



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

Brisbane's mild, sunny Anzac Day ensured a large crowd would be present to line the streets for the march. This year's march was led by the Air Force followed by the Navy and Army. The NGVR/PNGVR contingent was 77th, so our march off was over an hour later than previously. The time was well spent as we talked in pleasant, uncrowded, shady Margaret Street. We were fortunate to march behind a good band. If you check out the photograph you will notice everyone is in step. I led the parade followed by flag bearers Gordon Robertson, Ian Thompson and Mike Zimmermann. The Harbeck boys* Grant and Neil, again carried the Association's banner, thank you. Mal Zimmermann's role as step caller was much diminished this year as we were behind the band. About 40 members and friends marched with the more frail travelling in jeeps or golf buggies. I am told that our contingent looked good; it felt good marching. The Governor graciously acknowledged our turn out with a smile and bow. The crowd also appreciated our salute and eyes left at the Cenotaph, an acknowledgement few other groups gave.

Immediately after the march, the annual Association remembrance service for its fallen was held in the Hall of Memories at Brisbane Cenotaph under the leadership of Paul Brown. Delaying the ceremony until all could

army, marines, naval and airforce, who were guests of the nearby Australian Naval group who we usually share the upstairs bar. The US Military had just completed a two weeks course at Ennogerra and were returning home the next day. They marched at the Dawn Service and the March – without exception each member I spoke to was moved by the generous reception of the crowd as they marched. The visitors certainly brightened the day. Thank you to Colin who did the prior organising and to Tony Boulter for coordinating the day. I also thank Mal Zimmermann, Bruce Crawford, Paul Brown, Mike Griffith, Tom Dowling, Jesse Chee and Doug Ng for their assistance on the day. It was a good and satisfying day.

On Sunday 12th May, Colin Gould, John Holland and I met the President of NSAAQ, Alex Garlin, the Heritage Area Coordinator, Barry Loose and NSAAQ'S Historical Officer who hails from Atherton, to discuss our Association's use of the former Cadets Building as an extension to our Military Museum. While the group was sympathetic of our arguments, it was clear there are elements in the NSAAQ who were not. We understood the matter would be discussed at the executive meeting to be held the following day. Subsequently we were told the issue had not been discussed due to time constraints but will be resolved at the next executive meeting to be held sometime July.

The death of Matt Foley on 2nd April has reduced the number of known surviving coast watchers to four, Jim Burrowes, Lionel Veale, Sandy Mc Nab and one other. Seven former members of B Company, PNGVR, Rabaul attended Matt's funeral on the 9th April on the Gold Coast, see the photograph.

Our 71st Anniversary Commemorative Service for those lost at Rabaul and on the Montevideo Maru at the time of the Japanese invasion will be held at 1000 hours, Monday 1st July in the Hall of Memories, Brisbane Cenotaph, followed by morning tea in the adjacent meeting room. This is now a public event so please invite those you think will be interested. NGVR officially lost 36 men on the Montevideo Maru but many more who were not officially recognised, because events preceded the administrative procedures, were on the ship listed as civilians.

Although the former Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Society has been reintegrated into the PNGAA, the RMM Chapter of PNGAA will hold national commemorative events in Canberra on the preceding weekend with a commemorative luncheon at



Ex- B Company, PNVR, Rabaul members at Matt Foley's funeral, 9th April, 2013. Rear l to r: Jim Taplin, Arthur Edwards, Ernie Edwards, Simon Hui & Gerry McGrade. Front l to r: Tony Donkensloot and John Holland

the Mercure Hotel on Saturday 29th June followed by a service at the RMM National Memorial in the grounds of the AWM on Sunday 30th June, 2013. Please contact Marge Curtis on phone 03 5974 4403 / 0418 323 555, email marg.curtis@hvs.com.au if you wish to attend either or both the luncheon or Sunday service. If attending you are advised to book accommodation early as this is a busy time in Canberra.

* Note: Tommy Harbeck is presently serving his third deployment in Afghanistan as a bomb disposal engineer in the Australian Army. He returns to Australia in July.

Phil Ainsworth

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NGVR/PNGVR approaching the saluting base in Adelaide Street, Brisbane

find their way through the crowd paid off as a large gathering of well over 40 was present in this confined space.

Following the Service we adjourned to the Victory Hotel for our annual reunion. Our number was well down this year, only 47 attended - a good indicator being there was food left over. Noel and Bev Kenna attended coming up from Victoria just for the day. After the toasts and speeches, we were visited by a number of United States military personnel,

ESCAPE FROM NEW BRITAIN
Cpl (Dr) NORMAN HENRY FISHER, AO.
NG 608

I was born in Hay in western NSW on 30th Sep, 1909. My father, Frank Albert Edward Fisher was a farmer and grazier at a place called 'Boorooban' and had sheep and wheat. My mother was Lucy Jane Fisher, nee Lockwood. There were 7 children in the family and I was the last born. It was a sore point with me as everywhere I went with my mother people would say "Oh! So that's the baby".

We moved to Southbrook, Qld, when I was about 18 months old. Southbrook is south-west of Toowoomba on the Pitts-worth railway line. I attended Southbrook state primary school and completed my secondary schooling at Toowoomba Grammar where I was a boarder. At Grammar I studied French, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra, Physics and Chemistry and a certain amount of History and Geography, with a small amount of Geometric and Freehand drawing.

When I had finished my Senior Year at Grammar, I and my friend Norman Caldwell obtained a job in the Wheat Board located in central Toowoomba. The Qld Wheat Board was the central organisation for the purchase and sale of wheat in Queensland. We were in the office receiving all the purchase notes and converting tons, hundredweights, quarters and pounds into bushels and pounds as a first step and then converting bushels and pounds into monetary pounds, shillings and pence. In those times in Qld wheat was purchased in three installments, the first of which was about 75% of the total, the second installment about 10 -15% and the final was what made up the final sale price. While we were there we only worked on the first installment as there was a big time gap between the first and second installments. It was a good job and we were well paid by our standards. We started in December and I went down to Brisbane at the beginning of March, 1928, to enroll into University, keeping the Wheat Board job going as long as possible.

I went on to University of Queensland which, at the time, was located at the river end of George Street, where the University of Technology is now situated. At the time the Technical College was in the same grounds as the University and when the University moved to St Lucia the Technical College expanded into their vacant premises and eventually became the University of Technology.

I was always keen on making things and had the desire to be an engineer, but various people who were at the University or had gone to the University over the years and had taken an Engineering Degree advised very strongly against Engineering as there was a depression on and there were no jobs in that field, and a lot of them were out of work. Consequently I studied Science, with the idea of becoming a Scientific Chemist. University was very prescribed in those days – four subjects in the first year, three subjects in the second, two subjects in the third year, and, if you were good enough an Honours Year in the fourth year. You graduated at the end of three years. I had the choice of 6 subjects for my first year and took Maths A, as it was called, Physics and Chemistry and the decision between Biology and Geology for my fourth subject. I decided the way to choose which subject was to go along to a lecture on each and see what I thought of them. I knew a bit about geology as a teacher in primary school taught me a little about it. So I went to the Biology lesson given by an Albert Kaiser, who was a sardonic character on first acquaintance, and to the geology lesson given by Professor Richards, and it was a marvelous lecture and very interesting. So my mind was made up and I took geology and my major subjects were chemistry and

geology. At the end of my first year I went to the Professor and asked if there would be any jobs when I graduated, so was it worth continuing in geology. He replied to the effect that he had not recommended anyone take geology for the past 4 years, but thought there would be a revival in mining in Australia by the time I had finished, so I continued and finished my qualifications in 1930, and obtained my degree the next year, 1931, while I was doing my Honours year.

I commence work

At the end of 1932 I completed my Honours year and applied for three jobs. One was at Mt Isa, another with State Geological Survey and the other was with the Anglo Gold Mining Company in Rhodesia. I could have had any one of the three, because, as it happened I was the only applicant for the jobs. I didn't want the State Survey job as the State Survey at the time was moribund and not very active or inspiring. I didn't want to go to Rhodesia so Mt Isa was the logical position. The Professor arranged for me to be interviewed by the General Manager of Mt Isa Mines, Julius Kruttschnitt, who had only fairly recently taken up the position. Mt Isa Mines originally commenced as a Qld company who did not have a lot of money and they were absorbed by Mining Trust, a large British Company who had large mines in various countries but largely in Russia and their mines in Russia were in trouble as a result of the Russian Revolution.

Surface ore had been found in 1923 at Mt Isa and Mining Trust financed the development of the field. They had carried out an extensive drilling campaign and had commenced mining but were just about out of money and came to an arrangement with an American mining company who financed further work on the field. As part of the arrangement ASR were to have technical control of the mining, so the General Manager, Mining Superintendent, Asst Mining Superintendent, Managers of the mill and smelter and some others were all seconded from ASR. (American Smelting & Refining Company)

At the end of my Honours year I was interviewed by the General Manager of Mt Isa Mines and was asked to formally apply for a position, and, after I had written out my application and shown it to my Professor he advised that it was not good enough and rewrote it in glowing terms, as well as adding that I was fit and well and was sure I could make a positive contribution in Mt Isa.

At the end of my second year I went back to the Wheat Board for a period and was given a job in the receiving office at a little place called Greenmount. After about 3 weeks I accepted a vacation job that Professor Richards had arranged for me with the Imperial Experimental Geophysical Survey at Mungant in North Queensland. Before leaving to take this up I went to the dentist in Toowoomba and was advised that he needed to take out a molar as there was no way of saving it. He promptly commenced pulling the tooth. As it happened the roots of the molar had turned outward and he has a hell of a job getting it out, and I was left with a very, very sore face.

The next day happened to be Christmas Day and I caught the train from Brisbane to Townsville. Christmas Day at the railway station in Brisbane was as miserable a day as you could ever want to see. So I had a very painful trip for two days to Townsville where I stayed with some friends, the Hopkins. The four Hopkins boys all went through St Johns College with me at the University of Qld. Hollis Hopkins was a well known distribution firm in Townsville and Mr Hopkins was a very good tennis player so we played a lot of tennis over those few days, and, as well, visited a number of the offshore islands in their launch.

The train trip from Townsville to Mt Isa took a day and a half. My first impression of the place when I alighted from the train was of red dust, spinifex and stunted gum trees, and I thought "My God! This is Hell!" To make it worse, whoever met me took me around to where I was to be accommodated for the time – the

staff quarters were full – and I was put in a tin shed, a workers' dormitory. Fortunately in a few weeks a spot became available in the staff quarters, and I moved in and stayed there for the whole of my stay in Mt Isa. The accommodation was quite satisfactory and the food was very good, particularly compared to Toowoomba Grammar.

At the end of my first year in Mt Isa I came home for holidays, which were spent mainly in Brisbane. I actually got out over the Chief Geologist's objections that I hadn't completed a full year, but my argument that all my University friends would have dissipated from around the Brisbane area by the time my first year was up won out. He actually gave in on the gentlemen's understanding that I would return to complete, not only my first year, but another year.

Whilst at Mt Isa I did several trips away. One was with the Chief Geologist, Mr Blanchard, an American, a small chap only about 5' 3" tall but very knowledgeable about mining geology. It was to a place called Soldier's Cap, or Mt Freda, near Cloncurry to examine the gold mine there. Another was to Tennant Creek, and I was the first geologist to go there. It was a madhouse actually, a real gold rush situation with people pegging claims hell west and crooked, all over the place and all over each other as well. My job was to identify possible investment opportunities for Mt Isa Mines so I went around to all the claims and sampled every exposure that was available. Some of the miners had very exaggerated ideas about what they would sell their claims to Mt Isa Mining for. It took three days by car to get to Tennant Creek but only one to get back. There were some very hospitable station owners along the way.

Some of the outlying prospects were 10/15 miles (16/24 km) out from the town and I was mapping one area and making a traverse of the lode which went pretty well right through where the town of Tennant Creek is now. It was a Sunday and there was a bunch of miners in a tent. They had dug a shallow shaft and were playing cards when a row broke out. The next thing a chap rushed out calling out and another miner was following him with a revolver, a six-shooter, going 'Bang!Bang!Bang!' My decision to make was whether to jump down the shaft or to get behind a gum tree – so I did the latter. These two chased each other around the area for a couple of hours until someone brought over the local policeman who was camped somewhere on the diggings and he quickly pacified things. No charges were laid to the best of my knowledge although one of the miners had been wounded in the shoulder.

Another narrow escape I had was at a mine called Black Rock, or Doherty, which was a bitch of an ore body, all folded and crumpled. They were trying to mine from a 'shrinkage stope', a drive on the lode just above the haulage level, with ore chutes at intervals to the level below and gravity takes it to the trucks on the level below. As they break the ore they stand on it and put the next explosive round in so they keep pushing up from one level to another by standing on the broken ore. This particular ore body was very heavy because it was almost pure lead carbonate. Anyway Blanchard and myself plus about 20 miners were on ladders going down into the stope when the whole back of the stope, about 2,000 tons fell down. The mine was never opened again.

I played a lot of tennis in Mt Isa and was the North - West Qld Single and Doubles Champion in 1932 and 1933.

The work at Mt Isa gave me valuable experience, however after three years there I felt that I had had enough of Mt Isa. I used to get the daily Qld paper and then applied for two positions – one as Assistant Geologist for South Australia and another as Geologist for the Territory of New Guinea (nothing to do with Papua in those days) After a suitable lapse of time I received my appointment to the latter position, so I consulted my mentor at the time, Mr Blanchard. When I told him I was going to New Guinea he advised me very strongly against it. He had spent some time at Wau

and Edie Creek doing a study on the ore distribution and, while he was there, he got very sick. However I knew from local experience that he was an extremely bad patient, as, once when he was in Mt Isa hospital and I visited him, the nurses said to me "For God's sake! Get him out of here – he's driving us all mad". However New Guinea seemed a bit adventurous to me so I ignored his advice.

I move to New Guinea

My role in New Guinea was to provide scientific services to the gold mining industry which was centered around Wau, Edie Creek and Bulolo at the time, and map the general geology.

To get from Mt Isa to Wau I caught the train to Brisbane, some 4/5 days trip, and boarded the 'Macdhu' in Brisbane. In 1934 I landed in Rabaul on the 'Macdhu' (on my birthday) en route to Salamaua. In Rabaul I was met by the Director of Mines, a rough and tumble ex-soldier by the name of Pat Holmes. He was married to a Territorian of long standing and they used to fight to the extent that the natives had named their house 'haus pait' (house fight).

Pat asked me to go to have a look at a goldfield off the East coast of New Ireland, a place called Tabar advising me that there was a coastal vessel, a pinnace, leaving that night and I was booked on it. Here I was with no experience in New Guinea, no equipment, in fact, no nothing, about to go out to work. The trip from Rabaul to Kavieng was an all night trip and a very rough one. At Kavieng I met up with Con Page, the boss of Burns Philp in Kavieng, and he fitted me out with all the food and a bit of equipment that I was likely to need for a week or so on Tabar and sent me off. Tabar consists of three islands and there was a little gold being produced – not a lot, but enough to pay wages. There was little gold there and I quickly found this out. What they had been mining was just alluvial gold which had been washed down from a few small outcrops, so I advised the miners at Tabar of this and only stayed three days before I was able to get a boat back to Rabaul. This was in fact the same boat that had taken me from Rabaul to Kavieng. The 'miners' were all planters from New Ireland.

When I first landed at Kavieng a native boi came up and introduced himself to me. His name was Lumtim and when I queried who he was he replied "Mipela boi bilong Masta Mark" (I am boy belonging to Master Mark). Now 'Masta Mark' was the general name given by the natives to a Surveyor. The Dept of Mines had about half a dozen survey parties working in New Guinea at the time, and it turned out that one of the Surveyors, a mature gentleman by the name of Alf Chauncey, had seen me going off into the blue with no help at all decided to send one to help me. Lumtim wasn't much of a cook – in fact all he could cook was bacon and he could boil water and cook spuds. However it was a noble gesture on behalf of Alf Chauncey.

I arrived back in Rabaul in time to catch the same 'Macdhu' which had sailed from Rabaul to Salamaua, Madang, Wewak, Manus Island, Kavieng and back to Rabaul. So I got to Salamaua on the second leg of the trip, not the one I had expected to arrive on.

I flew up to Wau from Salamaua and in Wau I had half a house allocated to me which was quite comfortable. I was completely my own boss.

In May, 1935, I was joined in Wau by Lyn Noakes who had been appointed as Assistant Geologist. He had been recruited from South without my knowledge. I had requested assistance and, unknown to me, an ad had been placed in

the Southern newspapers. Lyn applied for the job from Sydney University and was accepted. He was keen and enthusiastic, so much so that, on our first expedition outside Wau, he turned up like a Boy Scout with a compass strapped on his belt and a revolver and all the Scout trappings, together with a geological hat. My first comment was "Take all that off before anybody sees you".

After I had been at Wau for about 12 months I was summoned to Rabaul to examine gold deposits which had been discovered on the North East of the Gazelle Peninsula. There were plantations all around the North and East coasts of the Gazelle Peninsula. The final ones on the North East coast were called 'Rangarere' and 'Talele', the latter owned by a chap called Conroy. A chap called Maclean owned 'Rangarere' and there was an outcrop of iron ore on the plantation. Maclean thought this was the world's greatest deposit, but BHP had already sent up their two top geologists and they had written it off. I could only agree with their assessment and the deposit is still there. Some of Maclean's friends had found a small gold deposit and had put down a small shaft, and I had to examine that. What I found was a small amount of gold mixed up with a great deal of the Gazelle Peninsula rock.

However it had been reported that there was a phosphate deposit on the Talele Islands, just off the coast of 'Talele'. To get there I had bought a canoe for 15/- (\$1.50) and set out with Lyn Noakes and 6 'line bois'. When we got to about 400yds (400m) from the Island the boat gave up the ghost and split straight up the middle, it didn't sink entirely, but just floated. My comment to Lyn was "Well! We have to get to within 100 yds (100m) of the Island because that's all I can swim". We managed to paddle the canoe to the island, and then examined it, but there were no signs of phosphate. The bois patched up the canoe with some sort of pitch they had managed to make so they decided to paddle with two of them to the mainland to get Mr Conroy to come and rescue us. They got to within swimming distance of the mainland before the canoe gave up completely, but about 10pm that evening Mr Conroy appeared in his small pinnace. When we got back to the mainland his wife gave us a meal and some coffee. There was a joint jetty for the two plantations and we had set up camp in the copra shed near the jetty, but ended up on the end of the jetty, as the sandflies were most vicious. We finished our assignment by purchasing, another canoe, somewhat smaller, for a pair of my shorts plus 5 shillings (marks). We then set out to paddle back to Rabaul, and to do this you had to paddle right around the top of Simpson Harbour. We got as far as Kerevat and Lyn and I got off and hitched a ride on a motor vehicle going to Rabaul, and left the bois to paddle on to Rabaul. By the way, at the start of this assignment, transport was supposed to have been arranged for us with local planters by the Chief Draftsman of the Dept of Lands who was a complete bull artist. He never really performed, so, after waiting around for several days in Rabaul and being put off, we got a lift to Kerevat and walked to the North East Coast. I had a touch of 'Doby's Itch' on this walk, and was it painful. The only thing that eased the itch was an accepted cure called Gentian Violet, which was extremely painful to apply and I had a beautiful set of purple genitals for a period.

After that we went to Kieta, on Bougainville, to examine the gold deposits at Kupei, which later became Panguna and from there returned to Wau. Then I had to go to Mt Hagen to examine a gold claim found by Mick Leahy. He found it in a small creek, but it was only a stream of gold, covered by volcanic ash which could have been hundreds of years old. He had a large native line digging his claim and I believe he paid them about a stick of tobacco a week. Mick was an

enthusiastic prospector and had some gold colour in a few spots, some of them two or three days walk from Mt Hagen, but none of them was ever a great find. I still believe that one of his claims was across the Papuan border, but nobody cared at the time. I came back to Wau in a Fox Moth and for the whole of the trip we were in thick cloud, but, fortunately, a gap at the right time allowed us to land at Wau.

I become a Vulcanologist

In May, 1937, two volcanoes erupted in Rabaul. Matupi and Vulcan (or Tavurvur). There was not much emphasis on Vulcanology at the time, but I went across to Rabaul. By the time I arrived the women and children had gone South and the men were generally being organised in 'cleaning up'. The men had moved out of Rabaul but the town had not been damaged badly except for a couple of buildings of which the volcanic ash had caused the roofs to bend a bit. I think the Bank of New South Wales may have been one.

Then the town became busy re-establishing itself. The Chief Justice was away, as was the Administrator and Judge Phillips, the number two Judge, assumed control of the situation. Rabaul was being cleaned up and the volcanic ash removed. The Dept of Territories then arranged for a committee of two to report on the effects of the eruption and whether Rabaul should be maintained as the Capital of the Territory of New Guinea. Dr Woolnough, the Australian Govt's Geological Advisor was one and Dr Stehn, the head of the Vulcanological Survey Section of the Dutch East Indies was the other. Woolnough firmly believed that the Capital be shifted but Stehn considered that it could be retained but an observatory should be built to monitor the activities of the volcanoes around Rabaul. Both Lin and I agreed with this as it had been nearly 50 years since the last major eruption and it would probably be the same time in the future again. Woolnough, who was about 60 years old and overweight, was determined to climb a volcano so he selected Rabalanakaia which was the smallest. We coaxed him up there, he had a brief look and then went back to Canberra. In the meantime Stehn was eager to see some of the other volcanoes in New Guinea so we went to some of those on the North coast, particularly those which had a fair amount of fumaroles (gas vents) and sulphur deposits around them, such as Ulawon (The Father). At the foot of The Father was Ula Mona Catholic Mission and they had never climbed the volcano. Stehn and I climbed Ulawon but it was not easy – there were lots of little knobs of lava the same size as a pigeon egg, and it was a case of one step up and two back fairly regularly. It was an impressive sight when we got to the top of the crater – about 200 ft (65m) down and steaming vigorously. We were the first to climb Ulawon, and probably the last. Subsequently this volcano has erupted several times. We also visited Lolobau Volcano, an island near Ula Mona.

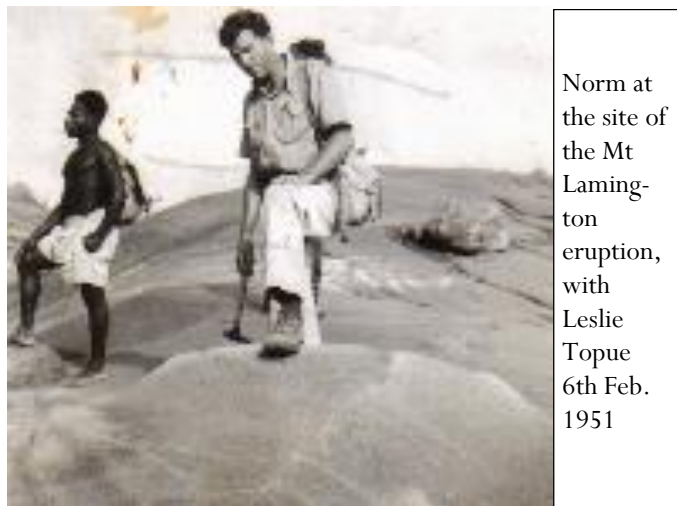
By the time we got back to Rabaul Woolnough's draft had been received but Stehn was quite upset as it was not what he thought the two had agreed. As it happened Woolnough was retired shortly thereafter, and had a pretty tough time of it as he had been employed for many years as a temporary officer and was not entitled to superannuation. In the end the Administration decided to move the capital, but the decision had to be made – where? Lae was the obvious place but the residents of Wau were much against Lae as there was no wharf. Several Committees set up by the Australian Govt had recommended Lae and the process slowly started of moving the Administration.

I get married and slowly commence moving to Rabaul

I came down on leave and was married on 23rd August, 1937. I had met my wife Ellice Carstens, nee Summers, whom I had met at primary school in 1918. We moved to Wau first of all.

For a long time I continued to commute between Wau and Rabaul. However Lyn Noakes was doing a good job, the observatory in Rabaul was being completed and I slowly began spending more and more time in Rabaul.

In 1941 the fumaroles around Vulcan began to heat up and the temperature rose to the stage that by the end of September the heat was about 400 degrees Centigrade, which was enough to char a stick put in it. It continued to play up during 1941, and sent clouds of sulphur bearing dust over Rabaul. The Administrator was furious at this as his house was right in the path of the prevailing winds.



Norm at the site of the Mt Lamington eruption, with Leslie Topue 6th Feb. 1951

New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR)

In September, 1939, I joined the NGVR in Wau when it was first formed. WO1 Umphelby was appointed the Regimental Sgt Maj and he was a regular soldier from Australia. I cannot recall exactly why I joined but it was the done thing at the time and just about everybody joined. I suppose I had a medical, which would have been carried out by Dr Noel McKenna, the Government Medical Officer at Wau.

The training in Wau consisted mainly of weapons training with the .303 rifle and the Vickers Machine Gun. As I recall most of the indoor training was conducted at the District Office. I recall only one field exercise held on a weekend. We assembled near a large kunai (high grass) field and were divided into three groups. The aim was to see if any of the groups could spot another group whilst moving slowly through the kunai. Unfortunately none of the groups spotted each other so I would describe this as a bit of a 'picnic exercise'.

I was only in Wau for a short time after this and, when I moved to Rabaul on a permanent basis remained in the NGVR. I was officially transferred to Rabaul with the NGVR in December, 1939. We paraded on a regular basis and carried out rifle drill and weapons training. I sat for promotion exams and was duly promoted to Lance Corporal in February, 1940, and to Corporal in October, 1940. Our training in Rabaul was conducted mainly in the Botanic Gardens. There was a hut in the Gardens we used on a regular basis. There was a Training Instructor, a Warrant Officer sent up from Australia, who was in charge of training. Towards the end of 1941 we used to gather at 5pm after work on almost a daily basis for training. Prior to that training was carried out on a weekly basis after work and on one or two weekends a month. Within the limitations of the Gardens we carried out field training such as 'Advancing towards an objective in such a way as not to be seen until right upon the objective' – this I would describe as a concealment exercise.

The mortar section was allotted to me and I became the Cor-

poral in charge of the NGVR Mortar. We trained under the supervision of A.I.F. Officers. The mortar came to us late in 1941, probably December, and there were only two Corporals in NGVR in Rabaul at the time and one of us had to be in charge, so I was given the task. As a matter of interest we never had a chance for a practice shoot with the mortar and the first time it was fired was in anger during the invasion by the Japanese. We had, however, trained on the mortar – how to arm mortar bombs and drop them down the spout, how to locate and aim the mortar etc. No NGVR men had any knowledge of the 3" mortar so our instruction had to come from a 2/22nd Bn person.

The 2/22nd Bn AIF (Australian Imperial Force) arrived in Rabaul in 1941 and by September, 1941, the garrison in Rabaul, known as 'Lark Force' had grown to about 1400 soldiers in all. I recall one exercise we carried out with the 2/22nd towards the end of 1941. The exercise was on the north - west coast of the Gazelle Peninsula, and we all set out in trucks, across Tunnel Hill and up the north - west coast. The trucks were well spaced out with 70 yards between each vehicle 'density 70 yards' was the official term, but the dust kicked up as they all trundled along the road was incredible – the Army could not control the density of the dust. Just after we had reached the exercise area and dispersed around the field, we heard a flight of aircraft going over. It was a Japanese reconnaissance aircraft, and the exercise was immediately abandoned and we set off for Rabaul again. This would probably have been the 10th December, 1941, as that was the first Japanese aircraft to fly over Rabaul.

However contact between the 2/22nd Bn and NGVR was very limited. They were actually located below my observatory on the flat land, so any contact with them was largely through my wife who had taken on the position of 'Musical Director' of the Musical and Dramatic Society in Rabaul and both Ellice and Dell Cromie wife of Solicitor and NGVR member James Cromie, organised and provided a concert for the troops in Rabaul.

The NGVR in Rabaul was affected by two separate drafts of volunteers leaving Rabaul for Australia, as they had joined the AIF. By January, 1942, the strength of NGVR in Rabaul was approx 80. .

There had been no planning prior to this for evacuation even though it was obvious to anyone with any brains at all that we could not defend Rabaul effectively, and I recall in the latter part of 1941 the Chief Botanist, Alec Dwyer (NGVR - NG 15), raised the question of survival if we were defeated, as we obviously were going to be. The instructor at the time almost laughed at him, so the matter was not raised again. I recall coming home one afternoon in December, 1941, to find that Ellice and Dell Cromie had gone well out into the back to practice shooting so that, in the event of the Japanese landing they could shoot one another. They had put up a tin on a post and practiced shooting at it and as Ellice later said to me, she told Dell "You are not going to shoot me – you are going to maim me!" – they had gone nowhere near the target. I solved the problem by obtaining from the laboratory a number of cyanide pills which I handed to them – nasty but realistic. I was very relieved when they were evacuated.

Women and children were evacuated from Rabaul between mid November and end December 1941. My wife Ellice was on the last plane out of Rabaul, on 31st December, 1941.

The Japanese invasion

Norm wrote to Bob Collins:-

"I am enclosing a handwritten (some time ago) copy of my 'escape diary'. On re-reading hand notes, I observed that it was a rather 'bare bones' sort of report, as I think I mentioned

to you when you were here (my handwriting has become a bit wobbly, so please excuse).

The following is in Norm's words, from notes he made during the journey, and shortly afterwards. Anything in a different type was recorded in July, 2006, in an interview with him:-

"Monday 12 January. Three days (12-14) mornings spent at Public Works Dept making parts for strong motion seismograph. Afternoons at Matupi Observation Post installing and adjusting the seismograph in the M.O.P.

Here we quote from the book "Hell and High Fever" by David Selby. Early on Monday morning Dr Norman Fisher, the Government Vulcanologist, was horrified to see two guns lumbering onto his front lawn, accompanied by load after load of ammunition, sandbags and supplies. Slip trenches were dug where he had been patiently coaxing a garden to grow, trees were felled, three times in one day bringing down the electric wires, and troops were quartered in his observatory. Within 24 hours a remote and peaceful residence was converted to an important military objective. At first, irritated by this unexpected invasion, Dr Fisher took it in good part, eventually housing me in a luxurious mosquito – proofed room in his house. After the first few days of excitement, tension eased and we settled down to a monotonous routine.

Thursday & Friday 14-15. Mainly packing up things to be shipped south on 'Macdhuil' Completed large crate.

Saturday 16. Very nearly went by plane to Port Moresby. Talked out of it by Harold Page. (I already had received news that I was to be transferred to Canberra to work with Raggatt on essential war minerals study as obviously further field work in the T.N.G. was not going to be possible.) Took furniture down to Government store & consigned it to Brisbane (but 'Machduil' never came). Cleaning up in afternoon.

Sunday 17th Parade all day down at Crater Ridge (above NE end of airstrip) preparing new mortar position and digging slit trenches.

Monday 18th Tidying up seismograph records and putting them in order.

Tuesday 19th Major air raid in morning – 108 Japanese planes from bases and aircraft carrier. Losses ??? Japs bombed dromes, set M.V. 'Herstein' on fire and sank the coal hulk.

Out to Matupi Observation Post in afternoon, then home.

Wednesday 20th Called to parade by Jeff Kilner (Lieut NGVR) at 7pm. Last time I saw home. Took mortar and ammunition to Casuarina Camp and slept in tent.

Wednesday 21st January Up at 4am and up to Crater Ridge position. Conflicting orders all day, moving mortar and ammunition up and down and preparing position. (Line) boys helped in afternoon, not much bombing, not much kaikai. Slept on bottom of lorry.

Thursday 22nd Most of day on Crater Ridge. Praed Point guns dive-bombed and put out of action. Lower (Rapindik) drome mined and petrol burnt, ammunition blown up (tremendous bang).

Moved at 2pm (laboriously, as lorry would not (why?) approach Crater Ridge position) to new position at Malaguna – Vulcan. Saw Clem Knight and planned retreat via Malaguna (if possible). Prepared mortar position, measured distance to obvious landing point (800 yards), slept on beach.

I believe the move was made after the High Command realised that everyone's escape routes would be cut off if we stopped where we had originally been placed. As it happened the townships of Rabaul was then left unguarded. We originally had six

in our Mortar Section, but at this stage only had four. Two days previously it was discovered that one of our Mortar Platoon members was only 17 years old and he was withdrawn from the Section. Another chap, Ron Skillen, was an employee of the Bank of New South Wales, and both he and his Manager had received instructions from Headquarters in Port Moresby to take out the Bank records on a ship which was in the harbour, the 'Malaita' I think – this they did successfully, but, by the time they got back they had lost contact with us, as we had been moved from one place to another. So we finished with a crew of four. A number of things had to be done on the mortar – the mortar bombs first of all had to be carried to the mortar, then they had to be armed, and finally to be put down the spout. To arm the mortar a strip was taken off the bottom of the fin so that when it is put down the mortar tube, the mortar strikes the firing pin and activates. The other thing we were worried about in our present position was that we may accidentally hit one of the coconut trees with a mortar on the way out and cause an accidental explosion which would have been dangerous for ourselves.

To be continued.

This is Norm's story as told to Bob Collins

An old, half-blind cowboy wanders into an all-girl biker bar by mistake. He finds his way to a bar stool and orders a shot of Jack Daniels.

After sitting there for a while, he yells to the bartender, 'Hey, you wanna hear a blonde joke?' The bar immediately falls absolutely silent.

In a very deep, husky voice, the woman next to him says, 'Before you tell that joke, Cowboy, I think it is only fair, given that you are blind, that you should know five things:

1. The bartender is a blonde girl with a baseball bat.

2. The bouncer is a blonde girl with a 'Billy-Club'.

3. I'm a 6-foot tall, 175-pound blonde woman with a black belt in karate.

4. The woman sitting next to me is blonde and a professional weight lifter.

5. The lady to your right is blonde and a professional wrestler.

'Now, think about it seriously, Cowboy. Do you still wanna tell that blonde joke?'

The blind cowboy thinks for a second, shakes his head and mutters, 'No, not if I'm gonna have to explain it five times.'

LAYING UP OF COLOURS

The fact that colours have from the early ages been consecrated, would give them an aspect of sacredness, which could not be wholly ignored when consideration was given to their disposal.

In view of the reverence paid them while they are in service it is not surprising that care has been taken to ensure that they ultimately repose in sacred edifices or other public buildings where their preservation is ensured with due regard to their symbolic significance and historic association.

Originally each leader of a body of troops provided his own standard, guidon or ensign and this was usually retained by him after a campaign or when it was no longer serviceable.

Even after the inauguration of the Standing Army in England, the colonel of the regiment provided the colours, and when these were retired he disposed of them on behalf of the regiment.

It was not until 1855 that the state provided the colours for line regiments. An instruction of 1881 stated that "Unserviceable colours, standards or guidons will, "when replaced, be disposed of as the officer commanding the regiment may deem fit." This is an indication that, although the state provided the colours, they had not at that time any wish to interfere with the ancient right of the colonel to dispose of them.

There are many recorded incidences of colours being buried with the colonel of the regiment and one case where a unit being disbanded (2 Bn Kings Regt) in 1816, brought the colours into the officers mess at the conclusion of dinner where they were stripped, cut up so that each officer obtained a piece and then burnt. The ashes of the colours and pikes were buried in the centre of the parade ground and an armed sentry mounted over them through the night.

The following appeared in the British Army Clothing Regulations 1898, "When standards, guidons or colours are replaced they remain the property of the state and should be deposited in some church or other public building. If this is not practicable, officers commanding will submit, through the usual channel, proposals for their disposal. No one is entitled to sell old standards, guidons or colours or to deal in them in any way".

King's Regulations reprinted in 1945 contained the following; "Old Standards, Guidons and Colours remain the property of the State. After replacement they will be laid up in a church or other public building; they will not otherwise be disposed of without War Office sanction. "In no circumstances will they be sold or allowed to pass into the possession of an individual. If the donor of any Standard, Guidon or Colour has, at the time of presentation, made any stipulation regarding its disposal that would conflict with the foregoing instructions the matter will be referred to the War Office".

Customs in the Australian Military Forces is that guidons or colours will be laid up in a place selected by the commanding officer in the case of an existing unit, or by the last commanding officer or unit association in the case of a unit not now on the Order of Battle (ORBAT).

Selection of the place will be from one of the following (in recommended order of preference) — a local church, a church of the state, a state war memorial, the Australian War Memorial or a civic building.

It was formerly the practice that laid-up colours could not be removed from their resting place and taken back into service.

This, however, has now been modified and the laid-up colours of disbanded or amalgamated units may be retaken into service by those units should they be brought back onto the ORBAT and provided the colours are deemed serviceable.

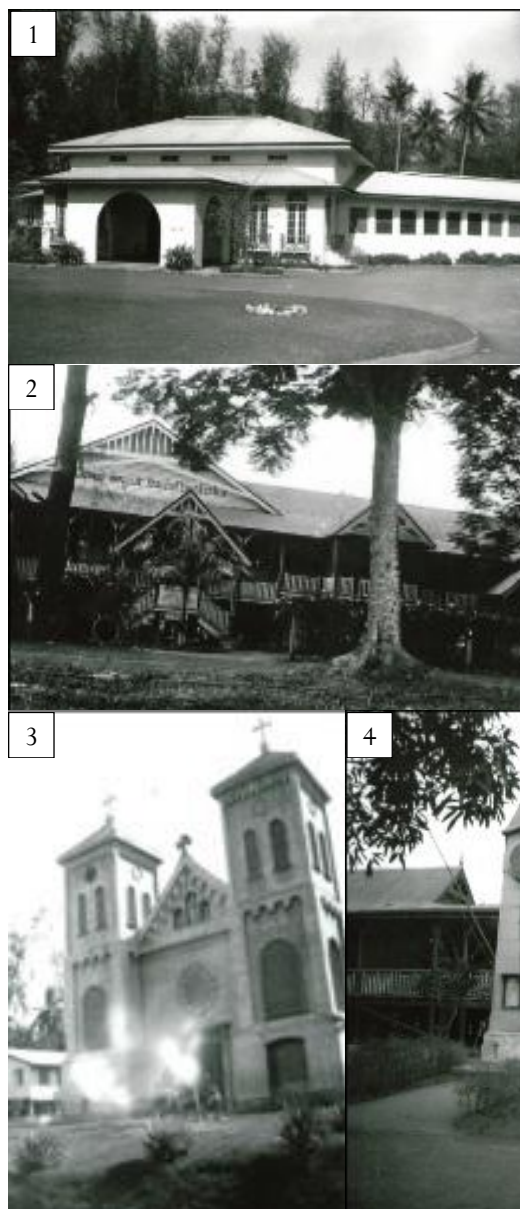
This aside, colours, once laid up, are left as they are and will, in time, disintegrate (dust to dust); they should not be reconditioned or refurbished.

The laying up of colours is not to be confused with the practice of depositing colours for safe custody, such as on mobilisation.

Chris Jobson, former RSM Ceremonial ADHQ



Is this a large crocodile or not?
Where is this photo taken and when?



Photos Rabaul, 1941

1. New Guinea Club

2. Commonwealth Bank

3. Mission built from tin made to look like stone

4. Rabaul Post Office

JAPANESE MIDGET SUBMARINES GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

CREW: 2 Sailors; 1 junior officer who conned the boat and another usually a Petty Officer controlled ballast to regulate the trimming and diving functions.

LENGTH: 23.9 metres long

DISPLACEMENT: 46 Tons which is why they were towed behind merchant ships from Japan to Rabaul as the ships derricks were not able to lift that weight.

BEAM: 1.8 Metres

HEIGHT: 3.0 Metres

PROPULSION 192 trays of two by two volt cells distributed as 136 trays forward and 56 trays aft. Also one 600 hp electric motor, 1800 rpm and 2 counter rotating screws on a single shaft.

SPEED: 23 knots surfaced and 19 knots submerged.

RANGE: 100 nautical miles (190 km) at 2 knots, 80 NM (150 km) at 6 knots and 18 NM (33 Km) at 19 knots.

DEPTH: Up to 30 metres.

ARMAMENT: 2 x 450mm-diameter torpedoes muzzle loaded and a 140 kg scuttling charge.

BALLAST: 2,670 kg and laid in the vessel as 534 x 5 kg lead bars.

The Imperial Japanese Navy intended to send 5 HA midget submarines to Rabaul around October 1943 via Truk and Palau. The submarines were to be towed by merchant vessels. The numbers were listed as HA 49, 50, 51, 52 and 53.

Records indicate the other 4 did not make Rabaul, as their tender vessels were either bombed or torpedoed.

HA No. 53 was near Malaguna No.3 Village, Rabaul prior to it being sunk in deeper water in 1946. So here HA No. 53 has sat in an upright position since early 1946 supplying a home for fish and other aquatic creatures. The nose with the torpedoes is covered but the remainder of the hull and the stern is clear of the sand. The counter rotating propellers are still there in excellent condition and remnants of the cable and netting used to tow her to her final resting-place are still on the wreck. There are also a lot of small stones on and around the wreck, evidence of local fishermen who have found a good bottom fishing spot and some fishing line when the hooks have become snagged on the wreck.

Rod Pearce, Rob Rawlinson and I went out on Rods boat the MV Barbarian 2 a couple of days after the announcement of the find and armed with side scanning sonar and a towfish went to the spot and took a few runs over the site. The sonar showed the wreck clearly.

In mid November writer/photographer Bob Halstead with Rods assistance dived the wreck with his camera and as far as I know is the first civilian diver to see her since she was sunk there. Visibility over the wreck is quite reasonable but the dive is for experienced divers, as deliberate decompression stops have to be made. This vessel is similar to the submarines, which were used to attack Pearl harbour, and later Sydney harbour shipping.

Approximately 101 of these submarines were built with the original 2 prototypes were used only for testing and did not have conning towers. The towers were added later for stability and if you check the dimensions of these ships it is obvious why penetration of these vessels is only for people of a small stature. The submarines did not have names, only hull numbers and were launched from I class Japanese submarines or landing ships.

During development according to the Japanese, the name "A target" was used to avert attention from the weapon and if discovered the Japanese could insist the vessels were targets for battle practice. Other variations of this design were used converted to special underwater cargo transporters to get supplies into beleaguered troops. Post WW2, there were a couple of these "pipes" used in Rabaul by a shipping operator to supply fresh water to ships in the Harbour and in use perhaps up to the volcanic eruption in 1994. One may have been used for fuel deliveries to remote areas.

The Japanese midget submarine saw success in at least 3 major attacks. The first was when 5 midget submarines were used in the attack on Pearl Harbour in December 1941 and at least 2 made it into the harbour undetected. The second was an attack in Sydney Harbour at the end of May 1942 by 3 midget submarines. The first was detected and became entangled in an anti submarine net. The crew detonated the demolition charges and killed themselves. The second managed to get very close to Garden Island and lined up the cruiser Chicago. One torpedo beached itself on Garden Island and didn't detonate and the other passed under a Netherlands submarine (K9) and hit the harbour bed under the

HMAS Kuttabul and resulted in the deaths of 21 sailors. That midget cleared the harbour again and disappeared. This one was located in 2006 around 30 km North of Sydney.

The third submarine was depth charged by RAN vessels and sunk in Taylor's Bay. Two of the wrecks were salvaged immediately and a complete submarine was fabricated from the wrecks. This one is on display at the Australian War memorial Museum in Canberra.

The third notable attack was made by two units launched from I class submarines into Madagascar's Diego Suarez harbour. The major target was the battleship HMS Ramillies and other secondary targets. One managed to penetrate the harbour defenses and fired its two torpedoes while under depth charge attack. One torpedo hit the battleship causing serious damage and the second hit and sank a medium sized oil tanker called British Loyalty. Both ships were eventually repaired.

Other navies besides Japan have also used Midget submarines such as United States Navy, British Royal Navy, Germany and Italy. The most effective use of these as weapons was for harbour penetrations and estuary patrols.

There is also some information which designates submarine # 53 as an A class and later converted to a B class. This was supposed to have been the case with the 5 midget submarines destined to come to Rabaul and where they were to be deployed is not known at this time. It appears only # 53 made it from Japan to Rabaul. There is another Japanese midget sub in shallow depth water off New Hanover (New Ireland Province)

David Flinn

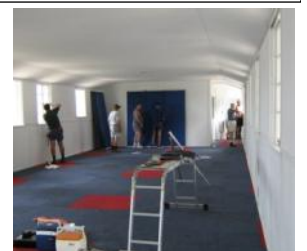
Rabaul

10 December 2011

NGVR/PNGVR Military Museum



Japanese POWs working on the scuttled Midget Submarine scuttled near Malaguna No 3 village, Rabaul, prior to it being towed out to deeper water and sunk. This is the subject of the previous article in HTT Vol 75 re Australian Submarine AE1



A group of volunteers working to turn an old Army hut into what is now your military museum at Wacol, Brisbane January 2006



Telephones & Japanese Water Bottle at NGVR/PNGVR Military Museum

Okay all you English grammar teachers - time to groan!

1. A bicycle cannot stand alone; it is two tired.
2. A will is a dead giveaway.
3. Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana.
4. A backward poet writes inverse.
5. In a democracy it's your vote that counts; in feudalism, it's your Count that votes.
6. A chicken crossing the road: poultry in motion.
7. If you don't pay your exorcist you can get repossessed.
8. With her marriage she got a new name and a dress.
9. Show me a piano falling down a mine shaft and I'll show you A-flat miner.
10. When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.
11. The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine was fully recovered.
12. A grenade fell onto a kitchen floor in France and resulted in Linoleum Blownapart.
13. You are stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.
14. Local Area Network in Australia: The LAN down under.
15. A calendar's days are numbered.
16. A boiled egg is hard to beat.
17. He had a photographic memory which was never developed.
18. The short fortune teller who escaped from prison: a small medium at large.
19. Those who get too big for their britches will be exposed in the end.
20. When you've seen one shopping centre you've seen a mall.
21. If you jump off a Paris bridge, you are in Seine.
22. When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.
23. Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead to know basis.
24. Santa's helpers are subordinate clauses.
25. Acupuncture: a jab well done.
26. Marathon runners with bad shoes suffer the agony of de feet.
27. I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.
28. She was only a whisky maker, but he loved her still.
29. A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class because it was a weapon of math disruption.
30. No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.
31. A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.
32. Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.
33. A hole has been found in the nudist camp wall. The police are looking into it.
34. Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
35. Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other, 'You stay here, I'll go on a head.'
36. I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.
37. A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab centre said: 'Keep off the Grass.'
38. The soldier who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.
39. When cannibals ate a missionary, they got a taste of religion.
40. Don't join dangerous cults: Practice safe sects.

The following has been supplied by Committee Member, Leigh Eastwood, and is the story of one of his visits to PNG.

INSTALLATION OF PIPEWORK INSULATION COVERS

After some negotiation with Site, it was decided that I would head up to PNG on 28th March. 2012. The flight to PNG involves one leg up to Cairns, then the charter to the minesite, arriving around 15:00 in the afternoon. I was picked up at the Airport and taken to my accommodation where I settled in. An early start next morning saw me at the Mess for a quick breakfast then catch a bus to the Process Plant where the daily ritual of site-pass inspection and breathalyzer were undertaken.

My contact on site was not back off field break but a quick investigation revealed that our container had not yet arrived from Australia. That was OK as there were many other things which hadn't been done either, including 3 full days of inductions. Despite the fact that my role was supposed to be supervisory only, I immediately became the Project Owner and it was left up to me to chase everything up. The Customer arranged the hire of 9 T/As (Actually unskilled labourers) to help me and I was supposed to have a qualified tradesman to liaise with the local T/As and help organize them. That lasted one day – then I was on my own. We also needed to negotiate the hire of a 20' container which was fitted out with shelves for use as a storage facility and smoko room.

Upon it's delivery there was an immediate set to as the guys who were using it previously objected to losing it and they demanded its return. The argument became fairly heated with my guys shaping up to the other guys and me in the middle trying to settle everyone down – all of this conducted in Tok Pisin in which I am reasonably fluent fortunately. The argument was sorted out in due course, but the problem remained in that the container with the covers was now on the wharf and not permitted to be re-located to the autoclave area due to heavy congestion. We were forced to borrow a ute whenever one became available and make a trip to the wharf, load it, then offload it amongst the cranes and scaffolding all happening around the autoclaves. Then we may get a second trip in if someone else didn't lay claim on the ute in the meanwhile. Progress was painfully slow, made worse by the fact that engineers had changed all the pipework since I had measured it up and we were unable to do a lot of it. Our workplace was the sump area under the autoclaves, subjected to all the regurgitation, spillage



and fumes emitted by the process. We had a tarp about 20' x 20' which was the only shelter from the frequent tropical downpours so we could only get the covers required immediately from

the container as anything left out would get either wet, or covered by something else ejected from the autoclaves. Add to this the fact that the autoclaves operate at 220°C and have a surface temperature in the vicinity of 100°C which radiated onto us as we were working next to them. The Site is located approx 3° South of the Equator, daily temperatures being around 32° but close on 100% humidity – so five minutes after starting work we were all soaked with sweat dripping off the brims of our helmets. (I lost 6.5Kg over the month)

There was a bit of light relief in the middle of all of this – my



contact on site arranged for me to visit the Gold Room and observe a gold pour. You will see in the photo the small bar of gold I

am holding weighs about 18Kg and is worth a tad under \$1M. No good to me though – no free samples that day.

One of the maintenance Co-ordinators expressed concern that the installation was not progressing fast enough - that was enough for me – I totally threw my toys out of the cot and had a major dummy spit. The next day the container was moved up from the wharf to the autoclave area, and several other issues of a HR nature were all addressed, and we started to make real progress. I still didn't have a Company tradesman as liaison with my national guys, which resulted in them goofing off every time my back was turned. I'd have to drop what I was doing, round them all up and get them back on the job. Meanwhile the first lot have now taken off and the process has to be repeated. A major issue was the scaffolding, and due to landowner rights etc (which means that they can only work in areas of the plant located on land belonging to their clan) the contract scaffolders attached to me were slow beyond belief. We were constantly held up by them, but in the earlier stages of the installation we were able to find other things to do. As if that wasn't bad enough, we had a major power outage in the geo-thermal power station and the autoclaves were shut down.



This resulted in 2 days of sirens going off for an hour or so at a time, during which time we had to evacuate the building. They also emptied several

compartments of one of the autoclaves right next to where we were working. All of which added days of delays and some serious unpleasantness.

We persevered with it all and finally approached the front end of the autoclaves. We had had some problems with the fitting of many of the covers and I was hoping that we would have plain sailing for the final stage of the installation. We had half a day's delay when I had to arrange for a radioactive device to be isolated as we fitted the covers around it – then onto the last section and doing well. But it was not to be – a second power outage caused the autoclaves to be shut down again.

So a combination of sirens and the scaffolders who took 4 days to erect one section of scaffolding slowed us right down to the point where we would not finish the final installation on two of the autoclaves. And that's the way it was, my



last day spent in a frenzy trying to get as much done as possible.

They finally gave me back a Company tradesman, who was helpful on the last two days. I finished up doing 25 ten

hour days straight, and the sight of the airport bus out was the best. They call it the "Happy Bus" – no prizes for guessing why.

Leigh Eastwood - 28/03/2012 to 24/04/2012

James Walker Australia is a UK based Company specializing in high performance sealing products such as pump packings and gasket materials. We have been established in Australia for 82 years and in the UK for 132 years, and have been active in the manufacture and sales of our very comprehensive range of products not only in Australia, but throughout the world. Recently we were successful in purchasing a Newcastle based company called DC Rowe who specialize in the distribution of high temperature textiles, and in the manufacture of industrial insulation covers such as those mentioned in the preceding article. If any further information is required please contact Leigh Eastwood (Technical Manager – Thermal Products)

Email: leigh.eastwood@jameswalker.biz

Phone: +61 (07) 3216-7744

A man is recovering from surgery when the surgical nurse appears and asks him how he is feeling.

"I'm OK! But I didn't like the four letter word the doctor used in surgery he answered". What did he say? Asks the nurse?"

"Oops!"



ANZAC SQUARE, BRISBANE

Adding insight to a history excursion

Brian Hoepper

Every weekday thousands of Brisbane commuters spill out of Central Railway Station into Anzac Square. Most use the well-worn subway tunnel, emerging suddenly from the semi-gloom into the bright, clear light of the square. Mostly, the pace is brisk

– typical of early morning in the CBD of any capital city.

Sadly, what these purposeful walkers miss is the chance to «read» Anzac Square. For the square is rich in symbols and «texts» waiting to be perused, interpreted and enjoyed.

This article highlights the potential of Anzac Square as a place for rich and insightful historical learning. It provides a logical approach which teachers can develop into an excursion for their students.



Introduction

As the name suggests, Anzac Square is a public park dedicated to memorializing Australians at war. The most distant war commemorated there is the Boer War fought in South Africa more than a century ago. The most recent war commemorated is the Vietnam War which ended over 30 years ago.

Studying the contents of Anzac Square can reveal something of those wars. But, more significantly, a study of the square suggests some fascinating changes in the ways Australians have thought about wars and about how those wars should be remembered.

The «reader» needs to be careful. Even though the square commemorates wars fought as long ago as 1900, the square itself was not constructed until 1930, and at least one feature was added just a few years ago. So it's a slightly complicated and changing text to read.

So how can the square be 'read'? Well start at the beginning, with the oldest memorial.

The Boer War memorial



The Boer War memorial is the last thing that hurrying commuters see as they race out of the square in the morning ... and the first thing they see when they're hurrying back to their trains in the late afternoon. It seems to stand guard at the Adelaide Street entrance. Atop a solid pedestal, above pedestrian eye level, sits the imposing statue of a mounted trooper. The horse stands tall, head high, ears pricked. The rider is upright, rifle in hand, alert to danger, ready for



action.

Pedestrians can see the statue only from below. The whole effect is larger than life. The statue sends a

reassuring message about pride, strength, determination and military ability. Nothing in the statue suggests weakness or uncertainty. And there is no hint of battlefield chaos or human suffering.

This structure, the oldest in the square, is typical of war memorials of the early twentieth century.

Those memorials were sometimes celebratory, sometimes mournful, and sometimes both. This Boer War memorial seems celebratory, especially at first sight. A closer inspection reveals the bronze plaques on the sides of the pedestal, listing the names of Queenslanders who died on the South African battlefields of the Boer War. But they are called 'heroes who fell' a mixture of celebration and mourning in the words.

The Boer War statue was cast in bronze in England, but wasn't actually erected in Brisbane until 1919. Anzac Square hadn't been constructed then, and the memorial stood in another part of central Brisbane until it was shifted to the square in 1939.

By 1939, Brisbane's citizens were already very familiar with the most imposing monument in Anzac Square - the Shrine of Remembrance.

The Shrine of Remembrance



The Shrine is reached via two impressive, sweeping stone staircases at the western end of the square. A mathematically

-minded pedestrian might note that each staircase is in two sections—one of nineteen steps and one of eighteen. And, if they were historically-minded too, they might realize that those numbers are symbolic of the year 1918, the year World War 1 ended. For the Shrine of Remembrance commemorates that «Great War».

The shrine is remarkable. It is built in the style of a 2300-year-old Greek temple. One can almost imagine it being plucked from an Ancient Greek site and placed in the centre of modern Brisbane.

The choice of a Greek-style temple reveals a lot about the ways in which Australians of the early 20th century commemorated war. World War 1 was seen by many Australians as a 'fight for civilization' against the 'barbaric Hun'. This tem-

ple is a symbol of Classical Greece, the birthplace of democracy and the source of many of our present literary, artistic, philosophical and scientific traditions. How better to commemorate those who fell in the Great War! The memorial situates the fallen in the great story of the growth of civilization, particularly the British civilization that was so treasured by many Australians in the early 1900s, at the height of the British Empire.

Although based on an ancient temple, the Shrine of Remembrance has some special Great War touches. There are eighteen columns, another nod towards 1918. Around the top of the columns the names of major battles are recorded in metal lettering. In the centre of the shrine an 'eternal flame' burns, a symbol of the everlasting memory of those who died. And under glass panels are samples of soil from major war cemeteries in Europe – a special touch given that all Australians who died in overseas theatres of war, bar two, were buried in foreign countries.

To be continued.



This is the original Boer War Memorial in Edward Street, Brisbane. It was relocated in 1939.

ROCKY CREEK WAR MEMORIAL PARK

The Park is situated beside the Kennedy Highway between Mareeba and Tolga on the Atherton Tablelands, on a dedicated site that was part of a World War Two Hospital complex. Between 1943 and 1945 the 2/2 and 2/6 hospital units comprised 3,000 beds and ancillary buildings. Over 60,000 patients were treated here over the period, from all theatres of the South Pacific conflict

The War Memorial Park was constructed from 1995 with the assistance of Atherton Shire Council and much volunteer labour. Australian Military Units that served on the Atherton Tablelands were invited to dedicate a large granite stone with a brass plaque to commemorate the memory of Fallen Comrades. The stones are set on a hillside so that the plaques face the rising sun each morning and the rows of stones make an impressive site from the highway.

The Park Committee has a "Military Muster" each August on the Sunday closest to VJ Day, at which new stones were dedicated, there is a drill display by local cadets and presentations of militaria items by collectors. Originally, WW2 vets would attend from all over Australia to dedicate their plaques and to give a spoken history of the unit's activities. These addresses were always moving tributes very warmly received by attendees who almost all had some connection with the Military as ex-members or relatives and descendants. Proceedings are opened each year by an air raid warning siren followed by a flyover and poppy drop by airplanes of the Warbirds people from nearby Mareeba airfield. Short addresses by VIP's are followed by a closing march-on of all ex-service personnel, wreath laying and Last Post & Reveille and The Lament (played by myself for many years now).

In 2001 Denis Samin, ex-PNGVR and editor of 'The Tablelander' newspaper proposed the dedication of a NGVR/PNGVR



PNGVR contingent at the dedication of the NGVR Plaque at Rocky Creek War Memorial Park, Toroa, Atherton Tablelands, Qld. 12.8.2001

Stan Carswell, Cairns, Barry Wright, Jimboomba, Hal Herriott, Kairi, Tom Dowling, Ipswich, John Mudge, Port Moresby, Noel Smith, Malanda, Clyde Cook, Yungaburra, John Batze, Cairns, Kevin Cheatham, Brisbane, Dennis Samin, Herberton, Don Lawie, Piper.

stone at Rocky Creek. Denis pushed the matter through to the dedication of our stone in August 2001. Eleven ex NGVR and PNGVR attended, we had a get-together at Atherton RSL the day before and a souvenir photo was taken and published in 'The Tablelander' on August 14 2001.

Each year since then I pay my respects at the stone during our Military Muster and there is usually some PNGVR blokes about. This year (2012) Stan Carswell of Cairns brought along a small PNG flag to drape on the stone and we placed a wreath together. We'll continue this as long as circumstances permit, and any PNGVR personnel (or connections) are welcome to join us.

The WW2 men are too old to travel far now, and currently instead of new stones the Committee opens small individual plaques on a Memorial Wall.

If anybody would like more info they could ring me at home at any reasonable time on 07 40 671 577. The Park has a web-site under www.athertonsc.qld.gov.au/rocky_creek_war_memorial_park.htm

Don Lawie



The above 4 photos of Rocky Creek were supplied by member Joe Hall, seen looking at the NGVR Memorial Plaque

Pain Barrier

An old bushy was in the big smoke one day when he got a bad toothache. He went to the dentist who looked & said "Mate! Got to pull one of your wisdom teeth. I'll get some anesthetic".

The old bushy replied "Narr! Don't bother! Just pull the bloody thing out". The dentist told him how much it would hurt & the old bushy replied "I've only felt pain twice in my life mate, just pull it out". So the dentist did

After lot of straining and so-on the tooth was pulled, without the old bushy batting an eyelid. The dentist was stumped. "Only felt pain twice in my life I told ya" said the bushy.

"When was the first time? Asked the dentist.

"Well! I was out bush about fifteen years ago mustering wild cattle, and I needed to go to the dunny, so I found a shady tree and squatted down when BANG, got my testicles caught in a rabbit trap" said the bushy.

"Holy heck!" replied the dentist "That would have hurt. "When was the second time?"

"About five seconds later, when I ran out of chain!"

HTT Vol 79 contained photos and a brief description of Tinian, the Pacific Island from which the 'Enola Gay' took off to drop the first Atom Bomb used in warfare.

THIS REVIEW IS FROM "THE BATTLE FOR TINIAN; VITAL STEPPING STONE IN AMERICA'S WAR AGAINST JAPAN"

I found the Battle for Tinian by Nathan N. Prefer to be nicely researched and well written, but at the same time – like so many other books written about WW11 – a rehash of earlier works. Of course, the primary source for any study of the Battle of Tinian is the official Marine Corps history written soon after the war, The Seizure of Tinian, by then Maj. Carl W Hoffman. Having read that book along with Hoffman's equally detailed history of the Battle of Saipan, I pulled it down from my bookshelf and read it again, side by side with Prefer's book. Jumping back and forth between the two, chapter for chapter, it was almost like reading each twice.

I don't want to suggest that the author plagiarised Hoffman's work, but he does hum a similar tune throughout. At the same time, having lived in the Mariana Islands for five years and having conducted my own research in addition to oral history interviews, I did find fault with Mr. Prefer's cursory description of life in the islands during the Japanese colonial period and before. For example, on page fourteen he says "The native population of the Mariana Islands were knows as Chamorros."

I can say with confidence that the native people of the Mariana Islands still refer to themselves as Chamorros.

On page 15 (This is a minor point, but still...), he says that at the outbreak of the First World War the Japanese moved east and took most of the German possessions in the Pacific, including the Mariana Islands.

Japan is north of the Mariana Islands, thus they moved south to take possession. On page 15, "While the Spanish governing authorities had affected the native population, the Japanese occupation was the most oppressive. Land was acquired, under protest, by the new native Japanese workers brought from Japan to relieve overcrowding on the home islands.

On the same page he continues, "Education opportunities were denied the native population while in all other respects they were treated as second class citizens." Both statements are not true. To begin with, with the exception of the island of Rota just to the north of Guam, all native peoples to the north of Guam were forcibly removed to Guam by Spanish authorities. As a result of this forced effort, and introduced diseases, the native population



Personally I would suggest Government.

They never go to Jail

was reduced drastically and their culture destroyed. What evolved over the coming decades and centuries was a Spanish/Filipino/Catholic mix.

When the Japanese took over the former German colonies of Micronesia after WW1 as a recognised League of Nations mandate they did not confiscate native lands, but paid rent for its use. They provided schooling, although separate from Japanese schools' and they also brought economic prosperity to the islands for the first time in their history. Not only did the Japanese provide free public education, but in some cases exceptional students were sent to Japan to further their learning.

Again, having lived in the islands for five years and having interviewed so many people who grew up during the Japanese colonial period, I feel comfortable in saying that most of the islanders I interviewed had a nostalgic feeling for those years; it was a golden period for them that was destroyed by the war. Although it might be popular for the victors to say the islands were liberated, the islanders at the time didn't see it that way. It should also be pointed out that the Japanese and Okinawans who immigrated to the islands in the 1920s and 1930s came for the long haul. And even though, yes the Japanese treated island people as second class citizens, individuals in both camps developed strong personal relationships and there was intermarriage. Some Japanese even converted to the Catholic faith.

Back in the 1990s, when we lived there, every spring and summer we were witness to an annual pilgrimage of Japanese, Okinawan, and even Korean former residents of the Mariana Islands. They returned to not only pay homage to loved ones killed during the fighting, but also to reconnect with island friends they had shared their lives with before and during the war. If there were any hard feelings on the part of the native population towards the Japanese it came towards the end when large numbers of Japanese military personnel were brought to the island in anticipation of American landings. I might also add that during the Japanese colonial period for the most part Japan's interest in the islands was economic, not military.

Yes, the Japanese were strict, but they were strict not just with island native peoples but all who lived there.

In conclusion, yes if you want to learn about the Battle of Tinian, Prefer's book is as good as any in spite of a few inaccuracies, but his research provides little in the way of new insights.

Bruce M. Petty. Bruce who lives in New Zealand is an author, researcher and historian, and maintains close contacts with the Association. He has had several NGVR stories published by overseas periodicals

AUSSIE POEM

*The sun was hot already—it was only 8 o'clock
 The cocky took off in his Ute, to go and check his stock
 He drove around the paddocks checking wethers, ewes and lambs
 The float valves in the water troughs, the windmills on the dams.
 He stopped and turned a windmill on to fill a water tank
 And saw a ewe down in the dam, a few yards from the bank.
 "Typical bloody sheep" he thought, "They've got no common sense.
 They won't go through a gateway but they'll jump a bloody fence
 The ewe was stuck down in the mud, he knew without a doubt
 "She'd stay there 'till she carked it if he didn't get her out.
 But when he reached the water's edge, the startled ewe broke free
 And in her haste to get away, began a swimming spree.
 He reckoned once her fleece was wet, the weight would drag her down
 If he didn't rescue her, the stupid sod would drown.
 Her style was unimpressive, her survival chances slim
 He saw no other option, he would have to take a swim.
 He peeled his shirt and singlet off, his trousers, boots and socks
 And as he couldn't stand wet clothes, he also shed his jocks,
 He jumped into the water and away that cocky swam
 He caught up with her, somewhere near the middle of the dam.
 The ewe was quite evasive, she kept giving him the slip
 He tried to grab her sodden fleece but couldn't get a grip.
 At last he got her to the bank and stopped to catch his breath
 She showed him little gratitude for saving her from death.
 She took off like a Bondi tram around the other side
 He swore next time he caught her he'd hang her bloody hide
 Then round and round the dam they ran, although he felt quite puffed
 He still thought he could run her down, she must be nearly stuffed
 The local stock rep came along to pay a call that day
 He knew this bloke was on his own, his wife had gone away,
 He didn't really think he'd get fresh scones for morning tea
 But neither was he ready for what he was soon to see.
 He rubbed his eyes in disbelief at what came into view
 For running down the catchment came this frantic-looking ewe
 And on her heels in hot pursuit and wearing not a stitch
 The farmer yelling wildly "Come back here, you lousy bitch!"
 The stock rep didn't hand around, he took off in his car
 The cocky's reputation has been damaged near and far
 So bear in mind the Work Safe rule when next you check your flocks
 Spot the hazard, assess the risk, and always wear your jocks!*

"Murray Barracks sits on a huge parcel of prime land. The move to relocate the barracks comes at a time when land in Port Moresby and other centres in PNG is being sold uncontrollably and developed without any sense of proper planning for the development of our towns and cities" Mr Namah told journalists at a press conference in Port Moresby yesterday.

"First, there should be a master plan and the master plan must be futuristic. Within the master plan, there should be futuristic road plans, futuristic building plans, futuristic recreational and landscaping plans. There must be activity zoning. Industrial, commercial and residential activity must take place strictly within their respective zones" he said.

He said Port Moresby is a city that has been growing without anyone fully appreciating the future demands of a fast-growing population and the consequent pressure and constraints on existing infrastructure. "There is already congestion on the roads, schools and hospitals. There are residential activities going on in commercial and industrial areas. There are substandard buildings cropping up in different parts of our towns and cities which are becoming eye-sores" Mr Namah said.

"There is no sense of style and landscaping of a modern city. Physical Planning and Building Boards do not seem to exist or have gone into a deep sleep. This is totally unacceptable. As political masters, we have lost control and we must act now and take control before it's too late."

The opposition leader called on the Government to first lay out a realistic master plan of the city which must include the future purpose and use of the Murray Barracks land. The Opposition wants the Government and NCD to come up with a grand plan of land utilisation within the city and an orderly development of Port Moresby before any relocation of the Barracks. "We do not wish to see prime land wasted through unplanned and ad-hoc decisions of government" Mr Namah said.

He said there is already a situation where the PNGDF's Lancron naval base at the Port Moresby waterfront has been unfairly and illegally acquired by a company where a legal battle is now continuing between the PNGDF and the company. "We fear that the Murray Barracks land may be squandered and given to friends and associates or entities with personal interests. We see the whole idea as a selfish land-grabbing exercise more than a genuine plan to assist the PNGDF. It is in bad faith and with ulterior motives" Mr Namah said.

The Opposition also wants the government to resolve all outstanding issues within the PNGDF before any relocation. These issues include the final entitlements of all ex-servicemen and other outstanding benefits to serving soldiers and their families in all Defence establishments in the country.

Article courtesy Assn Secretary, Colin Gould MBE

TRANSFER OF BARRACKS SUSPICIOUS
 by Togadia Kelola 31 Dec, 2012.

The decision by the Government to relocate the Papua New Guinea Defence Force headquarters, Murray Barracks, to a new location in Central Province is suspicious and not good for the Force and the country. This is the word of Opposition Leader Belden Namah, who wants the Government to firstly lay out a realistic master plan of the city which must include the future purpose and use of Murray Barracks land before they can relocate it to another site.



Anzac Day
 Dawn Service
 Bomana
 War Cemetery,
 Port Moresby,
 PNG



HTT Vol 78 carried an article on the visit of the family of Edward Kenna VC to PNG.

This photo of Edward Kenna VC was sent in by Bryan O'Loughlen



This is the previously requested Queen and Regimental 1 PIR Colours, thanks to John Holland and Noel Kenna

The Regimental Colour has 10 Battle Honours, Kokoda Trail, Kokoda-Deniki, Nassau Bay, Tambu Bay, Finschhafen, Scarlet Beach, Liberation of Australia New Guinea, Sio-Sepik River, Bonis Porton, Koboibus-Kaitivu.

The custom of carrying Colours had its origin in ancient and medieval times. Hostile factions meeting in battle carried flags and banners bearing family badges or armorial bearings to show the positions of commanders, and to serve as rallying points. Since 1751, the regiments have been allowed two Colours only, the Queen's (or King's) Colour and the Regimental Colour. Although no longer carried into battle as in medieval times, Colours remain a symbol of the Regiment, highly valued, and carefully guarded, for they embody the history, spirit and traditions of the unit to which they belong. Because of their historic and symbolic significance, before being presented Colours are always consecrated at a special religious ceremony. The presentation of Colours marks the attainment of a unit's professional maturity, and is a solemn occasion to all who follow the profession of arms.

On 4th July 1956 at 1 PIR Taurama Barracks, Port Moresby, His Excellency the then Governor General of Australia, Field Marshall Sir William Slim, a soldier of legendary distinction, presented the Queen's and Regimental Colours to PIR. The presentation was also attended by the Minister for the Army J.O.Cramer and 1 PIR Commanding Officer Lt Col W Wansley. The day after the presentation, Minister Cramer announced pay increases of up to 30 percent for PNG members of PIR.

The Queen's and Regimental Colours were also presented to 2 PIR at Moem Barracks in Wewak by the then Governor General of Australia, His Excellency Lord Casey on 18th May 1966. Chaplain General A.E.S. Begbie consecrated the Queen's and Regimental Colours before the presentation. The Commanding Officer of 2 PIR at the time was Lt Col D Ramsay who was also the founding Commanding Officer of the Unit.

Usually a regiment consists of several battalions but the term regiment is also used generally when speaking about one's unit, for example PN GVR is called a Regiment. PIR was originally formed at the end of WW2 with the formations of PIB, 1 NGIB, 2NGIB and 3 NGIB under the command of Colonel Edwards, the NGVR Commanding Officer in 1941 and 1942. PIR was reformed in 1951 and when the second battalion was formed in Wewak in 1965, it was named 2 PIR. The original PIR adopted the name 1 PIR. The above excerpts from "To Find a Path", Volume 2 – Keeping the Peace, by James Sinclair, raise the question of whether there were two sets of the same Colours, one set of Colours used twice or two different sets of Colours? Where are the Colours located now? Who can help in solving this conundrum? I have spoken to Mauri Pears but he is unable to throw any further light on the subject. Please contact me on 0418 730 348 or email p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au, or the editor, if you are able to help.

Phil Ainsworth



Before the march, L to R: Ralph Seeto, Doug Ng, John Batze, Simon Hui



L to R: Gordon Robertson, Kinnie Robertson and Ralph Seeto

The following is for sale from your Museum.

DVD. The story of the 'Krait', \$30 plus postage
DVD The fall of Rabaul and Kavieng, \$30 plus postage
Plaques with PNGVR Badge, \$40 plus postage
Book "El Tigre" about Frank Holland MBE, \$30 plus postage
Museum stubby holders & \$7.50 plus postage
Also a small number of PNG post-cards, \$2 plus postage
Recently the Museum received a donation of various 16mm movies taken in the Highlands of PNG in the early 1960's. These rare and historic films have been transferred to printed DVD format, are in a set of 3, and are for sale at \$30 plus postage \$9 to anywhere in Australia.
Contact John Holland at "rabaul42@gmail.com" or
Phone 07 3375 7584

FUNCTION DATES

Saturday 25th May at 10am – Assn. Committee Meeting at Wacol Museum; all welcome; Contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030 or email pngvr@optusnet.com.au

Saturday 25th May at 10am – Range practice at Boonah/Fassifern Valley Rifle Range in preparation for the Light Horse Shoot; Contact Ian Thompson on 0417 625 914 or email ianoil@hotmail.com

Saturday 15th June at 8am – Working Bee at the Wacol Museum to paint the side wall and other chores – the more the merrier; Contact John Holland 0449 504 058 or email rabaul42@gmail.com

Saturday 29th June at 9.30 am – Reserve Forces Day March at Ipswich; forming up in South Street; march to be followed by a recognition ceremony in RSL Park and a Civic Reception in the Civic Centre; Contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030 or email pngvr@optusnet.com.au

Saturday 29th June at noon – Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Commemorative Luncheon at Mercure Hotel, Canberra; cost \$60 pp; Contact Marg Curtis 03 5974/ 0418 323 555 or email marg.curtis@hvs.com.au

Sunday 30th June at 10am – Reserve Forces Recognition Service at Anzac Square Brisbane followed by a Civic Reception at the City Hall; Contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030 or email pngvr@optusnet.com.au

Sunday 30th June at 10am – Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Memorial Service at the National Memorial, AWM, Canberra followed by morning tea; contact Marg Curtis 03 5974/ 0418 323 555 or email marg.curtis@hvs.com.au as above. If attending book your accommodation early with discounted offers at Mercure Hotel, if requested at time of booking.

Monday 1st July at 10am – Association Montevideo Maru Memorial Service in Hall of Memories, Anzac Square, Brisbane followed by morning tea; contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030 or email pngvr@optusnet.com.au

Saturday 13th July at 10am – Association Committee Meeting at Wacol Museum; all welcome; contact Colin Gould on 0424 562 030 or email pngvr@optusnet.com.au

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Bob Collins—Editor



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