





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

The main Association activities since the last edition centred around ANZAC Day in Brisbane and Rabaul. An article by Colin Gould on page 15 of this paper covers the Brisbane ANZAC Day March, the NGVR Memorial Service in the Hall of Memories and the Victory Hotel Reunion. Five Association members, Graham Lyme, John Holland, Gerry McGrade, Don Hook and I, as well as 9 friends of our Association attended Rabaul ANZAC Day. Diplomatic representatives of Australia, United States, New Zealand, Great Britain and Norway were present with local representatives for India and China. Papua New Guinea was represented by the former Governor General Sir Paulus Matane and Changol Manuai, the self styled Lord Mayor of the Rural and Urban Local Government in Rabaul. There were also representatives from 2/22nd Battalion Lark Force Association, I Independent Company, the Coastwatchers and the Montevideo Maru Foundation. Dr Bill Sykes, the Victorian State Parliamentary member for Benalla was present representing members of his electorate who were unable to attend. 200 Australian visitors were estimated to be present in Rabaul for this memorable occasion.

Three services were held on ANZAC Day in Rabaul: the usual Dawn ANZAC service at the Town's refurbished Cenotaph (this was rebuilt by Gerry McGrade) followed by the Montevideo Maru 70th Anniversary commemoration service at the Montevideo Maru Memorial on the harbour foreshore, and a late morning ANZAC service at Bitapaka War Cemetery. All were well attended by the PNG diplomatic corps, Australian visitors, expatriates and Papua New Guineans. The Australian visitors were there for commemorating the 70th Anniversary of the loss of loved ones when the Japanese invaded Rabaul and surrounding New Guinea islands and the sinking of the Montevideo Maru. After the first two services, all adjourned to the Rabaul Yacht Club to share a gunfire breakfast (for which our Association had contributed \$500), and a post Bitapaka luncheon was served at the Ralum Club in Kokopo. An ANZAC commemoration dinner was held that evening.

Prior to ANZAC Day, the McGrade's at Rabaul Hotel and the Rabaul Historical Society had organised gatherings for visitors and residents to meet and greet and renew friendships. These proved most beneficial in breaking the ice, and the subsequent sharing of stories bonded the

group in a way which was unexpected. Thus the combination of the superb organisation, the quality of the social gatherings and services, together with the common purpose of all who congregated in Rabaul, resulted in a most satisfying and successful occasion.

Although Rabaul township is a barely recognisable sight these days compared to its former glory days, the weather was fine and "Matupi" behaved itself. We were told the volcano has been in a similar condition for a number of months, and for the first time in many years the place is greening up. This reflected the positive view of the local residents that Rabaul will again rise to reclaim its former position.

The next function is our Regimental dining in night to commemorate NGVR's wartime record. All members, friends and their partners are invited to this formal dinner which will be held at 6pm Friday 1st June at the Greenbank RSL "drop in centre" behind the Services Club. Dress will be Mess kit/ANZAC Day dress or lounge suit with miniatures. This is a three course sit down dinner with drinks available for \$35 per person. Please contact Bob Collins on 0413 831 397 or bob-collins@bigpond.com if you wish to attend. Send your cheque to the Secretary, whose postal address is on page 16. Alternatively, you may send your money electronically to NGVR & PNGVR Association; Commonwealth Bank of Australia; BSB : 064006; A/C No.: 10001126 with a covering email to



From L to R - Graham Lyme, John Holland and Phil Ainsworth in front of the Rabaul Cenotaph after the Dawn ANZAC Day service.

Doug so he knows who has sent it.

Also a reminder for when you are changing your address details, particularly your email address, please advise either the Secretary or me. A list of Association Committee Members with phone numbers and email addresses may be found on page 16.

Phil Ainsworth—May, 2012

PNG Historic Military Events

Extracted from MD, newsletter of Victoria Barracks' Historical Society:

APRIL

- 1,1942—Japanese forces land in Dutch New Guinea (West Irian)
- 4,1883—Queensland Colonial Government annexes South East New Guinea for the Crown
- 5,1964—US General Douglas MacArthur dies
- 9,1944—Last Japanese troops killed or captured on Manus Island
- 12,1945—Death of US President, Franklin D Roosevelt. Harry S Truman sworn in as successor
- 18,1942—US General Douglas MacArthur takes up post as Supreme Commander Allied Forces, South West Pacific, with Australian General Thomas Blamey appointed Commander Allied Land Forces
- 18,1943—US "Lightning" aircraft shoot down "Betty" bomber carrying Japanese Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto (killed in attack)
- 24,1944—Australian troops re-occupy Madang, New Guinea
- 25,1925—Australian War Memorial, Canberra, founded

MAY

- 1,1942—Townsville, Queensland, placed on invasion alert
- 1,1963—Dutch New Guinea transferred to Indonesia as West Irian
- 7,1919—League of Nations grants Australia a mandate over the former German territories in the South West Pacific
- 7,1942—Coral Sea Battle begins, Australian aircrew involved
- 9,1921—Australian military administration of mandated territory of New Guinea replaced by Civilian Administration
- 11,1945—5th Division, AMF, captures Wewak, New Guinea
- 14,1943—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
- 15,1945—Private Edward Kenna, 2/4th Battalion, 6th Division, AIF, VC at Wewak, New Guinea
- 17,1885—Germany annexes north New Guinea & Bismark Archipelago
- 20,1943—Japanese conduct air raids on naval installations at Exmouth Gulf, Western Australia
- 23,1942—"Kanga Force" moves to Wau, New Guinea
- 30,1872—Thursday and other Torres Strait Islands annexed by the Queensland Colonial Government for the Crown
- 31,1942—Three Japanese midget submarines enter Sydney Harbour. Depot ship HMAS "Kuttabul" sunk. 19 lives lost.

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**NGVR/ NG AIR WARNING WIRELESS/
ALLIED INTELLIGENCE BUREAU**

Sgt Stanley Lionel BURTON NG 2116 NGX 452

I was born in Emmaville, in the New England district of NSW on 18th May, 1916.

I was the middle of 5 children, the oldest was Beryl, who today (2010) is in Atherton, QLD, in a nursing home, then Keith, myself, George and then Ena who is also living today in Atherton.

My father was a Mining Engineer, working for an English company, mainly looking at locations to establish the full nature of deposits of Tin and Gold.

I went to school in Emmaville, but during school holidays, whenever possible, used to go out to where dad was working as the type of work he was carrying out was of interest to me. Towards the end of my schooling he was spending a lot of time working at the Palmer River in North Qld so I did a lot of travelling in school holidays.

I seemed to have a knowledge of heavy machinery and, after completing school at Emmaville, I moved to Northern QLD and carried out mechanical repairs on heavy machinery in the area.

I was involved in two businesses at the time – one a transport business and the other the working of heavy industrial machinery in the area. I was involved in the construction of the first airstrip to be built at Cooktown.

Having a good mechanical knowledge it amazed me that people with little mechanical knowledge would take heavy equipment away from a centre where they could get assistance to areas where absolutely no mechanical assistance was available. However providing that assistance provided me with a livelihood.

I never obtained formal Trade qualifications but was always in demand.

I meet my future wife, Daphne

It was at this time that I met Daphne, whose family was involved in similar work in the area. She lived in Cooktown and, having her family in the same type of work and working on the same projects at times meant that we saw a lot of one another.

We became engaged and then I received a letter from one of the Engineers who had worked with my father. He was in New Guinea and offered me a two year contract at the gold mining site on Misima Island.

Daphne and I spoke about the lack of facilities on the Island but, in the end, we decided to get married, otherwise I would be away for two years without seeing her.

We Move to Misima Island

We were married on 1st March, 1937, and shortly after moved to Misima Island.

The Company involved on the Island had just introduced a new process and had built a new treatment plant for the extraction of gold. The old process was to extract and crush the ore, run the crushed ore over a table and physically remove those pieces containing gold for further processing. My task was to help develop the equipment required for the

new process and it worked extremely well. The new process involved three separate crushings of the ore until it was finally crushed to the texture of fine sand. Then a process was developed to run a fluid, with a trace of cyanide in it,



Stan & Daphne on their wedding day. On the bottom corner of the photo it says "To Mother with Love, Stan & Daphne 1st March, 1937." The copy belonging to Stan & Daphne was destroyed with all their other possessions in Bulolo. On hearing this Daphne's mother gave them her photo.

through the crushed ore. The fluid stuck to the gold and the fine pieces of gold washed out of the bottom of the bin.

Naturally there was a holding dam which overflowed into a creek some distance from the crushers. This creek was continually monitored to ensure that the cyanide did not pollute the creek.

After I had been there a while the Manager retired and moved back to New Zealand, and a younger chap took over. He did not fully understand the process we were using and also was unaware that Misima Island received something like 200 ins (5,000mm or 5m) of rain p.a. He took a few shortcuts with safety and one night the mine collapsed, fortunately, without any casualties as we were not working night shifts at the time – the working hours were from 7am – 10pm. We had about 60 natives working in the mine at the time.

As a result the mine was closed and I received an offer of work from another mine in the vicinity on Mt Misima. They wanted me to take over their treatment plant while their Manager went on holidays. I accepted this so we stayed on until he returned.

However, as soon as the mine collapsed, I had been in touch with an Engineer I knew at Bulolo, and had obtained a position with Bulolo Gold Dredging.

There was no married accommodation available at Bulolo at the time so Daphne came south and stayed with her folks until I could obtain married accommodation.

We Move from Misima Island to Bulolo

Bulolo was unique in that it was wholly owned by a mining company.

It was at an elevation of 2,600 ft (800 metres plus) above sea level and was situated about 60 miles (96km) inland from Lae, and consisted of about 300 houses. The population was 400 whites and 900 natives.

The Company, Bulolo Gold Dredging, owned 8 gold dredges - 6 large and 2 small. The large dredges were over 4,000 tons weight.

There were no roads from the coast, the shipping ports being Lae or Salamaua. Specially adapted German Junker aircraft - three engined craft were used to transport machinery and supplies from Lae.

Bulolo was located between two large mountain ranges on its



Stan & Daphne on the occasion of their 75th Wedding Anniversary.
1st March, 2012,

eastern and western sides. The Kuper Range to the east had heights ranging from 13,000 ft to 9,000 ft. To the west was another range running from Mt. Kumbak, 10,300 ft to Mt Wilhelm, 15,400 ft.

I was in Bulolo for 7/8 months by myself until I was able to obtain married accommodation and Daphne came up to join me. She had gone south to her family when there was no married quarters available and I had to stay in the men's mess. The house we finally obtained was almost half way along the road between Bulolo and Wau, on one of the hills.

I Join the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles

Key personnel employed by the Company were declared to be in a restricted industry when war broke out in 1939, gold being the medium of international exchange.

The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles was formed and I joined and trained as a wireless operator and in other signals procedures.

In those days the radios were AWA 3A types and were meant for a static situation, as it took up to 12 bois to transport the radio, the batteries and the battery charger and its required petrol.

I also commenced my training with signal flags, which were not of much use as they were meant for close signaling, and trained in sending and receiving Morse code. I still have a Morse handset at home.

The peaceful existence changed to one of concern when the Japanese started their push south, and in December, 1941, after the bombing of Pearl Harbour, the major US Naval base in the Pacific, the New Guinea Administration issued an order to evacuate all women and children from New Guinea and Papua. The old Junkers transport aircraft were used in the evacuation and luggage was restricted to 28 lbs (12/13kg) per person.

Daphne later told me stories of ladies who had on three or four dresses to overcome the luggage restrictions, and how they must have really boiled when stopping over in the heat of Port Moresby.

The Junkers took the women and children to Lae where pilots Jim McAuliffe and Fred Bryce flew them in single engined aircraft, probably a Cessna, to Port Moresby. We continued our normal work and I was operating one of the large dredges. One day during January, 1942, I was amazed to see some fighter aircraft coming from the south, with the Rising Sun emblem on them. I immediately closed down the operation as I was sure we would be attacked, but they continued on to the airfields and destroyed all of our Junkers transports and other smaller aircraft.

Rabaul was invaded on 23rd January, 1942, and that day we were

called to HQ for full time army duties.

I go to Lae

I was dispatched to Lae carrying my army gear and sufficient food for the 4 day walk. All personal belongings were left in our houses at Bulolo and were subsequently lost.

On arrival at Lae I assisted in moving supplies out of town for future use. One of the areas chosen for a supply dump was Nadzab airstrip in the Markham Valley. To move supplies to Nadzab several streams flowing into the Markham River had to be 'bridged' which we achieved by cutting down trees and putting enough into the stream to allow a truck to pass over, albeit with difficulty. One of these trucks was left at Nadzab and we used this later. The town had been heavily bombed.

Observation Post at Sugarloaf

In February, three wireless operators, including 'Lofty' Anderson and myself, were equipped with an old 3A Tel-radio and allied equipment, and were transported by boat to a point on the coast between Lae and Salamaua. We established ourselves on a small mountain called Sugarloaf. We were able to get a perfect view of both Lae and Salamaua townships, and also an excellent view out to sea.

Our job was to report to Port Moresby Japanese aircraft and shipping movements. We had two more men sent from Lae and now had a total of five persons at the station and had established a fine lookout in a tree on the seaward side of the mountain.

In the early morning of 8th March, 1942, the Japanese landed troops at Lae and Salamaua, having bombed both towns the day before. We counted 26 ships of various types in the convoy and we reported the activity to Port Moresby. At this stage we were broadcasting in plain English as we had not by then been supplied with codes (I must say we got codes shortly thereafter). Several reports were made daily, and we were disappointed to sit and watch their unloading of cargo etc. without them being attacked by our planes.

On the third day all hell broke loose as our aircraft pounded the shipping in the harbour, and at the end of the day there were only 4 ships undamaged. Two ships were aground at Lae and three at Salamaua. We watched as others were damaged and on fire out to sea, and finally sinking. It was a truly amazing sight.

Our reports continued for the next few days and then a Jap patrol plane apparently located our station, even though we had been very careful and all our equipment, kitchen, etc were under natural cover. He flew over the position a couple of times so we decided to move to a safer location about three miles up the mountain to our West. The radio gear was taken back and Port Moresby notified of our problem.

The next morning we returned to the original site to obtain food, but the Japs had raided our camp and had destroyed everything. We had nothing other than our firearms and packs. Without food we could not survive, so we had to endeavour to locate a track through the mountains to the Bulolo or Watut Valley leading west from the Buang River.

The only way out was south through a sago palm swamp wading most of the time waist deep in water. Thankfully we did not see any crocodiles. The weather was overcast so we did not have to worry about Jap patrol aircraft. We eventually found the track but lack of food was starting to affect us.

At dusk we located an abandoned native garden which had in it a paw-paw tree on which were two green pawpaws which we cooked together with some kau kau tops. We at least gained some energy from this food.

The next morning I decided to have a look back down the track to see if we had been followed and heard a scuffle ahead of me. I quickly went to ground and aimed my rifle but could see nothing. Then I noticed some footprints on the side of the track with the divided big toe which was a sure sign that the Japs were, in fact, following us. I suspect it may have been one chap on his own as he took off

We continued west up the Kuper Range and eventually located 2 natives who had been sent to try and locate us. They had been sent by an old chap, Oscar Priebe (NGVR), who had refused to go along with the common thought that we were lost to Jap activity at this stage, and sent out some Police bois to look for us. Oscar knew the country well and had given the police bois accurate instructions as to where we would come if we were indeed still alive and on our way out.

They had no food but by evening had guided us to Oscar who cooked a meal of boiled sweet potatoes. Next day we made contact with some of our men who had written us off as lost near Sunshine. A Camp had been established at Sunshine, and, as we walked into the dining hut one chap exclaimed "Hey fellows! Have a look! Jesus Christ and some of his disciples have just walked in". We had not shaved for some time.

We then go to Nadzab and Camp Diddy

From Sunshine we went to Wau and were then sent to Nadzab in the Markham Valley where we set up a radio station at a point 12 miles (18km) NE of Lae, and named the site Camp Diddy. It was here that we were issued with codes for our broadcasts.

It was at Camp Diddy that we used the truck mentioned earlier. We used to move supplies from Nadzab down the Lae road and then up as far as the truck would go towards Camp Diddy and then transport them by native carrier.

This was used to relay information obtained by getting past Japanese outposts, even as far as Lae airstrip, and we used to relay information on:-

Jap supply dumps, Jap movements, Jap aircraft numbers and type. etc. We then were joined by elements of the 2/5 Independent Company and carried out further forward patrols. It was here that I obtained a Thompson Machine Gun and a .38 revolver and was allowed to hand in my .303 rifle. The reason was simple - I was speaking to Capt Shepherd from the 2/5th Ind Coy who had been placed in charge of the area and he said to me that, because I had carried out a fair bit of reconnaissance in the area he wanted to keep me with his troops, and did I have any problems. I advised him that the country was so difficult when out on reconnaissance, and we carried radio equipment so our .303 rifles were quite a burden and kept getting tangled in the bush. He then offered the Thomson and revolver and I gratefully accepted as it made moving through the bush much easier.

During one patrol from Camp Diddy I was attacked by a nest of wasps. I was bitten all over the head and face and was taken back to Camp and put to bed for a couple of hours. One of our chaps came in, saw me, and went outside to ask who the new fellow was. When told it was Burton he replied "That's not Burton! I know Burton!" My face and head had swollen to the stage where I could not even see out of my eyes.

At one stage the supply truck was ambushed by the Japa-

nese who killed two NGVR, Blue McBarron and another chap called Lane. Several others including the driver a chap called Ted Skelley and the Police Sgt. Jones who were on the truck took off and made their way to Diddy. The detachment of Japs then moved towards Diddy. We had arranged an ambush on the track leading to the camp but the Japs turned back about 700 metres from Diddy, bogged the truck on the way back, pulled all the wiring out of the motor and left the truck in the bog. We got the motor running again and lifted the truck up so that it could be driven away, but left it sitting almost where it had been left. Sure enough every day a Jap Zero came over to make sure it was still there.

However it was decided to abandon Camp Diddy and we moved back to Nadzab.

There was a lot of tension with the Japs so close. I went out on one patrol in the morning and was given the password for the day and told to return through the same forward position. Late that evening when we returned a voice commanded "Stop!" We identified ourselves as Burton and Anderson. Then came the demand "Password!". We gave the password we had been given that morning and the voice stated "That's not the bloody password! Don't you move! One move from you and you drop!" We kept talking and talking until the voice said "Right! Put your hands up and keep them up. You can come in but if you let your hands drop you will drop with them". This was a different sentry group to the one we had gone out through in the morning and they had changed the password. *Pretty dangerous stuff.* This was the 2/5 Ind Coy.

To see and not be seen was our motto. Some of the 2/5 Ind Coy chaps were pretty inexperienced. We used to watch the road to Nadzab from different observation spots and, usually to get to them, you had to crawl on your stomach, as the Japs patrolled the road. One of the 2/5th chaps walked out to the O.P. one day. We warned him never to do it again, but the next morning he went out to the same O.P. and the Japs were waiting for him and got him.

At one stage Lofty Anderson and myself were sent out to find out why one of the communication lines was not working. Sure enough as we followed the line it had been run through an open space about as big as a house. We had a good old reconnoiter around the area before I ventured out into the open and, sure enough, the wire had been cut and a piece of medical tape bound around it. I connected the wire and replaced the tape and Lofty and I got out of there fast. Fortunately for us the Japs did not have the cut wire under surveillance.

The truck was used again during an attack on Heath's Plantation, which was the Jap outpost in the Markham. It was a combined raid between 2/5 Ind Coy and NGVR and I believe about 42 Japs were killed and many more wounded with only one of our chaps, unfortunately the Commander of the raid, Major Paul Kneen of the 2/5th Ind Coy, was lost after being hit by a rifle grenade and several others wounded. When the raid Commander was killed the raid fizzled out but the aim was successfully achieved.

It was after this raid that the Japs blasted hell out of Nadzab from the air. Fortunately we did not lose anyone, although I pulled a chap named Henderson from the 2/5th Ind Coy, bleeding from the ears and nose, out of a bomb crater about three metres deep. Neither of us could hear at the time but I got mine back. I handed Henderson over to a Doctor and often wonder whether he ever got his hearing back.

To be continued.

This is Stan's story as told to Bob Collins. Stan & Dorothy live at Immanuel Retirement Village in Buderim, Qld. Dorothy turned 102 on 13th May, 2012

CAMPAIGNING TO REMEMBER A TRAGEDY

Canberra's Don Hook is on a mission. The veteran ABC radio correspondent is raising funds to build a memorial, in the grounds of the Australian War Memorial, to the victims of the sinking of the Montevideo Mauru.

The site has been set aside and the design has been chosen, all that is in waiting are the funds.

Hook has an unusual connection with the Japanese prisoner transport whose sinking claimed more than twice as many Australian lives as the loss of HMAS Sydney.

His father, Wally Hook, a WW2 Commando who had been in Rabaul when the Japanese attacked, narrowly escaped being captured and placed aboard the vessel when it sailed for Japan on June 22, 1942.

July 2nd marked the 69th anniversary of the ship being sunk by an American submarine in 1942. It was marked by a special luncheon at the National Press Club and a memorial serviced at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, the following day.

It is hoped the memorial at the AWM, to be located directly behind the "Weary" Dunlop stone, will be completed in time for the 70th anniversary this year.

The Montevideo Mauru had been spotted off the north Philippines by the USS Sturgeon.

The American Captain was not aware his target was carrying 1,053 allied prisoners made up of 845 prisoners of war and 208 civilian internees.

All of the 18 survivors of his torpedo attack were from the 88 member Japanese crew.

Among the Australians lost were Reverend Syd Beazley, the uncle of the former opposition leader, Kim Beazley, Labour Minister Peter Garret's grandfather and 22 Salvation bandsmen who had enlisted as a group from Brunswick in Melbourne.

Hook said that when Rabaul fell to the Japanese his father and a mate decided not to surrender with the rest of the Garrison. They were finally rescued after 11 weeks behind enemy lines and taken to Port Moresby.

Hook's father did not survive the war, dying in an accident in 1945 that left the then 10-year-old, the youngest of three brothers, an orphan. His mother, Jean, had died in 1938, when he was three-years-old and the family was living in Campsie in Sydney.

It was after the loss of his father that Hook became involved with Legacy, an association he maintains to this day. "Legacy was the first sort of family I had" he said. "They organised dental checks and medical checks and sports. We went on camps to the Narrabeen Lakes and on Monday nights you could go to Legacy in George Street. There would always be someone you could talk to. Hook said that the Legacy members viewed their work as a sacred trust and funded it out of their own pockets. "My life and development was shaped by these men" he said. "They were inspirational but they could never replace my parents. I was very lonely at times." After spending time at a children's home at Pendle Hill "Not a pleasant experience" Hook was sent to Melbourne to live with his mothers' sisters for five years. In 1951, at the age of 16, he started his career in journalism by accepting the position of copyholder, a rung below copyboy, on *The Cairns Post*.

The pay was three pounds a week plus a two shillings and sixpence bicycle allowance, and the hours were from 6pm to 2.50am, six nights a week. "We were also given a bottle of

milk to combat the lead poisoning" he said. It was a happy day when he was offered a cadetship and his real work began.

By the time he was 19, Hook was covering the Queen's visit to Cairns before moving to Lismore, where he arrived just in time to report on the floods for *The Northern Star*.

Hook had his first taste of a Canberra winter when he did his National Service at RAAF Fairbairn and vowed never to return to the city again because it was so cold.

England beckoned and in 1958 and 1959 he worked in radio and the embryonic television news industry. With one of his jobs being a stint at BBC Norwich, it was only natural Hook applied for work with the ABC on his return to Australia.

By 1962 he was a full-time ABC staffer and a husband having married a "ten pound Pom" .:"Jane, who is a teacher, got a trip to Australia with a husband thrown in". The wedding took place just 48 hours before Hook headed for Port Moresby on his first major overseas assignment. "On day two Jane said to me "We don't have to stay here forever do we?" and five years and two kids later she was howling her head off as we left."



Don Hook and Andrea Williams in Canberra, 2011.

Andrea is the editor of "Una Voce", the magazine of the "Papua New Guinea Association of Australia, Inc"

The 1960's were a busy time for the rising young journalist who spent time in Singapore as the ABC's South East Asia Correspondent.

He was in Vietnam and Cambodia in 1968 during the Tet Offensive. Four of his friends and colleagues were killed at this time. Hook said it was a time and a place that encouraged risk-taking, particularly among the young.

"You were carried along by the adrenalin " he said "it wasn't until much later I admitted I was vulnerable". That was despite having a wife and by now, three children at home.

He learnt the lesson the hard way while on assignment in Cambodia with Lon Nol's forces against the Khmer Rouge in 1970. He and another journalist came under fire from Vietnamese government planes that mistook them for the guerrillas. "They shot up everything" he said "There were 10% casualties. I dived into a ditch and it started pissing down rain. Then there was a helicopter above me with people jumping out. Fortunately they were South Vietnamese". Hooks next move was to Delhi as the ABC's South Asia Correspondent. It was seen as a chance to rest up after the rigours of Vietnam. He arrived on Nov 11, 1970, the day before the massive monsoon in the Bay of Bengal that killed an estimated 500,000 people in what was then East Pakistan (now Bangladesh). "The people received no aid from Western Pakistan and this led to the setting up of resistance movements aided by the Indians, which led to war in

Dec, 1971. It was brief, lasting only two weeks, but very brutal". Hook went without sleep for the duration. "I was broadcasting at 6am, noon and midnight" he said."

Hook returned to Australia in 1973 where he soon found himself en route back to Port Moresby to cover Papuan New Guinea's Independence celebrations. After a five year stint he took a position with Radio Australia in Melbourne and then moving on to Singapore and Bangkok. "I came to Canberra to accept a posting with the Dept of Foreign Affairs and Trade in Jan, 1989, and have maintained a residence here ever since."

Despite early dislike for the city he has come to enjoy the ACT, even down to its highly variable weather. I walk, I play tennis and I enjoy the change of seasons. We have got a lot of friends here."

The above is an article published by the Canberra Times on June 25th, 2011

Footnote: Don joined PNGVR during his first stint in Port Moresby in 1962. He is a long serving member of the Association. He is also a Brumbies devotee.

The funds for the Montevideo Maru Memorial have been raised and it will be dedicated on 1 July 2012, see elsewhere in this edition for details.

Bernie's Story (cont. from HTT 73)

The relatives picked us up at Adelaide railway station and drove us to uncle's house amid the vineyards at Rosslyn Park. Uncle was in business making German smallgoods and was well enough off. His place had a well kept garden with many fruit trees in the backyard. I had a room to myself in a sleep out shared only with three aquariums. As far as I was concerned, paradise could not have been any better.

I went to school at Marryatville. The headmaster spoke French but I only remember speaking to him once. The curriculum in grade seven was behind what we had had to learn in France in grade 6. Furthermore, having started school later than Australian children, I was now the oldest child in class. When we were asked to write a composition on 'midnight in the grocery store—Willy Weeties becomes chairman of groceries'. I felt this was all too childish and wrote 'My visit to Paris' instead. The teacher gave me a good mark but said that next time I should stick to the set theme or lose marks.

Having just come from a society which had suffered the consequences of nationalism and militarism, I was a bit shocked by the daily drums and marching into class and the Monday morning ritual of swearing allegiance to the King. When repeating the words 'I am an Australian—I love my country the British Empire,' I would mutter instead, 'I am a bloody new Australian...'. Immigrants sensed a certain animosity in some of the population and of course some children liked to tease me with "Kraut", "Hun", and the like, but this never bothered me greatly.

In primary school we received a small bottle of milk per child per day. This, like public playgrounds, seemed to me to be almost too good to be true. Since there were always some children absent and some who refused to drink their ration, there were always calls for seconds. Any milk not drunk that day had to be poured down the sink and all the bottles rinsed out. Most days I managed to down two or three bottles and one day I managed five. During one lunch break, I had just seen two boys take their stacks of triangle sandwiches, take one bite through one corner of their stacks and throw them in the rubbish bin. I had eaten my sandwiches and was now eating a bunch of grapes when these very same boys came up to me and begged for some of my grapes. Having just witnessed their

'crime', I refused. This was noticed by two junior class teachers, whereupon one of them gave me a light push on the shoulder and said in a loud voice, 'This is a **greedy** boy!' I said nothing but felt affronted by their ignorance. In our family, bread was sacred. Before my mother cut any loaf, she always made the thanksgiving sign of three crosses onto the flat of it with the point of the knife. If I was for some reason unable to eat all my sandwiches I always brought the remnant back home to be eaten later or at least, to be fed to the chickens. Whenever I was asked 'What do you want to be when you grow up?' My answer was, 'I want to be a baker,' because I imagined that was the only way to have access to an unlimited supply of bread.

At the end of my year in primary school I was graded second in class and went on to technical high school. By this stage my father had purchased a property of our own at Glen Osmond and was having difficulty in meeting the repayments for this and our fares to Australia. He therefore asked me to leave school and go into employment so that I could pay board. When I stated my intention at school, the principal was dismayed and asked that my father come to the school to talk it over. At the time I was the dux of the year and the headmaster had hoped he would dissuade my father from his decision.

I obtained employment in the Postmaster-General's Department as an office boy in their technical branch. We were not very busy and the returned servicemen in the drawing office liked to give me a bit of 'ribbing' as a 'Hun.' One day they gave me a severe shock. After trapping me into becoming defensive about my German origin, they opened a book in front of me which had pictures of heaps of corpses being bulldozed into pits at one of the German WW2 concentration camps. This left me speechless and I burst into tears. The incident taught me to think before speaking. I had a feeling the men felt a bit guilty about the episode because they were very nice to me afterwards.

After a time I received notice that the PMG's Department would have to terminate my employment because I could not become a permanent officer, not being a British subject and there were no vacancies for temporary staff. The law then was that a person had to be resident in Australia five years before becoming eligible for naturalisation and that children up to 16 years of age were naturalised with their parent. We had been resident less than three years so my father was not eligible. With some encouragement from senior staff in the PMG I wrote to the Minister for Immigration with an appeal that I might be naturalised so that I would not lose my job. I was overjoyed when I received a quick reply enclosing some forms for me, to be filled in and submitted to the authorities with a payment of ten shillings. I soon received my certificate of naturalisation and I could now become a permanent public servant in the fourth division. I still think that that ten shillings was the best value for money I have had in life. A country which is able to have regard for the common individual as was demonstrated by my naturalisation has to be cherished as a rare thing. In Germany this would have been unthinkable. If I had needed convincing that I had made the right choice of citizenship, that would have done it!

After attending night school, I sat for my leaving equivalent exam and advanced to the third division. My job was now that of overpayments officer in the Department of Social Services. I was 19 years old and had to face up to various pensioners who had been overpaid through error or deceit. Many a time their tears made me think there had to be more exciting things for a young person to do to earn a living. I applied for work in the railways, the Navy, Antarctica, Maralinga and the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. I had just about given up hope of escaping the 'Social Circuses' when I received acceptance for

Papua New Guinea.

The job interview had given me to understand that I would be posted to some primitive outpost of the Empire. Port Moresby was therefore a bit of a disappointment to me. I was accommodated in a hostel at the four mile and had to commute by bus some nine kilometres to the office at Konedobu or 'Happy Valley' as it was popularly known. Most people indulged heavily in alcoholic beverage because the place lacked many of the distractions available 'down south.' Even if I had been able to afford it, I did not enjoy more than the occasional drink; instead, I made contact with a small group of Youth Hostel Association members and went on their weekend outings. One of the acquaintances suggested I join the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles where you got free travel and actually got paid for outings, even if they were hard work at times. I joined at Murray Barracks and was soon in training. Our honorary Colonel was also the Director of Native Affairs. He offered me a job with field work in his department which would have been more to my liking. My own department, Public Works, refused to release me but they got the message and soon transferred me out into the back blocks to keep me happy. While I was single, I was relief District and later Regional Works Clerk and served at Konedobu, Goroka, Madang, Rabaul, Lae, and Sohano.

When Indonesia invaded Dutch New Guinea it was locally expected that their next move would be to invade the Australian territories and we of the PNGVR made ready to contest any invasion. I signed papers undertaking service with the regular forces in which the PNGVR would act as scouts. Later we trained with an SAS unit, which rather disappointed us with their lack of fitness for tropical service. Fortunately, no invasion eventuated because it would have been very much a case of the 'thin red line' and Australia would probably have been on its own to repel such an invasion.

When I came to New Guinea, the end of the colonial era was about to begin. Soon starched whites gave way to more varied and colourful clothing. There was great difficulty with what to call the burgeoning nation and its people. The term 'native' was first to go. 'indigene' lasted for a while; 'autochthones' was toyed with and the foolishness peaked with 'non-expatriate.' In the end, 'Papua New Guinean' seemed all too obvious.

In 1963 I took leave for nine months and travelled to Europe. I visited relatives on both sides of the 'Iron Curtain' as well as one or two eligible female pen-friends, including a former classmate who had fled East Germany a couple of days before the building of the infamous Berlin Wall. We were married despite the German bureaucracy which regarded me, the Australian, with extreme suspicion. The landlady of a large farm where I lived for a time, noting that I drove a car of my own asked me one day, 'Did you come from Australia by car?' I replied, 'Oh no, you can't do that—there's the big water to cross.' To which she enquired, 'Is Australia further away than England then?'

I had used up my funds during the extended holiday but had a return fare to Adelaide. My new wife successfully applied for assisted immigration to Australia and we managed to combine our tickets for a double cabin on the passenger liner "Flavia" out of Bremerhaven for Melbourne. From Adelaide I returned to my duties in the Public Works Department and the task of securing married accommodation so that my wife could join me. The accommodation was no problem but when she wanted to travel, the immigration people said that since she had come into Australia as an assisted immigrant and had not remained for two years, she would have to repay the fare before being permitted to leave the country. Once again I took my problem to the top—this time to the Minister for Territories. There I was, serving Australia's interests in its territories and was to be penalised by the territory not being considered part of Australia under the Immigration Act. Once again common sense pre-



Bernard assisting with cooking at PNGVR Bivouac, "Siar" Plantation outside Madang.

vailed and my wife was able to travel to New Guinea without further ado. After the arrival of our two daughters whom we registered as Australians at birth, my wife felt she was the outsider and decided to become naturalised. The brief hiccup with her travel to PNG in contrast to the German experience also helped to make that decision an easier one.

After self-government, Independence came with excessive haste. 'Localisation' of the public service pressed ahead. Because the Australian Government offered generous separation packages to its former colonial officers, there was no lack of goodwill to train our successors. My successor was a rather nice young man, well educated, good looking and single. The responsibilities which were to be thrust upon him were difficult for him to cope with, lacking as he did the experience which traditionally had to precede promotion to senior positions. He sometimes came to the office with a severe hangover or even still under the influence of alcohol. On those occasions I sent him home to sleep it off. One day I got word that he had been arrested and locked up for his own protection—he had been indiscreet with a married woman and her husband was going to do the traditional thing, which was to split his head with an axe. This interrupted our training program for two months. I left Papua New Guinea in mid 1975 a couple of months before its Independence celebrations, having been given a warm farewell by the Papua New Guinean staff. I left feeling that Australia had given the place its best shot, which was a lot better than the legacy of most former colonial powers.

After fifteen years in the tropics I decided to return to a place that would again have the diversity of seasons and a minimum of mosquitoes. So I came back to South Australia. I had bought two blocks of land at Paradise when cows were still grazing in the grounds of Thorndon Park reservoir. Once houses were built on adjacent blocks we felt too hemmed in and built a house at Foxfield, adjacent to Black Hill Conservation Park. This seemed a good compromise for a year or so, then some youths went into the park with motorcycles and started a bush fire which came very close to destroying our new house. As a result of the fire, the park was enclosed with a two metre high fence, thereby cutting us off from walking into the park from our backyard. We had already bought 27 hectares of land at Birdwood as a week-end retreat. We now decided to retreat permanently and build a new home on the Birdwood land. The purchase of this property had symbolic overtones for our family we had finally returned the family to ownership of broadacre land, replacing the heritage that was

lost in Silesia 25 years earlier.

After our return to South Australia, we went on a holiday to Europe for three months. After that I looked for employment that would not leave me feeling like an ant in an ant colony. I managed to get a permanent position with the University of Adelaide in its Waite Agricultural Research Institute on the edge of suburbia. The work for some years involved financial administration, then campus management, secretarial work for Faculty committees, and during my final two years before retirement, business manager for the residential accommodation at the Roseworthy agricultural campus some 60 km north of Adelaide.

The acquisition of land at Birdwood sparked an interest in local history. I have since been made a life member of the local historical society for which I still actively do research. Along the way I also became interested in the history of South Australia's flour mills and I hope in time to publish a book on the subject.

To be Continued.

Future stories will cover Bernard's time with PNGVR, his life in PNG after PNGVR was disbanded, and his return to Australia



Bernard (at left rear rank) at Annual Camp. Taurama Barracks, Port Moresby, 1962

BADGES OF RANK (WARRANT OFFICERS AND STAFF SERGEANTS)

Staff Sergeant/ Colour Sergeant: The rank of Staff Sergeant was often the eldest son of the most powerful of the land-owners and he was selected to carry the Coat of Arms into battle.

The banner bearing his heraldic device was raised on a pole or a staff. The rank of Colour Sergeant was introduced into the British Army in 1813 as the protector of the Ensign and the Colour.

There is no such rank as Colour Sergeant in the Australian Army except at Royal Military College, where it is a rank within the Corps of Staff Cadets. The escorts in a colour party are often Staff Sergeants and for ceremonial occasions, when colours are on parade, they are referred to as the Colour Sergeants.

Warrant Officers (Sergeant Majors): The Regimental Sergeant Major is the senior soldier within an organization (that is a Regiment, Battalion, Brigade, Division or Command)

and he works to and advises the Commanding Officer or Commander.

He is responsible for discipline, dress and all ceremonial aspects of life within that organization. In the field he is also responsible for the resupply of ammunition. The RSM is the custodian of the Unit's customs and traditions.

The title Sergeant Major was originally the rank of today's Major. It denoted the Staff Officer of a Regiment. The title fell into disuse towards the end of the 17th Century when the word Sergeant was deleted. However, in 1797 it was decided to post the senior soldier of units to the Headquarters, and thus the appointment of Sergeant Major was officially incorporated into the establishment of the British Army. Over the years the title was further defined by the addition of the word Regimental.

In the early 1800s the Sergeant Major wore four chevrons and by the 1940s the crown was added to the top of the chevrons. In 1881 Sergeants-Major were given Warrant rank and the badge of rank was a crown which was worn on the cuff. In 1917 the rank of Warrant Officer Class 1 was established with the Royal Coat of Arms designated as the badge of rank. The crown was reallocated to Warrant Officer Class 11. In the Australian Army the Badge of WO1 was replaced by the Australian Coat of Arms in 1976.

The position of Regimental Sergeant Major is an appointment, not a rank. However, all RSMs are WO1s.

The position for wearing the badges of rank of Warrant Officers changed from the lower forearm to the mid-upper arm at the end of 1996. Warrant Officers are not Non Commissioned Officers (NCOs), they are Officers who hold a warrant.

Chris Jobson, former RSM Ceremonial ADHQ.

THE FINAL INSPECTION.

The soldier stood and faced his God, which must always come to pass.

He hoped his shoes were shining, just as brightly as his brass.

"Step forward now, you Soldier, How shall I deal with you?"

Have you always turned the other cheek? To My Church have you been true?"

The Soldier squared his shoulders and said "No, my Lord I ain't

Because those of us who carry guns, Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays, and at times my talk was tough

And sometimes I've been violent, because the world is awfully rough.

But I never took a dollar, that wasn't mine to keep....

Though I worked a lot of overtime, when the bills got just too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help, though at times I shook with fear,

And sometimes, God, forgive me, I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place among the people here.

They never wanted me around, except to calm their fears..

If you've a place for me here, Lord, It needn't be so grand.

I never expected or had too much, but, if you don't I'll understand".

There was silence all around the throne, where the Saints had often trod,

As the soldier waited quietly, for the judgment of his God.

“Step forward now, you Soldier, Youv’e borne your burdens well

Walk peacefully on Heaven’s streets, You’ve done your time in Hell

IMMEDIATE DEATH FOR TALKING WITHOUT PERMISSION

Allied prisoners travelling on Japanese ships during WW2 faced immediate death for talking without permission and for a host of other minor infringements. But those who obeyed the rules and cooperated with the Japanese were to be ‘well treated’.

The regulations written in English were given to POWs and civilian internees before boarding prison ships like the Montevideo Mauru.

The regulations were promulgated by the ‘Commander of the Prisoner Escort, Navy, of the Great Japanese Empire’.

They read as follows:

1 The prisoners disobeying the following orders will be punished with immediate death:

- a) Those disobeying orders and instructions
- b) Those showing a motion of antagonism and raising a sign of opposition
- c) Those disordering regulations by individualism, egotism, thinking only about yourself, rushing for your own goods
- d) Those talking without permission and raising loud noises
- e) Those walking and moving without order
- f) Those carrying unnecessary baggage in embarkin
- g) Those resisting mutually
- h) Those touching the boat’s materials, wires, electric lights, tools, switches,etc.
- i) Those climbing ladder without order
- j) Those showing action of running away from the room or boat
- k) Those trying to take more meal than given to them
- l) Those using more than two blankets

2. Since the boat is not well equipped and inside being narrow, food being scarce and poor, you’ll feel uncomfortable during the short time on the boat. Those losing patience and disordering the regulation will be heavily punished for the reason of not being able to escort.

3. Be sure to finish your “Nature’s Call”, evacuate the bowels and urine, before embarking.

4. Meal will be given twice a day. One plate only to one prisoner. The prisoners called by the guard will give out the meal quick as possible and honestly. The remaining prisoners will stay in their places quietly and wait for your plate. Those moving from their places reaching for your plate without order will be heavily punished. Same orders will be applied in handling plates after meal.

5. Toilet will be fixed at the four corners of the room. The

buckets and cans will be placed. When filled up a guard will appoint a prisoner. The prisoner called will take the buckets to the centre of the room. The buckets will be pulled up by the derrick and be thrown away. Toilet papers will be given. Everyone must cooperate to make the room sanitary. Those being careless will be punished.

6. Navy of the Great Japanese Empire will not try to punish you all with death. Those obeying the rules and regulations and believing the action and purpose of the Japanese Navy, cooperating with Japan in constructing the “New order of the great Asia” which lead to the world’s peace will be well treated.

Thanks to Double Diamond, Commando Association

THE NAKED COWBOY

A Sheriff in a small town in Texas walks out in he street and sees a blond haired cowboy coming toward him with nothing on but his cowboy hat, his gun and his boots. He arrests him for indecent exposure.

As he is locking him up he asks “Why in the world are you walking around like this?”

The cowboy says “well! It’s like this Sheriff. I was in this bar down the road and this pretty redhead asks me to go out to her motor home with her—so I did.

We go inside and she pulls off her top and asks me to pull off my shirt—so I did. Then she pulls off her skirt and asks me to pull off my pants—so I did. Then she pulls off her panties and asks me to pull off my shorts—so I did. Then she gets on the bed and looks at me kind of sexy and says “NOW GO TO TOWN COWBOY” -

“And here I am”.

Son of a gun. Blonde men do exist.



Assn Welfare Officer, Paul Brown, explaining a display at your museum.

Mankind has a perfect record in aviation—we have never left one up there.

The only time you have too much fuel is when you’re on fire.

Unknown Author



FLASHBACK -D-Coy Port Moresby emplaning for Annual Camp 1964. Assn President Phil Ainsworth with Clipboard 2nd right.

ernment the firm was only too happy to do its bit for the war effort.

By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the UK licensee for the popular American board game, Monopoly. As it happened, 'games and pastimes' was a category of item qualified for insertion into 'CARE packages', dispatched by the International Red Cross to prisoners of war.

Under the strictest of secrecy, in a securely guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-secrecy employees began mass producing escape maps, keyed to each region of Germany or Italy where Allied POW Camps were. When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny dots that they would actually fit inside a Monopoly playing piece.

As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add:

- i) A playing token, containing a small magnetic compass
- ii) A two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together
- iii) Useful amount of genuine high-denomination German, Italian and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money.

British and American air crews were advised, before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a 'rigged' Monopoly set.— by means of a tiny red dot, one cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch, located in the corner of the Free Parking square.

Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWs who successfully escaped, an estimated one-third were aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets. Everyone who did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely since the British Government might want to use this highly successful reuse in still another, future war.

TELEPHONE MESSAGE FROM MR. C.E. LEAKE, SYDNEY OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL TERRITORIES, ON 6/10/1942.

Mrs. Grey, an officer of the Sydney staff of this Department, advised that she had heard the following message on the shortwave broadcast from Japan :

"James Clarence Archer, Lieutenant, age 41, Care New Guinea Trade Agent, Sydney, to Mrs. J.C. Archer."

"I am a prisoner of war in Japan and am now in the Zensuji Prisoner of War Camp. I am in excellent health and am being well looked after by the Japanese Authorities so there is no cause to be worried about me. I hope you and David and Janette are well. I think of you all so often and am looking forward to the time when we can be together again.

My love to you all. You will be able to write to me through the International Red Cross. I am longing to hear from you and know you will write as soon as you can. All my love." Finish.

MONOPOLY

You will never look at the game the same way again

Starting in 1941, an increasing number of British Airmen found themselves as the involuntary guests of the Third Reich, and the Crown was casting about for ways and means to facilitate their escape.

Now obviously, one of the most helpful aids to that end is a useful and accurate map, one showing not only where stuff was, but also showing the locations of 'safe houses' where a POW on the lam could go for food and shelter.

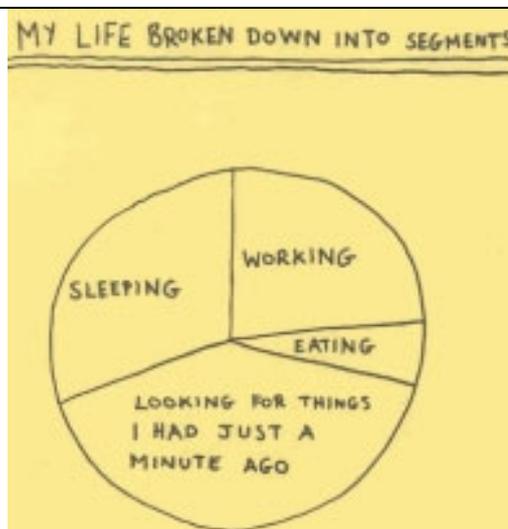
Paper maps had some real drawbacks—they make a lot of noise when you open and fold the, they wear out rapidly, and, if they get wet, they turn into mush.

Someone in MI-5 got the idea of printing escape maps on silk. It's durable, can be scrunched up into tiny wads and unfolded as many times as needed, and makes no noise whatever.

At the time there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk, and that was John Waddington Ltd. When approached by the gov-

The story wasn't declassified until 2007, when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as he firm itself were finally honoured in a public ceremony.

It's always nice when you can play that "Get out of Jail Free" card.





More great military shots.

DADDY'S POEM



Her hair was up in a pony tail, her favourite dress tied with a bow
 Today was Daddy's Day at school,
 and she couldn't wait to go.
 But her mummy tried to tell her, that
 she probably should stay home
 Why the kids might not understand, If
 she went to school alone.
 But she was not afraid: she knew just
 what to say
 What to tell her classmates of why he

wasn't there today.

But her mother still worried, for her to face this day alone.
 And that was why once again, she tried to keep her daughter home.

But the little girl went to school, eager to tell them all.
 About a dad she never sees, a dad who never calls.
 There were daddies along the wall in back, for everyone to meet.
 Children squirming impatiently, anxious in their seat.
 One by one the teacher called a student from the class
 To introduce their daddy, as seconds slowly passed.
 At last the teacher called her name, every child turned to stare.
 Each of them was searching for a man who wasn't there.
 "Where's her daddy at?" she heard a boy call out
 "She probably doesn't have one" another dared to shout.
 And from somewhere near the back, she heard a daddy say,
 "Looks like another deadbeat dad, too busy to waste his day".
 The words did not offend her, as she smiled up at her mum,
 And looked back at her teacher, who told her to go on.
 And with hands behind her back, slowly she began to speak..
 And out from the mouth of a child came words just so unique.
 "My daddy couldn't be her because he lives so far away. "
 But I know he wishes he could be, since this is a special day.
 And though you cannot meet him, I wanted you to know

All about my daddy, and how much he loves me so.
 He loved to tell me stories, he taught me to ride my bike,
 He surprised me with pink roses, and taught me to fly a kite.
 We used to share fudge sundaes, and ice cream in a cone.
 And although you cannot see him, I'm not standing here alone
 Cause my daddy's always with me even though we are apart
 I know because he told me, he'll forever be in my heart".
 With that, her little hand reached up, and lay across her chest
 Feeling her own heartbeat, beneath her favourite dress.
 And from somewhere here in the crowd of dads, her mother
 stood in tears,
 Proudly watching her daughter, who was wise beyond her
 hears.
 For she stood up for the love of a man not in her life,
 Doing what was best for her, doing what was right.
 And when she dropped her hand back down, staring straight
 into the crowd,
 She finished with a voice so soft, but its message clear and
 loud .
 "I love my daddy very much, he's my shining star,
 And if he could, he'd be here, but Heaven's just too far.
 You see he is an Aussie soldier, and died just this past year,
 When a roadside bomb hit the convoy and taught Aussies to
 fear.
 But sometimes when I close my eyes, it's like he never went
 away".
 And then she closed her eyes, and saw him there that day.
 And to her mother's amazement, she witnessed with surprise,
 A room full of daddies and children, all starting to close their
 eyes.
 Who knows what they saw before them, who knows what they
 felt inside,
 Perhaps for merely a second, they saw him at her side.
 "I know you're with me daddy", to the silence she called out.
 And what happened next made believers of those once filled
 with doubt.
 Not one in that room could explain it, for each of their eyes
 had been closed,
 But there on the desk beside her, was a fragrant long-
 stemmed rose.
 And a child was blessed, if only for a moment, by the love of
 her shining star.
 And given the gift of believing, that heaven is never too far.



Lest We Forget

2/22 BATTALION ESCAPEES OWEN, CAMERON AND DAWSON AND THEIR SUBSEQUENT PNG MILITARY SERVICE

Many of the Australians who escaped from Rabaul and the New Guinea islands after the Japanese occupation never returned to Papua New Guinea due to the privations they experienced during this time. Many did return and served with distinction in other Australian units. Here is a selection of three officers from the 2/22 Battalion who escaped and returned : Lieutenant Colonels William Taylor Owen , Allan Gordon Cameron and Benjamin George Dawson.

VX45223, Lieutenant Colonel William Taylor Owen, MID

Bill Owen was born at Nagambie, Victoria on 27 May 1905. He worked as a bank officer in civilian life, served as a Militia officer prior to the War, enlisted in the AIF on 8 July 1940 and was posted to the 2/22nd Infantry Battalion which was sent to

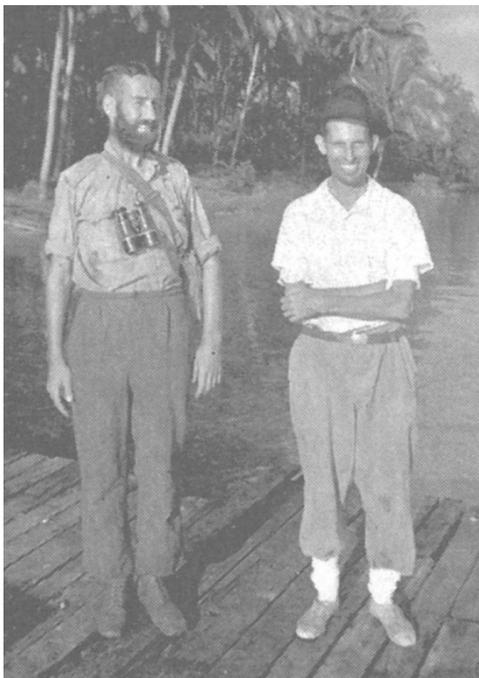
Rabaul early 1941. He was placed in command of A Company with the rank of Major. A Company was deployed along the shoreline north of Vulcan and took the brunt of the initial Japanese assault. NGVR was incorporated into A Company on the extreme left. A Company withdrew when it was out flanked by the Japanese. The defence was overrun and after the order "every man for himself" was received, the Lark Force escaped from Rabaul. Major Owen withdrew along the eastern side of the Gazelle Peninsula and arrived at Kalai Mission, about 10 km west of Tol Plantation on Wide Bay, with a large number of troops .

Colonel J Scanlan, the Commander of Lark Force, arrived at Kalai Plantation and returned to Rabaul 10 February to surrender. Major Owen was then the senior officer on the south coast of New Britain. His group reached Jacquinet Bay on 23rd February. In the first week of April, Owen was able to muster over 150 men to be rescued. The photograph (p 265 of NGVR history) shows Major Bill Owen with Father Ted Harris at the Palmal Plantation wharf just before the departure of MV Laurabada on 9th April. Father Harris chose to stay and was executed by the Japanese. The Laurabada arrived in Port Moresby on the 12th April, 1942.

After recuperating in Australia, Owen was promoted to Lt Col and assumed command of the 39th Battalion 7 July 1942, as the Battalion was preparing to deploy to Kokoda. This was the first step of a plan to occupy the north coast of Papua. The PIB of about 300 men was already in the area. The 39th and PIB became "Maroubra Force". B Company departed for Kokoda on 8 July.

After the Japanese landed at Buna on 21 July 1942, Owen flew to Kokoda. The first clash, which included the PIB, was at Awala Plantation, east of the Kumusi River 23 July. This day is now known as PNG Remembrance Day. Maroubra Force withdrew towards Kokoda and Captain Sam Templeton was killed 25 July near Oivi attempting to contact Headquarters. The Japanese attacked Kokoda in force on the evening of 28 July. B Company comprised only 80 men with small arms and LMGs. Owen was mortally wounded at 0300 hours 29 July and was left in Kokoda when the defending force was compelled to withdraw. Major William Watson, CO, PIB assumed temporary command. Owen is believed to have died in captivity shortly afterwards. When Kokoda was retaken briefly between 8 and 10 August, Owen's body was found and buried. His body was later re-interred in Bomana War Cemetery. He posthumously

received the US Distinguished Service Cross and was Mentioned in Dispatches.



Maj Bill Owen with Father Ted Harris during his escape from New Britain

VX44906, Lieutenant Colonel Allan Gordon Cameron, DSO with Bar

Allan Cameron, born 16 May 1909, was a bank officer. As he was a Captain in the 2/22 Battalion he would have served in the Militia prior to the war and either maintained his rank or was promoted on his enlistment in the AIF. As a Captain he was probably second in command of a Company, but this detail is not available. After the invasion he made his escape along the north coast of New Britain. He was a fast traveler." When Keith McCarthy arrived at Pondo (about 20 February), he dispatched Capt Cameron in the launch Dulcy to set up camps west of the Willaumez Peninsula. He failed to do so preferring to make a run for the NG mainland". He and his group arrived at Salamaua 7 March, the day before the Japanese landed there. On the 15 March he was in Kudjera, east of Wau, and the 17 March was on his way over the Bulldog Track to the Lakekamu River and Port Moresby.

After the CO, Bill Owen, was killed 29th July, 39 Bn was reinforced by one company between 31 July and 6 August. Major Alan Cameron, Brigade Major of 30 Brigade arrived 4 August and took command of Maroubra Force. At this stage it comprised about 43 men of PIB, 464 of 39 Bn, a few from ANGAU and 14 RPC. Cameron decided to retake Kokoda and on 8 August committed A, C and D Companies and recaptured the post. Kokoda was held for 3 days but lack of food and ammunition forced their withdrawal and they fell back to Deniki. The enemy again attacked in strength and they withdrew to defensive positions at Isurava 14 August. The new CO, Lt Col Ralph Honner assumed command 16 August. What became of Major Cameron is not known but the 30 Brigade Commander was changed 23 August.

The next heard of Allan Cameron was when he was promoted to Lt Col and assumed command of 2/2 Bn on 5 July 1943. The 2/2 Bn's first campaign against the Japanese was the advance along the Kokoda Track between September and December 1942. It fought at Templeton's Crossing on 20 October, Oivi 5 to 12 November and on the Sanananda Track 21 November to 10 December, the Bn suffering heavily from both wounds and sickness. When it arrived in Pt Moresby 21 September it was 670 strong but after Sanananda, it's strength was only 88 men. 1943 and 1944 were spent in rebuilding and training in North Queensland. The 2/2 Bn's last campaign was the drive to clear the Japanese from the Aitape-Wewak area between December 1944 and August 1945. Lt Col Cameron retired from his command on 14 December 1945 and 2/2 Bn was disbanded February 1946.

The last Commanding Officers of 2 NGIB and 3 NGIB, just before they were disbanded in 1946, was a Lt Col A C Cameron DSO. However, without an army number, it is unknown if this is the same person, but the dates coincide.

VX 47614, Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin George Dawson, MID

Ben Dawson was born in Ballarat 16 February 1920 and was a student of Portland at the time of his enlistment in the AIF in 1940. When the Japanese invaded in February 1942 he was a Lieutenant and the 2/22 Bn Intelligence Officer. He escaped along the east coast of Gazelle Peninsula with Major Owens through Ralabang Plantation, Warangoi River, Put Put and Adler Bay, Tol and Kalai Plantation. He missed the Laurabada but heard about McCarthy's north coast evacuation plan. He and 9 others decided to walk across the island between Wide and Open Bay. His group arrived at Iboki west of Willaumez Peninsula too late for the Lakatoi. However, the party was picked up 14 May by Lt Harris (ANGAU) in the schooner Umboi from Bali Harbour in the Witu Group, reach-

The following article appeared in *City Life Magazine*, April, 2011.



Ken has had many overseas adventures over the years, but the 71 year old still calls Airlie Beach home. He has been heavily involved in the community, purchasing the freehold land for the Abel Point Marina in 1979 and selling it to Qld Yacht Charters in 1987. Ken also started the coast guard in 1980.

He has held a number of exploration, investigation, administration and management roles in a variety of companies, including US Steel, British Petroleum, the American Museum of Natural History, New Guinea Mining and Vanuatu Gold. His work took him deep into the jungles of PNG and Vanuatu and led to many interesting discoveries, including a number of crashed aircraft. "I found a Catalina flying boat in Vanuatu in 1994" he says. "It had crashed in 1943 and there were still six sets of human remains on board which we returned to the US for burial".

While in Vanuatu, Ken assisted with securing locations for the movie "Till There Was You" starring Mark Harmon of NCIS fame. He has also found numerous war relics, which have been donated to the Wacol Military Museum in Brisbane.

He was involved with the post-war Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, while his father was a member of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) in pre-war Rabaul in New Guinea.



When the Japanese invaded PNG, Ken was evacuated from Rabaul on Dec 20, 1941, on the ship Macdhui, along with all the women and children. The ship took them to Cairns and then returned to Port Moresby where it was sunk by Japanese planes. Ken and his family made their way to Adelaide, where they stayed for the duration of the war.

The men were left behind in Rabaul to fend for themselves during the initial Japanese landing on Jan 23, 1942. Ken

says they were totally ill-equipped as the Australian and American governments had declared them "Hostages to Fortune". They did not stand a chance and very few survived. Ken and his sister are contemplating returning to New Guinea on the 70th anniversary of the evacuation.

In July, 1942, most of the civilians and servicemen of Rabaul, numbering more than 1000, were drowned when the Japanese transport ship "Montevideo Mauru" was sunk by friendly fire from an American submarine off the Philippines coast en route to Japan. There were no survivors "So if they survived Japanese invasion they were killed by American torpedoes," Ken says. "It seems the Americans may have actually killed more of our people by friendly fire than the Japanese did during the entire Rabaul campaign. The Japanese took shelter in man-made tunnels while our prisoners were left in the open exposed to American bombing.

My father did not trust the Japanese and he did not know the Americans. He escaped along the south coast of New Britain to Samaria and was then taken to Port Moresby by a Catalina flying boat and then on to Townsville.

Ken's father was involved with the NGVR medical corps in pre-war Rabaul. He was trained in medical procedures and he assisted in the formation of the "Chinese Ambulance Corps". "If you were too old to fight you were in the medical corps" Ken says. "My father contracted cerebral malaria during his escape and passed away a few years after the war. There were very few who survived the escape".

In 1971, Ken found a B17 bomber that had crashed into a swamp during a bombing raid on his hometown of Rabaul after being shot down by Japanese fighters. Ken says the B17 Bomber, which was based in Townsville, may well have been involved in the raid in which his family home in Rabaul was destroyed. It became known as the "Swamp Ghost" because it was found on its own in the middle of nowhere. He says "I dived into it but I was nearly killed because I ran out of air and had to cut my way out".

During Ken's work with the American Museum of Natural History, he became a reptile collector, shooting crocodiles, selling their skin and giving the carcasses to the natives to eat. When canned food was diminished in the jungles of PNG, Ken resorted to eating birds, rats and snakes. His adventures were immortalized in the magazine for the World Explorers Club, of which he was an elected member.

While on patrol in PNG Ken also found oil, gold and copper and during his travels collected a wide range of memorabilia including parts of planes, guns and wood and stone artifact. He intends to donate his collection to museums, predominately the Wacol Military Museum in Brisbane, which his unit, the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, initiated. "We are a very strong unit and have marched in the past 10 Anzac Day parades in Brisbane" he says. "We still have meetings and we still gather for campfires and bush dinners near Brisbane.

Ken MacGowan died in the Mater Hospital in Townsville on 11th April. He had been ill for a number of years. His funeral service was held in Townsville on Friday 20 April 2012. A long time friend of Ken's, John Holland, represented the Association.

Ken was an early member of the Association, and, while he lived in Boreen Point, north of Noosa, Ken attended many Assn functions. A number of items he collected over the year have been donated to the museum.

Ken was born in Rabaul and evacuated in Dec, 1941, just prior to the Japanese landing



Photos of the new venue for the Bush Dinners. The one held in March was a great success—thankfully we were not under canvass as a huge storm came in from about 1530 to 1700. Thanks to Ted & Heather McAllan for the use of their house.



Dear Lord I pray for Wisdom to understand my man, Love to forgive him: And Patience for his moods. Because, Lord, if I pray for Strength I'll beat him to death.

ANZAC DAY BRISBANE

I attended the Greenbank RSL Dawn Service on behalf of our Association which was well attended – the grounds out front were absolutely packed out. They might need a second giant TV screen next year so everyone can see the service.

Some 40 members made the parade in Brisbane ably led by Lt D Ng (who nimbly missed all the horse droppings in Adelaide Street) with WO1 Norm Mundy in neatly pressed Juniper Greens behind him. Our thanks to Peter Harbeck's lads for again carrying our banner. We were up in the front grouping with Barry Wright, Ken Weare, Alan Bell, and Kel Williams following in jeeps and golf buggies. When passing the VIP stand, the only VIP standing up (apart from the Governor taking the salute,) was our PNG Consul General Paul Nerau, who gave us a huge smile and a standing ovation.

Paul Brown led the service in the Shrine which I am told attracted some civilian interest. Thanks Paul.

Tony Boulter and Mike Griffin extracted the \$\$\$\$ from members as they arrived at the Victory Hotel and kept the usual riff

raff out from crashing our function. Thanks Tony and Mike. (and the 6 foot bouncer at the door)

Paul Brown operated his Trade Store and Doug Ng opened his "Banking business" and collected membership fees. Thanks Paul & Doug.

A special thanks to Paul for bringing in all the flags, banner and signs and taking them back again.

The Hotel staff really looked after us. There was plenty of food and great service. Near the end of the function the Manager bought everyone left (approx 25 members) a beer by way of saying thanks for our custom. Some 60 members and guests attended the post march reunion. Ober Lt Karl Aschhoff was again in fine voice and gave a rousing rendition of " Lily Marlaine " in German and English following by the C Coy PNGVR "song" , and still in fine form, threw in a verse or two from the Student Prince, " DRINK DRINK DRINK " accompanied by much feet stamping and clapping – even the Navy divers at the other end of the function room watched the entertainment. Karl's performance was remarkable, especially considering that he recently had all his top teeth removed and was awaiting a delayed final fitting of his new fangs sometime after ANZAC Day.

Thanks to all those who helped in so many ways on the day. Finally, as we had absolutely no band music again this year to help us keep step, Doug Ng and Jessie Chee have come up with a unique solution for 2013 – keep guessing, Details next Committee meeting on Saturday 19 May 2012 at the Museum at 10.00am

Colin Gould.



Anzac Day Brisbane. Doug Ng leading. Norm Mujndy in Junipers, Colin Gould, Tony Boulter & Simon Hui with flags



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CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

If you have or are changing your address details, including your email address, please advise either Phil Ainsworth or Colin Gould.

SENDING MONEY?

Payments may be made by forwarding cheques to The Secretary, NGVR & PNGVR ASSN., PO Box 888, Park Ridge QLD 4125 or alternatively, pay electronically to: NGVR & PNGVR Association, Commonwealth Bank of Australia, BSB : 064006, A/C: 10001126, but send a covering email note/letter to the Treasurer: douglasng@inet.au

NEED REPLICA MEDALS OR MOUNTING OF MEDALS?

A reliable alternate source for medal work is National Medals, natmedals@bigpond.com, phone 07 3871 0600 or fax 07 3871 0655. Ask for Greg Faux, mobile 0419 196 172. Located at 13/200 Moggill Road, Taringa, Brisbane, 4066.

**New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and Papua New Guinea
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**Includes former members of the Pacific Islands Regi-
ment, Papuan Infantry Battalion and New Guinea Infantry
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Bob Collins—Editor

FUNCTION DATES

1 Jun NGVR 70th Anniversary function at Greenbank RSL Drop in centre. To book contact Bob Collins 07 5526 8396

30 Jun Noon 70th Anniversary of Japanese invasion of New Guinea Islands and sinking of the Montevideo Maru Luncheon at Rydges Lakeside Hotel, 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

1 Jul Service for Montevideo Maru victims at Hall of Memories, Brisbane Cenotaph. 0930 for 1000 start. Contact Colin Gould

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