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VOLUME

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

PRESIDENT'S UPDATE

Greetings!

Members, friends and the public are invited to The Associations Montevideo Maru Memorial Service to be held at 10am on Friday, 1st July, 2011, in the Hall of Memories, Brisbane Cenotaph, followed by morning tea in the adjoining RSL meeting room. Members should wear Association's ANZAC Day dress with large medals.

The recent activities of the Association may be read on pages 10 & 11. These concern our penultimate bush dinner at Jimboomba and our ANZAC Day events - the march, remembrance service and reunion.

The March review of the concept drawings for the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial in Canberra occurred and a further meeting of the Advisory Group will be held in early June at the AWM when the revised concepts will be personally submitted by the artists. Hopefully, at this meeting we will be in a position to select the artist who will be commissioned to complete the Memorial. Fund raising is difficult in the present economic environment and limited people resources available to undertake the work. None the less the figure is now approaching \$200,000.

Unfortunately the Boonah competition shoot which was to be held Saturday 22 May was rained out and has been rescheduled for 1pm, **Saturday 18th June 2011 at 1300 hrs.** Ian Thompson who is our coordinator at email ianoil@hotmail.com, phone 0417 625 914 needs to know numbers attending to advise the organisers and order ammunition. If going, please contact Ian as early as possible. Please wear our Association's t-shirt and cap. The PNGVR /NGVR are 'mounting' a clear challenge this year to the Light Horse!

Maurie Pears has advised that Volume 1 of James Sinclair's book "To Find a Path" (1885 - 1950) is available on http://www.army.gov.au/ahu/To_Find_a_Path.asp. The documentation is broken into multiple sections so that a high resolution could be maintained. I understand Volume 2, the volume which contains PNGVR, will be digitised in due course.

John Holland recently collected from John Schindler several memorabilia items about the USS Sturgeon. John Schindler had them sent to him by the family of a crewman, who had been

70th Anniversary DVD sets to raise funds for Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial... *with thanks to Ken MacGowan*. WL MacGowan Escape from New Britain 1942 \$20

2/22nd Btn Lark Force Association 50th Anniversary Return to Rabaul June 1992 - 2 disc set \$30

Cheques to Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society - please add \$5 for p & p.

Please contact Andrea Williams - 24 Melaleuca Drive, St Ives, NSW, 2075.

interviewed by John for his "Tragedy of the Montevideo Maru" DVD. The crewman had recently died. The items included 6 colour photographs of Sturgeon's crew and USS Sturgeon Association t-shirt and cap. They will be kept within the Museum's Montevideo Maru display.

The Society is arranging two Montevideo Maru memorial events in Canberra over the weekend of the 2nd and 3rd July 2011. A Commemoration Reunion Lunch will be held on the Saturday at the National Press Club with our Patron, Major General John Pearn, speaking. An Ecumenical Memorial Service in the chapel at Duntroon will be held on the Sunday morning. If anyone wishes to attend please contact Andrea Williams on 0409 031 889 or 02 9449 4129 or email andrea@bigpond.com. Over 300 attendees Australia wide are expected. The cost of the dinner and the post Sunday service morning tea is \$55. Please RSVP early and a list of Canberra hotels is available from Andrea. Payment for the events, not accommodation or travel, may be made by cheque to "The Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, Canberra Function, PO Box 1743, Neutral Bay, NSW, 2089." If you wish to pay by Visa or MasterCard you will need to contact Andrea as I have insufficient space to provide all the details.

I appeal to members who live in Canberra, Southern Highlands and South Coast precincts of NSW to do their utmost to attend these events and give the Association a strong representation commemorating the loss of our 34 NGVR men on the Montevideo Maru 69 years ago.

If you are interested in current PNG affairs and having an interesting read, check out Keith Jackson's PNG Attitude blog, www.asopa.typepad.com. Those who receive their HTT by email, also receive email monthly issues of Memorial News, the Rabaul & Montevideo Maru newsletter and Keith Jackson's other newsletter, PNG Attitude.

AURORA EXPEDITIONS PNG - 70th commemoration voyage WWII, Rabaul ANZAC Day 2012 - Details are currently being finalized but there will be a special commemorative voyage to the New Guinea islands in April 2012, arriving Rabaul late on 24 April 2012 for a special 70th ANZAC Day service. There may be an option for a Lark Force Trek post the voyage. The proposed itinerary is:

2-14 April 2012 Alotau, Dobu/Ferguson Is, Trobriand/Kitava, Lababi, Tami, Madang, Sepik/Murik Lakes, Mandam Village, Karkar, Tuam, Wedau/Dogura, Tufi, Alotau

14-26 April 2012 Alotau, Milne Bay/Samarai, Dobu & Fergusson Is, Egum Atoll and Gawa Is, Trobriands/Kitava, Palmalmal, Jacquinot Bay, Karalai, Tol (pre-dawn landing and ceremony), Lambon & Lamassa, Duke of York Is, Rabaul.

Further information from Aurora Expeditions +61 2 9252 1033

Historic events relating to PNG

Extracted from MID, newsletter of Victoria Barracks' Historical Society, Brisbane, Inc:

- 1 May 1963** - Dutch New Guinea transferred to Indonesia as West Irian
- 7 May 1919** - League of Nations grants Australia a mandate over the former German territories
- 7 May 1942** - Coral Sea Battle begins, Australian aircrews involved in the South West Pacific.
- 9 May 1921** - Australian military administration of mandated territory of New Guinea replaced by Civilian Administration.
- 11 May 1945** - 5th Division, AMF, captures Wewak, New Guinea.
- 14 May 1943** - Australian Hospital Ship "Centaur" torpedoed and sunk by Japanese submarine off Caloundra, Queensland - 268 lost - 68 men and 1 female nurse rescued by destroyer, USS "Mugford". Wreck located east of Moreton Island on 20 December, 2009.
- 15 May 1945** - Private Edward Kenna, 2/4th Battalion, 6th Division, AIF, VC at Wewak, New Guinea.
- 17 May 1885** - Germany annexes north New Guinea & Bismark Archipelago.
- 19 May 1915** - Medical Orderly, John Simpson Kirkpatrick, of "Simpson and His Donkey" fame, killed on Gallipoli.
- 23 May 1942** - 'Kanga Force' moves to Wau, New Guinea.
- 30 May 1872** - Thursday and other Torres Strait Islands annexed by the Queensland Colonial Government for the Crown.
- 31 May 1918** - Lieutenant General John Monash assumes command of the newly formed Australian Corps in France, with Brigadier General Thomas Blamey appointed as his Chief of Staff.
- 2 June 1944** - Australian troops land on Kar Kar Island
- 3 June 1942** - Battle of Midway begins
- 8 June 1950** - Sir Thomas Blamey appointed Australia's first (and only) Field Marshal



A September 2009 photo of two great survivors - Lorna Johnston QM (standing) and Sister Berenice Twohill, both are still alive and we are expecting to see Lorna in Canberra on 2nd and 3rd July. Lorna was one of the nurses captured in Rabaul and spent the rest of the war as a POW in Japan, Sister Berenice spent her war at Kokopo and Ramale.

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NGVR/ANGAU DAYS**Thomas Albert Keenan****Continuation of story as told to Bob Collins****My Brothers**

Both my brothers Jim and Frank were in the NGVR. They were both operating around the Salamaua area. Frank was 6 feet 4 1/2 inches tall.

Jim took part in the raid on Salamaua and was also at Mubo when the Japanese attacked over the airstrip, losing a lot of their men in the process.

Frank was on guard duty the night the Japanese landed at Salamaua.

Someone should wear a lot of shame for that night as a number of aircraft had been shadowing the Jap fleet and knew of the landing but the RAAF had been instructed not to tell the NGVR of the landing.

They were in the old Salamaua hotel that night – it was raining like it can only rain in the tropics.

In Frank's words he was looking out at the sea when suddenly he could see a number of black boxes. He couldn't make out what they were. Frank called everyone 'Joe' it was his sense of humour. So he asked "What are those black things out there Joe?" and the NCO in charge said "God Frank! They are Jap landing barges – lets get out of here". They had an old Morris cowling car that they used to drive from place to place. It was particularly hard to start and normally had to be cranked to warm it up and cranked quite a few times to get it going. The NGVR party threw their kit in the car and Frank gave it a crank to warm it up. For the first time since NGVR had it the car started first crank. The party jumped in and drove along the road at the side of the strip. There were Japs along both sides of the road but Frank states they just waved to them and were allowed to pass through and drove to the wire bridge across the Frisco river at the back of Salamaua. Another party tried to fire the demolition charges at the strip but the rain had penetrated the charges and though they pressed the plunger quite a number of times the charges failed to fire and they were left. Everyone got away safely.

I return to Bulolo.

After Maj Jennings had passed through Nadzab, Capt Phil Tuckey came down and brought with him a platoon – at least he called it a platoon – about 18 or 19 men. The platoon at Mubo – Capt Hitchcock's 'dirty thirty' as we called them, were at least full strength.

Capt Tuckey asked me to take a message to Bulolo. He knew that I knew the road and would be able to make Sunshine in one day just by carrying a bit of something to eat in the middle of the day in my pockets.

I took off from Nadzab and made it to Bulolo where they were still growing vegetables.

After I had delivered my message I saw Doc McKenna for a while and then announced that I was off back down to the Markham. Doc McKenna said "Oh no you're not!" It was then that I found out that both Frank and Jim had been medically evacuated to Australia.

Movement to Port Moresby and Australia.

I was two days in Bulolo and then was sent up to Wau. I had no idea what was going on but was given an Army book AB83 it was with all sorts of information in it. My weapons were taken from me and duly entered into my AB83 (record of Army service and issues). I was then sent out of Wau – I thought I was going towards Salamaua the way we went – but we went to a village called Kudgeru. It was here that I asked where we were going and was told Bulldog. When I asked why I was told that I would soon find out. We climbed up, up, up over some very high mountains that day – up as high as Edie Creek which was about 7,000 feet, and then down, down, down to a place called Dead Chinaman (self explanatory).

About half way down to Dead Chinaman we stopped for a breather on the track. We were resting when suddenly, out of nowhere, appeared a group of Kukukuku (a fierce cannibalistic tribe). Later when I was talking to brother Jim I found out the same thing happened to his group.

One of them came up to me and seemed to say "Poppa – poppa". I turned to one of the group and asked what he thought they were saying and he replied "Paper – paper". By chance I had a couple of sheets of the Morobe News in my pocket and gave it to them. They were obviously delighted and made some strange gestures, but we had hardly started on our journey when they disappeared as silently as they had come.

We arrived at another staging camp. There was nothing and nobody there so I still wonder to this day why it was called a staging camp. Anyway after a couple of hours we went on to the next place where there were a couple of fellows who put us on to some twin canoes, a bit like a catamaran without mast and we were then taken down the Lakekamu River.

I asked one of the guides whether we just went down the river but he replied "No! There's a spot further on which is just swamp and unless you know where you are going, you will quickly get lost. He was right – I don't know how anyone could have found their way through that because it all looked the same and there were absolutely no markings of any sort on the trees to indicate the path. Anyway we got through that and came to the mouth of the river where we were put ashore on the bank of the river near the beach. From there we walked over to the beach and were taken to Yule Island by boat and put up at the Lutheran Mission station there run by French nuns. One of the nuns came up to me and asked if we had any tinned food.

Well I had some tinned food which was given to me at Kudgeru where I was told to keep it in case of emergency, and I was cursing the stuff by this. I had no pack, but had a kitbag which was given to me in Bulolo by the Postmaster. It was a canvas mailbag which was no longer required and was locked. By some chance one of my keys opened the lock so I kept it as my kitbag.

What I was carrying in it was a few cartons of De Risque cigarettes (very up market at the time) as well as the tinned food given to me and a few personal items.

I told her I had some tins she could have, and by luck it

turned out to be tinned salmon. You should have seen her eyes light up when I gave them to her.

While at Yule Island a strange thing happened. An officer asked for my AB83 and, after he had looked at it, gave it back to me with a disdainful look and said "Oh! You're a Snarler". I didn't know what a Snarler was so thought nothing of it.

The next day we got on a four masted pearling schooner which had been working pearls out from Thursday Island. It was headed for Port Moresby. However not long before a Japanese submarine had machine-gunned a launch in the general area and we were advised to keep our eyes peeled. Needless to say we did but saw nothing.

Upon arrival in Port Moresby we were taken to Murray Barracks where I caught up with Maj Jennings again and told him about the comment. He was outraged and told me that the OIC Bulolo, Lt Col Fleahy, had sent us out with the comment in our AB83 "Services no longer required" which shortened to SNLR or Snarler.

Maj Jennings asked whether I had looked at my AB83 and when I replied "No" he advised me that nearly all the NGVR who had been sent out to date, and all those had been sent out on medical grounds, had the same comment in their AB83.

He then said to me "Don't worry about this – I know who is responsible and will fix it", but he was very angry at the way we had been treated.

It was the next day that I was due to travel by ship to Australia. You wouldn't believe it, but only a couple of hours before I was due to go to the wharf I got an attack of malaria. I had the shakes and felt awful, but wasn't going to miss the ship. I had heard terrible stories of the Army hospital at Port Moresby, probably exaggerated but I wasn't going to find out, so I braced myself and forced myself to stand straight and got on to the ship. It was a boat that had previously sailed between Melbourne and Launceston but was comfortable enough.

As soon as we cleared the harbour and were about an hour or two out I reported in sick to the shipboard doctor. By the time we arrived in Townsville, about two or there, days later I was really sick, with the sweat pouring out of me. I was carried off the ship on a stretcher, put into an ambulance and taken out to Horton Valley, a suburb of Townsville, to the 2/6th Casualty Clearing Station. The trip was dreadful as my bones were hurting and the road was rough and corrugated.

Hospitalisation in Australia.

Three days later I woke up. At first I thought the Sister in the ward had a beautiful mop of the reddest hair I had ever seen, but later realised it was only the red cape she wore that made it look red to me. Anyway they were pleased that I had woken as I had been unconscious for three days and they were starting to worry.

As soon as I awoke I realised I was having dreadful breathing problems and literally gasping for breath. A Doctor was called and he only took one look at me, turned to the Sister and said "Sister! Theatre now!" and I was put on a trolley and wheeled straight into theatre.

I was given injections to start my adrenaline flowing and

was told that not only was I suffering from malaria but I also was suffering acute pneumonia. It was explained to me that I had been haemorrhaging blood into my lung cavity and the lungs could no longer expand to allow me to breathe normally, and the blood would have to be drained.

As I was now in a base area the Army needed permission to operate on me, but I had no relatives nearby so I gave permission myself. I was given only a local anaesthetic and was strapped into a sitting position with my knees tight up against my chin. Consequently I could see what was going on and kept watching the theatre sister going to the steriliser and bringing our various items of equipment for the surgeons to use. I had two rather large holes cut into my back and small pieces of rib taken out so they could insert a drain. I must say that, at one part of the operation, I felt like I had been punched in the stomach, and the Doctor told me later that while inserting the tube they had accidentally hit my solar plexus which accounted for the feeling.

The most disconcerting thing about the operation was when a Priest entered the operating theatre and commenced to give me the last rites. Apparently I shouted at him "I have no intentions of dying Padre, so it's no good you standing there like a crow on a fence". The Sister later told me she thought it was rather hilarious although the Doctor was secretly encouraging the Padre as he wanted me to keep my adrenaline level high so the Padre only kept replying "That's all right my son".

After they had pumped out a huge amount of dark blood, which looked more like ink than blood, I suddenly realised I could breathe again. It was a great relief to me I must say, and I called out "I can breathe again!" The Doctor replied "Great! Don't stop! Don't stop!"

I remained on the dangerously ill list for 13 weeks in all, and had a drainage tube in for many weeks of that time. The smell from the jar it flowed into cleared the ward on many an occasion. Jack McGrath called in to see me but I noticed he didn't stay very long after he smelt around. Some time afterwards he told me he really didn't think I was going to make it. For most of that time I was actually tied in the foetal position but propped up in a sitting position, and being intravenously fed. The nurses used to make a joke of it by asking me what my meal was like. My reply was always the same "What did I have?"

My sister, who was in the WAAF at the time, managed to come to see me, but my condition was such that she walked straight past me and didn't recognise me as my face had gone a strange blue colour and my eyes were turned up and had sunk back in my head.

It was usual in those days for a Telegram to be sent to the parents of a Soldier either killed or injured by the Local Federal Member of Parliament, followed up by a letter of sympathy signed by the Member. In this case the process was done back to front and mum got a letter of sympathy two days before the telegram telling her what was wrong. She knew where both Frank and Jim were but the letter of sympathy threw her into quite a spin. To make matters worse my name appeared in the next day's Courier Mail on the dangerously ill list. Army records were kept in Warwick in those days, and my

parents raced up there to find out more about me, but Army records had absolutely no idea what was wrong with me or where I was.

As soon as I was taken off the dangerously ill list I was sent out to Hughenden to a station called 'Upton Downs' there the 2/2nd Australian General Hospital, which had only recently returned from the Middle East, was camped.

My drainage tubes were taken out there and the wounds in my back sterilised by using a 'puffer' to pump a new medicine Penicillin into the wounds.

I was only at the 2/2nd AGH for about ten days. One day I was lying in bed and, across the brood mare paddock, which was not far from our tent, I could see this thing that looked like a tall metallic chimney in the distance. It had not been there an hour before so I asked the Sister what it was. She told me that it was a 'twister' and it must be coming towards us, as, if it were leaning to one side or another, it would be going that way, but if it was straight up it must be coming straight towards us. I asked what a 'twister' was and quickly found out. Sister raced off and when she returned the AGH had commenced to clear the wards of the walking wounded. She picked me up (I weighed less than 10 stone at that time), put me under a bed and threw several mattresses on top of me with the instruction to "Stay there Keenan". During the twister the tent I was in disappeared from above my head and the bed opposite ended up on top of the one I was under but I came to no harm, thanks to the mattresses wedged on top of me. The dry dust quickly turned into mud from the rain accompanying the twister.

After that I was quickly evacuated from the 2/2nd AGH to a Convalescent Depot at Saline, near Macrossan on the Burdekin River. Just across the road from us was the Australian Reinforcement Depot (ARD)

The Convalescent camp was in a very desolated spot and the Regimental Sergeant Major of the camp used to often say to us "I don't know what you people are griping about. You have some of the best scenery in the world. The Army has a special committee which works out where Convalescent camps should be so that you are far from any distractions so your minds stay on your getting well". We were far from any distractions all right; all there was at Saline was the Convalescent camp, the ARD, a small cemetery and an orchard.

The set up was really quite good. We used to have several swims in the Burdekin daily, be able to go for a run, but the worst thing was the absolute isolation.

I had been here for several months when the RSM advised me that I didn't have a unit any more as the NGVR had been disbanded. He advised me to go before a medical board, get my medical classification downgraded, and he would get me a job on the staff there. The thought of spending the rest of the War at Saline did not appeal to me at all.

About this time Jackie McGrath and a few other NGVR men came back through the ARD across the road and Jackie told me that there was a Captain Jensen in Redbank Military Camp who was looking for all the New Guinea hands he could find. Jackie's advice was to try and get to Redbank.

I go Absent Without Leave.

Soon after I won a lot of money in a gambling game called 'Heads and Tails'. In the game were a couple of chaps from Toowoomba and one from Brisbane. They seemed not to have a unit ready to claim them. The chap from Brisbane's father worked on the Railways and was stationed at Stuart Creek, just outside Townsville, and he asked me if I wanted to take a runner. He had contacted his father who had organised for him to be picked up by an empty troop train, returning to Brisbane from dropping off US soldiers at Bases west of Townsville.

We had money so off the four of us went, after making arrangements for someone to answer our names when they were called out on daily parade.

The train duly slowed down at the appointed time, gave two short whistles and we scrambled on board. I found out that my mate's uncle was the driver when the train stopped at a siding and we were invited up to the engine for a cup of tea.

When we were going through Rockhampton we had to lie on the floor as the town was thick with Military Police. We had to get out of the train at the first opportunity, and walk for a few blocks and were picked up by the train again.

When we got to Brisbane my sister came up and met me, bringing up some civilian clothes, and for the next week or so I became a civilian again, staying at home at Belmont.

Then I decided to find Captain Jensen

I donned my old NGVR uniform and went into Central Station and eventually got a ticket issued by the Rail Transport Officer out to Redbank. On arrival at Redbank I started walking across to the Army Camp when I got a lift with a very smart young Captain. His comment to me was to the effect that I looked disgusting in my current uniform and should get myself issued with a new uniform. When we got to Redbank I was about to leave when he offered to find Capt Jensen for me. His main reason was that, the sooner I found Capt Jensen, the sooner I would be able to get a suitable uniform. I then reported to Capt Jensen and told him how I had heard he was looking for ex New Guinea soldiers. As soon as I showed him my AB83 he announced he could use me and sent me to the Quartermaster to be issued with a uniform. The QM refused to issue me as any request for a new uniform had to come from my own unit. I eventually got a set of work dress thanks to Capt Jensen who had me report to him for the next three days.

The third day I was told I would have to report to the Exhibition Grounds for hearing of my case for being AWOL (absent without leave). I was taken into town by two Military police, one of whom sat in the back of the 'bird-cage' with me holding a revolver in his hand for the whole trip.

I had been AWOL for 12 days at this stage. My friend, Cordingly, who had been covering for me at Convalescence Camp was found out and I had been officially declared AWOL.

The Officer I had been paraded before for punishment was very friendly. He was a friend of Capt Jensen and ordered the Provosts (Military Police) out of the room.

He then asked me questions about a lot of NGVR men and other NG civilians and was obviously interested in where they were and what they were doing. It turned out he had been an oil rep for one of the oil companies operating in New Guinea. He even organised a cup of morning tea for me with him in the office. His comment to me was that I must have told Capt Jensen a good tale as Capt Jensen had requested him not to fine me any loss of leave. However he fined me twenty pounds and loss of pay for the period I had been AWOL. I had a bit of a win there as nobody realised that Cordingly had been answering the roll-call for me back at Convalescent camp.

I was then ordered to report back to Capt Jensen, as I was told I was on his strength as of now. He even ordered the same two Provosts who had brought me in from Redbank to take me back. Now that I was officially on strength I was at last able to get another uniform. Then I was sent on 38 days leave.

Further training in Australia.

On return from leave I joined about 20 ex New Guinea soldiers, including Jimmy Birrell. We were sent up to Meringandan on the Darling Downs (it was here that I found out about ground fleas). A lot of fellows from the 9th Division had just returned from the Middle East and we spent our time just talking to them and telling them of our experiences against the Japanese and what we had found out about Japanese tactics. They had only heard rumours about the Japanese and how they operated and were very interested to learn anything they could from us.

On one night we were there we all went into Toowoomba for a dance and I suddenly became very popular with the 9th Divvy boys. The dance hall was packed but we pushed our way in. Imagine my surprise when I realised that a lot of the ladies there were girls I had gone to school with. They had joined the Services and were posted to Toowoomba. When I was seen talking to the ladies and exchanging stories about what we were doing etc. – they knew I had been in hospital as it had been in the papers – I suddenly became the best friend of every soldier in the 9th Division.

ANGAU (Australia New Guinea Administrative Unit) service in New Guinea.

I went back to Townsville by train where all of us were issued with jungle greens (remember we had been wearing khakis to this stage) and our uniforms were stowed in kit bags to await our return – hopefully. Then forward to Port Moresby by ship, and from Murray Barracks was flown to Wau.

While I was in Murray Barracks myself and a friend I recall only as Fitz were told by a Sgt Major that we didn't

have a unit and in our best interests we should go and re-enlist. We thumbed a ride to where he had recommended, were stopped at the gate by a Provost who, after hearing our problem, quickly took us to an officer. We explained our problem and he requested our pay books. After one look at them he attested us again, issued us with new paybooks and advised us not to use our old ones again. He then congratulated us on being NGX 360 and NGX 361. Thus I received my new army number and became officially attached to ANGAU.

Somewhere between Port Moresby and Wau I became a Sergeant. From Wau I went to join my Unit, the 17th Brigade, which was in the process of taking Mubo. At that stage nobody owned Mubo – neither the Australians or the Japanese and it was really no-mans-land. This would have been about the end of April, 1943.

I was attached to 17th Brigade, 3rd Division, which was under the command of Brigadier M.J. Moten. My Commanding Officer was Ray Watson who, strangely enough, I never met or spoke to personally while I worked for him. My instructions were always given to me at the dropping strip by whoever was in charge there at the time, and believe me, when I got back each day I was so worn out I just ate something and hit the hay until woken next day for more of the same. I was in charge of labour lines carrying food and ammunition forward to the troops. The force was officially known as 'Kanga' Force and consisted of 2/5th, 2/6th, 2/7th Battalions 2/3rd, 2/5th and 2/7th Independent Companies plus other attached supporting units. Our nickname with the troops was 'boong-basher'. We had carrying parties of about 50 or more and on the way out we used to bring out the sick and wounded.

My quarters was a little pup tent arrangement among the dense bamboo growing up the hill from the dropping ground and someone from the Australian Army Service Corps always arranged my meals.

To be continued

MURPHYS LAW OF WAR

If it's stupid and works - it's not stupid
Don't look conspicuous – it draws fire
Never draw fire – it irritates those around you.
When in doubt – empty the magazine
Never share a foxhole with someone braver than you
No plan survives the first contact intact
If your attack is going really well – it's an ambush
Never forget your weapon was made by the lowest tender.
All five second grenade fuses will burn down in three seconds.
Try to look unimportant because the bad guys may be low on ammunition.
If you are forward of your position – the artillery will fall short.
If you can't remember – the claymore is pointed towards you.
The enemy diversion you are ignoring is the main attack
The important things are always simple – the simple things are always hard.
The easy way is always mined.
If you are short of everything except enemy – you are in combat.
When you have secured an area – don't forget to tell the enemy.
Incoming fire has the right of way.

*No combat-ready unit has ever passed inspection.
 No inspection-ready unit has ever passed combat.
 Beer maths is – 2 beers times 33 men – equals 45 slabs.
 If the enemy is in range – so are you.
 Friendly fire isn't. Recoilless rifles aren't. Suppressive fire won't.
 Things that must be together to work – usually can't be shipped together.
 Radios will fail as soon as you need fire support desperately.
 Radar tends to fail at night and during bad weather and especially during both.
 Anything you do can get you shot – including doing nothing.
 Make it tough for the enemy to get in – and you can't get out.
 Tracer works both ways.
 The only thing more accurate than incoming enemy fire is incoming friendly fire.
 Team work is essential – it gives them other people to shoot at.
 If you take more than your fair share of objectives – you will have more than your fair share to take.
 When both sides are convinced they are about to lose – they are both right.
 Professional soldiers are predictable – but the world is full of amateurs.
 Bullets don't subscribe to the 'Rank has it's privileges theory'.
 If it's indescribable – it's edible.
 If it was important in peacetime – it's useless now. If it's useless during training – it's important now.
 If it jams – force it. If it breaks – it needed replacing anyway.*

MURPHY WAS AN INFANTRYMAN.

THE MESS DINNER

The general collection of customs and traditions observed at dining in nights, in both Officers and Sergeants messes, go back several hundred years. However, over this time these customs have been modified according to individual Regiments' own traditions and traits.

The origin of the word mess (itself derived from the Latin Missim) goes back to France where it was used to describe a serving of food, in a dish, for four people.

In time it was used to describe a group of people who continually sat together at a table, helping themselves to food from the same dish. Now it is a place where Officers, or Warrant Officers and senior NCOs, eat and live.

Nowadays at a dinner in the Mess, when the meal has been served, the first person to eat is the Dining President. This custom dates to the days of Queen Victoria when, at dinners given by Her Majesty, no one at the table would start to eat until she, the hostess, did so.

In those days, however, it was also the custom that everyone would cease eating when she had finished her meal. This presented some problems to those who were served later rather than earlier.

The story told is that at one such dinner a certain distinguished gentleman, who had been on the receiving end of this etiquette once too many times, removed himself from his seat, approached the Queen at the top table, and in no uncertain terms informed Her Majesty that he had not yet finished his meal, was hungry and intended to return to his seat and finish same.

That part of the custom was from then on discontinued.

The custom of drinking to the Sovereign's health (which at dinners is toasted after the meal is completed) originated during the exile of Charles 11 in France. His royal body-guard toasted him with the words "Here's to the health of His Majesty, confusion to his enemies and a safe return to reign over the Kingdom of his forefathers",

Later, during the reign of the Hanoverian Georges and with the threat of a Stuart restoration, the Duke of Cumberland, who was the then Commander-in-Chief, ordered that the toast be always honoured.

The Navy, carrying on the traditions of the Royal Navy, toast the Sovereign seated. This custom dates to the days when there was little headroom in the men-o-war and standing up for the toast was difficult and impractical.

There are many variations of passing the port, varying from Corps to Corps and from Unit to Unit. There is, however, no right or laid-down way of passing the port except that it is passed from right to left.

At dinners, where pipers have been in attendance performing, the senior piper is invited to the top table to receive a 'quatch of whisky' from the Dining President.

As he accepts the drink he gives a traditional Gaelic toast "Deoch slainte na ban Rìg" (Here's a health to the Queen)

FLASHBACK. below—Rifle Range Mt Ambra during a range shoot, 1965—remember the F1.

Photos supplied by Mal King



GEORGE COCKRAM
NGVR/ KANGA FORCE/ ANGAU
Continued

as told to Bob Collins.

My Transfer to Kanga Force and into Transport

After 11 trips to the Markham I decided I had walked enough and requested a transfer to Transport. There was not much transport in NGVR – a one ton truck which ran between Bulwa and Wau. As it happens I was transferred to Transport and the best part of it was that I received a rise in pay – I went from 6/- day to 7/- day.

My record of service shows that on 16th August, 1942 I was transferred to Kanga Force from NGVR. The area of operations is shown as Headquarters, Line of Communications Area, New Guinea. I was classified as Acting T.G. Driver. What the T.G. stands for I do not know to this day.

When the 'scorched earth' policy was instituted by Lt Col Fleahy on 30th August, 1942, because he thought the Japanese were about to invade Bulolo and Wau by parachutists I was ordered to take the truck out to Crystal Creek, on the way to Bulldog and the Papuan Border, which was the end of the road and burn it. On the way I met a Lieutenant who had a lot of ammunition, mostly sticky bombs. Who he was I had no idea but he ordered me to put the ammo on the truck and take it out to Crystal Creek. As a matter of fact he didn't tell me what to do with it once I got there, but, like a good soldier I did as I was told and loaded the ammo.

Approaching Crystal Creek we came to a very rickety bridge. I had a couple of passengers by this time and they flatly refused to go on the truck over the bridge and bailed out. I made an effort to get the truck over and actually succeeded in getting the front wheels across but the back wheels, probably loaded down by the ammo, didn't make it and collapsed the bridge. Even though I had been given petrol to burn the truck I wasn't going to have any of that with all the ammo still on the back, so I threw the keys in the river and sabotaged the motor and left the lot.

Move out of New Guinea to Port Moresby

Not long after I had left the truck I heard an aeroplane and naturally thought it was a Japanese plane and took cover, but, as it turned out, it was a DC3, the first American aircraft we had seen. The story that we got was that it landed at Wau and unloaded a twenty five pound artillery piece, which fired point blank down the air strip. However this was prior to the battle for Wau which occurred in January, 1943, when the DC3s landed the Australian 17th Infantry Brigade who were in action as soon as they came off the aircraft, so I am not sure whether the story we got was right or not.

The route out was up over Mt Lawson, and at one stage I disappeared from the group I was with. I had strayed off the track and stepped on a dead tree, which gave way under me and I went fell down through the moss covered branches of the tree.

At a camp called Dead Chinaman we met Ted Foad

(NGVR) who had a tin of sweet biscuits. Where he had got them I don't know but I gorged myself on them with the inevitable result – almost instant diarrhoea as I had eaten nothing like sweet biscuits for months.

At the headwaters of the Lakekamu River we were put into canoes with outboard motors. As we started off the motor broke down and we drifted into the riverbank. Well you have never seen mosquitos like they were close to the riverbank. Eventually the motor started again and we proceeded downstream. Near the mouth of the River we pulled in at a Terapo Village. Again the mosquitos were bad here but we were given small mosquito nets which you put up like a small tent. The idea was to get into the net and then kill all the mosquitos which had come in with you, and then go to sleep. However if you put an arm or leg close to the net when sleeping you received hundreds of bites from the mossies which would swarm on the outside of the net.

From here we walked down to the coast and walked along the coast to the beach opposite Yule Island. We were then taken by canoe to Yule Island. I had a birthday there – 17th September, 1942. We were well looked after by the Missionaries on Yule Island until we were picked up by a small coastal schooner to Port Moresby. It was not a pleasant trip as we had a lot of natives on board and at least half of them were seasick.

We got to Port Moresby at night and had to be careful coming into harbour so we would not be taken for a Japanese boat.

It was while I was in Port Moresby that I met a group of soldiers who had just returned from the Middle East. I was with them that night having a meal – if you could call a few pieces of bread and jam a meal – and we were just sitting out under the trees, things were dead quiet, when the most beautiful tenor voice started singing a song called "After Tonight We Way Goodbye". It was a very moving moment in my life.

I had no set duties at this time in Port Moresby and was generally used as a runner by different Headquarters. I quite distinctly recall one time when I had to take some dispatches to another Headquarters. I did not know the way so asked a few questions and was given general directions so off I set. On arrival I was told "Well soldier you are a lucky man – you have just walked through a minefield coming up the hill". It could well be that they were having me on but I did not feel very well that day.

I am returned to Australia by Hospital Ship

On 28th October 1942, I left Port Moresby on the Hospital Ship 'Manunda' and disembarked at Brisbane to be admitted to the 117th Australian General Hospital at Greenslopes. Like all NGVR personnel I had come down with malaria.

I recall on the hospital ship that soldiers with bad wounds were just being bandaged up and the wounds were allowed to go rotten so that the maggots would clean out the wound. That may have been so but the smell was something else again down below deck.

From October, 1942 to April, 1943 I was in and out of hospital with malaria in Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne. It was while I was in Greenslopes Hospital in

Brisbane that a very interested lady physician, Captain Taylor, diagnosed that I had Amoebic Dysentery and not 'sprue'. 'Sprue' is a most unusual type of diarrhoea and is caused by a lack of vitamin B. It is a tropical disease apparently very common in India but almost unknown in Australia at the time. Capt Taylor actually asked me how long I had been back from the Middle East and in response to my reply that I had never been to the Middle East commented to me that I had a Middle Eastern disease. My reply probably caused her to research further into the matter. I was moved to Sydney on the Hospital Ship 'Wanganella' in January, 1943, and to Melbourne by Ambulance Train in March, 1943, where I was admitted to 115th Australian General Hospital, at Heidelberg in Melbourne.

I must confess that the first thing I did at Heidelberg was put my pyjamas under the pillow, jump the fence and did a short pub crawl. Fortunately I never got caught. Later I went home to see the family as this was the first time I had been back to Melbourne since I left to go to New Guinea in 1940. It was while I was home that I got an attack of malaria and a neighbour, who I had gone to school with, was a trainee nurse. She came in and took my temperature and was horrified when I told her that I had been through worse and could handle it. By then I was so accustomed to malaria attacks that I would just let them take their course and rest afterwards.

I return to duty but come down with Malaria again.

On 19th April, 1943, I returned to duty and was transferred to Bulk Issue Petrol and Oil Depot (BIPOD) in Brisbane. We nicknamed it Bloody Idiots Pushing Oil Drums. My main job was to assist in the repair of 44 gallon oil drums.

At the time they were actively recruiting for Australia New Guinea Administration Unit (ANGAU) and also for Far Eastern Liaison Office (FELO). I was interested in FELO which as I understood it was active in the distribution of propaganda leaflets from aeroplanes or going into liberated areas and showing propaganda films etc. I applied for FELO but they would not take me as I had been classified as B status at this time. However ANGAU accepted me with my B medical classification.

However I came down with malaria again (malaria M.T. this time) and spent more time in Hospital before being transferred to 102 Convalescent Depot at Warwick, Queensland.

We were not supposed to drink any alcohol at the time but used to sneak down to the local hotel for a drop or two and we would be put into one of the back rooms where the beer was poured into cups from a kettle.

One day I was walking along the road in Warwick and there were a couple of civilians with a utility who asked me to give them a hand to put a keg of beer into their ute. The next day on parade came the inevitable question "Who is responsible for pinching a keg of beer from X Hotel in Warwick?" I obviously didn't know I had helped a bunch of thieves but didn't own up either.

My Return to New Guinea and Australian New Guinea Administration Unit (ANGAU)

It was not until November, 1943, that I embarked on the ship 'Katoomba' at Townsville for Port Moresby and on arrival in Port Moresby was officially posted to ANGAU.

In November, 1943 I was promoted to Acting Corporal and this was confirmed in August, 1944.

In March, 1944 my Army number was altered to NGX426. This meant that I had been posted out of the Australian Militia to the Australian Imperial Force.

Not long after my arrival in Port Moresby I was sent to the Markham Valley to run native labour lines. We were carrying forward to the Ramu River area where the battle for Shaggy Ridge was still in progress.

For the next few months I stayed with the native labour lines and carried forward as the Australian 7th Division advanced, until we eventually reached Madang.

I was also involved in reconnaissance patrols with one of the Independent Companies in the Ramu Valley, Bogadjim and Madang areas. The Japanese had built a road of sorts from Bogadjim up into the Ramu Valley and at one stage I was with the Independent Company sitting on a hill overlooking the road. Our job was to count the number of Japanese moving up and down the road. I had native carriers and the Independent Company had radio communication so the numbers and materials the Japs were moving could be sent back to Headquarters.

It was just after this that I went back carrying forward with a native line when we came pretty close to the action. A number of artillery shells landed pretty close to us and, of course, the carrying line took off. I had to shelter behind one of the nearby hills until the shelling had finished and then spend some time getting the line back together again so we could move forward. When we moved forward there was still smoke coming up out of the shell craters.

In May, 1944, I was promoted to Acting Sergeant, and in December, 1944, the rank was confirmed.

At this time I was still medically classed B and was in a forward area where only A class soldiers should have been. I was having a bit of a moan about this to an Officer one day and he said "Look! Go over there and you will find a Doctor – tell him". Off I went and was speaking to the Doctor when he asked "By the way – how're your eyes?" In response to my reply that they were OK he said "Just wait here – I have to get another Doctor's signature" and off he went into a tent. When he came out I had been reclassified A1. That was the full medical board.

It was while I was in the Bogadjim /Madang area that I was again admitted to the 2/15 Field Ambulance with dengue fever. I went to hospital on 17th June and rejoined my unit again on 4th July.

One night I was camped on the Line of Communications with about 40 natives doing carrier duty when a Catholic Priest came along with his Batman. They camped with us and while we were eating our meal I got word that I had to go up to the forward area to receive further orders. It was about an hour and a half forward so off I went, and on my return he asked me how far he still had to go. When I told him an hour and a half his comment was most unPadre like "Hell! It's too bloody far! I'm r----d!"

To be continued.

One day a housework – challenged husband decided to wash his t-shirt. Seconds after he stepped into the laundry room he shouted to his wife “What setting do I use on the washing machine?”

“It depends.” the wife replied “What does it say on your shirt?”

*“He replied “University of Technology”.
And they say blondes are dumb!”*

A Sleepless Night

(Rick Giddings)

C Coy's OGP was short and to the point. Maj Harbeck, code-named 'Skipper', was like that; he gave explicit orders with an economy of words. 7PL was to attack an enemy position sited high on a narrow ridge and defended in part by a stout palisade. The 'enemy' were a small group of PIR soldiers, so we could expect their defences to be well prepared, as they were professionals who spared no effort.

I moved 7 PL out of the company harbor late in the afternoon and settled into an isolated patch of sparsely treed bush. No lights were to be shone and there was to be no talking, but they could wrap-up in their groundsheets and get some sleep, I ordered.

I did not draw-up a sentry roster because, I thought, what would be the point? I had already compromised sound tactical doctrine by allowing the troops to sleep bunched up together. Against that I reckoned the enemy would be unlikely to send out a patrol on such a dark night. Anyway, if he did, the chances of him stumbling upon us were minimal.

So, the troops slept and I didn't. Despite justifying to myself the arrangements I had made, I still had qualms about the risks I was imposing on them. But I need not have worried about what *could happen* because what *did happen* was just as nerve wracking. Throughout the night I was on my feet, prodding this one and poking that one to stop the snoring which competed in the decibel stakes with nature's own sonorous chorus of crickets, frogs and other creatures unseen.

At 0200 hrs I woke the troops and with the assistance of Cpl. Greg Shaw, acting platoon sergeant, shook them out into single file. I used a number of scouts that night to get us up onto the ridgeline. The most proficient of them was L/Cpl Mathew Konda. He was a dedicated soldier with energy to spare. He was blessed with a good sense of direction and bushcraft came as naturally to him as it did to the others. I stayed up front with Konda, leaving Greg to maintain control further down the line.

So that we would not lose sight of one another we stuck strips of luminescent fungus into the straps of our packs. This meant that as long as each man could see a faint, ghostly light dancing in front of him he could be sure he was heading in the right direction and that his mates would follow close behind.

And so we pushed upwards, stumbling and tripping and painfully conscious that we were supported by feet we could not see beneath legs which staggered and strained

in the darkness. We halted every so often for a breather and a swig from our water bottles. Eventually we came to the crest of the ridge which was distinguished by a narrow foot-track which cut across our front. It rose on our right and descended to our left. We had made it in better time than I had estimated so it became a matter of waiting astride the track for the first glimmer of dawn to sift through the jungle canopy.

In the meantime I sent out scouts to locate the enemy encampment. They returned as silently as they had gone and reported that the track became narrower and steeper the further down you went before being blocked by a palisade of sharpened logs. Some were standing upright and others were pointed waist-high in our direction, like evil pencils in the devil's sketch-book.

Once there was sufficient light to make the exercise safe I launched the attack. Rifles cracked blankly and F1 carbines sprayed bursts of imaginary bullets silently. It was over as quickly as it began. After exchanging some pleasantries with the enemy, we made our way down to the company harbor.

Then came the debrief. How did we manage the palisade, Skipper asked. I replied that as it was sited to offset a frontal assault we simply skirted around to where the ground was less heavily defended, other than for a belt of anti-personnel mines.

"Did anyone step on a mine", he asked, "Yes", I replied, "I did. I wanted to see what would happen," knowing that the type used was a harmless training device that would let off a puff of smoke but not blow my leg off!

I don't think Skipper was a particularly religious man but, on hearing this, he raised his eyes towards heaven and mumbled something which sounded awfully like, "Oh, Gawd."

7 PI C Coy

Place: Lae training area



A BELATED VALE TO 860497

Captain A.L.S. KEMISH

A service of Thanksgiving was held in Sep, 2010, at the Church of the Resurrection, Aspley-Albany Creek Anglican Church to celebrate the life of the Reverend Albert Leonard Samuel (Len) Kemish.. Len was born on the 11th March, 1931, and died on 28th Aug, 2010. At the time he was survived by his wife Sheila and children Peter, Ian and Annabelle, However, sadly, Sheila died soon after Len's passing.

Len Kemish was commissioned as a National Service Officer in the British Army. He was posted to Nigeria where he met and married Sheila. They migrated to Australia from where he was recruited by the Electricity Commission of Papua New Guinea and was sent to Lae where he became a Platoon Comd in A Coy in Nov 1965. Len became an active member of the Rifle Company: later he transferred to Port Moresby and served with the University Platoon.

As Lt Kemish he was part of the No. 2 Guard for the presentation of the Colours at Igam Barracks in May, 1969. Len was a member of the committee convened by the last Commanding Officer of the PNGVR to discuss ways and means of forming an Association upon the disbandment of the Regiment. He also attended the last formal PNGVR Officer's Mess dinner on the night of 9 Oct, 1973.

On leaving PNG, Len, with Sheila and children moved to Darwin where he continued his CMF career. The family was caught up in Cyclone Tracy and their home was destroyed while they were sheltering in it. During his time in Darwin Len decided to become an Anglican Priest. The family moved from the Northern Territory to Queensland where the Rev. Len Kemish served as Parish Priest at Caboolture and Maleny before illness forced his retirement. He came across as an unassuming, quietly spoken man who got the job done without any fuss.

Bob Harvey-Hall.



Len and Sheila Kemish with Bob Harvey-Hall at the A Coy Mess at the Lae Training Depot

Mixed Field Dining Night, Jimboomba.

Sat 19th March.

Despite the inclement weather 53 people enjoyed a very pleasant evening. It was very crowded in the ante-room for pre dinner drinks (because of the rain outside) but the atmosphere was wonderful. Unfortunately our Patron, Maj Gen John Pearn managed to bog his car near the house and the caterer bogged her vehicle on the way out, however thanks to Greg Shaw, she made it with a tow.

It was too wet to pull down the canvass on Sunday morning so, after the washing up was done and breakfast eaten it was time to leave. That's when the fun started. Several people bogged down and eventually we had to enlist the assistance of Ted McAllan and his trusty tractor. That resulted in everyone getting out safely and Ted returned on the Monday to tow Kerry Glover's caravan out.

However despite the fun outside dining hours the dinner was a great success with Maj Gen John Pearn delivering an address on "What is courage" and having an original Victoria Cross and a replica of a George Cross to hand around.

Please note that the next Mixed Field Dining Night on Sat 15th October will be the final one. Unfortunately age is taking its toll on those who erect and pull down after the event so that decision was reluctantly made.



Lt (Prob) Rick Giddings at Annual Camp, Igam Barracks, Lae, 1968.

President Phil in the last HTT mentioned that Rick's daughter, Lara Giddings, who was born in Goroka is now the Premier of Tasmania.

ANZAC DAY, 2011.

A sign of the times meant that only 52 persons marched behind the Assn banners. Thanks to the Harbeck family we had young, strong banner bearers, and those behind looked splendid in Association Dress with medals. With the exception of the serving Military personnel, we would have been one of the best turned out Assns to march, and the crowd appreciated our turnout. Some 70 persons attended the get-together after the march and the ceremony at the Hall of Memories and a great time was had thanks to the excellent organizational skills of our hard working Secretary, Colin Gould.



The Association Marchers, led by President Phil Ainsworth as they swung into Adelaide Street. Note that Assns had to march 2 abreast, which caused some confusion prior to the start of the march.

For the first time this year we did not have a WW2 man march in front of the flags. Les Irvine, ANGAU, who previously had that honour, went around in a Jeep.



The flag bearers, Committee members Tony Boulter, Douglas Ng and Colin Gould.



L-R Ken Connolly, Ian Thompson, Don Hook, John Batze, Joe Hall.



L-R Ralph Seeto, Simon Hui, John McGrath, Gerry McGrade, Rear rank Gil Harvey-Hall.

FUNCTION DATES

Sat 11 June

Committee meeting at Wacol Museum 10am
chores, 12pm BYO lunch, 12:30pm Meeting

Fri 1 July

Montevideo Maru Remembrance Service, 10am -
Hall of Memories, Brisbane Cenotaph, Dress AN-
ZAC Day

Sat 2 July

Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Commemoration Re-
union/Lunch at National Press Club, Canberra.
Speaker: our Patron Maj Gen John Pearn; price:
\$55 for lunch & Sunday morning tea; contact:
andrea.williams@bigpond.com or phone 0409 031
889 for more details.

Sun 3 July

Ecumenical Memorial Service for victims of Rabaul
& Montevideo Maru in the Chapel at Duntroon,
Canberra; contact Andrea (above) for details.

**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**

Battalion

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WANTED

Photos and articles from your PNGVR days for publication in HTT.

Group photos should have the names of those in the photo and date and place where it was taken.

PIR photos and articles also urgently required as I do not have anything for publication from our PIR members.

Email to: bob-collins@bigpond.com

or post to 45 Capricornia,

121 Surf Parade,

BROADBEACH, QLD. 4218.

**RABAU AND MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL
DONATIONS ELIGIBLE FOR TAX DEDUCTIBILITY**

Help commemorate an important part of the history of Australia and Papua New Guinea by donating to the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial which is to be located in the grounds of the Australian War Memorial, Canberra.

The Society's goal is to dedicate the memorial on the 70th anniversary of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru on 1 July 2012. The Society is now seeking donations with a commitment to applying all funds raised to the establishment of the memorial. Assistance is urgently needed from all charitable organisations, companies, foundation boards and individuals to support and assist us in achieving this.

Donations, which attract tax deductibility, can be made to the:

Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society, PO Box 1743, Neutral Bay NSW 2089, or electronically to the Society's bank BSB 082-401 Account: 16-083-2367. Please notify your deposit in an email to tharyjanto@jacksonwells.com.au

For amounts over \$10,000 please contact Phil Ainsworth:

E: P.Ainsworth@Kingco.com.au M: 0418 730 348

A special fund has been set up at the Australian War Memorial (AWM) and donations over \$10,000 should be made direct to the AWM.

Direct deposits to the AWM should be identified with: cc11120/ Montevideo Maru Memorial.

Please also notify the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society by email: tharyjanto@jacksonwells.com.au or by writing, so that donations may be acknowledged.

Bank Details for the AWM are: BSB: 082-902 A/C: 3501 8614

Account Name: Australian War Memorial Fund Account, NAB

To commission an artist and achieve the memorial by the 70th anniversary of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru, donations need to be received urgently. Support for this national memorial, to be located at the Australian War Memorial Canberra, is greatly appreciated.

Support for this national memorial, to be located at the Australian War Memorial Canberra, is greatly appreciated.



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