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

PRESIDENT'S UPDATE

This year is the start of the ANZAC Centenary Programme, a Commonwealth Government initiative. Many millions of dollars will be spent by the Commonwealth and State Governments over the next five years commemorating the ANZAC Legend. While the emphasis has always been on Anzac Cove and more recently the Kokoda Trail, we, as members of a little known military association, are well aware of the other lesser battles and wartime activities which, though important to the overall wartime effort, are not commemorated. Although NGVR was formed in 1939, its wartime activities were limited to a short period from December 1941 to August 1942 when it exhausted itself and was subsequently disbanded because of its inability to recruit and that its main functions were taken over by the larger ANGAU organisation.

None the less, we do have much to commemorate – NGVR was present at the first battle on Australian Territory at Rabaul, it assisted the escaping Lark Force members from New Britain, it assumed the administration of the Territory of New Guinea from Administrator Nicols until ANGAU was established, it was the only fighting force facing the Japanese in New Guinea for several months until reinforcements arrived in May, it assumed the responsibility of looking after displaced New Guinea labour and which was the precursor for the carrying force which enabled the Allies to win. NGVR did all these things with a strength which never exceeded 500, with little or no resupply, radio communication, outdated light weaponry and support weapons. Less than 300 fit and unfit men of all ranks were available when the unit was most active in the Wau/Salamaua/Lae/Markham area. We can be justifiably proud of the exploits of NGVR.

About 80 NGVR soldiers died in the Rabaul invasion, the Tol Plantation Massacre, the sinking of the Montevideo Maru, the escape from New Britain and in and around the New Guinea mainland at Wau/ Lae / Salamaua/Markham area, Madang and elsewhere. When the unit was disbanded many of the survivors returned to Australia too exhausted to serve again while others joined units, including ANGAU. NGVR richly deserved the names "The Keepers of the Gate" and the "Gallant 500".

We recently lost one of the surviving members of the Gallant 500, Captain Sir Colman Michael O'Loghlen who died 6th March just one month short of his 98th Birthday. Sir Colman was an officer and one of the group leaders in the famous Salamaua Raid of 29th June 1942. There are now only four known surviving members of NGVR. Several members of the Association attended his 14TH March Funeral at St Mark's, Inala including Jim Birrell, ex-NGVR, Bob Collins, Norm Mundy, John Holland, Kerry Glover and Phil Ainsworth.

Another sad occa-



L to right rear: Norm Mundy, Kerry Glover, Bob Collins and John Holland Front L to R: Phil Ainsworth and Jim Birrell ( ex-NGVR ).

sion was the death of ex-PNGVR member, Dave Harris who died 10th March and buried 17th March at the Pinnaroo Cemetery Bridgeman Downs, Brisbane. The funeral saw a good roll call of members including Bob Collins, Colin Gould, Doug Ng, Norm Mundy, Barry Wright, Mike Griffin, Kerry Glover and Phil Ainsworth. Colin and Bob conducted the "Poppy Parade". The attendance of many members from 3 RAR and other units in which Dave served during his long regular army career demonstrated the high regard in which he was held.

About 30 members and friends attended a formal mixed dining night at Ted and Heather's home in Jimboomba Saturday 15th March. Our Patron Major General John Pearn, who attended with his wife Vena, provided his usual inspirational talk, this time about anniversaries and the meaning of them. The President spoke about legacies of the units which we were members and the activities of the Association. Both talks were well received by the attendees. Dining President Major Bob Collins undertook his duties at his usual high standard while making everyone feel at home. Mr Vice, the legendary Barry Wright also performed well. To all those concerned, thank you for again making it a memorable night and an occasion not to be missed.



Patron John, President Phil and Dining President Bob at Jimboomba

Our Military Museum is an increasingly important focus to the Association. Our Curator John Holland, through his much cajoling of committee members and others has reorganised the exhibits to align them towards the history curriculum of the students visiting the Museum. Well done John! The Nashos have refurbished the toilet block and verbally been advised we should be able to use the ex-cadets building for meetings in the meeting room and be given the use of one side of the rear part for our purposes. We trust these decisions will be ratified at the March NSAAQ Committee Meeting and Its AGM.

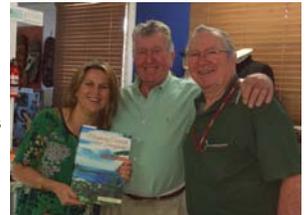
Plans are proceeding towards holding the ANZAC Centenary Commemoration at the Wacol Military Museum on 6th September 2014. John Holland has arranged for Air Niugini to donate two return flights from Sydney or Brisbane or Cairns to Rabaul and for the Rabaul Hotel to donate 3 nights accommodation for two at the Rabaul Hotel for the September commemoration in Rabaul to be used as a raffle prize. As a second prize PNGAA will donate a free entry to its dinner and the Symposium in Sydney 17th and 18th September 2014. Our Museum/ Association will



A happy group at the 15th March Jimboomba dinner.

run the raffle in partnership with PNGAA with the proceeds going towards the maintenance of the Museum and PNGAA's 18th September 2014 Anzac Centenary Symposium in Sydney. A book of ten tickets will be mailed to all members and friends of both Association in due course. See attachment for further details about the 6th September function.

An executive committee meeting was held 22nd March at the Museum. The final arrangements for ANZAC Day and fine tuning for our September function were discussed. The Association has been asked to work with PIR ex-members towards erecting a suitable plaque in memory of the PNG troops and police who served during WW2 and a plaque for NGVR and ANGAU soldiers in the Gold Coast Kokoda Memorial Area. Member Gerry McGrade and his daughter Susan, the owner of the Rabaul Hotel and Secretary of the Rabaul Historical Society, attended part of the meeting to present Rev Threlfall's Rabaul book to the Museum and to collect copies of items from the Museum for the Rabaul Historical Society. A grant of \$2,000 from PNGAA for refurbishing the Museum's Montevideo Maru, Rabaul and Tol and associated exhibits, for which most of the work has been completed, has been gratefully received. The next committee meeting is scheduled for 10am Saturday 24th May 2014 at our Wacol Museum – all are welcome.



Susie & Gerry McGrade presenting the Museum with Rabaul book, 22 March 2014

Phil Ainsworth

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## Robert Eustace (Bob) EMERY, MM

### Continued

#### Attack on Heath's Plantation

By now it seemed that the idea of doing a raid on Lae was forgotten, but it was decided to blow up Heath's Farm, where Frank Henderson was killed. The Japs had this little garrison camp with an ack ack gun which could be used as a field gun, and this was their forward outpost. It took about a week to organise the raid which was to be carried out by about 2 Sections of the 2/5<sup>th</sup> and some 15 or so NGVR. The C.O for the raid was Maj Kneen and there were a couple of Lts, Lt Doberer and Lt Wylie, and the party consisted of about 100 men in total.

We set out on the 29<sup>th</sup> June, 1942, and walked about as far as Narakapor, where we camped for the night. Next day we walked right down carrying our gear – no natives on the raid – and we actually went past Heath's Farm, where the Japs were. We hit them in the middle of the night and there was a hell of a lot of shooting going on but about half way through the raid Maj Kneen was killed, and straight away one of the Lts called out 'Retire', and that was the end of the raid – it was a proper mix-up. My group was the last out and we headed back up the road – I reckon we might have killed about 30/40 Japs but that is a bit of wishful thinking. Col Fleahy officially reported 42 Japanese killed.

The following is an extract I wrote for the 2/5<sup>th</sup> publication "Double Black".

Sgt Bob Emery, one of the Fifth's excellent NGVR Scouts:

"I was with Lt Phillips' NGVR Section, on the other side of the house. Lt Phillips and I observed a Fifth Coy man racing up the second or third step of the house – about to enter it. Then there were incredible explosions. Shortly afterwards we heard the words : "Withdraw! Withdraw!" The man on the steps hesitated, then he came back down the steps.

The NGVR had been commenting what a success the raid was. The 2/5<sup>th</sup> Ind Coy had excelled themselves. We were impressed with Lt Mal Wylie's charge across the open grass. The Nips had not responded. When the Fifth Coy raced up the steps, Heath's house was as good as in the raider's hands. Now! The orders were : "To withdraw". Why? Not knowing what had occurred – we were astounded by this order. During the attack, there was no means of communication between our groups, and the NGVR Section couldn't understand what had happened."

#### Back to Duties in the Markham Valley

We got back to base next morning, and walked all the way back. Prior to the raid we had been camped at Gabmatsing Mission Station where there was a bit of a house, very similar to the one at Boana, with an iron roof on posts about 8' (2.5m) out of the ground and a raised floor. A lot could sleep on the ground underneath, or on the floor, however it was such an obvious place I wouldn't go near it. A lot of the raiding party got there about 10am and about 12 noon the Japs sent a couple of bombers over and bombed hell out of the place. I wasn't there – I had anticipated it and, having had a bit of experience with bombing, wasn't much in favour of it. However I was OK as I wasn't near the place.

After Maj Kneen was killed Capt Lang took over for a while, but then Capt Taylor, 2/5<sup>th</sup> Ind. Coy took over. I seemed to be the only NGVR bloke still kicking around after the raid but Tom Lega (NGVR) turned up a bit later on. I don't know what happened to the rest of them – there were no ANGAU blokes down there either.

#### I set out on a Ration Resupply

One day Capt Taylor sent for me and said "Look! We're getting pretty low on rations. Can you organise some native food for us?" Well, we'd been bludging on the natives around here for six months and all we'd been doing was to draw the crabs. The Japs would come up and our blokes would get out of the way, and the natives would get kicked around. I said "I don't know where you are going to get native food around here. It would be a bit of a job and we'd need some police bois also to assist. What's the big problem?" He replied "Well! We're waiting for an air drop. Have been waiting for two weeks. You see, the Japs had complete control of the air around here and we never know when we are going to get our air drop" He had about 150 men to feed so I said "If things are as bad as you say they are, give me about 5 days and I'll walk up to Kainantu/Aiyura and bring you back 2 or 3 loads of groceries." He looked at me in amazement and said "How can you do that?" I replied "We put the stuff there after we had taken it out of Madang, but I am not sure just what is left there". Actually all I wanted to do was get away from this area as it was getting too dangerous.

He said "Yes! All right! Get going! What do you want?" and I replied "A tin of meat to eat on the way and a couple of sticks of tobacco – I might want to buy a bit of kaukau. So I left Bob's Camp about 4pm, walked down to Kirkland's Crossing on the Markham River and got a canoe. Bob's camp was not named after me but after Bob Griffiths. We had left the other camps across the Markham River by now and all we did was send over patrols. Some natives paddled me up as far as Chivasing Village that night. I was on my own this time with no Police bois with me, and it makes a big difference if you haven't got any with you. Chivasing was not too friendly (and it was after this that Peter Ryan and Capt Howlett were betrayed to the Japs and Howlett was killed). They were always a pretty independent mob at Chivasing at the best of times. Anyway I slept in the village and, next morning, said I wanted a native to go with me and one bloke did.

We started walking before daylight and I slept at Kaiapit that night, and that was a pretty fair hike I think myself. The next day I crossed the Markham again and slept that night on the other side in a village at the foot of Kassam Pass. Then the next day I walked straight up the hill and, about 4pm. I walked into Aiyura, which was at the top of the Ramu-Purari Rivers Divide. It was dense fog for the last few miles into Aiyura. When I got there Jim Brugh was sitting down there – I don't think he was even in the Army then- but was looking after Aiyura dump, and knew all about the supplies down in the Ramu Valley. I had my tongue hanging out when I got there and Jim asked "How would you like some strawberries and cream?" to which I replied "You're not kidding are you?" but he advised that there were strawberries growing around and sent a 'manki' (young boy) out and he was back in about 10 minutes with a great big bowl of freshly picked strawberries. Jim tipped in some cream and milk from a couple of cows they had at Aiyura. Then we had some hot scones that he was making – he was living in the house there with every modern convenience.

I told him what I was after and he said that there was plenty of tucker out there and he would organise carriers. I just sat there and had a spell for a couple of days while he organised carriers and brought in the tucker. We eventually took back to the Markham a line of about 200 carriers with rice, meat, flour and sugar etc. – everything you would buy if you went into a supermarket. I am not sure what was left in the Ramu but Ron Penglaise had a go at what was left later on. Another thing we had picked up was an inflatable raft. A USA plane had landed at Aiyura and couldn't get off again and had been abandoned after it had crashed trying to take off the short 'strip at that high altitude and the crew had been taken off in a smaller 'plane. Among the gear on board was an inflatable raft so we took it down with us. When

we got to the Markham we spent a couple of days – we had plenty of groceries and were not in a hurry. We made some rafts and put all the supplies on them and off we went down the Markham.

It took about 2/3 days as we were right at the top of the Markham near Marawasa. Eventually we got to Kirklands to find there was a Quartermaster there – I've an idea he was 2/5<sup>th</sup> QM and he took over all the supplies. By now I had some experience of the Army so I made sure I had some tins of stuff put away in a good place – once they got it you never knew when you were going to see it again. The same day Jock McLeod walked in from Wau – I knew Jock pretty well – he was in ANGAU. I asked where he was going and he replied that he was going over to Gabsonkek Village and when I asked what was going on he replied "The Japs were up last week while you were away and chased the 2/5<sup>th</sup> blokes, and Dick Vernon was killed. The natives told us to get over the other side of the river and stay there, all we were doing was to draw the crabs on them".

So I went over the river with Jock and we walked over pretty cautiously, as there had been nobody over there for a week, and we didn't know what to expect. We arrived at Gabsonkek and went in pretty cautiously. There were no Japs there and the natives knew Jock was a 'kiap' (Administration official) so they told him what they knew, and we turned around and went back. While we were over there we had a bit of a discussion about how we were going to get information on what's going on over the other side now we had crossed the Markham, and the natives wanted us to stay on this side. We decided to put in a camp over the other side where there were no natives, and this took some time to organise – then Sgt Bob Booth (2/5<sup>th</sup> Ind Coy) and I organised enough rations to last 2 or 3 weeks and got hold of about 50/70 Sepik natives, crossed the river at night and went right up behind Nadzab, cutting a track until we got into the foothills of the mountains, and set up camp on one of the creeks. We dumped all our supplies there, put up a tent and Tom Lega (NGVR) who had come with us took the natives back to Bob's. At this stage the locals did not know we were there so we felt pretty safe.

### Surprised and wounded by the Japanese

Prior to the War it had been the custom for Patrol Officers to regularly check the health of the villagers and one particular task was to give the natives injections to combat the terrible sores which they developed known as 'yaws' (frambesia). The natives had not had any 'shoots' for a long time, and it seemed obvious to us that, if we could organise some 'shoots' for them, they would be very pleased.

Bill Hardgrave, the 2/5<sup>th</sup> Regimental Orderly wanted to help us but he was ordered to stay at Bob's where a small hospital had been established so Bob Booth and I went down to Yalu village, about 3 hours walk from our camp to see how many wanted a 'shoot'. We saw the Luluai and the Tultul (headmen) and they said they would do a check and let us know next week. Well I always reckoned the Yalus were related to the Butibum natives, and we knew the Butibums were living with the Japs, but they probably had no choice, so we treated the Yalus with caution. We arranged to go back the following week and do a final check on how many 'shoots' were wanted.

( Editor - I quote here from an article Bob wrote for the 2/5<sup>th</sup> Book 'Double Black'.

"During the night my feet had been bloody crook; they had been for 3 or 4 days. We had done a lot of walking through many creeks, and the ground was pretty sloshy and swampy too. It used to mess my feet up. You'd have wet feet for 4 or 4 days and couldn't dry them. I told Bob "We'll go tomorrow", I was hoping

my feet would be better, but when tomorrow came my feet were worse so I said to Bob. "I can hardly walk on my feet. I need a couple of days spell. It's not really important that we go down today. It's no good making appointments too close to Lae, because, once we get down there, we might find a bloody Jap waiting for us. I'm prepared to fix the natives up with these injections, but we want to know how many". Bob Booth was a very good soldier and a very nice bloke. He was a solicitor from Dubbo, NSW. He said that he would go – he didn't mind going on his own. He and I had been working together for a long time and I had a lot of confidence in him.

We had our secret camp alongside a beautiful little creek, gravel, clean water, a little bit of a clearing, and all around it was this big rainforest. We had no track into it and how we got in there from off the track I'm buggered if I know, but we had walked up the creek for about half a mile (1km).

Bob went off the next day and I stopped there and rested my feet. During the night there was a hell of a storm, wind and rain – a big tree fell over- when they fall over they sound like a bomb going off. In the morning when I woke up, it had stopped raining, and I was quite happy to lie in bed on my own. At about 0800 hrs I got up, lit the fire, and made some porridge. Then I ate the porridge and was just quietly walking around very gently, keeping my feet dry.

I always carried my own .22 rifle with me, in case I shot a pigeon or something to eat. It was a Remington repeater with a magazine which held 10 rounds, which I used because it didn't make so much noise. If you used a .303 you could hear the shot about a mile (1.4km) away. Also when you shoot a pigeon with a .22 there is a bit of pigeon left when you hit it. When Bob was leaving the day before he said to me "Can I take your .22?" Bob was carrying a Tommy Gun so I gave him the .22.

We had two beds made with bedsails. The shelter was about 7 ft high (2m) and came down just clear of the beds on each side, with the ends wide open, so we were quite dry.

After breakfast I noticed Bob's Tommy Gun lying on his bed, so I went across, picked it up and had a look at it. I don't think it had been cleaned for bloody six months, and it had been dropped in the river two or three times. I don't think it would have worked if you had pulled the trigger. Because I had nothing to do, I took it all to pieces and cleaned it, then oiled everything – God it needed it. He had a magazine on it which was all full of sand and rubbish. I took out the bullets, cleaned it all out, then reloaded it. I stuck it back on, and was just going to put it back when I thought "No! I'll lean it against my bed", which I did. Then I lay back on my bed under the mosquito net and read a page of an old newspaper. I went off to sleep again, and woke up about 12.30 hrs and just lay under the net thinking.

I heard a twig crack outside - quite a distinct twig crack. For the last 24 hours there had been trees falling over, and branches falling off them in the storm, but this sounded different somehow to all the others. Within a second I thought "That's strange!" because I had just heard another one crack a couple of seconds ago. I turned my head sideways, and saw this bloody Jap with a tin hat on, and a



rifle in his hand with a bayonet on it, coming towards me. He was looking down at the ground and must have trodden on some dry wood. He hadn't seen me but I saw him.

I slid out the side of the net – and there's Bob's Tommy Gun there. Just imagine! Who put it there? I picked the thing up and yanked it over the bed as I stepped out the end. Now there's about 5 Japs standing there, and they're all looking at me, with their rifles pointed at me. We just stood there looking at each other in disbelief! Well I thought, this is no time to have a conference, so I fired. Tatta-tatta-tat, tatta-tatta-tat. After I got the second burst out, they had all dropped on the ground. Lots of blokes have said to me "How many did you get?" and I reply "I dunno! I didn't stop to count".

I pulled the trigger the third time, and nothing happened. I knew I had enough bullets – we used to get a lot of crook ammunition – it wouldn't stand up to wet conditions. By this time the Japs had started shooting, so I thought "This is no good" and took off – on my crook bare feet. My crook bare feet didn't worry me – you'd be surprised what you can do with crook feet when you have to. I had to travel about the length of a cricket pitch, and they were all shooting at me – they sounded like heavy machine-guns. When I got to the bush twigs were being chopped off by the guns, and leaves falling off everywhere. I hit the creek – I'm sure I touched once in the middle – and once on the other side – then up the other side into the big timber. Nothing hit me – or so I thought. When I got into the big timber I thought "Christ! I might get out of this". I hadn't had time to be frightened up to now but I was starting to feel a bit dicky now.

I stopped, for the first thing I wanted to do was to clear the jam in the Tommy-gun. I knew I hadn't fired 25 bullets, so I had a look at the cross feed, took it out, cleared that, and got it working again.

I couldn't feel anything with my left hand and when I looked at it I noticed blood on it. Then I noticed blood all the way up my arm and when I got to the elbow I found a hole in one side and out the other. I reckon the bullet hit me as I jumped down into the creek as I was holding the Tommy-gun above my head. It went straight through the elbow without (I thought) damaging anything, but it actually had damaged the nerves that work the left hand. The blood had just poured out and was now starting to clot. There was nothing I could do about this, as I had nothing to put on it. I only had a pair of shorts on, a singlet – and bare feet. I reckoned "They are coming to get me" but, though the Japs kept on searching, they did now come near me.

I kept on going for a while, until I found a bit of a clearing which was full of those grass-trees they call 'black-boys' in Australia. I crawled under one and thought "I'll get some of them, before they get me". This was about 1330 hrs and I just lay there, and lay there. The sun shone down, and I got more than enough bloody sun on me. The flies and ants were crawling all over the blood on my arm. Eventually the sun started going down, and I hadn't seen any more Japs so I started to think "Maybe I have a bit of a chance of getting out of this".

While I was lying there, I was trying to work out how this Japanese patrol found me. First I thought they must have followed our footprints, but I was sure that wasn't right. Perhaps somebody guided them in there. That wasn't much

help. Then I reckoned, seeing the Jap patrols were in the area, they must be camping out somewhere near here at night. They've never done this before, now they know I'm here they'll come back looking for me.

I knew a native from Ngasawapum Village, who had worked for me before the War, and I trusted him (as much as I could trust anybody). I knew he had a 'hide-out house' about three miles down the creek that went past our camp, so I thought "I'll get across the creek, then I'll follow it in the dark. I'll keep off the tracks, because the Japs will be on them – and that's what I did.

About midnight I got to within sight of this house and there was a fire going out in the open. I wasn't feeling very robust by now, as I'm still walking on my crook, bare feet. I knew they were all cracked, swollen and raw – but once I saw those Japs – I only thought they were crook.

When I got close to the fire there were about three natives sitting around it, and I was sure one of them was Arpi, this boi of mine. I kept very quiet, because there could still be some Japs around. I still had the Tommy-gun and wasn't going to throw that away. But I had to do something before daylight so softly I called 'Arpi'. He whispered "Who's that" and then all of a sudden said "Masta Bob?" He came across and we spoke quietly. "I need a guide to get me out of the area in the dark, because I can't use the roads. Can you get me a guide?" He whispered "Yes!" and went back

and got me half a coconut and asked "Would you like a drink?" I said "My oath!" He brought me back a guide who knew a track which took us right around through a swamp. It was one I didn't know existed – I followed that native for the best part of the night. He went in front and I walked behind him with the Tommy-gun pointed at his back. I explained to him that if he

made any false moves there might be an accident. It wasn't a very nice thing to do, but I was starting to get a bit nervous. At daylight we were at Gabsonkek where we sat down and had a spell, then kept on going. I had to keep going, for, whenever we stopped, the pain was worse – lack of circulation I suppose. I don't know which was worse – my arm or my feet.

We got up to Kirklands Crossing sometime late in the morning and I fired a couple of signal shots. A canoe came across to collect us, and on the canoe was Terry Muldoon, a 2/5<sup>th</sup> Coy bloke from Alice Springs. When he saw my crook feet, he just picked me up, and carried me to the river, then once across, to the heavy mosquito-net room at Kirklands. They gave me something to eat, bathed my feet, and wrapped them. They had a phone that went back to Bob's Hospital, and they were told about some treatment for my feet. From Bobs they sent Sam Lulofs and Ron Jones to assist me, and they arrived at Kirklands about dusk, leading an old nag. I don't know where in the hell they got the horse from. Ron Jones had a couple of spare blankets with him and said "Put these around you" to which I replied "Come off it! Let's get going!" He poked a couple of big pills down my throat with the comment "You've had a terrible shock". They stuck me on this horse and led it so I got a ride back to Bob's Camp, where we arrived about midnight. Old Doc Stout was there – I can remember him standing beside me, with me lying on this operating table made out of old sticks. Sgt Bill Hardgrave, RAP, put me to sleep, and I woke up just before daylight. My arm hurt like hell so I put my hand around to feel the arm and thought "Well! It's still there".

I was in a bed, lying on a Dunlop mattress with sheets on it. I hadn't shaved for about a week, but now I'd been shaved and I'd been bathed, I had clean underclothes on and pyjamas. As



soon as I turned over someone was sitting there and asked "How do you feel, Bob?" It was Sam Lolofs. I said "Not bad!" I'm sitting there having a cup of tea, and in the next bed was Lt Lloyd Jelbart – he was laughing like blazes and when I asked him why he replied "You said some funny things when you were coming out of that anesthetic, Bob".

Lloyd Jelbart spent the greater part of the next week picking thorns out of my feet with a pair of forceps".

Obviously I was concerned for Bob Booth, but he turned up the next day at Bob's Camp.

He had got back to our camp after it had been done over by the Japs and he thought they had got me – actually it finished up quite well.

It took about a fortnight before I could walk properly again. Then I walked up to Wau and I was evacuated. I was flown out to Port Moresby before the Japs attacked Wau, at the end of January, 1943. I would have been flown out in December, 1942.

### Invalidated to Port Moresby

We had to wait in Wau for planes to come in and we had to hang around the 'drome. The first day I was there we heard a plane coming in, so we got ready to get in it, but it wasn't ours. It was the Japs and they started dropping bombs on the 'drome, so that stuffed that up. From then on I wasn't so keen on going up to the 'drome, and , after a few days waiting, I volunteered to walk out. A few days after this I was up at the 'drome and heard planes coming, and the first thing I saw were these Lightnings up in the air, swooping around like mosquitoes, all over the place – every now and again one would come down – and then up he'd go. While I was watching all this going on, I looked down the Wau 'drome and there's about 6 DC3s following each other up the strip.

Horrie Niall was unloading them with a gang of natives, rushing around, and then he said "Righto Emery, in you get", so I jumped into the first one. There's a Yank there with a silly looking hat on his head and a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes and his co-pilot looked up and said "Let's get the hell out of here". Well, away we went, and for the first half of the trip to Port Moresby, I reckon we were down around the tree tops and up all the gullies. We finally reached Moresby and I was in the AGH (Australian General Hospital) there for two or three weeks. The second night I was in the AGH our troops retook the Kokoda 'drome. Before this any casualties on the Owen Stanleys had to walk out or be carried out, but after taking the Kokoda 'drome they were able to be flown out. I was in hospital while the casualties were being brought in during the afternoons, and they were mostly a lot more serious than I was. Many of them had been lying in mud and water for days, and if they put their head up, they got shot.

**To be continued.**

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### MEDALS

Medals for bravery or participation in campaigns can be traced back to the ancient Egyptians and Romans, where plaques of brass or copper were awarded for outstanding feats of bravery.

However, the first British medals to be issued and classed as such, didn't appear until 1588 when they were struck by Queen Elizabeth I upon the defeat of the Spanish Armada. They were made from gold and silver and fitted with rings and chains for suspension around the neck.

In 1643 King Charles I awarded a medal for conspicuous con-

duct to Robert Welch for recovering the Royal Standard during the first battle of the English Civil War, the Battle of Edgehill. King Charles is seen as the first British monarch to make an award in the form of a military medal for prowess on the battlefield.

In 1650 Oliver Cromwell issued the first campaign medal and it was awarded to officers and men. It was known as the Dunbar Medal and commemorated the defeat of the Scots Royalists at Dunbar. This medal also was suspended from the neck.

The first official war medal, as we know them to-day, was the 1815 Waterloo Medal, issued with a ribbon and an instruction stating "... the ribbon issued with the medal shall never be worn but with the medal suspended on it".

From this time on, medals were struck for nearly every engagement and later medals were introduced as honours and awards.

There is today some confusion about the difference between honours and awards, and orders, decorations and medals. An honour is an appointment made to an order (eg. the Order of Australia), while awards cover decorations and medals.

Decorations include the Victoria Cross, the Star of Courage, Conspicuous Service Cross and Medal, etc; while medals cover the Member of the Order of Australia, the Medal of the Order of Australia (the term 'medals' includes the badges of the 4th and 5th classes of orders and decorations which are worn as medals) campaign, long service and other medals.

A current popular method of wearing medals in the Australian Army is in the style known as court mounted. This method of mounting has the ribands going back behind the medals. It was designed in the British Royal Courts to stop the medals 'clinking' against each other as personnel moved about.

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### WOI C.J. Jobson, former RSM Ceremonial and Protocol

#### CRICKET

*(As explained to a foreign Visitor)*



*I am not sure you understand the game of Cricket so I thought I would send you this simple explanation of how it is played*

*Each man that is in the side that is in goes out and when he is out he comes in and the next man goes in until he is out. When they are all out, the side that is out comes in and the side that has been in goes out and tries to get those*

*coming in out. Sometimes you get men still in and not out. When both sides have been in and out not including the not outs. that's The End Of The Game.*

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### Doctors kept busy at 23rd Australian Scout Jamboree

Four local health professionals were on hand to help keep 11,500 scouts healthy when they worked as volunteers at the 23rd Australian Scout Jamboree Medical Centre in recent weeks.

Dr Michael Rice, a local GP, his wife Caroline Hennessey, an occupational therapist, Raquel How, a registered nurse and Doug McDougall, a paramedic and registered nurse, all trav-

elled to Maryborough for the 11-day event

Ms How, who is also a leader at Jimboomba scouts, said dehydration and "rashes of unknown origin" were two of the most common ailments.

"Dehydration was the biggest thing because the weather was so hot and we had a lot of southern counterparts who weren't used to the heat," she said.

"Rashes of unknown origin were also a big thing because of the heat, and also because we had a lot of activities in different things - water, mud, jelly and at the beach."

Other problems included home sickness, gastroenteritis, chickenpox and the usual run of sprains, strains, scratches and minor fractures.

The medical centre was in operation 24-seven and could hold up to 50 patients overnight.

It also used a fleet of golf-cart-ambulances, a communications desk, a medical reception area and a sizeable kitchen and cleaning operation for staff and kids who were ill or injured in the wards.

Ms How said she enjoyed the event, as it enabled her to combine her two passions - nursing and scouts.

Dr Rice, a venturer scout leader at Beaudesert, served as director of health services for the event and worked on the project for the past three years.

"Our team Of dedicated volunteers made it self-reliant and kept the strain off Maryborough and Hervey Bay Hospitals," he said.

*Article from "The Jimboomba Times."*

*Our Association Patron Maj. Gen John Pearn was also a volunteer doctor for the Jamboree.*

**Received this as an email**

7H15 M3554G3 53RV35 70 PR0V3 HOW OUR M1ND5  
 C4N DO 4M4Z1NG 7H1NG5!1MPR3551V3 7H1NG5! IN  
 7H3 B3G1NN1NG 17 WA5 H4RD BU7 NOW, ON 7H15  
 LIN3 YOUR MIND IS R34D1NG 17 4U70M471C4LLY  
 W17H 0U7 3V3N 7H1NK1NG 4B0U7 17,  
 B3 PROUD! ONLY C3R741N P30PL3 C4N R3AD 7H15.  
 PL3453 FORW4RD IF U C4N R34D 7H15.

If you can read this, you have a strange mind, too.  
 Only 55 people out of 100 can.

I cdnuolt blveiee that I cluod aulaclyt uesdnatnrd  
 what I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the  
 hmuan mnid, aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde  
 Uinervtisy, it dseno't mtaetr in what oerdr the Itteres  
 in a word are, the olny iproamtnt tihng is that the frsit  
 and last ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a  
 taotl mses and you can still raed it whotuit a pboerlm.  
 This is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey  
 lteter by istlef, but the word as a wlohe. Azanmig  
 huh? Yaeh and I awlyas tghuhot slpeling was ipmo-  
 rantt! If you can raed this forwrad it



Joining the Arch July 1930  
 Sydney Harbour Bridge

The secret to a good sermon is to have a good beginning and a good ending - and to have the two as close together as possible  
 George Burns

**A COMMISSION IN THE FIELD.**

On Tuesday, 9 Oct, 1973, The Post Courier printed an article stating the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles was being disbanded against the wishes of many people in Australia & Papua New Guinea. The Post Courier attributed the statement to Mr Norm Osborn, the State President of the RSL. Norm Osborne was the official guest of the last parade of A Coy, PNGVR, and spoke at length to the soldiers in drizzling rain at the parade off Huon Road. The CO, PNGVR, Lt Col Peter Cole and Mr Norm Osborne took the salute from the 58 men of A Coy. Also in attendance was the Bn 21/C Bob Harvey-Hall and the Adjutant, Capt Joe Urquhart. The OC A Coy was Lt Karl Aschhoff. Prior to leaving the parade ground for the march past, WO Brian Jones was presented with the perpetual trophy of a swagger stick for the outstanding platoon commander of the year. Jones says he still has the swagger stick.

Karl Aschhoff told Bob Harvey-Hall that he had become Coy Comd by default, Major Laurie Kelly and Lt Peter Barlow had transferred in their civil life to the mainland a short time before the final parade of A Coy. Karl Aschhoff had qualified for first appointment during the tenure of Lt Col Mal Bishop as CO, PNGVR, and at that time he had informed the CO that he did not wish to be commissioned as he was quite satisfied being a Warrant Officer. Col Bishop had respected Aschhoff's wish, however he told the WO "Do not get too comfortable, because, as soon as the need arises, you will be promoted". The need did arise and WO Aschhoff was commissioned by Lt Col Cole.

Karl Aschhoff puts his spin on the events leading to his commissioning.

"A NCO saluted me and I pulled him up and told him that he should not salute a WO. The NCO pointed his finger to his nose, indicating he was in the know, however I did not think he knew what he was saying. Later a WO said congratulations are in order. I said why, and he replied that I was going to be commissioned. Then the RSM, WO1 Darcy Tillbrook came to me and said "Karl, I don't know what you have done, I am very concerned that I have to parade you before the CO; in fact it is the first time I have had to parade a WO in PNGVR to the CO, so what have you done?" I facetiously replied that maybe it was because I had sold those SLRs,

*"I didn't attend the funeral but I sent a nice letter approving of it."  
 Mark Twain.*

however I want you to know I did not sell any ammunition with them.

The RSM was not amused and paraded Aschhoff to the CO without the hint of a smile on his face. In greeting the CO told Aschhoff that he was aware of what Lt Col Bishop had agreed and that now was the time for him to be promoted. There was no argument from the newly about to be commissioned member of PNGVR. Not quite a commission in the field, however, maybe there were some similarities.

Thanks to Maj (Retd) Bob Harvey- Hall.

**CLIMBING MOUNT MERU  
TANZANIA  
4566 Metres**

**Maj Gen John Pearn, AO, ED Association Patron**

Mount Meru is the second highest mountain in Tanzania; and a challenge to all who aspire to look down on its lower volcanic cinder cones; and to those who look out from Its Summit to Mount Kilimanjaro, its silent sentinel.

The successful ascent and attainment of the Meru Summit was achieved because of the courage and resolve of my two climbing companions, Gabriel Dubler and Stephen Dangerfield. It was made possible by the wisdom, strength, care and kindness of two exceptional Tanzanian mountain men - Bonaventure Adie Kivuyo, an Expedition Leader of African Environments; and of my Porter, Babu Awirga, of the Arusha National Park Authority.

**An Extract from my Commonplace Book of 7 Feb 2013**  
Climbing Mount Meru

One of the most incredible days of my life, Stephen, Gabriel and I were briefed at dinner on Wednesday, the 6th of February, 2013 at our high camp at Sado Hut. We had already been climbing for two days, were tired and apprehensive of the challenge ahead.

Bonaventure, our Expedition Leader, then checked our individual gear - gloves, balaclavas, walking poles, thermal underwear, extra clothing, woollen beanie, rain jacket and rain overpants. After the briefing, and before commencing the climb, we dozed fitfully, We were unable to sleep perhaps because of apprehension of what was to come. A wake-up call just before midnight was followed by soup and hot porridge in the Sado Hut

We checked our gear again at 12.30am. With our headlamps and walking poles, we set off in order. We walked in line, each following the footsteps of the one ahead. Our order of march was:

Bonaventure, our Expedition Leader; experienced and wise; John Pearn, Babu, my Porter; a mountain man of great strength but of infinite patience; Gabriel Dubler; a senior Scouting colleague of great resolve and selfless help to others; Steven Mollell, a Guide; also of great experience on the mountains of Tanzania; Stephen Dangerfield; strong and stoic and a great companion; and Peter Mollell, an Assistant Guide, also of great experience.

The Sado Hut was a base at 3500 metres. We set out from it at 1.00am and immediately began to climb. The sky was ablaze with stars. There was no moon. After an hour of difficult ascent, another obstacle confronted us. We had to progress laterally around a steep and dangerous rock face. In the darkness, we sensed the depth of open space beside and below us. We clung on. Peter took Gabriel's. Bonaventure took my hand and together we climbed in the dark, our world contracted to the light from our headlamps—upwards and upwards plodding slowly in the atmosphere of low oxygen. After encircling the rock cliffs for an hour we pressed on, climbing and forever climbing - one step up, one after the other. I took another Diamox tablet. Its dramatic side effect of severe hand tingling quickly ensued.

An hour later the effect of the medication was still dramatic. I thought frostbite was imminent, even though my gloves were woollen. Bonaventure gave me his heavy outer gloves for protection.

When we had climbed to 4000 metres, the crescent moon arose. I was exhausted, the cold was bitter (5 degrees Celsius) and the wind buffeted us at some 20 knots. We wore balaclavas and beanies with hands double-gloved. At 4.00am the first light of dawn appeared- I was conscious of it in a theoretical sort of way; but was too obtunded really to care about the light of a new day and the vista that it would reveal.



Remember this—courtesy Stewart Lewis



Enterprising people the Vietnamese. These are 600 Gal Centreline tanks carried by F4's and 450 gal tanks carried by F-105's. They were jettisoned when things got 'hot'.

We reached the base of the upper difficult rock peak of the extinct volcano of Meru at 8.00am after eight hours of climbing. At this point, I was determined not to admit failure. I walked behind Bonaventure, my footsteps slowly ("pole pole") in his, Babu behind me, catching me instantly if I reeled or slipped. We finally reached the Summit at 9.00am, after climbing up the bare rock slopes, much of it hand over hand up vertical faces, for eight hours continuously. The last two hundred metres were very difficult and I was almost overwhelmed and nauseated from the effects of high altitude. The Summit was a metal pole with a hand-painted metal Tanzanian national flag affixed to it. At the Summit we sat in quiet reflection, beside our packs. Three White-Necked Ravens flew to join us and perched two metres away, commenting in their explosive and expletive "croak - croak" what they thought of us, intruding in a forbidden domain, even high for them.

Seven men sat in quiet companionship on the top of a great Mountain - black men of quiet strength and endurance and experience; and three white Australians dependent on them for their skill and care. I reflected on the goodness and universality of all humankind. As we sat beside the Tanzanian flag set into jagged volcanic rocks the whole world seemed below us. We asked our four Guides if they would sing the Tanzanian National Anthem. They did so with natural and unassuming dignity; and we stood spontaneously, wordless and moved by the significance of that special moment. Spontaneously, they then sang the Tanzanian National Song - a paean to freedom and the universality of humankind. That moment was a special time in all our lives - a moment enjoining visiting climbers and host expeditioners alike. After perhaps forty-five minutes of rest we commenced the descent. The progression downwards was just as difficult as the ascent had been. Already, the ascent had become a memory of the trials of many hours earlier.

The wind was penetrating and buffeted us sharply whenever we progressed in exposed regions on the crater edges. When full daylight emerged, we could see that the track upwards had been marked every one hundred metres or so by a spot of green paint on the larger rocks. After two hours into the descent I became weak and unsteady. It became necessary to pause every ten minutes or so, to rest. Gabriel with his Porter, (Peter, went ahead followed by Stephen with Steven his Guide. Bonaventure, Babu and I climbed down alone. I was in the middle of this trio. Twice I reeled; twice, Instantly, Babu caught me before I fell.

The descent seemed endless. We were due down to check into the Sado Camp at 11.00am; but as I was slow and careful we did not arrive into that sanctuary until 3.00pm after fourteen hours of continuous climbing. After lying down for ten minutes I washed my face, and we began the next four hours of descent to the Meriakamba Hut at 2000 metres. This last phase was totally and completely overwhelming. Darkness was falling and rain commenced. It was imperative to be in camp before nightfall, for safety. Our brave Guides carried our packs and gear - I was unable to continue to carry my ten kilogram pack - just managing to carry water for constant rehydration, so necessary in the high altitude and the cold.

The descent was now trying in the extreme. We were at the limits of our endurance. Again, Gabriel went ahead, Stephen staying with me, now accompanied by the Ranger, Clever, with his rifle—a 1909 Mauser bolt-action rifle of Argentinian manufacture. This brought a hint of menace; and we now glanced into the deepening shadows beside the rocks which marked our downward path. Clever walked ahead because of the threat of big game.

We stopped twice when we heard and smelt a big presence. We walked into camp at the Meriakamba Hut at 7.00pm, after climbing continuously for a total of eighteen hours, less

forty-five minutes atop Mount Meru and thirty minutes at the Sado Hut. It was good to be congratulated by the Guides and our Porters. Gabriel was exhausted and sick, and vomiting. My thighs were on fire; and Stephen's toes were bleeding. The expedition company, African Environments, had arranged a Landcruiser to come up the highest access "track" for us and we journeyed by truck for the remaining one and a half hours back through the Meru Control Gate, checking out of the Arusha National Park, with acquittal of our individual names, now off the Mountain. We drove onto our tents at the Itikona Camp. I consumed but did not enjoy several mouthfuls of a dinner awaiting me. After a glorious hot shower I slept continuously for eight hours. Bonaventure, the Expedition Leader, had told me the Kiswahili phrase, "Usiruhusu Kwenda" - "Don't let go". We didn't, but it wasn't easy. I thought of the motto of one of my own former regiments, the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles - **Per Augusta ad Augusta** - "Through trials to triumph".

7th Feb, 2013

#### OFFICER FITNESS REPORTS

**The British Military writes Officer Fitness Reports. The form used for Royal Navy & Marines fitness reports is the S206. The following are actual excerpts taken from "S206s"**

*His men would follow him anywhere, but only out of curiosity. I would not breed from this Officer.*

*This Officer is really not so much of a has-been, but more of a definitely won't-be.*

*When she opens her mouth, it seems that this is only to change whichever foot was previously in there.*

*He has carried out each and every one of his duties to his entire satisfaction.*

*He would be out of his depth in a car park puddle.*

*Technically sound, but socially impossible.*

*This Officer reminds me very much of a gyroscope - always spinning around at a frantic pace, but not really going anywhere.*

*This young lady has delusions of adequacy.*

*When he joined my ship, this Officer was something of a granny; since then he has aged considerably.*

*This Medical Officer has used my ship to carry his genitals from port to port, and my officers to carry him from bar to bar.*

*Since my last report he has reached rock bottom, and has started to dig.*

*She sets low personal standards and then consistently fails to achieve them.*

*He has the wisdom of youth, and the energy of old age.*

*This Officer should go far and the sooner he starts, the better.*

*In my opinion this pilot should not be authorized to fly below 250 feet.*

*The only ship I would recommend this man for is citizenship.*

*Works well when under constant supervision and cornered like a rat in a trap.*

*This man is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot.*

*Couldn't organise 50% leave in a two man submarine.*

*Couldn't organise a woodpecker's picnic in Sherwood Forest.*

*Not the sharpest knife in the drawer.*

*Got into the gene pool while the lifesaver wasn't looking.*

*It's hard to believe that he beat 1,000,000 other sperm.*

*Gates are down, lights are flashing, but the train isn't coming.*

*If brains were taxed, he'd get a rebate.*

*Some drink from the fountain of knowledge, he only gargled.*

*When his IQ reaches 50 he should sell.*

*He has been working with glue too long.*

*Fell out of the stupid tree and hit every branch on the way down*

*This officer can be likened to a small puppy—he runs around excitedly, leaving little messes for other people to clean up.*

*A room temperature IQ.*



The band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines who performed a concert in Sydney to mark the anniversary of the Royal Australian Navy fleet arrival.

### Battle of the Bismarck Sea

Received from Burnie Gough in Feb, 2013

As March is the 71st anniversary of the **Battle of the Bismarck Sea** this article off the internet may be of interest to our Members. Military Historians may speculate that if the 3,000 Japanese who perished at sea in this Battle had been delivered safely to Lae, the Australian military forces in Wau may not have held them back.

Just after midnight of 1 March 1943 an important Japanese convoy cleared Rabaul and set its course along the north shore of New Britain. Packed into eight transports were major reinforcements for the garrison at Lae, New Guinea, an advance base just then coming under serious Allied pressure. On board six army troopships -- AIYO MARU, KYOKUSEI MARU, OIGAWA MARU, SHINAI MARU, TAIMEI MARU and TEIYO MARU -- were 6,000 soldiers of the 51st Division, with provisions, arms and ammunition. A seventh transport, little KEMBU MARU, was loaded with drummed aviation fuel, while the navy's "special service vessel" NOJIMA carried 400 marines.

The convoy's escort was strictly first-rate: eight of the most battle-hardened destroyers in the Imperial Navy were assembled under the flag of Rear Admiral Kimura Masatomi, Comdesron 3. Ringing the transports were SHIRAYUKI, SHIKINAMI, URANAMI, TOKITSUKAZE, YUKIKAZE, ASASHIO, ARASHIO and ASAGUMO, each one a Guadalcanal veteran many times over. Eighteenth Army commander Lieutenant General Adachi Hatazo rode in TOKITSUKAZE, and Lieutenant General Nakano Hidemitsu and staff of 51st Division in YUKIKAZE. SHIRAYUKI, wearing Admiral Kimura's flag at her truck, led the ships out of port and towards Cape Gloucester at an easy seven knots.

Each vessel taking part in Operation 81, as the movement was designated, was carefully combat-loaded for rapid disembarkation at Lae. The threat of heavy air attack en route was acknowledged and accepted: 50 percent losses were expected, but if the rest got through it could all be worth it. Lae had to be held at all costs as the Australians were advancing on 2 fronts from Wau and Salamaua.

Awaiting Kimura's ships on the airfields of Papua, New Guinea, lay the U. S. Fifth Army Air Force, flying B17 Flying Fortress heavy bombers, B25 Mitchell medium bombers, Lockheed Lightning Fighter Bombers and fighters, augmented by 30, 22, 75 and 76 Squadrons of the Royal Australian Air Force flying Beaufort and Hudson medium bombers, Beaufighters and Kittyhawks. It numbered 129 fighters and 207 bombers, many of the latter recently up-gunned with forward-firing cannon and carrying delayed-action 500 lb. bombs. These



WW11 photos from Paul Oates, ex Kiap, who runs the Boona Shoots where, unfortunately, PNGVR runs 2nd to the Fassifern Light Horse each year.

weapons were to be used for skip-bombing, a novel anti-shiping tactic employing a low-level approach designed to slam a bomb into a ship's vulnerable underside much like a torpedo, while utterly confounding all previous antiaircraft doctrine. The Allied aircrews, well-trained and confident, awaited the call to Battle.

Allied reconnaissance by Australian Coast Watchers first spotted the convoy on the afternoon of 1 March, still north of New Britain, but overcast skies shielded the ships from attack until the following morning. The Japanese had high hopes that cloud cover would protect them all the way to Lae, but when the skies began to clear they knew they were in trouble.

Early on 2 March long-range B-17s scored fatal hits on KYOKUSEI MARU, but the big transport remained afloat long enough for over 900 troops to be transferred to YUKIKAZE and ASAGUMO. Those two destroyers then left the formation, proceeded at high speed to Lae, and disembarked their passengers, including General Nakano and Staff of 51<sup>st</sup> Division. They rejoined the convoy early in the morning of the 3rd, by which time the troopships had "turned the corner" south through Vitiaz Strait and were entering Huon Gulf, only 80 miles from their destination.

Japanese clocks read 0755 Tokyo time, that morning when the first large formations of enemy aircraft were reported approaching from the south. Flights of Australian Beaufort bombers and Beaufighters joined U. S. A-20s and B-25 Mitchell bombers sweeping in at low level. Higher up, but still far below their normal bombing altitude, were the B-17s. Over all swarmed P-38, P-39 and P-40 fighters. The Japanese ships -- and some 30 Zero fighters flying combat air patrol above them -- swung to port to meet their attackers -- Head On.

The first 15 minutes of the Allied attack were among the most devastating in the annals of air-sea warfare: no fewer than 28 of the first 37 bombs released are reported to have found their targets. KEMBU MARU exploded in a great ball of fire and was gone. By 0805 AIYO MARU, OIGAWA MARU and NOJIMA had all been hit and stopped. A few minutes later SHINAI MARU, TAIMEI MARU and TEIYO MARU began taking the first of four direct hits apiece. Deck-loads of soldiers -- those who had survived the carnage wrought by bomb explosions and cannon fire -- began going overboard, in a hurry.

Nor were the destroyers' speed and maneuverability adequate proof against the onslaught. Flagship SHIRAYUKI promptly had her stern blown off; she stayed afloat only just long enough for SHIKINAMI to come alongside and remove her crew and a

wounded Admiral Kimura. ARASHIO, hit by three bombs, lost rudder control and plowed into crippled NOJIMA. TOKITSUKAZE, a bomb in her engineering spaces, was also left dead in the water; YUKIKAZE removed General Adachi and all but a salvage party from her crew.

As the first waves of attackers withdrew, Kimura's five operational destroyers began dredging survivors out of the water, -- by the hundreds. When the count had reached approximately 2,700 (submarines I-17 and I-26 would later rescue 275 more) all but ASASHIO retired back up Vitiaz Strait.

Captain Sato Yasuo, Comdesdiv 8 in ASASHIO, chose to remain behind to assist ARASHIO. Thus when Allied aircraft returned in early afternoon, only ASASHIO moved among a sea of cripples. Once targeted, her fate was predictable, and a signal reporting renewed air attacks was the last ever heard from her.

One by one throughout the afternoon the gutted transports tilted and slid beneath the surface, leaving only OIGAWA MARU to be finished by two PT-boats after dark.

Kimura rendezvoused with destroyer HATSUYUKI from Kavieng, exchanged passengers for fuel, and that night returned with SHIKINAMI, YUKIKAZE and ASAGUMO to the scene of battle. They rescued 170 more men from ARASHIO and the last 20 from TOKITSUKAZE, then left the two wrecks for Allied aircraft and USN torpedo boats to dispose of the following day. On the 4<sup>th</sup> Jap aircraft finished off the drifting destroyer TOKITSUKAZE. This marked the end of the Battle of the Bismark Sea.

The Empire had been bloodied and shocked. Japanese losses totalled all eight transports, four destroyers, 15-20 aircraft, and close to 3,000 men, in exchange for two Allied bombers and three fighters shot down. Orders went out that never again must large convoys be allowed within range of substantial enemy air power. Lae fell to the Australian 7th and 9th Divisions in September 1943. "This defeat was the biggest cause of the loss of New Guinea," related a Combined Fleet staff officer after the war. "Your victory started from there." Lieutenant General Adachi Hatazo's 18<sup>th</sup> Army never fully recovered after this resounding defeat. He surrendered to the Australian 6<sup>th</sup> Division at Wewak after 15<sup>th</sup> August 1945.

**Thanks Burnie.**



NGVR/ANGAU Assn Sydney prepare for the Anzac Day march, Sydney, 2013.



**The Victoria Cross has been awarded posthumously to Australian commando Corporal Cameron Baird, killed in Afghanistan in June 2013**

This was the 100th VC to be awarded to an Australian.

CPL Baird was the 40th and last Australian to die in Afghanistan.

His is the fourth Australian VC to be awarded from the conflict.

Tasmanian born Cpl Baird, 32, was an iconic figure in the Army, having also received the Medal of Gallantry.

Cpl Baird, from the 2nd Commando Regiment based at Holdsworth Barracks, was killed by small arms fire during an engagement with insurgents in the Khod Valley in Southern Afghanistan on 22nd June, 2013.

A member of Cpl Baird said "Cpl Baird's initiative, fearless tenacity and dedication to duty in the face of the enemy were exemplary and an absolute inspiration to the entire team.

I was witness to the ultimate sacrifice"

#### **Museum donation**

At the Mixed Dining Night at Jimboomba in Oct, 2013, a New Guinea Rugby League Representative Jacket and a photo of the Madang Rugby League team, both from 1955, were donated to the Museum by Ian & Bev McDougall of Beaudesert. It was the jacket presented to Tom Stanley, standing next to coach on right in photo. Tom is now 87 years old and lives in Boonah Qld. Tom was in PNG from 1949-1974 and worked all over with the Education Dept. Photos at right bottom.

## NORFORCE

HTT Vol 83 carried a story re NORFORCE.

Assn member Kerry Glover also served in NORFORCE after he left PNGVR.

His Army history is:-

Feb 63—Jun 65	11 Field Sqn, Engineers
Jun 65—May 72	PNGVR. C Coy and University PI
1978—79	7 MD Training Cell, Darwin
1979—81	7 IRC Darwin
1981—90	NORFORCE

NORFORCE was formed on 1 Jul, 1981 and Kerry served with NORFORCE until his forced retirement on reaching the age of 47 on 17 Aug, 1990. At the time Kerry held the rank of Major.

The book "Ever Vigilant" *The Regimental History of the North West Mobile Force, NORFORCE*. By Maj Paul Rosenzweig is a comprehensive history of NORFORCE from 1981-2001 and Kerry's different postings within the Unit are mentioned.



Torres  
Straight  
Light  
Infantry  
Battalion  
1945



## From Secretary, Colin Gould MBE 10/1/14

Last month at short notice I was invited to present our 2013 Military Excellence medals to the Loganlea Company 9 RQR.

I was told that this year's event was bought well forward to August because the Army was in the process of making some major changes to its CMF structure.

Thus we were caught off guard again. The RSM apologized for not getting in touch with us earlier.

The major change in simple words is that 9 RQR is being split up. Basically units south of the river have now been transferred to the 25/49<sup>th</sup> Battalion, whilst north of the river will remain as 9 RQR at Gallipoli Barracks. Some other small units may also transfer to 9 RQR (north).

The brief presentation ceremony I attended included meeting the new CO of 9 RQR and the (very emotional) changing of the diggers shoulder patches from 9RQR to 25/49<sup>th</sup> Bt much to the upset of many members and senior officers present.

The new CO is Lt. Colonel Michael Thomas and the RSM is still WO1 Matthew Bold. All were enthusiastic about our annual award and the CO and RSM are looking forward to our continued involvement. If the Committee agrees on the 18 January – I will order the medals for 2014.

The winning section was from the Loganlea Company:-

8248332 Cpl Wagels	8535711 L/Cpl Kennedy
8568208 Pte alum	8574163 Pte Johnson
8572106 Pte Khouri	8549975 Pte Martyn
8578805 Pte McVicker	8568254 Pte Wilkinson

## J A Walker, AN & MEF

### From Michael White

With the approaching centenary of the Australian Naval and Military Expedition (AN&ME) Rabaul encounter, I thought the following story concerning one of the members of this force might be of interest.

About two years ago I purchased on EBAY an envelope with a GRI overprint stamp, to add to my collection. The envelope was addressed "Cpl J.A. Walker, c/- Post Office, Rabaul" and was franked at the Rabaul Post Office. This tweaked my interest and led me to research Cpl Walker, and this is his story.

James Allen Walker was born in Pretoria, South Africa and on the 12<sup>th</sup> August 1914 enlisted in the Australian Naval and Military Expedition Force at age 24. On his attestation paper he listed his trade as 'compositor'. His Regimental Number was 175.

On 19<sup>th</sup> August he left Sydney on the HMA Transport *Berrima* for training in Townsville and then to Port Moresby. With supporting RAN ships *Sydney*, *Encounter*, *Parramatta*, *Warrego* and *Yarra* and submarines AE1 and AE2, *Berrima* left Port Moresby on 7 September arriving in Rabaul on 11 September.

On 24 October, James Walker was promoted to Corporal and put in charge of the government printing office in Rabaul. It is therefore highly probable that he was responsible for the GRI overprinting of the German New Guinea stamps that were then used for postage from Rabaul and other New Guinea locations. Cpl Walker returned to Australia on 21st February 1915 and after a period in hospital suffering from malaria, he was discharged on 4<sup>th</sup> March 1915 after 206 days of service.

On 12 May 1915, he enlisted in the AIF, Regimental Number 1111 and left Sydney for the Middle East on 25<sup>th</sup> June, hold-

ing the rank of Corporal. He arrived on Gallipoli on 21 August and remained there until the evacuation. In a statement Cpl Walker says, "While on the Peninsular with the Battalion I had charge of a Section of the Firing Line for nine weeks and the following 9 weeks was Corporal in charge of an Outpost nightly without relief.

Cpl Walker disembarked in Alexandria from the *Mudros* on 7<sup>th</sup> January 1916.

In February 1916, Cpl Walker faced a Court-Martial charged with "When on service joining in a mutiny in forces belonging to His Majesty's Australian Imperial Forces, in that he, at Ka-toomba Camp, Canal Defences, No.2 Sec. B on the 4/2/16 joined in a mutiny by combining with other soldiers of the said 19<sup>th</sup> Bn. to disobey an order to parade in full marching order." He was found guilty and sentenced to 3 years Penal Servitude and reduced in the ranks to private. This was subsequently reduced to 18 months and he left the Suez on board the *Serang Bee* to serve his sentence at the Darlinghurst Detention Barracks.

Following a successful appeal for a sentence reduction, Pte Walker embarked on the HMAT *Benalla* on 10 May 1917 disembarking in Plymouth on 19 July 1917. He spent 6 months as an instructor at Southern Bomber Command School (in what is not clear) and in December 1917 was posted to the 36<sup>th</sup> Battalion, then in Belgium. He was initially wounded (Gun Shot Would to the buttocks) in March 1918 and a second time with a Gunshot Wound to the right shoulder, this second wound resulting in his repatriation to the Kitchener Military Hospital in Brighton.

From there he we returned to Australia aboard the *Nestor* on 12 December 1918 and subsequently discharged on 28 March 1919 – quite a remarkable in a man who served in Rabaul, Gallipoli and Belgium whilst also having time to serve out a 18 month sentence in Australia. He travelled from Sydney to Rabaul and back, Sydney to Suez and back and then Sydney to the UK and back - all in a 4 year period!

The final point of interest in my research, was the last document in his Service File. It was a handwritten letter dated 25<sup>th</sup> March 1967, addressed to the Secretary, Department of the Army, Canberra making application for the Anzac Commemoration Medal. At the time, my father, Bruce White, was the said Secretary of the Army.

**Japan WW11 soldier who hid in jungle until 1974 dies**

A Japanese soldier who hid in the Philippine jungle for three decades, refusing to believe WW11 was over until his former commander returned and ordered him to surrender, died in Tokyo Aged 91.

Hirodo Onoda waged a guerilla campaign in Lubang Island near Luzon until he was finally persuaded in 1971 that peach had broken out, ignoring leaflet drops and successive attempts to convince him the Imperial Army had been defeated.

Onoda was the last of several dozen so-called holdouts scattered around Asia, men who symbolized the astoundingly dogged perseverance of those called upon to fight for their emperor. Their number included a soldier arrested in the jungles of Guam in 1972.

Trained as an information officer and guerilla tactics coach, Onoda was dispatched to Lubang in 1944 and ordered never to surrender, never to resort to suicidal attacks and to hold firm until reinforcements arrived.

He and three other soldiers continued to obey that order long after Japan's 1945 defeat. Their existence became widely

known in 1950, when one of their number emerged and returned to Japan. The others continued to survey military facilities in the area, attacking local residents and occasionally fighting with Philippine forces, although one of them died soon afterwards. Tokyo declared them dead after nine years of fruitless search.

Onoda explained that he believed attempts to coax him out were the work of a puppet regime installed in Tokyo by the US. He read about his home country in newspapers that searchers deliberately scattered in the jungle for him to find, but dismissed their content as propagandas.

The regular overflight by US planes during the long years of the Vietnam War also convinced him that the battle he had joined was still being played out.

He had difficulty adapting to the new reality and, in 1975, emigrated to Brazil to start a cattle ranch, although continuing to travel back and forth.

In 1984, still very much a celebrity, he established a youth camp, where he taught young Japanese some of the survival techniques he used during his 30 years in hiding.

Late into his life he enjoyed good health and boasted of a fine memory, honed by the need to remember the intelligence he had gathered.

*HTT Vol 77 carried the story of Hirodo Onoda.*



Last issue HTT had a photo of Ken Duus at your museum. This is his grandfather Lt Gilbert Stuart Tasma Robertson, NG823. In an attempt to convince the Japanese there were more NGVR than there were, numbers were altered, commencing with NG2000. Gilbert's number then went to NG 2243 and when he joined the AIF he was given another number NGX 359



Ansett DC3s Midday Port Moresby, 60's DC6 Refuelling 1959





Waiting Room Mt Hagen  
This & photos on previous  
page courtesy Bryan  
O'Lughlen

Photo Right  
A US Air Force C17  
evacuating people from  
Tacloban to Manila,  
Philippine Islands, after  
the recent cyclone.  
Hitting any turbulence  
would cause problems,  
and no room for in-flight  
service.



size and somehow softened for weaving. I have tried to make Dendrobium thread myself but find it very difficult to make the very narrow threads and to soften them. Whatever the other materials are is a mystery but it is highly unlikely that any sort of machinery would have been available in the time and place of origin of these artefacts.

A few years ago my daughter obtained from the Queensland Art Gallery three modern paspas of non-specific South Pacific origin. Their composition of brown and yellow material and basic arrowhead weave appear to be identical to the 90 year old Buka paspas but they are smaller and narrower.

My siblings and I grew up on Dad's reminiscences of New Guinea and his dream of one day returning there. I carried out his dream and lived in Papua from 1964 to 1970; best days of my life!



The new  
Boeing 787  
Dreamliner  
showing  
number of  
passengers  
carried.

**PASPAS BILONG BUKA**

By Donald Lawie

After returning from the Great War my father, Charles Lawie, found it difficult to settle back into civilian life. His wanderings took him to the Territory of Papua and New Guinea and he became a Trader on Buka Island during the 1920's, based I believe on Hood Plantation. He eventually returned to Australia some time in the 1930's, married and became a farmer in New South Wales. He brought back swag of souvenirs from his New Guinea sojourn, but alas most of them have been dispersed over the years.

The family still has a photo album of palm-fringed beaches but his black palm bows, arrows, grass skirts and strange nuts have all disappeared. I do have a small collection of woven arm bands which Dad said the native men wore on their biceps and called puspas. They are still in perfect condition despite their age.

There are six in all, varying in size from 19cm to 28cm diameter by 3.5cm to 5cm width. The smaller ones would hardly go over a man's hand let alone his biceps. Patterns vary from a plain close weave to zigzags and something resembling a stylized Omega shape.

Colours range from dark brown through red to a still fairly bright yellow. The yellow is derived (I am reliably told) from the stems of various *Dendrobium* orchids, carefully stripped, cut to uniform





Photos taken by Barry Wright at your Museum during a working bee recently.



Below Leigh Eastwood putting lighting into one of the displays



**Diesel Engine**

The photo of the diesel engine below was taken in 1968 at the Eastern end of Jacksons, about 1/3 of the way to Bootless Bay. The engine was made by Ruston Lincoln, England.



It has been suggested that it may have been attached to a power generator.

If anyone has any knowledge of what it is could they please contact Assn member Brian Jones, bej@netspace.net.au

**MYSTERY SOLVED**

**From Bruce Petty, Historian, 3/3/14.**

28th February is the 72nd anniversary of the disappearance of Qantas Empire flying boat Circe on a flight from Java to Broome. Now, after 72 years, the mystery of the vanished

airliner has finally been solved.

Circe disappeared on a flight from Tjilatjap, Java, to Broome, Western Australia, on Saturday, 28 February 1942. She was carrying 16 passengers, including a contingent of Dutch diplomats and a US Navy officer, and a crew of four under Captain Bill Purton. Long presumed to have been shot down by Japanese aircraft, no trace was ever found of the aircraft and post-war examination of Japanese records did not reveal her fate. In a long-running dispute over the insurance for the aircraft and her crew, the Australian and US Governments steadfastly maintained that there was no evidence that Circe was lost due to enemy action.

Through recent research in Australian and Japanese archives by aviation historians Phil Vabre and Osamu Tagaya it can now be confirmed for the first time that Circe was shot down by a Japanese 'Betty' bomber based at Denpasar, Bali. The Betty, flown by Flight Petty Officers Yamamoto and Ashizawa of the Imperial Japanese Navy, was on a maritime patrol when it spotted and engaged Circe some 200 miles (320 km) south of the Java coast.

The loss of Circe came at a critical time in the Second World War, just as Japan's campaign to seize the Netherlands East Indies (today Indonesia) came to its culmination. Although unarmed civil aircraft, the Qantas flying boats, the 'Jumbo Jets' of their day, were at this time being employed on charter to US military forces to fly vital supplies and personnel into Java. When loads permitted, they were used to evacuate mostly civilian personnel from Java on the return flights to Broome.

Circe was the second Qantas flying boat to be shot down by Japanese forces, sister-ship Corio having been shot down off Timor a month earlier.

**VALE**

**Tabitha Tscharke (Dec'd)**

It is with regret that I advise of the death of Tabitha Tscharke, widow of NGVR member Dr. Ed Tscharke AO MBE. Ed was a WO11 in NGVR before being medically discharged. In due course we will run an article on Ed's trek from Wau to the mouth of the Lakekamu River near Yule Island and then on to Port Moresby and Cairns.

Post WW2 Dr Ed and Tabitha ran a mission Hospital on Kar Kar Island for many years before retiring to Ipswich Qld. The World Health Organisation, Geneva, sent Dr. Haarkan Hellberg to assess PNG Health Services prior to PNG Independence and he assessed Gaubin Hospital on Kar Kar and their community health approach as the model for the Third World's International Primary Health Care. Tabitha was aged 93.

*When Insults had Class*

*A member of Parliament to Disraeli "Sir! You will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease.*

*That depends, Sir" said Disraeli "On whether I embrace your politics or you your mistress".*

*How well do you know your flag?*

- 1 *How many entries were there in the Australia flag open design competition?*
- 2 *Where were the entries displayed?*
- 3 *When was the winning design first unveiled?*
- 4 *What are the names of the stars that make up the Southern cross?*
5. *Outside of Australia where is the flag raised every single morning?*

*Answers page 16*

**860418 Capt Alan Wadsworth**

Alan joined PNGVR in Wewak just after his marriage in July, 1961. He was a Kiap and later moved to Goroka. Alan worked his way up through the ranks to Captain when PNGVR was disbanded in 1973.

After his return to Australia in 1976 he started a Pest Control business on the Gold Coast and was still working it when he died. Two years ago he suffered a bout of cancer from which he was in remission until earlier this year.

Alan was a keen Lion Member and Rotarian and donated much of his time to both those worthwhile movements.

**1/59343 Ian McKinnon Caird**

Ian joined HQ Coy PNGVR, Port Moresby in July 51, being discharged in Jan 52. He re-enlisted in B Coy Rabaul in Mar 56 and discharged Nov 57. On his re-enlistment he was given new number 1/145020. Ian died in Feb this year. He was in his 80's.

**NG 2212 NGX 303 Sir Colman Michael O'Loghlen**

Col died on 6 Mar this year, just one month short of his 98th birthday. He was working as a Solicitor in Wau and joined the NGVR as a Lt.

In June 42 he was one of the Group leaders in the combined 2/5 Independent Coy/ NGVR attack on Salamaua in which 116 Japanese were killed for 3 walking wounded on the raiders side.

Col later served with ANGAU and served at Kaiapit, Markham and Ramu Valleys, Lae, Finschhafen, Salamaua before spending a lot of time in the Aitape/Wewak area with both the US and Australian forces.

After WW2 Col worked briefly in Australia before moving back to PNG where he served as a Solicitor with the Administration before returning to Australia in 1966, living in Melbourne and the Gold Coast.

Sir Colman O'Loghlen's full story is contained in HTT Vols 71 and 72, Dec 2011 and Feb 2012.

**LEST WE FORGET**



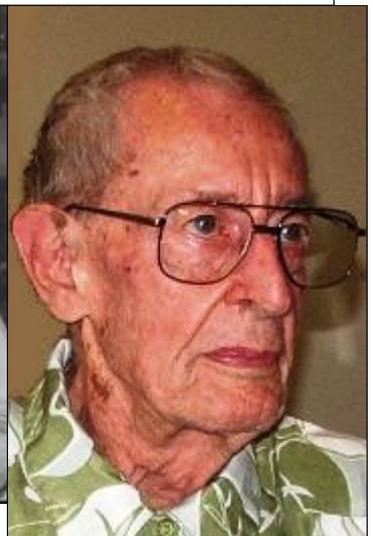
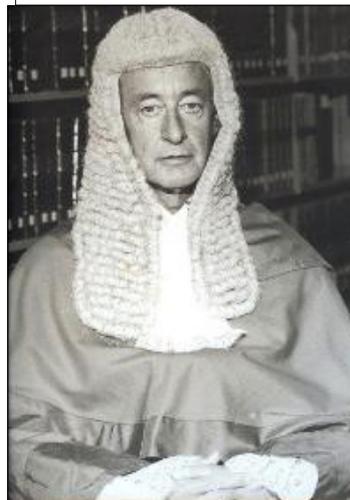
Alan on left as a Lance Cpl in Wewak.



Alan third from left in first standing row at Platoon weapons course Infantry Centre, Ingleburn 1966.



Alan on left, with sword, at PNGVR Presentation of Colours parade at Igam Barracks. Stewart Lewis with sword on right.



Far Left. Col - Bulolo 1942.

Left. Col.—ANGAU 1944.

Above L. Col—PNG post war.

Above R. Col on his 90th birthday.



RAP at the last Annual Camp PNGVR conducted at Finschhafen, 1973. S/Sgt Barry Wright, Medical Sgt in photo.

*Answers to Australian Flag questions.*

1. 32,823
2. The Royal Exhibition Building, Melbourne.
3. September, 1901, in Melbourne.
4. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta and Epsilon
5. A school in Villiers-Bretonneux in France, in memory of WW1 Australian casualties.



The Americans do it in style. A7's at Tuscon Air Force Base.

## FUNCTION DATES

Fri. 25th April. Anzac Day march followed by NGVR Memorial Service at Anzac Square or venue to be advised (Hall of Memories may be closed for renovations), then camaraderie at our old venue, The Exchange Hotel, cnr Edward & Charlotte Sts, Brisbane.

### DIARY NOW

**Sat 6th September.**

#### **Bitu Paka Day at Museum.**

A gala day will be held at the Museum to commemorate the first action by Australians when they took the German Wireless Station at Bitu Paka in New Britain. A plaque will be unveiled and there will be refreshments and displays available for both adults and children.



**NATIONAL MEDALS**  
Pty Ltd



### REPLICA MEDALS OR MOUNTING OF MEDALS

A reliable alternative source for medal work is National Medals, [natmedals@bigpond.com](mailto:natmedals@bigpond.com), Ph 07 3871 0600 Ask for Greg Faux, mobile 0419 196 172. Located at 13/200 Moggill Road, Taringa, Brisbane, 4066.

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

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

All correspondence to:-

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**Bob Collins—Editor**



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# **AN INVITATION TO THE NGVR/PNGVR ANZAC CENTENARY CELEBRATION**

**MILITARY MUSEUM, WACOL, BRISBANE**

**6 SEPTEMBER, 2014**

The NGVR/ PNGVR Association and its Military Museum is holding an Anzac Centenary Celebration and Dedication Service at the PNGVR Military Museum, Wacol in Brisbane 6 September 2014.

The Celebration is being held to commemorate the lives of the first Australian soldiers to die for their country in World War 1. Six Australian naval and army personnel were killed on 11 September 1914 when capturing the German wireless station at Bitapaka near Rabaul and thirty five naval personnel were lost in the Australian submarine AE 1 when it disappeared without trace near the Duke of York Islands, New Britain on 14 September 1914.

The day will start with the dedication of a plaque in honour of those first Australians who lost their lives in September 1914. The planned range of activities will suit young and old and provide a fun picnic day for the family - the Museum will be open and there will be children's activities such as a jumping castle and face painting. A brass band will be playing war time music accompanied by singers. The air force cadets will be conducting a catafalque party and Pacific Islands dance groups will performing traditional dances, the Police bomb squad demonstrating their robot, a rifle section will be conducting fusillave and the fire brigade will also keep young and old entertained. Plenty of food and drinks will be available. The profits of the function will be used to maintain the Museum particularly for the regular visiting school and other community groups. All are welcome to attend, so please diarise the date now.

**Entry will be by gold coin donation**

**Date: Saturday, 6<sup>th</sup> September, 2014**

**Time: 10 am to 3.30 pm**

**Place: Cnr Fulcrum and Boundary Road, Wacol, Brisbane  
(1001 Boundary Road, Map reference: UBD map 27, N1)**

**For further information contact:**

**John Holland 0449 504 058 or email [Rabaul42@gmail.com](mailto:Rabaul42@gmail.com).**



## **PNGAA SYMPOSIUM 17 - 18 Sept. 2014**

NSW Parliament House, Macquarie Street, Sydney

Hosted by PNGAA and Charlie Lynn MLC

### ***From Pacific WW1 battlefield to Pacific Powers: A Century of Australia Papua New Guinea Relations***

*To Remember – To Acknowledge – To Educate and inform our futures.*

In association with Anzac Centenary commemoration.

***To review the relationships between Australia and PNG over the century from Australia's first military engagement in WWI at Bitapaka, the administration of New Guinea as a Mandated Territory, the Pacific War, the continuing influence through to Independence; to discuss Australia's ongoing connections – commercial, social and cultural - before looking to the challenges of now and the future.***

This major event will be held at the NSW Parliament House in Sydney, with assistance from PNGAA member, the Hon Charlie Lynn MLC.

**Dinner:** Wednesday 17 September 2014 7pm Strangers Dining Room NSW Parliament House

**PNGAA Symposium:** Thursday 18 September 9am-5pm Theatrette NSW Parliament House

**Keynote speaker:**

Major General the Honourable Michael Jeffery, AC, AO(Mil), CVO, MC (Retd)

The Symposium will be held in conjunction with the beginning of the Anzac Centenary, which marks 100 years since Australia's involvement in the First World War and the anniversary of the centenary of the Australian conflict at Bitapaka, East New Britain Province PNG on 11 September 1914.

Australian troops, the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (ANMEF) were landed to capture the wireless station at Bitapaka. Six Australians died. A further 35 Australians died when the submarine, AEI, disappeared off the coast of Rabaul on 14 September 1914. Six weeks later a convoy of ships that carried the Australian Imperial Force and New Zealand Expeditionary Force to the First World War in Europe departed from Albany in Western Australia.

Our PNGAA members have shared much of that history and retain a wealth of knowledge. The 2014 Symposium will have significant relevance to all our members and to interested others - we look forward to your interest.

Please watch our PNGAA website or email [admin@pngaa.net](mailto:admin@pngaa.net) for further details.