsidered by the Commissioner for Superannuation, under section 54 of that Act or regulation 8B of those regulations, as appropriate. No requests for reconsideration were received during 2001-02.

#### Ombudsman inquiries and representations by Members of Parliament

One representation from a Member of Parliament was received in relation to these schemes during 2001-02.

**MINUTES OF A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING**  
**HELD AT THE MANDARIN CLUB, SYDNEY,**  
**ON SUNDAY 1<sup>st</sup> DECEMBER 2002**

The Meeting commenced at 11:30am with the Chairman welcoming Members and Visitors.

**Present:** 98 Members as per Attendance Book

**Apologies:** Apologies were received from 11 members (as per Attendance Book).

**The Notice of Meeting** dated 31 October 2002 was received.

Following introductory comments, the President and Chairman of the meeting, Mr H West, invited the Chairman of the Legal sub-committee, Mr R Johnson, to address the meeting and to place the Special Resolutions before the meeting.

Mr A Speer, by leave, moved –

**“that as there had been insufficient time for the Membership to fully consider the proposed changes, the Special General Meeting should be postponed to coincide with the Association’s Annual General Meeting in April 2003”.**

Mr Speer’s motion was seconded by Mr G Keleny.

The Chairman advised that this matter had been under consideration for at least a year. Members had been advised of possible changes in an article in the March 2002 issue of “Una Voce”. Also the President’s report to the April 2002 Annual General Meeting, which was printed in full in the June 2002 “Una Voce”, specifically raised the matter of a possible change in name and further noted that the proposed changes would be considered at a Special General Meeting of the Association to be held immediately before the Christmas 2002 luncheon. All necessary papers including explanatory notes, were sent to all Members with the formal Notice of Meeting with the December 2002 “Una Voce”. These were posted on 31 October 2002. In his opinion, sufficient time had been given for the membership as a whole to consider the matter.

Mr G Littler moved that Mr Speer’s motion be “put”. On voting by a show of hands, 3 members were in favour and 95 against. The motion was defeated.

**Special Resolution No 1**

***To change the name of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea, Inc. to Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Inc.***

Mr Johnson said that the principal reason for a change in name was the fact that many potential members were distancing themselves from the Association because they were not “retired officers of the PNG Public Service”, notwithstanding that fact that Rule 2 (b) specifically allowed for Associate Membership to be granted to any person formally a resident of PNG or who subscribed to the objects of the Association.

At a Committee Meeting earlier this year it was agreed that a suitable new name for ROAPNG could be the “Papua New Guinea Association of Australia”. This was mentioned in the March 2002 issue of “Una Voce” and alternative names were canvassed. Steps were

later taken to request the Commissioner of Consumer Affairs (NSW Department of Fair Trading) to "reserve" this name pending its resolution at a Special General Meeting. The application for name reservation was granted – in this respect, if the name conflicted with the name of any other incorporated association within NSW, the application would have been refused.

Following the granting of Name Reservation it became apparent that certain changes were required to the existing Rules in order not only to give effect to the proposed change of name but also to ensure that the continuity or "life" of the Association would not be threatened by the passage of time. Resolutions 2 and 3 (specifically the changes in the Membership Categories & Qualifications) relate to these changes. He also noted that if the name change was approved, the notation "formerly the Retired Officers' Association of Papua New Guinea" would appear below the "new name" in all official documents.

All requirements of the current Rules in relation to the calling of a Special General Meeting have been complied with (Rule 25 (1) – calling of the SGM by the Committee; Rule 26 (2) – 21 days Notice). A quorum of members was present (minimum of 20 including an office bearer) and Mr Johnson advised that a majority of 75% of members present or voting by proxy was required for a special resolution to be confirmed. The meeting then considered Special Resolution No. 1.

Following a brief discussion, Special Resolution No. 1 was "put". Voting was by "show of hands" with 95 in favour and 3 against. The Secretary advised that 163 valid Proxy votes had been received with 160 in favour and 3 against. Special Resolution No. 1 was carried and met with acclamation.

### **Special Resolution No. 2**

*To rescind the Statement of Objects of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Inc. (previously known as the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea, Inc.), dated 28 March 1996.*

### **Special Resolution No. 3**

*To replace the document titled Rules of the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea, Inc. dated 28 March 1996, with the document titled Rules of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Inc. dated 1 December 2002*

The meeting agreed that these two Special Resolutions should be considered together. Mr Johnson said that when reviewing the current Rules to give effect to a change in name and to reflect the change in emphasis, but not of focus, the opportunity was taken to ensure that any revision of the Rules took into account existing procedures and referred to the explanatory notes accompanying the draft revised Rules. These mainly affected the Objects of the Association, Membership Categories/Qualifications and the Admission of Members.

Attention was specifically drawn to one matter that was overlooked; the earlier comment made in the March 2002 issue of "Una Voce" by the President in relation to the safeguarding of retirement conditions of superannuants that "... only superannuants will be eligible to vote on superannuation matters." In deleting references to "Associate Members", which basically said that "Associate Members could not vote on superannuation matters", the intent of old Rule 32 (5) was not included in the revised Rules. The Management Committee has



undertaken and hereby gives notice that a Special General Meeting will be held immediately before the Annual General Meeting in April 2003. This Special General Meeting will consider a Special Resolution inserting a sub-section to new Rule 33 (Voting) that will specifically provide that "only superannuants can vote at general meetings on matters affecting the retirement conditions of members of the former services", notwithstanding that in the history of the Association, no such matter had been the subject of a Resolution at a general meeting.

Mr Johnson noted that several typographical errors had occurred when drafting the revised Rules. These were – Rule 21 (2) "vice president" should read "deputy president". Rule 21 (8) (b) "of the" should be inserted after "one" and before "remaining" (2<sup>nd</sup> line). Rule 28 (4) "(being at cast ten)" should read "(being at least ten)".

The meeting then considered Special Resolutions 2 & 3.

Mr Keleny, in speaking to the Resolutions, commented that "Superannuants" should be identified and separately classified to Ordinary Members, for example "Ordinary Member A" and "Ordinary Member B" and further that a separate register of such members should be kept. He also drew attention to the possibility that the proposed changes to the Constitution could result in a lessening of the Association's effectiveness in any discussions and/or negotiations with CommSuper.

Mr Johnson, in reply, noted that there were only 82 "identifiable superannuants" out of a total membership of 1294 (figures as at 30 November 2003). These were already identified in the Membership Register and therefore no separate Register was necessary. Further, rather than lessening the Association's effectiveness in handling matters affecting superannuants, the rewording of the Objectives (specifically Rule 2 (f)) and the insertion of a specific Rule covering superannuants (Rule 3 – Transitional Provisions) was considered to enhance the Association's existing relationship with CommSuper. The Management Committee believes that this together with the Association's membership of the Australian Council of Public Sector Retiree Organisations (ACPSRO); its long-standing relationship with the Superannuated Commonwealth Officers Association (SCOA) and a recently formed Superannuation sub-committee from within the Committee, chaired by Mr F Kaad, ensures that the retired officers from the former services, including their dependants, are more than adequately catered for.

Special Resolution No. 2 was "put". Voting was by "show of hands" with 95 in favour and 3 against. The Secretary advised that 163 valid Proxy votes had been received with 160 in favour and 3 against. Special Resolution No. 2 was carried.

Special Resolution No. 3 was "put". Voting was by "show of hands" with 95 in favour and 3 against. The Secretary advised that 163 valid Proxy votes had been received with 160 in favour and 3 against. Special Resolution No. 3 was carried.

The Chairman thanked members for their attendance and closed the meeting at 12:10 pm.

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VALE - With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends -

**Mrs Emelia Hedewig FARRELL (nee Rundnagel)** (25 December 2002, aged 85 years)

Emelia or 'Hede' was the youngest daughter of Wilhelm and Florence Rundnagel. She was born in 1917 at Herbertshohe (Kokopo) and along with her two siblings (both deceased) experienced a happy and carefree childhood on the family plantation, *Rivien*, on the Gazelle Peninsula, until being sent to boarding school in Australia.

While doing her nursing at Crown Street Children's Hospital, she was introduced by Flo Gilmore to Daniel (Denis) Farrell whom she later married. She made her home in Sydney but her parents and brother were interned in Rabaul by the Japanese and the plantation was subjected to much devastation.

Her love of homeland never left her, and she later returned to Rabaul along with Denis to run *Rivien* and *Bitikua* plantations. This she continued to do even after the death of her husband in 1974. In 1983 she reluctantly severed her ties with plantation life and settled once again in Sydney. Until plagued with ill health she travelled extensively and enjoyed the arts.

From Emelia's niece Jillian von Leixner

**Mr Richard David GRENVILLE** (18 November 2002, aged 61 years)

Rick was born in Melbourne and after completing his Leaving Certificate he worked in outback NSW and Queensland as a station hand and jackaroo. In 1963 he went to Bougainville with Choiseul Plantations Ltd (Burns Philp) as a plantation overseer. He worked on various plantations on Bougainville as a manager, including Kunua and Soraken. In 1969 he resigned from Burns Philp and commenced his own business at Buin as a trade store proprietor and produce buyer, and operated the Ansett Agency. In 1975 he returned to Australia for health reasons. He worked in various occupations before retiring to Cairns in 1988 with his wife Tina who predeceased him. Rick is survived by his mother Phyllis and sister Dale.

From K. J. Hanrahan

**Mrs Judith Mary RALPH - MUMMY JUDE** (31 December 2002, aged 82)

Judith was the wife of Richard (Dick) Ralph of the Education Dept (1948-1966). Dick died in 1978. Judith and Dick lived in Port Moresby, Rabaul and Dregerhafen before returning to Port Moresby in 1951. Judith was an early enthusiastic supporter of CWA, Red Cross, and the early Konedobu Housewives Association, as well as a stalwart of St John Anglican Church. For many years (1952-1966) she ran a child minding centre at her home in Kaevaga offering a range of care from preschool to after school for up to 20 children at a time. To children and parents she was 'Mummy Jude', as Judith was too informal and Auntie Judith inappropriate as 'she was not their aunt'. Many years later, at a PNG function in Canberra, a woman came to her and said 'I should know your name, but please forgive me, I can only remember you as Mummy Jude'. Inevitably she became Mummy Jude to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Judith is survived by her 5 children (most of whom worked in PNG at some time), 13 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

From Judith's son Richard (Rik) Ralph

**Mrs Cecile May MALONEY** (8 November 2002, aged 80 years)

Cecile was the wife of the late Noel Maloney. She is survived by her daughter Sue, son Robert, and grandchildren.

**Mr Harry JANSEN** (17 December 2002, aged 79 years)

Harry Jansen was in Bulolo from 1952 to 1959. He was personal secretary to the General Manager of Bulolo Gold Dredging Ltd and Commonwealth-New Guinea Timbers Ltd. No further details available.

**Mr Donald Harrison BRIGGS** (13 December 2002, aged 75 years)

Don's early years were spent on his parents' plantation at Londip, New Britain, apart from some time at boarding school. He was evacuated in late 1941 with his mother. In 1945, aged 18, Don joined the AIF and served in Australia and the South West Pacific Area (Rabaul) until his discharge in 1947.

In 1949 he and his childhood sweetheart, Margot, were married and returned to Rabaul. Don started work with the Commonwealth Dept. of Works and in 1959 joined Rabaul Metal Industries (RMI) as manager where over time he learned all aspects of the business. In 1976 when BHP formed a partnership with Don, Don was given free reign with running the company. He set about stamping his mark on the business and during the '70s and '80s RMI became a benchmark for other businesses in Rabaul. He could be seen quite often in the workshop working shoulder to shoulder with the Papua New Guinean factory workers, helping to meet urgent orders. This approach won him great respect from his national workers some of whom gave 30-35 years of service to the company. Don also found time to excel at golf and become President of Rabaul Golf Club, to participate in community activities and become President of Rotary and to participate in many Rabaul to Kavieng yacht races. He was awarded an MBE in 1986.

Don retired in 1989 but kept returning to Rabaul (RMI) until 1994 on business matters. Don and Margot spent about six years at Tallai in the hinterland of the Gold Coast and a further six years in Brisbane. Don is survived by his wife Margot and their four children.

**Mr Pierre DONALDSON** (13 August 2002, aged 80 years)

Pierre was born in Tahiti and moved to New Zealand and then Australia with his parents Reg and Odette. In 1938 Pierre went to PNG as a Cadet Patrol Officer and was in Port Moresby when the Japanese dropped the first bombs. He joined the RAAF and was sent to the UK where he completed two tours of operations flying over Europe as a gunnery officer in Halifax bombers. Whilst based in the UK Pierre met his wife Thelma whom he married before being repatriated to Australia.

After the war Pierre resumed his career in New Guinea and served in such places as Port Moresby, Samarai, Ehu, Madang and Saidor. Over the years he was promoted to ADO and ADC in places such as Bogia, Wewak, Angoram, Okapa and Goroka. His final appointment was as Senior Project Officer in Port Moresby from where he retired in 1974. Pierre and Thelma then settled into their home at North Narrabeen NSW. During this time Pierre was active in the Lions Club and was an avid bowler. In June 2001 they moved to Brisbane to be closer to their two daughters.

Pierre is survived by his wife Thelma, children Annette, Laraine, Michael and Grant, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

From Pierre's daughter Laraine

**Mrs Ivy STANMORE** (5 January, 2003, aged 68 years)

Details in next issue.

**Mrs Katalin SCHAMSCHULA** (5 June 2002, aged 76 years)

Kata, as she was known to her friends, was the widow of Dr Rudi Schamschula who was for some years the principal of the Dental College at Port Moresby. While there, her husband became associated with the project initiated by dental officer Dr David Barmes. David had found a village in the Sepik District where the inhabitants were apparently free of dental caries, which was most unusual for the region. The discovery created considerable interest and prompted a variety of research projects. Dr Schamschula returned to the Dental Hospital in Sydney where he continued his interest in this unusual dental condition. Kata was a generous hostess and a devoted wife and mother. She is survived by son Robert, daughter Susan and grandchildren. From Gabriel Keleny

**Clarissa De DERKA** (13 September 2002, aged 83 years)

Clarissa gained her PhD in literature and philology at the University of Budapest, Hungary. She and her husband, Dr Lajos Huzella, migrated to Australia. Her husband was among the group of continental doctors recruited to the Territory's postwar health service. After service at Kainantu, Dr Huzella returned to Sydney to do further study. Clarissa went to Port Moresby in 1952 as librarian of the Dept of Public Health. Under her leadership the library rapidly became a well-recognised research library containing worldwide reference material for local and visiting medical specialists and scientists. Her marriage ended in divorce and she reverted to her maiden name. When the University of PNG was established, Clarissa was invited, on secondment, to be accession librarian to help assemble the basic collections required by the new institution. On retirement Clarissa lived overseas but returned to Australia every few years to maintain contact with her friends. She is survived by her cousin in Canberra and his family. From Gabriel Keleny

**Mr Bernard Oliver (Bernie) GRAY** (5 January 2003, aged 73 years)

Bernie was appointed a permanent clerical officer of the TPNG Administration in late 1956 and took up duties as a Customs Officer with the Dept. Of Customs and Marine. After a short stint at head office he was posted to Madang for two years. He returned to Moresby in 1959 working principally in the Immigration Section of the Department. In the late '60s he transferred to Public Works where he remained until taking up a promotion to the Public Service Commissioner's Office in 1974. In 1976 his employment in PNG ceased and he worked in the private sector in Perth until retirement in 1994.

Bernie married Pat Gosson from Crown Law Dept. in 1962. Both he and Pat were a prominent and popular couple on the Moresby and PNG golf scene over many years, and maintained their interest in golf after settling in Perth. Bernie was competent in various other sports, particularly Rugby League, and also squash and cricket. He is survived by his wife Pat. From Derek Baldwin

**Mr Edward Francis FITZGERALD** (6 August 2002, aged 74 years)

Ed began work in PNG as a lay missionary with the SVD Mission in Wewak and some time later he volunteered to help set up the Mission's logging venture on the Sepik River. This led to a career in logging and sawmilling. Ed later set up Sepik Timbers at Wewak, followed by Wewak Timbers in Madang. Ed had married Joy in Brisbane in 1956. Ed was active in civic life - he was President of the PNG Timber Industries Association and, during his time in Wewak and Madang, President of Rotary. All in all, he spent 48 years in PNG. He and Joy retired in 1999 and settled on the Redcliffe Peninsula, Qld. Ed is survived by his wife Joy and seven children. From Garamut

**Mr Percy Vince 'Snow' MIDDLETON OAM** (24 October 2002, aged 89 years)

Snow Middleton grew up on his parents' wheat farm in Victoria. Due to sickness at home, he left school at 15 to help run the farm. He enlisted in the AIF in late '39 and was sent to Tobruk, where he soon found himself leading a bayonet charge. This was followed by action in Greece, Egypt and Syria. His Division then returned to Australia because of the Japanese threat. After a period instructing, he was invited to join Z Special Unit which he did. After a stint in PNG he was told to report to Z Special headquarters for further training, after which he served out of Darwin doing raids over to Timor, followed by work on Celebes and in British North Borneo. After the war Snow became involved in Commonwealth Disposals, and went to PNG doing Disposals work in Lae, Wewak and Finschhafen. By mid 1948 he was in charge of Commonwealth Disposals in New Guinea. Later he transferred to Port Moresby working for Treasury, which is where he met his future wife Val.

Snow's services to the RSL and to the community began in the late 1940s and continued for the rest of his life - he took on a variety of positions in numerous voluntary organisations. He retired to Nambour Qld in 1970 and commenced a hobby farm. He then did voluntary work for the Maroochy Swimming Club (timekeeper), St Joseph's Convent, Nambour (as supervisor/instructor for swimming classes), Coes Creek Progress Association (office-bearer), the RSL (various positions, too many to mention) and Sundale Nursing Home (fund-raiser).

Snow is survived by his wife Val and daughters Mary and Helen.

**Mr Francis Norman Wellford ROLFE** (1 November 2002, aged 77 years)

Norm grew up in the Southern Highlands of NSW and began work with an accountancy firm in Cooma. At 18 he enlisted in the RAAF and served in the Philippines undertaking intelligence activities. In 1947 he joined the Provisional Administration of TPNG as a clerk in the office of the Government Secretary. On his first leave in 1949 he returned to Cooma and married Bette, his loved and loving wife of 53 years. Norm moved to the office of the Public Service Commissioner upon its formation and continued in public service administration until his retirement and for a period afterwards as a consultant. His final appointment was that of Member of the Public Service Board. He was awarded the Imperial Service Order in 1976. After his successful career in PNG extending over 30 years, Norm and Bette settled at Pomona in Queensland where for many years they operated the newsagency. Norm is survived by his wife Bette, their four children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

From Bruce Leslie

**Mr William Thomas TICEHURST** (20 November 2002, aged 75 years)

Bill Ticehurst went to PNG in 1957 to fly for Gibbes Sepik Airways, thence to MAL and Ansett-MAL where he was Check and Training Captain in the Light Aircraft Division, then Command on DC3 aircraft. Bill and family returned to Victoria in 1967 where he flew the Bristol Freighter for Air Express and later owned and operated a taxi. Bill and family returned to PNG in 1972 to Air Niugini, then back to Victoria in 1974, finally settling at Ningi, Queensland. He is survived by his wife Mavis, daughter Deborah and Grandson William.

From Frank Smith

**Mr Douglas John PARRISH** (26 February 2003, aged 81 years)

Full details in next issue.

## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

MRS. K. BARRITT	99 HUSBAND STREET	FOREST HILL	VIC 3131
CARLEEN BARRON	24 HOLLYGREEN CRESCENT	PALMWOODS	QLD 4555
MRS. A. BROWN	13/1683 PACIFIC HIGHWAY	WAHROONGA	NSW 2076
MR. H. BRYANT	13 HAYNES AVENUE	PORT MACQUARIE	NSW 2444
MR. P. BUCKLE	1 DELORAINE DRIVE	CHATSWOOD HILLS	QLD 4127
MR. B. CHEONG	93A MIDDLE HARBOUR ROAD	LINDFIELD	NSW 2070
MR. B. DALLOW	9 NEWPORT STREET	BRIGHTON HEIGHTS	QLD 4017
MRS P. DAWSON	49 HINKLER CRESCENT	LANE COVE	NSW 2066
MR. N. DONALD	17 AVOCADO STREET	MACGREGOR	QLD 4109
MRS. R. DONALDSON	14 FERRABETTA AVENUE.	EASTWOOD	NSW 2122
MR. C. DONALDSON	14 FERRABETTA AVENUE.	EASTWOOD	NSW 2122
MR. R. ETTÉ	P O BOX 27	DUNOON	NSW 2480
MR. F. FAVETTA	10 MANNIX SQUARE	WANTIRNA	VIC 3151
MRS. N. FITT	19B McCAUGHEY STREET	TURNER	ACT 2612
MR. O. GENTY-NOTT	P O BOX 200	QUEENSTOWN	N Z
MR. J. GOWING	24 HIGH STREET	BEGA	NSW 2250
MR. D. C. GREEN	P O BOX 22	MULGOA	NSW 2745
MRS. M. GRIMES	16 AULD AVENUE	EASTWOOD	NSW 2122
MRS. C. HALLAM	23 PLATEAU ROAD	SPRINGWOOD	NSW 2777
MRS. M. HEAD	1/3 NASH STREET	GYMPIE	QLD 4570
MR. R. JAKES	77 JANET STREET	MEREWETHER	NSW 2291
MR. H. JANSSEN	P O BOX 75	KILSYTH	VIC 3137
MRS. M. JARRY	P O BOX 2096	ALICE SPRINGS	N. T. 0871
MRS. S. LANDALE	24 CRYSTAL DRIVE	SAPPHIRE	NSW 2450
MRS. B-A. LAYER	15-17 GRAMBY STREET	BELLBIRD PARK	QLD 4300
MR. H. LANAGAN	47 DWYER STREET	COOK	ACT 2614
Ms. R. LEUNG	82/88 WYCOMBE ROAD	NEUTRAL BAY	NSW 2089
MR. D. LOH	P O BOX 863	RABAU ENBP	PNG
MRS. U. McBRIDE	2/334 OCEAN VIEW ROAD	ETALONG BEACH	NSW 2257
MR. J. MAKSIMAS	P O BOX 860 ASHMORE CITY	GOLD COAST	QLD 4214
MRS. V. MIDDLETON	36-40 KERRS LANE	NAMBOUR	QLD 4560
MRS C. MORRIS	2/8 DIANA COURT	POTTSVILLE WATERS	NSW 2489
MR. L. PARKINSON	5 SEBASTIAN STREET	MANLY WEST	QLD 4179
MRS. P. RAYMENT	P O BOX 460	WINTON	QLD 4735
MRS. C. STRAATMANS	5 ANDERSON STREET	PORT MACQUARIE	NSW 2444
MR. L. SYKORA	43/254 GREENHILL ROAD	GLENSIDE	S. A. 5065
MR. J. TAIT	143 ROSS SMITH CRESCENT	SCULLIN	ACT 2614
MR. R. THURECHT	P O BOX 633	PORT MORESBY NCD	PNG
MR. D. WHITEHEAD	2 EDEN COURT	CLEVELAND	QLD 4163
MRS. C. WILLIAMS	P O BOX 1242	SOUTHPORT	QLD 4215
MR. G. WILLIAMS	95 GOUGER STREET	TORRENS	ACT 2607
MS. J. WILLIAMS	PO BOX 27	NIMBIN	NSW 2480

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

	FROM	TO	
Mrs L. EVANS	TURRAMURRA	17/2 CHERRY ST	NSW 2074
MR. P. HARBECK	COOROY	28 MARANA ST.	QLD 4128
MRS. F. HOLMES	KOO WEE RUP	7 MITCHELL ST.	VIC 3987
MR. P. JAMES	DUBBO	P O BOX 650	NSW 2565
MRS. C. NEVILLE	HAMILTON	PO BOX 65	QLD 4020
MR. F. NG	BOROKO PNG	14 ARPEGE CRESC.	QLD 4113
MR. J. G. PORTER	MALENY	29 FIG ST.	QLD 4552
MR. R.T. ROSS	BOMBORA CRESC.	71 CLYDE ST.	NSW 2539
MS. P.R. SEARLE	NAMBOUR	29 DONCASTER ST.	QLD 4560
MR. M. SHANNON	BOONDALL	438 CHURCH ROAD	QLD 4018
MR. J.H. SHERWIN	THE GAP	47/28 CARWOOLA ST.	QLD 4065
MRS. I.V. SMITH	2/9 GAGGIN WAY	P O BOX 1204	NSW 2487
MR. R. THOMSON	ASHMORE	15/22 MONTGOMERY AVE	QLD 4217
MRS. P.M. WALSH	BEXLEY	21/11 ARAUCARIA WAY	QLD 4221
MR. A.W. WOODCOCK	LOWER KALGAN	5 DONWOOD COURT	TAS 7310
		ABERDEEN,	