



HARIM TOK TOK

VOLUME 60

FEBRUARY 2010



NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES AND PAPUA NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES EX-MEMBERS ASSOCIATION INC

PRESIDENT'S UPDATE

Greetings gentlemen and friends to our first edition for 2010. Bob has a lot more great NGVR stories to tell in future HTT editions throughout the year. The full Committee met 6 February at the Museum. Bob Collins brought Lionel Veale along to view the Museum and to talk to the members about his experiences during the war as a Coast Watcher in the Allied Intelligence Bureau . He participated in six missions and he has written four books on these. Lionel kept his talk to his first epic Wewak mission. Lionel is 91 years of age ,is sharp as a tack, a great speaker and holds his audience's interest . He gives about 200 talks to various groups each year, mainly to school children. Lionel has offered to give the Museum CD's of his readings of his books as the books are out of print. At the conclusion of Lionel's talk John Holland presented a copy of his father's book "El Tigre" to him.



Lionel Veale speaking to the Association's committee members at the Museum , 6 February 2010.

There are four deaths to record since the last edition: **Mabel Holland**, John's Mother who died 6 February (Mabel was evacuated from Pondo Harbour via Rabaul with baby John in December 1941) : **Chris Diercke**, although not a member, he was a close associate in regards to the Montevideo Maru Memorial Committee and whose role was chasing up the original nominal roll of the victims for that ship (he was also a direct descendent of Phebe , the sister of Queen Emma): **Don Clarke**, Association Member, who was one of the first to join B Company PNGVR and was

a long time resident private chemist in Rabaul(he was present at the presentation of the Presidential Citation to PNGVR in Rabaul in 1953), and **Ian Grattidge**, who resided in Toowoomba and who was not a member but contacted the Association just prior to his death when he had heard about it for the first time (he served in Madang).

The NSAAQ has advised that the Cadets are exiting the adjacent building at the end of February after which it will be used by the NSAAQ Museum. Although our Association had sought the use of the Cadets building for expansion of our Museum, NSAAQ'S decision is welcome news as it will be far more attractive to encourage visits by groups to two museums, rather than one to our relatively isolated location at Wacol. Unfortunately NSAAQ did not accede to our placing another container on site to store our memorabilia which is not on display. Our Secretary, Museum Curator , Honorary Solicitor and I have been invited to the NSAAQ State Management Committee meeting late March; however, we are awaiting the agenda.

The Museum remains a major focus for the Association; however, John Holland needs more assistance for the ongoing task of cataloguing items, arranging displays and manning the exhibits when the Museum is open. Donations continue to be received, more recently military and PNG related books – a big thank you to those who have made these donations. No doubt John will say more about this in his section. The Museum is purchasing 20 copies of the extended " Tragedy of the Montevideo Maru" documentary for distribution. These are available on a first come basis for \$40 including GST and postage. I understand 10 have already been sold, so you need to hurry. John Schindler generously provided these at a discounted price to the Museum but they must be sold at the correct retail price with the

difference going to the Museum in recognition of the assistance John Holland and the Museum provided in the production. John also presented Paul Brown a plaque in memory of Paul's father "Bomber Brown", a bomb disposal sergeant who did many years sterling work in PNG including Rabaul clearing unexploded ordinance. John Holland provided a lot of work for "Bomber" by uncovering many unexploded ordinance items when he was operating road graders for Public Works Department in the Gazelle Peninsula. Paul asked for the plaque to hang on our Museum's memorial wall.

A new member, Tony Boulter was welcomed to the Committee on 6 February. This infusion of new blood is necessary for the vitality of the Association and future management of the Association affairs. Activities from March through to July 2010 were mapped out and are scheduled below. Details may change, so please check with the Secretary or others as mentioned below prior to events, should you



"John Holland presenting memorial plaque of Paul Brown's father to Paul Brown, 6 February, 2010"

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:	
CARLO CAVALIERI CONT	2
PACIFIC ISLAND REGIMENT	4
VALE - LLOYD WEAVER CONT	5
JOHN HARLEY ARMISTEADS STORY	6

not have been updated:

8 March, Monday 1800 hours, Scouts visiting Museum, assistance required - contact John Holland, phone 07 3375 5484

20 March, Saturday, Bush Dinner at Jimboomba, \$35 per head, dress is Assoc. T shirt with slacks, start 1600 hours, help wanted onsite prior and post function - contact either Bob Collins on 0413 831 397 or Barry Wright on 07 5546 9865 for bookings, offerings of help and directions.

27 March, Saturday, next Association Committee Meeting at the Museum, ALL WELCOME, starts 1000 hours Museum chores, BYO lunch, meeting starts 1230 sharp and finishes around 1430 - contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030 or John Holland on 07 3375 5484.

23 April, Friday, Regimental Dinner at function rooms of Yeronga Services Club, \$50 per head, 3 course meal with wine, sherry and port, ample parking on site and across the road railway station, starting 1800 hours, nearby motel accommodation, more details to come – contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030 for booking and directions.

25 April, Sunday, Anzac Day March, assembling same place in George Street Brisbane at 0930 hours, Association formal dress – contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030.

25 April, Sunday, NGVR Remembrance Service in Hall of Memories, Brisbane Cenotaph immediately after completion of our March – contact Paul Brown on 0402 644 181 or Mal Zimmerman on 0433 487 498.

25 April, Sunday, Anzac Day Reunion, 1st floor, Victory Hotel (same place as last 2 years), \$20 per head, starts after the Remembrance Service though early entry okay for the frail – contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030.

1 July, Thursday, Montevideo Maru Memorial Service in Hall of Memories Brisbane Cenotaph, starting 1100 hours, open to the public – contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030.

Remember to advise me on

p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au or on 0418 730 378 if you change your email address or are not receiving emails from me when you believe you should. This is to ensure you continue to receive information which I think is of significance to our members. I promise not to inundate you with junk mail, but remember, I cannot differentiate between addresses in my broadcast distribution list if you are unable to take graphics.

My email address list stands at 133, of about 250 members. The more members on email, the cheaper our communication becomes. For instance, the mail out of about 300 plus HTTs each edition costs about \$550 - six editions per year is \$3300, which is about half the value of the total years subscription money received. Fortunately King & Co Property Consultants is sponsoring the computer layout and printing of the HTT, as the full cost of production and distribution would outweigh total subscription money. We are proposing soon that those on email voluntarily not receive the hard copy, because should the sponsorship discontinue, the Association could not afford current expenditure on HTT.

For those interested in maintaining links with the Montevideo Maru and/or PNG, please use the following links: Keith Jackson benelong@bigpond.net.au and <http://asopa.typepad.com> respectively.

Phil Ainsworth

14 February 2010

CARLO CAVALIERI'S WARTIME EXPERIENCES AS TOLD TO BOB COLLINS

Continued from last issue

Jacquinet Bay.

After my second Leave I returned to Lae, which was now ANGAU Headquarters. I was sent to New Britain to report to Capt John Black, ANGAU, for the landing in Jacquinet Bay.

We sailed into Jacquinet Bay in a Landing Ship, expecting all sorts of trouble. One rather stupid Officer was giving us a talk on how we would be looked on as heroes and our names would end up in all the Aus-

tralian papers. It was quite a large landing force, but, as we were coming in, a voice came over the water "What kept you b...ds?" It was Lt Frank Burke who was already there and in control. That was our gallant fight to regain Jacquinet Bay – Frank was sitting there waiting for us.

I then had the task of moving some miles up New Britain to where another ex-NGVR man, Gordon Kinsey, was stationed. ANGAU was not satisfied with both the content and style of his reports over the radio and I had to show him the ropes. Capt John Black actually said to me "Carlo! Go up and straighten your mate out. You know what is wanted", so off I went. After a few days with Gordon everything was straightened out and I came back to Jacquinet Bay.

I used to play shuttlecock at Jacquinet Bay with Capt John Black. He told me he used to enjoy playing me for a beer but my response was "John! You know I can't get any beer. You can get beer but I can't". His response was "Don't worry about it Carlo. I will get the beer for both of us". This he did and it was great because I could go back to my chaps with a couple of bottles of beer from time to time. Actually John preferred spirits and I used to get his beer supply.

The Catholic priest used to have a few drinks with me here and often asked why I did not attend Church. My response was along the lines that he used to drink with me and, just as I was starting to enjoy myself, he would be off to Church and leave me to my own devices. He was only joking and we were pretty good friends.

I never had the heart to tell him that the only thing I enjoyed about the Catholic Church was being an alter boy in Mt Isa. I used to be able to get quite a bit of alter wine there for free, while cleaning up after the priest had said Mass.

Gasmata

Not long after I was sent to Gasmata where I carried out patrolling duties and census work as far as Arawe on the coast as well as inland.

It was from Gasmata that I was taken back to Lae in a new 25 ton trawler from New Zealand. It was in Lae

that I was given my Commission and promoted to Lieutenant. I told the story of this previously but, true to his word, the General had me promoted with the promotion back-dated.

I came back from Lae to Gasmata on the Arnott family private yacht, the 'Loriana'. The Captain of the 'Loriana' was a terrific chap and I said to him "On the way back please call in at Finschafen, as I am going to pinch an American Panyan (little speedboat about 12 feet long with a 4 cylinder motor) as I needed one at Gasmata"

He duly dropped me, and I found a Panyan. It was pitch black but there were a stack of them around. I flashed my torch in the pre-arranged signal and in he came. We tied the boat on to the 'Loriana' and off we went.

When we got near Gasmata I got into the Panyan and just kept speeding around and around the 'Loriana', much to the Captain's annoyance.

I used this boat a lot for my work as it saved me a lot of time and walking, but eventually it gave up the ghost. Obviously I could not get it repaired easily as someone might ask why I had a Panyan .

I knew the skipper of one of the Fairmiles which ran up and down the Island and often used to race him, but could not get as fast as him.

After the Panyan gave up the ghost I went to Jacquinet Bay and found a Landing Craft Infantry, one of those smaller landing barges which get along about 4 knots or so. I loaded this LCI up with 44 gallon drums of petrol and set off for Gasmata. An RAAF plane circled me for some hours as he obviously knew that I had pinched one of their barges. This too eventually gave up the ghost and I sank it out in the open sea.

It was at Gasmata that the RAAF Squadron Leader in charge of burials used to draw a beer ration for both him and all the bodies he had in bags. He always had full refrigerators of beer handy. He had a trawler and used to move up and down the coast collecting bodies and when he asked me where my LCI was I replied "She's out in the

ocean mate! I sank her".

Another job at Gasmata was war reparations for the native people. I was given 5,000 pounds in shillings for this purpose – all delivered in boxes of 200 pounds.

Strangely enough, while I was watched like a hawk for some of the things I did and was accountable for them all, I could throw this reparation money around like confetti, and the accounting system was very lax.

At one stage there was a huge container of Highland axes in Gasmata and I tried to get my hands on them to do some trading. All the ex Patrol Officers in the area kept a close eye on them and I could not get close to them, but nobody seemed to care about the reparation monies. I am sure a few of them were watching for their own interests and were doing their trading on the side, as, when the provisional Administration was formed after the War, there was all sorts of private trading going on and some people made a lot of money.

Unfortunately I was too stupid at the time to get involved in much of this – in any case I was enjoying myself.

I have to confess that I did some dreadful things with the money. At different times I purchased both 5 and 10 pound notes for between 5 and 10 shillings, and my card games were always funded. I just used to reach into one of the containers and pull out a handful of shillings. If I had to purchase anything from one of the boats that called in from time to time this was the money I would use – I never used mine.

A lot of boats used to pull in at Gasmata and I used to give each boat up to 40 drums of oysters and lobsters – there were so many at Gasmata I got sick and tired of eating them. In return they used to invite me on board and give me a lovely meal.

Just before the end of the War we had a lot of trouble with Cargo Cult.

This was a belief that one day a ship or a plane would come in loaded with both necessities and luxuries for the natives. It got so bad that many villages dug up their gardens, killed their pigs and destroyed a lot of their basic tools etc. Then they would just sit on the beach or at the airstrip and wait for the cargo to come. It was

quite dangerous as many of the natives would just about starve as all their gardens and pigs had been destroyed.

I often had to use force to clear the air and get the natives to plant their gardens etc again, however I managed to get a strip of about 100 miles free of Cargo Cult and was then asked to help out in other areas where there were problems. At one stage Jack Reed, from one of the Islands, contacted me, congratulated me and then asked me to come over and get rid of Cargo Cult from his area.

No doubt Cargo Cult started as a result of the American and Australian landings in the Islands, where the natives saw the ships and the planes landing and discharging their cargo, and for some reason then believed that the next lot to come in would bring in cargo for them.

Discharge

Prior to the end of the War I received a message from ANGAU HQ. By this time I had been given a Sergeant to man the radio and he handed me a message to the effect "Do you wish to accept your Discharge in absentia" My reply was firm "Refer your Message No. xyz No, No, a thousand times No".

Overnight I thought more about it and I realised that I had done my bit and was being offered a discharge, so I sent another signal. "Reference my message of abc in reply to your message no. xyz. Will accept. Please advise".

The reply was back by midday "Consider yourself discharged etc".

I still had all my gear and handed nothing back at all, even my weapons.

Transfer to Civilian Life

I remained at Gasmata and was given the title of Senior Patrol Officer with a salary of 49 pounds per month, quite big money in those days, and no tax. I was able to use Administration money to provide all my food etc so the pay went straight into the Bank and was not touched.

I was in Gasmata when the War ended. Some time after the end of the War I had to go to Rabaul to purchase cooking equipment etc. and, by then, there was some semblance

of order returning to Rabaul. The Chinese had returned and were running trade stores etc.

One illegal move I made after the War was to issue my Skipper/Engineer of the coastal schooner I had attached at Gasmata, Chin Chu, a trading licence. I apparently was not supposed to do this but it was needed and had to be done. One of my ANGAU mates, Jack Reed, got me on the radio soon after and said "Congratulations Carlo! You showed these b...ds just what had to be done". This broke the ice and many licences were issued after that.

Just after the War ended, I had to report to ASOPA (Australian School of Pacific Administration) in Sydney. A chap called Robinson came in to relieve me and, unfortunately, he was killed by natives while I was at the School.

It was while I was in Australia that I found that freedom was a wonderful thing, and I resigned from the Administration and never went back to work for the Government.

One of the assignments we had at ASOPA was to write an essay on 'Pacific Administration during the War'. As far as I was concerned none existed so I wrote "NIL. None existed", and was very unpopular with the instructors after that.

The night before I resigned from ASOPA we had quite a party and the next day with quite a hangover. One of the young instructors at ASOPA asked me what the matter was and I replied "I have a shocking hangover". His reply was that it was all psychological and I really didn't have any pain – he obviously didn't know how I felt.

About two days later he stood on a nail and was limping. I walked up to him and said "Excuse me! But do you realise that that pain is just psychological". It might have been a bit of a cheap shot but I felt better.

After the War.

I did not go back to New Guinea after ASOPA.

I had a lot of money in my Army Paybook and stayed in Sydney for 9 months, but, after that time was broke and had to find a job.

One day a chap came into the Plaza

Hotel, now known as the Menzies Hotel, recruiting for Bulolo Gold Dredging, asking if anyone wanted a job. I put my hand up and when he asked how soon I could go I replied "Straight away mate! I'm broke!"

I flew back with Qantas on a DC4 which had to refuel constantly on the way up and went to work in Bulolo. This was in 1947.

I stayed there for 10 years and then came south and got a job in the steel works in Wollongong. It was dreadful after being a boss in New Guinea to have to come down and do the manual work yourself, but the Shift bosses were not sympathetic.

I then went to Lysaghts for nearly 4 years and then got a job with Wilkins Service, where I managed the Service Division. After two days short of 15 years service with Wilkins they went broke and I lost all my superannuation.

I married in 1949, had a son and two daughters, but divorced later on. I had custody of the children but had to employ a housekeeper as I was on shift work.

My second marriage had a series of co-incidences. My wife had been married on the 11th November, divorced on the 11th November, and we were married on the 11th November, 1965. She later passed away after 3 years on dialysis.

I then moved to Queensland where I stayed with Jack Steeples and his sister, Palma., both of whom I had known in New Guinea before the War. Their father was Inspector of Police at Wau, and, just prior to my joining up was responsible for rounding up all Germans, Italians and those who were to be interned, and transporting them to Port Moresby, for onward movement to Australia.



Carlo & Palma in Perth, 2005

He tried to join NGVR but was rejected as being too old. He eventually walked out over the mountains to Bulldog, down the Lakekamu River to Yule Island and eventually to Port Moresby by launch.

Palma and I were married on 8th March, 2003. and we now live at Miami on the Gold Coast.

Carlo's story was recorded by Bob Collins. We thank Carlo for his contribution. Carlo will turn 90 in July 2010.

ROYAL PACIFIC ISLANDS REGIMENT



Continued from last issue ...

By this time PIR had developed with tough training, exercising and extensive patrolling into a lean, efficient unit. Its image had been tarnished by incidents in Dec, 1952 and 1957, and January, 1961, but hard work and the dedication had since retrieved PIR's reputation. It was clear that the soldiers of the new PIR were just as hardy and bush-wise as their fathers of the wartime unit had been. And they were as valorous. In 1953 Sgt Seba rescued two policemen after their vehicle had plunged into the flooded Laloki River. He was assisted by another sergeant, Sena. Sena was awarded the British Empire Medal (BEM) and Sena the Queen's Commendation for Bravery, for their gallant work in this rescue. They were the first Papua New Guinean members of PIR to be decorated for bravery since the Second World War.

On 2 Jul, 1956, the Minister for the Army, J.O. Cramer, visited Port Moresby accompanied by senior Army officers among whom was the GOC Northern Command, Maj. Gen. Harlock. The occasion was the Presentation of Colours to the Pacific Islands Regiment by the Governor-General, the distinguished soldier, Field Marshal Sir William Slim. The presentation took place on 4 July and was a high point in the life of the Regiment.

PIR had its first experience of training against another professional Australian Infantry unit early in 1963. On

14 Feb 150 members of the elite Special Air Services company arrived in Port Moresby for joint exercise with 200 soldiers of PIR. In July and August, 1964, C Coy PIR went to Australia to take part in Exercise 'Crusader', while 'Sprinkler Force' came to PNG and operated with and against different elements of B Coy.

The exercises showed that employed in its correct role, PIR was capable of outstanding performance. The unit proved that it was particularly suited for counter-insurgency operations, medium range reconnaissance and denying medium reconnaissance to the enemy, outflanking movements and infiltration.

During these years PIR had gradually increased in strength from a single rifle company to a Headquarters, Administrative Coy, four rifle Coys, and a Recruit Coy. The Support Coy traditionally found in Australian Army battalions was not raised as such until 1965, although Signal and Pioneer Platoons were part of the Administrative Coy, which also included Transport, Quartermaster and Medical Platoons. A small Employment PI was also part of Admin Coy, to provide administrative personnel required by Area Command, Papua New Guinea.

The organisation of the Regiment remained unaltered – apart from minor changes and various manpower restrictions imposed by Army HQ – until Jun, 1963. In this month a new establishment for PIR was approved, although authority to implement the change was withheld for some time as implementation clashed with the expansion of PIR which was then in its planning stages. The changeover to the new establishment began in Jan, 1964, and was completed by March the following year.

In Sep, 1963, R.G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, had announced that the strength of the Australian Regular Army in PNG was to be increased. A second PIR Battalion would be raised. In Oct, 1964, following a Defence review, it was announced that \$20 million was to be spent on defence expansion on PNG, which included among other measures a proposal to increase the PIR to three Battalions, mainly as a

result of Indonesia's 'confrontation' with Malaysia. The big Igam Barracks at Lae was originally intended to be the home of 3 PIR, but the new battalion was never raised.

As a result of this decision, Area Command – then known as HQ Papua New Guinea Military District (HQPNGMD) – it was increased in size to cater for the increased number of troops under command. It was also necessary to enlarge or create essential service organisations, and establish a larger recruit training system to produce the annual number of recruits required. This naturally called for the planning and construction of new barracks. PIR was responsible for the training of sufficient specialists for PNGMD and for the two battalions.

The expansion resulted in the existing PIR battalion being given the prefix "1" and it officially became 1st Battalion, The Pacific Islands Regiment. During April, 1964, a large number of 1 PIR specialist soldiers were transferred to PNGMD. Among these were members of the Signal PI, who were transferred to 830 Signal Troop (Royal Australian Signals) and then absorbed by HQ PNGMD as facilities were developed.

Throughout 1964 1 PIR trained additional specialist soldiers in key appointments including clerks, storemen, drivers, cooks, medical orderlies, hygiene, intelligence duty men and bandsmen. The progressive expansion of Moem Barracks to house a battalion (less one coy) was planned, with tenders required to be submitted by October, 1964. New barracks already under construction at Taurama were redesigned to house the full battalion. The tradesmen of the 1 PIR Pioneer Platoon were formed into the nucleus of a Royal Australian Engineers (RAE) unit in PNGMD. The Recruit Company was removed from PIR unit control and became the PNG Recruit Training Depot, still based at Goldie River.

It was decided that 1 PIR would remain stationed at Taurama Barracks, Port Moresby, whilst 2 PIR would be stationed at Moem Barracks, Wewak, with an outstation company at Vanimo. (*An extract from "To Find a Path" Vol 2 by James Sinclair.*)

VALE - LLOYD WEAVER (Ex PIR 1919-2009)

Continued from last issue ...

His lucky break came towards the end of 1944 when Col. Mick Stewart came to Canungra seeking volunteer for the newly forming 2nd New Guinea Infantry Battalion. He interviewed Lloyd who successfully answered the Colonel's set of questions, including the final one "Do you like natives (sic)?" Lloyd's response was "I don't know much about them ... but I respect them Sir." That seemed to suffice so he joined the 2nd NGIB on 13 Nov. In January, 1945, the Unit embarked from Townsville for Lae on the 'Taroona'.

During the next six months he was involved with training a troop of 11 PI C Coy, of New Guinea troops, all volunteers. He had been promoted Lance Sgt by this time. He acquired a working knowledge of Pidgin, which he retained for the rest of his life. He also developed what was clearly a deep affection for the troops under his command, many of whose names he could recall decades later. This was surely appropriate because, on at least three occasions, whilst on patrol, the quickness of hand and eye of his men saved him from Japanese snipers whom he had not seen.

The unit went into action after having concentrated at Hayfield airstrip in the Sepik District. Lloyd's superiors were Coy Comd Eddie Reeve and PI Comd Keith McDowall. They took part on 3 Jul, in an action at Konjambe, a village which the Japanese had turned into a mini-fortress. Lloyd led two sections into the attack, during which Keith McDowall was seriously wounded. The Japanese were found later to have had at least 25 killed.

His next major action was at Myambora on 8 Aug, where he acted as forward scout for the PI advance on the village. This was a moment which he described for the rest of his life as 'my mad moment – my walk alone'. Although there had initially been some reluctance on the part of the New Guinea soldiers to this particular operation, the position was nevertheless successfully taken after another fierce action.

With the atom bombing of Hiroshima

and Nagasaki hostilities technically ceased on 15 Aug. However news took time to reach the front lines and it was not until 19 Aug that Lloyd and his unit learned of the war's end. The Coy remained in the Mount Irup area for some time, during which they made contact with the Japanese under General Nakai and were able to inform them of the ceasefire.

For his part in the action at Konjambe Lloyd was awarded the Military Medal, announced in the Commonwealth Gazette of 7 Nov, 1945. The citation concluded with these words "...During this (Konjambe) and previous actions Sgt Weaver has shown a steadfastness of purpose and coolness under fire which have been an outstanding example to the native troops under his command".

He was flown back to Australia on 30 Sep, 1945, again ill: he spent further time at Heidelberg before taking discharge from the Army on 11 Dec, 1945.

He had been recommended for the DCM, as well as for a field commission, however, both were conditional upon him agreeing to go Japan with the B.C.O.F. As he declined to do so, neither event took place.

Lloyd's ambition was to return to his family (his oldest son had been born on 24 Aug) and to farming. For those reasons which are explicable only in families, his father did not want him back on the property. Accordingly, with no other training and a young family to support, he had to seek a career elsewhere. With the assistance of an uncle he went into the insurance field, first with AMP and subsequently with Victoria (later New Zealand/Victoria) Insurance. During the next 20 years the family, which eventually grew to three sons and a daughter, lived successfully in Woodend, Melbourne, Bendigo and finally Hamilton, Vic. Following his father's death in 1963 Lloyd was able to negotiate a return to the family property at Boort, which he at first leased and later purchased. He farmed sheep and wheat happily until 1998, when he and Olive left the property to move into the township itself. Both of them spent their last years residing in the local hostel/nursing home complex.

Olive predeceased him, in Feb, 2009. They are survived by their three sons and daughter, six grandchildren and one great grandchild.

TALES OF NGVR/ANGAU SERVICE

**John Harley Leeson
ARMITSTEAD
NG 2279 / QX32730**

I was born in Thornbury Hospital, Warwick on 11th October, 1917. My mother's second Christian name was Leeson, hence the Leeson in my name. My father was a Pharmaceutical Chemist. Unfortunately my mother died when I was about 4 years old, probably of heart problems, so I do not remember much about her. I had two elder sisters, Dorothy who is now (2005) 93, and Rene who is 91. My father remarried and I have a younger step-sister Elizabeth.

I attended school in Warwick and after my Scholarship year I went to Gatton Agricultural College, graduating with a Queensland Diploma of Agriculture. We did not specialise in any particular area but studied general agriculture. I was very pleased to leave Warwick at the time as I did not get on well with my step-mother and I swore at the time that I would not return. My father wanted me to go into sheep breeding, but I did not like dealing with sheep at all, so my father arranged for an interview with Professor Murray, later Colonel Murray, and later again, Administrator of Papua, who was in charge of Gatton Agricultural College at the time and that is why I ended up going there.

My first job was at Gatton working for the College. I was employed in an area where we were breeding hybrid maize. I can still remember the rows where we had to plant 88 seeds and we were timed as we went and planted, but you get used to things like that. We ended up planting something like 6 acres of maize as an experiment. I then asked to be transferred to the poultry branch where we had our own incubators and experimented with different mixings of feed - laying mash and such - and in addition we had our own breeding pens and carried out tests on the eggs produced. We bred stud

cockerels and breeding hens which were selectively sold to commercial producers. In addition we had to act as judges at the local shows. All in all I spent about three years working at Gatton.

My Militia Service at Gatton

While a student and later while working at the Ag College I served with the 25th Battalion, a Militia unit based in Toowoomba. We trained regularly in Gatton and for weekend training journeyed to Toowoomba most of the time, although, from time to time, the rest of the Battalion came to Gatton for weekend training. Our Camps were held at Enoggera in Brisbane. I am not sure of the reason I actually joined the Militia but it was a great way to get out of a bit of study at the Ag College. I had risen through the ranks over the years and, at the time of leaving Gatton, had reached the rank of Warrant Officer Class 11.

I had a run in with the Commanding Officer at one stage. We had just been issued with the Bren Guns and the first thing you saw when you opened the case was a big sign saying "Not be used by left handers". I said to the C.O. "This is pretty stupid" and when he asked why I had to reply "Well I am a left hander. What happens if I have to use this in an emergency?" His reply was pretty straightforward "Well I suppose you just take no notice of the sign".

This training came in handy in New Guinea when I got there.

I am offered a job in New Guinea.

One day while I was working in the poultry section, a chap called Carl Jacobsen came in to the college and wanted to purchase about 150 breeding hens. We were not allowed to sell stock in such numbers so we refused to sell him the hens, but, before he left he offered me a job in New Guinea as Manager of his Plantation.

I said I would think about it and he replied "You had better think in a hurry as you have 4 days before the ship sails." I then asked him if he had any birds and his response was "No! But I might have some tonight". About four that afternoon he came back and said to me "Peter Rumball has the birds we want". Peter Rumball was the head of the Department of Agriculture & Stock in Brisbane,

and, in those days, he was not allowed to go into business for himself - so the breeding hens were at his place and the business was run in his wife's name.

I had to ring my father and tell him I was off to New Guinea and he was most upset. He told me not to go to New Guinea under any circumstances "It's a God forsaken place - they don't speak English - they don't know how to work etc, etc" I told him I was going and if something happened to me too bad.

I met Carl at 6pm that evening at Peter Rumball's place and some workmen were busy stacking hens in cages. I immediately stopped that and advised everyone that I wanted to personally inspect every bird that went into the cages. At the time hens were susceptible to a disease called Leucosis which affected the eyes and feathers etc. There was some discussion but I ended it by saying "If you are going to buy any hens at all - I'm not going!" In the end I must have rejected about 70 birds and accepted 150. We had them crated that night, moved to Brisbane and loaded onto the ship the next day, and we sailed the day after. I was 21 at the time.

I arrive in New Guinea.

I travelled to New Guinea with Carl on the 'Machdui', a Burns Philp ship, later bombed by the Japanese in Port Moresby harbour and run aground there. We left Brisbane and sailed via Townsville, Port Moresby, Rabaul, Madang, Salamaua until we eventually arrived in Lae where the breeding hens were unloaded. We did not lose one hen on the trip up and Carl had the job of feeding them daily. I was so seasick on the voyage that I did not do any work at all while I was on the ship.

When we arrived in Lae we saw to the unloading of the hens, Carl took me to the hotel for a few drinks and then said "Well Harley, you are on your own now - the ship sails in a couple of hours and I am going back on her. You have a good house-boat and he will take good care of you - You'll be right!"

My introduction to Pidgin was a bit of a shock. While we were in the hotel having a drink a cook boy came out with a saucepan and said to the owner "Missus! Arse bilong sauce-

pan I bugga up pinis" - literally "The saucepan has a hole in the bottom". I must confess I got a bit of a shock at the bluntness of the language.

The Plantation 'Bulae' was about 4 miles out from Lae on the Nadzab road, just where the big kapok trees are now - actually I planted them. I first got out to the plantation on the Guinea Airways truck, which also carried the hens. After that I used to ride a bicycle into town. I spent most of my time on the plantation and only came in every week or so to do some shopping. Those times I would ride the bike in and out and a group of boys from the plantation would walk in and carry the shopping back. We grew kau-kau (sweet potato) and taro for Government line issue at Lae, Salamaua and Finschhafen, and also supplied eggs for Lae and Bulolo. The produce used to be picked up by the Guinea Airways 10 ton truck which had hard (solid) rubber tyres and, did it ever bounce hard on the rough road. One of our gutters was about one and a half metres deep and we had to lay 44 gallon drums with the ends cut out side by side and cover them with timber and earth to get the truck over.

When I first arrived I had two bags of pumpkin and two bags of corn. I planted some and when it came time for harvest I commenced to make pumpkin and corn stew with wild pig in big boilers. The locals wouldn't eat it so I invited the local Kiap (Patrol Officer). I explained to him what was in the stew and even he said he hadn't seen such a brew before but he ate it with me and then the labour line felt that, if the Kiap could eat the stew, it must be OK. I just got them used to eating it when I ran out of pumpkin seed.

At one stage I requested a couple of packets of virus free Tomato seed from Australia. When the seed arrived I had a 70 pound (29kg) sugar bag of tomato seed. Unfortunately the tomatoes were yellow in colour and nobody would eat them - after all tomatoes are red aren't they? I made sure my own locals ate them by setting an example.

About this time an Administration official, also named Murray, found out from J.K. Murray at Gatton that I had formal Agricultural training. One day on the plantation, two blokes came up to me. It was most unusual to



Rfn Harley Armitstead

have visitors and I asked them what they wanted. The senior of them introduced himself as Murray and told me that he had been advised that I would be an ideal person to speak to about tropical agriculture. To my response that all I knew about tropical agriculture was what I had read in books he replied "That's all you need to know". He then advised me that they were going to introduce different types of cocoa. My reply was along the lines that the only thing that was green around here wasn't only the grass but he assured me that his boss wanted to see me when he arrived back from Sydney.

Sure enough in about 3 weeks Carl Jacobsen came out with the boss of the New Guinea Ag department who asked if we would lend them some land for the initial plantings. I took them down to a flat piece of land of about 2 acres which had been cleared, and Carl asked for all the information on how far apart to plant trees etc. We squared off the block and had all the ground dug up, which was quite interesting to the natives who had never seen any digging implements other than a sharpened stick. A nursery was constructed from Royal Palms which were harvested from the bush close by. The solid stumps of the palms were used for the posts for the floor and palings were cut from the trunks to make a floor. Then we needed to make baskets for the plants so about 20/30

N.G.V.R. LAE
1940



Back Row L to R. Ds Lanecraple, Ray Baret, Hector Baldwin, -----, John Emery?, John Cox, Bill King, Harley Armitstead, -----
Bill Fry, Ernie Kilbourne?, Bill Edwards Jr. Seated .George Milne, Doug Dickens, W.N. Bernard, Bill Edwards, Syd Neil, Charles Car-
penter. Front Row Dick Vernon, George Whittaker, Bob Emery, -----, Ray Woods, Jack Cooke. Harley is 5th from the Right in the
rear row.

meris (native women) were recruited. They cut material type strips from some local tree bark and we had about 200 baskets made quick time. Then seed was brought in, planted and I was instructed not to have them watered but to rely on rainfall. A roof was constructed for the nursery from Limbom Palm, which allowed enough water to drip through. In the meantime we had the planting area staked out ready for planting when the seeds had germinated and grown sufficiently.

I stayed with Carl for about another year, 2 years in all, and then went to a total bush plantation 'Baumbup' about another 8 miles out (12 miles out of Lae) to work with Peter Jensen. Peter had been a gold miner on the Watut River and had gone bankrupt twice but came back a third time. This time he did exactly what the experts advised not to do. With alluvial gold mining the experts advised that the best place to find gold was on the bend of a creek where the current slows and the gold falls to the bottom. Peter had tried that twice before with no success so this time he started mining where the water was flowing fastest and in no time had succeeded in amassing a small fortune.

'Baumbup' was virgin bush and the first task was to cut down the trees, some of which were huge. Peter

was a wonderful man to work for. When I advised him that the only thing that would cut these trees down quickly enough were mechanical saws, but there were none around, he promptly turned up with 6 of them, all of which needed repairs to make them work, but where he would have gotten them from I don't like to think - he must have had about 30/40 blades for them. Then I advised him that we needed skilled operators and we would have to pay them well, so he gave me a huge wad of money and told me to go into town and hire them. Nothing was too much trouble for him and he also gave me a brand spanking new 1937 Chevrolet Utility straight out from America. It only lasted 6 months before the coil went, and when you started it all you could see was thick black smoke.

Unfortunately we never did plant anything on 'Baumbup', as the Japanese arrived before we got around to planting. By then I had cleared about 4 acres, but the really hard part of clearing the stumps was to come. My neighbour, George Whittaker, who also had the same problem had been saying "Leave it until we have the two places cleared, and we will blow the lot out at the same time".

I came down to Australia on a months leave and arrived back in Lae just two days before the Japanese made their first attack on the town.

New Guinea Volunteer Rifles

I joined the NGVR when it was formed and was attested in June, 1939, by Sgt Edwards, later Lt Col Edwards, Commanding Officer of NGVR.

The training was pretty difficult with many of us scattered around the area but we had training at least one day per month. We did a little bushcraft, but most of the training consisted of drill and weapons training. We used to go onto the range and fire our weapons fairly regularly. At the time NGVR was issued with our own .303 rifle, and we had a machine gun Platoon which had Lewis and Vickers machine guns. We eventually managed to have Bren Guns issued which was a great improvement. I was heavily involved in the training because of my previous military experience with the 25th Battalion at Gatton.

Before WW11 broke out George Whittaker was getting some foreign language broadcasts on his radio, and he maintained that they were coming from the German Lutheran Mission station at Malahang, just outside Lae. At the time Port Moresby was not very keen to do anything about it but eventually they authorized George and I to go out to Malahang. We found a transmit-

ter hidden under the floor of their main building, with a carpet over the trapdoor, together with a number of Swastika armbands, studs etc. Some of them are now in the Veterans Support and Advocacy Service in Warwick. We destroyed the radio by smashing it but were not able to do anything about the Missionaries themselves.

On the Saturday night before WW11 broke out in September, 1939, a German Missionary Pilot from the Mission at Malahang advised us that, by the Monday morning Germans, would have taken control of New Guinea. We went looking for him the next day but never saw him again.

After the outbreak of War in September, 1939, one of our tasks was to guard the foreign nationals who were interned. I must say that most of these were people who wanted to join the NGVR, or the AIF (Australian Imperial Force) but had left it too late. We were treated well by them, and often used to be taken down to the Hotel for morning tea, lunch or afternoon tea, or they would purchase food and cook us a great meal. I cannot recall where they were interned – it may have been the Burns Philp store. The worst one we had was a chap called Wilde, who had a coffee plantation outside Wau. He had been a prisoner-of-war during WW1 and used to turn nasty. Eventually all the internees were shipped (presumably to Australia but we did not know the destination). It would have been either on the 'Machdui' or the 'Neptuna' they were taken out on, and both ships were later sunk during the War – the 'Machdui' in Port Moresby harbour and the 'Neptuna' which was being used as an ammunition ship, in Darwin. As I say most of these internees were nice chaps and I was not impressed with the way they were treated by the guards on the ship.

At one stage during late 1939 a group of us from NGVR in Lae decided to join the AIF (Australian Imperial Force). We were taken to Port Moresby and issued with new uniforms. We had just commenced training when the C.O. of the unit called a parade. He stepped up onto a box and said "I have never come upon such a bunch of liars in

all my life! You people all stated on your application to join the AIF that you were unemployed - I have just found out that you all have jobs. In fact you are all in reserved occupations. Now! Get back to Lae". So we did.

When the first air attack on Lae occurred I was in town. I had gone in with George Whittaker to obtain provisions. He had gone his way and I went mine. Frankly I do not know much about the attack, as, when the air raid siren went I had no idea where the dugouts were, just having come back from leave, and ran with some of the local natives towards where they were going. I did not make the trench as a bomb exploded about 30/40 yards away and I was caught in the blast. I woke up after the raid had finished with the natives kneeling over me saying "Masta emi ded. Masta emi ded". I had either been blown into a tree or had fallen on my face because my nose was badly injured and three of my teeth broken - I was also bleeding from the right ear, and was almost deaf and the ears were whistling and hissing.

Salamaua was bombed at the same time as Lae. A Pilot at Salamaua tried to rescue his plane but was killed in the bombing.

Much of Lae had been demolished and there were others injured more badly than myself so I had the natives find George, who was a third year medical student and also an optometrist, and he took me to his plantation and attended to my injuries. He swabbed out my ear and straightened and plastered my nose. About a week to a fortnight later I developed abscesses on the two eye teeth so George decided they would have to come out. He only had small amount of morphine, which he told me I would need. When I asked why he advised me that he only had a pair of pliers with which to take out the teeth, so down I lay and he gave me half. Well that sent me silly - I had three natives sitting on me at the time and I tossed them off and ran around the countryside for half an hour. Eventually they calmed me down a bit, got me to lie down again, gave me the rest of the morphine and took out three teeth with the pliers.

Because of my above injuries I was not present at any NGVR parades

immediately following the Japanese air attack.

When the first attack on Lae took place, there were probably only about 30 persons in the NGVR and about 180 persons all up in town. However, after that, every able bodied man was enlisted and those not considered fit enough for enlistment were evacuated out of Lae. Many of them had to walk to Port Moresby via Wau.

Movement of stores from Lae to Nadzab

NGVR was called up for full time duty on 22nd January, 1942. When we were called up I literally walked off the plantation and left everything - work, labour line etc. Our first task was to move everything of possible value out of Lae, up the Markham River valley to Nadzab airstrip. Urgent medical supplies and foodstuffs were dumped at Bertie Heath's plantation. We moved everything except alcohol and including cigarettes. At that stage Nadzab was only a small emergency strip for light planes only, but had been chosen as the main supply dump. We used the Guinea Airways 10 ton Renault truck. We used various drivers - anyone who was available and could drive. I occasionally drove. The trip may have not been a long one as far as distance was concerned but the time it took to get the truck up there and back depended entirely on the weather. You could not even call the way we went anything more than a bush track - and getting bogged was a regular occurrence. Several of the creeks to be crossed had banks which dropped 10 feet (3m) and we then had to get the natives to cut diagonal crossings down the banks and line the creek with rocks so we could cross. It was not uncommon to have to wait for a day or so for a flooded creek to go down so you could cross.

During this stage I found a fob watch on the floor in one of the stores. It was an American pocket watch and I had it with me for the whole of the war after that. It never stopped - swam the Markham and travelled through rain and mud. One of my sons still has it and the jeweller he took it to for cleaning told him it had everything in it except spider webs.

To be continued....

Regrettably Harley passed away on 19th Dec, 2009. This story, as told to Bob Collins, is his obituary .

In due course the stories of both Bob and John Emery who are in the above photo will be told in HTT.

FROM KEVIN SHORHOUSE

My copy of Vol 57, the August edition of HTT has just arrived here at Vanimo.

As usual, I always welcome its arrival. Somehow, I think it stirs the adrenalin as the memory of my PNGVR years is recalled through the many fine articles that recount the history of PNG, the NGVR/PNGVR and the men (along with their women) who helped to make it all happen.

A quick browse through the pages then took me somewhat by surprise, as I saw the name of myself and my wife, Gail, actually in print.

I can only thank you very much for recording the Aware of "Officer of the Order of Logohu (OHL)" in the association's newsletter. The declaration of this Award by the Governor General was an honour we least expected. Likewise, your advice to HTT Assn members is another recognition and I can only but thank you for your consideration and thoughtfulness.

Thanks also Colin, for your personally written note of congratulations at the base of the article.

Attached is a photograph, taken just after the Governor General, Grand Chief Sir Paulias Matana, had made the Honours presentation.

It would seem that after several decades of carrying out our work in PNG, the passing years are certainly catching up on us both. My personal sad dilemma is that there seems to be no avenue for our work to carry on after our departure. The sadness that comes with the perplexity of having to close the hangar doors for good, will mean little comfort for the many village patients who rely on me and the aeroplane to get them to the Regional Hospitals at Aitape and Vanimo. While our efforts are nothing as grand as the Australian RFDS, we have, never-



Kevin and Gail Shorhouse with Gov Gen PNG Sir Paulias Matana

theless, carried scores of seriously ill patients over the years, who otherwise had no hope of receiving the medical treatment they urgently needed.

It's a sad reality to admit that our Cessna 206 is the only aeroplane based here at the Sandaun Provincial HQ, Vanimo. The fact that we are the least developed province in PNG presents us with many difficulties in the way of achieving progress.

Please accept my sincere thanks to you and the other Executive Committee members who have done so much to keep the Association vibrant and active, through your enthusiasm and commitment.

I hope to catch up with you and other members in the not too distant future.

FLASHBACK

PNGVR.1966 Annual Camp, Butibum River, Lae. Sgt Barry Wright, Medical PI, PNGVR, explains the workings of a Horix Box testing kit to the Hon Col PNGVR, Col R. Cole M.C.



A Horix Box testing kit is used to determine how much chlorine is required for any given amount of water so that the water can be safe for drinking purposes. The 1966 Camp was the wet-

test Annual Camp in PNGVR history and, fortunately, use of the Testing Kit together with water analysis in Lae Hospital averted a possible outbreak of disease in Camp because of polluted drinking water.

Should you have an interesting photo for **Flashback** please forward with a suitable explanation to:

bob-collins@bigpond.com

or mail to:

45 Capricornia, 121 Surf Parade, Broadbeach, Qld. 4218

VALE - BRUCE [HENRY] INCH

On the 25 May 2009, Ian Sayers, Charles Nelson and I travelled from Canberra to Coolamon – 40 kilometres northwest of Wagga Wagga and visited Bruce in his unit in a care village.

We arrived with a supply of meat pies, cakes and 4 x beer.

He was delighted to see us – but obviously was in dire straits with his cancer and football sized hernia on his stomach. Bruce was adamant that any more operations which could only prolong his life by three months was not worth the pain. However he thoroughly enjoyed the food, beer and company.

We spoke of his time in the police and the army in PNG so Ian suggested that we return another time with a tape recorder for Bruce to relate his history. Sadly we couldn't arrange a time for this to happen as hospital and treatment took up most of his remaining days and he died in Wagga Wagga hospital on 28 July 2009.

The funeral was held at Coolamon Lawn Cemetery on 31 July 2009, attended by both of Bruce's sons, Paul and Colin and Bruce's daughter, together with approximately 80-90 mourners including the Coolamon RSL President, National Servicemen Association members John Skipper, Bob Toose, Rod Kilby and John Clay. I represented PNGVR and the ACT branch of the Reserve Forces Association.

The reception was held and arranged by the Coolamon Bowling Club which was catered for by the Ladies Committee, Bruce being an esteemed member, a sad but fitting

farewell to our departed comrade
BRUCE HENRY INCH.

Submitted by Jes Hansford, who lives in Bungendore, ACT.



Bruce Henry Inch Anzac Day parade circa 2007

VALE - SGT. IAN GRATTIDGE

Ian Grattidge was 12 Platoon D Coy PNGVR Platoon Sergeant in Madang from 1967 to 1969.

During this time as an innovator, he was instrumental in making anything mechanical 'go'. He made the blank firing attachments for the SLR and the M60 GPMG which we couldn't get issued from stores and also managed to rebuild two .50 cal. aircraft machineguns which we had retrieved from two crashed RAAF Martin Marauder medium bombers shot down by Japanese airfield defences during 1944. These aircraft were found west of Madang some 50 kilometres. We stripped out the split tracer rounds and inserted other rounds in order to keep the link belts together to enable the guns to be fired from an Ian improvised tripod mounted on the back of the Platoon Land Rover on our range which we built in a disused section of the Catholic Mission at Alexishafen. Also these guns were used in the 'Exercise Red Hand' using Ian made blank ammo, which C Coy attended in 1968 at Remp

training area, 40 kilometres north of Madang.

Ian was an innovator, an excellent mechanic and worked for the Dept. of Civil Aviation at the Madang strip.

When I left Madang for Kavieng in 1969, I lost touch with Ian after the 1969 camp. He then left PNGVR with his family and returned to Australia. After 40 years of Colin Gould and myself searching for him all over Australia, he contacted me on 10 November 2009. We talked for three hours, the next day for three hours and the next for one hour, promising to meet in the near future, but he suddenly died on Friday 13 November of a massive heart attack, there being no sign of any illness other than mild diabetes. We didn't get to meet again. This is his brief story after PNGVR.

Ian returned to Australia in 1970 and was working as a diesel mechanic on Stradbroke Island until 1980. He bought a property at Wondai, learned to fly helicopters then worked in the Northern Territory on the largest property for Ian MacBean during 1982. This property has now been purchased by the Defence Dept. as a training area. Ian's two sons Gary and Warren occasionally worked with him on this station.

Returning to Stradbroke Island, he resumed his work as a diesel engineer, also working for the Dept. Aboriginal Affairs for the next 12 years.

In 1994 he worked coal mines machinery at Emerald and moved to Brisbane in 1998, moving to Toowoomba only seven months ago early 2009.

He mentioned that after returning from PNG in 1970, he had not rejoined the Electoral system because he moved around too much. No wonder we couldn't find him.

Colin Gould and I attended Ian's funeral in Toowoomba on 20 November. Terry McGovern, his neighbor is

a member of the Toowoomba National Servicemen's Association who was instrumental in Ian contacting us, Ian not being aware of the existence of the PNGVR Association, was able to incorporate the military send off for Ian, Colin reading the PNGVR Form of Service. A tragic ending. Ian was so excited about contacting and meeting us, telling his wife and family that he had found us and wanting to join the Association after we had been adrift for 40 years, but didn't get to see the result. A gathering of 40 or so mourners saw Ian off then attended a private family reception at Ian's wife's residence next door to the McGovern's. Lovely people, how sad.

Submitted by Jes Hansford, who lives in Bungendore, ACT.

VALE - CLARENCE DAVID CAYLOR-THOMSON

Hello. I got a call yesterday from an Ian Caylor-Thomson who found my name in a PIR newsletter. He is settling his father's estate.

Ian's father, Clarence David Caylor-Thomson, was originally 2/16th Bn then Coy Comd PNGVR, then Coy Comd PIR, 1953.54.

He passed away last month.

Regards, Mal Robinson,
Ex 1 PPIR 67/68.

LEST WE FORGET

MONTEVIDEO MARU DVD

To streamline delivery, please send your cheques for \$40 per copy & order for the Montevideo Maru documentary to the Treasurer, Doug NG, 28 Sandringham Street, Mansfield QLD 4122.

Limited number so hurry!!



C J MEDALS

Professional medal mounting
Shop 17—Foodworks Shopping Complex
59 Bryants Road, Loganholme



Clive Johnson

Ph: 07 3806 5980

www.cjmedals.com

RECEIVE H.T.T. BY EMAIL

In order to lower the cost of forwarding out H.T.T we are requesting those members who wish to receive it by email to submit their current EMAIL ADDRESSES . There are two benefits to receiving your copy by email:-

- I) you will be able to access HTT in full colour
- II) By so doing you will save the Association up to \$300 / per issue or \$1800 p.a. in postage alone

please email your name and email address to:-

bob-collins@bigpond.com

Your email address will only be used by your Association to communicate information to you.

Col Gould—Secretary

New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Ex Members Association Inc.

Includes former members of the Pacific Islands Regiment, Papuan Infantry Battalion and New Guinea Infantry Battalions

All correspondence to:-

The Secretary , PO Box 885,
PARK RIDGE, QLD, 4125

Mobile:- 042 456 2030

Email: pngvr@optusnet.com.au

www.pngvr.com

No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form without the permission of the Association.

NGVR / PNGVR Service Recollections articles

are copyright ©

Bob Collins—Editor

FUNCTION DATES

Saturday, 20th March 2010.

Mixed Field Dining Night -
Jimboomba

Friday, 23rd April 2010

Regimental Dinner

Saturday, 24th April, 2010

Open Day - Museum

Sunday, 25th April 2010

Anzac Day. March in Brisbane. MM Service followed by Annual get together

Thursday, 1st July, 2010

Montivideo Mauru Service, Brisbane Cenotaph



King & Co
PROPERTY CONSULTANTS

Industrial property specialists

➤ Leasing

➤ Sales

➤ Property Management

Contact Phil Ainsworth

07 3844 3222

Email: p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au

99 Annerley Road, Woolloongabba QLD 4102

www.kingco.com.au