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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 Governor of Queensland (The Honourable Paul de Jersey AC Governor-designate of Queensland who will assume the position on 29th July) will be attending our 6th September 2014 Commemorative Event at our Military Museum, Wacol. He will unveil and dedicate the Memorial Plaque in honour of the Australians who died in Australia's first WW1 battle engagement at Bitapaka near Rabaul on 11th September 1914 and for those men who died when Australia's Submarine AE 1 was lost without trace near Rabaul on 14th September 1914.

If you wish to be part of the official part of the programme, please be present and seated by 0945 am as the Governor arrives at 10am. The programme is:

- 9.50am** Band commences playing
- 9.55am** Air Force Cadets line the driveway and Present Arms on arrival of the Governor
- 10.00am** The Queensland Governor, His Excellency Paul de Jersey AC arrives
- 10.10am** Band plays the Australian National Anthem
- 10.15am** President of NGVR/PNGVR Association, Phil Ainsworth welcomes the Governor
- 10.20am** Cadets mount Catafalque Party
- 10.20am** Patron of NGVR/PNGVR Association Major General John Pearn to speak on the Battle of Bitapaka and loss of the Australian submarine AE1
- 10.30am** Cadets to Present Arms
- 10.30am** Governor to unveil and dedicate the Bitapaka/AE1 Memorial Plaque
- 10.50am** Cadets to rest on Arms Reversed
- 11.00am** VIPs to lay wreaths
- 11.00am** The Ode followed by the Last Post, Reveille and a Minutes silence
- 11.07am** Cadets fire Fusillade
- 11.10am** Cadets dismount Catafalque Party
- 11.10am** VIPs retire to former cadet's building for Morning Tea ( 20)
- 12.00pm** VIPs visit NGVR/PNGVR Military Museum
- 1.00pm** Once the VIPs vacate the former cadets building, the public may use it as a lunch room
- 1.30pm** Bougainville Dancers
- 2.30pm** Band music and song
- 3.00pm** Winners announced for the Money Board, Jelly Beans Guess and Lucky Door
- 3.00pm** Conclusion on the day with clean up commencing immediately.

Viewing of the Army Bush Master, Queensland Fire Engine and activities of face painting, jumping castle, coffee van, Chinese food, drinks and sausage sizzle will continue throughout the day. Museum Curator, John Holland, the initiator of this event has put endless hours into the organising and arranging this programme. Please show your appreciation by turning up on Saturday 6th September, or if unable, make a small donation to the Museum's refurbishment and proposed extension. A big thank you John for what you have done and achieved on behalf of the Association and the Community.

The Association was represented by the President and Don Hook at the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Commemoration Luncheon on 28th June and the Service on 29th June in Canberra. The luncheon attended by 46 was held at the Mercure Hotel with keynote speaker being Dr Marian May, the daughter of the 2/22

Bn padre. A 15 minute promotion DVD of the 3 hour 40 minute DVD "Some Came Home" was shown for the first time. The promo was well received by those present. The DVD is to be used by the Group for educational purposes.

About the same number attended the Sunday Service which was held in the cloisters of the AWM with wreaths being laid on the tomb of the "Unknown Soldier" rather than the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru National Memorial due to the inclement weather. The reflection was given by Major Kelvin Ally, the Secretary of the Salvation Army. A wreath was laid on behalf of our Association.

On 1st July, the Association held its annual Commemoration Service for those lost on the Montevideo Maru in the Hall of Memories, Brisbane. There were 30 in attendance made up of Association members, official guests and friends. Committee member Paul Brown officiated and the President gave the Reflection. The service was followed by morning tea in the Rendezvous Hotel where a well received 15 minute promotion DVD of the 3 hour 40 minute DVD "Some Came Home" was shown. Several members including Bob Collins and John Mc Grath marched in the Reserve Forces Day March held in Sydney 5th July. Member Ian Sayers who is prominent in the Reserve Forces Association in Canberra assisted to arrange and marched in Canberra on 28th June. Unfortunately this event clashed with the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Dinner otherwise the President and Don Hook would have joined the march.



Montevideo Maru Service, Hall of Memories, Brisbane 1 July 2014.

There were Reserve Forces events held in Ipswich over the same period but I have not heard if any of our members were involved.

The raffle has closed and will be drawn on 1 August – I wish all who contributed the best of luck and the winners who will be immediately contacted after the draw congratulations. Proceeds after costs will approximate \$10,000 of which 60% will be used for the refurbishment /extension of our Military Museum. We owe Colin Gould and Doug Ng a big thank you for the effort and work required to achieve such a good result. Thank you!

The Association plans a 63 m2 extension to the Museum. Plans have been drawn, quotes arranged and submissions for funding will follow. One submission to the 2nd round of the Queensland State Government Anzac100 Grant Programme will be lodged by closing date 12th August. The total cost will be about \$80,000 inclusive of fitting out etc. Presently Boundary Road is being upgraded to a four lane through road extending through to Wacol Industrial Area. The windows in the end wall facing Boundary

Road has been boarded up and painted by committee members. Our Curator is very busy handling all these issues and he requires assistance. Please contact John if you are able to help in any way.

A Dedication Service and unveiling of an NGVR/ANGAU memorial plaque after the Kokoda Service at the Kokoda Memorial, Cascade Gardens, Broadbeach, Gold Coast will be held on Friday 8th August, commencing 10.30am. A similar service will be conducted for two other plaques, one for Pacific Islanders who served in all the Disciplinary Forces and another for those PIR men who served during WW2. All members are welcome to attend. Dress with be Anzac Day dress with full medals and beret. Fellowship at the Surfers Paradise RSL will follow the service. Colonel Maurie Pears kindly organised this event and invited the Association to participate. The Association prepared the text and paid for the plaque for the NGVR/ANGAU men. The President and Vice-president of the Association will be attending.

On Sunday 10th August at 10.50am, the annual Kokoda Commemorative Service will be held at the Sherwood/Indooroopilly RSL, 2 Clewley Street, Corinda. Association members are invited to attend. Dress will be Anzac Day dress with full medals and beret. Please contact Mike Griffin on 0409 643 845 or email mgri7263@bigpond.net.au for further information. The President of the Association will be attending.

Do not forget to book for the Mixed Dining Night at Jimboomba on Saturday 11th October- numbers are limited. Fellowship commences at 4pm with sit down at 7pm. Please contact Barry Wright 07 5546 9865 or Bob Collins on 07 5526 8386.

The annual Light Horse Shoot is to be held on 31st August at the Fassifern Valley Rifle Range. Contact Phil Ainsworth on 0418 730 348 or email p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au if you are interested. We need new blood with good eyes and steady hands urgently!

The Association will present its' "Awards of Excellence" to members of the winning section of 9RQR on 31 August at Enoggera Barracks at the end of the Regiment's "Exercise Steel Tuff".

Please diary now for our AGM which will be held at 10am Saturday 18th October 2014 at the our Military Museum, Wacol. Details will follow in due course.

**Phil Ainsworth**  
July, 2014

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## EVACUATION FROM NEW GUINEA

### WARRANT OFFICER JOHN CORBETT GLOVER

NG 2460

NGX 304

*The following story was obtained from Adrian Leydon, Secretary of the NGVR/ANGAU Association in Sydney. He obtained a manuscript from Jim Hoyle (also a pilot in New Guinea at the time) and then endeavoured to obtain more information on Fr John Glover. He phoned the Sydney office of the SVD (Divine World Mission) but they had no information on him. Also the Catholic Mission at Wewak, PNG, had no information other than a few old persons who remembered him vaguely. The Catholic Mission's records were destroyed during the Japanese occupation in WW 11. Adrian also checked the Catholic Seminary at Manly, Sydney, but they had no information regarding John's family. All they had was his name on a list in their computer. Other information has been obtained from:-*

*An article in a book "Unsung Heroes & Heroines" written by David Millar and edited by Suzy Baldwin.*

*An article photocopied from "Review" which appears to be sponsored by the Australia Remembers programme. An article "Heroes of World War 11" written by Ken Blanch*

*Information supplied by his sister, Mrs Carmel Quinlan on 22/8/93.*

**Bob Collins, Vice President of the NGVR/PNGVR Ex Members Association put the following together using the above references.**

John Corbett Glover was born on 4<sup>th</sup> July, 1909 in Perth, W.A. His Parents were William and Mary Corbett Glover.

Other family members as at August, 1993, were:-

Mary Barnett – 3 sons. Lived in Albury. Deceased 1990.

Maude Grigg – 4 sons. Lived in Albury

Desmond Deceased 1968

Father Kevin Glover – Retired 1991 to Nieuwe Island

Carmel Quinlan – 1 son – Widow.

He attended schools at Wangaratta Convent, State School, Whorouly, and Christian Brothers College, Manly.

He entered Springwood Seminary on 1<sup>st</sup> March, 1926 and was ordained in 1932 at St Pauls Church, Albury, N.S.W. His first parish was Crookwell (Goulburn Diocese), then Goulburn, Cootamundra and Wagga Wagga. He learned to fly at Cootamundra.

#### To quote from *Unsung Heroes & Heroines*

In the late 1930's a young, good-looking priest returned to his father's hotel, The Royal, in Albury, NSW, to visit the family. Speaking to his younger sister, Carmel, he confided, "I'm learning to fly up at Cootamundra, but don't tell mother yet. She won't be happy about it, I think, and it may only make her nervous".

Someone else not happy to hear about the flying lessons was the Catholic Bishop of Wagga Wagga. An old Irishman, renowned for his authoritarianism when dealing with clergy, he was extremely angry to discover that one of his priests

was learning to fly without permission. A preemptory order to 'please explain' arrived at the Cootamundra presbytery where Father Glover was a curate. Happily for the fledgling pilot, a timely change of Bishops and the appointment of a more sympathetic Australian saw the interdict lifted and the flying curate was once again airborne.

Father Glover discovered a way to marry his new enthusiasm with his vocation – he applied to the Divine Word Mission in New Guinea to become one of their pilots. In 1938 the dashing young priest arrived in Alexishafen, and in a low-winged monoplane named 'Petrus' was soon winging his way to and from the Highlands where the Mission Fathers had extended their work.

In an undated article written by Fr Glover himself after the War he tells the full story in his own words. Jim Hoyle has written on the front page of this article "Butler Airways was at Cootamundra but later came to Mascot and was taken over by Ansett. This document was thrown out and later retrieved by John Baker, an employee of Butler who worked for many years with Qantas. John recently passed it on to me and I hope to pass it to the Australian War Museum. Sgd Jim Hoyle. 13.8.89.

**Ed comment.** The manuscript was passed on to the Australian War Museum by Adrian Leydon.

#### Now, in Fr John Glover's own words:-

It's a long way to Tipperary old bean – I mean back to those flying days at the beginning of '42 – and I'm losing the sequence of events. Besides, it's a very involved story, presupposing a knowledge of the geography, climate and way of life of the Mandated Territory – TNG for short. Then there is my career as a pilot ... all of which I'll have to touch on, so that you can understand this little tale. It will be like the small pieces of a mosaic, which you will have to fit together into one complete pattern. Here's luck with the fitting old bean.

One day at Cootamundra, in 1936, it suddenly came to me that I wanted to fly: that I wanted to battle with the elements and flirt with death as I've never wanted to do anything else before or since. Why? I don't know. Something compelled me to overcome every obstacle and to persevere when it all seemed hopeless and futile.

I can thank one man for my pilot's ticket – Mr Arthur Butler of 'Butler Air Transport Co.' It was his machine – an Avro Avian – I learned to fly in, and his pilots who instructed me and, above all, it was his practical assistance and personal friendship that made me persevere.

The first instructor was Capt. Gregory, ex R.F.C. (Royal Flying Corps), of the old fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants school, a casual dinkum Aussie. Greg was a 'natural' himself, and taught me to fly rarely, if ever, consulting the instrument panel, and my first solo was done by 'feel' and the Grace of God. His dry sense of humour enlivened those fledgling hours. "Pilots are requested not to fly through the sausage: other pilots may need it" said he one day as I nearly collected the wind sock coming in to land. Another day, after a long succession of bad landings, he had a little heart-to-heart monologue down the earphones, concluding with "you're too bloody intelligent". There was an immediate improvement. Greg and Arthur taught me to profit by mistakes, both my own and others.

Then Greg left and Major Stodart, retired Squadron Leader in the R.A.F (Royal Air Force) took over. In the opinion of one mug pilot at least he was the ideal instructor. He had long and varied experience, coupled with the ability to express himself in clear, exact terminology. He was a Doctor of Medicine, who took out a pilot's licence in 1912, served with the R.F.C. as a combatant in the 1914-18 War, winning the D.S.O. and, I think, the D.F.C. He

flew out to Australia in the England – Australia Centenary Air Race. He spared no pains in imparting his knowledge and skill and I hold his memory in benediction: a great pilot and a good friend. (He has since died). I sincerely hope he now sports his own wings. Later in N.G., using one-way strips, regardless of wind, I often thought of his words “You must land into the wind with exactitude. I repeat with exactitude”. He was a big man with big hands, but his deft, sure handling of the controls was a thing of beauty.

On with the dance? Well, the years went past, and I found myself in the T.N.G. (Territory of New Guinea), brought here partly by ‘high’ hopes. Somehow though, I couldn’t get cracking. As of old I trailed a broken wing. Lack of opportunity, my inexperience and also the obstructiveness of certain persons chained me to Mother Earth. All I had was a heart full of lofty aspirations, and a log book empty of hours. Hope springs eternal! There had been a short time at Madang, or rather Alexishafen, when I put up a few hours in a Klemm in 1940. It was a beautiful little machine to handle, and had an extraordinarily good performance for such a low-powered craft. The technique of landing on the strip at Alexishafen was that of landing in a box. You stalled the little bus in over the coconuts, then within a few feet of the ground put the nose down to gather a little speed, then flattened out and landed. I did two long flights, one to Atemble, a very short strip on a bend of the Ramu, where I saw some of the famous pygmies, and one to Mt Hagen away in the mountains of the interior. Theoretically I was too inexperienced to take on either flight. Also did a spot of blind flying in the clouds out over the sea. They were happy hours, but all too short.

To revert to Wau. About the middle of 1941 I had done a few minutes dual, and then a solo flip. The landing was very ‘drack’. After kangarooing up the strip, the plane, (I had no say in the matter) did a dashing of 90 degree turn, and chased an innocent spectator right off the drome. That ‘scrubbed’ me. Once more I trailed a broken wing. That plane was owned by Eric Stephens (Also Great War pilot) of Stephens’ Aviation. Steve was one of nature’s gentlemen: later he played a very gallant part in the evacuation of Wau. Bad luck literally ‘dogged’ him. Within a few weeks one of his pilots, Frank Buchanan, crashed and was killed in the ‘Black Cat’ gap between Wau and Salamaua, his little boy broke an arm at school and Steve, kicking at a dog who had invaded the sacred precincts of the hangar, missed the side-stepping invader, and connected with a post, spraining his ankle.

It takes a time to fill in the background doesn’t it, but it would appear a strange disconnected story if I didn’t.

There were three airline companies operating off the Wau drome:-

Stephens’ Aviation

Mandated Airlines (W.R.C. Carpenter)

Guinea Airways.

Ray Parer had, until recently, and occasionally Kevin Parer, came down from Wewak. Guinea Airways, whose main base was Lae, was the biggest and best equipped. Their workshops at Lae were reputedly the best in the Southern Hemisphere.

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As far as memory serves me it was 21<sup>st</sup> January, 1942, when the Japs raided Lae, Salamaua and Bulolo, destroying seventeen precious planes and the morale of many inhabitants. By far the greatest loss was the death of Kevin Parer on the Salamaua drome. He was starting up his Dragon for the return flight to Wau, when three Jap planes suddenly appeared over the coconuts and strafed planes and buildings. He had 6,000 hours in his log book, a skilful pilot, and one of the finest men in the Territory. His hangar at Wau was just across a gully from my place, and only that morning I had watched him start up and was going over to speak

with him, but decided to see him when he returned. Then I watched his silver Dragon lift off the runway for the last time, and head straight for the gap: had his wife and family been at Wau he would first have circled and dipped in salute over his loved ones.

Luckily that day a few planes happened to be at Wau at the time of the raid, and so escaped. Guinea Airways’ installations at Lae were blown off the map. The locals thought it was the prelude to a landing and evacuated themselves pronto. The panic was on! At dawn the following morning a tri-motor Junkers and a Ford left Wau for Lae, picked up the nurses from the hospital (who did not want to leave), a few others, then on to Australia via Port Moresby. The majority however, at Lae had gone a few miles up the Markham Valley after the raid, and did not return in time to catch the planes. Some walked to Wau via the Wampit and Bulolo Valleys; others crossed to Salamaua and thence over the range. Why all this detail you query? Well you see Guinea Airway’s chief engineer, Karl Nagy, was amongst those who had to walk up and, being a personal friend, he came and stayed with me. From now on he was my mechanic and to him I owe those hours of flying which followed. He was a first class mechanic, a good man and a very loyal friend. He looked after the little bus with loving care, ‘nursed’ me over some very difficult hours and risked his life more than once for the cause. As a flight mechanic he knew better than most the dangers that lurked in the narrow strips, and cross winds, the clouds and mountains and in the inexperience of a mug pilot. He was a really brave man.

There were many humorous sidelights in those days. One party, before leaving Lae, smashed some 180 cases of spirits to prevent either natives or Japs getting ‘on the scoot’. One old-timer wielded an axe with grim resolution for a while, but the sight of golden nectar running into the ground was more than flesh and blood could stand. With tears running down his face (the story goes) he threw the axe aside saying “I can’t do it! I can’t do it!”

Then, about a fortnight later on a clear Sunday morning, Wau was bombed and strafed. The main target was the drome, but, considering the number of bombs dropped, not much damage was done. Mandated Airlines lost two buildings, and the ‘haus picture’ (Cinema) got one all to itself, leaving only the front porch standing. Steve’s hangar was ringed by craters, and the roof was punctured like a sieve by the strafing – yet none of the planes (derelicts) inside nor any of the spare parts and equipment were damaged. Morale again was the heaviest casualty and many were seized with a great urge to leave the goldfields. Distant fields looked very green! The Junior Administration officials, A.D.O.’s (Assistant District Officers), Patrol Officers, Policemen and others showed a splendid example by staying at their posts, and carrying on the work of administration. Normal life in Wau had ceased. The town was practically empty by day, the stores untended, the houses deserted.

Some time previously Norman Wilde had given me his Spartan plane, a two-seated job, slightly smaller than a ‘Moth’. Norm was a miner with business interests in Stephens’ Aviation. He was a keen amateur pilot, and played a leading part in the evacuation of Wau. Guinea Airways had abandoned a Fox Moth at Port Moresby, so Norm took it, without a by-your-leave, and did a splendid job with it. He later received the ‘Commendation for Brave Conduct’.

The Spartan was parked in a disused garage near the top end of the drome. During the raid concussion knocked a

rafter down on top of it, causing slight damage. So during those chaotic days of the evacuation it was concealed at the foot of the drome. It was an ideal hiding place. Very little was done to it then until Karl arrived from Lae. Under his skilful hands the Spartan was soon airworthy, ribs and fabric mended and the engine ticking over like a clock. The day it was finished Steve, Norm Wilde and Fred Bryce, (who was flying Mandated Airline's Fox Moth, serviced by Jim Hoyle, and figured as prominently as anyone in the evacuation) were ordered by the authorities in Australia to cease the evacuation and fly their machines to Australia. Moresby at this time was being regularly raided, and the R.A.A.F had slowly withdrawn to Australia. New Guinea for that matter never had any fighter planes, so whether the R.A.A.F. stayed or went was of little moment. The few Wirraway trainers at Rabaul had been speedily shot down taking brave men to certain death.

So, on this last morning, while the old "Faith in Australia" (piloted by Steve and Doug Muir) and Norm Wilde's Fox Moth were being refueled, I asked one of them to test-flight the old Spartan for me (my last landing was vividly in mind), but they were too busy with the last minute rush. Then the last of our New Guinea planes took off – the old derelict 'Faith in Australia' and the small four-seater Fox Moth. A grim comment on the 'preparedness' of Australia! That was that, and I had to test flight the little Dingbat. Karl checked the engine over again and I climbed aboard with clammy palms and a hollow stomach. Karl gripped my shoulder, smiled re-assuringly and said "You'll be alright". Apart from my own feelings, I was worried about damaging the plane – the last of its kind. He who hesitates is lost, so Karl slipped the chocks away, and we commenced to roll down the drome. I steered between the two craters on the runway, opened the throttle and bingo! We were off. Then Major Stodart's advice came back – when you haven't flown for a while, do a few right and left hand turns, before coming in to land. So I flew over the valley for a few minutes getting the feel of the bus. Then it was Sydney or the bush.

Perhaps you'd like a description of the Wau drome? No! Well anyway here it is. It lies on the western slope of the Bulolo Valley, which runs north in the direction of the Markham. The drome itself runs east and west. Landing and take-offs were always made in the one direction – up the drome, i.e. in a westerly direction. You would come from the east over the gap from Salamaua, and the drome would lie straight ahead on the far side of the valley. It was, for New Guinea, a comparatively large drome, and the surface was good in all weathers. Early morning fog at certain times of the year was the only drawback. It was reputed to be one of the busiest dromes in the world. The small planes would be off first thing on the 'milk run' to the outlying dromes – then the heavier crates would commence coming in from the beach, i.e. either Lae of Salamaua, but mostly the latter. Most of the traffic from Lae went to Bulolo about twelve miles down the valley from Wau. (You should get yourself a map of the T.N.G., it will make it much easier to follow this story). The school children knew the planes as the average child knows motor cars. The drone of a plane

would be heard in the valley and they would prick their ears and then, without looking out the window, they'd classify it. "That's a Junkers". That's a Dragon", etc. Perhaps it would be a Junkers heavily loaded, waddling in like a fat old duck, or perhaps a Dragon or Fox glinting in the sunshine, and skimming the grass as it shot up the runway like a bat coming out of hell. That was the favourite landing technique: in low over the coffee plantation straight at the bottom of the runway, then with throttles still open, fly up hill. As the throttle was eased back the wheels would touch down and with tail up, the pilot would race the bus up to the hangar. As soon as the throttle was closed the tail would drop and the plane quickly come to a halt.

Where was I? At 30,000 feet, hanging by my suspenders? Not exactly; just coming in to land. Any landing is said to be a good one from which you can walk away, but this was the exception: the Dingbat must not be damaged. Somehow or other it came off alright. Karl was beaming. I thought then that it was just a case of 'shut the gates'. But Karl knew better. Arthur Butler had impressed on me never to take an unnecessary risk if I wanted to be a good pilot. He should know because he has taken plenty in his time, but maybe they were necessary ones.

To get on with this involved story! At the outbreak of War, I had offered my services to the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) but nothing definite came of it until Norman Wilde gave me his plane. Then Lt Col. Edwards, C.O. (Commanding Officer) of the Goldfield Detachment, accepted my offer of a plane and pilot. Some time in 1941 I had asked for and obtained permission to enlist in the A.I.F. (Australian Imperial Force), which, of course, necessitated returning to Australia. I could not get away at the time, and soon Japan was in it. I then determined to stay in Wau come hell or high water, but man proposes and God disposes.

Immediately the Spartan was test flighted the NGVR wanted me to undertake flights which would have ended, as I can see now, in disaster for both the Dingbat and myself. But Karl was nursing me along. I needed more practice and the confidence that practice brings, and the Spartan had strict limitations too. So for a few days I practiced landings and made longer flights up and down the valley, until I was full of beans and confidence. Karl then decided that I was good enough to land on a strange drome, so, at Col Edwards' invitation I

flew up to Bulolo where the NGVR had its headquarters. All this time Jap planes were in the vicinity, and we had to pick our hours for flying. So I went down in the later afternoon, when the cross-winds do blow. It was quite a solemn occasion with the C.O. and his staff waiting on the edge of the strip, and many interested spectators. Just as I was touching down a gust hit the Dingbat, I lifted her up and slewed the tail around. From the motions of the Dingbat they must have thought that I had the joy stick gripped between my knees, and was trying to bite chunks out of it. It finally bounced to rest facing across the strip with the engine stalled - a spectacular but hardly impressive arrival. Then, when leaving I couldn't start the engine. Karl could get it going with the first swing of the prop, but not me. Two lads took it in turn for half an hour to swing that darned prop before the engine coughed into life. Quite a joy ride really.

I can't remember dates now, but nearing the middle of February Major Townsend, late District Officer of Wewak, arrived from Port Moresby. He had been appointed Military Administrator of New Guinea and ANGAU (Australian New Guinea Administration



Fr John Glover



Unit) was coming into being. It was really the civil administration put on a military footing. Hearing of my flying activities, he offered me a commission in ANGAU, and promised that I would be directly under his command, and responsible to him alone. That was a generous offer, and, naturally, I accepted it. He fixed up matters with the NGVR and, on February 14<sup>th</sup>, 1942, I was medically examined and enlisted in ANGAU as a Warrant Officer 11 Class – that was the highest rank we could receive at the time. Later our Commissions came through, dated back to 14<sup>th</sup> February. Captain McMullen and Captain Niall, who had been Assistant District Officers at Wau, gave me every assistance. They had controlled the evacuation and carried on their administrative work very capably under difficult conditions. Major Townsend now took over and, as far as I was concerned, he was everything I could have asked for as a C.O.

At this time we decided that the drome at Wau, always liable to bombing, was too dangerous a spot for the Spartan to be left for any length of time, so we looked around for another strip handy to the township. We found one a little past Paddy Leahy's farm, on a kunai patch with tall hoop pines at the bottom end, and, like Wau, with steeply rising ground at the top end. Captain Niall set a gang of bois to work with their knives to cut the kunai, and petrol was brought out from Wau. There was no shortage of fuel: it was a pilot's paradise with unlimited fuel and an open sky. A case of let 'er rip. The scheme was to operate off this strip and only use Wau drome to take off when loaded. The pines would not allow a take-off when loaded from this emergency strip. As a precaution against the Japs landing their crates there, the Wau strip was blocked off by petrol drums placed along it. They were cleared when I wanted to land the Dingbat. The first landing on the emergency strip caused a mild panic. The lads had nothing to do these days and, naturally, kept a close watch on the Spartan when it went aloft. Very few knew about the new landing strip, and, as the bus slipped out of sight over the tops of the pines, they all thought it had crashed. One party jumped into a truck and dashed out expecting to see tangled wreckage and buckets of gore. They found us camouflaging the little ship, and sounded rather disappointed as they said "Oh! We thought you'd crashed". Disappointing of course, but that's life isn't it. (Maybe you remember that the Jap's main position when they attacked Wau was at Paddy Leahy's farm).

By now I was pretty confident and exploiting the favourite landing technique. It was great to see the grass rushing past a few feet below, knowing that everything was under control and that you had the game by the throat.

And so "the time had come", as the Walrus said. The fledgling had to leave the nest 'to battle with the elements and flirt with death' – my favourite phrase if you remember? Major Townsend asked me how I felt: was I ready to fly to the Upper Ramu out in the mountains. So we fixed the day. My passenger, Corporal Bill Brecken, was to be flown back to his station (he was in charge of a Government experimental farm at Aiyura), where he was to take charge of the district. I had to bring some wireless sets back with me. Bill was a game man, but luckily for his peace of mind, didn't know much about planes or flying. He was later killed in the Dingbat when an American pilot asked it to do the impossible.

At 0400 hours the household was astir. I celebrated Mass with Karl attending, and old Nomai, the native Catechist serving. Nomai was a good old chap, and behaved splendidly during the first big raid on Wau, which occurred on a Sunday morning, whilst I was celebrating Mass. Although the church would rock on its' high foundations at each explosion, Nomai stayed at his post, and later gathered the natives around the altar where he told them that being children of God "Yu pela pikini bilong God" they could not come to harm in the House

of God. He was scared too, but not as much as I was. Later that day, with vivid pantomime and black eyes rolling, he gave me his impressions of the raid, and I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks. They don't come any better, black or white, than old Nomai.

But on with the dance! A friend of Karls, Norm, also an employee of Guinea Airways, and who was second-in-command on the Spartan, had breakfast ready for us. Really Gasuke, the cook-boi, did the work with Norm supervising. I didn't have much of an appetite but the others were valiant trenchermen. Then out to the emergency strip in the truck we had borrowed. It was still dark and only the stars watched us get the Dingbat uncovered and on to the strip. Karl and Norm warmed the engine up, and then, as first light came, and the pine trees took vague shape at the bottom of the strip, I took off. After circling around the drome at Wau to make sure it was clear, the Dingbat went swooping in like a noisy green parakeet. Bill was waiting with his gear and we wasted no time. There was some low cloud now and signs of fog and, as we came over Bulolo, it thickened like soup. Luckily there was a big hold right over the township of Bulolo, so I circled round in that for half an hour until we could see the fog breaking round the hills ahead. There was no thought of turning back: Bill was busting to get to the mountains, and, anyway, the fog had settled down thick over Wau by this, to Karl's great concern. I didn't know the way to Upper Ramu, so Bill had to guide me from the front cockpit, by pointing his arm in the right direction. We left the Bulolo Valley through the gap made by the Watut River, and came out on the edges of the Markham Valley. We skirted the edge of the Valley heading in the direction of Madang for about an hour. On our left like an impassable barrier rose a rampart of mountains. Then Bill's arm pointed left to a narrow gorge that turned us on a westerly course. We were at 6,000 feet, the engine hitting on all 'fours' and 'revving' like a top. A spot more altitude seemed to be indicated, so we climbed gradually to 7,000 feet. The cloud was thick but broken, and the Dingbat weaved in and out until suddenly the plateau appeared below us. We had to come down a little then to get under the cloud bank. After a few minutes we saw on our right the narrow stream that is the beginning of the Ramu River. There seemed to be a gap on the right with less cloud than elsewhere, but Bill kept pointing left. The ground was undulating, and I kept losing altitude to keep under the cloud. Then suddenly the ground began to rise up into the murk, so I banked hurriedly with the wing-tip just too, too close to mother earth. I beetled back to where the cloud was broken and circled around for awhile. Bill was quite perturbed and kept pointing back to the soup. After a while it began to rise, so following the direction of Bill's arm, gave it another go. After more circling, we gradually inched under the rising cloud and cleared a ridge at 7,000 feet. Down below us was a house and Bill got wildly excited – it was his home. Then we flew on to where beautiful gardens of bananas, vegetables and flowers lay beside a landing strip – Kainantu drome. Then we had to circle round some more whilst the Patrol-Officer, Johnny Miller, lowered a wire rope that was stretched across the runway. Then coming in low over marshy ground with plenty of speed up the sleeve, the old Dingbat bounded to a rest. We were at an altitude of 5,000 feet and the air was pretty keen. There was some excitement of course at the advent of the Dingbat and the home-coming of Bill. Later on Bill told me that he took me over the ridge instead of following the river in (a good 1,500 feet lower) just so that we could see his house. That bowled me middle stump.

Kainantu is on the edge of a new world – that vast fertile plateau embracing three great valleys, the Upper Ramu, the Bena Bena and the Wahgi – Mt Hagen. The soil is rich, the rainfall heavy – the days are hot and the nights cold. The growth is terrific. There is no malaria and all in all it's just about perfect climate. Adjoining the Government station was the house and

gardens of a Seventh Day Adventist Mission – Pastor Campbell was in charge. He was a quiet, likeable man, very hospitable and gave us every assistance.

A few of the refugees from Madang were already there, including the District Officer, Oakley. Some had left hurriedly without clothes and without stores, excepting Dr McQueen who brought a lot of valuable medical supplies with him. His party was well organised. None of them had any warm clothing of course, so on the next flight out from Wau the cargo was mainly clothing. Sister Jones, with a heart as big as herself, had walked from Madang too, caring for the sick all the way. Right throughout these months she was a tower of strength and a credit to her profession – her short, indomitable figure, ‘trooper’ cocked on the side of her head, and the always present cigarette made a picture none of us will ever forget.

To get on with the flying. I waited till after 1400 hrs so that there would be less chance of meeting prowling Japs (twice I missed them by a few minutes), though by that time the afternoon breeze was blowing across the strip. Remembering that planes lose their performance on high altitude dromes, we put only 160 lbs cargo on board this time, although it could lift upwards of 400 lbs off Wau. The Kainantu runway was short, bumpy, soft and heavily grassed – perhaps the worst in the Territory. Luckily there were a few gallons of petrol here and we filled the tank. Speaking from memory, the little bus had a range of 3 ½ hours, and it had taken nearly three hours to do the flip out from Wau. We had wasted a lot of time because of the cloud. And here I learnt another lesson. At the end of the runway the Dingbat had barely waddled off. For what seemed an age, it flew along just above the grass at not much above stalling speed. I edged over into the small river valley and, then, with trees ahead, turned into a small re-entrant. We had gained a few feet in altitude, but the Dingbat was still very sluggish. Just managed a turn, and flew back up the river valley until sufficient altitude was gained to clear the rises. I should have recognised the difficulty in time and pulled up and tossed some of the cargo – wireless transmitting sets. Anyway, it made me careful, and probably saved a life or two later on. The trip back was uneventful, and it was a very relieved mug-pilot who set the Dingbat down on the emergency strip. Karl was there with a big grin on his face, and we put the good little Dingbat away in her jungle hide-out – the end of a perfect day. Had a spell the next day whilst Karl and Norm checked everything over. Did some local flips, but cannot recall just when. One was down the Wampit, which flows into the Markham not far from Lae, to drop some mail on a strip there. Karl thought it wiser not to risk the bus on a small, strange strip, when there was really no necessity for it, so I tossed the mail bag overboard, and went home. One of the many wonderful things about flying is that from every flight you can learn something – that no two flights are ever exactly the same. On that evening I had left it till fairly late to drop the mail, because the Japs were keeping air patrols over Lae, so that, when I finally crossed the small divide between Bulolo and Wau, darkness was falling. But here I learnt that darkness doesn’t fall, it rises. There was still daylight on the hills about me, but down below, darkness was spilling over the valley floor, and dark pools lay in the hollow. I put her nose down and ‘went for the doctor’ to land before the blackout. The pines were shadowy and indistinct as we slipped over them and I had to feel for the ground before finally setting down. Poor old Karl was a very worried man – he was most conscientious and felt that he was responsible for my safety – a grand chap. So a day or two later, at the crack of dawn, I took off from the emergency strip and landed on Wau. The front cockpit was crammed full with parcels of food and clothing – luckily we didn’t strike any bumps, or a lot of them would have been thrown out. Major Townsend thought that a complete outfit for Sister Jones would be a good idea, so he told one of B.P.’s (Burns Philp) men to select a dress, shoes,

etc. “and..er ar..you know....er..er those things that women wear”. Policeman Ron Clammer was on the drome with his police bois and other natives, who cleared the petrol drums off, and then replaced them after the Dingbat had gone. “Petrol on: Switches off: Throttle slightly open: Contact!” Karl and Ron gave the ‘thumbs up’ sign and we were off. The trip was uneventful, and the weather on the plateau was clear below 10,000 ft. In fact, during most of these weeks there was a cloud cover over most of the plateau, and, although we occasionally heard planes overhead, none were seen. Another party from Madang arrived, and one of them, Norm Johnson, told me that a Fox Moth belonging to the Catholic Mission of Alexishafen, was still there in good order. The Klemm had been flown out by his brother immediately after the raid on Madang. Loaded up with quinine and medical stores from Dr. McQueen – only 120 lbs this time – I had another uneventful trip back to Wau.

### To be Continued

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*A guy is 72 years old and loves to fish. He was sitting in his boat the other day when he heard a voice say, “Pick me up!”*

*He looked around and couldn’t see anyone. He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice say again “Pick me up!”*

*He looked in the water and there floating on the top, was a frog. He asked “Are you talking to me?” The frog said “Yes! I’m talking to you, Pick me up, then kiss me, and I’ll turn into the most beautiful woman you have ever seen.*

*I’ll make sure that all your friends are envious and jealous because I will be your bride!”*

*He looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully, and placed it in his pocket.*

*The frog said, “What, are you crazy? Didn’t you hear what I said? I said kiss me and I will be your beautiful bride.”*

*He opened his pocket, looked at the frog and said, “Nah! At my age I’d rather have a talking frog.”*

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### THE 21—GUN SALUTE

From the earliest days, noise has been used to express joy, or to do honour. Even today, crowds and audiences still show their approval by shouting, cheering and applauding. Military bodies, however, express it differently with fanfares and gun salutes.

The gun salute appears to have originated in the early 14th century and there seems to have been two reasons for it. The first would be for the making of noise to do honour to the guest The second was the emptying of guns by firing.

This was considered as a friendly and trusting gesture, as once fired, the guns could not be easily and quickly reloaded, hence an honour was bestowed upon the visitor. It was a sign that he was trusted and considered an ally. One would assume that all pieces were fired on such occasions and hence the term ‘gun’ salute rather than ‘round’ salute.

The origin of the salute is one thing, but as to why 21 guns were selected no one knows. The reason has been lost with time and the custom was not regulated by formal instruction until the early 19th century.

It is interesting to note that all salutes are fired with an odd number of guns and it seems that there may have been a suggestion with regards to odd numbers being lucky.

Shakespeare wrote "They say there is divinity in odd numbers hope good luck lies in odd numbers". In the early days of gun salutes, the Royal Navy fired even numbers for funerals, while odd numbers were fired for the living.

One theory for the origin of the odd numbers comes from the navy. The decks carried even amounts of guns but from there the approaching personage could not be seen, so a poop-deck gun was fired first as a signal for the commencement of the salute. The argument for the odd numbers on land was that the first gun was a station time gun which was fired at midday, the same time as salutes generally commenced.

The first formal regulations were laid down for the navy in 1688 but these only dealt with naval officers. The regulations laid down 11 guns for captains and finished with 19 guns for an admiral. No mention was made of royalty but the mathematical progression would lead one to assume that the next rank would be a salute of 21.

In 1827, a circular was issued by the Board of Ordnance. This ordered 21 chambers to be fired for royal salutes from Saint James Park and 21 guns and 41 chambers from the Tower of London (a chamber was a small piece of ordnance, without a carriage, used for firing salutes).

It appears that the royal salutes for the accession to the throne by George IV, William IV and Victoria were 41 guns, "fired at all stations at home and abroad".

The 41-gun salute still remains in force today as the royal salute fired from London's Hyde Park and the 21 guns and 41 chambers of the Tower salutes have resulted in the unique 62-gun salute, which is the current royal salute fired from the Tower of London.

#### WO1 C.J. Jobson Formerly RSM Ceremonial ADHQ

*What do you call an intelligent, good looking, sensitive man.*

*A rumour*

### WESTPAC AND BURNS PHILP TIES ARE HISTORICAL

There was an event of some historical significance that took place in Port Moresby a few months ago, with the occupation of the restored Burns Philp building by Westpac Bank.

The historical interest relates to the fact that it was Burns Philp in 1910 that encouraged the bank, then known as the Bank of New South Wales, to open a branch of the bank in Port Moresby, which the bank did in Douglas Street, Port Moresby on 10 May 1910, thus becoming the first bank in Papua New Guinea. It is also interesting to note that in the absence of a bank, Burns Philp decided to issue its own currency, in five and one pound notes, as it was not unusual at that time (the early 1900's) for large organisations to do this.

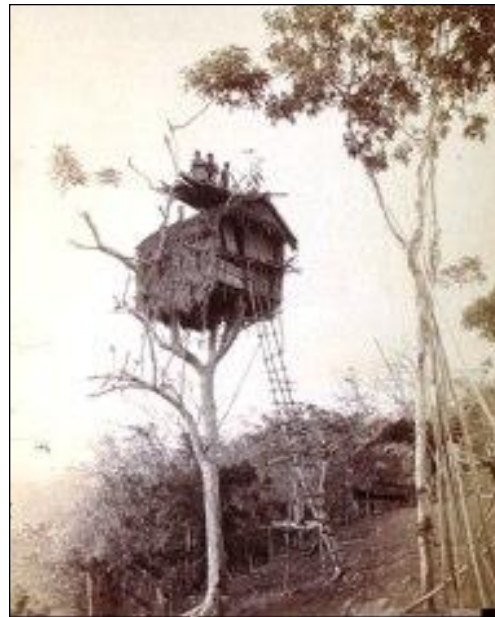
In those early days, miners, traders and government officials all looked to Burns Philp as the main source of credit especially as there were no banks.

This is a reminder that in the early 1900's, Burns Philp and the Bank of New South Wales, now Westpac, were partners in the commercial development of Papua New Guinea.

Robert Hastings, Gabutu

*There are two excellent theories for arguing with women*

*Unfortunately neither one works.*



Tree House  
Koari Village PNG Built high with vine ladder access which could be raised in the event of hostile visitors. Not sure about setting a fire at the base of the tree, however hostile visitors may not have had the time for such a luxury.

### NO PLACE TO HIDE New Weapon for US Troops

Weapon hailed as a game-changer that can fire up and over barriers and down into trenches

The U.S. army is to begin using a futuristic rifle that fires radio-controlled 'smart' bullets in Afghanistan for the first time, it has emerged.

The XM25 rifle uses bullets that be programmed to explode when they have travelled a set distance, allowing enemies to be targeted no matter where they are hiding.

The rifle also has a range of 2,300 feet making it possible to hit target which are well out of the reach of conventional rifles. The XM25 is being developed specially for the U.S. army and will be deployed with troops from later this month, it was revealed today.

The XM25 Counter Defilade Target Engagement System has a range of roughly 2,300 feet - and is to be deployed in Af-



ghanistan.

The rifle's gunsight uses a laser rangefinder to determine the exact distance to the obstruction, after which the soldier can add or subtract up to 3 metres from that distance to enable the bullets to clear the barrier and explode above or beside the target.

Soldiers will be able to use them to target snipers hidden in trenches rather than calling in air strikes.

The 25-millimetre round contains a chip that receives a radio signal from the gunsight as to the precise distance to the target.

Lt. Col. Christopher Lehner, project manager for the system, described the weapon as a 'game-changer' that other nations will try and copy.

He expects the Army to buy 12,500 of the XM25 rifles this



year, enough for every member of the infantry and special forces. Lehner told Fox News: 'With this weapon system, we take away cover from [enemy targets] forever. 'Tactics are going to have to be rewritten. The only thing we can see [enemies] being able to do is run away.'

Experts say the rifle means that enemy troops will no longer be safe if they take cover

The XM25 appears perfect weapon for street-to-street fighting that troops in Afghanistan have to engage in, with enemy fighters hiding behind walls and only breaking cover to fire occasionally.

The weapon's laser finder would work out how far away the enemy was and then the U.S. soldier would add one metre using a button near the trigger. When fired, the explosive round would carry exactly one metre past the wall and explode with the force of a hand grenade above the Taliban fighter.

The army's project manager for new weapons, Douglas Tamilio, said: 'This is the first leap-ahead technology for troops that we've been able to develop and deploy.' A patent granted to the bullet's maker, Alliant Techsystems, reveals that the chip can calculate how far it has travelled. Mr Tamilio said: 'You could shoot a Javelin missile, and it would cost £43,000. These rounds will end up costing £15.50 apiece. They're relatively cheap.

Lehner added: 'This is a game-changer. The enemy has learned to get cover, for hundreds if not thousands of years. 'Well, they can't do that anymore. We're taking that cover from them and there's only two outcomes: We're going to get you behind that cover or force you to flee.'

The rifle will initially use high-explosive rounds, but its makers say that it might later use versions with smaller explosive charges that aim to stun rather than kill.



One of the revolutionary bullets which can be pre-programmed to explode to hit troops that are hiding



NGVR Rabaul, 1939.

**With the Anniversary of the sinking of the "Montevideo Mauru" on 1st July, the following poem is appropriate. Cpl Barry O'Neil's handkerchief is held in your museum, together with the full story of how it was given to a young Rudy Buckley, now an Assn member, together with photographs.**

#### THE OLD KHAKI HANKIE

Here, take this, young fella, we're going to sea,  
This old Khaki hankie, - a reminder of me.  
They're shipping us out from this prisoners' isle,  
And somehow I think we'll be gone quite a while.

SURRENDER AT ONCE! The message was plain,  
Four hundred escaped, four hundred were slain,  
Held five months as captive, some one thousand men  
Were shipped out to Nippon—won't see home again.

Of twenty four Salvos who joined them that year,  
Just one would survive, the rest doomed, I fear.  
These "musoes" turned soldier, to help win the war.  
Then came the invasion... their music's no more.

They marched to the wharf, three men to a row,  
They boarded the ship, were locked down below.  
When climbing the gangway, one man turned around  
And said to a youngster, these words so profound.

"Here take this, young fella, we're going to sea.  
This old khaki hankie, - a reminder of me.  
They're shipping us out from this prisoners isle,  
And somehow I think we'll be gone quite a while"

Nine days in that hell-hole, they're nearing Japan.  
Were tracked by a warship, destruction its plan.  
The prisoners were sealed on a ship without mark.  
The warship attacked in that night's deathly dark.

One thousand men died on that night in July,  
One thousand dreams ended. They'd never know why.  
One thousand wives long for some word from their mate.  
Steel tomb for that thousand, concealing their fate.

A service is held every first of July,  
Rememb'ring those lost one, entrapped there to die.  
We picture their terror, imagine their pain.  
That one khaki hankie...alone...would remain.

From Abbott to Zanker, from Adams to Young.  
Their journey has ended, their song.....sung.  
The ship is still missing, but one thing's for real....  
This hankie that's signed....."Corporal Barry O'Neil",

Jim Kennedy.



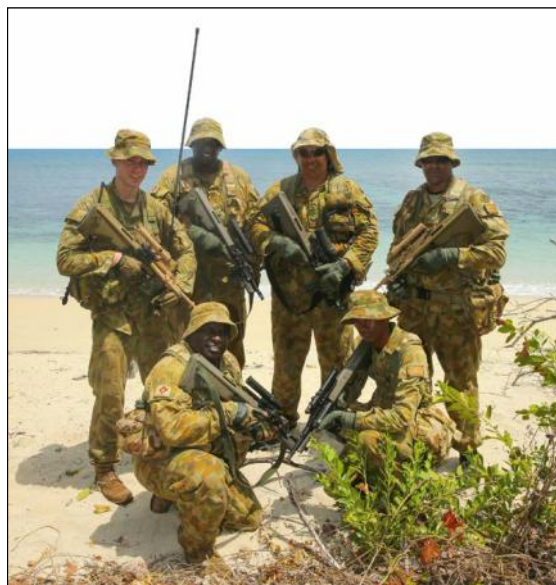


PNGVR display  
hall Goroka  
Show, 1968.

Pte Mark Yeri,  
one of those  
manning the  
display. inside

Photos Mal  
King PNGVR  
Goroka

**HTT Vol 83 (Dec, 13) carried an article on NOR-FORCE. There are other Units that have the same role as NORFORCE and one of those units is shown below.**



A typical  
patrol  
from  
51FNQR

## AUSTRALIA STILL COMMITTED.

With the end of the ADF mission in Uruzgan, the mission now has a national focus with around 500 personnel providing ongoing training and advisory support to Afghan National Security Forces. Australia is also maintaining a cadre of embedded personnel at ISAF HQ, ISAF Joint Command and Regional Command – South, the most senior being Brigadier Patrick Kidd as the Deputy Commanding General for Force Development.

Australians also provide support to airfield operations in Kandahar as well as a team advising the Afghan National Army's 205th Hero Corps.

Approximately 800 personnel provide support from locations within the broader Middle East Area of Operations, including our maritime commitment.

All up, about 1300 ADF personnel are still deployed on Op Slipper – just 250 fewer than before the drawdown from Uruzgan.

## HMAS MELBOURNE'S DRUG BUST

Royal Australian Navy frigate HMAS Melbourne and Pakistani Naval Ship Alamgir worked together on 12 February to seize and destroy 1951kg of cannabis resin with an estimated street value of AU\$113 million.

PNS Alamgir located a suspect dhow east of Masriah Island, Oman, and tracked it until HMAS Melbourne's boarding party could intercept and board the vessel, finding the cannabis resin in a hidden compartment in the fishing hold.

This was Melbourne's third major drug bust in her final days in the Middle East Area of Operations, having seized and destroyed 543kg of pure heroin and 23.8kg of methamphetamines days earlier, for a total hit to terrorist funds well in excess of \$1billion.

**Both articles From Contact - Air Land & Sea Magazine.**

## Further Navy Drug Bust.

On 24th April, HMAS Adelaide was involved in another \$290 million drug bust off the Kenyan Coast. **ABC News**

## 51 FNQR

### Far North Queensland Regiment

They are soldiers of the Regional Force Surveillance Unit, 51 Far North Queensland Regiment (51FNQR).

Born and raised in far-north Queensland, they are experts at living off the land and are instantly able to tell if something is amiss.

Add to that their highly developed Army skills, and the soldiers of 51FNQR are a formidable force.

OC B Company Major Steven La Rose commanded the patrol and said the mission was to screen the area and identify illegal activities. "We're looking for things like foreign fishing vessels that may be working in our waters," he said. "Also, any smuggling or transfer of contraband, and illegal maritime arrivals transiting through the area."

In his first year in command, Major La Rose said he relied heavily on his soldiers' local knowledge. "It's been a very steep learning curve for me," he said. "We have soldiers who have traversed the Cape in tinnies as a civilian activity and are able to provide first-hand knowledge in areas we operate in.

"I'm only here for two years as OC while these guys have lived here their whole lives, so you need to absorb everything they tell you and use that to come up with a plan that is going to work given the assets we have."

This particular patrol included not only soldiers from 51FNQR, but also from other units including

- 1 Commando Regiment,
- 20 Surveillance and Target Acquisition Regiment,
- 1RAR, 2RAR, 2/17 Royal New South Wales Regiment
- and 8 Combat Services Support Battalion.

With a command post at Captain Billy's Landing, patrols deployed to nearby islands, setting up ground surveillance radars, image capture and transfer equipment and static observation posts. Major La Rose said there were many challenges in an



Pte Emily Jackson passes fuel to L/Cpl Kevin Miller

area that big, that remote and specifically because it was far-north Queensland.

"Crocodiles can pose a problem," he said. "We had reports of two patrols that had crocodiles in their laying up positions, with one even sunbaking between two of the boats.

"Weather conditions also pose a challenge, with soldiers from other units not always acclimatised to this part of Australia."

Differing from most Army exercises and operational deployments, much of this Operation Resolute patrol was maritime based, with all patrols except one inserted from or operating directly on the ocean.

With a constant flow of bulk carriers, fishing vessels and yachts, patrols were kept busy reporting back to the command post, which then consolidated the sightings and passed the information to



Cpl Stephen Moran gives a post patrol brief.

their battalion headquarters and then on to Border Protection Command and other government agencies.

Being a domestic operation, soldiers were tasked only to conduct surveillance and report what they found. "We don't actually get involved with anything going on but gather information to send back to Border Protection Command," Major La Rose said.

"They then have Navy, Customs and police elements they can activate if required. "We're essentially a sensor for Border Protection Command."

**51FNQR** serves as a Regional Force Surveillance Unit (RFSU), carrying out reconnaissance and surveillance tasks as its primary role. Every operator in the unit is cross-trained in a variety of 'low-visibility skills such as weapons, survival, sniping, medic, small boat handling, driving, tracking, air ops and so on.

It is the only battalion of the Far North Queensland Regiment, and draws its lineage from an Australian Imperial Force (AIF) battalion, which was raised for service during World War I.

The 51FNQR of today plays an important role in the security of Australia by conducting surveillance patrols in the sparsely populated and remote regions of far-north Queensland.

It is made up of full-time and part-time members with its HQ and a surveillance company located in Cairns. Other surveillance companies are headquartered at Weipa, Thursday Island and Mount Isa.

Approximately 30 per cent of the battalion's members are indigenous Torres Strait Islanders and mainland aborigines.

The battalion's area of responsibility covers a lot of territory; from Cardwell in north Queensland, north to the Torres Strait, inclusive of Cape York and the Gulf Country and west to the Northern Territory border – some 640,000 square kilometers.

**Its motto is... Ducit Amor Patriae –**

**The Love of Country Leads Me.**

From the 'Army' Magazine.

*A pirate walked into a bar, and the publican said, "Hey, I haven't seen you in a while. What happened? You look terrible."*  
*"What do you mean?" said the pirate, "I feel fine."*  
*"What about the wooden leg? You didn't have that before."*  
*"Well," said the pirate, "We were in a battle, and I got hit with a cannon ball, but I'm fine now."*  
*The publican replied, "Well, OK, but what about that hook? What happened to your hand?"*  
*The pirate explained, "We were in another battle. I boarded a ship and got into a sword fight. My hand was cut off. I got fitted with a hook but I'm fine, really."*  
*"What about that eye patch?"*  
*"Oh," said the pirate, "One day we were at sea, and a flock of birds flew over. I looked up, and one of them shit in my eye."*  
*"You're kidding," said the publican.*  
*"You couldn't lose an eye just from bird shit - surely."*  
*"It was my first day with the hook."*

## Chaps

As a remote member of PNGVR, I very much appreciate what is being done by all those stalwarts in the eastern states and elsewhere, in keeping the Association alive.

I will ever be proud of my Regimental Number (which carried over into RAE service, raising many eyebrows) and the time spent training in Support Coy.

It is unfortunate due to being located south of Perth in WA, that I cannot do much to help shoulder the load, nor attend the many functions available.

Notwithstanding all of the above I savour the memories being reignited through reading HTT, every issue saved for repeated perusal.

Well done those who are committing the stories of NGVR veterans into a record which will outlive every one. Then maybe the PNGVR members might put their stories in print. You already have mine, for what it is worth.

The museum project is worthy of merit also and is a credit to the dedication of the few.

I cry for what is not happening in PNG and also wonder how my Assault Pioneer nationals are doing, today (picture attached). If there is a method of making contact with the troops, I would love to open communications with Valina Kalogo, Ernie Awo or any of the others who might remember me. Sgt Baruka Nou is long departed and I fear others also.

Lukimyu  
Henry Sims

*The photo of the Assault Pioneer PI appears on next page.*





**Australian submarine AE2**



Just before the ANZACs landed at Gallipoli on the morning of 25 April 1915 an Australian submarine, the *AE2* set out on an historic journey. Its mission was to force a passage up the treacherous Dardanelles Strait into the Sea of Marmara, and then, in the words of the Chief of Staff, 'Generally run amok.' Such an extraordinary order required an extraordinary captain and luckily the *AE2* had such a captain, Lieutenant Commander Henry Hugh Gordon Dacre Stoker -- an Irishman. At the age of 12 he went to England to enter a school which specialised in training boys to pass the entrance examination for the Royal Navy, which he eventually joined at 15. After three years service aboard HMS *Implacable*, he applied to join the fledgling submarine service. Within two years he was promoted to lieutenant and obtained his first command -- HM Submarine *A10*.

By 1914 he was an experienced submariner and was chosen to command *AE2*, one of the two new submarines built at Barrow-in-Furness for the Australian Navy. Despite the fact that the rudimentary submarines of that era had never managed to sail more than 200 miles without breaking down, the intrepid Stoker and his mixed crew of Australian and English ratings -- in company with the other Australian submarine *AE1* -- set sail for Australia on 2 March 1914 and arrived on 24 May 1914. Soon after their arrival in Australia, the *AE1* and *AE2* were sent north to assist in the Australian occupation of German New Guinea. *AE1* was mysteriously lost with all hands during the mission.

The *AE2* set off back to Europe in December 1914. However, it



only got as far as the Mediterranean before being ordered to join the British fleet at Tenedos Island and patrol the entrance to the Dardanelles. It was the start of the Gallipoli Campaign. According to Stoker, in his gripping autobiography *Straws in the Wind*, he quickly 'formed the opinion that an attempt to dive a submarine right through the Dardanelles Strait and into the Sea of Marmara held sufficient chance of success to justify the attempt being made'. The psychological advantage of entering the Sea of Marmara and thereby threatening Constantinople from the sea would be enormous. Despite the fact that the British submarine, the *E15*, had just been lost attempting to force the Strait, Stoker badgered the Admiralty with letters requesting an opportunity to make an attempt.



At 2.30 am on the morning of 25 April 1915, *AE2* weighed anchor and set out on the attempt to run the Dardanelles Strait, which would forever assure it of a place in Australian naval history. The plan was basically simple -- travel as far as possible on the surface to conserve the limited battery power, and dive at daylight or when it reached the minefields.

The night of 25 April was a beautiful dark and calm night and the *AE2* proceeded along at seven knots in the centre of the Strait. Suddenly they were spotted by the searchlight at Kephez and shells began to rain down.

*AE2* quickly submerged and passed a harrowing hour slowly creeping under the minefield. They could hear the mooring wires of the mines scraping the sides of *AE2*. Rising twice in the minefield, Stoker realised he was travelling faster than he



had anticipated. When he rose for the third time, he was pleased to find himself through the minefield and only three hundred yards below the famous Narrows.

The Turks were now well aware of the *AE2*'s presence and soon a small cruiser and a number of destroyers were attacking the submarine. *AE2* fired a torpedo which missed the cruiser but it struck and damaged one of the destroyers. Submerged and trying to escape the destroyers' attempts to ram him, Stoker hit the bottom hard and slid up to a depth of 10 feet, right under the guns of a shore-based fort. The position

was perilous. *AE2* was fast aground with almost half of its structure out of the water. Stoker described it 'as unpleasant as it well could be'. Luckily they were so close to the fort that the guns could not be depressed enough to hit the submarine and after a short time the efforts of the crew to refloat *AE2* were successful.

*AE2* resumed its journey pursued by dozens of Turkish warships. Antisubmarine warfare was in its infancy and the only way the Turks could attack the *AE2* was by trying to ram her. As long as *AE2* could stay submerged, it was relatively safe. However navigating the narrow strait was impossible without frequently coming up to periscope depth to take a sighting. Whenever they lifted the periscope, the Turkish ships attempted to ram. Stoker decided to run the *AE2* on to an underwater bank and sit on the bottom until dark. For sixteen hours the dauntless crew sat in darkness and silence at a depth of 80 feet. When they finally rose to the surface they found themselves about half a mile from the shore in a bay above Nagara Point -- the worst of their journey was now behind them.

*AE2* then pressed on towards the Sea of Marmara. It encountered two Turkish warships and fired a torpedo at the largest but was unsuccessful. After spending the night of 25-26 April on the surface, *AE2* finally entered the Sea of Marmara early in the morning of 26 April. Their mission now was to prevent Turkish ships transporting troops across the Marmara to Gallipoli. Spotting a likely target *AE2* fired one of its precious torpedoes but again missed. It spent the remainder of the day on the surface sailing among fishing boats and doing all he could to broadcast the arrival of an allied submarine in the Marmara. After dark, *AE2* again attempted to contact the fleet by wireless but was forced to dive constantly to escape Turkish patrol vessels.

At dawn *AE2* resumed the offensive and fired a torpedo at a ship which was accompanied by two destroyers. The torpedo's engine failed to start and *AE2* just managed to avoid being rammed by one of the destroyers. No other ships were sighted for the rest of the day which shows that the *AE2*'s presence was curtailing Turkish ship movements.

By the morning of the 29th, *AE2* was still sailing in the Sea of Marmara and harassing any Turkish ship it could find. However, it was now down to one torpedo which was held in reserve. The plan was to sail around, be as provocative as possible, and try to fool the Turks into believing that more than one submarine had made it to the Sea.

Early on the evening of the 29th, while sailing towards Marmara Island, the crew of *AE2* was surprised to encounter another submarine. It was the British submarine *E14* under the command of Captain Boyle, which had been dispatched after the Admiralty heard of Stoker's successful passage up the Strait. Boyle asked Stoker what he planned to do the next day. It had been Stoker's intention to sail to Constantinople but Boyle, being the senior officer, overruled that plan and arranged to rendezvous with *AE2* the next morning. This decision would seal the fate of *AE2* and her gallant crew.

When *AE2* surfaced at the rendezvous at 10am, it observed a torpedo boat and immediately dived. For some unaccountable reason the *AE2* suddenly went out of control and began rapidly to rise. The submarine shot to the surface about 100 yards from the torpedo boat which opened fire. *AE2* again attempted to dive but was out of control and began to plunge into the depths.

Stoker took the prescribed emergency action and arrested the descent, but now *AE2* rushed back towards the surface where it was hit by shells from the attacking boat and was holed in several places. *AE2* was doomed. Stoker ordered the submarine scuttled and concentrated on saving the lives of his men.

All the crew survived and were taken prisoner, and together with Stoker spent the next three-and-a-half years as 'guests' of the Turks. Stoker escaped twice but was recaptured and endured numerous hardships in Turkish prisons. Four ratings

died in captivity.

After repatriation Stoker was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and was offered the command of a cruiser but left the Navy.

In early 1996, Mr Selcuk Kolay, director of the Rahmi Koc museum in Istanbul, discovered what he believed to be the wreck of *AE2* lying in 86 metres of water. With the assistance of an Australian diving team which visited Turkey to dive on the wreck in October, 1997, it was determined that the wreck was that of an old steamer.

After a further thorough side-scan sonar and magnetometric survey of the reported scuttling site of *AE2*, Mr Kokay located *AE2* in June 1998, lying in 72 metres of water, and was first dived upon the following month. An Australian dive team again visited Turkey in October 1998, with further dives confirming the identification of *AE2*.



The Australian Government makes no claim to the shipwreck and the submarine is not a war grave.

In Sep 2007 Australian and Turkish naval authorities began an undersea investigation to determine if *AE2* could be raised and restored. Such a plan would see the submarine transferred to a viewing tank at Canakkale. A drop camera inserted through the open hatch into the control room discovered that the wreck had suffered further damage since the 1998 inspection. The bow portion of the external hull casing had been destroyed and the rear of the conning tower showed significant damage, and a recommendation was made against raising the wreck. There is still an unexploded torpedo aboard.

In March 2010, following an overhaul of the RAN battle honours system, *AE2* was retroactively awarded the honours "Rabaul 1914" and "Dardenelles 1915".

### Goldie River (near Pt Moresby) Bivouac

The attached slides were taken at the Upper Goldie River, not the Camp, on a weekend bivouac, late in 1963.

We convoyed in 2 GMC's and 2 Rovers. Then hiked into jungle where we camped rough. The weekend was primarily reconnaissance, patrolling in 2 teams which set off in separate directions. We were assumed to be behind enemy lines and were to remain undiscovered and leave not a single trace of our camp or whereabouts. The weekend was judged to be a success.

Bob, unfortunately I cannot remember most of the names in these photos. Of those I may remember I could be mistaken. I can't even remember the name of the Officer of the team I was in. Phil, I seem to recall you telling us not to cut or damage vegetation especially above us when we set up bivouac and to remain hidden.





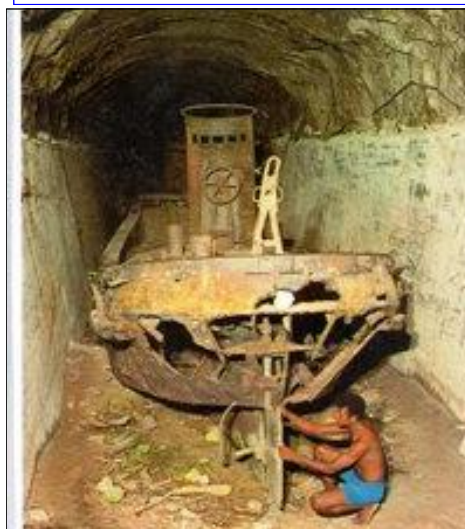
*While out one morning in the park, a jogger found a brand new tennis ball, and seeing nobody around, he slipped it into the pocket of his shorts.*

*Later, on his way home, he stopped at a pedestrian crossing, waiting for the lights to change. A blonde standing next to him saw the large bulge in his shorts.*

*"What's that?" she asked, with her eyes gleaming lustfully.*

*"Tennis ball," came the breathless reply.*

*"Oh," said the blonde sympathetically, "that must be painful, I had tennis elbow once!"*



Japanese landing barge in a tunnel at Rabaul. It was barges like this that the Australian prisoners of war were taken from the coal wharf out to the prison ship "Montevideo Mauru." Many such photos are available at your museum at Wacol.

#### WORLD STATISTICS RE WW1

WW1 killed roughly 16 million people worldwide, both military and civilian. The list below by no means covers military deaths from all participating nations.

Britain.	Approx 900,000
France	Approx 1.3 million
Russia	Approx 2 million
New Zealand	Approx 18,000
Germany	Approx 2 million
Austria-Hungary	Approx 1.2 million
Ottoman Empire	Approx 770,000

#### AUSTRALIAN STATISTICS

Enlistments approx	420,000 of which approx.
330,000 served overseas.	
Deaths	61,514
Wounded approx.	155,000
Prisoners of War	4,044

Statistics courtesy Qld RSL News.

Thank you Burnie Gough, also for the photo below.



Left: Anzac Day in the 50's or 60's.  
March is along Ela Beach Road, Port Moresby.



Right: A visitor to the Museum wearing a Slouch Hat with Bird of Paradise feather.

#### VALE : Thomas (Tom) D Dowling, SGT, 860194, PNGVR

"Snappy Tom", the Association's official photographer, passed away in Emerald, Qld on 5th July and his funeral service and burial were conducted in Ipswich, Qld on 11th July. Tom had been unwell for some time and he moved to a Emerald Care Centre to be near his daughter. His funeral service was well attended by family, friends and community. Eighteen PNGVR Association members and spouses attended the service while the President received over a dozen regrets for inability to attend by other members, a reflection of the high esteem in which Tom was held in the community he lived and served. Tom was a committee member for many years and his loyalty, friendship and advice was greatly appreciated. His Eulogy will be included in the next Harim Tok Tok.





# D DAY THEN AND NOW

2 Bn US Rangers tasked to take Point Du Hoc in Normandy march to their landing craft in Weymouth England. 5th June 1944



Tourists walk along the same beach 13th July 2013



German POW marching along Juno Beach to a ship taking them to England after capture by Canadians at Bemieres Sur Mer France, 6th June 1944



Tourists sunbathe on the same beach 23 Aug 2013



Canadian troops patrol along the destroyed Rue Saint-Pierre, Caen, July 1944



Rue Saint-Pierre. 23 Aug 2013

# EMAIL RECEIVED FROM USA

I've just had the pleasure of viewing your website and a copy of your latest newsletter. It's a very impressive bit of organizing and presentation of information of interest to your fellow members as well as those of us far flung from Australia but with an attachment nevertheless.

I am interested in history of the Rifles during the period January through March of 1943. By then there may have been few, if any, members of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles still present in New Britain. But then again, my grasp of these units particular history is nil, so I'll leave it up to you to correct me on this.

On 5 January 1943, my father, Brig. Gen. Kenneth N. Walker, and the crew of the B-17F *San Antonio Rose* were lost during a bombing raid on Japanese shipping at Rabaul. The events surrounding the shoot-down have remained vague as the official record was inadequate and relied largely on unattributed sources.

Among the many lingering questions is where the plane crashed. Even though two crew members bailed out in the vicinity of the Mevelo River valley, so the plane was clearly over land, there continues to be speculation that it went down in Wide Bay I have contacted the Coast Watchers organization in the hopes that there may still be members who were in New Britain at the time and may know something about this but were never asked. Nothing has come from my inquiries there. And that's why I am contacting you on the off-chance that your group, or members thereof, might have present in eastern New Britain province during this time. I realize it's a long-shot but we've had to cast a wide net in the process of collecting information. Any thoughts on the subject would be welcome. In the meantime, my thanks and best wishes, Douglas P. Walker

If you can assist please email [newwalk@optonline.net](mailto:newwalk@optonline.net)

# VALE

## DAPHNE BURTON

Daphne, wife of Stan Burton, NGVR, has died in their Retirement Village at Buderim, Qld, at the age of 103. Stan and Daphne had been married for 76 years. The full story of Stan is covered in HTT Vols 74,75 and 76. Stan and Daphne went to Misima Island in 1937 before moving to Bulolo. When Daphne was ordered to leave New Guinea in Dec 1941 she was only allowed 28 lbs (12kg) of luggage. Their wedding photograph was destroyed in Bulolo and Daphne's mother gave Daphne and Stan her copy after the war.

Stan still resides at Buderim and turned 98 on 18th May. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Stan.

Below: Stan and Daphne at their 75th wedding anniversary. 1st March, 2012.







Construction of the 'Boozer' at Moem Point, Wewak, July 1959, during construction of 2PIR barracks. WO2 Maurie Veron with 2PIR Pioneers. Thanks Brian Jones who was there

### VALE STAN COOPER T30071

In 1941 Stan was an officer in the Light Heavy Battery attached to Lark Force and based on Praed Point, Rabaul, with six inch AA guns.

When the Japanese bombed and destroyed them, about 6 men were buried alive and are believed to be still there. Stan was fortunate in that his steel helmet covered his face and gave him sufficient air to breathe before he was pulled out about 30 minutes after being buried.

He was a POW in Zentsuji, and possibly the last of those POW's to die. He died in Hobart on 12th May at the age of 97.

### VALE LIEUTENANT COLONEL MIKE DENNIS, MBE

Lt Col Mike Dennis joined the Regular Army in 1967 after 2 years in the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles.

After serving as a Section Commander in 9 RAR he was selected to attend OCS Portsea, graduating to Infantry Corps in 1969.

He served as a Platoon Commander in 1PIR, PNG and Pioneer Platoon Commander in 2RAR. On promotion to Captain he served as Adjutant Monash University Regiment, Company 2ic in 3RAR, serving in South-East Asia and as an Instructor Battle Wing Canungra.

In 1982 he was promoted Major and Operations Officer 1PIR PNG and was awarded a Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE) primarily for the planning and conduct of border operations on the PNG/Indonesian border. This was followed by a posting as Officer Commanding 3 Brigade Headquarters ODF.

Lt Col Dennis had undertaken extensive Special Forces Training and is a Navy Diving Instructor, Demolition Instructor, Foreign Weapons Instructor, Small Craft Instructor, Unconventional Warfare Instructor, Linguist and Marksman.

A major change of direction occurred when he was posted to the Defence Intelligence Organisation as the Senior Desk Officer PNG/SWP. Following involvement in the 1987 Fiji Coup and Operation Morrisdance he was promoted Lt Col and posted as a Defence Advisor PNG and Solomon Is. in 1988.

This position was primarily an intelligence collection role and he served on Bougainville in 1989 to 1990 in the early stages of the Bougainville dispute in a plain clothes role. He was awarded a Chief of Army Commendation and Australia Day Award for actions on Bougainville.

Posted back to DIO in 1990 in the PNG/SWP section he was then selected to be the Defence Attaché South Pacific accredited to Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, Nauru, Tuvalu and Kiribati.

In 1995 Lt Col Dennis resigned from the ADF on completion of his posting in Fiji and took up a position of General Manager Suncorp Stadium in Brisbane. This was followed by a senior position in sports management in the planning and conducts of the Sydney Olympics, Salt Lake City Winter Olympics, Commonwealth Games Manchester and Athens Olympics. During this period as Vice President of Cleanevent International he undertook the restructuring of the US based arm of the company.

Lt Col Dennis's other sporting interests included being the Manager of the Australian Rugby League Kangaroos, Manager and Coach of the Papua New Guinea and Fiji National Rugby League Teams.

Lt Col Dennis had retired to Adelaide and was the Honorary Consul to Fiji in South Australia. His leisure activities included golf and being active in veteran welfare issues and organizations such as the Royal Australian Regiment Association. He was also the Chairman SA & NT of DVA Training and Information Program (TIP), President of the RAR SA, RSL Sub Branch, an RSL State Councillor and President of the Lower Murray and Hills Veteran Golfers Association.

He died on 3rd May, 2014.



Mike with  
B Coy,  
PNGVR,  
Rabaul.



Mike on  
training  
exercise  
with RAR



LEST WE FORGET.



Anzac Day service at University of Qld Medical School with Assn Patron Maj Gen John Pearn, AO RFD in centre, middle row.

### John Hopkins weight study.

The National Institute of Health has just released the results of a \$200 million research study completed under a grant to Johns Hopkins. The new study has found that women who carry a little extra weight live longer than the men who mention it.

## FUNCTION DATES

### Friday 8th August

**Dedication of NQVR/ANGAU plaque** after Kokoda Service at Kokoda Memorial, Cascade Gardens, Broadbeach, Gold Coast. All members welcome. Anzac Day dress. Service commences 10.30am followed by fellowship at Surfers Paradise RSL.

### Sunday 31st August

Light Horse Shoot at Fassifern Valley Rifle Range.

### Saturday 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.

### Saturday 11th October.

Mixed Dining Night, Jimboomba  
Come along and see old friends  
Conviviality commences 4.00pm

Sit down 7.00pm  
Contact Barry Wright 5546 9865 or  
Bob Collins 5526 8396



**NATIONAL MEDALS**  
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### 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**

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**Bob Collins—Editor**



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