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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 office bearers for 2013-14 were elected at our AGM held 19 October 2013. The positions remain unchanged except Bruce Crawford did not stand for election and the position of Honorary Solicitor remains unfilled. On behalf of all, I thank Major General John Pearn for consenting to remain our Patron during the coming year. Two Patron awards were made at the AGM to Bob Harvey - Hall and Rudy Buckley, congratulations, see photograph. As Bob was unable to attend, the Award and Certificate has been forwarded to him in Melbourne. My report to the 2013 AGM follows: "This is my ninth report to the AGM of the NGVR & PNGVR Ex-members Association. As a military association, one of the so called "diminishing groups", we can be proud of our activities, our vitality and our growing influence in the community. Unfortunately our Patron, Major General John Pearn is unable to attend today as he is overseas, but he sends his esteem and best wishes to the Association, it's members and friends.

Last year we achieved most of our objectives, perhaps limping along in a few but strongly pushing ahead in existing and new directions. For those who wish to review our past years activities in detail, please refer to my updates on the front page of the past six issues of Harim Tok Tok - I do my best to include everything in which the Association is involved as a permanent record and for historical purposes.

Communications wise we may still need a new, or at least an upgrade, to our website, but on the balance sheet our Journal "Harim Tok Tok" is going from strength to strength. Additional to this, John Holland arranged for Kieran Nelson to start up and maintain our face book, although most of us have yet to understand what it is and how to best use it - it is a potent new communication tool between members, friends and associates, an interactive tool and one which is almost instantaneous. I commend you to go out of your way to understand and use this important social medium. Thank you Kieran and John for this forceful initiative.

Others communication matters which we need to address in the coming year are the publishing of the "PNGVR's History" written by Bob Harvey - Hall and the personal stories of "Our NGVR Men" collected and edited by Bob Collins. Unfortunately we cannot have our two Bobs worth today as Bob Harvey- Hall is in hospital in Melbourne, but we have the other Bob. Bob Harvey- Hall has sent his best wishes and regrets his non- attendance. Get well Bob and we will see you soon.

The finances of the Association are strong. I will not steal our Treasurer's thunder, for it is his ongoing and long going diligent oversight of our finances which allows the Association to advance its activities and try and/ or support new ones - well done Doug Ng and thank you.

An unsung role is that of the Secretary of the Association - Colin Gould has been Secretary for so long I cannot remember. I offer Colin my esteem and admiration for your duty over the period, many of which were through difficult times - Colin, on behalf of all, thank you.

If there are two things which I feel are the most important focuses of our Association, they are: the Harim Tok Tok, our main communication tool amongst our widely distributed membership, and our NGVR/PNGVR Military Museum at Wacol. The editor of the Harim Tok Tok for the last 26 issues is Vice President Bob Collins who has revamped the production to the quality

it is today, thank you Bob.

John Holland, our founding Museum Curator, since late 2005, continues to astound us with his passion and strong work ethic for his Museum- truly, without John we would not have the Museum- a very strong and sincere thank you John. Members and friends, please show our gratitude to these two gentlemen for their contribution to the Association over a long period of years. Bob and John, you are inspirations to all of us, congratulations and thank you.

2014 is the start of the ANZAC Centenary year which, for five years, the ANZAC traditions will be commemorated. It is also the Century of Australia Papua New Guinea relations, from Australia's first



Rudy Buckley receiving his Patron's Award at 2013 AGM in Wacol

military engagement in WW1 at Bitapaka near Rabaul, the separate administrations of New Guinea as a Mandated Territory and Papua as and Australian Territory, the Pacific War, the continuing Australian administration under a trusteeship and Australia's influence through to Independence. Your executive committee has decided your Association is to participate strongly in these activities starting with an "open day" function at the Wacol Military Museum on Sunday 6 September 2014. A plaque commemorating the capture of the German Bitapaka Wireless Station near Rabaul, New Britain and the lives of the six Australians lost at that time on 11 September 1914 will be dedicated on that day.

As a matter of interest, on the 14 September 1914 in the Rabaul area, the Australian submarine AE1 disappeared without trace with the loss of all 35 men aboard. On the 21 September 1914 all of German New Guinea was formally surrendered to Australia; thus a vast territory contiguous to Australia's Territory of Papua was held and administered by Australia until Papua New Guinea became an Independent nation in September 1975. The 11 September capture also is the start of a centenary of Australia's involvement with PNG. Please diary this important day now. The function will be similar to that run by the Association on Rabaul's Centenary in 2010 - lots of fun and entertainment embracing an important commemoration.

Other suggestions the Association is considering for the Anzac Centenary is the publication of PNGVR's History which has been compiled by Bob Harvey- Hall and the publication of the NGVR personal stories which were collected by Bob Collins. The publication of both of these books have been pending for some time. The format, whether to be hard copy, ebook or CD has still to be decided. A request for a grant from the Anzac Centenary Committee is

to be submitted.

The PNGAA is proposing to run a 2 day Symposium in the NSW Parliament building, Sydney on the 17 and 18 September 2014. The title is - From Colonial Battlefield to Pacific Powers: a Century of Australia Papua New Guinea Relations. The Association has been invited to be involved.

PNGAA is endeavoring, in conjunction with the Rabaul Historical Society and the Australian Government, to arrange an re-enactment of the Bitapaka event followed by the dedication of a suitable plaque for civilians lost during the Japanese invasion including the massacres, the loss of the Montevideo Maru in the grounds of the Bitapaka War Cemetery sometime late 2014, probably around the date of the conflict. Again the Association has been invited to be involved - a decision is yet to be made.

The Melbourne Shrine of Remembrance is about to establish a permanent display about the Victorian 2/22 Battalion which formed the major part of Lark Force, and in which B Company NGVR was attached at the time of the Japanese Invasion of Rabaul. A significant piece of that display could well be about Cpl O'Neil and Rudy Buckley. As a matter of support and goodwill, the Association may wish to be involved, say to the extent of providing copies of our display.

2014 is another big year for the Association. May I thank the outgoing committee members for their work over the past year. I understand Bruce Crawford, who has been our Honorary Solicitor for 19 years has decided not to stand due to other commitments and ill health. Bruce, who intended to be here today, has tendered his apologies as he has just returned to Brisbane and he is unwell - on behalf of the Association I thank Bruce for his long, dedicated work for the Association and wish Bruce and his family good health. I also understand all the other committee members will stand again.

May the 2014 incoming executive committee continue to experience the wonderful goodwill of all members and friends, which the 2013 committee experienced, and continue to work in cooperation and harmony, thank you.

I wish all a happy and safe Christmas and a healthy and prosperous New Year.

Phil Ainsworth

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

NGVR DAYS, BOB EMERY	2
AUSTRALIAN ARMY SWORDS	6
GOLD COAST KOKODA MEMORIAL	6
WW2 SUBMARINE STORY	9
PNGVR COLOURS	11
Identity Discs	11
PIR Exhibition	12
Photo PNGVR Officers	13
Norforce	13
Vale : Kam On Leo	16



MY NGVR DAYS

Robert Eustace (Bob) EMERY, M.M.

NG 2001

This narrative was recorded by Adrian Leyden, Secretary of the ANGAU/NGVR Association at Bob Emery's home in Kingston, S.A., on 1st October, 1991. It has been edited by Bob Collins, Vice-President of the NGVR/PNGVR Ex Members Association, as during the interview there was some repetition.

Back in 1939, when the War was declared by Hitler, the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) was formed. The only mail communication at Lae was the Australian mail every three months, with the only other communication being by radio. On the night war was declared, all the blokes, about 60, assembled in the local hotel and discussed this. Bill Edwards, who was always interested in the War, told us how they were forming this volunteer organisation, called the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, and now was the time for us to make a name for ourselves, so practically everyone joined. This was only part time. Everyone was given a rifle (apparently the Army had a few cases of rifles and did not know what to do with them). There were a few other odds and ends such as Army hat etc. From then on we used to assemble about once a week for a bit of drill, lectures and that sort of thing.

After this had gone on for a few weeks orders came to us through our Commanding Officer, who was now Capt Edwards, and Hugh Lyon who was then a clerk in Guinea Airways spare parts – he later became a Captain. Anyway we got the job of rounding up all the Germans in our area who were not naturalised, and there were quite a few kicking around. One of them was in Charge of the Lutheran Mission at Boana, up in the mountains. I can't remember who brought him down but he finished up locked in the Police Station at Lae, and we had a 24 hour guard on him. We used to fit this in with our normal jobs. There were 15 or 20 men at Lae at this time and it was pretty casual but we kept our eyes on this Nazi from Boana. His name was Eichmann, the Rev. Eichmann, and he spent all his time reading a big book which I thought was a Bible, but after a time I got a good look at it when he wasn't looking, and it was called 'Mein Kampf' and written by Adolf Hitler.

We kept him there for a week or two and then he was shipped over to Salamaua with the other Germans who were rounded up from Wau and Bulolo. Eventually they were shipped out to Australia and put into detention camps down there. Then we just went back to work as usual until the Italians came into the War. In the meantime we had rigged up a rifle range at Lae and all the blokes who couldn't shoot were taught how to shoot, and all that sort of thing.

Then, when Mussolini, who was running Italy, was talking fight all the time but couldn't make up his mind on which side to fight, finally went in on Hitler's side when Hitler had gone through France, this put all the

Italians in New Guinea who were not naturalised on the same category as the Germans and that was our next job. There were a lot of Italian gold miners, some of them married, and all were detained over at Salamaua. There was a big hospital there, without many patients, so they kicked the patients out and filled the hospital up with these Italians. We had to camp outside in tents and have a 24 hour guard. This was a bit of a joke because they were not allowed out of the wire compound around the hospital except one day per week, when two of them would come out under our guard and we'd go shopping with them. When they came back they would start cooking, and they had nothing else to do but sing songs, play concertinas and accordions and cook and eat.

While we were outside it was raining like blazes while we were on guard. They would cook a wonderful meal – duck, poultry and everything – and then they would send out half a bucket full for the Guard, and we used to eat it. We used to eat this and reckoned it was 'all-right'. They could have poisoned all the guard if they wanted to.

As I have said while we were training we had to carry out our civilian fob as well. I had been in the Army when I was 16 and finished up in the brass band. There was a bit of discipline then, and later I spent two years in the Light Horse in 1931/32, just before I went to New Guinea. That was the proper Army. However here we weren't being trained but just given a job to do – that made a bit of sense anyway. I joined the Army full time in 1941, when I was asked by our Commanding Officer, Capt Edwards, to do so.

The Administration had been thinking for years of moving Administration HQ for New Guinea from Rabaul to Lae, mainly because of volcanic activity at Rabaul. This happened after we left for Madang, so by the end of 1941 there were a lot more expatriates in Lae than when we left.

I found out later that, while we were messing around with the NGVR in Lae, the same thing was going on all around New Guinea. We were never in the one place together at the same time. I've heard NGVR described as 'Dad's Army' and that summed it up all right. The Volunteer Defence Corps they had down in Australia did the same thing, but the big difference was that the NGVR had to engage the enemy – the others never saw the enemy – so that made it a bit more exciting

I Join NGVR full time and go to Madang

He explained that they way the war was going there was a good chance everybody in New Guinea would be conscripted pretty soon, whether they liked it or not. However they wanted three volunteers as soon as possible to go to Madang as a 'Drome garrison. Three of us, Peter Monfries (NG2002), Dick Vernon (NG 2003), and myself volunteered to go and we left in August, 1941.

(Editors note – Capt Edwards number was NG2000, Bob Emery NG2001, Dick Vernon NG2002 and Dick Vernon NG2003. Ralph Dabinett NG 2266 was originally 446 and Alan Board NG2447 was originally 510. I quote here from Ian Downs book "The NGVR. New enlistment forms were sent out after the Japanese landing for NGVR soldiers to



complete. The new numbers started at 2000 to give the impression that there were more NGVR". As a matter of interest the soldiers did not all complete their own forms. Ralph Dabinett's, (also NGVR Lae) new enlistment form, and his signature, are not in his handwriting.)

Before we went to Madang we did one patrol up to Wau, just for sort of practice, to march up there and back, and Capt Edwards went with us on this trip.

Then we were issued with our equipment to go to Madang. This consisted of an old Lewis Gun which had been rigged up for using as an anti-aircraft gun. They had put some blacksmiths fittings on the Gun so you could mount it on top of a post and you could shoot up in the air with it – and that was our armament, aside from our personal weapons, and a box of ammunition. Then we were given codes for communications, and the code words were changed once a month. Then I was promoted to Sergeant and made NCO in charge of the garrison and I was instructed to draw pay for the garrison when it fell due from the Administration. In addition we had 10 Native Police attached to us. We sailed to Madang on the 'Montoro'. When I left Lae the strength of the NGVR was about 20-25 men, and that was August, 1941.

When we lobbed in Madang on the boat, everyone was there to meet the boat as it pulled in. We were made very welcome, especially by the local pub-keeper, Roy Hart, also NGVR. We were invited to go into the pub and have a glass of sherbert, which we did, and he wanted to know when the rest of the 'Army' was coming. We said "We couldn't tell you mate – they could be on the next boat". Well we camped that night in Madang in what they called the 'Haus soldier', I think. I know we had to sleep on the floor, and the mosquitoes were pretty fierce. The next day we moved out to the 'drome where our camp had to be, at the side of the 'drome, and were assisted by the local Police Master, Tom Upson, who gave us a line of calaboose (prison) labour to carry everything over from the boat to the 'drome. We put up three tents and we stopped there from then on in the tents. This time we rigged up our bedsails and mosquito nets and made ourselves comfortable. We dug a small well for our water supply, and it wasn't bad water. Then we gradually expanded and we put up a store – all huts made of native materials – and we had 10 Police bois to supervise the calaboose labour, and spent the first few weeks just making ourselves comfortable. In the store we kept all the rations that were issued to us when we left Lae. We had been given enough rations to feed us for about 5 years.

There was everything that goes into tins that you could think of – soup, pickles, olives flour, self-raising flour, etc. We had bags which the weevils got into before the contents could be eaten. I can't think of anything we did not have in that store, but we had no refrigeration. We had sides of bacon – there was a long box with complete sides of bacon and each side of bacon had pitch around it. I never saw bacon like it – when you wanted to have some bacon you would pull back some of the pitch and cut yourself off slivers of bacon.

Securing the Aerodrome

After we had stored all our food the next thing we had to do

was secure the aerodrome so that no aircraft could land anywhere apart from on the runway. We left a clear 200-250 ft runway and on both sides put in permanent big posts. For this we used trees that were chopped down around the place and the calaboose were doing all the hard work, digging and cutting etc. When that was done we put in temporary obstacles down the runway which could be removed. This had been given to me in written instructions.

This took a few months and we just went on quietly, and, in the meantime, if any of our planes wanted to land on our 'drome we had to receive, first of all, a wireless to say a plane was coming at a certain time the next day. The wireless came by the AWA station at Madang, and a Police boi runner would bring it out to us at the 'drome. We would get the message in code and we would then sit down and decode it. Normally it would be to the effect that a plane was coming in tomorrow at such and such a time. Planes had to come in on a certain bearing, and at a certain height, and fly straight over the 'drome and that would give us an opportunity to identify them.

Having identified them to our satisfaction we then cleared the strip and let them land. If we couldn't identify them and they came in unannounced, they were supposed to be enemy planes and we had instructions to fire on them. We used to get only one plane every couple of months, and we were there from August, 1941, until January or February, 1942, whenever the Japs first bombed us.

Visits to Alexishafen and securing their Airstrip

While everything was going on we had orders to go to Alexishafen, which was the Roman Catholic Headquarters for New Guinea, which was up the North coast at Sek Harbour. The instruction was to go up at irregular intervals which I suppose was to trick them up there. We would charter a boat, catch a few fish on the way, and would shoot a few pukpuks (crocodiles) at night time for practice.

Our instructions were to put their runway out of order altogether, so we took a gang of calaboose in there, dug great holes all the way up the runway and put tree trunks in the holes, sticking out like posts.

Training

When we arrived at Madang there were quite a few expatriates there with a branch of NGVR on part time duty, and we would spend one night a week instructing them. Sometimes someone would give a lecture and then there was also one of those Permanent Army Instructors who used to come over now and then. One night we were doing high-powered drill in the Drill hall and also doing bayonet practice in the hall. The three of us were there with about a dozen of the Madang NGVR and we had a bag of sawdust hanging up at one end of the hall. That was the enemy and you had to charge up the hall with bayonet fixed on the end of your rifle and stick it in this bag of sawdust. None of us took it very seriously – we were all equipped with Army boots, and you couldn't get



much grip on a board floor with Army boots.

The instructor reckoned Monfries wasn't trying very hard, so he gave him a bit of a pep talk "Put a bit of sting into it, Rifleman. Imagine your father has been shot, your mother has been raped and they are raping your sister. Now you get the chance to bayonet them – how would you go about doing it?" So Monfires charges up the hall with his rifle sticking out in front of him, hit the bag of sawdust, glanced off it and kept going straight through the wall. The wall was fibrolite on a wooden frame, and he went straight through and pulled up some distance away. We thought there would be hell to pay for this but the instructor said "That's the way to do it – get stuck into it".

The ladies were still in Madang at this stage and they had a very active Red Cross Centre and used to put on parties to raise funds for the Red Cross in the town about once a month. We were always invited and expected to attend, and we were never allowed to buy anything – everything was donated to the Army chaps. Aw Hell!!!

Difficulties with Pay

We hadn't drawn any pay for about three months. When we first landed in Madang we had some money, so we were not broke. After about three months I decided I would go into the District Office and see if I could draw some pay for ourselves. When I went in there I saw the District Officer, Ward Oakley. I had this Requisition Form so I filled it out and handed it to him. He sat there looking at it and scratching his head and said "I don't know anything about this mate" to which I replied that my instructions were that I would draw the money to pay our garrison. "Well" he said "I'll have to refer this to HQ", so he couldn't give us any money. I decided I would send a message back to our HQ then and had to put it in code, so I spent about half a day putting it into code to Capt Edwards, NGVR HQ, Lae. The message read "Administration unable to advance pay for garrison in Madang. Would you please expedite, or can we have permission to sell supplies on our own behalf".

I didn't get a reply to this and about a week later a big Flying Boat came over unannounced, but he came over so low we could see it was one of our planes – a Sunderland Flying Boat, RAAF. It landed in Madang Harbour and a little while later a couple of blokes in uniform came marching up to the 'drome - one of them was a Major in the Pay Corps from Port Moresby. He had come across, done a special trip, just to fix up our pay. He did fix it up too – roared up the Administration so we could get paid in future – so that fixed that up. Well that cheered us up a bit, but all the rest of the time we were in Madang, from June, 1941 to Feb. 1942 we never got any more instructions from HQ and we were beginning to wonder if they had forgotten where we were.

The Japanese Bomb Madang.

One day, I think it was a Sunday, an unidentified aircraft came over. We heard the noise of the aircraft in

the vicinity, but he was so high up, just droning away up there, that you could only see him through binoculars. He spent about 10 minutes up there, just going around in a big circle over Madang. I found out later the same thing was going over Salamaua and Lae the same day. Straightaway we sent off a message to HQ in code "Unidentified aircraft overhead, disappeared in a certain direction".

On 24th Jan, 1942, it was a nice sunny day and around midday the native cook-boi and myself were the only ones left in the camp. The other two had gone into Madang to do their weekly shopping and the calaboose blokes had just finished their work. I heard some planes coming and it sounded like a number of planes, not just one – you could hear the vibration as it sort of pulsed through the air, so I said "OK! Down the hole!" so we jumped down our gun pit and we had the Lewis Gun in the Gun post where it always was during the daytime. Alongside the Gun we had panniers with more ammunition and we just waited to see what was going on.

All of a sudden I could see planes up in the air and there were three, then three more, and three more again and they were beautiful shiny silver objects coming slowly towards us. I put my field glasses on them and they looked so good and so wonderful that I thought "They can't be Japs anyway, because the Japs have got no planes like that – it must be the Yanks".

While we were watching they came over and then I saw small red suns on the outside of them – you could just see them. Then all of a sudden we heard this peculiar whistle getting louder and louder, and the next thing the first bomb lands and the hole we were in, which was about six or seven feet deep (2m) and about seven feet in diameter, that hole, I swear, moved sideways two or three ft (3/4m) and then jumped back.

Then great clods of dirt and stones dropped down on top of us, and the rest of the stick of bombs went down away from us - the first one had lobbed right alongside us. As they went away, well past us, I stuck my head out of the hole and I put my hand in the edge of a crater which would have been about half a cricket pitch wide and about 15 ft (5m) deep – I put my hand in the edge of the crater – that's how close it was to us.

This was a little bit nerve shattering, and I looked at my cook-boi who was in the hole with me and I said "All right! On your way, mate!" and I didn't have to tell him twice. After this I thought I'm not going to waste my time trying to shoot these blokes, they're too high anyway. The planes had gone on so I jumped out of the hole heading for somewhere else, as I could see I was right in the bulls-eye. I got about three or four yards (3 or 4m) and then I thought "Christ! I'd better go back and get the Lewis Gun, we'll want that in a minute" - I was sort of half stunned. So I jumped back into the hole, took the Lewis Gun and chucked it out on to the ground with the panniers of ammunition, and I picked the whole bloody lot up and started heading for the bush. Then the planes are back again and the next stick of bombs are dropping, and I'm not down the hole this time. While that stick dropped, I'm lying on my stomach.



They were grass-cutters, just cutting the grass about waist high, and I just kept my head down so I survived that lot. The fighters were coming down now and I thought if I could get over on the side with the Lewis Gun, I might get a shot at one of these fighters, but at this stage of the game I had lost track of where the Lewis gun was, as I'd dropped it in my hurry so I just kept going and finished up lying under a big log, away from the 'drome while they dropped more bombs.

Eventually I looked across towards Madang from where I was, and all I could see at Madang, which was about 2 miles (3k) was great columns of black smoke going up. I'm not sure how long this lasted – but it was a fair while. Then all of a sudden there's this dead quiet and the planes had gone. I stood up, scratched myself, felt myself all over and found I was all there in one piece and went back to our camp. That was in a hell of a mess with bomb craters all over and around it – our store was half blown away.

One of the big problems I had when I was running the camp was keeping the books. I was supposed to issue the rations on a big ration sheet which had been issued to me. Every man got so many ounces per day of pepper, salt, butter, milk and everything else, and I was supposed to total all this up and, at the end of the week, you did a stocktake of all this crap in our stores. Well, we'd been there six months, and in that six months the white ants had eaten the bottom off two or three bags of flour and I'd had a few things stolen. I could never balance the books, and I was really a bit nervous about the fact that I was not doing my job properly. Then all of a sudden it sunk into my head "Hell! Now is the time I can fix the books up". The books, of course, were undamaged over in my tent, so I picked the whole lot up and there was a fire going in the bottom of one of these bomb craters so I chucked the whole lot into the crater. Well, that squared the books up – destroyed by enemy action – you can get away with anything when that happens, I now found out.

The Aftermath of the Bombing

Up the drome a bit from us was a big hangar, which the Japs had a shot at but they hadn't hit it. A couple of their bombs had dropped right alongside it and covered the roof of the hangar with dirt. So I walked up there – I knew the bloke who used this hangar, he was flying for the Catholic Mission – and he had a small utility which he used to drive around and I thought "If I can get hold of this utility I can come back here and pick up some stores and shift them away from here" because I thought the Japanese Navy would be coming into port at any minute. There was nothing to stop them – they could tie up at the wharf – and we had no supplies stored out in the bush. We didn't have a thing anywhere, only what was here in the town – we weren't prepared for this. Unfortunately that's what happened over at Rabaul also. Anyway when I got to the shed

there's the utility undamaged and I tipped some petrol into it, cranked it up and off she went. I drove to our store down the drome and loaded it with rice and cases of meat, tea, sugar, milk and everything I could lay my hands on. I picked up my own rucksack and bed-sail and mosquito net, in case I needed it.

The road went round in a big half-circle, about eight miles (12km) into Madang. Madang is a funny place – if you go across the water from the drome to Madang it is only about a quarter of a mile (1/2k). I headed up the Madang road to a plantation, Wagu I think it was, where there was a big plantation house, and I thought I would dump my supplies in front of their store at the homestead and go back for another load.

When I pulled up at the house I was still sort of 'bomb happy' and I hadn't stopped to think of anything yet – I was just getting a lot of tucker up the road. When I pulled up I could hear a lot of voices inside the place, and a native was standing there looking at me and I asked "Masta istap?" and he answered "Yes! Istap" and I walked across to the door where Bill Cahill, also NGVR, met me and he had a bottle of Scotch Whisky in one hand and a glass in the other. He said "You look a bit pale" and he half filled a glass with Scotch and said "Drink this", so I drank half a glass of Scotch. I'm not a booze artist, but it was just like drinking milk, and I think it did me a lot of good. Then I asked "Can I store some stuff in your shed Bill?" and he replied "Yes! Yes! All the rest of the mob is in here".



All the population of Madang had come out the other way on the road and they were sitting in his lounge – about 50 or 60 of them – the women and children had been evacuated in December – so only the men were left. Anyway I found the rest of my garrison in there and dragged them out and we spent the rest of the day carting supplies up the road. When it got dark everyone moved back into town and we had a conference with Gordon Russell (NGVR), who was the manager of Burns Philp. He had received sealed orders prior to this from Capt Edwards telling him what to do in the event of this happening, and he showed them to me. He was now the CO of the Madang NGVR and I was his Second in Command.

The black smoke I mentioned was the copra store burning. The copra store had enough copra stored in it to fill about two ships, which hadn't arrived, so there was much more copra than usual. Well that copra shed burned for about a week or two before it died out – it just burnt and roared like a blast furnace, day and night. Everybody grabbed their gear and got out of town the next day and stayed away from the town. The Police Master, Tom Upsom, turned up the next day with a line of police bois and the calaboose, about 2/300 natives, and straightaway we started to organize carriers to carry food inland towards the Ramu River.

I had gone straight down right on to the wharf at Madang



and there was a big new Customs shed which had been being built for about two years. It was about 300/400 ft long and about 40 ft wide and about 20 ft high (30/40m x13m x6m). The roof and walls were white corrugated asbestos – you couldn't find a more prominent target in the South West Pacific I wouldn't think. Anyway the Japs had put a couple of aerial torpedoes or something fair in the middle and made a hell of a mess. I just went in to see what was left. Well in a corner of the shed there was a locked up little place which wasn't damaged much at all – only a bit of shrapnel through the wall – so I stuck my head in there and found a stack of caddies of Trade Tobacco which hadn't been touched. There was about 25lb (11kg) of Tobacco to a caddy and there were stacks of them. I thought "Well, God's truth, if we have to go bush we couldn't have anything more valuable. I told Gordon Russell (CO NGVR Madang now) about this and we put a guard on it to make sure nobody else got hold of it. Well from then on we got the utmost co-operation from the natives, as we had plenty of tobacco to pay them. I think that getting hold of that tobacco was one of the most fortunate things that happened to us – without it we wouldn't have got too far.

The Evacuation of Madang

We had any amount of carriers from then on, and we used to go over at night time and cart stuff out of the town over to the other side of the drome, and then organize carriers from then on. Tom Upson kept going right up to the Ramu River, and, every days walk distance, we had a camp built. This all took a bit of time and we had one or two expatriates at each camp all the way to the Ramu. We had the whole of Burns Philp and W.R. Carpenter's stores to help ourselves to. Ron Penglase, who was a District Officer in Salamaua had gone down to Australia the first opportunity he had and been Commissioned and was the first ANGAU Officer back to that District and one of the reports he put in was that there was a terrible lot of looting done in Madang. Well, if shifting the food out of Madang and up to the Ramu River was looting, well – we were looting – but we were not going to leave it there for the Japs and nobody else from the Administration complained about it. Well we just kept on shifting this cargo, expecting the Japs every day. They were in Rabaul and they used to come over about once a week and chuck a few more bombs out. .

The AWA wireless station was out of commission because of the bombing, but Peter Monfries was an amateur radio ham before he joined the Army and he managed to salvage enough parts from the wrecked AWA station to build a working radio and get on the air to Port Moresby. From then on we were in daily contact with Port Moresby. They didn't know what had happened to us for two or three weeks until we contacted them – I'm not sure if that was a good idea, getting in touch with them – because from then on they started sending us instructions.

To be continued.

AUSTRALIAN ARMY SWORDS

There are four types of swords used within the Australian Army. They are the swords worn by Generals, the Cavalry sabre and the Artillery and Infantry swords.

The General's sword or, to use its correct title, the Mameluke sword, is a simple design with no pommel (the knob on the sword's hilt or handle).

It is a copy of the Turkish or Egyptian Shamshir – a curved slashing Cavalry sword. Mamelukes were a group of Turkish soldiers romanticized in Victorian England, hence the association of the name with the design.

The Cavalry sabre worn by RAAC (Royal Australian Armoured Corps) and AA Avn (Australian Army Aviation) is the British Army's 1912 model. This design, with a fully enclosed 'bowl' guard, was seen as the best between the 'cut' and the 'thrust' type sabers.

The Gunners' sword was introduced into the Royal Artillery in 1788. The Royal Horse Artillery thought the infantry sword of the day was too heavy and was "... good neither for cut nor thrust...", however the Light Cavalry pattern sword was described as "...impetus to the slash as the mounted man flanked past his quarry...".

The 1882 light Cavalry sword incorporated a three-bar hilt, which assisted in making the sword even lighter. The sword underwent more changes in 1850. The blade of the sword is slightly curved.

The current Infantry sword is the British Infantry pattern of 1805. The blade has a flat back and an even taper to the cutting edge, so that it is in the form of a wedge.

The sword knot, or leather loop, hangs free on the Cavalry and Artillery swords; the user would slip the strap over his hand and wrap it around his wrist so that he would not drop and lose the sword during use.

The dangling knot was seen by the Infantry as a hindrance so it was wrapped around the guard to keep it out of the way.

WO1 C.J. Jobson, former RSM Ceremonial and Protocol.



ROTARY KOKODA MEMORIAL WALL

Dedicated 25th July, 2008

Cascade Gardens, Broadbeach, Gold Coast, Qld.

This memorial was unveiled on the occasion of the 66th Anniversary of the first shots fired by the 39th Australian Infantry Battalion and the Papuan Infantry Battalion the leading elements of the 144th Regiment, South Seas Force (Nankai Shitai) of the Imperial Japanese Army in their advance towards Port Moresby, signalling the commencement of the famous WWII Kokoda Track Campaign fought between July and November 1942.

The Rotary Kokoda Memorial Wall was conceived in 2001 by Rotarian George Friend OAM and through the Rotary Club of Broadwater Southport commissioned local artist David Yardley in 2005 to develop, design and construct the wall. Consisting of seven individual panels, the Wall is hand sculpted and crafted to tell the story of the Kokoda Campaign through the iconic images of War Photographers Damien Parer and George Silk. The top of the wall represents the topography of



the track across the Owen Stanley Ranges defining the torturous and inhospitable route from sea to sea. The panels tell the story of the WWII Kokoda Campaign from left to right with the arrival of the 39th Australian Infantry Battalion at Port Moresby and commencement of the Australian troops journey, to the battle of Isurava depicted on the last panel overlooking the village of Kokoda.

The forecourt of the Wall comprises two sections: The large raised area abutting the wall is a map of the region showing Papua New Guinea (PNG) and its proximity to Australia and North Queensland that illustrates how close an invading force came to mainland Australia in those dark days of early WWII. The area also shows an inset and detail of the Kokoda Track itself. The outer ring or ground level area of the forecourt depicts the "Rising Sun" rays of the Australian Army hat badge, adopted at Federation in 1901. The same badge and image was worn proudly by the troops on Kokoda and to this day in every area of operation of the Australian Defence Force (ADF) around the world in the defence of freedom and for peace.

The rear of the wall is inscribed in bronze with a dedication to all who fought and supported the entire WWII campaign conducted in Papua New Guinea from 1942 to 1945 in the direct defence of Australia. It also offers details of the significant points, villages and battles along the Track. The rear surrounds and garden beds are a Peace Garden for reflection, and a memorial to all those who served and those who paid the ultimate sacrifice for the freedom that the people of Papua New Guinea and Australia enjoy to this day.

The dramatic images created by David in his West Burleigh studio have been sculpted in a deep relief. Initially carved out of plasticine, they were moulded and then cast on site in a high density glass reinforced concrete. It now provides a permanent national memorial and tribute to all those who served on the Kokoda Track in 1942 and to the direct defence of our nation and Papua New Guinea. It all adds to the Gold Coast 65 year association with Kokoda Barracks, established in November 1942 located near Canungra in the Hinterland.



Panel One: The Arrival

This Panel depicts some of the first troops disembarking from the troopship Aquitania on their arrival at Port Moresby in early 1942. Not long after their arrival, the troops deployed to fight on the Kokoda Track to begin their journey at the "Golden Staircase." The right side of the panel reflects those first steep steps and entry to the jungle to a place where many did not return.

The "track" is a meandering precipitous native walking track linking the southern side of PNG to the north coast. It is approximately 90km in length and crosses the central mountain range running along the spine of PNG called the Owen Stanley Ranges. The highest point of the Kokoda track is just 40 metres below the peak of Mount Kosciuszko.

Panel Two: Imita Ridge and the Guns

The next panel depicts the actual first major geographic obsta-



cle of the Kokoda Track, Imita Ridge. The saw tooth top edge of the Wall is an exact replica of the steep and torturous terrain which defines the Track as one of the most difficult walking trails in the World. Combined with the climate, disease and difficulty of both supplying a fighting force and evacuating the wounded, this Campaign tested both sides of the conflict. The image of the standard Australian artillery piece of the time, the 25 pound field gun, was captured by Damien Parer and illustrated in this panel to show the struggle of men and machine against nature. Only three guns were able to be deployed to the top of Imita Ridge and no further by the Australians at the latter part of the Campaign. These guns had a range of 20km. The Japanese on the other hand had mountain guns - portable, lighter weight artillery and used with devastating effect against the Australian and Papuan Troops.



Panel Three: The Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels

Described once as the "sinews of war" or "logistics" is the ability to resupply and evacuate a fighting force. Not since WWI had natives or local indigenous people been used for the purpose of portage or carrying supplies to the front line and evacuating the wounded. Australian soldiers to this day are indebted to the courage, commitment and resolve of the Papuan people for their role as carriers on the Kokoda Track. Their nick name "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" is enshrined in the poem of the same name by Sapper Bert Beros, an Australian Army Engineer.



Panel Four: Menari

The Village of Menari was a central feature in the Campaign as well as Damien Parer's famous footage. In this panel, the chaos and bedlam of this bustling supply point is captured with the troops mingling with the carriers and wounded. The centrepiece of the panel is Captain Albert Moore of the Salvation Army dispensing refreshments to the wounded. To this day "God Bless the Salvo's" is the catch cry for our Service men and women overseas.



Panel Five: Courage Mateship Sacrifice Endurance

This central panel, slightly offset represents the mid point of both the Kokoda Track and the values of Australia and her people at that time. The four words in bronze at the outer edge of the forecourt map are the same as those engraved on the four granite monoliths at the Isurava Memorial. COURAGE, ENDURANCE, MATESHIP, SACRIFICE. The graveside scene, the wounded being assisted by his mates and the troops moving forward to the next battle, encompass those four famous words which help define us as a nation.



Panel Six: Biscuit Bombers and Warriors

The Kokoda Campaign was defined by many aspects of warfare and necessity being the mother of invention was instrumental at this point of the campaign. For the first time in modern warfare, aerial resupply was utilised to drop much needed supplies and ammunition to troops on the ground. Lake Myola was the first dropping zone for this new method

of basically wrapping supplies up in hessian and bundling them out the side door of the aircraft over a cleared area. On the ground, the other brave soldiers who fought alongside the Australians were the Papuan Infantry Battalion (PIB). Nationals who were enlisted, armed, trained and commanded by Australians proved to be a very effective fighting force. Also critical in the campaign were the efforts and bravery of the Australian Commandoes and Coastwatchers. This panel is dedicated to all those warriors in the air and deep in the jungle.



Panel Seven: The Battle

This last panel depicts the height of one of the most crucial battles of the Kokoda Campaign, the Battle of Isurava. The relief of the 39th Battalion by the 2/14th Battalion at the most crucial of points in this decisive battle has been the subject of many texts. However, this scene is also typical of the many fights, skirmishes and engagements throughout the entire campaign. It illustrates the determination, raw courage, commitment and selflessness so often displayed by soldiers on the Kokoda Track. Overlooking Kokoda, this panel is about both the initial withdrawal and the



ultimate victorious return to reoccupy the village and ultimately expel the invaders from the beaches of Buna and Gona.

**More Information on the Memorial can be found at
www.goldcoastcity.com.au**

A BLONDE GOES TO HEAVEN

An Aussie blonde was sent on her way to Heaven. Upon arrival, a concerned Peter met her at the Pearly Gates. "I'm sorry," St Peter said "But Heaven is suffering from an overload of godly souls and we have been forced to put up an Entrance Exam for new arrivals to ease the burden of Heavenly Arrivals."

"That's cool!" said the blonde, "What does the Entrance Exam consist of?" "Just three questions" said St Peter. "Which are?" asked the blonde. "The first," said St Peter, "is, which two days of the week start with the letter T?" The second is "How many seconds are there in a year?" And the third is "What was the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda?"

"Now!" said St Peter, "Go away and think about those questions and when I call upon you, I shall expect you to have those answers for me." So the blonde went away and gave those three questions some considerable thought. (No doubt so have you)

The following morning St Peter called upon the blonde and asked if she had considered the questions, to which she replied in the affirmative.

"Well then!" said St Peter, "Which two days of the week start with the letter T?" The blonde said "Today and Tomorrow." St Peter pondered this for some time, and decided that indeed the answer can be applied to the question.

"Well then, could I have your answer to the second question?" St Peter went on "How many seconds in a year" The blonde replied "Twelve" "Only twelve!" exclaimed St Peter, "how did you arrive at that figure?" "Easy!" said the blonde "There's the second of January, the second of February, right through to the second of December, giving a total of twelve seconds" St Peter looked at the blonde and said "I need some time to consider your answer before I can give you a decision" and he walked away shaking his head. A short time later he returned to the blonde. "I'll allow the answer to stand, but you need to get the third and final question absolutely correct to be allowed into Heaven. Now, can you tell me the answer to the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda?"

The blonde replied "Of the three questions, I found this the easiest to answer." "Really!" exclaimed St Peter, and what is the answer?" "It's Andy!" said the blonde. "Andy?" queried St Peter. "Yes! Andy!" replied the blonde. This totally floored St Peter, and he paced this way and that, deliberating the answer. Finally he could not stand the suspense any longer, and turning to the blonde asked "How in God's name did you arrive at THAT answer?" "Easy!" said the Blonde, "Andy sat, Andy watched, Andy waited till his billy boiled."

And the blonde entered Heaven.



Salvaged planes of the American Air Force at Salvage Depot, Dump Base, Port Moresby June 1945

A REMARKABLE SUBMARINE STORY

The sub that sank a train in WW11

Thirty-nine years ago, an Italian submarine was sold for a paltry \$100,000 as scrap.

This submarine, given to the Italian Navy in 1953.....was originally the USS Barb . . . An incredible veteran of World War II service.....with a heritage that should not have been melted away without just recognition. The U.S.S. Barb was a pioneer, paving the way for the first submarine to launch missiles and it flew a battle flag unlike that of any other ship.

In addition to the Medal of Honor ribbon at the top of the flag identifying the heroism of its Captain, Commander Eugene 'Lucky' Fluckey.... the bottom border of the flag bore the image of a Japanese train locomotive. The U.S.S. Barb was indeed, the submarine that sank a train on July 18, 1945 In Patience Bay, off the coast of Karafuto, Japan .

It was after 4 A.M. and Commander Fluckey rubbed his eyes as he peered over the map spread before him. It was the twelfth war patrol of the Barb, the fifth under Commander Fluckey. Of course, no one suspected when he had struck that deal prior to his fourth and what should have been his final war patrol, that Commander Fluckey's success would be so great he would be awarded the Medal of Honor.

Commander Fluckey smiled as he remembered that patrol. Lucky Fluckey they called him. On January 8th the Barb had emerged victorious from a running two-hour night battle after sinking a large enemy ammunition ship. Two weeks later in Mamkwan Harbor he found the mother-lode...more than 30 enemy ships.

In only 5 fathoms (30 feet) of water his crew had unleashed the sub's forward torpedoes, then turned and fired four from the stern. As he pushed the Barb to the full limit of its speed through the dangerous waters in a daring withdrawal to the open sea, he recorded eight direct hits on six enemy ships.

What could possibly be left for the Commander to accomplish who, just three months earlier had been in Washington , DC to receive the Medal of Honor? He smiled to himself as he looked again at the map showing the rail line that ran along the enemy coastline. Now his crew was buzzing excitedly about bagging a train!

The rail line itself wouldn't be a problem. A shore patrol could go ashore under cover of darkness to plant the explosives.....One of the sub's 55-pound scuttling charges. But this early morning Lucky Fluckey and his officers were puzzling over how they could blow not only the rails, but also one of the frequent trains that shuttled supplies to equip the Japanese war machine. But no matter how crazy the idea might have sounded, the Barb's skipper would not risk the lives of his men.

Thus the problem... how to detonate the explosives at the moment the train passed, without endangering the life of a shore party. If you don't search your brain looking for them, you'll never find them. And even then, sometimes they arrive in the most unusual fashion.

Cruising slowly beneath the surface to evade the enemy plane now circling overhead, the monotony was broken with an exciting new idea.....Instead of having a crewman on shore to trigger explosives to blow both rail and a passing train, why not let the train blow itself up ?

Billy Hatfield, an electricians mate, remembered as a kid, placing nuts between two ties on railway tracks so the sagging of the rail under the weight of a train would break them open.

"Just like cracking walnuts," he explained. To complete the circuit [detonating the 55-pound charge] we hook in a micro switch... And mounted it between two ties, directly under the steel rail.

"We don't set it off.....the train will! " Not only did Hatfield have the plan, he wanted to go along with the volunteer shore party.

After the solution was found, there was no shortage of volunteers; all that was needed was the proper weather.. little cloud cover to darken the moon for the sabotage mission ashore.

Lucky Fluckey established his criteria for the volunteer party:

- [1] No married men would be included, except for Hatfield,
- [2] The party would include members from each department,
- [3] The opportunity would be split evenly between regular Navy and Navy Reserve sailors,



[4] At least half of the men had to have been Boy Scouts, experienced in handling medical emergencies and tuned into woods lore. Finally, Lucky Fluckey planned to lead the saboteurs himself.

When the names of the 8 selected sailors was announced it was greeted with a mixture of excitement and disappointment.

Members of the submarine's demolition squad were:

- Chief Gunners Mate Paul G. Saunders, USN;
- Electricians Mate 3rd Class Billy R. Hatfield, USNR;
- Signalman 2nd Class Francis N. Sevei, USNR;
- Ships Cook 1st Class Lawrence W. Newland, USN;
- Torpedomen Mate 3rd Class Edward W. Klingsmith, USNR;
- Motor Machinists Mate 2nd Class James E. Richard, USN;
- Motor Machinists Mate 1st Class John Markuson, USN;
- and
- Lieutenant William M. Walker, USNR.

Among the disappointed was Commander Fluckey who surrendered his opportunity at the insistence of his officers that as commander he belonged with the Barb, coupled with the threat from one that, " I swear I'll send a message to ComSubPac if the Commander attempted to join the demolition shore party."

In the meantime, there would be no harassing of Japanese shipping or shore operations by the Barb until the train mission had been accomplished. The crew would ' lay low' to prepare their equipment, practice and plan and wait for the weather.

By July 22, 1945 waiting in 30 feet of water in Patience Bay off the coast of Karafuto, Japan was wearing thin the patience of Commander Fluckey and his innovative crew. Everything was ready. In the four days the saboteurs had anxiously watched the skies for cloud cover, the inventive crew of the Barb had crafted and tested their micro switch.

When the need was proposed for a pick and shovel to bury the explosive charge and batteries, the Barb's engineers had cut up steel plates in the lower flats of an engine room, then bent and welded them to create the needed digging tools.

The only things beyond their control were the weather.... and the limited time. Only five days remained in the Barb's patrol. Anxiously watching the skies, Commander Fluckey noticed plumes of cirrus clouds, then white stratus capping the mountain peaks ashore. A cloud cover was building to hide the three-quarters moon. So, this would be the night.

By midnight, July 23, 1945 the Barb had crept within 950 yards of the shoreline. If it was somehow seen from the shore it would probably be mistaken for a schooner or Japanese patrol boat. No one would suspect an American submarine so close to shore or in such shallow water.

Slowly the small boats were lowered to the water and the 8 saboteurs began paddling toward the enemy beach. Twenty-five minutes later they pulled the boats ashore and walked on the surface of the Japanese homeland.

Stumbling through noisy waist-high grasses, crossing a highway and then into a 4-foot drainage ditch, the saboteurs made their way to the railroad tracks.



USS Barb in San Francisco Bay 3rd May, 1945.

Three men were posted as guards, Markuson assigned to examine a nearby water tower. The Barb's auxiliary man climbed the tower's ladder, then stopped in shock as he realized it was an enemy lookout tower . . . an occupied enemy lookout tower.

Fortunately the Japanese sentry was peacefully sleeping. And Markuson was able to quietly withdraw to warn his raiding party. The news from Markuson caused the men digging the placement for the explosive charge to continue their work more quietly and slower.

Twenty minutes later, the demolition holes had been carved by their crude tools and the explosives and batteries hidden beneath fresh soil.

During planning for the mission the saboteurs had been told that, with the explosives in place, all would retreat a safe distance while Hatfield made the final connection. But if the sailor who had once cracked walnuts on the railroad tracks slipped or messed up during this final, dangerous procedure . . . his would be the only life lost.

On this night it was the only order the sub's saboteurs refused to obey, and all of them peered anxiously over Hatfield's shoulder to be sure he did it right. The men had come too far to be disappointed by a bungled switch installation.

Watching from the deck of the submarine at 1:32 A.M. Commander Fluckey allowed himself a sigh of relief as he noticed the flashlight signal from the beach announcing the departure of the shore party. Fluckey had daringly, but skillfully guided the Barb within 600 yards of the enemy beach sand.

There was less than 6 feet of water beneath the sub's keel, but Fluckey wanted to be close in case trouble arose and a daring rescue of his bridge saboteurs became necessary.

At 1:45 A.M. the two boats carrying his saboteurs were only halfway back to the Barb when the sub's machine gunner yelled, ' Captain! There's another train coming up the tracks! ' The Commander grabbed a megaphone and yelled through the night, "Paddle like the devil !", knowing full well that they wouldn't reach the Barb before the train hit the micro switch.

Then at 1:47 A.M. the darkness was shattered by brilliant light and the roar of the explosion! The boilers of the locomotive blew, shattered pieces of the engine blowing 200 feet into the air. Behind it the railroad freight cars accordioned into each other, bursting into flame and adding to the magnificent fireworks display.

Five minutes later the saboteurs were lifted to the deck by their exuberant comrades as the Barb eased away....slipping back to the safety of the deep. Moving at only two knots, it would be a while before the Barb was into waters deep enough to allow it to submerge. It was a moment to savor, the culmination of teamwork, ingenuity and daring by the Commander and all his crew. Lucky Fluckey's voice came over the intercom. "All hands below deck not absolutely needed to maneuver the ship have permission to



Cdr Fluckey on USS Barb



come topside." He didn't have to repeat the invitation. Hatches sprang open as the proud sailors of the Barb gathered on her decks to proudly watch the distant fireworks display.

Editor's note. This story about the Sub that sank a train is contained in the book "Thunder below" by Admiral Eugene Fluckey. It is a remarkable story about the five War patrols the 'Barb' carried out under his command.

For the 8th, 9th, 10th & 11th patrols the following was awarded:-
To the 'Barb' - Presidential Unit Citation

To the crew. 6 Navy Crosses (the second highest combat medal), 23 Silver Stars (the third highest combat medal), 23 Bronze Stars, 4 Navy & Marine Corps Medals, & 82 Letters of Commendation with Ribbon.

. Fluckey won the Congressional Medal of Honour, 4 Navy Crosses, and revolutionised US submarine warfare in WW2.

In 1989 the US Navy named the Nuclear Submarine Combat Systems

PNGVR COLOURS

HTT Vol 78 had a photo of PNGVR colours. The Regimental colour is unique in the Australian Army, in that the 'surrounds' are the D'Albertis Flower and not the wattle which all other Australian Army colours have.

PNGVR colours were presented in 1969, however the quest for Colours and Battle Honours commenced in 1961, when a Committee consisting of:-

Lt Col J.K. McCarthy	Hon Col
Maj R.D. Newman	C.O.
Lt P. Ainsworth	D. Coy (now Assn President)
Lt W.A. Mc Grath	HQ PNGVR

came up with the design. The D'Albertis Flower (PNG Flame of the Forest) was chosen as both NGVR and PNGVR were raised specifically to serve in PNG, (and never served elsewhere) where no wattle grows. The idea of the D'Albertis flower came from Phil Ainsworth.

Obtaining approval from AHQ in Canberra was not easy, and the proposal was rejected on a number of occasions. However it was finally approved and the Colours were presented in 1969.



PNGVR
Regimental
Colours,
Lae, 1969.
They are now
laid up in the
Australian
War
Memorial,
Canberra.

Photo Left &
next page
courtesy
Stewart
Lewis.

IDENTITY DISCS

Just prior to the American Civil War battle at Cold Harbour in the Forty Days Campaign, Federal troops were seen writing their names and addresses on pieces of paper and sewing them onto the backs of their coats. This was done so that their bodies could be identified and their fate be made known to their families at home. It could be said that this was the first instance of formally identifying troops for the eventuality of injury or death.

During the South African (Second Boer) War of 1899-1902, British soldiers started wearing regulation devices for personal identity in the form of strips of tape. The strips were supposed to be carried in the tunic pockets. However they were placed anywhere and a detailed search of the seriously wounded and dead had to be conducted to locate them. In 1906 each soldier was issued with a tin disc and given specific orders that it was to be worn around the neck.

By the Great War (WWI) soldiers were issued with two discs; one was round and red, the other was octagonal and green. The discs were stamped with the soldier's name, religion and unit. In the event of a soldier's death the red tag was removed and attached to a small bag, carried by burial parties containing the soldier's personal belongings.

The tag's dual purpose was to name the owner of the contents and, at the same time, assist in establishing a record of those killed. The green tag remained with the body for temporary burial, making the corpse identifiable if it was exhumed for permanent burial at a later date. Legend has it that the two colours were designed to assist soldiers with remembering which tag went where; red was the colour of blood so it was taken away, indicating that the "owner" was dead, and the green, which was the colour of grass was kept with the body for burial.



Today the Australian Army's personnel identification tags are referred to as "Number 1 Tag" (the octagonal disc) and "Number 2" Tag (the circular disc) and they are embossed with the title AUST, the soldier's regimental number, initials and surname, religion and blood group. The circular tag is removed from the body and the octagonal tag, should be placed inside the dead soldier's mouth, between the teeth and the lips.

WO1 C.J. Jobson, former RSM Ceremonial, ADHQ.

OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS REGIMENT EXHIBITION

A ceremony was held at the Australian Army Infantry Museum, Singleton, on Tuesday 1 October 2013 to officially open a new exhibition highlighting some of the history and traditions of the Pacific Islands Regiment from 1944-1946 and from 1951 -1975.

Approximately forty guests attended the opening, which was conducted by Mrs Elizabeth Ramsay MBE, widow of the late Col Donald Ramsay OAM (Retd). The original idea for a PIR exhibition at the Museum came from the late Col Ramsay over five years ago when he and his wife visited the previous museum facility at Lone Pine Barracks. Col Ramsay observed that while the displays featured work of the mainstream infantry forces, and also a feature display from the Royal New South Wales Regiment, the special activities of Australian infantry in Papua New Guinea were not exhibited.

His proposal for the Pacific Islands Regiment to be represented was actively supported by Major General B.W. Howard AO, MC, ESM (Retd) and an agreement was soon reached with Army History Unit. Unfortunately, the objects started to arrive at the Museum just at the time of the move to the new building. This relocation caused a delay in determining the composition and layout of the display until operations of the museum in the new building had settled.

Guests were welcomed to the Museum by Mr John Land, Museum Curator, and this was followed by a response by Maj Gen Howard. He delivered his remarks in Pidgin English much to the delight of the former PIR and other former PNG residents but to some bewilderment of others. This was evident by most of the guests laughing at the General's jokes and comments, and the silence of the others as they tried to translate.

Mrs Ramsay then cut the ribbon and declared the exhibition officially open. After time was allowed for guests to view the exhibi-

THE DRESS

A woman stopped by at her son's house. She knocked on the door then immediately walked in. She was shocked to see her daughter-in-law lying on the couch, naked. Soft music was playing, and the aroma of perfume filled the room. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm waiting for Mike to come home from work," the daughter-in-law announced. "But you're naked!" the mother-in-law exclaimed.

"This is my love dress" daughter-in-law explained.

"Love dress? But you're naked!"

"Mike loves me and wants me to wear this dress" she explained. "It excites him to no end. Every time he sees me in this dress he instantly becomes romantic. He can't get enough of me."

Mother-in-law left. When she got home, she undressed, showered, put on her best perfume, dimmed the lights, put on a romantic CD, and lay on the couch, waiting for her husband to arrive. Finally he came home. He walked in and saw her lying there so provocatively.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"This is my love dress" she whispered sensually.

"Needs ironing!" he said. "What's for dinner?"

Poor burger never heard the gunshot.



Maj Gen
B.W. Howard AO MC
ESM Re-
sponds to
Welcome

tion, a light lunch was served in the Lone Pine Kiosk.

The display consists of several cabinets of memorabilia, photographs, a short movie presentation, and newspaper clippings. The memorabilia comprises various badges, uniforms, footwear, headwear and other items of personal kit. The photographs are of prominent people and events and are accompanied by short stories and explanations.

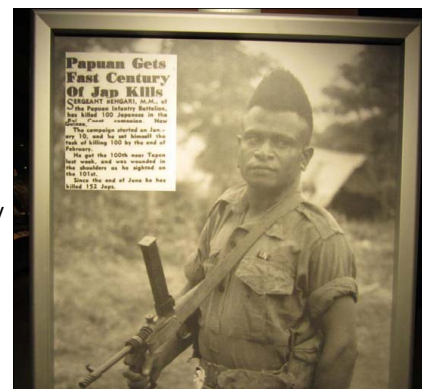
One Display Cabinet of PIR Memorabilia with reproductions of the newspaper clippings from the period describe events such as the involvement of troops assisting police, patrol actions, social activities including Christmas celebrations, and issues surrounding conditions of service. The articles cover both the Pacific Islands Regt and the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles.

The movie presentation runs for approximately half an hour and shows many aspects of the life of PIR soldiers from enlistment through recruit training, employment training and ceremonial parades.

The Friends of 2nd Infantry Battalions were represented by Lt Col Laurie Kelly (Retd), Lt Col Geoff Kelly (HQ 2 Div), and Maj Grahame Hall (Retd). Both Laurie Kelly and Grahame Hall are ex members of the PNGVR, and Geoff Kelly was born in Lae. Seeing the exhibits brought back many memories for the three, as they reminisced about the people, places and events they experienced while living in PNG and serving with PNGVR.

Laurie Kelly also recalled the various joint exercises involving both Battalions of the PIR and the PNGVR, particularly the exercises over the Kokoda Track. PNGVR officers and Senior NCOs were also used as umpires for PIR exercises. The wartime CMF unit, NGVR was active from 1939 to 1943 and the post war CMF Unit, PNGVR from 1951 to 1973. It was an infantry battalion of the Australian Army, as part of the Citizens Military Forces. During World War II the NGVR was in continuous action against Japanese forces from the landing at Rabaul until the unit was disbanded in 1943 and personnel absorbed into the PIB or NGIB or other elements of the Australian Army. On being reformed in 1951 one of its early responsibilities was to foster the raising of the regular PIR battalions and the Headquarters Area Command PNG. Initial recruitment was from the Australian and British expatriate community only, but in the mid 1960s the unit evolved into a multi-racial battalion with elements in all the main centres of PNG. The unit was finally disbanded on 1 Dec 1973 due to uncertainty about the need of a CMF type unit in an independent PNG and the ability of the new nation to finance such a unit.

The PNGVR holds the honour of being the only CMF unit to receive an American Presidential Citation for the actions of Brewer Force with United States forces during the Battle of Los Negros from 29 February to 4 March 1944. Brewer Force was commanded by Lt Col



Newspaper clipping and photograph
of Sgt Bengari MM



PNGVR Officers 1970 camp - Igam Barracks



Rear row
Capt George Stebaneki, Lt Kerry Glover, Lt Geoff Roe, Lt Jim Catermole, Lt Des Martin, Lt Phil Giddings, Capt Ron Furlonger, Unidentified

Centre Row
Lt Bill Molony, Lt Ken Butler, Lt Pascol Idok, Lt Joe Urghart, Lt Mike Griffin, Lt Ian Thompson, Unidentified, Capt David Parkinson

Front row
Maj Bob Bowmer, Capt Alan Wadsworth, Capt Ken Newton, Maj Bill Kelly, Lt Col (Rtd) Harry Green, Lt Col Bill Harrington, Maj Bob Harvey-Hall, Maj Laurie Kelly, Capt Walter Hendriks, Capt Noel Kenna

J.K.McCarthy of the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit. The award was presented on 14 June 1952 and passed on to B Company PNGVR, in Rabaul.

The Pacific Islands Regiment was first formed in 1944 from the Pacific Islands Battalion and the three New Guinea Infantry battalions (NGIB). At the end of World War II there were three battalions with a fourth being planned. The original PIR was disbanded in 1946 after suffering over 150 Killed in Action, 91 wounded. They were awarded over fifty decorations and awards. In 1951 the regiment was re-established as part of the Australian Regular Army with two battalions. The units were staffed with a cadre of professional officers, warrant officers and senior NCOs from the Australian Regular Army and soon reached a very high level of military proficiency. Following independence in 1975, the Regiment became the Royal Pacific Islands Regiment, and the Australians were gradually withdrawn. The Pacific Islands Regiment exhibition is another valuable contribution to our understanding of the history and traditions of Australian Infantry, as displayed in the Infantry Museum Singleton. In the short time that the exhibition has been in place, the Museum has received several congratulatory letters and comments regarding this display.

Bill Edwards

Museum Volunteer

NORFORCE.

Army patrols in the wake of Matthew Flinders
By CAPT James Hook

Two centuries after English explorer Matthew Flinders encountered a Macassan fishing fleet off the coast of Arnhem Land, the Australian Army is patrolling the same corner of the world. Arnhem Squadron of the North West Mobile Force (NORFORCE) is looking for evidence of more recent foreign incursions. One of its patrols is commanded by Dusty Miller, a former Navy clearance diver, now a captain in the Army Reserve. At sunset on D-Day, in the bow of an Army landing craft, Miller gives his five patrolmen their final briefing as they sail along the Malay Road. This sheltered stretch of water off the north-eastern



Photo top. Lt Col Geoff Kelly, Lt Col Laurie Kelly, (Retd) and Maj Grahame Hall (Retd).

Above L. PIR uniform

Above R. Red Sea Rig, worn by both PIR and PNGVR.





HTT Vol 82 had an article on the 2/33 Bn's incident when an aircraft crashed into them prior to their departure for Nadzab. Here Gen Blames inspects the 2/33 Bn on 28 Aug, 1943, prior to departure. Accompanying him is Lt Col Tom Cotton, CO of the 2/33. Behind Blamey is Maj Gen George Vasey, GOC 7th Div., with Brig Kenneth Eather, Comd of the 25th Brigade.

Article and photo courtesy Burnie Gough

coast of Arnhem Land was named by Flinders during his circumnavigation of Australia in 1803. It commemorates his meeting with the "malay" fishermen. Miller tells his men they are to look for signs of illegal or unusual activity on the English Company's Islands – also named by Flinders. The Royal Navy captain was honouring the East India Company, the trading powerhouse that helped Britain rule the waves in the 18th and 19th centuries. Miller's patrol is part of Operation Resolute, the Australian Defence Force's contribution to the whole-of-government mission to protect Australia's borders and offshore maritime interests. The patrol will be searching for likely landing sites throughout the islands, and keeping

an eye open for anything out of the ordinary, including fishing nets, marine debris and introduced species of flora and fauna.

The Northern Territory Police have also asked NORFORCE to look out for a missing yacht. All findings will be reported to relevant government agencies.

The men try to get some sleep before 2100h when the LCM8's bow ramp is lowered and the patrol's two Zodiacs are launched. The six men – five Reservists and a Regular Army signaller – clamber aboard. They have more than 30km to travel to their first destination – a beach on Astell Island.

The seas are choppy, but visibility is good thanks to a quarter moon. The stars of the Milky Way and the constellation of Scorpio, plus a dazzling Venus, add to the illumination.

The Zodiacs approach the beach shortly before midnight. Actions on landing are to sweep the sea and shoreline with torchlight, looking for the telltale red reflection from the eyes of saltwater crocodiles.

The men are completely comfortable in northern Australia's littoral zone – the shallow coastal waters and mangrove forests that line the continent and its offshore islands.

Miller gives the all clear, and Boat 2 bowman Jonah Thingle, a 27-year-old private from Ngukurr in south-east Arnhem Land, is first into the knee-deep water.

There is a sudden swirl in the sea a few metres away. Someone calls out "Croc!" and Thingle leaps back into the boat. A stingray, more than a metre across, surfaces briefly, then slips away into the darkness. Thingle, a teacher's assistant in civilian life, gets back in the water and carries the anchor ashore. NORFORCE is a Regional Force Surveillance Unit, raised in 1981 to protect Australian sovereignty in the remote regions of northern Australia. It was the brainchild of Major General Michael Jeffery, who had commanded both the Pacific Islands Regiment and the Special Air Service Regiment (and who later became Australia's 24th Governor General).

NORFORCE's 600 soldiers include 540 Reservists, of whom around half are Indigenous men and women from remote communities. These soldiers are the key to NORFORCE's success, bringing to the Australian Army their traditional skills, knowledge and networks. The unit conducts surveillance and reconnaissance patrols across the Northern Territory and Kimberley region of Western Australia.

These long-range missions are part of multi-agency border protection activities like Operation RESOLUTE, which has helped to protect Australia's Exclusive Economic Zone since 2006. Miller's coxswain is Private Drew Perry, 24, originally from Rockhampton in Queensland, now resident in Katherine. Like the other patrolmen, Perry has attended NORFORCE's Defence Indigenous Development Program.

This is an eight-month residential course aimed at boosting NORFORCE soldiers' language, literacy and numeracy skills. Perry is a Ganglu man who finished high school in Rockhampton at the same time his son Keydain was born. "When I split up from my partner, I kind of lost my way," Perry says. "My mother was living in Katherine and heard about the DIDP.

"She rang up NORFORCE, and one day Major Kopada (the officer commanding the DIDP) came to my doorstep." Perry was accepted on to the 2011 program. He did well and hoped the DIDP would be a stepping stone to joining the Regular Army. "I applied, but I got knocked back. Now I'm waiting to be reassessed," he says. In the interim, he has been working for a tree lopping company and keeping busy with NORFORCE, completing the patrolman's course, an Op RESOLUTE patrol and the powered tactical craft operator course. He plans to do the combat first aid and 2IC courses later in the year. (Perry was promoted to lance corporal, following the patrol.) The six men establish an observation post behind the sand dunes and get some sleep. It is 0100 on D+1.

High tide is at 0218. An hour later, Thingle goes down to the beach to shift the anchors. With him is patrol 2IC Vinnie Rami, a 24-year-old lance corporal from Numbulwar, who has applied to join the NT Police.

NORFORCE soldiers call themselves "greenskins" ... all the



Pte Drew Perry, an indigenous soldier, looks at a suspicious boat sailing past Astell Island





Left. L/Cpl Danny Daniels uses fire to remove bark from a "spear tree" during a patrol around Astill Island

Below. L/Cpl Vinnie Rami with shovelnose guitarfish



uses hootchie cord to tie on a spearhead made from a length of steel reinforcing bar. After eating the mussels, the patrolmen head to the beach with their weapon. An hour later they return to the fire with lunch. Rami has speared a giant shovelnose ray, or *langij* in the Nunggubuyu language of Numbulwar.

With their traditional hunting skills, the men can make a 24-hour ration pack last a long time. Miller is the patrol's only non-Indigenous NORFORCE member. He joined the Royal Australian Navy in 1968 at the age of 15. He enjoyed his time as a junior recruit at HMAS Leeuwin, then completed the clearance divers course at HMAS Penguin. "At 16 and a half I was checking HMAS Sydney's anchor chain for mines in Vung Tau harbour," Miller says. In 1975, he left the navy and went to work in the offshore oil and gas industry in Bass Strait and the North West Shelf. He joined the Army Reserve in 1982, seeking a break from the ocean.

Miller transferred to NORFORCE in 2007 after stints at 28 Independent Rifle Coy, 11/28 Battalion, and the West Australian University Regiment where he was an instructor in infantry tactics. "I'll keep doing this until I can't keep up with the boys," the barrel-chested ex-diver says. As D+1 draws to a close, the patrol crosses by Zodiac to Cotton Island. The individual islands were named by Flinders after directors of the East India Company.

The Traditional Owners have their own names: Bawanmi for Astell Island; Bandanguwami for Cotton Island; and Ngunburr for the entire island chain. At NORFORCE, both Indigenous and non-Indigenous cultures are recognised and valued. It's soldiers work together with mutual respect for each others' skills and competencies. Miller, Rami, Daniels, Thingle and Perry will cover 400km during their 10-day patrol.

They will find numerous "ghost" nets, the wreckage of an Indonesian fishing boat (which they will burn), and a secret watering point made from materials sourced from South-East Asia. They will encounter a single yacht, but it is not the one sought by police. In their salt-encrusted greenskins, they are modern warriors protecting their country.

James Hook is the son of member Don Hook, who lives in Canberra.

same in their Army uniforms. This has a deeper meaning than simple skin colour. Australian Aboriginal "skin" names refer to the subsections which form the social structure of every Indigenous group in the country. Thingle and Rami are brothers-in-law. According to their kinship structure, they have a "poison" relationship and are not allowed to speak to one another. As "greenskins", however, they are brothers. They chat away in Kriol, the lingua franca of the Roper River region. The men are up shortly before sunrise. After breakfast of muesli from the ration pack and oysters from the rocks, the patrol moves along the beach. They are in diamond formation, looking for signs of recent visitors to the island. They find their evidence along the high tide mark: a number of gillnets washed ashore; water bottles with labels in Bahasa Indonesia; a plastic crate marked "Made in Thailand"; even half a bottle of Indonesia arak – a potent alcohol distilled from sugar cane. None shows signs of extended exposure to the elements.

Miller records everything in his green Army notebook. As the patrol approaches the end of the beach, Danny Daniels, a 33-year-old lance corporal from Ngukurr, spots the tracks of a salt-water crocodile. They start in the mangroves and head towards the sea, ending about a metre below the high tide mark. Daniels estimates the croc's length at 3m, and says it entered the water an hour after high tide the same time Thingle and Rami were shifting the Zodiacs. The patrol leaves the beach and traverses a number of vegetation zones: mangrove; melaleuca; pandanus; and Banksia and eucalypt forest. The NORFORCE patrolmen are armed with F88 Austeys and carry live ammunition. The main reason is for self defence against wildlife. As the patrol reaches the crest of a hill, the men spot a snake sunning itself on a boulder. Thingle's totem is the king brown. He claps his hands and the snake glides away.

The patrolmen scramble down a cliff and return to the beach where Miller directs them to supplement their rations with bush tucker. Rami and Daniels walk back to the mangroves to gather mud mussels and to cut down a "spear tree". While a dozen mussels cook on the coals, the pair strip a 4m sapling of its bark, and heat it over the fire to straighten it. Daniels, whose day job is camp maintenance for a mining company,

Association 2014 Diary

Jan	Committee Meeting
Feb	HTT Issue 84
Mar	Spring Mixed Dining Night Saturday 15th Mar Committee Meeting
Apr	HTT Issue 85 25th Apr Anzac Day
May	Committee Meeting
June	HTT Issue 86 Committee Meeting
July	Montevideo Maru Commemoration, 1st July
Aug	HTT Issue 87 Committee Meeting
Sept	Bitapaka Commemoration, 6th Sept
Oct	HTT Issue 88 Autumn Mixed Dining Night, 2nd or 3rd Sat of Oct AGM, Committee Meeting, Exercise Steel Tuff
Dec	HTT Issue 89



VALE KAM ON LEO

Kam was born in Rabaul on 4th July, 1920 and died in Brisbane on 6th Sept, 2013, aged 93. Both Kam and his siblings did not enjoy the benefit of schooling as the Chinese community in Rabaul was very small at the time. At age 12 he went to Hong Kong for several years, returning to Rabaul, working as a builder.

He joined the CAAD (Chinese Auxiliary Aid Detachment) in 1939 (Chinese were not allowed into the NGVR (New Guinea Volunteer Rifles) in Rabaul. When the Japanese landed Kam reported for duty and joined the Medical Staff of the 2/22nd Bn AIF in their disorganised retreat down the South Coast of New Britain. At Adler Bay Kam was ordered by his OC to destroy his uniform and join a local group of Chinese.

In Adler Bay he assisted Coastwatching activities, and prior to the War finishing he was ordered back to Rabaul. Post War Kam opened Chinese Restaurants in Rabaul and Lae, and Boroko and carried out building work in Kainantu and Port Moresby, before opening a Trade store in Moresby. Kam moved to Australia in 1977, but it took until 1993 to be awarded his WW2 Service Medals. His wife, Ruby, died earlier this year.

LEST WE FORGET

Hi All,

I wanted to send some sort of holiday greetings to you all, but it is difficult in today's world to know exactly what to say without offending someone. So I met with my Solicitor yesterday, and on his advice I wish to say the following.

Please accept, with no obligation, implied or implicit, my best wishes for and environmentally conscious, socially responsible, low stress, non addictive, gender neutral celebration of the summer solstice holiday practiced with the most enjoyable traditions of religious persuasion or secular practices of your choice with respect to the religious / secular persuasions and / or traditions of others or their choice not to practice religious secular traditions at all.

I also wish you a fiscally successful, personally fulfilling and medically uncomplicated recognition of the onset of the generally accepted calendar year 2014, but not without due respect for the calendar of choice of other cultures whose contributions to society have helped make our country great (not to imply that Australia is necessarily greater than any other country) and without regard to the race, creed, colour, age, physical ability, religious faith or sexual preference of the wishee.

By accepting this greeting, please be advised that you are accepting these terms;

This greeting is subject to clarification or withdrawal. It is freely transferable on the proviso that there is no alteration to the original greeting. It implies no promise by the wisher to actually implement any of the wishes for her/him or others and is void where prohibited by law, and is revocable at the sole discretion of the wisher. The wish is warranted to perform as expected within the usual application of good tidings for a period of one year or until the issuance of a new wish at the sole discretion of the wisher.

Best Regards (without prejudice)

Name withheld (Privacy Act)

BUAI BAN

The buai sale ban mentioned in HTT Vol 81 came into force in Port Moresby on 1st October, 2013, despite a petition from Aipeana Village on behalf of 30,000 people of the Mekeo tribe.

The Post Courier on 30th Sept carried a lengthy article covering the subject, but the Governor of Central Province was standing firm on the sale ban.

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

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

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