



Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC
(formerly the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc)

Patrons: His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE

*MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL
& BEST WISHES FOR 2007
FROM THE PRESIDENT
AND COMMITTEE*



The CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Will be held on

Sunday 3 December

At the Mandarin Club, Sydney

Get the date in your diary now and
organise family and friends to come -

Full details plus booking slip are on
the separate yellow sheet.

Please note: This is the last time we
will be at the Mandarin Club, so
please WATCH THIS SPACE for our
NEW VENUE

The AGM and LUNCHEON
will be on Sunday 29 April
2007

*** don't forget to have a
look at our website

www.pngaa.net

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**‘UNA VOCE’ IS THE JOURNAL OF
THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

Please send all correspondence to: **The
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are welcome and should be marked ‘For

Attention: The Editor’ or emailed to:

editor@pngaa.net By submitting your
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calendar year and an application form is
available from the Secretary at the
above address or you can download one
from our website.

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In selecting articles and stories for *Una Voce*
we aim to publish a wide range of topics
from different times and places.
Unfortunately for postage we do have a page
restriction and we therefore encourage both
short articles (200-500 words approximately)
as well as longer ones from 500-1500 words
(approximately), in addition to an installment
series.

Whilst we like to acknowledge contributions,
we thank you for your understanding that it
may take a little time.

Correction: Issue No. 3 Sep 2006 pg 51 (Vale
for Elaine Bruce), the correct spelling of the
name for the Director of Lands (Surveys and
Mines) was Doug McInnis.

**Wondering what to give somebody for
Christmas? Our book:**

Tales of Papua New Guinea

might solve your problem.....write to The
Publisher PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069

Cost to PNGAA members is \$25 plus p&p \$9
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Also, the views expressed by any of the authors
of articles included in *Una Voce* are not
necessarily those of the editor or the PNGAA.

Your Membership Subscription

Before you throw out the envelope that contained this edition of Una Voce, **please check the top line of your address label.** This will tell you two things. Firstly and most importantly, when your membership subscription to PNGAA runs out. **If it shows 'December 2006',** you should immediately make arrangements to pay next year's subscription - use the yellow insert. **Don't forget to also advise any change in your address details, including, if you have one, your email address.** Secondly, to control our ever expanding membership list **we have issued every member with a unique Membership Number** which should be quoted on all correspondence. Why not cut out the mailing label and paste (or tape) it on the inside front cover of the Journal?

Also, **did you know that our Caring Officer sends a 'Birthday Greetings' card each year to members who are aged 80 years and over?** If you qualify and haven't received a greetings card, it's because we do not have your date of birth on your membership record. You can advise our Secretary independently or just complete the relevant section of our Membership Renewal form on the yellow insert, but don't forget your name!

Finally, looking for that last minute Christmas present? Why not a copy of Tales of Papua New Guinea! (Details on yellow insert)

IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – STRANDED!

It was 1959 when Betty Williams (ex Ansett) and I travelled Lae to Wau on a DC3 charter flight to see the show. We took off and landed on a glorious sunny day. About 11.30am clouds started gathering, as they often did in the mountains, and all of a sudden down came the rain. Then it never stopped. Betty and I had not taken umbrellas or cardigans etc henceforth in 10 minutes we were like drowned rats. We carried on enjoying the show until 3pm, and then back to the airport to find the tarmac covered in aircraft of all shapes and sizes and from all over the Territory – and the airport closed! It was still pouring rain and the sky was getting darker by the minute.

After an hour or so Jim Sinclair, who was ADO at the time, arrived to tell us we would have to stay in Wau overnight. The hotel was overbooked so Jim had the job of allocating billets for what seemed to be hundreds of people. What a sight we must have been – all hopelessly soaking wet, tired and hungry. Betty and I, together with eight others were billeted with Inspector John Pembroke and his family. Unbeknown to me his *haus-boi* had taken my new sandals (ladies, remember the cork sole wedgies we used to wear?) to dry them. He later returned them to me quite dry, but shrunk to half their size as they had been in the oven! So, no shoes for me.

Returning to Lae the next morning what a sight we were after sleeping on the floor with one blanket each, wet crushed clothes and me with no shoes. Betty and I learned our lesson after that – any further day trips we did, we always had an umbrella, extra clothes, tooth brush etc tucked away in our bags...but we did enjoy the show!

Olive Siggs

On one occasion when we were at Pomio, New Britain, in about 1962, we went across Jacquinot Bay to Palmal Plantation where we went by tractor up to the airstrip to meet the fortnightly DC3 coming from Lae. The plane landed and out got over 20 passengers for a rest while mail, passengers boarding, etc were all checked. Everyone boarded for the trip to Rabaul and the pilot went to start the motors – nothing – flat battery. The pilot came out, noted the tractor and asked the Plantation Manager if he had a long rope which he was able to get. The pilot then tied the rope around the front of the propeller like a top several times and the other end to the tractor. The pilot said, ‘No photos please’. He then got back into his seat and waved and the tractor took off – and the engine started! The second engine could then be started. We understood the pilot had a function he wanted to attend at Lae that night. However, we were pleased to see him go as we would have had difficulty looking after 20+ people if they were stranded for the night, let alone feed them, while the plane waited for a new battery to come the next day.

Edna and George Oakes

Two longer articles on the theme, STRANDED, have been included on pages 32 and 33.

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – UNEXPECTED VISITORS

Deadline for entries **12 February 2007**

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

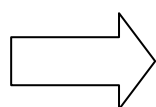
If members have any particular subjects they would like to see as future themes for ‘In 100 Words or Less’ please send them to: The Editor PNGAA PO Box 452 Roseville NSW 2069.

In memory of Pat Hopper

The attendance of some 300 people at Patricia Hopper’s funeral service in Sydney on 28 September, was a tribute to the lovely, caring, warm-hearted and capable lady who made an unassuming but very positive contribution to the community in both PNG and Sydney.

For the past 18 years Pat was a very effective member of the PNGAA committee, and headed the hard-working Caring Committee, which keeps a close eye on the welfare of members. At our annual meetings and Christmas lunches at Sydney’s Mandarin Club Pat was always at the front door to greet guests on arrival. Her many voluntary community interests included Wheels on Meals, help with aged care, remedial English teaching, Probus, support for Nutcote (author May Gibbs’s Sydney house) and lots of other activities. Paul Hopper’s eulogy for his mother is published in the Vale pages of this issue, on page 51.

Harry West.



A memorial luncheon in memory of Pat and with the aim of supporting AIDS education in PNG will be organised in Sydney by Rebecca Hopper – details to be confirmed – if you are interested in supporting this, please contact Rebecca at Ph: 0417 669 850.

PNG SUPPORTS CYCLONE LARRY APPEAL

The Government of Papua New Guinea has donated \$100,000 to the Cyclone Larry Appeal while a fundraising event organised by the PNG community in Canberra has raised a further \$10,500. PNG Foreign Minister Sir Rabbie Namaliu said "In times of natural disasters the people and Government of Australia have always come to our assistance and so the people of PNG make this small contribution towards the rehabilitation of the lives of those affected by Cyclone Larry."



Pictured left to right: Consul-General for PNG in Queensland Paul Nerau; Chair of the Distribution Committee of the Cyclone Larry Relief Appeal Terry Mackenroth; Sir Rabbie Namaliu; and High Commissioner for PNG to Australia Charles Lepani. *Reproduced with permission from 'Operation Recovery Update', Issue No. 13, 8-14 July 2006, QLD Government.*

CELEBRATING PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S 31ST ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE By Harry West

The PNG High Commissioner, **His Excellency** Charles Lepani, came to Sydney from Canberra on 4th August to have a meeting with the PNG Community and friends at the office of the Pacific Islands Trade and Investment Commission. A group of about 25 spent two relaxed hours with the High Commissioner over appropriate refreshments. The Melanesian Lotu Group, Chinese Catholic Association, Motuan Community, Sydney PNG Wantok Club and PNG Association of Australia were represented. Some 1200 Papua New Guineans live in the Sydney area.

Mr Lepani was keen to obtain a better understanding of the various objectives and function that the community groups serve. He explained the mission's work programme, particularly in terms of promoting people to people relations between PNG and Australia and was interested to discover how the various communities could assist the Mission's efforts. It was noted that the Government of PNG had donated \$100,000 to the Cyclone Larry Appeal (North Queensland), while a fundraising event, organised by the PNG community in Canberra had raised a further \$10,500.

Throughout the world, it is the practice of Embassies and High Commissions to hold National Day receptions in the capital city of the country where they are represented. Mr Lepani has decided to rotate PNG's Australian event between Canberra, Melbourne and Sydney, while Brisbane, Townsville and Cairns are served by the Brisbane Consulate General's office.

To celebrate the 31st Independence Anniversary of PNG, the High Commissioner held an impressive two hour lunch time reception for more than 200 at the Australian Museum, Sydney, in the splendid reception area overlooking the Domain and the harbour. Representatives of many sections of the Sydney community and beyond attended. Ron and **Patti** Hiatt came from Cairns and I enjoyed chatting with Andrew Peacock and Gough Whitlam. Entertainment was provided by 16 magnificently attired performers from the TAHIR Cultural Group, New Ireland Province who toured Sydney, Canberra and Cairns under corporate sponsorship.

It is expected that the High Commissioner and the First Secretary, Joseph Nobetau, and their wives will attend our Christmas luncheon in Sydney on Sunday 3rd December. ■

Cloudlands Memoirs - Stories From Contemporary Papua New Guinea

These are stories of PNG today, and of the Papua New Guineans who work for the Ok Tedi mine and its satellite organisations in the Western Province. The contribution made by Australians in the pre-independence era is clearly recognised. Please see book review on page 35.

Cost to PNGAA members is \$29.95 (includes postage)
available from Laurie Le Fevre, 16 Highland Avenue, Croydon 3136

Enquiries to - ldlefevre@optusnet.com.au

Letters to the Editor:

‘Thanks so much for the beautiful memories in the photographs that you have put together on your website. I am from Rabaul and I felt moved by the pictures not only from my home but the rest of the country which showed landscape, education development, the natural disasters, the tough conditions which at the end of the day ended up in smiles from you all. Times have gone and physical structures have changed, but the memories do bring back tears of what happened in the past as shown in your pictures. I was a kid in the 70s when the tsunami hit the shores of Rabaul.

Regards to you all and thank you to your beautiful families for coming to then TPNG and contributing to the development of the country.

We love you all and say once more, thank you so much.

Brian Gaius Monie

Graduate Program, National University of Singapore, Singapore’

* * *

A letter in from **Bob Bates** of Trans Niugini Tours, Mt Hagen, advises some updates. Bob says that the newest of their facilities, RONDON RIDGE (about 10km from Mt Hagen) was opened in 2006, and, at 7100 feet above sea level with panoramic valley views, sets a new standard of luxury in PNG accommodation and dining. Bob wrote, ‘Rondon Ridge provides twelve large, tastefully furnished rooms with quilts and electric mattress pads, fine dining and a comprehensive touring program.’ He continued, ‘The *MV SEPIK SPIRIT*, our ‘floating hotel’ has been refurbished in 2006. Built specifically with a shallow draft, this vessel plies into the heart of the Sepik River and areas not otherwise accessible to larger vessels. Venture to the Sepik River region which Papua New Guinea is most famous for, all in unparalleled comfort. The *Sepik Spirit* complies with the most rigid of safety standards including both the American Bureau of Shipping and Papua New Guinea safety regulations. It is air-conditioned and accommodates no more than 18 passengers in nine deluxe, spacious twin bedrooms each with private bathroom. Facilities aboard also include a dining room, lounge, bar, video and covered upper observatory deck.’

Both Karawari Lodge and Ambua Lodge are also owned by Trans Niugini Tours who own and operate world renowned wilderness lodges, vehicles, boats and aircraft in PNG ensuring visitors have a quality experience in this exciting, travel destination.’

The **World War II letters between Sir Donald Cleland and Dame Rachel Cleland** have been skillfully edited, introduced and gathered into a book by **Nancy Lutton**. Titled ***My Dearest Brown Eyes***, the book will be launched by The Honorable Wal Fife at the Gold Coast Arts Centre on 1 November 2006 at 12.00 noon.

The book evocatively illustrates the emotion and pain of enforced separation. It is a love story, a family saga, a commentary from two different points of view on the unfolding war and a political debate looking forward to a post-war Australia.

Nancy was Chief Archivist at the National Archives of Papua New Guinea from 1989-92, and earlier was New Guinea Collection Librarian at the University of Papua New Guinea. She is the appointed archivist of the extensive papers of both Sir Donald and Dame Rachel housed in the National Library of Australia.

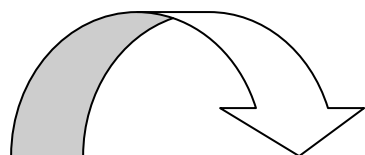
If anybody would like to attend the launch, please phone Bob Cleland on 07 3378 7533 before 30 October.

Published by Pandanus Books, the book will be available in major book stores.

Betty Smith writes that in July she had the opportunity to play in the **NSW Women's Bowling Association** – Master Singles Tournament – sponsored and hosted by Tuncurry Bowling Club. The winner of this tournament was **MARIA RIGBY** from Goroka. Bowls Australia, Player Profiles, had the following history recorded: Maria started playing bowls in 1991 and made her Australian debut at the Asia Pacific Bowls Championship in 2003 where she collected a bronze medal in the fours. In December 2004 she was a runner up in the singles at the inaugural South Australian Grand Prix. Maria then made her debut at the 2005 Trans Tasman Test Series, beating New Zealand's Jo Edwards five times out of the six games played. A former winner of the Queensland state singles title, Maria Rigby also enjoyed success as part of the Queensland team that won the 2005 National Round Robin; and in the same year won the Golden Nugget Prestige Invitation singles crown at the Australian indoor Championships. Rigby played in the blue-ribbon singles at the 2006 Commonwealth Games. Betty tells us she was beaten in the first round!

* * *

Motivated by Ken Humphries article 'Never a Colony' (*Una Voce* No. 3 Sep 2006) **Albert Cross asks what our *Una Voce* readers know about Papuan citizenship before (or even post) Independence.** If Papuans were Australian citizens before independence, what did that citizenship entitle them to? ■



On Thursday 5 October Edna and George Oakes hosted a relaxed and friendly gathering at their home in the Blue Mountains which has wonderful bushland views to the valleys beyond. Delicious soups and other delicacies ensured that the 20-25 people who went enjoyed sitting and chatting, whilst George tempted a few with the opportunity of a short bushwalk just in front of their home.

George and Edna warmly welcomed all who came and spending some time in the fresh country air was greatly enjoyed by all who went.

THANK YOU very much to George and Edna for a lovely day.

CARTOON BOOKLETS ADVERTISING THE ADVENTURES OF ISUZU LU

The PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library of the University of Queensland would greatly appreciate the following donation please:

Remember the advertisements for ISUZU trucks? In the late 70s New Guinea Motors issued cartoon booklets by artist Bob Browne on the adventures of 'Isuzu Lu'. **Does anyone have copies they could donate to our PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library please?**

With hilarious adventures these Isuzu Lu booklets recorded the social changes occurring in PNG by drawing on real-life situations. LU's adventures, written in excellent pidgin, have entered social science textbooks. The first book has been used as a text for students of pidgin.

Besides it being worthwhile having them archived in perpetuity, they would make a wonderful addition to our collection. If you are able to help, please contact Dr Peter Cahill, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly. QLD 4068

NOTES FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY from Jim Toner

Once again PNG Independence Day was celebrated in Darwin at the Italian Club, a capacious facility, and over 250 guests were entertained with dancing and music. The Social & Cultural Group with its strong Hanuabadan presence has done a splendid job in preserving tradition as ageing *dimdim* organisers tend to drop out of the picture.

Mike PRESS, a kiap for 16 years has, after a further 23 years with Aboriginal Affairs in the NT, retired. Almost. He then immediately accepted the offer of a job at Lake Kutubu where he will meet several other former kiaps of his vintage now employed by the oil and gas industry. He is no stranger to the Southern Highlands having been in charge of Ialibu and Erave in the past.

The State of Emergency recently declared in the Southern Highlands with 800 assorted soldiers, police and warders being sent there provoked some entrepreneurship amongst the ladies of Mendi who still make *bilums* and beanies in traditional fashion. They were quickly on sale to the uniformed visitors but embroidered 'S O E 2006'. Unlike most souvenirs, also functional?

Those readers who struggled to bring education within the reach of young PNG girls may know that more than one has earned a pilot's licence. However for the first time two have taken charge of an aircraft on a flight Moresby-Goroka. Captain Kipalan-Yasi and First Officer Kuliniasi occupied the front end of a De Havilland Dash-8 (36 seats) taking Australian High Commission staff to the recent Goroka Show. Bearing in mind that Oxford University existed for 700 years before it allowed women to take degrees PNG is taking advantage of its great untapped resource rather more speedily.

Hopefully the lady who has been researching the impact of Scots in New Guinea affairs has become acquainted with the history of **Doug FYFFE**, a native of Glasgow, who trained with the first E-Course at Malaguna in 1964. He was posted to a village in New Hanover and spent a lengthy period running the primary school there. One day a visitor called after hours and asked a loitering schoolboy where the teacher could be found. 'Och, he's up at the *hoose*' was the reply.

Another researcher, a PhD student from Adelaide University, is keen to investigate 'Notions of masculinity amongst white men who have worked with indigenous

Australians and Papua New Guineans'. **Phil FITZPATRICK** who was a PO at Balimo in the early '70s has recommended him, presumably with tongue somewhat up his cheek, to talk to as many former kiaps as possible about their 'notions'. Unsurprisingly this has caused a modicum of hilarity amongst the brotherhood as they contemplate their tropical exploits.

One hesitates to use the expression 'placid backwater' about the very likeable Kokopo of olden days but it is no longer applicable. The township now has in operation some 200 businesses of various kinds including two internet cafes! Efforts are also under way to change the nature of the PNG capital. Solid boundary fences are, as we all know, irresistible to graffiti artists/vandals and Port Moresby is suffering visually. As from January 2007 such fences are banned in an attempt to transform, as City Hall puts it, 'crime and settlement city to the Pearl of the Pacific'.

Considerably less impressive is the fact that when poker machines were legalised in PNG in 1995 the Government collected K500,000 in tax. Last year this revenue had increased to K126,000,000! It depends of course to what purposes the money extracted from indigenous pokie players was put.

I notice I have now clocked up 20 years in PNGAA and appreciate the opportunity to contribute what little I can to the Association through *Una Voce*. Its continued existence owes much to years of dedicated work in the Editor's chair by the late **Doug PARRISH**. On one occasion he decided not to publish a small anecdote of mine lest it offend some of our elderly lady readers. But these days so here goes.

In addition to the Papuan Theatre in downtown Moresby catering for you and I there was a cinema in Boroko for natives and one week it was screening 'Zulu'. All about Rorke's Drift, 11 VCs awarded, great stuff. Passing by one evening and at a loose end I decided to wander in to watch it. But at the ticket office the manager refused my money saying 'No Europeans in here'. And in explanation 'You get down the front seats touching up the *meris* !' Well.... that certainly put me back in my box.

I think this reminiscence will hardly disturb our grandmotherly readers with their decades of experience in the Territory behind them. In any case they are likely to have watched another film titled 'Separate Tables' in which David Niven amuses himself one afternoon at a cinema in an English seaside town by moving around the auditorium to place himself alongside women sitting alone. In court next day a policeman says 'The accused was observed to sit down next to six women although only one complained'. '*Olamani!*' ■

PNG ...IN THE NEWS

Kokoda Record Smashed: Recently, Brendan Buka, 22, from Eastern Highlands Province, smashed the record as the fastest man to trek the gruelling 96 kilometre Kokoda Track in 17 hours, 49 minutes and 17 seconds. The previous record was slashed by five hours during the annual Kokoda 24 Hour Challenge which started at Owers Corner and ended at Kokoda Station on August 26 and 27.

Planning a trip to PNG? The Morobe Show will be held in Lae on November 4/5, 2006. The Canoe and Kundu Festival will be held in Alotau from November 6 to 12.

With 56,003 arrivals in PNG from January to September 2006, international visitor arrivals to Papua New Guinea increased by 5.2 percent compared to the same period last year. The figures reflect a continued growth in traffic from key markets in

Australia, USA, Asia, Europe & Japan. Both business and holiday segments increasing by 0.3% and 20.1% respectively to the cumulative (Jan-Sep) total.

With 315 of the world's unique bird species, including 33 species of the adored Birds of Paradise, PNG is fast becoming a popular destination for birding enthusiasts or 'twitches' from around the world.

Papua New Guinea's largest passenger ship *MV Milne Bay* recently made its maiden voyage from Lae to Alotau and Port Moresby. The ship has a cargo capacity of more than 2000 passengers, 100 containers and 20 cars, and a cruising speed of 19 knots. Fares start from as low as K95 per passenger to K810 for the ocean view cabin and K1100 for the ocean view state rooms. For more information *email: inforpom@adsteam.com.pg*.

THE Papua New Guinea Government has committed K30 million for the extension and redevelopment of the Tokua Airport in East New Britain (ENB) to international standard. Once completed, Tokua will have the capability to cater for larger aircraft direct from overseas. The Government has already released K3 million for work to begin.

From the PNGTPA Newsletter

Three contract stone-masons from Sydney were amongst a small group who travelled to PNG in August to undertake the first stage of refurbishment of the sandstone memorials at Bita Paka War Cemetery near Rabaul. The team undertook work on the Memorial to the Missing, the Cross of Sacrifice, sandstone retaining walls and the Indian-Pakistan Memorial. The Memorial to the Missing at Bita Paka War Cemetery commemorates 1225 Commonwealth servicemen, including 1216 Australians who have no known graves. Bita Paka War Cemetery contains graves of Commonwealth servicemen who died in both world wars. Five Australian naval personnel who died when the Australian Naval and Expeditionary Force captured the German wireless station in WWI, located near Bita Paka, are included amongst those buried there.

Info from Vetaffairs Vol 22 No. 3 September 2006

In August AGL announced it would withdraw its funding for the PNG to Australia gas pipeline because of increased costs. The estimated price of the pipeline has more than doubled since 2004. AGL also owns 10 percent of the linked \$5 million gas production project in PNG's Southern Highlands. The production project is separate to the pipeline and mostly owned by US conglomerate ExxonMobil Corp and Australian explorer Oil Search.

Info from Aust Fin Review 17 Aug 2006

Australia and PNG are seeking to step up joint border patrols to cut the flow of illegal firearms into the southern highlands after a state of emergency was announced there.

Info from Aust fin review 4/8/06

A DVD, *Kokoda Tips*, (\$24.95) has been put together by Lindsay Kelly to help people prepare for the trek. His advice includes training tips, how to care for your feet, what to wear and eat, what to put in a medical kit and even how to look after a camera in humid conditions. See: www.kokodatips.com

Mt Tavurvur (Matupit), Rabaul, erupted again on Saturday October 7, 2006. The massive blast shattered windows several kilometres away. ■

NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA - John Kleinig

Andrew HUGHES is a full time PhD student in the Department of Gender, Work and Social Inquiry at the University of Adelaide. His research project involves investigating, through life history interviews and archival research, notions of masculinity amongst white men who have worked in positions of authority with Indigenous Australians and/or Papua New Guineans. Andrew is particularly interested in interviewing former government employees such as patrol officers, police, military personnel, teachers and others. Before returning to university as a mature-aged student in 2002, Andrew was collection manager in the SA Museum's Anthropology Dept. for 26 years and this explains his interest in PNG. If you wish to contact Andrew and you live in SA, his details are - telephone: (08) 8303 3743 or email: andrew.hughes@adelaide.edu.au

At the 7th Adelaide Reunion Lunch on Sunday 29 October, **Susan BENHAM PAGE** and **Mike DENNIS** have kindly agreed to talk about their recollections of growing up in TPNG. Susan was born in Rabaul and Mike at four years of age came with his parents to Kareeba Plantation out of Rabaul near Keravat. It seems clear that many are anticipating some intriguing and perhaps mildly controversial stories. Bookings have been extremely encouraging.

It's hard to believe that a little over a fortnight ago, Rabaul was the most peaceful town one could imagine. For the first time for a long time the lawns around **Susie** and **Bruce ALEXANDER's** Rabaul Hotel, formerly the Hamamas and before that the Ascot, were actually green and you could see the bottom of the covered swimming pool. Bruce had half a dozen yearlings in the backyard and serious work was well advanced on the wharf, the new bung and a number of impressive women's council buildings on Malaguna Road. It was rumoured that land prices had doubled in Rabaul in the last six months and the Kaivuna Motel previously on the market some years ago for \$K250,000 could now be purchased for \$K760,000. There was not a hint of activity from Tavurvur, better known as Matupit. In fact, on our journey a few days later to the new Tokua Airport along Kokopo Road, we looked back at Rabaul and saw one of the most placid and beautiful sights ever created. ■

Badihagwa Cemetery, Port Moresby

The Fund for the restoration of the BADIHAGWA Cemetery reached the target level considered necessary to carry out the initial clearing and demarcation of the boundaries of the cemetery and an advance of 3000 kina has been transferred to the Rotary Club in Port Moresby that has been supervising the work. The Rotary Club has also made a provision in its budget for the project which is most pleasing.

Clearing of the site has been completed and the delineation of the boundaries is being undertaken. Arrangements for final responsibility of the upkeep of the cemetery is being investigated.

The generosity of the contributors is acknowledged and they will be kept fully informed of the developments.

Should further persons wish to become involved in the project they should contact either of the addressees below.

John Norton, 29/30 Mollison St. West End Qld 4101
Email: outramjn@bigpond.com.au Tel.(07)38443569.
Dr Roy Scragg Tel. (08)82955765
Email: rfscragg@health.on.net



Lorna Whyte (nee **Johnston**) recently made a brief visit to Sydney and caught up with **Albert Speer MBE** and **Rod Miller**. They also visited **Sr Berenice Twohill**.

TWO TREASURE TROVES FOR PNG FAMILY HISTORIANS

PNGAA has recently obtained Volumes 1 and 2 of the Cumulative Index to the Pacific Islands Monthly (PIM) which cover the period September 1930 to August 1955. Contained in these indexes are biographical entries as well as sections on companies, ships, territories and place names. The name (or subject), with year, month and relevant page number is given. Hard copies of PIM are available at the Mitchell Library, Sydney – the Reference Section of the Mitchell Library also has copies of these Indexes.

Additionally and thanks to Marjorie Head (Una Voce, September 2006, page 28) for letting us know, we have obtained a set of 9 microfiche which record people and events in New Guinea between 1888 and 1975. Each fiche has numbered pages with fiche number 8 providing the Index (so if you are looking for something, go to fiche No. 8 first!). Following are some examples of what is contained in the fiche –

- BDM's (expatriates) extracted from the Papuan Courier 1911-1942; Rabaul Times 1925-1942 and 1957-1959; South Pacific Post 1950-1959, plus many more.
- Probate Notices.
- Cemeteries, the following are examples only – there are many records :
 - Old Port Moresby Cemetery Register 1912-1969,
 - Rabaul European and Asiatic Cemeteries,
 - Raluana – Queen Emma's Cemetery,
 - Old Lae Cemetery,
 - Vunapope Cemetery,
 - Various Church memorials, eg, St John's Church, Port Moresby

Some local libraries have all, or part only, of these fiche.

If you are unable to access your local or State library for a particular search, you may write to PNGAA (address all correspondence to the Secretary) or send an email to admin@pngaa.net setting out the details of your enquiry – depending on the nature of your enquiry a small charge may apply.

FRED ('HARGY') HARGESHEIMER AND THE EAGER BEAVER

by Stuart Inder

Hargy hands over the reins of the school that fell from the sky - and finds his old plane.

Sixty-three years after US Army pilot Fred ('Hargy') Hargesheimer parachuted from his doomed Lockheed Lightning P-38 into Japanese occupied New Guinea, Hargy has found the wreckage of his plane. The aircraft he named "Eager Beaver", of the wartime 8th Photo Squadron, still contained his air reconnaissance camera and rolls of film. The wreckage was found in West New Britain, and Hargy was flown in by helicopter in July to identify it.

The discovery was a very emotional highlight of Hargy's 14th and, he says, his final visit to Papua New Guinea from his home in Grass Valley, California. He is now 90, and for more than 40 years he has been widely admired in PNG as 'the airman who never forgot' – the founder and chairman of the Airmen's Memorial Foundation Inc, which supports the famed Airmen's Memorial School at Ewasse, New Britain.

Hargy was injured when "Eager Beaver", on a photo reconnaissance flight from Port Moresby, was shot down over West New Britain in June 1943, and he survived alone in the jungle for the first month before being taken under the protection of the people of Natambu village, who hid him from Japanese patrols. His squadron had long given him up for dead. In February 1944, eight months after being shot down, he was taken off the island by a US submarine with other downed Australian and American airmen.

In the 1960s Hargy felt he "had to go back" to Natambu to say a personal thank-you to the village people who saved his life, and there decided to give them a school, at nearby Ewasse, as a practical gesture. And thus he became "a New Guinea old hand" as he spent several years at Ewasse with his late wife, Dorothy, and help from their son Richard, to get the school up and running. In its 41 years the school has had hundreds of graduates, making their mark in all walks of PNG life - lawyers, leading academics, sociologists, business people.

Hargy returned to PNG in July to open a new school library, made possible by generous and ongoing support for the school by the Fred Archer Trust, and, after 40 years, to pass over his chairmanship of the Foundation to a former pupil, Mrs Garua Peni, MA, now a lecturer at the University of PNG. The fact that the wreckage of his old plane had been located was a surprise, and Fred's final return trip to Ewasse was given wide coverage in the PNG newspapers

A PNGAA member, Fred met up with old PNG friends and foundation members in Sydney enroute to PNG and back. His eyesight is now not so good and he gets about with the aid of a cane but his famed cheerfulness and sense of humour are intact.

Footnote: Many years after Hargy bailed out over New Britain, he was able to locate Mitsugu Hyakutomi, the Japanese fighter pilot who shot him down. Hargy learned he survived their crucial encounter because Mitsugu "could never bring myself to shoot helpless enemy pilots hanging from their parachutes." He tells the story in his book, *The School That Fell from the Sky*. ■

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THE CARIBOU AND A FOGGY MENDI MORNING

By Chris Warrillow

I enjoyed a six month around-the-world trip after my twenty one months in Erave and was reposted to the District Headquarters, Mendi, in early 1967. Mendi airstrip is at an altitude of 5,500 feet above sea level (asl) and in those days was shorter and on a different alignment to the current 'strip. The downhill slope to the south-east was steeper too and that, combined with the cold air flow from the higher country to the NW, even during the SE season, generally dictated that landings be at the bottom end of the 'strip.

I shared an SOQ [single officers quarters] with *Didiman* Bob Teerink. This was the first of several houses situated along a ridge above the DC's residence. The others were senior married officers' quarters and the last was Neville's Guest House (*Haus kokros*).

The back of the house overlooked a near vertical drop to the roaring Mendi River nearly 200 feet below, squeezing its way between our ridge and the limestone mountain slopes towering above the other side to a height of over 7,000 feet asl.

One typical Mendi morning, around seven o'clock, as the sun began burning off the fog on the valley floor and the odd 'hole' started to appear above the town, the first aircraft of the day began arriving overhead from Hagen and Madang. Whilst showering I heard the distinctive sound of a circling Caribou's Pratt and Whitney R2000 radial engines. As I dried myself the house shook as those engines suddenly sounded very close. I looked out of the bathroom window to see the Ansett-MAL Caribou flying past at eye level! The pilots had 'found a hole to the North', descended beneath the five eighth's cloud cover and were executing their downwind leg, just above the mini-gorge behind my donga. They were thus able to keep in sight the 'strip on their left, situated parallel to and below the line of houses.

Beyond the bottom end of the 'strip, nearing the PWD quarry, blasted out of the limestone outcrops in the cliffs above the old hospital and *haus kalabus* [gaol] site, the pilot would have banked sharply left on baseleg and left again onto short finals to drop the final 200 feet or so, in perhaps less than half a kilometre, for his touchdown.

I had spent six months flying around the world, but it was only 'back home' one could witness such flying skills in commercial aircraft that kept the Highlands outstations going and expanding!

Unfortunately, from the confines of my bathroom, I could not see those skills on that particular morning after the initial split second flypast the window! ■

THE DRUM MAJOR By Chips Mackellar

I would like to add to the valedictory of Des Fitzer, delivered in the September 2006 edition of *Una Voce*, by his son Peter, who mentioned that in his final year at Kings School, Des was Drum Major of the Kings School Cadet Corps Band. Peter would never have seen his father in this capacity, because at that time of course, Peter had not then yet been born. But to his contemporaries at Kings School amongst whom I was privileged to be one, Des is still remembered as its most famous Drum Major. What made him famous was his incredible agility with the drum major's mace.

Traditionally, in all marching bands, the mace is used to signal orders, a very necessary form of communication when verbal orders cannot be heard by the band above the sound of its music. Between signals though, the mace is carried as a sort of swagger stick, sometimes with varying degrees of flamboyance. To this day, the Scots College Pipes and Drums are a most impressive sight during Sydney Anzac Day parades, with four Drum Majors in line abreast swinging their maces in unison, but when Des Fitzer was the Kings School Drum Major, he added to the marching band scene a new dimension which has not been seen since then. He learned to toss the mace in a manner never used in the British tradition but sometimes seen with American style marching bands. How he learned to do this, we will never know but Des could toss the mace into the air, where it would fly end over end in a graceful arc. Of course, while the mace was in the air, the marching band kept marching. So the trick was not only to toss the mace upwards, but also to project it forward to where the marching band would be when the mace descended, and to catch it then and there, several yards ahead from where it had been launched into the air. Des could do this without missing a stride. The Corps Commander at Kings put up with these antics on the Kings School parade ground, but although no one had ever seen Des miss a catch, he was forbidden to perform this routine in public, lest the mace fall into the crowd and hurt someone, or horror of all horrors, it fall to the pavement and be damaged.

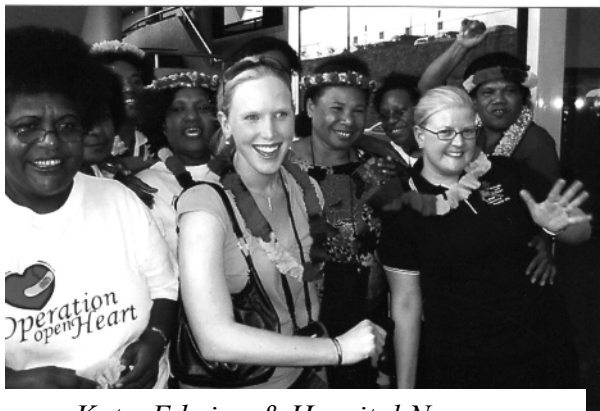
But when leading the Kings School band on Anzac Day 1951, Des could not resist the urge, and in front of thousands of people lining the streets in Sydney, he tossed the mace. The band marched on with its drum major temporarily without a mace, because it was twirling end over end, high above his head. The crowd was amazed, with many *ooohs* and *aaahs* and gasps of disbelief and bursts of loud applause when Des caught the mace without missing a step. Des repeated this performance throughout this march; a miracle which his Kings School contemporaries remember to this day, and forever after, amongst these contemporaries, Des was always referred to as "The Drum Major."

The diligence and skill with which Des handled the mace accompanied him in his long and distinguished career in Papua New Guinea. He served there for 42 years, retiring in 1996 and only then because of ill health. So farewell Des Fitzer OBE, the last Australian District Commissioner in Papua New Guinea, the last Australian Departmental head, and Kings School's most famous Drum Major. ■

OPERATION OPEN HEART - Kate Kennedy

(Kate, a Registered Nurse, is the great granddaughter of our Patron, Roma Bates, and granddaughter of our Treasurer, Ross Johnson. This was her first visit to PNG.)

Each year, a charity based organisation otherwise known as 'Operation Open Heart' travels to a number of developing countries, such as Fiji, Burma, Vanuatu, Rwanda and Papua New Guinea (Port Moresby). Along with an incredible amount of donated resources from both medical and nursing areas, a team of selected doctors, nurses, pathologists, surgeons, anaesthetists and perfusionists from across Australia volunteer their time, off work. Their one aim is to make a difference and help improve the overall health care of those who are less fortunate due to socioeconomic and demographic boundaries. In August this year, I happened to be one of the lucky 40 or so team members selected to go to Port Moresby General Hospital for 10 days, in what was definitely a culture shock but an experience I will never forget.



Kate, Edwina & Hospital Nurses

It all started after arriving at Jackson's Airport in Port Moresby on the Thursday afternoon. Not only were we all apprehensive about our white flabby skin being back on display due to the warmer weather, but eight of the team, myself included, had discovered our luggage had been left in Brisbane and we were informed that it would not arrive until the following afternoon. Obviously it could not fit on the aircraft alongside three tonnes of medical equipment! Nevertheless,

we were still welcomed by a television crew and a group of ICU nurses who threw lei's over our necks and gave us all hugs – even though fifty percent of us had never met them before!!

We were then taken by taxi to the Airways International Hotel, approximately 5 minutes from the airport, its name signifying its position – overlooking the airstrip. This is a 3 ½ star hotel on the outskirts of Port Moresby. The hotel had everything to offer any tourist who knew of the crime rates and the restrictions on travelling freely around the town unless escorted by security. For example, three bars, a swimming pool, exercise track, internet access, laundry, day spa and more importantly, 24 hour service. It was hard to imagine why the crime rates were so high when everyone we had met so far at the airport and at the hotel were such warm, caring and appreciative people. They absolutely did everything for you – even if there was sort of a language barrier with some. When a friend and I asked to borrow 2 robes to wear that night to bed instead of the same old clothes we were stuck with until our luggage arrived, we got a knock at the door and a hospitality staff member was holding 2 robes in his hand, we all laughed. We managed to get through the welcoming dinner at the Japanese Restaurant that night, with host, Health Minister Sir Peter Barter in the same clothes without too many noses being turned up at us.

We arrived at the hospital the following morning in our hired white bus with the Operation Open Heart logo on the driver's door to unpack the equipment and commence work. Those of us who were new to the area were shocked as soon as we even reached the front security gates to see 2 men pulling the gate open and closed.

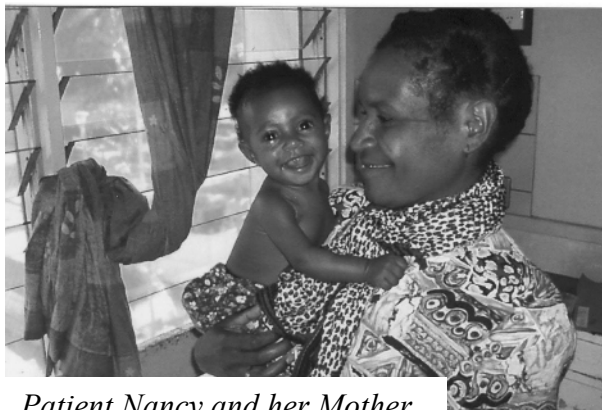
Opposite the hospital, numerous tents erected on the dirt nature strip housed a few Papua New Guinean families. Hence the nickname being from then on “the Ronald McDonald House”.

When approaching the front entrance of the hospital in the car park, it was interesting to note the sequential order of designated car parks. The first car park closer to the front doors was allocated to the Engineer, from then on in rank: Chief Executive Officer, Director of Financial Administration and so forth. Then towards the end, the hospital staff bus, with a sticker on its rear saying “If I cause trouble, report to my boss”.



The “Staff Bus”

We then proceeded to the hospital entrance, which was located just below a sign “Port Moresby General Hospital” which had half the letters missing. Security guards welcomed us from there on in, including not only the front entrance, but also the entrance doors to each and every ward. It was hard to believe that for keeping the hospital grounds safe, the pay for them was only 1.80 kina an hour! We then approached Ward 7, which liaises with ICU. Although I was going to be working in Ward 7, we went to ICU to do all the unpacking of equipment and setting up the oxygen and gas supplies. I was involved in unpacking medications. What made us more appreciative of the health care system back home was the general hygiene throughout the hospital. For example, suction catheters had to be washed and reused, sheets were only changed when necessary. Antibiotics remaining in their vials were to be used for other patients and not wasted and sharps containers were basically cardboard boxes. Furthermore, the availability of gloves and hand washing facilities was limited. But, despite all of this, the actual layout and condition of the hospital grounds was well maintained.



Patient Nancy and her Mother

Over the next week it was great to meet a range of Papua New Guinean families from across the country and learn about their culture and their general backgrounds. Not only did we learn from the families but also the staff alike. At the beginning of the week, I found it amazing to see the number of staff working on the one shift. The shifts were definitely not as busy as I was used to, but I soon realised that they were recruiting staff

from hospitals across the Provinces to come and work at the general hospital to learn from the ‘Operation Open Heart’ group. I found we all learnt from each other in our own separate ways. Although the majority of the staff I worked alongside with were very thorough in their work, it was great to be able to teach them some new techniques or provide them with more information where needed. In particular, checking up on drug dosages and encouraging the nurses to treat a patient’s symptoms where necessary. I even managed to get the staff to teach me some Pidgin English commonly

used around the hospital. Except every time I tried to pronounce the words, they kept laughing – I always had to double check with another nurse to make sure they were teaching me the right words. Even the patients laughed – so I am hoping there was some basis to what I was asking them. As cute as the children were, it was definitely more pleasing to see them laughing at me despite being so sick.

Although we worked every day whilst being in Port Moresby, we still managed to see some of the major sites. Unfortunately I didn't get to see as much as some of the other members of the group due to trips arranged within the time frames I was working. However, I was able to see a couple of local attractions, from the Bomana War Cemetery to the markets and on to the local supermarket for an ice cream, which even after eating, we still had no idea what the flavour was. In addition, I was able to convince our volunteer bus driver (my boss's flatmate) to take me to the area in which my mother, uncle and grandparents lived in the 1970's near Boroko Oval. Even though he was apprehensive about driving around that area as it is now extremely unsafe, he took me all the same.

There were strong PNG connections within the team. Port Moresby born Dr Darren Wolfers (an Anaesthetist) was on his seventh visit. Participating for the first time was Perfusionist Troy Tozer, who was also born in Port Moresby. Registered Nurse Nicola Tsang, daughter of Martin Tsang of Madang was likewise participating for the first time. Nicola was born at the Lutheran Hospital Yagaum at Amele near Madang in the 1970's. My mother, then Alison Johnson, was also born at Madang in the late 1950's.

In the end, we completed a record of 64 cases, ranging from infants as young as six weeks old to adults over the age of fifty years. Apart from the couple of bleeders who were taken back to theatre and another patient who had an anaphylactic reaction to a medication, there were no major complications. What made everything worthwhile was that when it came to say goodbye, all the patients were in a stable condition and had a positive outlook on life. At the completion of the 10 days we had a farewell dinner at the Chinese restaurant. All those members new to the team and to Port Moresby received a *meri* blouse as a gift and the group as a whole were given individual certificates of appreciation. The 10 days were definitely inspiring and I hope to return again. Next time there may well be an opportunity for me to walk the Kokoda Track. ■

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BOMBS, BULLETS AND DYNAMITE

By Paul Oates

Who remembers their inevitable tangles with discarded ordinance in PNG?

'Masa, mi bin painin dispela bom ia' (Sir, I have found this bomb), was usually enough to make your hair stand on end and give you a good case of goose bumps.

I'm sure there must have been other places where the leftovers from the Pacific war were thrown around with apparent gay abandon however PNG seemingly scored more than her fair share. Scarcely a week would go past that at least some sort of explosive relic didn't turn up. A bloke in Finschhafen used to make a mint out of wartime spare brass that the locals would bring in. Every few weeks he'd fill up some 44 gallon drums with shells and cartridges and after pouring a can of petrol over them, light a match and run. After the fire burnt down and the explosions stopped, there was a sizable amount of brass to be sold on the used metal market. Every so often the drums would have to be replaced but there were always plenty of them around.

As you drove north from Finschhafen, and crossed the Masaweng River, you could always tell where an American .50cal machine gun had been from the heaps of empty shell casings left behind. As you passed Scarlet Beach where allied landing had taken place, you could see the clearly identifiable by the gaps in the palm trees where the shells had landed and the holes in the trunks that the bullets and cannon fire had left. There used to be a Japanese prayer stick or post along side the roadway with a sign saying some thing like, '341 Japanese buried here'. When I arrived at Sialum Patrol Post, a previous occupant of the house had gratuitously collected a mound of artillery shells and stored them under the house. On inspection of the Single Officers Quarters (SOQ), I found a box of gelignite. This was good news as we needed it to help blast a new road through the coastal coral rock to Finschhafen. On opening the box however I got an unpleasant surprise. Inside the box was the usual plastic liner bag but inside the plastic bag was not sticks of gelignite but a yellow, viscous liquid that had the wrappers of the gelignite sticks swirling around in it. The sticks of 'geli' had melted in the heat and all that was left was a bag full of liquid dynamite.

At parade one morning, the police corporal handed me a live grenade (with rusty pin still inserted) and a mortar bomb that he had snared in the lagoon while fishing the night before. (Err.. Thank you Corporal. Just put them down gently and move away quietly). Then the local school children found a live 250lb bomb in the school playground, just under the soil. Finally, I had something to request the Army Bomb Disposal bloke to help with and he arrived soon after my telegram in an Army Palatus Porter with a small briefcase. Getting rid of the dynamite was relatively easy. He asked for some dead kunai to be spread along the beach for about 25 yards and after everyone was chased away, got me to gently spill the contents of the plastic bag along the grass until it was all used up. He then lit the grass and the dynamite burned fiercely with an oily flame. Then we came to the 250 pounder. We carefully loaded the bomb onto that back of the long wheel base Toyota. With three labourers on each side of the truck, holding the bomb in place in the middle of the corrugated metal tray, we started off along the coastal road. 'It's OK' we were assured, 'the bomb hasn't been fused.'

Apparently British bombs differed from American bombs in their fusing mechanisms. British bombs had a nose mounted fuse and detonator whereas American bombs were fused by a small propeller that fitted into the rear of the bomb between the fins. As the bomb left the plane, this propeller would screw its way down a threaded pole till it reached the bomb casing and then fuse the bomb. The propeller on this bomb was

clearly visible and had stopped half way as the pole it was threaded on had obviously been bent on exiting the aircraft. The Bomb Disposal bloke said that the Brits worked on a 10% non detonating basis but the Americans worked on a 33% non detonating average. I thought of just how many aircrew had been killed delivering non detonating bombs. However, there was still 250 lbs of high explosive sitting just behind us that had been exposed to 30 years of tropical conditions. We decided to use the bomb to help us make our new road, seeing as how the gelignite wasn't available. That meant carrying it to the road head, about 30 miles away. About half way there, the driver hit a bad pothole and the bomb actually bounced in the back so much that the labourers lost control of it. Thump, thump, thump, thump it went over the corrugations in the Toyota's rear tray. The Army Bomb Disposal bloke sitting next to me swore he distinctly saw the driver's eyes come out of his head like a crab and bend both right and left as they sought out where the bomb was. When we arrived at the road sight at the Masaweng river, the bomb was positioned next to a boulder and the Bomb Disposal bloke slapped a lump of plastic explosive on its side and 'wacked' in a 'det' and fuse.

'Oli klia nau, bom ipaiap!' (Everyone get clear, the bomb is going to explode) was yelled out and we dispersed to a safe distance as the fuse was lit. BANG! We all breathed a sigh of relief however, as everyone emerged from where they had sheltered, Waria the labourer produced a Japanese mortar bomb that he had sat upon when he hid under a bush. ■

92nd Commemoration of Australia's First Battle in World War 1

By Maxwell Hayes

Once again, a small group gathered at Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance on 11th September 2006 to commemorate Australia's first battle against the Germans in WW1 at Bitapaka, a short distance from Rabaul. This annual event is organised by the Northcote RSL as one of the two first mortally wounded that day, Able Seaman WGV Williams was a resident of that suburb. The other was Captain BCA Pockley a doctor of the Australian Army Medical Corps. In further clashes with the Germans later that day, a further 4 Australians were killed. Three days later, Australia's first submarine, AE1, was lost with a crew of 35 near the Duke of Yorks, never to be seen again. About 20 interested persons, accompanied by a party of Army personnel from the Watsonia Barracks, gathered at 10.50am and marched to within the Shrine, where a background to the event was given by a Royal Australian Navy officer and the Northcote RSL president. Two



Picture: Maxwell Hayes who laid the wreath on behalf of the Pockley family, and Ron Mullinar, a grand nephew of Able Seaman Williams who laid a wreath on behalf of the Williams family

wreathes were laid here, and after solemn commemoration at 11.00am, the party then marched a short distance to the 'Rabaul Tree' where further wreathes were laid on two bronze plaques commemorating the A.N.& M.E.F occupation of German New Guinea, an event seven months before Gallipoli and which is virtually unknown to most Australians.

This event seemed to be of interest to a large group of Japanese tourists who would not have known that Japan was an ally in World War 1. ■

SISTER HARRIS LEAVES THE TERRITORY

(Reprinted from the Public Service Journal, TPNG, Vol 1 No. 3 1959)

After twenty-two years of nursing in every medical centre of the Territory, Sister Harris has now retired, and left for Australia in July. She first came to New Guinea in 1937 and was stationed at Wau till May, 1939, when she was transferred to Madang, and then to Rabaul to relieve Matron Thorburn in 1941.

With the outbreak of war and the subsequent capture of Rabaul by the Japanese, she and seventeen other women were taken prisoner and interned at Kokopo. The nurses were expected to care for the sick in the camp, but only till 6 p.m. They were then confined for the night and the patients were left unattended till the following morning.

In July the prisoners were sent to Yokohama and were finally imprisoned at the Amateur Yachting Club which had been converted into a prison camp. Conditions here were far from good but deteriorated even more when they were taken to Yokohama prison after a year. In the spring of 1944 they were again moved—this time to Totsuka, fifteen miles Out of Yokohama, to a camp situated between an airfield and a military school. Sister Harris has many unhappy memories of her three and a-half years as a prisoner of war; the aching hunger they experienced which drove them to steal anything edible is one of her worst memories. On two occasions they poisoned themselves eating beetroot and carrot tops. Most of the prisoners suffered from dysentery and beriberi from under-nourishment. None of the Red Cross food parcels was distributed till a year before the war ended, by which time most of the food in them was not fit for consumption.

Women and men alike were compelled to do manual work of all descriptions, including the most menial and nauseous tasks. Many women were beaten and ill-treated, though Sister Harris counts herself fortunate in having escaped this. As nurses they were expected to attend to patients among the prisoners, some of whom were very ill indeed.

After Hiroshima, American planes flew over the camp continuously and the prisoners knew that release was near. They took kitchen charcoal and marked a cross on what sheets they could find, and laid them out hoping the Americans would notice them. The Americans did notice them and food was dropped immediately. The 11th Airborne Division released them a few days later and were amazed to find women prisoners in the camp. They were taken immediately to Atsugi aerodrome and were cared for till they were flown to Okinawa. Sister Harris remembers the luxury of sleeping in a comfortable bed again with clean sheets and sufficient bed clothes. They were well looked after and were provided with clothes and the ordinary necessities of life which they had come to look upon as unobtainable luxuries during their imprisonment. Manila was the next stop, and here they had a fortnight's rest and medical care before flying to Darwin, then on to Sydney.

Her love for New Guinea prompted her to return to the Territory in 1947 and she has since worked in all parts of the Territory.

Last year her health broke down and, though sufficiently recovered to return to duty, she was allowed to do so for twelve months only. Now that the year has passed she feels that the time has come to retire and is planning a world tour before settling in Sydney. The Territory can ill afford to lose officers of Sister Harris' calibre, but her many friends can look forward to seeing her in Sydney when they go down on leave. We wish her everything she could wish for herself. ■

THE PREMONITION by Bob Piper

‘A Song for Sister Sheah’

In November 1945 a RAAF transport aircraft crashed on a 7,000’ mountain peak during a short flight from Jacquinot Bay to Rabaul in New Guinea. All twenty eight on board lost their lives. Among the crew was Sister Verdun Sheah, whose remarkable life and premonition of the accident made the loss all the more tragic.

The loss of the aircraft at the time also created considerable anguish back in Australia for the RAAF, Australian government and relatives of those on board. This was the fourth Douglas transport lost in as many months and the other three were still missing.

First there was a series of thumps and heavy bumps as the plane began bouncing through the tops of the trees, followed by the screech of tearing metal as the aluminium fuselage sank further into the branches and began impacting with heavier branches and limbs. For those on board it all seemed to be happening in slow motion. In that same split second of time Sister Verdun Sheah probably knew that the deep premonitions she had recently been experiencing might indeed be now correct.

Not a soul survived. The airforce Dakota lay shattered and silent, just a mere 100’ from the mountain crest. So close and yet so far. A slight back pressure on the control column by one of the pilots during the flight would probably have brought the plane clear.

During World War II the Australian air force operated a number of squadrons flying the immortal Douglas DC-3, Dakota or C-47. These plodding transports, some of which are still flying today, operated far and wide throughout Australia and the South West Pacific. To complement these Dakota flights, especially with wounded soldiers and ex POWs on board, the RAAF had created their flying nurses. All trained sisters to begin with they undertook a further specialised aviation course to gain their ‘wings’.

Based at Lae, on the northern side of New Guinea, in November 1945 was No. 33 Squadron RAAF. Further inland by road at Nadzab was No. 1 Medical Air Evacuation Transport Unit (MAETU) and staff member Sister Verdun Bernice Sheah.

The flight for 15 November 1945 was a regular courier run, beginning at Lae and on to Jacquinot Bay and Rabaul on New Britain. Allocated for the flight was RAAF Dakota A65-54 with the civil registration VH-CUP.

It is said that Sister Verdun Sheah offered to stand in for another nurse, who was rostered for the flight and reported in sick. Verdun, who was 29, had been born at Narrandera and trained at Leeton Hospital before enlisting in the RAAF in 1941.

Pilot for the day was Flight Lieutenant Ron Hanrahan, a former Woolworth’s branch manager of Sydney. Hanrahan had some 1382 hours flying experience but only 138 on Douglas DC-3s. The co-pilot was Flight Lieutenant Grahame Lobwein, from Toowoomba in Queensland, who had earlier been awarded an Air Force Cross for air sea rescue work in the Darwin area. Both men, although with a good flying record and hours in other smaller aircraft, were relatively new to Dakotas and had only started flying them four months earlier.

The radio operator was Flight Sgt Douglas Bruderlin of Singleton, New South Wales. There were also two unusual aspects of the flight. Eleven former Indian Army POWs, liberated earlier from Wewak, were also on the flight as well as a stowaway, LAC Norman Blake of Melbourne. Three navy passengers, six army personnel and four other RAAF members made the total of 28 and a full aircraft.

It had been an uneventful pre dawn departure flight from Lae, up the coast to Finschhafen, then across the sea and along the southern coast of New Britain. The aircraft, VH-CUP, had covered the three hundred odd miles in about two hours with two stops. At 9 a.m. the Douglas transport departed Jacquinot Bay for the fifty minute flight to Rabaul, on the far end of New Britain. This was tiger country, compared to the earlier scenic trip, with thick jungle and volcanic mountain peaks to bar the way.

Sometime early in the flight it was noticed that there was an unlisted RAAF passenger on board. Twenty year old Norman Blake was apparently brought up front to the cockpit and allowed to send a radio message back to Jacquinot Bay, to report his absence. This in flight distraction to the crew, fifteen minutes into the journey, might have contributed to the looming fatal consequences.

The cool tropical clouds and soothing rumble of the aircraft's twin radial engines were a welcome respite from New Guinea's hot and humid coastal aerodromes. Passengers relaxed in the cooler air as the aircraft plodded for height. It was a steady cruise climb at the usual 325 feet a minute and 130 m.p.h.

No two pilots deliberately fly into a mountain top so it must be assumed that VH-CUP continued its cruise climb, possibly on auto pilot, into cloud or rain. Were they checking their maps, slightly off course or was the World War II map listing the mountains at the incorrect height. It seems a combination of all three.

Slightly to the right of the aircraft's direct track lies an un-named mountain that on modern aviation maps is listed as 7,598 feet high. Wartime maps list it, however, as only 7,000 feet. It now appears that the two pilots thought they would clear it by a comfortable 500 feet. In fact they were 98 feet short and flew into the mountain tree tops a mere 100 feet from the peak.

New Guinea is notorious for its rock studded clouds. The country's mountain peaks are cluttered with hundreds of aluminium skeletons of crashed aircraft that nearly just cleared them. Many accidents were due to weather and others to pilots flying without oxygen and suffering from the heightened self confidence of hypoxia. Last but not least were pilots trusting maps in a time when they were simply not accurate in mountain heights, some peaks being thousands of feet higher and even lower than actually marked.

Twenty minutes out and thirty miles from departure RAAF Dakota A65-54 with twenty eight souls on board, including Sister Sheah, struck the top of the unnamed New Britain mountain peak. The position was just six nautical miles inland from Wide Bay and a coastal area known as Milim.

When the RAAF courier aircraft failed to arrive at Rabaul a search was quickly organised. More than usual panic set in back at RAAF headquarters, the press and Australian government circles. In the preceding four months three other Douglas transports had disappeared and still not been found. A Royal Air Force Dakota KN-344, with a RAAF crew, had failed to arrive at Milne Bay in July. In August another RAAF Douglas had disappeared with a nursing sister Marie Craig on board, during a flight from Morotai to Horn Island. In September the RAAF Douglas VH-CIJ had disappeared within minutes of departure, also at Milne Bay. Now a fourth one was gone. It was a disaster of the worst magnitude.

A Catalina flying boat, some Beaufort bombers and another Douglas transport were quickly despatched as part of the search. In addition crash boats were sent to scour the sea and coast near where the Douglas aircraft was thought to have flown. *(Cont. over...)*

First to quickly find the missing plane on the following day (16th), was Squadron Leader Jim Maloney, the commanding officer of 33 Squadron. Maloney radioed back at 1400 hours that from the large area over which the wreckage was strewn it seemed almost impossible that any of those on board could have survived the crash.

Portion of a wing was sighted hanging from a tree and the tops of other trees were sheared ten feet down, for a distance of 200 feet. Pieces of silver and green aircraft scattered around suggested the transport did not burn. The last one thousand feet of the mountain peak had a grade of one in two. It was apparent by the wreckage distribution that Hanrahan and Lobwein had tried to desperately pull the nose of the Dakota up and over the peak at the last moment, but the steepness of the terrain had beaten them.

A ground party, which included a doctor and medical assistants, was quickly despatched by foot to the scene. The group carried Verey pistols to signal overhead aircraft as well as pigeons to send written messages back to base. As the searchers approached the accident site a Boomerang fighter dropped smoke bombs to guide them on the final stage. The search party quickly confirmed there were no survivors. After identifying those on board, recovering mail and personal items the group headed back to Jacquinot Bay to make their report.

The following day another aircraft from 33 Squadron overflew the crash site and dipped its wings in salute to the 28 below. It dropped two wreaths, one for the crew from the men back at the squadron and one for 'Chic' (Sister Sheah). The one from the nursing sisters was made of frangipanni and lilies.

Senior Sister E.C. Smith, who served with Verdun, said she gained her nickname by her immaculate appearance under any circumstances, even after alighting after a long and difficult flight. 'She was loved by other members of the unit, and also by the patients and others with whom she worked' Sister Smith said to newspapers at the time.

Verdun had already experienced some of the dangers of flying before her last fatal flight. In writing to her sister Lorraine back in Australia she spoke of having her aircraft turn back because of poor weather and on another occasion of an in flight engine failure, making it necessary to limp to Jacquinot Bay on one engine.

In October 1945 an American bomb dump at Nadzab went up only 500 yards from Sister Sheah's campsite with blasts and whistling pieces of shrapnel overhead all night. 'Nobody had a wink of sleep and I expected pieces of shrapnel to land in my tent every minute' Verdun was to write in her 22 October 1945 letter.

Verdun's same last letter to her sister finishes up with the caring and encouraging words... 'Cheer up, because there's always a silver lining. Lots of Love Verdun'.

Verdun had been born at Narrandera NSW on 3 March 1916 and named by her mother after the then famous Battle of Verdun in World War I. She was the third of four girls and two brothers of a mixed Chinese Australian family and completed her education at Narrandera High School. Later she trained at Leeton District Hospital and continued further studies in obstetrics at Crown Street, Hospital, in Sydney. Sister Sheah then joined the RAAF from Leeton in August 1941.

In the month preceding her death Verdun began having deep premonitions of her death. Though normally a reserved person the feelings so concerned her that she raised them with a good friend from her Leeton days, then Wing Commander John Balfe. Balfe confirmed these premonitions with the writer in 1981, in a letter to Verdun's sister in 1983 and later in a book he published on his wartime flying experiences.

Sister Verdun Bernice Sheah is interred at Rabaul War Cemetery, Bitu Paka, at grave C.B. 2. She is listed at the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour and also at Westminster Abbey, London, with other Commonwealth nurses who gave their lives on wartime duty.

At Narrandera the local tennis club has the Sheah Trophy while at nearby Leeton Hospital there is the Sheah Award for second year trainee nurses. In the 1960s Verdun's sister Gabrielle, a prize winning seamstress, donated hand made and specially embroidered religious items to the Protestant Chapel at RAAF Base Laverton, in Victoria.

This story is dedicated not only to Sister Verdun Sheah but to all Australian nurses of the RAAF, Army and Navy during World War II.

As to the other three RAAF Dakota aircraft that disappeared in 1945, KN-344 was found on a mountain top near Milne Bay in 1946. The remains of the crew of three, which included the RAF radio operator, were recovered.

Sister Marie Craig's plane was discovered in 1975, high on a West Irian peak, by an American missionary in a helicopter. A recent recovery of those on board was carried out by a combined RAAF and Indonesian team.

However, VH-CIJ, the transport's crew and passengers as well as the two thousand pound payroll on board are still missing somewhere in the Milne Bay waters or nearby mountains of New Guinea.

Acknowledgements:

The author acknowledges the enthusiastic assistance and trust of Sister Lorraine Sheah (Verdun's younger sister), Matthew Thompson at the Australian War Memorial, Squadron Leader Bob Kelly of Buderim (Qld) and the people of Narrandera in the compilation of this story.

KOKODA WITH HEART

In August 2005 three former patients and a medical team from the Sydney Adventist Hospital in Sydney walked the Kokoda Track. A film crew documented the journey which has now been made into a film, *Kokoda with Heart*.

Bruce Hayman had quadruple heart bypass surgery in 1993 and has type 2 diabetes. A member of the cardiac rehabilitation program at Sydney's Adventist Hospital and a foundation member of The Zipper and Stent Group- a support organisation for cardiac patients, Bruce teamed up with two other heart patients, Jenny Dexter and John Edwards. Bruce Hayman said:

‘We were celebrating a second chance at life because modern medicine gave us a second chance...those poor soldiers didn't get a second chance but what they did was give us all an opportunity here to live the life we do today.’

Bruce hopes the documentary will show that a heart problem was ‘not a ticket to the end, but the start of the second chance at life’ and that it will shed light on the ‘importance of the efforts of Australian troops at Kokoda in 1942.’

It is hoped that the film will be appearing on Qantas flights and also screened on Channel 7 soon.

*Info from North Shore Times 20 Sep 2006 and
<http://abc.net.au/rn/scienceshow/stories/2006/1634329.htm#>*

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AE1 by Steve Saunders



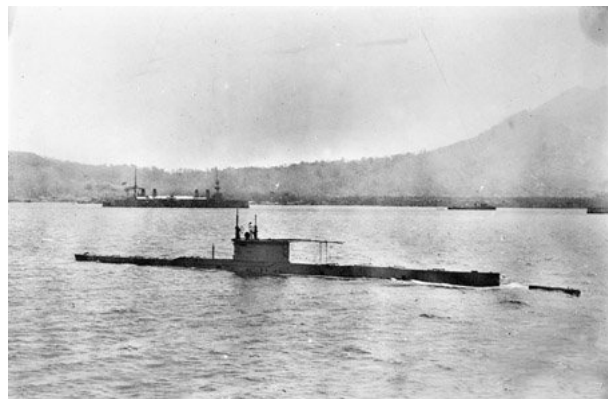
"Look but don't touch" Jasmin and Stanley Saunders inspect the Rabaul Historical Society's newest exhibit, at the New Guinea Club's Museum; a model of the AE1 submarine. The real AE1 mysteriously disappeared off Rabaul 14th September 1914 with all 35 crew, the wreck has never been found. The model is made from scrap balsa, the only cost was for glue and paint. Their dad built it in the evenings over a couple of months.

Photo: Rabaul Historical Society'

The AE1 mysteriously disappeared off Rabaul on 14th September 1914 with all 35 crew. She has never been found

(A = Australian, E = E Class (Royal Navy classification, ie the 5th RN design), 1 = Australia's first submarine)

The AE1 stripped for action entering Simpson Hafen. The wooden radio mast is lowered and lashed to the deck, and all deck posts and safety ropes have been removed. She is carrying plenty of ballast, sitting low in the water ready to crash dive. The Germans have yet to surrender.



The AE1 had a number of firsts to her name:

- 1 She was the first Australian submarine
- 2 Before AE1 and AE2 sailed to Australia from Britain the endurance record for a submarine was ~200 km. AE1 clocked ~12,400 km under her own power
- 3 She was the first unit of the Australian fleet ever lost
- 4 She was the first Allied submarine lost in World War 1.
- 5 Together with the six Australian fighting men killed 3 days earlier in taking Bitapaka radio station these 35 sailors were the first military personnel lost by the new nation of Australia (six months before Gallipoli)

On the day the AE1 disappeared Australia was still at war with Deutsch Neu Guinea. The German seat of government had moved to Toma from Rabaul on the 12th September 1914, and was not to capitulate for five more days. In an effort to get the Germans to surrender the cruiser HMAS Encounter was bombarding Toma ridge as AE1 started out from Rabaul to patrol the Saint Georges Channel.

At this time the whereabouts of the German East Asiatic Squadron was still not known. If the German fleet, including the heavy cruisers *Gneisenau* and Von Spee's flagship *Scharnhorst* and two light cruisers had surprised the Australian fleet at Rabaul

Admiral Von Spee may well have won, and New Guinea would have remained in German hands. So the AE1's covering patrol was of extreme importance to the Australians.

The AE1 was last seen by HMAS Parramatta just to the southeast of the Duke of York Islands at 15:30. She was never seen or heard from again.

She may have succumbed to accident, hitting a reef, either whilst on the surface or during a practice dive. On the surface the AE1 was running on only one of her two diesel engines; did this also breakdown? The ocean currents here are very strong as they are constricted by the St Georges Channel; they are further concentrated, split and strong up-wellings and turbulence are produced by the presence of the islands. As her sister ship, the AE2, was later to find out when submerged, strong vertical currents or thermal gradients could interfere with the buoyancy of this design.

Did the AE1 rip her hull on a reef, or spring leaks and flood when forced too deep by unpredictable currents? At the time it was also proposed that an armed German schooner might have attacked her. With the sound of the shelling of Toma any armed German vessel hidden around the Duke of York Islands, and there is plenty of evidence that there was one, may well have been in the mood to attack the enemy. A lone, surfaced submarine, with no deck gun would have been a tempting target (although, if it did happen, it is difficult to understand why survivors of the German crew never thought to mention it!).

Will these questions ever be answered? The AE1 carrying the scars from her sinking and the remains of her entire crew is still out there waiting to be found

The AE1 was a 'state of the art' weapons system. The E Class boats were designed around 1910. The AE1 was laid down on 14 November 1911 and launched on 22 May 1913. The familiar and modern looking configuration of central pressure hull, external ballast saddle tanks and free flooding superstructure was to stay as the standard design of submarines until the mid 1950s. She was a diesel-electric; on the surface she used two diesel engines giving 14 knots and when submerged twin electric motors moved her along at 10 knots. This was at a time when most of the world's transport was still horse drawn, and most ships and trains were steam. She could dive to at least 60 m, had 4 torpedo tubes, one forward, one aft and two amidships (port and starboard) and a good radio system. For a small nation like Australia, the ultra-modern AE1 was a significant piece of her small navy and her loss was a severe blow.

It could be argued that the influence of the two AE's to Australia's WWI effort was considerable. Von Spee's East Asiatic Squadron was about equal to Australia's surface fleet, if these two submarines were not alone, would the German Admiral have steamed south and contested the Rabaul landings? And if the AE2 had not forced the Dardanelles it is believed by many that the Gallipoli landings may have been called off, and the term 'digger' would never have been coined.

'Your situation is indeed serious, but dig yourselves right in and stick it out. The Australian submarine has got through the Narrows and torpedoed a cruiser...dig, dig, dig until you are safe.' Commander-in-Chief General Sir Ian Hamilton, at Gallipoli.

But recently, whilst undertaking the research needed to construct this model, it came to light that the model labelled as such at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra is not the AE1, or AE2. It is in fact a later E class sub with a completely different conning tower design etc. Considering the importance of AE1 and AE2 to Australia's nautical and military history this mistake, of having a model of a later British Royal Navy boat

on display at the AWM instead of an 'AE', is quite a glaring one. Perhaps the Rabaul Historical Society could help them out?

Acknowledgements:

Peter Richardson, (www.ae1submarine.com) The best web site on the subject

Ron Hiseman, (www.submariners.co.uk/boats/barrowbuilt/E_class/index.htm) who sent scale drawings

Phil Bradley, David Loh. For other photos



The almost identical AE2 and AE1 docked in Sydney before their mission to Rabaul.

Their two 'telegraph-pole' style wooden radio masts can be seen. These consist of a smaller quickly de-mountable one on the conning tower for when in action, and a more substantial one, which had a greater range, aft of the tower for peacetime duties

HELP WANTED

Would anyone know the location of the grave (pictured below) of Papua New Guinea's most famous native policeman Sgt Major Bagita please? Some suggest 9 mile cemetery at Port Moresby, some suggest the Kila cemetery, with others as far afield as Ferguson Island, from which he came. Can any member, perhaps someone in Port Moresby, identify the site please?



Please forward information to:

Maxwell R. HAYES, 5
Peppermint Grove, Box Hill

South. 3128. Ph/fax (03) 98987459. Email makisrpngc@netspace.net.au

Max intends writing articles on some of the long serving and loyal Sgt Majors of the native police, commencing with Sgt Major Bagita. Any information and or photos on some of these would also be gratefully received.

Cont over...

HELP WANTED

1. **Remember the advertisements for ISUZU trucks?** In the late 70s New Guinea Motors issued cartoon booklets by artist Bob Browne on the adventures of 'Isuzu Lu'. **Does anyone have copies they could donate to our PNGAA Collection in the Fryer Library please?** See further information on page 5.

2. Does anyone have a spare **Mt Hagen Gun Club t-shirt (with the heffalump on it)** or at least a nice clear photo of it **for the PNGAA Collection** in the Fryer Library?

If you are able to help with either of these, please contact **Dr Peter Cahill**, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly, QLD 4068. * * *

Catherine Isu is seeking information on her former teacher, **Helen M. Carter**, from Melbourne. Helen Carter was teaching at Hoskins High School in 1980-81. If anyone has information they can contact: Catherine Isu, c/- Galeoale Village, Hoskins, West New Britain Province, PNG or phone **Anthony Yeates** in Brisbane on (07) 38708026.

* * *

Could a member please advise which government department and person has the authority for place names in Papua New Guinea? An email address would be excellent. There is an un-named 7,000 foot mountain in New Britain into which a RAAF Dakota aircraft crashed in November 1945. Killed was Sister Verdun Sheah (RAAF) and a group of us, including the RAAF, would like to propose it be named Mount Sheah. The story of the air accident, with photos of Sister Sheah, will shortly be published in *Una Voce*. Please contact: **Bob Piper**, PO Box 4077, Hawker ACT 2614. Ph: 02 6254 8376 *Email: mars5@tpg.com.au*.

* * *

Sir Rupert Clarke explored the Fly River in 1914. The 35t motor schooner he used was subsequently sold to Isokichi Komine, the Rabaul shipyard and plantation entrepreneur. Komine renamed the schooner *Namanula*. **Does anyone know the name of the vessel when owned by Sir Rupert?** Please contact **K. Humphreys**, PO Box 291, Caloundra. QLD 4551 * * *

Rod Morrison would like to hear from anyone involved in the air search for the **Crowleys Aircraft VH-CSB**, a Piper Aztex with twin engines, **piloted by Cec Randall, which disappeared on a flight from Wasu to Yalumet in December 1969**. The subsequent air search failed to locate the aircraft however Rod has since received information about it and would like to hear from anyone involved regarding the outcome of the search. Please contact him at: 8 Cornish Terrace, Wallaroo, SA 5556 or phone: 08-8823 2846. * * *

David Skinner seeks information about an event that took place on Kainantu airstrip pre-War. To entertain a visiting dignitary, the resident kiap staged **a target competition between Upper Ramu warriors shooting their bows and the station police using their .303 rifles which the bowmen won**. My later father, Ian Skinner who was ADO Kainantu immediately post-War told me the story but did not know **when the shoot took place or who the dignitary was**. It seemed customary for Upper Ramu kiaps to put on archery displays for visitors such as the Administrator as noted in two TNG Annual Reports but the above event is not mentioned. I would be grateful to hear from anyone who has heard this story or knows more. I'm also interested in **photos of Eastern Highlanders shooting** and am open to offers from **anyone wanting to sell Kainantu bows and arrows**. My article at <http://www.tribalarts.com/feature/arrows/> might be of interest to some members. Please contact David Skinner at 02-4869-5682 or PO Box 101, Moss Vale, NSW 2577 or on *Email: dissskinner@mac.com*.

REUNIONS

A reunion for all students & teachers who attended **Madang International Primary School** will be held in Brisbane on Saturday **27th January 2007**. If anyone is interested and would like further information please do contact: Karin Hunter on 07-3886 8985 or email karinmhunter@hotmail.com. All registration forms will need to be submitted by Nov 2006.

* * *

A **Goroka/Banz/Hagen International Primary Schools Reunion** will be held on Saturday **15 September 2007** at the QLD Irish Club in Brisbane. Cost will be \$50/adult and \$30/child (incl food and beverage package), DJ and photographer. . Please advise contact details, numbers coming and what year/s you attended the school. GIPS: please contact Lisa Adams at: 6/3 Mauna Loa Street, Larrakeyah, Northern Territory 0820 *Ph:* 0432919401 *Email:* gipsreunion07@hotmail.com. BIPS/HIPS: please contact Lola Collins *Email:* lola.Collins@defence.gov.au or *Ph:* 0431 273549 Lola says that her year is organising a small photo board, and other years may like to organise this too.

* * *

The following ASOPA reunions will be held in late 2007:

1961-62 reunion: Cedar Lake Country Club, 24-26 August 2007

Excellent accommodation at very favourable rates at Cedar Lake Country Club, Advancetown via Nerang has been negotiated. Please contact David Keating *email:* dak99@bigpond.net.au for details.

1962-63 reunion: Brisbane, 12-14 October 2007

The Brisbane organising committee has secured highly discounted rates at leading Brisbane hotels, Sofitel and Novotel, adjacent to Central Railway Station in the Brisbane CBD. Early reservations are encouraged as there is a large competing conference. Please contact Henry Bodman, *email:* hmacdb@ozemail.com.au for details.

Sofitel Hotel [booking code ASO1007]. Room rates from \$195 - \$270 per night for single, double or twin. Accommodation at the higher rate includes free breakfast in the Sofitel Club and afternoon canapes and cocktails. Bookings: Jade Thompson at email H5992-SB06@accor.com or phone on 07 3835 3535 or 07 3835 4959. Quote the booking code.

Novotel Hotel [booking code ASOPA 2007]. The room rate is \$150 per night for single, double or twin. Bookings: Laura Ousby at email H1749-RE01@accor.com or phone on 07 3309 3309. Quote the booking code.

1960-61 reunion: Brisbane, 12-14 October 2007

The 1960-61 group will hold their first Friday night get together independently but will share the Saturday night 'Official Dinner' with the Class of 62-63. Please contact David Keating *email:* dak99@bigpond.net.au for details.

* * *

1960 AND 70S SPORTS WRITING IN PNG By Richard Jones

LIKE our 1962-63 ASOPA course convenor Keith Jackson I spent just a few, short years in the teaching business. It wasn't a profession for me I decided pretty early on. But it was through writing articles about local sport, including school rugby league and inter-school track and field carnivals, for Port Moresby's *South Pacific Post* which later became the national daily *Post Courier* that I got a start in my life's real career: journalism.

I was posted to the Sogeri Primary T School in 1966 and through a friendship with 1961-62 ASOPA graduate Allyn Hicks became involved in the Papuan Amateur Boxing Association. Allyn played rugby league for the Magani-Badili club in the five-club senior Papuan Rugby League structure, but he also had an abiding love of boxing. I, too, had been a keen boxer at a large Victorian private school and indeed ended up as the School Captain of Boxing -- a title much grander than anything it actually implied. Anyway, the PABA needed a publicity officer so Allyn Hicks, House of Assembly member John Stuntz and other members of the boxing body's committee installed me as the person in charge of publicity.

This involved a fair bit of driving up and down the range from Sogeri to Moresby and back, but the newspaper seemed to like accounts of the bouts arranged by the PABA and eventually wanted previews of upcoming tournaments too. The ABC pricked up their ears as well so I ended up in the Moresby studios doing live reads to air about the bouts. The airtime and newspaper column inches (this was long before metric conversion) picked up remarkably whenever a national PNG championship was nigh.

In 1966, of course, we had to send a boxing squad to the South Pacific Games which were held in Noumea that year and the Papuan squad competed in their weight divisions against fighters from East New Britain, Morobe, Madang and other provinces and districts. The national squad was duly selected after much agonising by the selection panel, and away we went to New Caledonia.

The same pattern was repeated for the Moresby 1969 Games and the 1971 event, held in Tahiti. We were old hands at the caper by the time the Guam Games rolled around in 1975. I seem to recall we spent a fair bit of time in DC3s bound for Rabaul even after we were all married. Maybe we talked the boxing organisers in that delightful town to stage the national titles more times than the actual roster called for.

Along with boxing I also wrote rugby league, softball and school sports for the local paper. The school sports weekly columns could prove a little ticklish. As I was posted to Murray Barracks Primary A School by 1969, a lot of the copy concentrated on inter-school sports among the many A schools in the Moresby region. Chalkies from the Primary T schools were constantly ringing up wanting more space for events between their schools.

Allyn Hicks and I had been active in the primary schools rugby league competition, too. I remember acting as the back-up driver for the Sogeri High School bus, an enormous Austin enclosed van. Getting this behemoth up the last steep incline from Rouna to the Sogeri plateau meant a laborious crawl up the final 400-500 metres in first gear! I should add the 'bus' was packed not only with the Sogeri T School rugby league players on their way home, but the Sogeri High School team which played in town in Moresby on Wednesdays, as well.

Hicksy and I used to run the touchlines as Papuan Junior Rugby League touch judges - and he also doubled as a referee at the old Papuan Rugby League Oval, now known

as the Lloyd Robson Oval, in Boroko. I still have a battered pewter mug, now containing pens, pencils and textas right beside this PC as I write, awarded to me from the PJRFL and inscribed: 'To Dick, PJRL, 1970'.

By 1975-76 I had long finished with teaching but still continued writing for the newspaper on a four toea per line basis and broadcasting for the NBC. By this stage the NBC had taken over from the ABC, a hand-over effected at self-government. I had passed the senior rugby league previews and match write-ups to a full-time *Post-Courier* journo, but softball (men's and women's) was burgeoning and someone had to type up some copy for the paper about that sport. I was asked to do it and continued in the role until we left PNG in December, 1976. I also presented a Saturday night sports wrap on the NBC between 6.30-7 pm on Saturday evenings, although the days of live broadcasts of senior Inter-Territory rugby league matches – including one classic in Rabaul when perched with co-commentators on a flimsy elevated woven kunai grass structure – were over.

I served as the sports editor at the *Bendigo Advertiser* in central Victoria for 17 years - 1979-1996 -- after my return to Australia. All up, I worked full-time in the print media for 24 years including the last five as business/finance editor at the *Advertiser*.

Although I'm semi-retired now I still broadcast on a central Victorian radio station each winter calling Bendigo Football League matches on a weekly basis and appearing on panel shows on Wednesday evenings and Saturday mornings. The grounding I got in PNG in these print and electronic media activities proved to be absolutely crucial. ■

STRANDED by Gordon Wilks

I was sent to Cape Gloucester (SW New Britain) to repair the Patrol/Aid Post Admin work boat and land rover utility, both requiring major repairs. It was estimated this would take six days and I would be returning to Rabaul on the next flight.

I arrived from Lae at 1000 hours. The airstrip was adjacent to Mt Talawe, an active volcano, approx 24 kms from Cape Gloucester, with no transport available. We walked for 1½ hours, travelled by native canoe for 2½ hours and then had a further 1½ hours on foot to reach our destination at approximately 1600hrs. I immediately started stripping the boat engine down and worked until 9pm. The same with the following five days: 0700-2100 hrs, to completely overhaul the engine. I had brought all necessary parts for the repairs with me. After test runs the work boat left for parts unknown.

With none of the usual garage facilities for vehicle repairs the removal of the gear-box and clutch and bell housing created problems. The weather had started raining which did not help the situation either, and a radio call to say the aircraft would be a day earlier only exacerbated the situation but working through the night I managed to complete the job an hour before the plane was due. (at 1630)

On the way to the air strip the rain became heavier, the volcano started to get angrier and the light was fading rapidly. Suddenly two things happened. The volcano erupted, showering the Landrover with a cloud of steam, ash and sparks. Then seconds later a wall of water hit us head on and washed us backwards, to the right off the elevated road. We rolled onto the right side of the vehicle.

The aircraft came and left very abruptly while we were getting ourselves out of the cabin and helping to rescue the four natives in the back of the vehicle. Because of the depth of the water we had to sit on the side of the vehicle while we worked out what we could do. This also helped to stop the vehicle floating further away from the road. (Cont. over)

Eventually the tractor driver was sent back to the Aid Post to get the tractor and trailer and as many labour line *bois* as possible and return post-haste and '*kissim eight strongpela diwai olsem.*' It took 2½ hours working in waist deep water to strong arm the vehicle back onto the road and onto the trailer and arrived at the aid post about 2300 hours; cold, wet and hungry.

I spent the next five days stripping, cleaning, drying and re-assembling the land rover engine and gear-box, and finally managed to get it working.

The rain eventually abated, the new road dried out and I arrived back in Rabaul twenty nine days after I left to be greeted by a very irate wife. I was also informed I would be given two days off before I was to travel to Pomio and Palmalmal for much of the same. It just gave me enough time to load my then wife onto the *MV Shansi* for the trip south. ■

STRANDED By Denis Compston

My father and myself were coming back from Rabaul after shopping, collecting my dog and a WWII jeep. We were on a week's break from my home at the time – Baudissin Island Plantation, where I was relief manager. Baudissin is about three hours by boat east of Kavieng.

We left about midnight by boat from Rabaul to get home on an ex WWII 30 foot converted torpedo boat. The boat had twin 'Grey' diesel engines with the exhaust system on both sides. The Irish captain had four native crew plus ourselves. It was a smooth trip until about midday the following day. We were off Dyaul Island in the Bismarck Archipelago when the port engine started to sputter, then it stopped. The captain said we could make Baudissin on one engine, however as the boat was so overloaded, both exhausts were a foot or more under water. Then the starboard engine started to play up and almost stopped. The exhaust flaps gave away and water poured into the small engine room. There was slight panic, as the engine room pump could not control the intake of water. There was nothing we could do. With a strong current and a sinking boat, we made it to the south of Dyaul Island. The captain wanted to lighten the boat by throwing my Jeep overboard plus other cargo. Just before we were ready to do that we reached a sandy beach as the starboard engine failed. The captain managed to run the boat onto the beach without any damage.

We had little food and water, plus the ship's radio would not work. That part of the island was completely deserted; very barren, no village, no people.

The captain and crew set about pumping the water out and working on the engines while Dad and I went looking for coconuts, water and fishing – with little luck.

That night we were all sitting on the deck having a drink (the captain, being Irish, had a bottle or two!) and what little food we had. Then, to our amazement, a very large light, like a sphere, appeared out of the sky to the west of the island. Centre of the island was a high mountain that could have been an extinct volcano. The light hovered for about a minute, then disappeared into the top of the mountain. The crew, the captain, my father and I all witnessed this. My father being a complete sceptic was ready to set off and climb the mountain the next day to find out what this was. With little food and water plus a long unknown trek it was out of the question. The rest of us wanted to be on the way... The afternoon on the second day the captain managed to get the engines running and within a few hours we were back at Baudissin (thank goodness) with the little boat going onto Kavieng a lot lighter.

Dad and I never talked about that night again. I became good friends with the captain over the years and, like with Dad, never talked about what we saw that night. ■

Coffee Prices by Paul Oates

When on patrol in the mountain villages, I would often have some interesting discussions, after dinner at night. I used to take my Tilley lantern to the local schoolhouse or church and run a 'free for all' discussion on any subject the people wanted to talk about. Usually it would start off with coffee prices, and then more discussion about coffee prices and Um, Oh yes, and there was something else we wondered about? Understandably, after so much effort to produce the coffee, to see the prices being offered go up and down without knowing why was very frustrating.

I would then try and explain the problem of a world economy and about how another country called Brazil at that time produced the majority of the world's coffee. To those who had no idea where South America was, let alone the huge Brazilian coffee production, this was no mean task. Relating the world coffee market to the local prices offered for the people's X, Y and Z grade coffee was undertaken using simple examples of village life. Oversupply and undersupply of commodities like kaukau at the local market could be used as a 'for instance'. It was important to explain that the local tradestore manager had no real control over the pricing system and was not trying to rob them.

Speaking of that aspect, the weighing of coffee beans at the local tradestore was sometimes fascinating to watch. Women would come into where the weighing scales were to the rear of the store. On their backs they had their heavy *bilums* that hung from the heads. They had often been carrying these *bilums* for many hours, always supervised by a male relative. Often the man would have a long cigarette made out of twist tobacco and rolled into a half sheet of an old copy of the Sydney Morning Herald. He might also have a small *bilum* of coffee with the *bilum's* handle looped over one shoulder or hanging from an axe handle or stick. Never would the man have the *bilum* handle over his head. That was a rigid 'No No' in tradition. Elderly women would often end up with a pronounced dip in the top of their heads from carrying heavy loads of food, firewood, babies and other cargo in this manner all their lives and up and down mountain sides.

On arrival of the green beans at the tradestore, a careful owner or manager would then request the *bilums* first be emptied out onto a sheet of black plastic prior to the coffee being weighed. I once asked the local Namasu tradestore manager why he required this to be done.

'Have a look at this,' he said and tipped a nearby *bilum* of coffee out. There, at the bottom of the coffee, were two large rocks.

'*Wanem dispela?*' he said to the owner of the *bilum*. (Eyes were averted and no discussion entered into.) But then maybe it was just 'ballast'? ■

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

Cloudlands Memoirs - Stories from Contemporary Papua New Guinea by Laurie Le Fevre, ISBN 1920 785 868, 180pp, Brolga Publishing 2006, soft cover, illus, contextual map, \$29.95 from bookshops or mail orders (please include \$9.00 postage within Aust.) Payment to Better Bookshop, PO Box 12544, A'Beckett Street, Melbourne 8006, Vic. Email: betterbookshop@brolgapublishing.com.au

Cost to PNGAA members is \$29.95 (includes postage) from Laurie Le Fevre, 16 Highland Avenue, Croydon 3136 ldlefevre@optusnet.com.au

This is a book that needed to be written. Most news coming out of PNG today is bad news - this book provides some much-needed balance. The author achieves this by using individual life stories to show how remarkably successful Papua New Guineans have been in various fields and by giving readers a thoughtful overview of some of the big issues facing the country today.

The author worked and travelled in PNG from 1961-71 and has undertaken various tasks for the PNG Government since then. In 2001 he was offered a two-year contract with Ok Tedi Mining Ltd (OTML). Ok Tedi is 600m above sea level in the remote Star Mountains near the border with West Papua and not far from the town of Telefomin.

Ninety-five percent of workers at OTML are Papua New Guinean. Tabubil, built to serve the mine, has become the largest town in the Western Province with excellent schools and medical facilities. But change is on the way for the 10,000 strong community, with mine closure only a few years off. The future of the town is under discussion. OTML has already provided ongoing funding for the development of infrastructure in Western Province for the next 40 years.

While acknowledging the environmental mistake, the book focuses on the benefits of the mining operation, particularly the improvements in health and lifestyle, and education and training. OTML has a vigorous apprenticeship scheme and sponsors higher education. Many young Papua New Guineans study and work far from their family's roots - this has broadened their horizons and given them a vision for their own and their country's future. Old-timers might be surprised to learn that today a handful of PNG professionals even hold executive positions in the resources sector in Australia; also that a female Papua New Guinean scientist employed by OTML has a PhD from Oxford.

There are chapters headed 'The West Papua Diaspora', 'Tourism', 'The Telefoll' (which includes comments by early explorers and kiaps) and 'Public Health' (which includes consideration of the problem of HIV/AIDS). The author describes how, 50 years ago, Administration officers held out little hope of an economic future for the Telefoll. Of the situation today he says that Telefomin is still isolated, but less so in a world where satellite phones reach every square metre of the planet; he adds that his e-mail address list includes as many Telefoll as any other group of people.

The book is written with warmth and sensitivity. It will be of special interest to those who lived and worked in PNG in years gone by. It should also give the general reader an understanding of matters affecting PNG today - essential if we are to be the good neighbour we would like to be.

Marie Clifton-Bassett

Doctor in Paradise, Challenges and Rewards in Medical Service New Guinea 1958-1970 By **Mary W Guntner**, ISBN 1 86333 311 8, Crawford House Publishing Australia Pty Ltd 2006, 412 pp, soft cover, b&w photos, Cost: \$34.95 Available from Crawford House Publishing, PO Box 50, Belair, SA 5052 Phone: 883703555 Fax: 883703655 Email: frontdesk@crawfordhouse.com.au

Hundreds of medical doctors have worked in the Pacific paradises over the last two centuries. The majority of these worked in Papua New Guinea but very few have put their reminiscences in writing for posterity. Ken Clezy's epic is with the publishers while I am one of the many who have threatened to write memoirs.

Mary chose 'Doctor in Paradise' unaware that S.M.Lambert had used 'A Doctor In Paradise' as the title for his description of his Pacific hookworm campaign starting in Port Moresby in May 1920 as part of the 'globecircling humanitarianism of the Rockefeller Foundation'.

Mary was born in Victoria in 1930 and as an adolescent decided to become a Mission doctor in New Guinea. She accepted an invitation to work as a mission doctor at Yagaum Lutheran Hospital in 1958 and worked there with Dr Theo Braun until moving to work between Buangi and Butaweng in the Huon Peninsula near Finschhafen and leaving in 1961. Mary tells of the travails and tribulation of medical practice in New Guinea amplified by the mission environment. The book is interesting in the detail of day-to-day events that many of us experienced and most have described in writing to our families. She covers the role of the general practitioner as the primary carer serving villages rather than towns. Clinical problems, communications and personal problems of European and national staff. Many other aspects of Papua and New Guinea life are described in detail and are interesting in themselves. Of special interest is relaxation at the Butaweng falls and pool, which I enjoyed in 1947.

Mary returned from 1965 to 1970 and the narrative shows the metamorphosis of the health services in the Finschhafen area from three medicos through to one with the nurse practitioner gradually taking the primary care role along with the emergence of national nurses and medical assistants as primary carers. Through the detail of day-to-day events and crises Mary's role changed to that of an experienced practitioner looking after area and regional health problems. She left the intimate caring model taken from the religious workers and developed the only system that could bring health to the rapidly increasing population on the expanding road network with the limited personnel and funds available.

Of special interest are the recurring visits of Stan Wigley and his team, which punctuated the daily grind of health care in the peninsula. Stan made a great contribution to the health of Papua New Guinea and his story is yet to be written. The book does not try to cover the many significant medical events elsewhere in the country. The unnamed Finschhafen doctor doing a goitre study was Terry McCullagh and there is no reference to the world impact of his studies. Margaret Smith at Goroka and Dr. Meding at Buangi were not the only specialists in Obstetrics and Gynaecology in Papua New Guinea at that time.

Roy Scragg

My Dearest Brown Eyes: Letters between Sir Donald Cleland and Dame Rachel Cleland during World War II, Introduced and edited by **Nancy Lutton**, ISBN: 1740760859 Published by Pandanus Books, 2006. Maps included RRP \$34.95 Purchase from good book stores or, post free, direct from Pandanus Books, Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, Australian National University, ACT, 0200. Send return address, cheque or complete credit card details. *(Please also refer to page 7)*

Mud Over Blood, Stories from the 39th Infantry Battalion 1941-43, Kokoda to Gona, Foreword by the Governor General, Major General Michael Jeffery, compiled by **Carl Johnson** ISBN 0958106037, , 304pp, size A4, case bound with dust jacket, approximately 500 photos, published 2006 by Jenkin Australia Pty Ltd, 26 Halley Street, Blackburn, Victoria, 3130, Ph: 0425 770 230 Fax: 03 8812 2620 *Email: jenkinaust@optusnet.com.au* Cost: \$112 incl p&p within Aust.

Carl Johnson is not a newcomer to compiling war books so ***Mud Over Blood*** is not only very well presented but it is done in a manner straight from the heart and as such is a valuable contribution to a better understanding of the individual soldier.

Japanese forces quickly occupied the islands and the mainland of New Guinea in early 1942 and civil administration in Papua ceased. Able bodied residents (mainly) joined the Aust New Guinea Administrative Unit.

Christmas 1941 saw the arrival in Pt Moresby of a militia unit, the 2/39th Battalion. In general terms they were young, untrained, ill equipped and had little idea of where they were, where they were going or how they would go anywhere as there were no roads and virtually no aircraft.

It is their recollections, a collection of short stories, which form the basis of this book. In January 1943 the enemy was finished, but after numerous desperate battles, so were the 39th battalion - so depleted with death, wounding and sickness that they were disbanded.

Mud Over Blood containing hundreds of photographs of those involved, is an excellent book and would not only be a great present for ex-servicemen but should be in all public libraries and schools. The reason for this are two fold. First the 39th Battalion with their unstated bonding caused the enemy enough delay and uncertainty to enable Australia to get AIF troops back from overseas. Secondly, without advocating war as a means to an end, the younger generation of Australia would do well to read and understand that Australians in Australia could well be a subservient people today if it was not for those men who were prepared, and did, lay down their lives for King and country.

My congratulations to Carl Johnson for compiling this book and my deepest respect to the men of the 39th Battalion for their wonderful effort. **David Marsh OBE**

News from Pandanus Books –

Lachlan Strahan's revealing and original study of crime and punishment, **Day of Reckoning**, has been short listed for the NSW Premier's History Award. Strahan provides compelling insights into post-World War II Asia-Pacific international relations that still resonate today.

Donald Denoon's **A Trial Separation: Australia and the Decolonisation of Papua New Guinea** has been shortlisted for the Age Book of the Year. It has been praised as 'sure to become a favourite with scholars and general readers interested in PNG affairs. One can only hope the policy-makers in Canberra read it as well.'

LOVING LIFE One Physician's Journey by John Sturt

ISBN 0-476-00016-5 First published 2003 DayStar Publications Trust, Soft cover, 4 maps, 50 photos, \$20 plus postage, Available from the author: 211b St Andrews Rd Epsom Auckland, NZ Email: jasturt@xtra.co.nz

Autobiographies by medicos are rare. Berkeley Vaughan, also a medical missionary, arrived in Kwato in June 1935 and wrote his in 1974 (Doctor in Papua; Rigby. 1974). Vincent Zigas appears to be the only government doctor to have written his story (Laughing Death; Humana. 1990).

John was born into an English missionary family in Peking (Beijing) in February 1929. His mother died at his birth but his family remained in China where he was educated at boarding schools. He was of the family that long ago gave us Charles Sturt the explorer. Both John and his father showed the Sturt physiognomy with narrow face and wide long nose. He describes his early years in China and how after Pearl Harbor he became a POW as a schoolboy and was interned in the school. He was evacuated separately in August 1942 by boat to Durban and in due course caught up with his parents who had arrived on another boat 5 days earlier.

The family went to New Zealand and after matriculation John worked his way on a freighter to England to achieve his objective of studying medicine there. He married in 1953 and in March 1956 went to Papua New Guinea to 'fulfil a lifelong vision' of working in the developing world. He was a medical officer at Madang for 2 years and, after obtaining his DTM&H, went in February 1959 to Anguanak to open a hospital for the Christian Mission in Many Lands. He tells of the building of the hospital and the many problems associated with its establishment and care of the people through to 1969. He was a pioneer of preventative medicine in the village environment.

In 1970, John came to Port Moresby to establish the University Student Health Service retiring in 1976 to New Zealand. He tells how he used his experiences and Christian background in the wider Port Moresby community and how in NZ he established Christian Care Centres providing counselling and care for the aging community.

John Sturt is an unassuming person of great substance with a story to intrigue both doctors and anyone who has known him, and interest others who have not.

Roy Scragg

HURRELL'S WAY by A. Lloyd Hurrell, edited by James Sinclair, ISBN 1 86333

316 9, PB, 463 pages, Index, \$32.95 plus p&p. Available from Crawford House Publishing, PO Box 50, Belair, SA 5052 Phone: 883703555 Fax: 883703655

Email: frontdesk@crawfordhouse.com.au – see order form in this issue.

Publisher's comment: Lloyd Hurrell writes vividly of his experiences in war and in peace. This is an account of his early adventures, firstly to New Guinea in 1939 as a cadet patrol officer in the Rabaul, Salamaua and Morobe areas, followed by his service in World War II with 2/31 Bn (Syria, Kokoda, Lae), then his subsequent return to New Guinea in 1945 and his years of 'big bush' patrolling, notably his opening up of the Menyamya station in the uncontrolled Kukukuku country, aided by the Lutheran Mission, in 1950. Profusely illustrated with photographs and maps, scenes from the earliest days of Australia's administration of New Guinea, and with an extensive index, this is a book that will be important to a wide range of readers.

The Tread of a White Man's Foot, Australian Pacific Colonialism and the Cinema, 1925-1962 By Jane Landman, published 2006 by Pandanus Books.,

ISBN 1 740762061, 268 pp,

There will be a review of this book in the March issue of *Una Voce*.

A Potted History of Madang, Traditional Culture and Change on the North Coast of Papua New Guinea by Mary R Mennis (2006)

ISBN 0-9750346-4-2, soft cover, 345 pp, Lalong Enterprises, Ph: 07 3263 6327 *Email: lalong@iinet.net.au* Cost: \$75 plus postage [see Una Voce, September 2006, page 32].

This is an ethnographical study of the Bel people living in the Madang area and changes over time brought about by external influences. The first eight chapters are, in the main, directed to the early oral history and the recording of myths and legends which are fascinating. Interwoven in this study is the significance of the traditional making and trading of pottery.

The author also draws on the contributions of early observers of the people, for example, Maclay, Finsch, Dempwolff, Biró and later, Hannemann, Mager and Aufinger. The effects of the Missions, German, Australian, Japanese and later, Independence influences underpin, but do not dominate, the essential thrust of this book.

The author was in a unique position and indeed privileged over a number of years to gain the trust of the people she wanted to research and get to know. The empathy and respect she gave and received is clearly evident throughout.

There is an interesting chapter discussing cargo cults in general and their origins linked to early myths and legends particularly on the Rai Coast. A suggestion is made in the final chapter that a proposed nickel mine development may see a return of the cargo cult mentality, if wealth without effort is a consequence.

The book contains maps showing the locations of the villages. A time-line encapsulates major periods in history and the main players. There is also an extensive bibliography as well as exceptional photos and drawings throughout. The Bel people in particular will be able to refer to this book as a detailed resource and to remember and learn about their stories and practices now dimmed in memory. The building and sailing of the trading canoes, the '*lalong*' and the '*palangut*' are a specific example of those cultural practices.

It was especially interesting to read the life experiences of one of the leaders, Maia-Awak, and how he coped with the changes during the 20th century. The included photos of Maia provide powerful images. As a reviewer, it was an unexpected surprise that his life story somewhat paralleled that of a family member and indeed their paths crossed at different times.

There are some minor inconsistencies in spelling of terminology and names that may be confusing to some, but these do not detract from the essential thrust of the book. However, apart from being a valuable resource for the Bel people, this is a remarkable book packed with information and human interest. Anyone who would like a good read, or people with knowledge of Madang or an interest in history will find it exceptional. The book truly reflects its title, A Potted History of Madang.

Pat Johnson

The Planter By Owen Genty-Nott ISBN 0-473-10229-3, 246pp soft cover, published 2006 by Geebar Enterprises, PO Box 24220, Manners St, Wellington, 601 NZ
Email: thejackaroo@hotmail.com, NZD35 plus postage, includes photographs and map.

We hope to have a review of this book in the next issue.

THE GREAT UNWRITTEN By Neil Lucas

I often felt some compassion for the guys who had to wade through patrol reports in Konedobu Headquarters. On a few occasions I attempted to add a flippancy or two to a patrol report to give these incarcerated souls some respite from what I perceived to be drudgery. Although more often than not any levity or deviation from the accepted normal form of report was not well received at district, or subdistrict, level, and I felt the effort was lost.

So we drudged through the required headings, retold the retold statistics, and how many times finished the report with that strange comment, 'The patrol met with no untoward incidents'? What, I often wondered, would be the result if one had reported, 'The patrol met with two, (or three, or four) toward incidents.' And left it at that?

On patrol I more often than not found pleasant, sociable occasions after the daily rituals had been attended to, the people had sighed their relief, traded for fruit, vegetables and gossip and sat around to further gossip, yarn and generally relax.

I must admit I had a bit of a tourist attitude in some areas. Camera often at the ready except when an exceptional subject presented itself causing me to completely forget the camera, or either by unexpectedly coming upon an extraordinary view, or when light, such as night, preventing the camera's use.

On a lower Nembi River patrol in 1962, I came upon all those just mentioned situations.

One night we had camped upon a small tributary of the Nembi River. A grassy sward on the banks of a small creek. The night was not without its diversions, however. A breed of flighted animal known to the ornithologists as the Papuan Frogmouth used the small trees on this creek as its night playground. If you know the call of this bird you may understand the reason for the patrol's diversions. If you don't, imagine someone belting the end of a solid piece of timber, or log, with a large hammer. An echoing boink,boink, boink sound filled the air. Sometimes known as the fever bird for the apparent reason it drove people to fevered frustration with its call, you'd tend to end up counting the calls, there would be eleven, then eight, then twenty, and then none for some time and you'd think its stopped, you try to settle down and just as your dream of Sydney and its delights began to vaguely take shape, BOINK BOINK BOINK, again. But we survived this, the camp was up and about very shortly after the first flicker of dawn, and we bade goodbye to the birds.

The track that day started along the downward course of the creek and took us into a small limestone gorge of amazing beauty. A few rainforest trees skirted a round pond into which the creek flowed before disappearing underground. Although underground might be the wrong term as the creek disappeared straight into the gorge wall, no cavern, no cave, just kept going into which appeared at first site to be the cliff wall.

On the other side of the track, also walled, a small stream of water emerged from about three feet up on the rock wall into a limestone basin which had been carved out of the rock wall by this stream of water. The stream was no more than water tap strength and was obviously a watering point. The water was crystal clear very cool, temperature wise that is, but hard, as in limewater, which of course it was. Very refreshing, and no doubt of great medicinal benefit, depending on which dietary guru you espoused at the time!

We had entered this little eden early morning, and to cap the performance, a brace of birds of paradise performed in the tops of the rainforest trees surrounding the area.

Where was the camera I hear you ask, and you are right, forgotten, still wrapped up in the camera bag.

Rejuvenated, maybe from the water, maybe from the realisation that perhaps there is/was a divine being after all to provide that little tourist's paradise in a fairly rough area, we reluctantly moved out to the grass plains south towards the junction of the Nembi and Erave Rivers. This country was the opposite of the fairly rugged areas upstream along the Nembi, and stretched out southerly with gardens well tended and gathering grounds well treed and maintained.

The area was near where Poroma Patrol Post was later established, at a lower altitude than Nipa. Well kept gardens abounded and grew the type of yam which grew on stakes, the first time I had seen these growing in a highland area.

On the track into what was to be our camping ground, we were bailed up by an enormous male pig, as black as my heart, plastered with mud and disporting two enormous tusks which had grown to almost full circle. This fellow stood his ground slap bang in the middle of the track and didn't appear to want to move. His territory, stay out. I was first in line at the time, and not wanting to attempt to solve the riddle of an irresistible force meeting the immovable object, I, too, propped to consider proceedings.

Our interpreter Suweli, who had over the years accompanied the oil / salt barter expeditions from the highlands to the coastal regions and having passed through this area on many occasions, saved the day. He came up behind says,

'Its OK *taub*, the pig is friendly; he's known all over the area, name of Buso.' At hearing this name the pig snorted, Suweli scratched behind its ear, and our passage was allowed. Another 'untoward incident' averted? And true enough this beast ambled about the camp area, nobody took much notice except a lady of the group, looking to be about three hundred years old, came along and assumed control of the animal.

'Its his mum,' says Suweli, 'she has suckled him since birth, and now feeds and spends her time with him.'

A beaut day was had by all, and later in the evening after detailed discussions of the theories of relativity, good and bad government, international monetary policy and the cost of unblemished pearl shell from the coast, the patrol members and most of the group we were visiting were sitting around a large fire relaxing from our efforts.

The night was calm and absolutely cloud free. The stars seemed to have decided to come on down for a closer look at proceedings, until hunted back to their rightful place by a large moon appearing on the horizon.

A most remarkable view then transpired as the moon cast its light firstly on the tops of Mt Giluwe and then Mt.Ialibu, easily visible from the camp area, and gradually lit up the intervening hills and valleys of the upper Erave and Mendi River valleys.

All talk stopped during this brilliant display, except for the subdued snoring of Buso stretched out before the camp fire with his step-mum scratching his ear, until the whole country was alight with silver moonlight.

In all I think a most un-untoward occasion. ■

THE HIDES FAMILY PATRIARCH By Ken Humphreys

This Hides story surprisingly commenced with the outbreak of war in September 1939. Four years previously the Neuendettelsau New Guinea Lutheran Mission had purchased a Junkers F13 nicknamed PAPUA with registration VH-UTS. The plane had been assembled in Sweden and photographs exist with Swedish registration SE-AEC on the fuselage. The crew in 1939 were two Germans, Pilot Werner Garms and Engineer Paul Raube. On hearing of the declaration of war the duo decided to flee in the F13 to Merauke in Dutch New Guinea, expecting Dutch neutrality.

A scenario for the flight is that Garms fuelled at Kaiapit and was seen over Lae on 5 September heading SW. They landed at Mumeng Mission, topped up and spent the night there, taking off at dawn on the 6th for the dangerous flight via the Kareeba Valley into Papua. Garms must have known that Merauke possessed some form of cleared landing ground. The flight took considerable courage considering the F13's basic endurance of 700km and the absence of any land strip along the Papuan coast including Daru. It is probable though that the fuel capacity had been increased since 1935. Why did Garms not fly up the Markham and Ramu Valleys and across the Sepik flood plains to Hollandia? James Sinclair's 1978 WINGS OF GOLD discusses the flight and also illustrates a very sophisticated 1936 strip at Babo on the McCluer Gulf in Dutch New Guinea. So it must have been common knowledge that Merauke had a strip. There was one at Tannahmerah Prison up the Digul River.

The Merauke landing area was about 4km SE of the settlement on permanently dry ground three metres above sea level. Garms landed but there is a high probability that the plane was damaged. It is believed the RAAF or USAF towed it to the grounds of the Residency and there, from photographs, it was left to the elements and the scavengers. As it turned out Garms and Raube made their way to Germany via the Siberian Rialway and joined the Luftwaffe. Garms was to die on the Russian Front, Raube's fate is unknown.

The F13 saga then suggested research on the establishment of Merauke, considering that no-one in their right mind would want to live and work in the worst tropical environment imaginable, unless one loved sago and mosquitoes. The establishment of Merauke is discussed by Pamela Swadling in her 1996 text PLUMES FROM PARADISE, a history of the Bird of Paradise trade. Suffice to say there was failure after failure to control the south coast until the Assistant Resident at Fak Fak, MJA Kroesen, arrived at the Merauke mouth in February 1902. His party comprised four Military Officers, 160 Javanese soldiers, civil staff and convict labour. But nine days after arrival five carpenters, two soldiers and one boss boy were killed by the Tugeri (Marind Awin), stripped and decapitated, but surprisingly not eaten. Then four days later at least 1000 Tugeri raided the Station but were repulsed. During March, 17 convicts disappeared: exciting days!

So what is the Merauke connection with PNG? Such were the hungry tentacles of Burns Philp that on 10 April [1902] a store was opened at Merauke with stock supplied from Thursday Island which had opened in 1881. The Merauke manager was Horace Herbert Hides who had been a Sandalwood buyer prior to joining BP in Port Moresby in March 1901. In 1900 Hides had married Helena Marie Shanahan (died Sydney 6.3.49) and the couple were to have six children, the most famous of which was patrol Officer Jack Hides (23.6.06-19.6.38), the noted Papuan explorer.

The Burns Philp store was not the Merauke Trading Company mentioned by the Dutch historian KW Galis in PLUMES FROM PARADISE. Galis had that store opening in 1903. By then Burns Philp had retreated from Merauke after its store failed with a 2000 pounds loss under Hides and his successor, a William Howitt. ■

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANGAU by Tom Grahamslaw

This is the third, edited instalment of the personal account of the wartime experiences of a former PNG Chief Collector of Customs in the newly formed ANGAU. In late July 1942, Grahamslaw and a party including McKenna set off for Buna in an attempt to find what the occupying Japanese were up to. At Hagenahambo, where WO Bitmead was in charge of the native hospital, Bitmead was captured while shepherding his patients to their homes, and Grahamslaw and McKenna were separated in the ensuing melee. Grahamslaw's story continues:

Shortly after nightfall I made a cautious inspection of the main road some miles on the Kokoda side of Arehe Creek crossing. By this time the main body of enemy troops had passed. They were being followed by native carriers brought from Rabaul by the Japs. The carriers were in groups of what appeared to be between 20 and 30, with Jap guards at the front and rear of each group. The natives were silent but I could distinctly hear the guards calling out to each other. Perhaps they were doing this to keep about the same distance between each group.

Deciding this was no place for me I crawled back into the jungle and then proceeded to walk in what I hoped was the direction of Sangara Mission. The following morning I found myself near the main Buna-Kokoda Road again, which indicated that I must have walked in circles during the night. I could hear Japanese voices and the sound of marching footsteps.

As I squatted in the undergrowth pondering what to do, I heard a rustle and saw an Orakaiva native crawl past in the direction of the road. I was tempted to make myself known to the native, but decided he might panic and attract attention to me. By this time I was in no condition to make a speedy exit

In the late afternoon, finding myself at Arehe Creek several miles above the crossing. I suddenly remembered the tucker box, which our party left behind when we fled. By this time I was very hungry.

I made a cautious approach along the creek and was delighted to find the tucker box intact. Hearing noises at the crossing around the bend, I investigated and saw a number of Japanese manhandling a motor truck, which had bogged down when partly across the stream. I crept back to the box and was crouched over it helping myself to a packet of Army biscuits when two shots whistled past me. Apparently I must have been seen while investigating the crossing. I gave a convulsive leap and dashed back into the jungle, with the sound of shots spurring me on. I kept going until sheer exhaustion caused me to drop to the ground and fall asleep.

The following morning I came to the Ambogo River, which enabled me to get some idea of where I was in relation to Sangara Mission. I followed the course of the river until I came across a native track. This led me to a garden where I saw a native woman with a baby at her breast. When I spoke to her she started to shout, and almost immediately a man materialised with a tomahawk in his hand. I spoke to him in the Motu language but he shook his head and advanced on me with the tomahawk. I then drew my revolver and he backed away. As I couldn't get any sense out of him I stood aside and allowed him and the woman to depart.

I was now reaching the stage where hunger, instead of self-preservation, was dominant. I helped myself to a cob of corn, adjourned to the track leading into the garden and seated myself a few feet in the undergrowth, a few feet from the entrance,

feeling reasonably certain the owners of the garden would investigate me when they learned of my visit.

Soon afterwards, I saw two men approaching, with pig spears in their hands. I waited until they were within a few feet of me before showing myself. They turned and ran while I kept calling after them in Motu. Fortunately, my words penetrated and they stopped. Then there was a welcoming shout from one of them. He turned out to be a Mongi village man named whom I had known in Samarai. Peter told me that the Japs had already been to his village seeking carriers and food. His people had fled and were living in their garden places. When I told about the incident in the garden, Peter excused himself and went to look for the man concerned. He returned with a large group of his village people, including the man, woman and babe.

I turned out that the man could not speak Motu. He had never seen me before, and my unshaven and dishevelled appearance caused him to conclude that I was Japanese.

Peter readily agreed to guide me to Sangara, and further inland if necessary.

We reached Sangara Mission in the mid afternoon to find it deserted. However, we were able to contact several native children who told us that the European missionaries had departed for Isavita the day before. The children also told us that the Japs had visited the Mission that morning and fired a number of shots into the buildings.

Peter and I continued on to Higaturu, which was also deserted. Sunset found us in a small village from the people had fled. We helped ourselves to some taro from a nearby garden, cooked and ate it, and slept in one of the native huts.

The following morning Peter and I walked to Seapareta where we found Captain Austen, McKenna, a half-caste named Anthony Gors and Austen's boss boys from Higaturu. Austen had brought a supply of stores from Higaturu, which he said would last about three months.

McKenna informed me that he had experienced no difficulty in getting to Higaturu within a few hours after we became parted. McKenna had no knowledge of Yeoman's fate but believed that the Buna police, who were with him at the time, would have got him out of trouble (this proved to be correct). McKenna and I decided to go to Kokoda, which we hoped was still in Australian hands. However, we abandoned that idea when word was received later that day that the Japs had occupied Kokoda.

Natives informed McKenna on the previous day that Bitmead had been captured and killed by the Japanese.

McKenna and I came to the conclusion that no useful purpose would be served by remaining in the district without the ways and means to function with any degree of effectiveness. We decided that the only practicable way to reach Port Moresby was by way of Abau. Austen declined to accompany us. He was stout and elderly, and felt that the walk would be too much for him. He was sure that his supply of stores would last him and his party until such time as they could be rescued.

Austen gave me a message to the Naval Officer in Charge, Port Moresby, requesting that a launch be sent to Pongani in September to pick up him and his party. I duly delivered the message, but was informed by Commander Hunt that the request could not be granted. In any case Austen and the non-native members of his party were all dead by then.

McKenna and I left the following morning. Peter guided us as far as Bofu. He explained he had a wife and child to think of, and that in those troubled times his place

was with them. Peter was a friend in my time of need, and his name lives in my memory.

McKenna and I duly reached Natunga in the Managalasi country. That evening a Village Councillor from Bofu arrived with a note from Bitmead, in which he advised that he had been captured by the Japanese but had escaped and was befriended by two of his medical orderlies from a nearby village. Bitmead also advised that he had been joined by two Americans whose aircraft had been shot down in an encounter with Zeros. These two men – the pilot, Captain Bender, and a sergeant named Thompson – had parachuted to safety and had been found by natives who took them to Bitmead.

Bitmead said that he and the Americans had reached Bofu with the view to making their way to Pongani, when natives informed him about me. He then decided to write to me for instructions. I replied that I could see no point in going to Pongani as they would most likely be stranded there and picked up by the Japanese. I told him that McKenna and I would wait at Natunga for his party to join us. The following afternoon a native guide and Sergeant Thompson arrived with a further note from Bitmead saying that he was on his way but was making slow progress because Captain Bender had a flesh wound on his leg and had to be carried. Bitmead said that the few medical dressings he had been able to obtain from the medical orderlies were almost used up. Furthermore, he was experiencing difficulty in obtaining stretcher-bearers for Bender.

In view of this development McKenna and I decided that I should press on to Abau to obtain help for Bitmead's party, and he would remain behind to take charge of the party. I set out the following day, accompanied by a Dogura Mission native who had been teaching at Sangara.

The journey across the mountains was quite an experience. There were times when I longed for the comfort of a normal patrol with police protection, rations and equipment. Travelling on my own and having to pay for food and services with promises (later fulfilled) gave me sufficient incentive to maintain a pace which enabled me to complete the journey in about half the time it would normally have taken.

Coaxing village officials to provide a guide from one area to another was not always easy. The people who helped me most in this regard were the village councillors. On the whole they were more helpful than the village constables, some of whom were inclined to doubt my bona fide's when I informed that that I was the "Big" government official sent from Buna. On arrival I would demand the production of the Village Constable's register. I would then write something in it to impress the village constable. My story was invariably the same: i.e. that after the land hungry Japanese, killers of men and seducers of women, had over-run the Buna and Kokoda, I had decided to walk to Port Moresby by the quickest route in order to guide Australian soldiers who would kill the Japanese and restore the land to its native people.

The village always provided sufficient food without demur. This was usually sweet potato, which was the staple food in the mountain regions. Sweet potato without the benefit of salt is most unappetising. One's appetite goes after a few mouthfuls. However, it was necessary to eat about 5 lbs. per day in order to keep going.

One of the main difficulties was persuading village people to supply enough firewood to keep a fire going at night. I did not possess a blanket and at heights above 4000 feet it gets almost unbearably cold at night. The mountain hamlets (there were no large villages) were built on treeless spurs (for safety reasons) and firewood had to be

carried for a considerable distance. Hence, the understandable reluctance on the part of the people to meet my requests, particularly as I was unable to proffer payment.

Perhaps the most trying part of the journey was having to retell my story so many times in each village. Men returning from their garden places late at night would insist on visiting my hut to see me and hear my story. It was not good for the nerves to hear stealthy noises and then glimpse silhouetted figures peering at me from the ladder leading into the hut. I would sit up and in a matter of fact voice ask them what they wanted. Then my story would have to be told once again.

More than once on that journey I had the feeling that if I tarried awhile in any place my number would be up. These people were quite primitive and patrols were few and far between. This was the first time a lone white man had appeared amongst them and the temptation to dispose of him must have been felt at times. However, I was aware that primitive natives rarely commit an act of this nature unless they had discussed among themselves at some length and formulated a plan. I made a point of arriving late and departing at first light. In the high altitudes it was rare to see any signs of activity until the sun's warmth began to penetrate, and by that time I was well on my way. It was not until I reached Amau Mission on the Abau side of the Owen Stanley's that I relaxed.

Amau was established by Reverend Cecil Abel of Kwato, near Samarai. When I arrived the Mission was being run by an ordained native teacher from Kwato. He and his wife were kindness personified. It was lovely to be able to bathe and change into clean clothing, to drink tea and indulge in solid food again. By a stroke of good fortune Cecil Abel arrived at Amau several hours after I reached there. He had come from Kwato on one of his mission craft and had anchored it in a river about two day's walk from Amau. When I informed Abel that I proposed to return to McKenna with medicines and food he kindly offered, as an alternative, to despatch a relief party under the control of one of his Mission teachers. I gladly accepted his offer as I felt it important that I proceed to Port Moresby as quickly as possible so that I could take up duty again.

Packs were made up that night and the relief party departed at first light next morning. Months later I learned from McKenna that the Mission party got the wind up after the first day's walk and did not proceed further. Fortunately, however, Lieutenant David Marsh of Abau Station happened to be patrolling inland at the time. When informed by natives of the existence of McKenna's party and the difficulty they were experiencing because of the two sick and wounded Americans, he lost no time in proceeding over the mountains to their rescue.

The privations experienced by McKenna and Bitmead necessitated their repatriation to Australia for a period of several months. Captain Bender and Sergeant Thompson were sent back to America to recuperate. Their experiences received much publicity in the United States and Captain Bender was awarded a decoration.

The final stage of my journey to Abau was made in Abel's launch, and from Abau. I travelled to Port Moresby by sea in a sailing lugger. The leisurely trip was just what I needed and by the time I reached my destination I was as fit as a fiddle.

I reported forthwith to ANGAU Headquarters and during my discussion with Major ('Kassa') Townsend, I was informed that a decision had been made to deport Cecil Abel! He had run foul of the ANGAU commander at Milne Bay (Major K. McMullen). It appears that one of the complaints about him was that he got about like a will-o'-the-wisp, and no one in authority could say where he was or likely to be. I, on

the other hand, believed that the bright and breezy Cecil was worth more than his salt, particularly when it came to maintaining morale amongst the native people of the Milne Bay area and as far afield as Abau. My representations on Abel's behalf were unsuccessful.

However... Later that day I was called to the HQ of an advance party of American troops who were in the process of being flown in from Queensland. Their Commander told me that it was intended to despatch the American 126th Regiment overland from Kapa Kapa to the Buna area, and he asked me if I could recommend a suitable available person with local knowledge to accompany that outfit as guide and mentor. I immediately recommended Abel on the basis that he was fluent in several languages, possessed ability well above the average and could be depended to rise to the occasion.

Abel was duly engaged and, as I expected, his services were of considerable value. He retained his associations with the U.S. Forces after his operational duties ceased and, in consequence, was able to ensure that his mission at Kwato functioned much more effectively than would otherwise have been the case.

On returning to ANGAU Headquarters, I was informed by Major Townsend that because of my first-hand knowledge of Mambare District, I was being attached to Brigade H.Q. of AIF. troops who were to arrive at Port Moresby the following day.

Foreseeing that scouting and reconnaissance duties would be required of me, I approached the C.O. of the Royal Papuan Constabulary, Major (subsequently Lieut-Colonel) Normoyle, who allowed me to select six of his Native Constables. I proceeded to Uberi to await the arrival of Australian troops, comprised of the 2/14th and 2/16th battalions, fresh from their victories against the French in Syria. They had been taken by truck as far as Ilolo and had marched from there to Uberi.

When I reported to their Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Key, he instructed me to give a talk at 1900 hrs, the subjects being the nature of the terrain ahead, how to fend for oneself in the jungle and how to treat the native people. One of the things I stressed in my talk was I believed the country between there and Kokoda would be tougher than anything they had encountered in Greece and Crete. The point I tried to make was that there were no graded tracks ahead of us and it was simply a matter of going straight up and then straight down.

However, at that stage, it was clear that no one believed me. They changed their tune the very next day after the long haul to Iorabaiwa. Apart from the steepness of the track, the constant movements to and fro of troops and carriers had converted it into a muddy bog. It was extremely heavy going for men carrying 45 lb. packs, and that meant all of us from the Commanding Officer down. In addition to my pack, I carried a lantern filled with kerosene, which I had obtained, with some difficulty, in Port Moresby. I reckoned that when we reached Kokoda, I'd be able to get native administration going again and as this would involve paper work, much of which would have to be done at night, a light would be essential. I also had a one-gallon tin of kerosene, which was being carried by one of the native police.

When we reached Iora Creek the medical officer, Captain McLaren, borrowed the lantern for use in the temporary hospital he had set up in a building erected from bush materials. This made me feel glad as I had rejected the oft-felt temptation to throw the lantern away on the long hike from Ilolo. I hardly noticed its weight when I started out each morning, but it seemed to get steadily heavier as the day wore on. (*Cont. over...*)

I was attached to Brigade Headquarters under the command of Brigadier Potts. We reached Isurava without incident. Then followed a stalemate period of about a week. Brigade Headquarters come under mortar fire from the enemy, which meant that we were not allowed to light fires and this, in turn, meant that we had no hot meals. I overcame this drawback by getting up at about 4 each morning and walking back to the nearest ANGAU carrier camp – the two hour journey for a laden carrier could be done in one hour without a load – where I joined the carriers in eating a plateful of hot rice, laced with strips of bully. This was followed by a pannikin of hot black tea with plenty of sugar. I'd be back at Brigade Headquarter by 6.00 am with no one aware of my absence.

It was on one such occasion that I had my first and only experience of a self-inflicted wound - somebody else's. As I was legging it like a bat out of hell having tarried somewhat at the ANGAU camp, I saw two soldiers alongside the track. One of them had had the war and had prevailed upon his mate to put a bullet through his boot, the idea being to graze the top portion of his big toe at the same time. Unfortunately, his mate's hand must have trembled because the shot removed most of the toe. Then followed some choice language from the stricken one.

No doubt I should have charged the men with having committed a serious offence. However, I couldn't help reflecting that the wounded man would have a torrid time on his long walk back over the Owen Stanley's. Moreover, I didn't relish the thought of having to explain to Brigadier Potts why I happened to be there at that particular time. I resumed my hike.

Brigadier Potts kept me busy carrying out reconnaissance patrols with my native police. Usually I was able to report that there was no sign of native infiltration.

On 27 August I set out with my native police to investigate the left flank of the area between Brigade Headquarters and the enemy. The other instruction from Brigadier Potts was to watch out for native runaway carriers. He had received reports of large-scale desertions by Orakaiva carriers, who hadn't been sighted after clearing out from their camps. The action of these men was understandable because of the concern they felt for the fate of their people, whose country was now under enemy occupation.

The patrol split up and spread out and it was not long before we discovered a track, running more or less in the same direction as the main one, which bore evidence of much recent usage. This, we felt, was the route followed by the deserters. We followed the newfound track until we came abreast of the place where the main enemy concentrations had been. Much firing was going on and we judged that there must be a major engagement between our troops and the enemy. We were making a cautious approach to the area of the firing when we got caught up in a bombing attack by allied aircraft. The first we knew about it was when anti-personnel bombs began exploding in the treetops above our heads. This was one of several occasions on which I owed much to the steadfastness of the police. If they had lost their heads and deserted me, dependent as I was on their bushcraft, I would have been in serious trouble.

This incident put an end to our curiosity. In any case, I felt that the information we had gleaned would be of value to Brigade Headquarters, particularly the existence of another track, which could be used by our troops to by-pass the enemy and cut his line of communication.

However, it soon became evident that our troops were falling back. Our troops were pulling out of Iora Creek as we entered it. I spoke to Captain McLaren, who was evacuating patients from the hospital. McLaren told me I could have my precious

lantern back if I wanted it, as he had left it behind in the hospital. He also told me that there were two mortally wounded soldiers in the hospital whose end was near.

I still recall the eerie feeling which overcame me as I entered the hut in the gathering dusk. The lantern was almost empty and its fitful light made little impression. Shortly afterwards one of the men died. I'd heard of the death rattle but this was the first time I heard a sound resembling it. The other lad died a few minutes later.

I returned to my native police to discuss ways and means of digging a grave. We had no tools and by this time it was raining steadily. We were still debating the matter when a burial party of four under command of a Church of England padre arrived with a couple of spades.

That night the police and I slept in a lean-to which, for safety's sake, we constructed a few hundred yards away in the bush. The following morning we were on the track at first light. The Japs were firing into the deserted camp as we made up way up the track.

I proceeded to Kagi where I met up with the remnants of 39th Battalion troops, who had done such a fine job in the early stages of the fighting. It was then that I learned of the deaths of Captain Templeton and others whom I had first met at Kokoda, just prior to the enemy landing. The Adjutant informed me that I was still posted as 'missing' in the 39th Battalion records and he kindly said it would give him great pleasure to bring the record up to date.

While at Kagi it was my good fortune to meet Warrant Officer Jack Wilkinson. Jack had served in the Middle East and was now a member of ANGAU. He was at Kokoda with Lieutenant Colonel Owen when the latter was killed and had somehow become attached to 39th Battalion. I sought and obtained permission to add him to my party. Jack and I became a team and he proved his worth in a score of different ways.

By this time the troops under Brigadier Potts were falling back from Myola and we were instructed to follow suit. One of the impromptu tasks performed by my party was to make stretchers for wounded and sick men, and to organise carriers for use as stretcher-bearers. Two of my police were carrying 16-inch scrub knives. Making a stretcher took a few minutes. First we would lay down a couple of saplings to the required length. Then we would cut strips of bark off the saplings and use them to sew the two sides of a blanket together. The blanket would then be drawn over the two lengths of sapling, and the result would be a serviceable, if narrow stretcher. We would intercept a returning line of carriers and select six as stretcher bearers – four to carry and two to act as reliefs. The task of making a stretcher rarely took longer than ten minutes and we made them whenever required.

During this period I saw quite a lot of Dr. Vernon. Apart from treating sick and wounded soldiers, he was responsible for the carrier lines, and at this particular time he had established a native hospital at Efogi. He became a legendary figure to all who served on the Kokoda Trail.

During August and September the carriers in the forward area were worked to the limits of their endurance. I particularly noticed this at Iora Creek. The carriers who were based at this camp had to do two return journeys to the forward lines at Ilolo each day. As I recollect it, the journey forward for a fully laden carrier took about two hours, and if he came back empty handed (this was frequently not the case because of the need for them to act as stretcher-bearers to carry sick and wounded troops), they could get back in half that time. Because of the exigencies of the situation, they were

not allowed any rest days. When they were fresh they could do the two journeys in eight hours without undue difficulty. However, constant exposure to rain and biting cold winds sapped their strength, and towards the end it would be as late as 8 or 9 pm before they got back to their base camp, after having been out on the job since daylight. I've seen them fall to the ground almost too exhausted to eat. The carriers were mostly coastal people, but the fortitude they displayed in the high altitudes on such rough terrain, and under the most trying conditions, were remarkable.

After leaving Kagi I proceeded with my party to Manari, where I reported to Brigadier Potts. Potts and his senior officers were occupying a native hut on the crest of a treeless spur, known as Brigade Hill. I expressed the view that the place was too exposed and could easily be infiltrated by enemy troops, whom we could see in the distance near Efogi. He replied that if I could provide him with a more suitable shelter he would move; otherwise he would remain where he was.

In no time my police, two of whom carried 16-inch scrub knives, had constructed a lean-to just below the top of the crest and out of sight if the enemy. The Brigadier and his staff transferred to the lean-to, while members of the "Old and Bold" Brigade Headquarters Guard Platoon moved into the hut. Shortly before dawn the following morning the hut was subjected to a hail of fire from enemy infiltrators, resulting in the killing of one of the guards. The crest was under fire all that morning. Members of the Brigade H.Q. staff took pot shots at the unseen enemy, as did the native police and myself.

The Japs cut the track leading from Brigade H.Q. to the two forward battalions, and things were pretty hectic. This was one occasion when native carriers, from Lieutenant Barney Davies' camp at Manari, actually collected wounded men under fire and carried them to safety. Bullets were whistling all around Brigade H.Q. and about the only one who did not duck his head and move at the double when doing a job in the exposed area, was Brigadier Potts himself. He strolled to and fro with head held high.

My last task for Brigadier Potts was to investigate a track, which it was thought the enemy might be able to use to by-pass our troops. Despite my protests, he insisted that I take eleven troops (a sergeant and ten privates), in addition to WO Wilkinson and my police. I believed that the soldiers would not be much use on such a task and would, in fact, retard the mobility of my party. However, the Brigadier was adamant.

Grahamslaw and his party followed native tracks for the next seven days without result, when they learned that the Japanese advance had halted at Iorabaiwa and that Army HQ was at Sogeri Plantation, about 10 miles back. He continues:

By this time I'd just about had it. Lack of balanced diet, constant patrolling in difficult country where it rained almost every day and mostly without adequate shelter at night, had taken toll. In those days we wore shorts and shirts with short sleeves. The numerous scratches on my arms and knees had festered, and by the time I reached Iawarere Plantation I was suffering from dysentery,

On arrival at Sogeri I reported to Major General Allen who, after listening to my report, kindly took me to his tent where I imbibed two stiff whiskies, my first alcoholic drinks for many months. That was the last thing I remembered. Apparently I passed out when I left the General's tent. When I came to I found myself in a casualty clearing station at the 15 mile. ■

VALE – With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends
Patricia Wiseman HOPPER (22 September 2006, aged 77)

Brought up in the NSW country town of Inverell, by the age of 16 Pat had enrolled in Sydney University through the New England campus in Armidale. Her Arts degree major as a Librarian would have a profound effect on the path her life would take. Travel became a dominant theme, taking her on many trips to Europe, Asia and the US. An expedition to London in 1951 found her with a job as an English-speaking governess to the family of a French industrialist, across the Channel in Nantes. Touring Europe and travelling in the French countryside provided experiences which were perhaps the genesis of her subsequent reputation and skill as a cook and hostess.

Back in Australia, in 1952-53, she applied for and won the position of Regional Librarian for the New Guinea Islands and found herself in Rabaul in 1954, billeted in old WW11 Army huts. She met Alex Hopper there, married, most of her children were born there and her brother and sister moved there soon after her marriage. PNG went on to be the dominant theme of her life, even after she left Rabaul many years later.

Pat and Alex had been married 19 years when he died from injuries in a fire which destroyed the plantation home on New Britain in August 1974, during which Pat was also hospitalised. She was then 45. Her busy plantation life, as well as raising a family, had left her little time in the late '50s and '60s to further her academic studies, but with the emergence of the University of PNG and with strong encouragement from Alex, she had enrolled in a Masters degree with UPNG. Pat suffered a setback in her research in German New Guinea history when most of her work was destroyed in the house fire – nonetheless she picked up again and in 1979 was awarded Master of Arts for her thesis on the history of the Expropriation Board.

Pat was an habitual giver, her activities demonstrating an enduring interest in helping others. She was a Magistrate in the Rabaul Children's Court and in Sydney involved with Little Theatre, Horticultural and Art societies (she was an accomplished artist herself) and in a great variety of voluntary activities. She was a contributor to the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, a lady of great intelligence and broad general knowledge, with a voracious appetite for reading and always fully apprised on current affairs.

The great watershed events of 1974 haunted her at times, yet provided her with extraordinary strength, if at times loneliness. But Pat was a survivor, a contributor, good fun, with her appeal and personality evidenced by all who knew or met her. She cherished her family and friends, particularly her 12 grandchildren. Pat will be sadly missed by Jane, Paul, Rebecca and Jonathon as well as her sister Margaret and their families.

Condensed from the eulogy given by Pat's eldest son, Paul A Hopper, at Pat's packed funeral service.

Mary CARVER (18 July 2006, aged 74 years)

Mary arrived in PNG in the late fifties and was employed with the PNG Administration as Draftsman/Surveyor with the Dept of Lands. She travelled widely, with her work and privately, but was based in Port Moresby at Boroko. She was a long time member of SAPNG Shooting Club (Rifle and Small Bore) winning many trophies – topped by 'The Queens Prize Shoot' in 1971. Mary retired from PNG in the late 70s, to Sydney initially, and then to her family home at Thorneside on Moreton Bay, QLD. Always well liked, Mary did things her way and leaves many friends and acquaintances. Her sister, Susan Chinoweth died some years ago in Spain and her brother-in-law David lives there still.

Chaseley Wilkinson

Joyce HENDERSON (17th August 2006 aged 99 years)

Joy was born and brought up on the Clarence River in northern NSW. She attended boarding school in Sydney followed by the Conservatorium of Music, returning to Maclean to teach music and dramatic art at the local high school. It was here that she met Frank Henderson, who was teaching agricultural science prior to his departure for New Guinea to work as an Agricultural Officer. They fell in love and Joy went to PNG as a bride in 1938 where they lived at Kerevat and then Talasea in New Britain until war broke out. With a small child and another on the way, Joy was evacuated to Australia and spent the war years living with relatives until Frank was discharged from the Air Force in 1946. The family returned to Rabaul with their children, Janet and Rodney. Frank re-established Kerevat, the Government Agricultural Station. They moved to Port Moresby in 1954 when Frank became Director of Agriculture and later Assistant Administrator (Economic Affairs).

Joy lived a busy life in Port Moresby involved in the Girl Guides, Red Cross and numerous other community activities. She was the consummate hostess, enjoying the many friends and dignitaries who visited their home. Following Frank's death in 1969 Joy returned to Sydney to make her home in Wahroonga. She made a life for herself keeping in contact with her PNG friends, travelling with friends and family, playing bridge and golf, working for the local branch of the liberal party and enjoying her grandchildren. Her strength of character was tested again with the devastating loss of her beloved son Rodney in the Granville train disaster. In the years that followed she inspired her family with her approach to life, her independence, and engagement in community and family affairs. However, failing health led to her moving to Fernbank Retirement Village in the late 1980s. In this lovely environment, not far from family and friends, she became actively involved in village life, continuing to follow with interest activities in Papua New Guinea and local politics, and to play her beloved bridge, which she did into her 98 year.

Joy is survived by her daughter Jan, daughter in law Kerry, granddaughters Ashley, Kymberly and Ruth and their partners and children. Jan Andrews

REV. SIR SAIMON GAIUS, KBE SBSStJ (14 July 2006, aged 85 years)

Saimon Gaius was born at Ngatur village on the Gazelle Peninsula, East New Britain. The son of a pastor, he attended the Methodist Overseas Mission school at Raluana and trained as a pastor at George Brown College, Vunairima. Graduating in 1940, he served for a year as a tutor at the College, then went on to serve as a pastor in the Baining Circuit., just before the Japanese invasion in January 1942. He helped Australian servicemen who were escaping through the Bainings, then carried on with his pastoral duties until forcibly removed by the Japanese from his post. The rest of the war years were spent at his home village, maintaining Christian teaching and worship, with services held secretly in the bush when public worship was banned. By this time he was married to Margaret Ia Kubak, and they eventually had six children

After the war he served again as a tutor at the re-established George Brown College, then went to Australia in 1949 to assist the Rev. Con Mannering in the completion of the translation of the Bible into Tinata Tuna, the language of the Tolai, of which only portions had already been published. In 1957 he was received as a candidate for the ordained ministry of the Methodist Church and in 1961 he was ordained and appointed Superintendent Minister of the Baining Circuit, the first indigenous minister to be given such a responsibility. He represented his church at several overseas conferences, and later became the first indigenous Principal of the George Brown College. In 1968 Rev. Saimon Gaius became the first Bishop of the New Guinea Islands Region. His

innate modesty led him to try to decline the appointment, but when persuaded to accept, he fulfilled the role with grace and dignity and also with great courage.

It was a troubled time politically in the NGIR, especially on the Gazelle Peninsula, where past alienation of their lands had built up tensions in the growing Tolai population. Bishop Gaius was persuaded by the Administration to be a member of a three-man Commission of Inquiry into the problem but he received death threats as a result. He went calmly on with his work as leader of the church, showing an impartial attitude to all factions among his people, and won through with the respect of all.

His term as Bishop was due to end in 1974, but he was re-elected so that he would lead the church during the 1975 celebrations of the centenary of the coming of the first Methodist missionaries. In that year he was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his services to church and community. Later honours were also awarded to him. Sir Saimon resumed circuit ministry after his time as Bishop, and then retired, whilst still helping when needed. After the 1994 volcanic eruption he again came out of retirement and ministered to the villagers. Even when he was back in his home village, he was looked up to as a preacher and a leader of the church, until his death. He is survived by Lady Margaret and five of their children. Having known Sir Saimon since 1961, and worked closely with him during his time as Bishop, I would call him the most saintly person whom it has been my privilege to know.

Neville Threlfall.

Geoff MELROSE (9 September 2006, aged 78 years)

Geoff loved his childhood growing up in places like Kavieng, Salamaua and Rabaul where his father was Director of District Services (New Guinea) pre WWII and Government Secretary after the war. It must have been quite a culture shock when he was sent to Sydney for his schooling, first at Lancaster House, later graduating to Barker College.

His friend John Clarke remembers him as a schoolboy being 'fresh faced, intelligent, loyal, gregarious and very active. However his outstanding characteristics were that he was cheeky, irreverent and very, very likeable. He was a keen athlete, being a member of the rugby, cricket and athletic teams. His love of these sports never left him. Scholastically he achieved, and this is where his love affair with writing began. In his last few years he wrote mainly about PNG and I now have his written memories of a time past, a wonderful legacy indeed. In 1950 Geoff was working for Qantas in Darwin and this is where he met and married Lal, a marriage that was to last for 55 years. After living in Sydney and the UK they retired to Beechwood in 1987. Their 40 acres gave dad enormous joy, pottering in his vegie patch, watching his calves grow, loving his two devoted Kelpies and spending time with his two grandchildren. Ill health was starting to catch up with Geoff by the mid 90's causing reduced mobility. As his outside activities diminished he threw himself into his childhood love of stamp collecting. This finally gave way to his first love, New Guinea. He became an ardent investigator of the Japanese invasion in WW2. My dad was a proud and passionate Australian always ready to right the wrongs, real or imagined.

Margaret Henderson who met Geoff through Una Voce and who had communicated with him for 10 years, felt that Geoff was on a mission to try and discover as much relevant information re WW2 to right the wrongs for many people as a result of the war in PNG. Geoff will be sorely missed by many 'that likeable larrikin with the gift if the gab' irreverent till the end! Geoff is survived by his wife, Lal, his daughter, Karen and two grandchildren.

Karen Chambers

Sheila ABEL (23 June 2006, aged 93)

Sheila Abel was born in Musoorie, a hill station in northern India in 1913, the second of six children. Her father, Will Porteous, was a missionary doctor from New Zealand and her mother was a Londoner. The family moved from India to their father's home in Dunedin, NZ, in 1925. There, Sheila went to high school and university, graduating in home economics from the University of Otago. In 1932 she spent a year in the United States as an exchange student at the famous Barnard College in New York.

On returning to NZ she had a variety of jobs before she and her sister decided to venture to Sydney 'to seek their fortunes'. There she met her future husband, Russell Abel, who was down from Kwato Mission on furlough. They were married in Kwato in 1940, but married life was cut short in 1941 by the threat posed by the advancing Japanese army. When the order to evacuate to Australia came, Sheila made her way to her parents' home in Dunedin where her first child, Christopher, was born in 1941. Sheila and Russell, now with two children, returned to Port Moresby in 1945 aboard Burns Philps' *MV Montoro*. As they had a Milne Bay woman, Olive Lebasi, travelling with them, they were segregated from the rest of the passengers and moved into a hot, cramped cabin in the crew's quarters.

Back in Kwato after the war, Sheila spent the next 20 years teaching primary school classes at Kwato and in schools around Milne Bay. When Russell died in 1965, she returned to her family in NZ for a year before moving back to Port Moresby. Initially she taught at Hagara Primary School, near Hanuabada, then at various vocational schools around Port Moresby. Her last job was teaching home economics at Port Moresby's Teachers' College.

Retiring to Australia in 1981, Sheila bought a house in Buderim on Queensland's Sunshine Coast. There she became involved in the fledgling Immanuel Lutheran College when her grandsons, Charles and Owen, came to live with her and attend that school. Two years later, they were joined by their brother, Jeffrey. Looking after three teenage grandsons was heavy work for a 70-year old not used to housework. However, that involvement helped her to adjust to her new life in Australia after 40 years in PNG.

Sheila was also active in the Buderim Uniting Church, where she made many friends and was an Elder for many years. In recent years Sheila was cared for in her Buderim home by her daughter Liz. Earlier this year, the family decided to move her back to Alotau rather than having her go into a nursing home. Sheila experienced a marked physical improvement for a short time, enabling her to celebrate her 93rd birthday surrounded by family members, including eight great grandchildren, who helped her blow out the candles on her birthday cake. She died peacefully two weeks later and was buried beside her husband in the church grounds at Kwato, where other Abel family members are also buried. Her three children Chris, Liz and Murray, who all live in Alotau, six grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren survive her.

John Farquharson with Chris and Liz Abel

Peter Ross Kennedy MURRAY (8 October 2006)

Further details next issue.

Dr Jan SAAVE OBE (4 October 2006, aged 86 years)

From early post Pacific War to beyond Independence Jan was a government Medical Officer in PNG and for many years directed the Malaria Eradication Program.

Harry West

Dr David LEWIS (15 September 2006, aged 68 years)

David went to Kar Kar Island from ASOPA in 1960 as Area Education Officer. He worked in PNG until 1974 with 2 years leave to study at ANU in 1972/73. He held positions in Madang and then in teacher education in Port Moresby, Madang and Goroka. When he returned to Australia he worked at Signadou in Canberra, Darwin Community College, Kangaroo Point TAFE and in Indigenous Health Programs at the University of Queensland until 2003. He published a book from his PhD thesis with ANU in 1996 entitled *The Plantation Dream: Developing British New Guinea and Papua, 1884-1942*. He also wrote biographies for the Australian Dictionary of Biography and articles on research in Aboriginal learning and health with Gillian Boulton-Lewis. He is survived by his wife of 46 years Professor Gillian Boulton-Lewis, his children Evan, Cynan, Rhys, Glyn, Gwen and Meg, and currently 11 grandchildren who all miss him sorely and believe he was too young to die.

Gillian Boulton-Lewis

Dorothy 'Doss' PEDERICK (18 July 2006, aged 91 years)

Dorothy Alice Pederick, known as 'Doss' to family and friends, was born at Wagin, WA, in 1914. Raised on a farm she learned many practical skills, and from her parents absorbed a lively Christian faith. She became a nurse, and in 1940 gained her General Nurse's Certificate with top marks in the State, later gaining further certificates in Midwifery, Mothercraft and Infant Welfare. In 1947 she offered her services to the Methodist Overseas Missions Board and was sent to Papua New Guinea. She served the people of New Britain and New Ireland for the next 20 years, except for an interval back in Wagin to care for her parents. Her work included general nursing, often far from a doctor and therefore making serious medical decisions, but with a strong emphasis on mothercraft and infant welfare. This entailed visiting villages for clinics on foot, by canoe or by workboat. Another activity was the organising of meetings for village women, where they learned sewing, handcrafts and Bible studies. Doss worked at Vatnabara in the Duke of York Islands, Gaulim in the Baining area of East New Britain, Malalia in West New Britain and Ranmelek on New Hanover. Doss's sunny nature and thoughtfulness for others endeared her to the local people and to missionary colleagues alike. She treasured most the words of a mother to her child, who was crying at the sight of a white woman: '*Ki mut, ki mut, koko u tangi! Vakir a pua nam, ia ra Sista*'. (Hush, hush, don't cry. That isn't a white person, that's Sister.) This indicated that Doss had been accepted as one of the tribe; and her name lives on in PNG in the people who, as babies, were named Doroti or Pederik after her.

Doss returned to WA in 1967 and worked as a rural Child Health Nurse. But in 1974 she went back to New Britain and spent a year helping in the translation and revision of the Bible in Tinata Tuna, the language of the Tolai people, in which she was fluent. In the late 1970s she began a very active retirement in Wagin, taking in boarders and helping in church and community organizations. In 1988 she was named Wagin Citizen of the Year; in her acceptance speech she said, 'As a pensioner, I consider myself paid by the community in which I live. My response is to work for that community. That's all I do.' Other honours followed, one of which, the Paul Harris Fellowship is the highest award Rotary International can bestow.

At the age of 83 she surrendered her car license (much to the relief of her relatives!) but still went about on her pushbike to help others. Even when she acquired an electric 'gopher', she still often used the bike, saying that she could travel faster that way. But eventually she slowed down, and passed away last July. So ended a wonderful life of Christian faith and practical service to others.

Neville Threlfall

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr J BARNES	4 Ocean View Drive , ALSTONVILLE, NSW, 2477
Mrs G BOULTON-LEWIS	14 Lakeway Drive , COOROIBAH, QLD, 4565
Mr R J BROWN	4 Drysdale place , PARADISE POINT, QLD, 4216
Mr DC CAMPBELL-WILLIAMS	3 Roscommon Road , ARCADIA, NSW, 2159
Ms K COLE	PO Box 3532 , MANUKA, ACT, 2603
Mrs JA DAVIS (nee Washington)	15 Banksia Drive , MT CROSBY, QLD, 4306
Mrs J E FAIRHURST	306 Heinz Lane , BALLARAT, VIC, 3350
Mr T J HEWETT	9A Strombus Avenue , TRINITY BEACH, QLD, 4879
Mrs C JOHNSTON (nee MacLean)	7 Tudor Street , BELMONT, NSW, 2280
Mrs J E MORRISON	Unit 3, 6 Rowe Terrace , ARDROSSAN, SA, 5571
Mr C J MURPHY	PO Box 19173 , SOUTHBANK, VIC, 3006
Mr N H PAYNE	32 Joffre Street , TEMORA, NSW, 2666
Mr G RHEINBERGER	11 Nierinna Road , MARGATE, TAS, 7054
Mr R S SUTTON	7 Boyana Crescent , CROYDON, VIC, 3136
Ms C THOMAS	31/120 William Street , LEICHARDT, NSW, 2040
Mr R A WEBB	PO Box 503 , SPRINGWOOD, NSW, 2777
Mrs P R WILD	PO Box 6616 , CAIRNS, QLD, 4870

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>		
MRS G BRUCE	PALM BEACH	113 WHITE ST	WAVELL HTS	QLD 4012
MR. I. HOPLEY	FULHAM GDNS	8 KIMBERLEY CLOSE	KIDMAN PARK	SA 5024
MRS. M JENSEN	BUDERIM	1/21 JACOBS ST.	BELMONT	VIC 3216
MR. I LEWIS	BRISBANE	C/- EMPEROR MINES	SPRING HILL	QLD 4004
		Level 1, 490 UPPER		
		EDWARD STREET		
MRS J LUKIN	Name Change From	158 MACPHERSON ST	BRONTE	NSW 2024
	'MURRAY'			
MR R.P	PT. NOARLUNGA	8 CORNISH TERRACE	WALLAROO	SA 5556
MORRISON				
MRS.	DEE WHY	5 PIPINO PLACE	DEE WHY	NSW 2099
J.NEWMAN				
MR.F.C.PRATT	MENDI PNG	'CLEARVIEW'	STANTHORPE	QLD 4380
		P O Box 700		
DR. I. RILEY	ST. LUCIA	50 HARRINGTON	BAWLEY	NSW 2539
		CRESC	POINT	
MR. P.A. RYAN	PEREGIAN BCH	3748 Lake Powhatan	Williamsburg VA	USA
			23188	
MRS A	BAYVIEW	111/82 AVALON PDE	AVALON	NSW 2107
SHERWOOD			BEACH	
MR DI SKINNER	NORMANHURST	PO BOX 101	MOSS VALE	NSW 2577
MS R	MUSSWELLBROOK	263 UNDERWOOD ST.	PADDINGTON	NSW 2021
UECHTRITZ				