




  
**HARIM TOK TOK**
  


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

## PRESIDENT'S UPDATE

Welcome to 2012, an important year for the Assn.. 70 years ago NGVR was part of the defending force in Rabaul against the invading Japanese and were the "Keepers of the Gate" in the Lae/Bulolo/ Wau area from January to when relieved late 1942. The accompanying PNG chronology of 1942 military events highlights NGVR'S

### PNG Military chronology for 1942

- 03.01— US Forces under siege at Corregidor
- 04.01—First Japanese air raid on Rabaul
- 05.01—British led Forces withdraw from Malaya
- 08.01—MV Malaita departs Rabaul without civilians
- 20.01—Japanese task force reported off New Ireland
- 22/23.01—Air raids on Rabaul and Kavieng followed by landings by invasion forces and capture
- 25.01—First Japanese air raids on Lae, Salamaua and Bulolo
- 03.02—First Japanese air raid on Port Moresby
- 04.02—Japanese massacre over 170 Australians at Tol and Waitavalo Plantations
- 13.02—NGVR troops assemble in Lae to mount seaborne attempt to rescue survivors from New Britain
- 15.02—Fall of Singapore
- 15.02—ANGAU formed in New Guinea
- 19.02—First Japanese air raid on Darwin
- 23.02—Japanese occupy Timor
- 27.02—Battle of the Java Sea
- 02.03—Conscription introduced in Australia
- 7/8.03—Japanese Forces invade Lae and Salamaua
- 20.03—NGVR in MVs Lakatoi and Gnair depart Vitu Islands, New Britain, with 214 Rabaul survivors
- 28.03—MV Lakatoi arrives Cairns, Australia
- 09.04—MV Laurabada picks up 153 (137 soldiers, remainder civilians) Rabaul survivors from Jacquinot Bay, New Britain
- 12.04—MV Laurabada arrives Port Moresby
- 30.04—17 Australians (9 civilians & 8 soldiers) escaped on MV Quang Wha from Boang Island, New Ireland
- 1/8.05—Battle of the Coral Sea, Japanese naval ships and troopships abort invasion of Port Moresby
- 05.05—MV Quang Wha arrives Buna from New Ireland with 17 Australians
- 4/6.06—Battle of Midway
- 22.06—Lark Force POWs and civilian internees board the Montevideo Maru in Rabaul Harbour bound for Hainan Island
- 28.06—NGVR & 2/5 Independent Company raid Salamaua
- 30.06—NGVR & 2/5 & 2/1 Independent companies raid Heath's Plantation near Lae
- 01.07—Montevideo Maru sunk by USS Sturgeon, off Philippines with loss of 1,053 POWs and civilian internees
- 06.07—Officer POWs and military and civilian nurses boarded Naruto Maru in Rabaul bound for Japan
- 15.07—Naruto Maru arrives in Yokohama Japan
- 21.07—Japanese Forces land at Buna, north-east Papua
- 07.08—US Forces occupy Guadalcanal
- 25/26.08—Japanese Forces land at Milne Bay, Papua
- 30.08—Japanese troops occupy Mubo, Kanga Force
- 17.09—Japanese drive over Kokoda Trail halted at Imita
- 01.10—Kanga Force raids Mubo

activities during this crucial period.

Since the issue of HTT Vol. 71, a couple of activities have occurred and a number are planned. These are:

On 4 December, on behalf of the Assn. I presented our Military Excellence Awards to 7 members of the best section in 9 RQR at Enoggera - photo. and details next HTT.

Brian Young made a presentation of "Z Force" memorabilia to the Museum on 8 January- photo. and details next HTT.



L-R: Bruce Crawford, Doug Ng, Colin Gould, Paul Brown, Mike Griffin, Patron John Pearn, Mal Zimmerman & John Holland.

Phil Ainsworth is behind the camera.

A working bee of 9, mainly committee members, attended the Museum on 14 January to clear the site in preparation for the erection of the ramp and the first Committee meeting for the year. At the meeting Pam & Barry Wright were in attendance and were given a "thank you" presentation with a suitable plaque for running the 23 bush dinners at their home.



**The happy shot shows Pam & Barry receiving the plaque from me**

*Continued on page 12*

### PNG Historic Military Events

Extracted from MD, newsletter of Victoria Barracks' Historical Society, Brisbane, Inc.

#### DECEMBER

- 1,1942—Australian infantry capture Gona, New Guinea
  - 1,1944—Australian troops relieve Americans at Aitape
  - 1,1945—General Sir Thomas Blamey retires as Commander-In-Chief of Australian Land Forces
  - 5,1942—Australian troops attack on the Sanananda Track
  - 7,1940—German raiders "Komet" and "Orion" sink 5 phosphate ships off Nauru Island—includes 3 Australian vessels
  - 7,1941—Japanese aircraft attack Pearl Harbour, Singapore, Kota Bahr (Malaya) and Guam-Sunday 7 December in Hawaii but Monday 8 December Australian time due to International Dateline
  - 8,1941—Australian Prime Minister, John Curtin, declares war against Japan
  - 10,1941—British battleships HM Ships "Repulse" and "Prince of Wales" sunk by Japanese aircraft off Malaya
  - 11,1941—single men aged 18 to 45 years and married men 18 to 35 called up for full time military service
  - 13,1940—Australian call up for military service extended to men aged 35 years
  - 18,1944—Australian troops occupy Artillery Hill, Bougainville
  - 19,1943—Australian and U.S. Troops recapture Cape Endiaderere, New Guinea
  - 20,1920—Australian mandate of what was German New Guinea confirmed by the League of Nations
  - 24,1942—Japanese guns destroy 4 Australian tanks at Buna
  - 26,1943—U.S. Troops supported by units of the Royal Australian Navy, land at Cape Gloucester, New Britain
  - 27,1943—Troops of the 7th Australian Division capture The Pimple on Shaggy Ridge, New Guinea
  - 30,1944—Australian troops occupy Pearl Ridge, Bougainville
- #### JANUARY
- 1,1901—The Commonwealth of Australia is established
  - 2,1943—Australian and U.S. Troops capture Buna, Papua
  - 4,1942—Japanese aircraft bomb Rabaul, New Britain
  - 10,1920—The League of Nations comes into force
  - 12,1943—Australian attack at Sanananda, Papua, by 2/9th and 2/12th Battalions, supported by tanks, begins
  - 12,1962—The Australian Government acknowledges Indonesian sovereignty of the former Dutch New Guinea, now West Irian
  - 19,1944—1st New Guinea Infantry Battalion seizes Japanese observation post on the Gazelle Peninsular, New Guinea
  - 20,1942—8 RAAF Wirraway aircraft engage 120 Japanese aircraft over Rabaul, all RAAF aircraft forced down.
  - 21,1942—Japanese aircraft bomb Salamaua, Lae, Madang and Bulolo in New Guinea
  - 22,1943—Sanananda, Papua, falls to Australian forces
  - 23,1942—Japanese forces capture Rabaul
  - 23,1943—Japanese resistance in Papua officially ceases
  - 25,1942—Full mobilisation ordered in Australia
  - 25,1944—7th Australian Division captures Shaggy Ridge
  - 29,1856—Victoria Cross instituted—Empire's highest bravery award
  - 29,1943—Japanese attempt to capture Wau airfield
  - 30,1942—Japanese forces attack Ambon

### INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

COL O'LOGHLEN, STORY CONT.	2
FLASHBACK	6
BERNIE ARNOLD'S STORY	6
LAE WAR CEMETERY	8
LES IRVINE, CONT	10
FINAL JIMBOOMBA BUSH DINNER	13
PIR CORNER	13

**Sir Colin O'Loghlen NGVR**  
**Story continued from last issue.**  
 as told to Bob Collins

**The First Japanese Attack on Mubo**

About a month after, a patrol of over 100 Japanese moved across the Francisco River near the Salamaua airstrip, with 3 aeroplanes scouting the trail through Komiatum, and prepared to attack Mubo.

At this stage there were some 64 soldiers, about half NGVR and half 2/5<sup>th</sup> Ind Coy at Mubo. When the Japanese arrived, even though they were being guided by natives, they started crossing the small flat area of the aerodrome and were in full view of us defending Mubo. Our sentries spotted them and the Vickers machine guns on Vickers Ridge, on the slope behind Mubo opened up, together with everyone else. The Japanese did not realise that we had such strength at Mubo and were taken by surprise and suffered many casualties. They withdrew that night back to Salamaua, carrying their dead and wounded with them, the dead trussed on poles like pigs.

The next morning I went forward with John Murphy (NGVR) and we found two native boys who had been tied to trees and then cruelly bayoneted. We assumed that they were guides who had brought the Japanese up from Salamaua and the Japanese blamed them for their failure to cross the old airstrip.

**Relief from Mubo and move to the OPip**

A couple of weeks after the raid on Mubo Ernie Hitchcocks Platoon relieved us and my platoon moved back to Wau for a rest.

It was at this time that the Platoon was virtually disbanded and the different members sent off in different directions on a variety of tasks.

I was to stay in Wau only for a few days and was then sent down to Bob's Camp which is on the track between Bulolo and the Markham River. You had to go down the Snake River through Sunshine to Mumeng, and then move through Zenag to follow the Wampit River to Wampit and Bob's Camp. It was not far from the Markham and I went down to say hello to Tom Lega who, by then, was at Kirklands (a crossing place on the Markham itself) and was then sent forward to our Observation Post for Lae. This was simply known as the Markham OPip and usually just as the OPip, and located on a hill, west of Lae and the Markham mouth. The OPip was manned by two RAAF Signalers and I was advised to take my own weapons down there as there would be no spare weapons when I got there. To get to the OPip you went east from Wampit along a track that would eventually take you to Markham Point, across the Markham from Heath's Plantation, but then turn east at Gabensis Village to reach the OPip.

I spent 5 weeks there and my role simply was to give the two signalers a break from time to time. The OPip was pretty exposed and the Japanese only had to walk past Markham Point along the track leading west and they would come to our position. We had an old Sepik native there who had been enlisted by Horrie Niall (NGVR) as a Policeman, given a rifle and sat down under a tree about 50 yards below us towards the Markham, and he was our only protection and warning.

We were sending some really vital information on Japanese shipping and aircraft movements to Port Moresby twice a day. One day we saw a submarine come into Lae and reported it. If an aircraft was flying over the two RAAF Signallers did not stop transmitting, so we were pretty lucky that we never had any reprisals.

About this time the NGVR was being scattered in all directions and I believe that HQ in Wau may have had some inkling that an Australian Imperial Force (AIF) Brigade was to move from

Port Moresby to Wau. Many of the NGVR were sent to Port Moresby as they were suffering from a wide variety of health problems.

**Back to Wau and the Air Raid**

From Bob's I went back to Wau and was there for what I think was the first air raid on Wau. Geoff Archer had accompanied me back to Wau and I went straight to the office to see if anything needed to be done – the office had simply been closed when I was called up. I slept the night at the house / office and about 7am walked up to join Geoff Archer who had found a billet at the primary school with a couple of men who had town duty.

About mid morning Geoff Archer and I saw some bombers come over very high in a formation of 3 Vs. They made one dummy run, then went around again in a wide circle and then came in. The bombs fell between the two top-to-bottom roads, and there was a mixture of high explosive, anti-personnel and incendiary bombs. The commercial and industrial part of town was their mark and the area was thoroughly worked over. The three stores, Burns Philp, W.R. Carpenter and Greenwood and Laws were all blazing and their contents, including inflammable liquids, destroyed. My office, a few doors from Burns Philp, was hit, but I do not think the Government Offices, just across the road were damaged. There were no casualties as everyone had gone to air raid trenches or were on the fringes of the town. It is fair to say that Wau had been well and truly looted by this stage. When we were originally sent down to Mubo we left our belongings in a central position, and again when I went down to Bobs I did the same, and each time when we arrived back in Wau our belongings had disappeared.

**Move to Port Moresby**

While I was at the Markham Opip I received a signal from Maj Bill Edwards who was in the Markham at the time, to the effect that "If I wanted to join the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) I could proceed to Port Moresby, or if I didn't want to join the AIF I could remain at my present post". It wasn't much of a choice really so I decided to join the AIF.

I was lucky to get a ride in a DC3 aircraft to Port Moresby and did not have to go out over the Bulldog Track. Wau was being supplied by aircraft at the time and I was part of the backload. In Port Moresby I was paraded before the Commanding Officer of one of the AIF Battalions which had returned from the Middle East. He told me that yes he would take me into his Battalion but I would have to revert to the rank of Sergeant and attend an Officer Training School in Australia. It took me about 4 seconds to advise him that if I was to lose my rank I would not attend the Officer Training School.

At the time I was in Murray Barracks with several NGVR men and when I told them my position, one of them said "Go to ANGAU (Australian New Guinea Administration Unit) you silly b.....d", so I did, and in December, 1942 joined ANGAU. I knew some of the ANGAU Officers from earlier in New Guinea, and one of them told me that they would take me on in Native Labour. I replied that it would be District Services or nothing, and, so I was sent over to District Services and was taken on.

**Leave in Australia and Malaria.**

I had a fair bit of accumulated leave by then so, in December, 1942, I flew to Townsville and from there traveled by troop train through Brisbane and Sydney to Melbourne. Even though it was a pretty long trip, sleeping both in Brisbane and Sydney, I enjoyed the train ride.

I had a month's leave but, before it was up I collapsed into the gutter in Collins Street, Melbourne, with Malaria, got picked up by a Military Ambulance and spent the next six months in and out of Hospitals in Australia.

### Return to Port Moresby and Amoebic Dysentery

I returned to Port Moresby about June/July, 1943, to find that my transfer to ANGAU had been bungled in some way, so was swanning around at ANGAU HQ in Konedobu, when I ran into J.I. Cromie (whose practice I managed in Wau, prior to the invasion). By then he was a Major in District HQ, and he took me under his wing. However I had only been there a short time when I came down with Amoebic Dysentery and was admitted to the 2/5<sup>th</sup> Australian General Hospital.

### Move to Nadzab and Kaiapit

Because of air priorities I had to walk back to Wau from Port Moresby. Actually we caught a coastal vessel to the mouth of the Lakekamu River, canoed up the river and walked the Bulldog Track from the headwaters of the Lakekamu River to Wau.



*Capt Col  
O'Loughlen  
Circa 1945*

After the air assault on Nadzab in the Markham Valley I walked from Wau to Nadzab and was allocated to the staff of Maj Horrie Niall who was the senior ANGAU Officer in the district.

There were a number of ANGAU Officers and NCO's in the group at the time.

Our main roles were the organisation of carrying parties for the 7<sup>th</sup> Australian Division in the Markham Valley, the recruitment of native labourers and carriers, and, from time to time, supply of the native labour for the construction of forward airfields. Most of the native labour used at this time was recruited from those natives who had been recruited from the Sepik, Madang, Aitape etc. areas prior to the Japanese invasion and who had not been able to get back to their own districts. They were willing to work for the Australians and moved forward with them until they were able to return to their own districts. Local labour was difficult to recruit because the retreating Japanese had left their villages and gardens in such a state that it was important to have them return to a normal life as soon as possible.

The Japanese were withdrawing from the Markham very quickly and being pursued by the 7<sup>th</sup> Australian Division, necessitating the frequent construction of airfields capable of taking light aircraft and, if possible, DC3s which were being used for air supply of forward troops.

I moved from Nadzab to Kaiapit, again carrying out tasks as they were allocated. I did not have a constant job but was constantly being switched between tasks. The longest period in one job was when I was with the 21<sup>st</sup> Brigade during their advance from

the Markham Valley across to the Ramu Valley, carrying out Kiap duties endeavouring to return local village life to normal and acting as liaison between their soldiers and the local village people.

I remained in the Markham-Ramu area for about 12 months and was then sent to Lae, where, after a couple of weeks I was sent to Finschhafen. Again I did not have set duties and just carried out tasks as required by the local ANGAU commander.

After only a couple of months in Finschhafen I returned to Lae where I was allocated to, of all places, Salamaua, as District Officer. I was the only ANGAU person permanently stationed there but a lot of ANGAU personnel passed through, carrying out their special tasks and then moving on.

As District Officer I carried out two peacetime patrols in the area and had not been long there when I was advised that my father had died in Australia. He actually passed away after being briefed on what had happened to my older brother who had been shot down whilst on a bombing raid over Rabaul. Both he and the Skipper of the aircraft were taken prisoner by the Japs and the third person in the aircraft was killed. ANGAU very decently then got me back to Lae, from where I was lucky enough to get a flight, via Port Moresby and Townsville, to Brisbane. By the time I arrived in Melbourne, my father had been buried of course, but I stayed for some weeks on leave.

### Back to New Guinea

On return this time I was posted to Aitape, on the north west Coast of New Guinea. The American forces had landed at Aitape as part of General McArthur's plan of leapfrogging and cutting off and isolating large numbers of Japanese, and, by landing at Aitape had cut off the Japanese at Madang and Wewak. To get into Aitape we had to fly over Dutch New Guinea to avoid Japanese anti-aircraft fire at Wewak and along the Sepik River.

The Japanese still had their XV111 Army in the area between Wewak and Aitape including the Sepik River. At the time it was believed that the Japanese were about 30,000 strong, but in fact it was later proven that there were about 35,000 Japanese in the area. They still occupied Wewak and had a number of airfields between Wewak and Aitape. I went in when the Americans still occupied Aitape, but over the coming months the Australian 6<sup>th</sup> Division, which had fought in the Middle East, Greece and Crete took over from the Americans. Because of the lack of shipping at the time it took from 19<sup>th</sup> October until 31<sup>st</sup> December, 1944, for the Division to be landed in Aitape.

To quote from the Official History of Australia in the War of 1939-45, Army, 'The Final Campaigns' by Gavin Long.

*"The A.I.B. and ANGAU units had been active in the Sepik-Aitape triangle since the time of the landing of the American forces at Aitape in April 1944. and the 6<sup>th</sup> Division came into an area where, from the outset, practically all the deep patrolling had been done by groups of Australians.*

*In the Aitape area, prior to the arrival of the 6<sup>th</sup> Division ANGAU long-range patrols operated without troop support and, for their own protection, inaugurated a type of guerilla warfare. Selected village natives called 'sentries' were taught to use grenades and Japanese rifles. The sentries, besides furnishing Intelligence .... accounted for large numbers of enemy."*

The Americans were still getting a few beatings from the Japanese at the time. In the early days the Japanese were pretty aggressive, but later, towards the end of the War, they couldn't surrender quickly enough, although some fought until

killed.

As an ANGAU Officer in District Services I carried out a lot of patrols in the area, finding out what conditions were, bringing Australian law and order back to the people, and also carrying out what we called Census Patrols, which was the bringing up to date of the Village census books etc. These patrols extended as far as the Dutch New Guinea Border at times. We were often supplied on long patrols by air drop. On each patrol I would be accompanied by a team of Native Police and sometimes by another ANGAU Officer, who had been an Assistant District Officer.

After the Australians had pushed the Japanese back towards Wewak, over the Danmap and Driniumor Rivers, where the Japanese had held the Americans and inflicted heavy casualties on them, we would follow immediately with our patrols. In fact we often camped with the forward troops. Japanese airfields at But and Dagua were taken, but our supplies still had to come in by sea to Aitape and be delivered forward from there. After Wewak was taken and the facilities there became available, supplies became more reliable.

Another quote from Gavin Long's History of WW11 Army states *"By this time cooperation between ANGAU and the army formations which it served and which served it was smooth and efficient. For their part the ANGAU Officers of the District Services Branch had to give the Divisional Commander the benefit of their knowledge of the district, work with the forward troops on reconnaissance, collect information from the natives, and administer justice and relief."*

*Throughout the campaign a large part of the fighting force had been wholly or partly dependent on native carriers. Even*

we came upon a group of Indians rounding a corner. I was leading at the time and an Indian Warrant Officer, thin as a rake who hadn't eaten anything except grass for days (they had been starved by the Japs), came up to me and gave me the most magnificent salute I have ever seen. However there were possibly Japs about and I told him "For goodness sake! Please don't salute again". Then another few came around the corner – five in all. They were magnificent specimens of mankind but thin as rakes with their ribs and bones just sticking out everywhere from being starved. Anyway from then on, they were home and hosed. They had been captured in Singapore and sent to New Guinea as slave labour, carrying supplies from Wewak to an area where the Japs were going to make a last stand.

On another occasion I was with Maj Hay, later Administrator of Papua New Guinea, who decided to build an airstrip so that we could be resupplied more regularly and efficiently. This was achieved and DC3s were capable of landing.

### Back to Australia on Leave and the War Finishes

Just before the War finished (although I didn't know it at the time) I was given permission to go on leave again. We were at the airstrip at the time so I said "Show me the quickest way out of here". I was pointed from the airstrip to the beach, went down there to find about half a dozen Australians. When I asked where everybody was I was told "They've moved on chasing the Japs. We are the only ones still here". When I told them I was going on leave they told me that they were going back to base in the morning and that night I could use a house near the beach. As it happened this was the house, office etc of the Patrol Officer pre war and it was still perfectly intact – nobody over the years had touched it. As it happened I stayed awake all night

The next morning an LST (Landing Ship Tank) came in and dropped me at Frederickhafen. From there I was taken to Aitape, where I packed up my gear and got the next plane to Lae. So it happened I got a plane home from Lae only a few days before the War finished.

I went immediately to the LTD (Leave and Transit Depot) where I was asked to stay on and assist as there were insufficient staff to process all the applications for discharge from soldiers coming in from Melbourne and country centres. I must say I only stopped there for about 24 hours and then took my discharge.

### Post War

I immediately got a job with a firm of Solicitors, but didn't see eye to eye with the principals. They also had an office in Dandenong and I didn't enjoy having to go to Dandenong two days a week. I resigned and went back to the LTD, but the Army wouldn't let me stop there, so I stopped with my wife's people. I took a job as a Solicitor at Trafalgar in Victoria until 1952 when I went back to Papua New Guinea as a Barrister/Solicitor with the Administration.

I went to Port Moresby, where I could not obtain married quarters, so we lived in leave houses until one became available. I used to travel on the Legal circuit around Papua New Guinea regularly – boat to Samarai and fly around to other centres.

Margaret and my children are:-

Margaret—24.9.40; Janet M—21. 2. 42; Michael— 21.5.45; Bryan R—30.8.46; Ross B—26.4.48; Hugh—29.5.52; Colman—21.11.55; Brendan—18.9.59

When I turned 50 on 6<sup>th</sup> April, 1966 I retired from the Administration, returned to Australia and have not been back to Papua New Guinea since. The last year I spent in PNG I spent in Rabaul. When we left Rabaul the Police Pipe Band piped us onto the boat to come home. I had fully retired and we moved



*Col with Marg & Jay, 1944*

where supply dropping was possible carriers were needed to take supplies farther forward and take parachutes back to base. During the operations of the 17th Brigade an ANGAU network was spread deep into enemy territory, under the leadership of the Assistant District Officer, Capt Cole, and, under him, Capt C.M. O'loghlen, Lts Monk, Graham, Kaad and Fienberg. On the coast a similar task was done by Capt Searson, Lts Gow and Birrell

and WO Godwin. These were the men chiefly responsible for the events which led to frequent references in Japanese reports to the 'rebellion' of natives behind their lines"

We would move at that time every week or fortnight. On one occasion I was given orders to take a party up the Driniumor River to see if I could find a group of Indians who had escaped and were being chased by the Japs. Several hours up the river



Col O'Loghlen  
PNG  
Independence, 1975

to North Baldwin in Melbourne for over a year.

After a couple of moves in Melbourne we moved to the Gold Coast in Queensland and bred Wire Fox Terriers. Margaret has always been an enthusiastic dog lover and this suited us.

My Knighthood is hereditary and I inherited it on the death of my brother Ross who was in the RAAF (Royal Australian Air Force) and was shot down over Rabaul Harbour. He and the skipper were fished out of the water – the third member of the crew was killed – and to this day we can only assume he was killed by the Japs. When the war finished the Japs could not account for his body. It was the subject of War Crimes but no satisfactory solution ever came to light. The title is an old Irish family title. When Disraeli and Gladstone were in power in 1840 the title was awarded to my ancestor at the time he retired as the Chief Justice in Ireland. The title comes down to the eldest son now.

**So ends another wonderful story from our NGVR forebears,**

**In the last issue of HTT Col's second name was shown as Mitchell—it should have been Michael.**



Col and Margaret at their house at Ellen Grove 1991.

Col at Ellen Grove  
On his 90th Birthday 2006



### ***A letter from a kid in Eromanga to Mum and Dad.***

***For those of you not in the know, Eromanga is a small town, west of Quilpie in the far south west of Queensland. It reads:***

*Dear Mum and Dad.*

*I am well, hope you'se are too. Tell me big brothers Doug and Phil that the Army is better than workin' on the farm—tell them to get in bloody quick smart before the jobs are all gone.*

*I wuz a bit slow in settling down at first, 'cause you don't havta get outta bed until 6am, but I like sleeping in now, cuz all ya gotta do before brekky is make ya bed and shine ya boota and clean ya uniform.*

*No bloody cows to milk, no calves to feed, no feed to stack—nothin'! Ya haz gotta shower though, but it's not too bad coz there's lotsa hot water and even a light to see what ya doing.*

*At brekky ya get cereal, fruit and eggs but there's no kangaroo steaks or possum stew like wot mum makes. You don't get fed again until noon and by that time all the city boys are buggered because we've been on a 'route march' - geez it's only just like walkin' to the windmill in the back paddock.*

*This one will kill me brothers Doug and Phil with laughter. I keep getting medals for shootin' - dunno why. The bulls-eye is as big as a bloody possum's bum and it don't move and it's not firing back at ya like the Johnsons did when our big scrubber bull got into their prize cows before the Ekka last year. All ya gotta do is make yourself comfortable and hit the target—it's a piece of cake!*

*You don't even load your own cartridges, they comes in little boxes, and ya don't havta steady yourself against the rollbar of the roo shooting truck when you reload!*

*Sometimes ya gotta wrestle with the city boys and I gotta be real careful cuz they break easy—it's not like fighting with Doug and Phil and Jack and Ben and Steve and Muzza all at once like we do at home after the muster.*

*Turns out I'm not a bad boxer either and it looks liked I'm the best the platoon's got, and I've only been beaten by this bloke from the Engineers - he's 6ft 5 and 15 stone and three pickhandles across the shoulders, and as ya know I'm only 5ft5 and 8 stone wringing wet, but I fought him till the other blokes carried me off to the boozer.*

*I can't complain about the Army—tell the boys to get in quick before the word gets around how good it is.*

*Your loving daughter,  
Sheila*

### **Email from Brian Jones.**

HTT Vol 71. The unidentified person in the C Coy photo on P.7 is a much younger version of myself.

Thanks Brian.

***When one engine fails on a twin-engine aeroplane you have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash***

*Mother Superior called all the nuns together and said to them "I must tell you we have a case of gonorrhoea in the Convent." "Thank God," said an elderly nun at the back "I'm so tired of Chardonnay."*



### FLASHBACK - EARLY DAYS OF THE ASSOCIATION

**The Port Moresby Group. L-R Back.** Graham Norris, Mike Griffin, Bill Bickerton, Noel Kenna, Alan Bell, Bruce Johnson, Ian Robinson, Tony Milan.

**Front.** Phil Ainsworth, Tom Dowling, Bill Kelly.

### *Another blonde joke.....*

*A blonde lady motorist was about two hours from the Gold Coast when she was flagged down by a man whose truck had broken down. He walked up to the car and asked "Are you going to the Gold Coast?"*

*"Sure!" the blond answered "do you need a lift?"*

*"Not for me. I'll be spending the next three hours fixing my truck. My problem is I've got two chimpanzees in the back and they have to be taken to the Gold Coast Zoo. They're a bit stressed already so I don't want to keep them on the road all day. Could you possibly take them to the zoo for me? I'll give you \$100 for your trouble."*

*"I'd be happy to" said the blonde".*

*So the two chimpanzees were bundled into the back seat of the blonde's car and strapped in to their seat belts. Off they went.*

*Five hours later the truck driver was driving through the heart of the Gold Coast when suddenly he was horrified. There was the blonde walking down the street holding hands with the two chimps, much to the amusement of the crowd.*

*With a screech of brakes he pulled over to the side of the road and ran over to the blonde. "What the heck are you doing here?" he demanded, "I gave you \$100 to take these chimps to the Zoo. "Yes! I know you did" said the blonde, "but we had money left over—so now we're going to Seaworld."*

### BERNIE'S STORY

By Bernard Arnold

I was born in Germany in the early part of 1939—at that time under the most powerful totalitarian government the world had seen. As a small boy, I had been taught to walk close to walls to avoid being shot by strafing enemy aircraft (this was as normal to me then as looking both ways before crossing a busy street is to-day); to dutifully raise my right arm whilst exclaiming 'Heil Hitler!' when encountering adults in the street; and to never pick up any fountain pens or the like as these could be explosive booby traps dropped by enemy aircraft. We had no joyous fireworks, but when a neighboring city was being marked by enemy pathfinders for a bombing, we flocked outside to admire the 'Christmas trees' as the multi-coloured parachute marker flares were referred to by the German people.

By mid 1944 bombings were becoming more frequent and getting closer to our home town, Eisenach, with its BMW motorcar and armaments factory where my father had been employed as a specialist welder. My father decided that we should move back to Silesia to my grandparents' farmlet. The eastern front was at that time 'somewhere in Russia'—a long way from Germany and Silesia was regarded as a safe area.

My father had been drafted into the navy and as all male adult relatives below the age of 60 years were also in the services, my early life was spent in an environment peopled by the female of our species. My 70 years old grandfather was the exception in our household. Whenever there was a gathering there was a lot of talk in low voices. When I asked my grandfather why people did not speak normally, I was told that it was for fear of being denounced. As I did not understand what this meant, I asked more questions and he settled my curiosity by marking a swastika in chalk on the back of my hand, saying 'there, you have now been denounced, and the badmen will come and get you.'

One day early in 1945, there was a great panic. We had gone outside at night to see a huge red glow in the eastern sky. 'The regional city Lauban is on fire,' we were told, and there was a distant rumble as of thunder. We children (my two sisters, two girl cousins and I) were told to hide our toys as we had to go away because the fighting was approaching our village. An uncle who was a railway traffic controller and had been exempted from service, came home to arrange for us to get on the last train out. I loved trains and although at one stage we were riding in an open goods wagon, I didn't even notice when the train came under fire from Soviet guns. My grandparents did not come with us and I never saw them again.

The train took us west to Dresden, a city which also had a reputation as a safe haven for refugees. It was fortunate for us that someone had decided that the city was unable to cope with the influx of more refugees and directed that our train be sent east again into the hills of the Sudetenland; and even more so, that someone else in England had decided that the weather was not good enough for an air raid that day, because the following day Dresden was devastated by one of the most massive air-raids of the war. Some 200,000 people are believed to have been killed by that raid.

We were quartered in a disused school, initially bedding down in straw on the floor. For our meals we walked to an hotel now adapted for refugee use. At this time I had a great thought-provoking experience which has served me well in life. I had been to the local post office with my mother and was walking on the footpath holding her by the hand. Coming in the other direction was a Czech boy my age holding his mother by the hand. As he passed me, he spat me full in the face. This struck me as a very stupid thing to do, since he wouldn't have

'known me from Adam.' Strangely, I felt no anger.

Life was reasonably peaceful in the Sudetenland during those spring months. Then came more days of panic. The western front was now coming near. The German Army loaded its trucks with refugees and headed east into Czechoslovakia. We had only traveled for a few hours when our convoy ran into Soviet tanks. We were hurried off the trucks into a farm house. Women and children howled in fear and there was such pandemonium that I cannot remember hearing the gunfire. After a while the soldiers hurried us back onto the trucks, having meantime knocked out one or two tanks and turned the convoy around. We headed west to the warning cries of local residents: 'you are heading into the Americans!' The troops preferred surrendering to the Americans rather than to 'Ivan,' so they kept going.

The evening of the armistice saw our convoy stopped on the west bank of the Elbe river in the city of Aussig. My mother went to a command van to ask for advice. In the glow of the fires in the city, a huge railway bridge was silhouetted against the sky above us. Officers were removing the insignia from their uniforms and handed out slugs of corn liquor. 'Get the hell out of here into a shelter' was the immediate advice my mother received, 'the bridge could be blown up any minute.' The vehicle in front of the command van had already been set on fire.

We hurried across the street into the basement shelter of an hotel. There were already many people in the shelter. Supper was a bottle of sparkling mineral water which I enjoyed as a treat. At daylight my mother went out to try and recover our suitcase which she had had to leave in the army truck the night before. She failed to find it but thought to replace it by picking up one that had been left lying open on the road and which contained some clothing. When she made to pick it up, a soldier called to her 'are you crazy? That's not your suitcase—they will shoot looters on sight!' So my mother returned empty-handed and the only things we now possessed were contained in a handbag.

I remember coming out of that shelter later in the morning into a world of broken glass and rubble. The bridge was still there and beyond it a large heap of rubber tyres was burning. This struck me as stupid waste even as a six year old. We went to the railway station which was packed with German soldiers awaiting orders; they spared us some tinned Vienna sausage which absolutely made my day. Surprisingly the trains were still running and after waiting around most of the day we managed to get on one traveling east. My mother wanted to visit acquaintances in Lobositz where she hoped to find short-term shelter for us and to find out where our grandmother was.

Lobositz seemed deserted. All the houses were locked up and no one answered when we knocked at the acquaintances' door. We did meet a nervous man fixing a puncture on his motor cycle and he warned us that liberated prisoners and Russian soldiers were about looting in the town. No sooner did we head back to the rail-way station than a couple of armed women in a Russian pony wagon descended on us and accused my mother of being a 'Nazi-pig,' the leader at the same time drawing her index finger menacingly across her throat. Suddenly one of them grabbed my older sister, bundled her onto the wagon, jumped on the vehicle and whipped the horse. My mother rushed after them and succeeded in pulling my sister back off the end of the wagon at the same time as one of the looters grabbed her handbag which she had had to put down, and they sped off.

We were still in tears when we returned to the railway station. Aunt Margaret who had remained at the station with cousin Christa, took us to the Russian officer in charge of the station who spoke adequate German. He asked what was the matter and when my mother explained what had happened to us he became furious at the looters and said that unfortunately his

authority was confined to the station otherwise he would have them shot. In consolation he gave us a piece of butter which, even though it had some grit embedded in it was very welcome and served to re-store most of our faith in humankind. The most encouraging thing about this episode was that we had encountered a 'decent' Russian.

We returned to Aussig. Word had got about that pre-annexation national borders had been restored and all German civilians must leave Czech territory within 24 hours or be interned. We got a ride on a train a short distance west but then had to join a huge exodus on foot tramping downstream along the west bank of the Elbe for two days. Our only sustenance on that journey was a billycan full of sugar and water from the many springs along our track.

One of the features of being homeless and sleeping on railway stations, schools and other public shelter in Soviet occupied territory, was the nightly visits by their soldiers, often in a drunken state. Cousin Christa was the oldest child in our family group and she was thirteen years old. She always slept in the furthest corner, sheltered by the rest of us because of the fear of rape. One night one of the young women in the room was taken away by some soldiers and this heightened the fear in my mother and my aunt. Although I did not know its real meaning, in German the word literally means being subdued with force and I could sense the terror it caused in the adults.

Once we had walked some distance into Germany, trains again ran sporadically and for short sections to the next destroyed bridge or other obstruction. Life was spent waiting for the next train and there was always a huge sigh of relief when a train began to move. Often a train once boarded failed to move because no engine was available for it and this caused much anxiety. The amazing thing was that despite the chaos of those days, so much was still functioning.

Word had also got about that Silesia, our home, was declared to be under Polish administration and that the Poles allowed no Germans to return to that territory. Some had tried to return home, as did a young woman from a neighbouring property who had been in the same camp with us in Czechoslovakia. The bodies of her and her baby were found in the village by locals. They had been shot.

Aunt Margaret decided to look up her sister-in-law in Leipzig where she hoped we might find shelter. Our journey by train took us into Dresden, now three months since that night of destruction. The train stopped in the main station. It could travel no further because there was an overbridge collapsed onto the tracks. The skeleton of the great once-glazed station roof was stark against a blue spring sky. Not a pane of glass remained in it. The view of the city was of blackened ruins with not a single habitable building in sight. Chimneys gave strength to their attached walls and many remained standing giving the scene an eerie look. The image that impressed me the most was one where among the ruins close to the station a lean-to hut had been erected and had been painted in a vivid green. This bit of colour and the occasional yellow flag symbolised to me a return to life even though not a single person or animal could be seen among those ruins. The yellow flags indicated that there were cellars which had not yet been cleared of the dead. Our train journey continued at a snail's pace. We passed bombed railway yards where rails curled skywards and one locomotive was standing almost on end. We crossed a high bridge over the Saale river at less than walking speed. As we came to the middle of the bridge I looked down out of the window and could see nothing of the bridge beneath us. I quickly went to the other side of the carriage and looked out there—nothing to be seen either. There must have been just a couple of girders supporting the rails where the centre of the bridge had had emergency repairs! At another place where a bridge had been destroyed we had to leave the train at one side of a valley, walk

over a footbridge to the other side, and catch another train from there.

After the usual stop-start train journey we arrived in Leipzig to find the relative had not returned from where she had been sheltering. Some other distant relatives were in residence however and we were able to bed down on the floor. Fortunately the building containing the flat was relatively undamaged whereas the neighboring buildings had been severely damaged in the bombings. The streets were pockmarked by craters and burnt-out tramcars stood rusting. The shopfront windows were all broken. Many had been boarded up with occasionally a small pane of glass in the centre giving promise of a return to order and recovery. There was of course no electricity. The only food that was obtainable was potatoes, some jam and purple pickled onions. I quite enjoyed raw potatoes and jam, and had no trouble with the pickled onions either.

My mother decided that chances of obtaining food in these difficult times would be better in the country than in a city. As well, she had not had any news of my father for four months and hoped that he might try and contact her through friends at his former place of work in Eisenach. The clincher for deciding to return to the vicinity of Eisenach was that it was under American occupation. Aunt Margaret on the other hand decided to return to the place of uncle's last posting even though this was in Soviet territory, to facilitate their reunion.

After some days we caught the train that was to take us back to Eisenach. This was definitely not first class as we had to ride on the load of coal with strict instructions not to heed the calls of people along the way to throw them some coal. I enjoyed that ride because the weather was fine and the view was great from that elevated position.

Our empty-handed return to Wutha, the village of my birth three kilometres out of Eisenach, was on foot one sunny evening in



The Arnold Family, 1944.

late spring. My mother's first pleas for accommodation fell on deaf ears. A woman with one child whose husband had been a workmate of my father's accepted us into her small first floor flat. This meant that four children, of whom I was the youngest and the only boy, had to share one single bed. This arrangement whereby there were two sleepers to each end of the bed caused quite a bit of argument about whose turn it was to sleep with bended knees or who was cribbing too much of the duna. Eventually, my younger sister and I went to the house next door to sleep where a widow had a spare bed.

I had already turned six years of age and not gone to school. The village school had been damaged by shellfire and had still to be repaired. In August I began school. Our teachers were not very professional because during the war you could not teach if you were not a party member and now you could not teach if you

had been a party member! My mother eventually obtained a flat of her own and worked as a farm hand virtually just for food for the family and even so we had to go hungry many a time.

*To be continued*

**PNGVR was a Unit in which men of many former nationalities served. It is great to have the story of one of them. Thank you Bernard.**

### A BUNNINGS STORY

*One of my mates was installing a new door and found one of the hinges was missing, so he asked his wife if she would go to Bunnings and pick up a hinge. She agreed to go, and, while waiting for the nice young man to finish serving another customer, her eye caught a beautiful bathroom vanity tap set.*

*When the man was finished she asked him "How much is that vanity set?" to which he replied "That's a gold plated set and the price is \$500".*

*She exclaimed "My goodness! That's very expensive and certainly out of my price range".*

*She then proceeded to describe the hinge my mate had sent her to buy. The salesman said they had them in stock and went into the storeroom to get one.*

*From the storeroom he yelled "Lady! Do you wanna screw for the hinge?"*

*She paused for a moment and then shouted back "No! But I will for the vanity set".*

**And that folks is why you can't send a woman to Bunnings.**

### WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

#### The Lae War Cemetery

The Lae War Cemetery was commenced in 1944 by the Australian Army War Graves Service and handed over to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission in 1947. Today it is administered by the Office of Australian War Graves. It contains the graves of many men who lost their lives during the New Guinea Campaign and whose remains were brought to Lae from temporary military cemeteries where the fighting took place.

The war cemetery contains 2,819 burials, 2,818 of these are from the Second World War souls were unidentified. 426 of the unidentified were Indian soldiers who were taken prisoner in Malaya and Hong Kong, and who were brought to New Guinea by the Japanese. There are also 19 British personnel and one Australian burial from the First World War.

These Australian burials include members of the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit, New Guinea Infantry Battalion and the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles.

The main areas in which the Australians buried at Lae lost their lives include the Huon Peninsular, Wau, Salamaua and Madang.



There are many naval casualties buried here. The naval casualties were killed or died of injuries received on HMS King George V, Glenearn and Empire Arquebus as well as four men of the Merchant Navy who died when the SS Gorgon was bombed in Milne Bay in April 1943.

Prior to World War 1 north-eastern New Guinea and certain adjacent islands were German possessions which were occupied by Australian Forces in September 1914. Several cemeteries in PNG contain the remains of the men who died during the First World War. There is one such burial here at the Lae War Cemetery.

The LAE MEMORIAL commemorates 328 officers and men of the Australian Army, the Australian Merchant Navy and the Royal Australian Air Force who lost their lives in war time operations in Papua New Guinea, but have no known grave.

The AIF MEMORIAL, Lae is situated at the entrance to the cemetery and commemorates the battles in the Salamaua, Nadzab and Lae areas.

Casualties of the Royal Australian Navy who lost their lives in the South West Pacific region and have no known grave but the sea are commemorated on Plymouth Naval Memorial in England.

The entrance to the cemetery is comprised of stone pillars joined by stone latticework. Rising from the forecourt is a wide flight of steps leading to a flat-topped colonnade. The steps and the paving within the colonnade were the original headstones that were placed in the Cemetery. They were replaced by current pedestals and bronze plaques due to the climatic conditions in Lae as well as the fact that Lae is susceptible to earthquakes and ground tremors.

The central span of the colonnade frames a view of the Cross of Sacrifice, with stands on a wide expanse of lawn studded with the bronze plaques on concrete pedestals that mark the gravesites.

#### Recent Interments

The most recent burials to have occurred in the cemetery were in January and April 1999.

On 13 January 1999, Flight Lieutenant Denis John Unkles and Army Lieutenant John Rawdon Fethersonhaugh were buried at the Lae War Cemetery. Both men perished in April 1944 whilst on jungle reconnaissance flight.

&

In April 1999, RAAF Flying Officer Maurice Ambrose Bellert of the No. 82 Squadron RAAF, was also buried in Lae War Ceme-

tery with full military honours. He had crashed into the sea in October 1944 and his final location was not discovered until 1999.

#### Notable Graves

##### Lt. Albert Chowne VC,MM (Plot QQ, Row A, Grave 8)

Lieutenant Chowne was born in Sydney in 1920 and worked as a shirt-cutter at David Jones prior to the outbreak of war. He initially joined the 36th Militia Battalion, before enlisting with the AIF as a Private in 1940. Prior to serving in New Guinea, Chowne served during the siege of Tobruk, in Syria and at the Battle of El Alamein. In July 1943, his unit was deployed to New Guinea, where he was awarded the Military Medal for crawling close to enemy positions in order to direct mortar fire during the Battle of Finschhafen. In 1944, he was commissioned as a Lieutenant.

On 25 March 1945, his company attacked an enemy position near Wewak. Seeing that his leading platoon was being held up by enemy fire, Chowne rushed forward, knocked out two machine guns with grenades, then moved further forward whilst firing his machine gun. Although severely wounded, his momentum carried him forward another 50 yards, before he was killed. For this action, Chowne was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross.

##### Flight Lieutenant William Newton VC (Plot S, Row A, Grave 4)

William Newton was born in Melbourne in 1919. He worked in a silk warehouse prior to enlisting in the R.A.A.F. in February 1940 and qualifying as a pilot in June that year. After serving as a flying instructor, he was posted to Port Moresby in May 1942 and flew Boston Bombers with N° 22 Squadron.

On 16 March 1943, Newton led an attack through intense shell fire and, although his aircraft was hit repeatedly, he held his course and bombed his target from a low level. His aircraft was crippled, with fuselage and wings torn, petrol tanks pierced, engines seriously damaged and one tyre flat, but he managed to fly back to base and land successfully.

Two days later, he bombed the same location. As he hit the target, his aircraft burst into flames. Newton kept the aircraft aloft for as long as possible, in order to get the crew as far away as possible from enemy positions. He brought the plane down on the water, saving himself and his wireless operator. However, they were captured by the enemy and executed.

##### Sergeant Frank Tibbey (Plot NN, Row A, Grave 5)

Frank Tibbey was born on 20 October 1890 and enlisted in the Australian Naval & Military Expeditionary Force on 11 August 1914. Private Tibbey was promoted to Sergeant exactly one week later. Records are unclear as to whether Sgt Tibbey was involved in the action at Bita Paka in September 1914, but it is apparent that he spent some time as part of the Australian garrison at Aitape, near Wewak.

On 21 December 1914, Sgt Tibbey went swimming with some friends. During this outing, he was dumped heavily by a large wave. Two days later, he reported to the medical officer with severe head pain and a high fever. His condition deteriorated over the next week, culminating in his death on 29 December. The cause of death was listed as a cerebral haemorrhage caused by a depressed skull fracture, resulting from his swimming accident.

Sgt Tibbey is the only burial within Lae War Cemetery from the First World War.

**LEST WE FORGET**

The above is extracted from a booklet compiled from information obtained from the internet by WO2 Richard J.T. Jones, CSC, MEngSc, JP, son of member Brian Jones. Richard is currently posted to Igam Barracks, Lae, and has an extra regimental appointment to conduct routine visits to the Lae War Cemetery and complete a brief report to forward to the Office of Australian War Graves on its condition. The booklet was completed for his personal interest to ensure that he has the knowledge base when escorting people through the cemetery.

*More on Commonwealth War Cemeteries next issue*



**LES IRVINE ANGAU** (Continued)

**MY POST WAR ACTIVITIES**

After my discharge from the army in 1946, I started work again with British Products Pty Ltd which had moved into Penneys Building in Queen Street, with its bulk store at the corner of Edward and Mary Streets. The company was a lot smaller than when I left to go into the army, as it was impossible to get goods from England during and immediately after the war. I worked in the office and the bulk store, a sort of a "jack of all trades". I stayed for 3 years but could see no advancement opportunities, so I decided to leave.

I answered an advertisement for a salesman in Taylers Elliotts, the wholesale drug company in Charlotte Street, Brisbane. After two interviews, the general manager took me up to the showroom on the first floor and, pointing out goods such as China tea sets and crystal, asked me if my firm handled these goods, to which I replied "Yes". He then offered me a position as second-in-charge of this department, which also handled cosmetics and perfumery. The manager of this department was also the warehouse manager and was away from the department on several occasions.

Taylers Elliotts had a reputation for being a hard firm in which to work. It was not uncommon for managers and assistant managers of departments to leave and seek other employment, sometimes being accepted for positions with opposition firms.

I always thought that I would like to be a newsagent and work for myself, so after two years I resigned from Taylers Elliotts and bought a newsagency with a shop and a "block run" in Caxton Street, Petrie Terrace. The previous newsagency owner did not have a lease on the premises and the landlord was on holidays on the Gold Coast. Fortunately I was able to obtain the landlord's holiday address so I went and found her, and returned to Brisbane with a three year lease. This proved to be a wise move as

I was in the business only a few weeks when the freehold was sold to a Greek, who gave me trouble from the start. The Greek came into my shop and told me that my lease didn't include the accommodation upstairs. I didn't agree with him, so he returned with his solicitor, with whom I spoke. Nothing happened at that time, but when my lease expired, the Greek walked into my shop and handed me a notice to quit. He took me to court and told a lot of lies, including one that he wanted my shop for a fish shop. There was already a fish shop on the other side of the street, so he would have been unable to get a fish licence. Outside the court the two solicitors suggested that if I agreed to vacate the premises in four months time, no further action would be taken. I agreed to this as previous, I had a buyer for my business and the Greek wouldn't agree to transfer the lease unless there was a huge increase in the rent for the shop and upstairs accommodation. This prevented the sale at the time and, as the situation had not improved, I decided to vacate the shop.

There were a number of shops in Caxton Street with their windows boarded up with people living in them, so I made generous offers for other places, but without success. I was beginning to worry, when all of a sudden, I was able to buy a vacant shop site on the other side of the street on which I built two shops. The shops were completed on the same day as I had to vacate my old shop, and the Greek was there to see that I did. This proved a good move as I now had my own premises and a more modern shop.

There was a Golden Casket agency with the newsagency when I made the purchase. Before I originally bought the business, I had approached the golden casket manager, Frank Burke who told me that when a previous owner sold out, the casket agency would be cancelled and the purchaser would have to re-apply for it. Fortunately I knew Frank Burke personally, as he was a life member of Western Suburbs Rugby League Club with which I was playing at the time. The secretary of my football team was Bill Power, the Attorney General, but all this didn't help as the casket agency was cancelled. Frank Burke's argument was that the law did not permit transferring casket agencies. Three years later, when I moved into my new shop, Bill Power pulled up outside one Sunday morning and said now that you are in your new shop, go and see Frank Burke and he'll give you the agency, which he did. After being in the newsagency business for eight years, I sold it and later sold the freehold to Gambaros.

In January 1956 I married Alice June Shadbolt of Narrandera, which is near Hay in NSW. We have four children, Maureen, Rhonda, Cynthia and Edwin.

We had a wonderful holiday driving our Holden panel van around New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia in June 1958. At the time I did not have a job and I couldn't find one which suited me. However, I was still getting rent from my two shops in Caxton Street.

I eventually answered an advertisement for a salesman to sell land. The advertisement said that they would help in making the first sale so I thought I had nothing to lose. The commission was only ten pounds per block. I lasted two weeks because after making my first sale, they kept half of the commission.

1958 was a busy year as I had also purchased two adjoining blocks of land at Stafford Heights, from the real estate firm that was the sole agent for the developers of that estate. I was already the owner of two allotments of land at Mt Gravatt which were in low positions. I sold these at a later time.

When the agent for the land at Stafford Heights knew that I had two weeks sales experience in real estate, he offered me a position selling houses anywhere in Brisbane. I started almost immediately, and in my second week I sold a house in

Sherwood. I then sold a house every week and then two in the last week of the year. I sold houses, many off the plan, to young engaged and married couples. When the two owners of the real estate company split up, each offered me a job. I decided to work with the one who stayed with the company, did the most talking and made the most sales. I then became a part owner of the company as I didn't want to leave when I was doing so well. Unfortunately this didn't work out, as my co-director was the biggest rogue not in jail, and he caught me for thousands of pounds. I issued a writ against him and received some of the money in small repayments of fifty pounds over a period of many years.

I left this company and applied for my own Real Estate Licence, which I obtained and set up my own agency, Les Irvine Real Estate in Stafford. I applied to the State Government Insurance Office to be its agent in Stafford and this was granted to me. I



Les (with hat) with carrying party in Torricilli Mountains, 1945

developed the SG10 agency to be the second largest on the Northside behind Redcliffe. Additionally, I was one of the few agents allowed to issue cover notes on motor vehicles. I collected rates and electricity payments for the Brisbane City Council as well as payments for the Gas Company.

During 1977 there was a slump in real estate and some of the large firms like Bright Slater and Sharp and Musgrave closed some of their offices. Hooker Rex Pty Ltd advertised for a salesman to sell land on its estate "Paramount Gardens" in Stafford Heights. As this estate was only a few minutes from my home, I went to see the general manager in the city, Peter Green whom I had known for many years and I applied for the position. Peter said to me "Les, things are very quiet at present". He gave me the job, so I closed my agency at Stafford and started with Hooker Rex in September 1977.

After I sold most of the land on this estate I was relocated to the "New Paramount Estate" at McDowell. I had a very large and good caravan office on the corner of Rode and Trouts Roads. I was "salesman of the year" on two occasions, selling more land than the men at Aspley and Centenary Estates in Jindalee and Mt Ommaney.

As I had been selling real estate at weekends for most of my adult life, I realised I was always working when my kids were home. Accordingly, I decided to retire in July 1986 to spend more time with them. I received a very good reference from Peter Green who had known me for twenty two years.

I became a Rotarian in 1975, being a foundation member of the Rotary Club of Stafford. I was President of that Club from 1980 to 1981. I have been in Rotary 33 years including 31 years of 100% attendances. In 1975 I started "Carols by Candlelight" in

Stafford and organised it for the next fifteen years. I was made a "Paul Harris Fellow" in 1980. I transferred to the Rotary Club of Mitchelton in 1997 and have been organising the guest speakers for the club meetings since 1998.

In 1990 I started the Probus Club of Stafford, a community service of Rotary, and was its President from 1990 to 1992. The Club now has a membership of ninety men and women.

I was on the committee that started "Meals on Wheels" in Stafford and, in partnership with the Stafford Lions, built a modern brick kitchen on the corner of Appleby Road and Teevan Street. I delivered meals for eight years.

I was a volunteer driver of a mini-bus for the South Pacific Village at Expo in 1988. I picked up native dancers from where they were housed at Highgate Hill, Rosalie, New Farm, Camp Hill and Annerley and returned them to their respective accommodation.

In 1995 I received the Premier's Award in recognition of service to the community and to Queensland.

As all of my children attended the Stafford Heights State School, I attended the meetings of the Parents and Citizens Association and served as president for twelve consecutive years. I am proud of what was achieved during my presidency. This included the levelling of high, rough and rocky ground to form two football ovals supplied with underground water, and the building of a swimming pool. I also started adult education at the school, which brought in over \$3,000 per term and which is still operating today.

Rugby League has always been my main sport, from West End State School in 1935 until I stopped playing football when I bought my newsagency in 1951. I still have the newspaper clipping from the Telegraph Saturday Pink Paper which reads: "New Farm played a nil all draw with West End. The game was more rugged than brilliant. The Enders did not play up to expectation. Pegg (centre), Irvine (half) and Bath (forward) were West's best". This was the under 5 stone team and the first game any of us had ever played. After leaving school I played in two premierships teams, South's under 8 stone and Brother's under 8 stone 6 lb, which were undefeated in 1941.

After discharge from the army in 1946, I played senior football with Western Suburbs, being captain of their 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade side and with the Reserve Grade premierships team in 1947. I later played a few 'A' Grade games. I kept playing until I bought my newsagency in 1951. I stopped because I could not afford the risk of a broken arm or leg when I had the paper run.

I then decided to become a referee and was a BRL and QRL referee for the next eleven years refereeing at all the football grounds in Brisbane, including Woolloongabba, Davies Park and Lang Park. I also refereed at a number of country grounds including Caboolture, Kilcoy, the Gold Coast, Beenleigh and the 'A' Grade grand final at Beaudesert between Beenleigh and Beaudesert.

I then joined Wests/Mitchelton Junior Rugby League Club and coached the Under 14s to win the Presidents Cup in 1961. I became the first person to coach a premierships team, the Under 18s in 1963. That same year I went to Sydney as coach for the Brisbane Under 18s representative team. I also coached Wests/Mitchelton Under 15s to win the final. I was made a Life Member of the club in 1971. I also coached minor grades from Under 7s to Under 10s as my son was playing in these teams.

I had very good friends who lived in the bush at Goodna with whom I spent many holidays during my school years and for many years after. They had no town water or electricity. They worked on the farm and kept many hives of bees and had horses, cows and pigs. We had lots of fun riding horses and



Les at Finschaffen, 1946

in the German Wagon. Once while riding the draft horses I was kicked on the ankle. It was my fault as I was fooling around. I became very interested in bee keeping and eventually owned my own hive which I brought to our West End home on the back of my bike.

My sister Olive and I bought two blocks of land in Pelican Street, Peregian Beach in 1960 and in 1971 we built a

block of four brick flats overlooking the ocean on one allotment. We sold the flats in 1990 and then sold the second vacant site the following year.

I took my family for a tour of Papua and New Guinea aboard the ship "Malaysia" in January 1971. We went to Port Moresby, Lae, Nadzab, Kainantu and Goroka, and from Goroka I drove a car to Mt Hagen over-nighting at Kundiawa. We then flew from Mt Hagen to Madang, then back to Goroka arriving the same day as the United Nations Mission. When we flew from Mt Hagen to Madang, we flew in a small Cessna along the valleys with the mountains on both sides of us. We returned to Brisbane by air. This trip was an eye opener for my children, especially seeing the thousands of natives with head dress, bows, arrows and spears on the air strip at Goroka.

In my school years we never had much money but we had lots of fun. We had a wonderful mother. She was a tailor, made our suits and clothes and always ensured we were well clothed and fed. It was the saddest day of my life when she passed away aged 68 years on the 12<sup>th</sup> April 1962.

I am now nearly 86 years old, having lived a relatively long time. I still enjoy my life and remain a member of Mitchelton Rotary, the Stafford Probus Club and the NGVR/PNGVR Association. I also attend various RSL related functions and march on Anzac Day. Much of my time is also spent visiting my surviving sister, children and friends. I remain in good health and still live in the family home at Stafford.

The NGVR/PNGVR Association has asked me to write my story, and here it is. Many of the NGVR soldiers served in ANGAU when NGVR was disbanded late 1942, early 1943. I trust you find my story interesting. My life has not been outstanding in any way, but now that it has been written, I do feel proud of my modest achievements. Although my army story is not distinctive, I served to my best ability and it probably reflects the military life and experiences of many ordinary Australians at that time.

Les Irvine April, 2008.

**This was hand written by Les in 2008, and prepared for publication by Phil Ainsworth. Les died of cancer, aged 89, on 5 July 2011, see p12, Harim Tok Tok Vol 70, 71 & 72. RIP Les.**

#### A GET WELL CARD TO JOHN BATZE

John Batze was in Hospital for a month over Christmas recuperating from a major back operation.

John was in PNGVR and is a regular volunteer for assistance at your Museum.

John's fathers family had an interesting time in WW2. John's father, Adolph Batze, NG 2477, and one of his uncles, William Batze, NG2476, were in NGVR in Lae. They stayed on in New Guinea with other NGVR personnel, firstly in the Markham and then in Wau where they were given the task of obtaining fresh produce from local native villages. They eventually came out over the Bulldog Track & down the Lakekamu River.

However other uncles August, Karl & Hermann Batze, were not in NGVR and were interned and shipped under NGVR escort out of New Guinea to an internment camp for Italians in Australia. John is not sure whether it was because William was born in Australia & Adolph on a ship while going to Rabaul, with the other three being born in New Guinea, or whether it was because Adolph & William were in NGVR whereas the other 3 were not.

Prior to the American landing at Cape Gloucester in New Britain Adolph was interviewed while in Concord West Military Hospital as he had worked on small ships around New Britain.

He advised them that Karl knew the area better. They interviewed Karl in an Internment Camp and he advised them of a sand bar in the river in question not seen in aerial photos. The Americans ignored his advice and their landing barges stuck on the sand bar.

Recover quickly John, the Museum needs members like yourself.

#### NEVER CHEAT ON A COUNTRY WOMAN

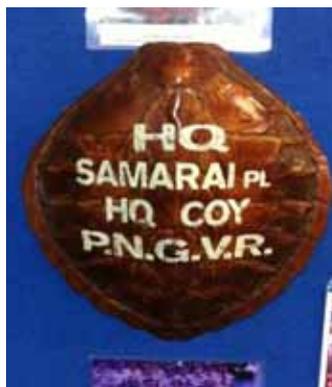
*A country wife came home just in time to find her husband in bed with another woman. With superhuman strength, borne of fury, and cutting firewood, lifting sacks of feed and bales of hay, she dragged him down the stairs, out the back door, and into the barn.*

*She put his manhood in a vice and then secured it tightly, and removed the vice handle. Next she picked up an old carpenter's saw.*

*The banged-up-cheater was terrified and yelled. "Stop! Stop! Your'e not going to cut it off with that rusty saw, are you?"*

*The wife, with a gleam of revenge in her eye, put the saw in her husband's hand and said.....*

*"Nope!.But you might! I'm about to set fire to the barn.*



Continued from page 1

Leigh Eastwood also presented the refurbished original "HQ Samarai PI ,HQ Coy, PNGVR" turtle shell shield to the Museum – thank you Leigh.

Continued on page 15



*Those in Mess dress at the Mixed Field Dining Night, 15 Sept 2011.*

*L-R Norm Mundy, Doug Ng, Paul Brown, Barry Wright, Maj. Gen. John Pearn, Bob Collins, Colin Gould, Noel Parker (RAN Lombrum), Noel Serafini, Jesse Chee*



*Maj Gen John Pearn about to make the presentation to Pam & Barry. Mrs Vena Pearn in foreground.*

## THE FINAL MIXED FIELD DINING NIGHT

On Sat 15th Sept. 2011, 66 members and wives attended the final Mixed Field Dining Night at Jimboomba.

Regrettably age has caught up with those responsible for the erection and taking apart of the venue (Barry Wright had his 79th birthday the following Sat), and a decision was made to quit whilst we were ahead.

The weather was not totally co-operative with a storm lasting from approx 3.30pm to 5pm on the evening, however when it cleared everyone had a great time and no further rain fell during the dining night.

In view of the significance of the occasion, it was decided that the dinner would be formal and some 10 members and guests turned out in mess dress.

The usual formalities were carried out during the evening, with toasts and presentations to Pam and Barry Wright, by our Patron, Maj. Gen. John Pearn, for their co-operation in the past by allowing the Assn to use their property over the past 12 years, and another by John Holland to Pam for the sterling work she has performed in sending along cakes and biscuits etc. when there is a visit by the public to the Museum. This was the 23rd such event, with one having had to be cancelled because of inclement weather.

The organisers of the event are in the process of looking at vari-

ous avenues and prospects for similar future events. With the increasing cost of having such a function at somewhere like the United Services Club (would be about \$100 per head now), so if you feel that a suitable venue would be available at a reasonable price please do not hesitate to let the Editor of HTT know. Its would be a shame to have such a function cease altogether, as the aim of the event is to provide a venue for old comrades to get together and renew memories of the past.

**Bob Collins**

### Email from Don Swiney

I was a 2Lt serving in 22 Construction Squadron, RAE, when the squadron was building the Wewak-Maprik Road in Northern PNG during 1965. We were also constructing the temporary barracks for 2 PIR at Cape Moem.

The first photo attached shows the sort of construction I mean. The CO of 2 PIR at the time was Lt Col Donald Ramsay and the second photo shows him critically appraising the 2 PIR band while awaiting a VIP arrival at Boram Airstrip. As I recall the VIP was Brig. A.L. McDonald. I took the photo and made myself scarce as neither had a lot of time for scruffy engineers.

I was scanning my slides and sorting them into some sort of order when your advice of Col Donald Ramsay's demise arrived, it was a coincidence. I believe he was responsible for the introduction of the Pipes and Drums into the PIR.

*Photo 1: Building the Transport Compound at Cape Moem.*

*Photo 2: 2 PIR Band at Boram Airstrip. CO—Lt Col Donald Ramsay in foreground.*





PNGVR Annual Camp, Taurama, 1962  
Receiving lessons from a PIR Officer on the GPMG  
Noel Kenna at left. John Paynter (dec'd) 2nd from right.  
Photo courtesy Bernard Arnold

#### VALE: Pat BRIANCOURT 1934-2011

Died at Svensson Heights (Bundaberg) 13th May 2011, aged 77 after a long illness. Born in London, he served in the Wiltshire County Constabulary.

Pat arrived in Australia in 1953 and became a Cadet in Victoria Police for a year before joining the Royal Australian Army Provost Corps between 1955-1960, reaching the rank of Lt. He joined RPNGC on 2.11.1961. and served widely in Papua New Guinea, at the Bomana Police College, mobile forces, Rabaul during the Mataungan problems, the Highlands and elsewhere. He was promoted to Superintendent on 15.2.1972 and separated from RPNGC on 8.5.1975.

Pat was also a member of PNGVR.

On return to Australia he was a member of the Commonwealth Employment Service and later became a commercial fisherman in South Australia. He is survived by Audrey, a son Wayne, and grandchildren.

M.R. HAYES  
**LEST WE FORGET**

#### VALE: Peter Zacharia PETRIDES 1931-2011

Peter (Zorba) Petrides was a child of Cyprus, born to parents Zacharia and Anna at Nicosia on 5 April, 1931, although always claiming two birthdays as his officially recorded date of birth was some six months later. Peter often told me that as a young man, he had to escape from Cyprus and emigrate to Australia, as he had fought the British occupation forces and was wanted as a terrorist! Although I was never quite sure if this was really the case, or just another huge joke from Zorba's wicked sense of humour.

Either way, Peter arrived at the port of Fremantle on 26 January 1952, and then moved rapidly from his first squalid hostel in Melbourne, as he didn't like the weather, to live in Sydney where he worked three jobs before joining the Australian Postal Service. He was asked, and accepted, a posting to Moresby to fill a position as a postal clerk, eventually working his way up through the system to manager status and in control of the famous PNG Philatelic Bureau. He had also been in charge of most major post offices throughout PNG, and formed long-lasting friendships with many of the expatriates as he travelled extensively throughout the islands to supervise operations.

On the 24 February 1959, Peter joined the PNGVR at Moresby,



and served as a Private until the 24 April 1960. Throughout that period, and due to an Army stuff-up which involved duplicate numbers, he was known as 159842 and also 859842, and I guess he never quite knew which was which. Zorba was also very active with many

sporting and social groups in PNG, and was all but selected as a lawn bowler to go with the team to the 1970 Commonwealth Games event in Edinburgh, until local politics intervened. With his wife Betty, who he met and married in Moresby, Peter accepted the golden handshake in 1975 and returned to Australia to run a butcher's shop in the south-east Queensland town of Eudlo, before joining that state's Public Service and then uplifting to Darwin after cyclone Tracy to again work in the bureaucracy. He quickly reached the position of Executive Officer for the new Parliament house Committee, before retiring in 1993 to live quietly at Riley's Hill, near Ballina in northern NSW.

But there was a serious confrontation with the "Old Jack Dancer" during 1998, which later returned many years after major surgery - this time in a different form - and claimed his

life on 4 July, aged 80 years. Peter's immediate family included four of his own children, four grown step-children and 17 grandchildren. He was a man of great goodwill and generosity, a vibrant figure full of practical jokes and everyday humour, mostly from laughing at himself and with others, a rare individual who will be sadly missed.



Photos. i) Peter relaxing  
ii) Peter dancing with grand-daughter Erin in Fiji.

Noel Tuckey  
**LEST WE FORGET**

#### VALE: Alan Kirby DUNWOODIE NG 2336 NGX 423 1921-2012

Alan died peacefully in his sleep on 1st January. He had turned 90 on 15th Dec.

He was in Wau working for the Bank of New South Wales and was in the Vickers Machine Gun Platoon at Wau when the Japanese invaded N.G. He manned a Vickers Machine Gun at Komiatum village when the NGVR/ 5th Ind. Coy attack on Salamaua was carried out, in case the Japanese followed our attackers.

Without going south on leave he was attached to L of C Sigs (Line of Communication Signals Unit) in Port Moresby in 1943.

His full story was contained in HTT Vols 63,64,65.

**LEST WE FORGET**

**With the current world state of finances, it is appropriate to simplify just how a financial Bail-Out can occur.**

It is a slow day in a damp little Irish town. The rain is beating down harshly, and all the streets are deserted. Times are tough, everybody is in debt and everybody lives on credit.

On this particular day a rich German tourist is driving through the town, stops at the local hotel and lays a €100 note on the desk, telling the hotel owner he wants to inspect the rooms upstairs in order to pick one to spend the night.

The owner gives him some room-keys and, as soon as the visitor has walked upstairs, the hotelier grabs the €100 note and runs next door to pay his debt to the butcher.

The butcher takes the €100 note and rushes down the street to repay his debt to the pig farmer. The pig farmer

takes the €100 note and heads off to pay his bill at the supplier of animal feed and fuel.

The guy at the Farmers' Co-op takes the €100 note and runs to pay his drinks bill at the friendly neighbourhood pub. The pub owner slips the money along to the local prostitute drinking at the bar - who, in spite of facing hard times, has always gladly offered him her 'services' on credit.

The hooker then rushes over to the hotel and pays off her room bill to the hotel owner with the €100 note.

The hotel proprietor quietly replaces the €100 note back on the counter, so that the rich traveller will not suspect anything!

At that moment the traveller comes down the stairs, states that none of the rooms meet his expectations, returns the keys and takes his note back.

No one has produced anything. No one has earned anything. However, the whole town is now out of debt and looking to the future with a lot more optimism.

And that, folks is how a basic financial bailout package works.

*Continued from page 12*

About 10 members of the Assn. are attending the unveiling ceremony for the "Australians of Chinese Heritage War Memorial" at Sunnybank RSL, 19 Gager St. Sunnybank, Brisbane Saturday 4 February, starting 1415 hrs – Assn. dress is Anzac Day dress. That evening at 1830hrs , a similar number of Assn. members will attend a dinner to celebrate the completion of the "Australians of Chinese Heritage War Memorial" at Michael's Oriental Restaurant , Eight Mile Plains, Brisbane- dress will be smart casual. The President of PNGAA, Ms Andrea Williams will also be attending.

During February, the dates to be advised and weather permitting, two working bees will be held at the Museum to erect the ramp.

The next Committee meeting will be held on 17 March at the Museum with a first time, early 1000hrs meeting start. Please arrive at 0800hrs for the usual chores.

A " Bush Dinner" will be held the same evening at Ted &Heather's home, Jimboomba (two doors beyond Pam & Barry's home) - for details contact Bob Collins 07 5526 8396 or email [bob-collins@bigpond.com](mailto:bob-collins@bigpond.com) .

A 303 rifle range practice shoot will be held at Fassifern Rifle Range, near Boonah, SE Qld at 1000 hrs 31March. Please contact Ian Thompson at 0417 625 914 or email [ianoil@hotmail.com](mailto:ianoil@hotmail.com) for details.

Our usual Anzac Day march and Reunion will be held on 25 April, the details of which will be published in HTT Vol. 73. This year a group of members will be attending the 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Commemoration Service for the victims of the Japanese invasion of the NG islands and the sink-

ing of the Montevideo Maru in Rabaul during Anzac week.

At 1000hrs Saturday 19 May, the third Committee meeting will be held at the Museum.

It is also planned to hold an 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary function to celebrate the achievements of NGVR on Friday evening 1 June, possibly at the Greenbank RSL, the details of which will be provided in HTT Vol.73. Please diarize this important date now.

On Saturday 30 June at noon, an 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Japanese Invasion of the NG island and sinking of the Montevideo Maru commemoration luncheon will be held at the National Press Club, Canberra followed the next day, 1 July, by the dedication of the "Rabaul & Montevideo Maru" National Memorial at the AWM, Canberra. It is hoped the PM will speak at the luncheon and the GG to attend the Dedication. Details are available from either Phil Ainsworth at 0418 730 348 or email [p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au](mailto:p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au) or Andrea Williams at 0409 031 889 or email [andrea.williams@bigpond.com](mailto:andrea.williams@bigpond.com) . If you wish to attend both or either of these functions, book as soon as possible as the demand is large and "first in will be first served".

#### Phil Ainsworth



*Some great military shots. Future editions will also have a number .*

## FUNCTION DATES

**4 Feb 2.15pm** Unveiling Ceremony of Australians of Chinese Heritage War Memorial at Sunnyside RSL, 19 Gage St, Sunnybank

**4 Feb 6.30pm** Dinner to celebrate completion of Australians of Chinese Heritage War Memorial at Michael's Oriental Restaurant, Eight Mile Plains (dress casual)

**TBA Feb** One or two Saturdays for working bee to erect ramp to Museum

**17 Mar 10.00am** Assn. Committee meeting

**17 Mar** Bush Dinner at Ted & Heather's place Jimboomba (2 doors beyond Barry & Pam's home), limited places, dress casual, ph: 07 5526 83 96 or email bobcollins@bigpond.com

**31 Mar** Practice shoot at Fassifern Rifle Range—contact Ian Thompson on 0417 625 914 or email: ianoil@hotmail.com

**25 Apr** ANZAC Day march and reunion—details to be provided next HTT

**21-29 Apr** Some Assn. members travelling to Rabaul for ANZAC Day service and 70th Anniversary commemorating the victims of the Japanese invasion and the sinking of the Montevideo Maru

**19 May 10.00am** Assn. Committee meeting

**1 Jun** Proposed NGVR 70th Anniversary function; details to be advised

**30 Jun Noon** 70th Anniversary of Japanese invasion of New Guinea Islands and sinking of the Montevideo Maru Luncheon at National Press Conference Canberra. Contact Andrea Williams on 0409 031 889 or email: andrea.williams@bigpond.com

**1 Jul** Dedication ceremony of Rabaul & Montevideo Maru National Memorial at AWM, Canberra. Contact Andrea Williams

## 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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**Bob Collins—Editor**

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