



HARIM TOK TOK

VOLUME

88

DATE OCTOBER, 2014



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

PRESIDENT'S UPDATE

Congratulations to the following winners of the PNGVR / PNGAA raffle which was drawn on 1st August at the Brisbane Air Niugini offices: First Prize, flights for two including three nights' accommodation in Rabaul: Ticket No. 11386 - Brian & Nancy Jones; Second Prize, the Centenary Dinner and Symposium in Sydney: Ticket No. 14261 - Sean Dorney.

PNGVR and PNGAA thank Air Niugini and the Rabaul Hotel for their continuing generosity in providing the return flights for two to Rabaul and twin accommodation respectively. The raffle was a great success and the net proceeds have been distributed to assist in refurbishing the Military Museum and support for the PNGAA Centenary Dinner and Symposium. Thank you to all the non winners who bought tickets in support of the joint activities of the Associations

The 8th August Dedication Service and unveiling of our NGVR/ANGAU Memorial plaque at the Kokoda Memorial, Cascade Gardens, Broadbeach, Gold Coast was attended by 14 members and four friends of the Association - an excellent turnout with all members in Anzac Dress. Similar services were conducted for two other plaques, one for Pacific Islanders who served in all the disciplinary Forces and the other for those PIR who served during WW2. These plaques were arranged through Colonel Maurie Pears and the generosity of spirit of the Surfers Paradise RSL, thank you.

Committee Member Mike Griffin and President Phil Ainsworth represented the Association at the 10th Aug Sherwood/ Indooroopilly RSL Kokoda Commemorative Service.

NGVR/PNGVR Association won the Annual Fassifern Range Shoot after five years of effort. Member Ian Thompson won the best rifle shot trophy at the rifle shoot at Fassifern Rifle Range held 31 Aug 2014.



Bob Collins & Phil Ainsworth beside the NGVR/ANGAU plaque, Cascade Gardens 8/8/14

While many other shooters participated, the rivalry between NGVR/PNGVR and the Light Horse folk is intense, particularly as the Light Horse had won it in previous years, but on this day, Ian, who drove up from Tenterfield with his brother Geoff, won first prize for the shooter with the highest score from 20 aimed shots using a .303 rifle with open sights - well done Ian. A photograph of a happy Ian with his trophy is shown on page 16. Ex-kiaf Paul Oats who lives near the Range organises this annual event. Six NGVR/PNGVR participated at this

delightful event in a beautiful sylvan setting in brilliant Queensland weather. Grahame Jones and his wife from Mackay and Glen O'Brien and his wife attended. After the shoot all adjourned to the nearby Dugandan country pub for refreshments.

PNGVR's 6th Sept Centenary Commemorative Service and Plaque dedication was a wonderful success due to the work of the Museum's Curator John Holland supported by the committee and other members. The Governor of Queensland His Excellency Paul de Jersey AC dedicated and unveiled the plaque while our Patron Major General John Pearn AO RFD gave the keynote address honouring the fallen at Bitapaka and the loss of HMASubmarine AE1. Photographs and detailed text about the event are on page 14.

Follow up events included the Centenary Commemorative Services held at Bitapaka and foreshore of Simpson Harbour on 11th and 14th Sept 2014 respectively which Don Lawie and I attended. The Australian Navy spared no effort in the arrangements and the crew of the HMAS Yarra, the Sydney Naval Band as well as Naval chiefs were in attendance. Rabaul will be talking for years about the Navy, dressed in whites marched through the town to the foreshore before the AE1 Service. Susie McGrade and the Rabaul Historical Society were very prominent in the arrangements. Fortunately, Tavuvur, the volcano was very well behaved throughout the week's events. Below is a photo taken by Pauline Lawie of Don and me at the AE1 Service on Rabaul Harbour foreshore 14 Sept 2014.

A Montevideo Maru Memorial Service was held at dusk 10th Sept at the foreshore Montevideo Maru Memorial. I spoke about NGVR's involvement. This was followed by an address by the President of PNGAA, Ms Andrea Williams. The Service was well attended by visiting distinguished guests, the Navy and Rabaul residents. The Memorial and the foreshore were a picture as the sun set over the Harbour.



The Rabaul Historical Society organised this Service. Prior to the Bitapaka Service on the 11th Sept, the Historical Society also arranged an ANZAC Service at the Rabaul Cenotaph. The Service was enhanced by the beautiful dawn setting. This was followed by a gunfire breakfast at the Yacht Club before proceeding to Bitapaka Cemetery for the 10am Service.

PNGAA's Centenary Dinner and Symposium was held in the NSW's Parliament House on 17th and 18th Sept 2014. Don Hook and I

attended as Association representatives. Prior to the Dinner, the Sydney PNG Consul - General organised a Cocktail Party at the same place to commemorate PNG Independence. The Dinner and Symposium were firsts for PNGAA and that Association are congratulated for its foresight and organising ability to pull it all together so successfully.

A submission for funding has been lodged to and accepted by the State Gaming Fund for the Museum extension but the result will not be known until November. The proposed submission to the State Anzac 100 Grants Programme was withdrawn when it became clear that the erection of a building did not fit the programme's guidelines. Should the Gaming grant at the level sought be forthcoming, the extension will proceed and would be completed before 30 June 2015.

By the time you read this it will probably be too late to book for the Mixed Dining Night at Jimboomba on Saturday 11th October. However, if you are able to go, contact Barry Wright 07 5546 9865 as soon as possible.

On 31st Aug 2014 Vice President Bob Collins and Committee Member Tony Boulter represented the Association at the annual 9 RQR Steel Tuff Exercise and presented our Awards of Excellence. More details including a photograph about this event can be found on page 13. If you have not already done it, please diary in 10am Saturday 18th Oct to attend the Association's AGM at the Wacol Military Museum - see you there.

PHIL AINSWORTH— SEPTEMBER 2014

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Fr John Glover NGVR	2
Trooping The Colours	7
Melb Shrine Guard	7
Your SLR	8
The keys to Yokosuka Base	9
Guinea Airways	10
POW Hell Ship	10
2013 Madang Air Crash	11
America's First Aircraft Carrier	11
Last Code Talker Dies	12
Exercise "Steel Tuff"	13
Our 6 Sept Commemoration	14
Vale: Tom Dowling	15
Function dates	16

EVACUATION FROM NEW GUINEA

WARRANT OFFICER JOHN CORBETT GLOVER

NG 2460 NGX 304
(Continued)

We had been busy trying to put two other machines in commission – a 'Ryan' of the type that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic in, belonging to Stephens Aviation, and also another light plane similar to a Moth, whose exact type I forget. (notes to manuscript by Jim Hoile 'I was involved in this work with Jack Gray, Guinea Airways, (after the war was killed in air crash), Keith Les Bas, Stephens Aviation, Malcolm Goad, Guinea Airways, Ross Murant, Mandated Airlines, Tom Rush, Guinea Airways, Bill O'Neil, Guinea Airways, Les Wallace, Mandated Airways and a couple of others. I was from Mandated Airlines. Later we joined Ernie Hitchcock's 'mob' and went to Salamaua, which the Japs occupied. After that we walked out to Bulldog and thence to Port Moresby. We then got on the 'Machdui' to Townsville. The 'Machdui' went back & was bombed in Port Moresby)

This was firstly because, having only one plane necessitated great care in its use, and, secondly, because of the limitations of this one plane, especially its smallness and lack of power. We had no luck with these two planes, so I suggested to Major Townsend that I take Karl out to the Upper Ramu, walk from thence to Madang and bring back the Fox Moth. I thought that this would take about a fortnight, and I had no doubt that the end of that time would see us back in Wau with a plane capable of lifting 600-700 lbs off Wau, and at least half that off Kainantu, in other words having double the payload of the Spartan. Karl and I packed our gear and took whatever tools and spares we could pack in. Affairs were becoming grimmer, the Japs following their usual routine looked pretty certain to land soon at Lae and Salamaua. In the event, the Bulolo Valley, only thirty air miles from Salamaua, was going to be a hot spot for the Dingbat or the Fox. Then at the last minute orders came to destroy the dromes at Wau and Bulolo (but we found out that dromes are not easily destroyed, though they may be rendered unusable for a time). That left the emergency strip, but the Japs couldn't take off from there, so there wasn't much use in their landing. I left my house wide open with Norm in charge, and about half-a-dozen 'bois' under Nomai. My books, clothes, everything I owned was there, and I was never to see them again. A scheme was afoot (it was largely unsuccessful) to destroy the runway as soon as the Dingbat was gone. Tall, solidly built Karl, his brown eyes gleaming beneath a flying helmet, climbed into the front cockpit and Norm swung the prop. Ron Clammer with a big grin, gave the 'thumbs up' and for the last time the Dingbat rolled down the Wau drome. The two craters were still there, and we sped between them and were off. Funny thing how a chapter in our life can come to an end, and we haven't the faintest suspicion that this is so. The trip again was uneventful, and we sat down safe and sound on Kainantu. We immediately got to work hiding the Dingbat. There was only one possible hiding place because of the low marshy land all round, and that was in Pastor Campbell's banana trees growing on slightly rising ground, at one end of the strip.

That day Mr Ned O'Brien from Madang, and Mr Middleton from Kar Kar Island, both well known planters, arrived. They

were both solid citizens of the type that constitute the back-bone of any community. Being knowledgeable men they and a friend had ridden three of Ned O'Brien's horses, and Ned kindly offered them to us to ride back (Norm Johnson was coming as a guide). So, mounted on our horses with half a dozen carriers, we set off for Madang. Our rations were very light, because there wasn't much tinned stuff at Kainantu, and what was there was being saved, and also because we would meet supplies coming out from Madang. There was plenty of vegetables on the plateau, and a limited number of cattle, but more were coming up from Kiapit. A beast was killed the morning we left, so we brought some steak and a few vegetables. Up until midday we followed a meandering path through the rich beautiful grass land. The natives were neither friendly nor unfriendly, though they sometimes fought amongst themselves. It was wise to go armed anywhere in this country. We were heading for the edge of the plateau in a northerly direction, and in the afternoon commenced to



descend. The track went down for a time through rain forest where we had to dismount and lead our horses – much to Karl's relief (he was no horseman). Then we came out on a razorback ridge that led clear down into the Ramu Valley. Across from us was Shaggy Ridge, later famous in A.I.F. (Australian Imperial Force) history. We were still a long way from the valley floor when the sun dipped down behind us, but there was a hut at the foot of this ridge, and we had made up our minds to camp there. At dusk clouds formed around us and a fierce tropical storm broke out. In a matter of seconds we were drenched by heavy rain, and vivid lightning played about us, unsettling the horses. The thunder claps were too much reminiscent of bombs too. So we dismounted and gave the horses to the carriers to lead while we pressed on to get a fire going and our steak cooking – a great hunger was on us. About 2000 hrs (8 pm) a hut suddenly loomed up beside the track in a small gully. The rain was still falling in sheets, but luckily now it was quite warm, as we were less than a thousand feet above sea level. The title 'hut' was a misnomer. It was a crazy shanty leaning to one side with a leaking roof, and no walls, so that the rain blew right through it. The question was how to light a fire. Being smokers we had kept our matches dry, but there wasn't any dry wood in this deluge, so we chopped up part of the flooring of the shanty. This wood was dry inside. Then, crouching in the rain, we sheltered a spot just under the floor and, after many minutes, a tiny flame appeared. It looked good that little flame, but then to our horror it vanished. As we moved we slushed in water – the creek in the gully was now a roaring flood. With feelings too deep for words we walked up the bank of the gully. However, the water subsided as quickly as it rose and, while the bois settled themselves and the horses, we got a fire going on the floor of the hut, cooked our steak and dried our clothes. Next morning we had a few scraps for breakfast and hurried on. It's amazing how you nearly kill yourself with the urgency to get to a destination, there to find yourself held up maddeningly by circumstances outside your control. The first few hours on horseback had ruined Karl, and now he walked leading his horse. He walked all the way to Madang and back, a long, forced march, yet he had been rejected for military service because of varicose veins. We came to a river in the afternoon which was too fast and deep to ford. We sat there on its stony bank – some of the Madang refugees, Kenwood in charge of supplies and Rogers of W.R. Carpenters. We were pretty hungry at this stage of the game and yelled out for them to

send a native over with some food. (The natives could cross a river when a white man couldn't). So over came some tinned stuff and a packet of 'boi' biscuits. Maggots were disporting themselves in and out of the holes in the biscuits, but we brushed the little blokes off and downed them – the biscuits I mean. Later we crossed and found plenty of supplies. The track led down the flat Ramu Valley through high kangaroo grass as level as a wheat field. It was an ideal place for aerodromes. And so for four more days Norm and I sat our horses, and Karl strode grimly on, until we came to Bogadjim, later a big Jap base. The last day of the journey was through rainforest of the foothills, hard going, until we came to the coastal flat. Here the track went through a rubber plantation with old gnarled trees planted during the German occupation of New Guinea, on one side, and slim young trees, their bark scarred by innumerable cuts, on the other. We camped that night in a hut on the beach, and next day went to Madang in a small schooner, a trip of about 20 miles. Journey's end – it wouldn't be long now we thought.

Madang was a deserted village. In peace time it was a thing of beauty, but alas! not a joy forever. The red and green roofed houses quartered by white coral paths, shaded by the green fronds of the stately coconuts, and all about the deep blue of the harbour. Now it was torn with bomb craters: houses were desolate, and silence hung heavily over all.

Our destination was really Alexishafen, so on we went. A reef ran about a mile offshore for the eight miles north to another beautiful harbour. Between the mainland and the reef were about forty small islands, crowned with coconuts, and with native villages on some. Submerged reefs made it a trap for the unwary. Arriving at Alexishafen we first of all went to pay our respects to Bishop Wolf (later interned by the Japs and killed whilst being taken from Manus Is. to Hollandia). He was a fine old gentleman who lived only for his mission. Alexishafen was a monument to missionary zeal, self-sacrifice and persevering labour. The cathedral built of N.G. hardwoods and materials obtained locally, and accommodating at a pinch 2,000 would be surpassed by few churches in Australia. Later destroyed in a bombing raid, it was valued at 100,000 pounds (\$200,000) by Sydney architects.

There were numerous and maddening delays, and most serious being the poor condition of the Fox itself. It was hidden in the jungle and when we uncovered it and Karl swung the prop it 'spun nothing', as Pidgin would put it. There just wasn't any compression. (sticking valves due to not being used – Jim Hoile note). The engine was in a shocking state: apparently it had been flown to a stand-still without maintenance or repair. Karl was very disappointed, and said that it was quite unairworthy, and that he could never sign it out without a major overhaul – we had neither time nor tools for that. However, it was do or die, so he decided to do his best with it, and then see what revs we could get out of it. There again the masterly skill and magic touch of Karl came into evidence. With make-shift tools he worked for days and finally got some compression in each cylinder, and enough revs to make her fly. Even then it was a sick engine, and he estimated its life at about ten hours.

We decided to take it back to Wau, and there fit a spare which had been salvaged from a crash in the Black Cat Gap. (Note from Jim Hoile. I got this engine out of a Fox Moth that Fred Bryce had crashed there and had it stored in a boi house belonging to Harry O'Kane. It was a recently overhauled engine. I left the engine at the Gap because the Japs had destroyed the MAL workshops at Salamaua. I went from the Black Cat into Wau where I took over the maintenance of the other Fox that Fred Bryce used to fly about the place in those days. I had several trips with him. Later Fred flew the Fox to Australia where DCA grounded it). First we had to get the Fox to Madang, because the strip at Alexishafen was unserviceable. The Japs were over frequently, and dropped bombs about once a week. A landing might take place any day too. There was a small detachment of the NGVR at Madang, and

they gave us every assistance.

We borrowed two small row boats from the mission, lashed them together, then lashed a platform of planks on top of them. The Fox was then wheeled on to this platform and tied down. Johnny Young, a free lance trader and recruiter towed our 'carrier' one dark night to the strip at Madang with his pinnace. We had to go at night for fear of Jap recce planes. A strong wind sprang up the night we made the journey, and a fairly heavy sea was coming in through a passage in the long reef. The 'carrier' pitched and rolled alarmingly, and it looked certain that, even if we didn't lose the plane, it would be damaged beyond repair. Somehow or another it just didn't happen, and slowly but surely we made the calmer water.

We put the Fox ashore a few hundred yards from the strip, and concealed it under some trees. There was still work to be done on it, but we fixed daylight three days ahead as 'H' hour. The old bus was chewing up oil, so I had to take a few gallons back with me. Karl in the end decided to walk in order to lighten the load as much as possible. We had been three weeks at Madang altogether, and during our stay there we learned of the Jap landings at Lae and Salamaua. A long threat had come at last! In a sense that cut us off: left out on a limb, especially as Jap air patrols came up the Markham from Lae every morning, and we had heard Tokyo radio boast that they now controlled the air over the Markham and Bulolo Valleys. Still the 'air' is a pretty big expanse and a Fox Moth only a speck.

I will never forget those last days at Madang. The weather was perfect and the trip from Mr Tom Schilling's house (where we were staying with some of the NGVR) across the harbour to the strip, was a never-ending delight. It was so peaceful and so utterly calm. It was hard to realise that the Yellow Peril brooded over this sunlit, tropical strand.

Anyway the day came and we were at the strip with the Fox, an hour before daylight. The drome was quite a good one, long with a hard coral surface. However it was overgrown with grass now, and long poles had been planted on both sides, leaving only a narrow strip down the centre, which was blocked off by obstacles. It was decided not to cut the grass lest the Japs see it and savee at once that it was in use, and hence be on our trail, and also 'lay more eggs' around Madang. The idea was to remove the obstacles and take off at the first glimmer of light, then replace the obstacles. Hitherto I had been considered much too inexperienced to fly a Fox, even under the most favourable conditions. It was funny now to fly one in half light on the equivalent to a roadway lined on either side with telegraph poles. At this stage of the game I was either very confident or else past carin' – I really can't say which.

(Jim Hoile comment. I think he had a ton of guts. I later became a pilot myself in the RAAF. In his situation my knees would have been knocking).

So I taxied up to the far end and against the coconuts, spun 'er round, and let 'er rip. It ran as straight as a gun barrel, and was soon airborne. With a big smile I looked down at the air speed indicator to see what speed we were making. *(Jim Hoile comment. The air speed indicator is a very important flying instrument.)* It probably had 'binatangs' or something in the pitot head. Karl or someone should have checked it by gently blowing in it prior to take off, but that can easily be forgotten). To my horror the needle remained on zero: it wasn't working! The last thing I had wanted to do was to land amongst those darned telegraph poles, because visibility when landing a 'Fox' is poor, and then there was my 'bete noir' inexperience. As I

automatically banked over the harbour and headed back for the mountains, I was given furiously to think – to go or not to go! To fly into the mountains with their cloud and rain, and early morning mist without an air speed indicator? I banked again and came in over the coconut fronds for the landing. The watchers on the ground wondered what had gone wrong. Karl's experienced eye noticed my flying speed just above the stall. I don't remember much about that landing, except that the poles remained undamaged. Karl soon found the cause of the trouble – a wasp had built its mud house in the tube leading to the indicator – that 'pilot' business: can't think at the moment what it is (pitot) – and had gummed up the works. Karl ungummed them and away the Fox scampered for another go. This time the grass took a hand. It kept tugging at the undercarriage and threatening to pull the Fox on her nose. I had to pull up and go back again. The next attempt was the same. The NGVR men were getting impatient. It was now 0700 hours, and the Japs could be along any minute. I was savage with my Lady Luck, and determined to get off if it took me all day, and anyway blast the Japs. Third time was lucky and away we went. Got across the Ramu Valley with a wary eye on the Markham in the distance on the left. (The Markham and Ramu are in the one great valley but they flow in opposite directions). All quiet and we touched down on Kainantu to the great joy of the worried folk up there. They were expecting the Japs to march straight up the Markham and climb the mountain into this healthy, fertile region. The men were either too old or medically unfit for military service, and had only a small, though varied, number of weapons. We found out months later that the Japs did set out up the Markham, but phenomenal floods drove them back. The Providence of God seemed to be watching over us.

We concealed the Fox alongside the Spartan, and there they lay in bananas side by side, until Karl came back. To our surprise he did the trip in five days, and extraordinarily good effort. (A message from Bulolo was waiting for me saying that, under no circumstances, was I to return to Wau). So I sent a signal to Wau and to Port Moresby saying that I was back in Kainantu with two planes, and was awaiting instructions. In the meantime Karl got to work on the Fox and I made a couple of flights to Mt Hagen in the Spartan. The Fox had a spare tank normally, but this had been torn out in a hurry (it had been then fitted into the Klemm for the panic flight to Australia). Fortunately the pump and other fittings remained, so we decided to install another spare tank. The only material available was sheet iron belonging to Pastor Campbell. One who was of great help to Karl, and a very obliging gentleman at all times was Mr Jack Peacock. We needed odds and ends of things, such as rubber and copper tubing which are easy enough to get in the ordinary community, but rather scarce in the isolated mountains of New Guinea. Karl and Jack then made the spare tank – it held about twenty five gallons – and fitted it into the front compartment of the Fox: the pump was in the pilot's cockpit – it worked perfectly. A greater difficulty was the oil. The sump held only two gallons, and we found that its rate of consumption was roughly a gallon an hour. The old Gypsy

seemed to like oil. It was impossible to make or fit a spare oil tank, but, finally, we solved the problem by fitting a piece of rubber hose (found in an abandoned mine) to the sump, then running it back into the passengers' compartment where Karl sat armed with a pannikin, funnel and a drum of oil. That worked satisfactorily in test too!

In the meantime I had made a couple of flips to Mt Hagen, about 120 miles further inland (almost due west). To get there one flew out of the Upper Ramu Valley across the divide into the Bena Bena Valley. Then from the Bena Bena across the Chimbu Divide, into the Wahgi Valley, then along the Wahgi to the Mt Hagen Valley. Mountains with peaks rising to 15,000 feet ran on either side. The divides were from 7,000 to 8,000 feet high. The Spartan had an absolute ceiling of 7,400 feet, so that crossing the Chimbu divide I had to thread a path between the highest features. (Jim Hoile comment. All this by an inexperienced pilot is incredible – only a priest could have done it). The Purari River ran south from the Bena Bena plateau – this river became well known through the exploratory work of the Papuan Patrol Officer, Jack Hide. The Plateaus look comparatively flat from the air, but those who have walked over them know differently. Off I beetled one morning for Hagen. I had a general knowledge of the terrain from maps and personal descriptions, and knew the Wahgi – Hagen end from personal experience -



Father John Glover with the Gypsy Moth in which he attempted to fly to Australia. From *"Wings of Gold"* 1978

had the compass bearing of course. The 'road' constructed under the guidance of the patrol officer, ran like a yellow ribbon on the rich green background. Sometimes it disappeared from view, but it was always there somewhere, a very handy guide. We beetled through rather than over the Chimbu Divide, and on into the amazingly high Wahgi Valley. Stretched below for miles were the natives' gardens, varying in size from half an acre to an acre, and laid out mathematically in cubes (approximately eight feet long and five feet wide, speaking from memory). Some were of freshly turned earth, others were recently overgrown with grass, and of others again only the bare outline in the grass could be seen. There were three settlements in the valley, a Government post, a Catholic mission and a Lutheran mission each having its own airstrip. I landed on the Government strip in the Mt Hagen Valley – Mogai. The Government post, really the Patrol Officer's house, was set in a magnificent garden of lawns and flowers running parallel with the strip for 1,100 yards. The Catholic mission was only a few hundred yards away: Fathers Ross and Bernarding, two Americans, were there. Danny Leahy had seen or heard the plane come in from his home a few miles away on top of a hill, and he came riding down to investigate. Danny was the only white man apart from Missionaries and patrol officers allowed to live in the Bena Bena, Wahgi or Mt Hagen areas. This was because he and his brother Mick had discovered this stone-age country about 1932. Up till then the natives, splendid physical specimens, had never seen a white man, steel or anything of that nature. Their weapons and tools were made of either stone or wood. They thought Mick and Danny Leahy were white gods. It is a strange thing that their folk-lore is very similar to ours, e.g. they have the story of Tom Thumb much the same as we have it.

The Fathers and Danny were naturally very surprised to see the Spartan and myself. I gave them the latest gossip, refueled and flew back in the afternoon to Kainantu. Coming over the Gov-

ernment post I thought to frolic a little, so I cut the engine and put the Spartan into a steep glide straight at the huts used as offices and store houses. Then about 200 feet away I gunned the motor which back fired a little, and pulled out of the dive. White and brown figures left those huts in an awful hurry sprinting for the slip trenches. To see the Spartan cause such a panic was rather funny, however, on landing I was met with a certain coolness from some – my fooling they considered was not in the best of taste. I still thought it was funny. Made a second trip to Mogai, taking some badly needed supplies. On the way back in the afternoon coming to the Chimbu Divide I could see a great black was ahead – rain and lots of it. I wanted to get back for fear that Karl and the others would think I had come to a sticky end, but 'no see, no go'. Anyway, I circled around for half an hour, hoping for a break in the murk, but it only grew blacker. So I headed back for Mogai, which lay to the left of the Hagen Valley. As I came out of the Wahgi and bore left for Mogai, another grey-black wall of rain rose up in front, or rather swept towards me. I couldn't fly around it, both because of the mountains on either side and lack of fuel. Couldn't go back of course – I could have landed but that was certain to damage, if not wreck the Dingbat, and that was out of the question. Yes, you've guessed it – I went into the murk. Had no blind flying instruments of course, but fortunately one of the Patrol Officers, George Greathead, had made a wide road bordered with double rows of rich-hued tropical shrubs, running for many miles out of Mogai and into the Wahgi. I had often admired it: now I blessed it. Took the Dingbat down to zero altitude, opened the throttle wide and fixed my eyes and attention on the road. Then the rain and wind hit us slewing the Dingbat quarter on to the storm, as I held it on the road. The rain soaked me to the waist and nearly blinded me, and that darned country wasn't flat either. Three or four times the road slipped out of sight into hollows, and then suddenly swept up over a rise. The Dingbat reacted violently. This lasted about ten minutes, and then suddenly the green grass of the drome was below and the rain lightened. I couldn't set down quickly enough. Father Ross and Danny Leahy came up as the Dingbat was being put to bed for the night. "Did you run into some rain?" they asked casually.

Next morning after the morning mist had risen, we went back to Kainantu to find that Karl, the old warrior, was not worried. He said heavy rain had come down there all afternoon, and he didn't expect me back.

Eight days had gone past, the Fox was ready and no word had come from either Wau, Bulolo or Port Moresby so we had a round table conference. There was some disagreement as to what I should do with the planes. Not that it mattered, because I could see the only sensible course to pursue with all these helpless civilians stranded there. It was decided that Karl and I take the Fox to Mt Hagen – Mogai and thence to Horn Island, just off Cape York, and from thence to the first big town from where we could contact the Government and make arrangements for rescue planes to fly in to Mogai. In the meantime everyone except Sister Taffy Jones was to walk to Mogai – I was to fly her there in the Spartan. Sister Jones weighed less than 120 lbs, so, with a few of her belongings aboard, we set off for Mogai one morning, as soon as the fog lifted. The fog was bad all the way to the Chimbu Divide, which we found was just a white wall of cloud. For three quarters of an hour we dodged around lumps of cloud in the Bena Bena Valley, waiting for the divide to clear, but no luck,

so I went home to Kainantu. Many a joyful out-going maketh a sorrowful home-coming saith some wise guy. This was one of the many. Do you remember that wire rope stretched across the drome to trap Jap planes? They would lower it flat on the ground whenever I came in to land. Now the tail-skid on the Spartan was a home-made concern, curving forward instead of back - it would have been alright for landing on a 'flat top'. On this particular morning the ole Dingbat must have decided to play 'carriers', because it caught the tail-skid in that rope and both the landing run and the Dingbat came to an abrupt conclusion. The old bus went over on its nose, breaking the prop and a small voice came from below 'Are you alright?' Then slowly the Dingbat settled by the stern – back on that misfit of a tail-skid, and we climbed out. I was beyond words: it was the end of the Dingbat as far as we were concerned. Taffy thought we had reached our destination – bless her heart. She was quite surprised to see the Kainantu crowd come running up. And that's how little "Taffy" came to walk the 120 miles to Mt Hagen. (Later in Australia she was rejected from the A.A.W.S. because of flat feet).



Reverend Father John Glover, the fearless missionary whose audacious flight across the New Guinea mountains saved many Australian lives

So Karl loaded up the Fox with spare oil, tools and our personal gear. The next morning we were to leave for Mogai, spend two days there on a final check-over on the Fox, then off to Horn Island.

The first attempt to take off ended in the long grass on the end of the runway. So Karl and I tossed out most of our personal gear, including firearms and gave it another go. This time we took off from the opposite end, and there wasn't going to be any pulling, because the strip ended on the bank of the river we just had to get off. The Fox lifted off a few yards from the edge and we were away. The journey was uneventful, and we landed safely on Mogai.

Karl got to work cleaning and adjusting everything he possibly could, and I studied a school atlas – the big navigator you know. We drew a line from Mt Hagen to Horn, and I noticed where we crossed over the Fly Estuary, and what islands were off the coast and across Torres Strait. The morning of the third day we were ready. Both tanks were chockfull of petrol and Karl had three gallons of oil and his pannikin in the front cabin. The engine was running smoothly enough, but had no punch, and we were worried about its ability to take off at 6,000 feet with such a load. – Karl was tall and solidly built. Little Father Ross, with his long grey beard and cheery smile, said confidently that we would make it. Neither of us had ever been over the route before, but the weather was good and we hoped that the compass at least would get us there.

About midday the Fox lifted off with enough to spare, and we climbed steadily to 8,000 feet then settled down on the compass bearing. Karl waited half an hour then commenced his long task. It took him three hours to pour those three gallons, pannikin at a time, into the funnel on the rubber hose and thence into the sump. The oil kept 'blowing back' and Karl was soon black and greasy. After an hour I commenced pumping a little at a time over the next two hours, until the spare tank was empty. We flew steadily on course for two hours, and sighted the Fly River. Karl turned and smiled through the small opening between the cabin and the cockpit – I grinned back happily. An open sea and no rocks! Another half hour and the Fly was behind us, but now dark clouds and rain loomed ahead with what seemed a break close to the ground. Karl pointed to the left where in the distance behind moving streaks of cloud there appeared glimpses of a beach and a couple of houses – tiny, like dolls. He yelled back telling me to land on the beach, be-

cause his experienced eye could see trouble ahead, but my heart was set on reaching Horn in one leap. I feared an accident on a strange beach in a strange craft, so, disregarding Karl's wise advice and his personal feelings, I kept the Fox on her course. Soon we were in a pocket of rain and cloud with the only visibility right beneath us. So we circled round and down, losing altitude till we were only 2,000 feet above the jungle and we could see native huts and natives moving about in a clearing. The weather seemed to be thinner now towards the coast so on we went and out to sea towards an island. Our route on the map lay over an island just off the coast, so I thought we were on the straight and narrow. I didn't know then that there was a strong wind on our quarter upstairs, and that we were well off our course down towards the Dutch border.

Ignorance is bliss! We climbed steadily to about 7,000 and I kept looking below for all the islands we were supposed to be crossing over on the way to Horn Island. After a while a small one appeared below and we kept steadily on. But there was nothing ahead and I began to realise that we were lost. An hour had gone since leaving the coast and what with the time lost circling around looking for a break we had been in the air more than four hours. At that rate, if we turned back now we would still be half an hour out at sea when the petrol and oil ran out. I looked below and the 'drink' was not inviting, but I hated to have to turn back, so I kept going, hoping to see land ahead any tick of the clock. Then Karl scribbled a note and passed it "Is Horn Island ahead?" I wrote "Don't know!" Then he wrote "Do you know where we are?" and passed it back. Again I wrote "No! I don't", and returned it. Never shall I forget his face. Even through the oil I could see the pallor of his skin and his brown eyes were gleaming pools of helpless rage. There was no need for him to tell me later that his one consuming desire at that moment was to sock me with a spanner. Then he wrote another note "No more oil, engine overheating". It was my turn to feel sick. There was nothing else for it but to turn back. Defeat was bitter in my mouth, but fear of the vast stretch of sea was there too. I was badly scared. There was that tiny island we had passed over, but it was barren and we might easily die of hunger or thirst even if we survived the landing. So I throttled well back, put the nose down a little and went in a long power glide for the mainland, now out of sight. Luckily that wind was behind us now, and we flew on and on gradually losing height but land was in sight. A strip of land showed on the left (only mangroves ahead to the right) so we headed there, and after a while were skimming along a beach about 30 feet wide and rather steep. Picking out a straight stretch ahead I sat the Fox down between high tide mark and the water. Fortunately it was low tide, and the landing was alright, no damage, and Karl and I shook hands. We had been in the air over five hours – forget the exact time now. That land felt awfully good. The sun was setting so we spread our mosquito net alongside the fuselage, ate a little of our emergency rations, and lay down in the sand. Karl had a rigor – malaria was the end of a perfect day, and that's the story.

The subsequent happenings, the trip across Torres Straight in a native canoe, small boat and then lugger. Our arrival at Thursday Island and the long trip to Melbourne. Then the long heart-breaking task of getting a rescue expedition organised. And finally our landing with two Qantas D.H. 86's on Mogai and the flying out, in relays, of 79 personnel, both Army and civilian. But all that is another story. The Fox? It was later salvaged by a patrol officer, Gus O'Donnell, from Daru, and taken to Moresby from whence the R.A.A.F. (now back again from the mainland) took it without a by-your-leave, and shipped it to Australia. Karl is back with Guinea Airways, and I'm with the Salt of the Earth – Infantry Unit of the 6th Div. A.I.F.

FINIS.

The Unit Father Glover refers to above was the 2/1st Infantry

Battalion, 6th Division.

Father Glover, Captain Glover, Padre, served with them until Wars end.

That is the conclusion of the manuscript written by Fr Glover.

A summary of his official War Records shows that he enlisted in NGVR on 14th Feb, 1942, as a Warrant Officer, and transferred to ANGAU on 7th March, 1942, the day before the Japanese landed at Lae & Salamaua. he was discharged on 19th February, 1946.

He was appointed Acting Lt on 7 Mar, 1942 and was appointed Temporary Captain (Chaplain) shortly thereafter.

His Certificate of Service No 24159 states.

Served full time war service in:

CMF from 14 Feb, 1942 to 21 Mar, 1943;

AIF from 22 Mar 1943 to 19 Feb, 1946;

Total effective days 1467, including 883 days on active service in Australia and 584 days overseas;

War Badge number: A265074.

He was born in Perth, WA on 4th July, 1909.

To quote now from "Unsung Heroes & Heroines", an article written by David Millar.

"Their reception was far from the rapturous one they were expecting. No-one believed that they had flown over the Owen Stanleys in a Moth, that Nagy was not a German spy, and that Father Glover was a man of the cloth. Despite their protestations and appeals for urgency, the suspicious Australians locked the two airmen in a cell. Then one of those remarkable coincidences occurred. When their captors radioed the mainland for instructions, the senior officer at the other end recognised Glover's name – they had been to school together back in Wangaratta.

Released from prison, Father Glover flew on to Australia, where Qantas agreed to fly in two DH 86s with Father Glover aboard, and to snatch the refugees from Mogai. The planes flew in and out undetected, and all the refugees were rescued.

Sadly, what the Japanese were unable to do, the flying conditions of New Guinea were able to achieve. In 1948, while



Photo previous page. Father John Glover with aircraft at Sydney airport.

landing a plane at the Catholic Mission at Mingende, Father Glover was killed. His memorial there reads:-

"In everlasting memory of an heroic man of God who, in the dark days of 1942, organised and personally flew an airlift of nearly 100 people from the Highlands to safety in Australia"

James Sinclair's book "Balus- The Aeroplane in Papua New Guinea" mentions his post-war flying.

"He flew an ex-RAAF Tiger Moth VH-BXA, until wrecked in a crash near Kegsugl strip in July, 1947. Kegsugl was a tiny Mission airstrip, altitude 2,590 metres, was then reputed to be the second highest airstrip in the world. VH-XBA was a tough little plane and was successfully rebuilt.

In January, 1947, the Catholic Mission purchased a DH 84 Dragon VH-AMO, and it was flown by Father Glover. A second Dragon VH-ADE, was purchased by the Mission in December, 1947, and was ferried to PNG by Father Glover.

On 31st December, 1948, Father Glover crashed on landing at Mingende, in Dragon VH-AMO and was killed instantly.. Adrian Leydon, in a short letter mentions:-

"I seem to remember hearing around Lae Airstrip at the time that cause of crash was that he landed downwind. Refer to his remarks in first paragraph of page 2 of his narrative made when he was learning to fly".

What a wonderful story and how lucky are we to have been able to obtain this narrative, which, as has been said before, was rescued from a waste paper basket at Cootamundra, NSW.

COUNTRY PREACHER

The country preacher had a teenage son, and it was getting time for the boy to give some thought to choosing a profession. Like many young men his age, the boy didn't really know what he wanted to do, and he didn't seem too concerned about it. One day, while the boy was away at school, his father decided to try an experiment. He went into the boy's room and placed on his study table four objects:-

1. A Bible
2. A Two Dollar coin
3. A bottle of Whisky
4. And a Playboy magazine.

"I'll just hide behind the door" the old preacher said to himself "When he comes home from school today, I'll see which object he picks up.

If it's a bible, he's going to be a preacher like me, and what a blessing that would be!

If he picks up the 2 dollar coin, he's going to be a business man, and that would be okay also.

But if he picks up the bottle, he's going to be a no-good drunken bum, and Lord, what a shame that would be.

And worst of all, if he picks up that magazine he's going to be a skirt-chasing womanizer.

The old man waited anxiously, and soon hears his son's footsteps as he entered the house whistling and headed for his room.

The boy tossed his books on the bed, and, as he turned to leave the room he spotted the objects on the table. With curiosity in his eye, he walked over to inspect them.

Finally he picked up the Bible and placed it under his arm. He picked up the two dollar coin and dropped it into his pocket. He uncorked the bottle and took a big drink

While he admired this month's centrefold.

"Lord have mercy" the old preached disgustedly whispered,

HE IS GOING TO RUN FOR PARLIAMENT.



PIR trooping the colour at Taurama Barracks, Port Moresby, late 1950's. Photos courtesy Bruce Crawford



TROOPING THE COLOUR

Trooping the colour is derived from the Roman custom of parading the eagle each night on coming into camp.

The origin of the ceremony of trooping was concerned with the lodging of the colour and as early as the 16th century at least one company's colour was always placed in safe keeping in the ensign's quarters, or some other safe place, at the conclusion of a days parade or when on active service, after a days fighting.

By the 17th century, the ceremony consisted of the colour being displayed from the ensign's quarters and the battalion would march past as the men would know, in case of alarm, the place of their rallying point.

The ceremony of Trooping the Colour, which in its "present form, originated in 1755, derives its name from the musical troop, or tune that was played during the ceremony of the lodging of the colour and hence the name changed from lodging to trooping.

The colour was marched along the lines of troops in slow time with the same aim, to impress it upon the soldiers' memories that they might always recognise it in battle and so know their place and rallying point.

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

MELBOURNE SHRINE OF REMEMBRANCE

SHRINE GUARD

Since 1935 the Shrine Guards have carried the responsibility of guarding the Shrine of Remembrance on behalf of generations of Victorians.

At the opening of the Shrine, 11 Nov 1934, the then Chief Commissioner of Police, Thomas Blamey, appointed a select



group of men to look after the site. From 250 Victorian Police who applied, twelve highly decorated veterans of WW1

were selected for this honour. Lt George Ingram, Winner of the Victoria Cross, was the most highly decorated member and became the unofficial leader of the Shrine Guards.

Two Senior Constables were added to the contingent to become Officers in Charge.

For over 75 years Shrine Guards have proudly worn the uniform of the Light Horse Infantry. Limited additions have been allowed to the uniform since it was adopted.

The Shrine Guards dual security and ceremonial duties at the Shrine have not changed greatly since 1935. They have maintained a vigil throughout WW11, the Vietnam and Korean Wars and subsequent conflicts and peacekeeping which have seen Australian Servicemen and Women serve and make the supreme sacrifice.

They have witnessed many changes in the community and the extent of activities at the Shrine. Within their own organisation Guards have undergone many changes. The provision that the Guards would be recruited from those who had seen active service was removed in 1970. In 1990 recruitment from the Victorian Police ceased and men were drawn from the Victorian Protective Service Unit, fully trained in Military Drill and equipped to become Shrine Guards. A significant and recent major change in 1995 saw the first appointment of a woman as a Shrine Guard.

The Victoria Police and Protective Officers who have comprised the Shrine Guard for over 75 years are justly proud of their services to the Shrine of Remembrance in protecting the Memorial and memories of Victorians who have died in service and peacekeeping.

Thanks to the Brisbane North Branch, National servicemen's Assn.

The Australian War Memorial has loaned the *Devanha* lifeboat, used to take Australian soldiers ashore at the landing at Gallipoli in 1915 to the Shrine.



1994. HTT Editor Bob Collins, then Chief Manager, Retail Banking Victoria & Sth, Aust., Advance Bank, presents a cheque for \$10,000 to a Trustee of the Shrine to assist with restoration Shrine work as rising damp was becoming a problem. Shrine Guards in photo. Over the past few years the Shrine has undergone extensive renovation with the Galleries of Remembrance being constructed with a \$45m Victorian Govt donation..

Above right— Shrine guards, The Shrine of Remembrance, the *Devanha*

At the end of WW1 the *Devanha* returned to peacetime duties carrying passengers and freight for the P & O shipping line.

Its donation to the AWM was arranged in the 1920s and it remained on display in Canberra for many years. In recent years extensive repair and



conservation work was undertaken to allow it to be displayed in the AWM's former Dawn of the legend exhibition.

The lifeboat will become the centerpiece of the Shrine's new Galleries of Remembrance for the Anzac Centenary commemorations. The only other surviving example of a Gallipoli landing boat—the iconic *Ascot*—will remain at the AWM where it will be incorporated in the Memorial's redeveloped First World War gallery scheduled to open in December this year..

So Where Did Your SLR Come From?

Most of you know already. They were manufactured at the Small Arms Factory, Lithgow. But did you know that there is now a Museum at the factory which provides a very interesting history of it's creation and development over the years since 1909 when work commenced in building the factory.

Lithgow was selected as the site for a Small Arms Factory as the town had a ready supply of coal and in those days, a steel works. In addition, being on the western slopes of the Blue Mountains, over 90 miles from Sydney, it was considered out of reach of naval bombardment. (No cruise missiles then!)

Building commenced in 1909 and tenders for the supply of a complete plant, with which to manufacture the Lee Enfield rifle at a rate of 250 a week were invited from the United Kingdom, Europe and the USA. The contract was secured by the Pratt and Whitney Corporation of America for the supply of a complete plant, machine tools, jigs, fixtures and gauges to enable the factory to produce a rifle applying the best principles of the day toward quantity production with semi-skilled labour.

Pratt and Whitney supplied foremanship training at their works in America for six Australian tradesmen as well as supplying the first manager at Lithgow.

The new factory was formally opened on 8th June, 1912, and the first forty Short Magazine Lee Enfield Mk.111 rifles were com-

pleted in May 1913. Following the outbreak of war in 1914, production rose to 1600 rifles per week.

By 1943, employment at Lithgow had grown to 6,000 and a further 6,000 were employed at Bathurst and Orange and other feeder factories allowing a weekly production of 4,000 rifles, 150 Bren and 50 Vickers machine guns. From late 1944 production was curtailed and during the following two years all factories were closed except the parent factory at Lithgow.

In 1954 the Australian Government adopted the 7.62mm LiAi (based on the FAL produced by the Fabrique d'Armes de Guerre of Herstal, Belgium). This involved the entire re-organisation of the factory including new buildings, machinery and plant. Tooling up for the new rifle commenced in 1956 with the first deliveries to the services in 1959. Production of the L1A1 ceased in 1982 with approximately 223,000 rifles plus maintenance spare parts being manufactured.

At the completion of extensive trials in the early 1980's a decision was made to adopt the Austrian 5.56mm AUG Steyr incorporating Australian modifications. Production commenced during 1987. By then the Lithgow SAF became the Lithgow Facility of ADI Weapons and Engineering Division. There were around 900 persons employed at the factory during the late 1980's. The first deliveries of the new rifle, designated 5.56mm Austeyr F88, was made during 1988 and at the completion of the contract around 1995/6, 76,000 were delivered to the Australian Armed services and 10,000 to the New Zealand Army.

In addition to rifle manufacture the Lithgow SAF has also manufactured a great variety of military weapons and ordnance. These included: F1 sub-machine carbines, Minimi F89 light support weapon, 66mm Launcher Rockets, 2in Mortars and Bombs, 105mm Sabot rounds for the Leopard Tanks, Phalanx Rounds, Track Shoes for APCs and Leopard Tanks, Trip Flares and Wires.

The factory also manufactures a wide range of items for the civilian market including: Slazenger sporting rifles and Shotguns, Coal Picks, Sewing Machines, Pruning Shears, Sunbeam Mixmasters, Tractor components, Slazenger Golf Clubs, Victa Mower components, SAFLOK handcuffs and locomotive components.

Tours of the factory museum are open to the public. For further information phone (02) 6351 4452 or fax (02) 6351 4511,



Sikh Soldier makes History as he changes guard at Buckingham Palace.

"Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace yesterday also offered a glimpse into the changing face of Britain. Standing alongside his fellow Scots Guardsmen resplendent in their bearskins was Sikh Jatinderpal Singh Bhullar – the first soldier in his 180-year-old regiment to swap the traditional head-

wear for a turban. Sikhs have guarded the Queen many times before but have always worn the bearskin. The 25-year-old former builder from West Bromwich – who will also be distinguishable from his fellow soldiers in F Company Scots Guards by his beard – had dreamed of joining the Army since learning as a boy that his grandfather had served in the First World War. Guardsman Bhullar has just joined F Company Scots Guards – what is known as an 'incremental company' of soldiers responsible for delivering ceremonial duties in London."

30 August, 1945: Captain Herbert Buchanan, RAN, receives the keys to the Yokosuka naval base



It looks ordered, but the tensions here must have been enormous. Bitter foes coming face-to-face, neither side knowing how the other will react, the Japanese half expecting a massacre.

Thus, within moments, in a sym-

bolic act of Japanese submission, the keys of the huge Yokosuka naval base near Yokohama, are handed to Captain Herbert James Buchanan, RAN, from Melbourne - the CO of destroyer HMAS *Napier* and Commander of the British Pacific Fleet's 7th Destroyer Flotilla - by Commander Yuzo Tanno, the officer in charge of stores at the base

In some ways this is an awkward photograph historically, and one that does not appear in US records.

It is some short time later, before US Rear Admiral Robert B. Carney the U.S. Third Fleet Chief of Staff and Rear Admiral Roger C. Badger arrived on board the cruiser USS *San Diego* to formally receive the surrender of the base on behalf of the US Navy from Vice Admiral Michitomo Totsuka, the base Commander. It should be stressed that US marines had landed elsewhere on the Azuma Peninsula first, and in fact the first probing advance parties of Carney's forces had been landing at defence points around Toyko Bay, and taking over Japanese batteries, for two days hence, since August 28.

Nonetheless, the seizure of Yokosuka was a critical part of the first major landings, and somehow Buchanan - typically of this aggressive and highly decorated destroyer captain - had got to Yokosuka first, striding ashore at the head of a force of some 80 Australian and New Zealand sailors mainly drawn from HMAS *Napier* and her sister ship HMAS *Nizam*.

War Correspondent John Pacini writes"-

"....About 9.45 a.m. [US] marines landed at Azuma Peninsula, and at 10.40 the New Zealanders and Australians landed on the Japanese mainland at the Yokosuka base. Correspondents landed with Captain Buchanan. We left the APD [assault ...destroyer] in the usual type of landing craft, and after a few minutes travel, entered a small basin.

At the end of it, and waiting under a verandah, which was joined to the roof of a storehouse, stood three Japanese. As the landing craft sidled up to the small jetty, Captain Buchanan jumped ashore [making him the first Australian to land in Japan], and, with a guard behind him, went straight to where the three nervous Japanese were standing. They saluted Buchanan, who returned the compliment.

"Then a Japanese standing in the centre of the group bowed low, and handed over a large ring of keys, which opened every door in the area. This Japanese was a Naval Commander, who had been in charge of the stores depots of the base. The men on each side of him were interpreters. A guard of Australian sailors quickly formed up beside the Japanese...[describes dress of landing party]

"A table was erected quickly, and on it were placed the plans of the area which Buchanan studied in conjunction with the Japanese. The interpreters were good, and information was gathered quickly.

Although the landing was British, it might well have been Australian, judging from the scene around the table. The guard was Australian, and the whole of Captain Buchanan's headquarters was composed of Australian naval officers, who had been taken from the destroyers NAPIER and NIZAM. Having made a thorough inspection of the maps, Captain Buchanan and his party began a tour of the area. Large files which the Japanese Commander had brought with him for perusal were handed over to an American Navy interpreter for translation..."

Further on, during a tour of base facilities, Pacini writes of the Japanese apprehension during this first encounter. He says: " Throughout the tour of the area almost all Japanese we saw were perceptibly shaken; and I don't think any of them would have been surprised had we suddenly shot or bayoneted them..."

"....When the Japanese commander realised that no harm was going to come to him, so long as no harm came to us, he began to smile more often. He became even more open with his information, and for a few minutes I was able to speak to him through an interpreter. He told me that the navy desired to attack Australia straight after the fall of Singapore, but the army preferred to move to Australia through New Guinea. The Army won..."

GUINEA AIRWAYS

The discovery of gold in Bulolo Valley of New Guinea saw a rush of aircraft and pilots to Lae in order to service the gold-fields. Supplies, which had previously been carried in by native bearers at prohibitive cost, could now be air-transported. In the first 12 months of operations they carried 250,000kg of cargo and hundreds of passengers, but this paled into insignificance when German Junkers transports were purchased by the mining companies for the purpose of flying in broken down dredge components. The all-metal

Junkers with their corrugated fuselages were unlike anything previously seen in Australia, but they were superb aircraft - tough and powerful with lower maintenance requirements. The Junkers pointed the way to the future in aircraft design, 60 flights a day landed at Wau airport, such were the number of airline companies and aircraft operating at this time, each Junkers made as many as five flights a day, on 21 March 1932, a party was held to celebrate the first day of operations of a 1100 Ton gold dredge flown in bit by bit to Bulolo by the Junkers. By 1933 Guinea Airways had carried some 7,000 tonnes of cargo, including drilling machinery, hydroelectric plant and additional dredges. This airline was carrying quantities of freight far in excess of anything that would be seen until the major airlifts of the Second World War. In the 12 months from Feb 1931 to Feb 1932, **Guinea Airways carried 3947 tonnes of freight and 2607 passengers.** This is an astonishing figure when put in perspective of comparison that the **combined airline services of the UK, France and the USA were recorded as only carrying 2670 tons of freight in the same period!** Seven more dredges were flown in up to 1939, all by air, bit by bit, and by 1942 when the Japanese invasion of New Guinea put an end to civil flying Guinea Airways had carried some 73,480 tonnes of machinery, trucks and equipment.



Loggers in California with the felled giant 'Mark Twain redwood', 1892

At my age, "getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in for.

P.O.W. HELL SHIPS

The book "Conduct Under Fire" by the author John A. Glusman, published in 2005, records on page 642 " in the 7 weeks, the sinking of Rakuyo Maru on 6/9/44 and the sinking of Arisan Maru on 24/10/44 a total of 10,716 Allied POWs died at the hands of US Submarines".

On page 501 Glusman states " As far as the Combined Chiefs were concerned, the plight of POWs in the Pacific wasn't even a consideration. Submarine warfare would continue as it had since Pearl Harbor, when Admiral Harold Stark, Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, issued the order: "Execute Unrestricted Air and Submarine Warfare against Japan." He continues, " The strategic advantage was deemed more important than the prospect of Allied POW deaths."

At FRUMEL in Melbourne the code breakers often knew which ships carried POWs.

The Perth and Brisbane based submarines (Com Sub-So West Pacific), answered to Mc Arthur.

On 1/7/1942 Montevideo Maru carrying 1,050 POWs was sunk by USS Sturgeon. All POWs died in the water.

On 27/9/1942 Lisbon Maru carrying 1,816 Allied POWs was sunk by USS Grouger, 842 died in the water.

On 25/2/1943 Tango Maru carrying 3,500 Allied POWs, was sunk by USS Rasher. 2997 died in the water. Then Rasher sank Ryusei Maru was carrying 4,998 jap soldiers.

ON 24/6/44 Tamahoko Maru carrying 772 POWs was sunk by



One of 3 Junkers destroyed by Japanese

Note the bulky cargo being loaded through the roof of the aircraft.

USS Tang. 560 died in the water.

On 7/9/1944 Shinyo Maru carrying 750 POWs was sunk by USS Paddle. 667 died in the water.

On 12/9/44 Rakuyo Maru and Kachidoki Maru carrying a combined total of 1,635 POWs were sunk by USS Sealion11. A combined total of 1,318 died in the water.

On 24/10/44 Arisan Maru carrying 1,800 POWs was sunk by USS Shark. 1,792 died in the water. The jap destroyer Harukaze then sank the USS Shark.

On 15/12/44 Oryoku Maru carrying POWs was sunk by aircraft off the carrier USS Hornet, killing 250.

On 9/1/1945 Enoura Maru carrying POWs was sunk by aircraft off the Carrier USS Hornet, killing 350.

Thank you Maxwell Hayes.

Accident. Niugini AT 42 at Madang on 19 Oct 2013, over-ran runway on rejected takeoff

An Air Niugini Avions de Transport Regional ATR-42-400 performing a freight flight from Madang to Tanubil with 5 crew, rejected takeoff from Madang's runway 25, but overran the end of the runway and came to a stop in the waters of the Meiro Creek at about 09.00. All three crew were able to exit the aircraft through the cockpit escape hatches, one received minor injuries, all three crew have been released from hospital already. The aircraft received substantial damage. An investigation team has been launched on site.

The French BEA reported that the aircraft accelerated for take-off from runway 25 when upon rotation the nose gear did not lift off the runway, the captain, pilot flying, said in post flight interviews the controls felt very heavy in pitch. The captain rejected takeoff, the aircraft overran the end of the runway, went down a bank of about 3 metres, continued for about 100 metres before the right wing impacted the airport perimeter fence, causing the aircraft to turn about 45 degrees, right hand engine and right outboard wing caught fire, the aircraft slid down into a small creek where it came to rest partly submerged. The cockpit voice and flight data recorder were not submerged and were recovered in good condition.

The investigation is led by the Authorities of PNG.

Follow up By Dorothy Mark. 23 Oct 2013

Settlers near the Madang airport have reported selling nearly K10,000 worth of British American Tobacco products in two days after they looted Air Niugini's ATR Freighter that crashed on Saturday.

Michael Black, a community leader at the nearby Sepik settlement, said youths, at his request, arrived at the scene and helped to rescue three pilots in the aircraft while the plane's right wing was still on fire in the Meiro River.

"We thought there were more people inside and tried to save them all," Black said.

"We risked our lives in saving the three as the plane was very hot and could have exploded.

He said as result of that, he instructed the youths to remove the contents of the plane.

Cartons of tobacco and cigarettes were looted from the plane and were sold in the streets cheaply – K10 per packet (K18 retail) and K30 per gross.

He said Meiro youths bought new bicycles, clothes and shoes with the money they got from selling the cigarettes.

"We, settlers at Meiro, played an important part in assisting in rescuing the three pilots and we deserve to get whatever was

in the plane because I don't think Air Niugini will compensate us for that," Black said.

He said Kuima Security guards were there when the plane crashed and tried to stop them from getting the contents but the settlers overpowered them, saying they had saved lives and the airline had insurance cover.

Black reported they took the pilots' caps and identification cards but returned them yesterday.

He said one of the pilots was an Australian while the other two were Scottish.

Guard Dog Security put up a strong defence on the few remaining wet cigarette and tobacco boxes starting on Saturday night.

The plane is still at the crash site in the river.

Air Niugini and British American Tobacco could not be reached yesterday for further comments.

Good to know the locals still maintain their skills.

SORRY ABOUT THIS

Shotgun wedding - A case of wife or death.

A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

Dancing cheek-to-cheek is really a form of floor play.

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell.

Condoms should be used on every conceivable occasion.

Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.

When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.

A bicycle can't stand on its own because it is two tired.

What's the definition of a will? (It's a dead give away.)

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.

A chicken crossing the road is poultry in motion .

If you don't pay your exorcist, you get repossessed.

With her marriage, she got a new name and a dress.

The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered.

You feel stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.

Local Area Network in Australia ... the LAN down under.

Every calendar's days are numbered.

A lot of money is tainted ... Taint yours and taint mine.

A boiled egg in the morning is hard to beat.

He had a photographic memory that was never developed.

Once you've seen one shopping centre, you've seen a mall.

Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead-to-know basis.

Acupuncture is a jab well done.

America's 1st Aircraft Carrier



Eugene Ely takes his Curtiss pusher airplane off the deck of *USS Birmingham* on 14 November 1910. It was the first airplane takeoff from a warship. He flew for two miles before landing on a Willoughby Spit beach.

It was a big success so they decided to continue the experiment. But this time, a plane had to land on a ship.

On 18 January 1911, Eugene Ely lands with the same plane on *USS Pennsylvania*, making this first landing on a warship in history and a



historical event. His "life vest" was bicycle inner tubes. On October 19, 1911, while flying at an exhibition in Macon, Georgia, his plane was late pulling out of a dive and crashed. Ely jumped clear of the wrecked aircraft, but his neck was broken, and he died a few minutes

later.

In 1933, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross posthumously by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in recognition of his contribution to naval aviation. An exhibit of retired naval aircraft at Naval Air Station Norfolk in Virginia bears Ely's name, and a granite historical marker in Newport News, Virginia, overlooks the waters where Ely made his historic flight in 1910 and recalls his contribution to military aviation, naval in particular. Ely was in the Army National Guard.



Rabaul members of the NGVR who had volunteered for the AIF marching in Rabaul prior to embarkation in Feb 1940. Sgt (later Lt.) Frank Wilson is leading the parade. Frank's story was in HTT Vols 77, 78 & 79

Photo courtesy your Museum at Wacol where there are many such photos.



LAST OF NAVAJO 'CODE TALKERS' DIES IN NEW MEXICO.

The last of 29 Navajo Americans who developed an unbreakable code that helped Allied forces win WW2 has died in New Mexico at the age of 93.

Chester Nez was the last remaining survivor of an original group of 29 Navajo recruited by the US Marine Corps to create a code based on their language that the Japanese could not crack. His son Michael Nez said his father died peacefully in his sleep at their home in Albuquerque.

About 400 code talkers would go on to use their unique battlefield cipher to encrypt messages sent from field telephones and radios throughout the Pacific Theatre during the war. It was regarded as secure from Japanese military code breakers because the language was spoken only in the US Southwest, was

known only to fewer than 30 non-speaking Navajo people and had no written form.

The Navahos' skills, speed and accuracy under fire in ferocious battles from the Marshall Islands to Iwo Jima is credited with saving thousands of US servicemen's lives and helping shorten the war. Their work was celebrated in the 2002 movie "Windtalkers".

The President of the Navajo nation, Ben Shelly, said he had ordered flags to be flown at half mast. "It saddens me to hear the last of the original code talkers has died. We are proud of these young men in defending the country they loved using their Navajo language". Last November the American Veterans Centre honoured Nez for bravery and valour beyond the call of duty.

"I was very proud to say the Japanese did everything in their power to break the code, but they never did" Nez said in an interview with the Stars and Stripes Newspaper the day before receiving his award.

Nez and his young fellow recruits were called communications specialists by the Marines and were taught Morse Code, Semaphore and 'Blinker' a system of lights used to communicate between ships.

The code they developed used Navajo words to substitute for military terms. 'Chay-da-gahi', which translates to 'turtle' came to mean a tank, while 'Gini'. "Chicken Hawk" in English, became a 'dive bomber'. America was 'Ne-ha=ma' "our mother". The code talkers served in all six Marine Divisions and 13 were killed in WW2,

Nez also served two more years during the Korean War. He retired in 1974 from his job as a painter.

The marriage of an 80 year old man and a 20 year old woman was the talk of the town. After being married a year, the couple went to the hospital for the birth of their first child. The attending nurse came out of the delivery room to congratulate the old gentleman and said, 'This is amazing. How do you do it at your age?' The old man grinned and said, 'You got to keep the old motor running. The following year, the couple returned to the hospital for the birth of their second child. The same nurse was attending the delivery and again went out to congratulate the old gentleman. She said, 'Sir, you are something else. How do you manage it?' The old man grinned and said, 'You gotta keep the old motor running..' A year later, the couple returned to the hospital for the birth of their third child. The same nurse was there for this birth also and, after the delivery, she once again approached the old gentleman, smiled, and said, 'Well, you surely are something else! How do you do it?' The old man replied, 'It's like I've told you before, you gotta keep the old motor running.' The nurse, still smiling, patted him on the back and said: 'Well, I guess it's time to change the oil. This one's black.

Email received by Secretary, Colin Gould, MBE.

Dear Colin,
(Secretary Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Association)

RE: Invitation to members PNGVRA to Frank Hurley: Journeys into Papua Exhibition opening invitation

It was lovely to talk with you today about PNGVRA and PNG



Australians of the Imperial Camel Corps form up at Rafa, Egypt.

Picture: Frank Hurley, 26 January 1918

stories in general. As discussed, I am writing to invite you and your members to the official opening of the exhibition: Frank Hurley: Journeys into Papua exhibition at 1 – 2pm, Saturday October 4 at the Pine Rivers Heritage Museum. The exhibition is touring from the Australian Museum and features a selection of 80 framed photographic works from the Australian Museum archives, some of which have never before appeared on public display.

Hurley's two Papuan expeditions between 1921 and 1923 yielded several thousand glass plate negatives and more than 800 artefacts. In 1927, Hurley sold over 700 of his Papuan negatives and lanternslides to the Australian Museum, which already held the artefacts from his second expedition.

To complement this exhibition, a private collection of Papua New Guinean artefacts will also be on display. This never seen before collection is made up of wooden masks and statues, weaponry, personal effects and textiles.

The guest Speaker is Professor Chris Lee, Head of School of Humanities Griffith University, who will talk about his recent work repatriating Frank Hurley photos amongst the Kereho and Urama tribes in the gulf country of Papua New Guinea, as well as Frank Hurley's diaries of which he co-edited.

The exhibition dates are from October 3 to November 30, 2014. Please see link below for full details:

<https://www.moretonbay.qld.gov.au/general.aspx?id=4294968369>

I would be delighted if you and your members could attend, thank you for offering to put the opening in your newsletter, much appreciated. Hopefully I will catch up with you next weekend at the Open Day.

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Kind regards,
Justyne Wilson
Venue Supervisor - Pine Rivers Heritage Museum
Community Services, Arts & Heritage
Moreton Bay Regional Council.

P: 34807172 Fax: 32857412 M: 0437260552

W: <http://www.moretonbay.qld.gov.au/pinerivers-museum/>



Road from Kavieng, New Ireland, built by the Germans, 1914

EXERCISE 'STEEL TUFF' 9 RQR

The annual exercise to find the best Section in 9 RQR was held at Gallipoli Barracks, Enoggera, on the weekend 5/6/7 Aug, 2014. 5 Sections nominated for the event, 2 from D Coy (Bundaberg, Maryborough, Gympie, Yandina), 2 from B Coy (Enoggera) and one composite Coy.

9 RQR has been adversely affected by a recent re-organisation in which it lost its strongest Company, C Coy (Loganlea) to 25/49 RQR. The re-org was designed to allocate depots on a North and South of the Brisbane River. 25/49 RQR has now been relocated to the new depot recently constructed at Greenbank.

The weekend consisted of a variety of military skills, weapon handling, patrolling, ambushes etc, a written test as well as the testing of weapon skills in the electronic weapon simulator theatre.

It is incredible that this theatre can simulate firing of the Steyr and Minimi infantry weapons, but also can be used for calling down mortar fire, anti-tank weapon fire and artillery fire as well.

The Section Corporals in this exercise, as well as having to control their section fire, actually called down artillery fire to protect their position.

For us old timers s Section Corporal calling in artillery fire is quite an incredible step forward for the military.

Unfortunately the medal presentation day on Sunday clashed with another event the Assn had agreed to participate in—an annual .303 rifle competition shoot at Boonah in which President Phil Ainsworth and a number of our members take part, so only Vice President, Bob Collins and C'tee Member Tony Boulter were able to attend the presentation.

The winning section was from D Coy, Bundaberg, as was the runner up section. The winning section comprised:-

8217986 Cpl L.M. Hart
8553224 L/Cpl M.R. Petersen
8532023 Pte V.B. Gillard
8557040 Pte J.C. Long
8578575 Pte M.W. Doohan
8552578 Pte J.N. McElligott
8589265 Pte K.R. Thorburn
8546945 Pte I.F. Lenkett and are shown in the photo below

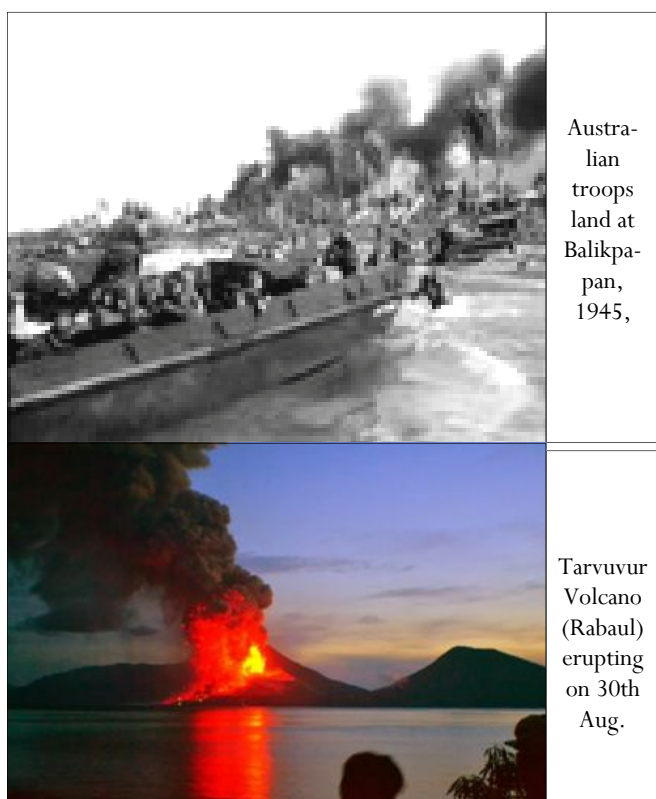


A blonde pushes her BMW into a gas station. She tells the mechanic it died. After he works on it for a few minutes, it is idling smoothly.

She says, 'What's the story?'

He replies, 'Just crap in the carburetor'

She asks, 'How often do I have to do that?'



Australian troops land at Balikpapan, 1945,

Tarvuvur Volcano (Rabaul) erupting on 30th Aug.

COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF BITA PAKA AND THE LOSS OF SUBMARINE AE-1. Sep 1914.

A great day was held at the museum on Saturday 16th Sept to commemorate the above events.

Guests of honour included the Governor of Qld, His Excellency Paul de Jersey AC., our Patron Maj Gen John Pearn, AO, RFD, and Parliament and Council, members.

After speeches from Assn President, Phil Ainsworth and Patron Maj Gen Pearn, AO, RFD, who spoke on the historical significance of the Battle Bitu Paka, it being the first time in WW1 that Australian Forces had deployed and suffered casualties. The Governor unveiled the plaque below. A



group from the National Servicemen's assn fired volleys from their .303 rifles and John Holland and John Holland Museum Curator then recited the Ode.

In excess of 200 persons

attended the day to be entertained by the RAAF Band, the Bougainville Dancers and other activities including face painting, Asian food stall, sausage sizzle, Pacific Book House display, an exhibition of WW1 uniforms, The Inala Historical Society and various displays in your museum which had been painstakingly put together by museum curator John Holland, who organised the event.

It was a most successful day and credit goes to John Holland and his band of willing helpers who ensured that things moved along smoothly.



1.,VIPs at the playing of the "Last Post"



2. Assn Patron Maj Gen John Pearn , AO, RFD. giving his address.



3. The Governor of Qld Paul de Jersey, AC. unveiling the plaque.

4. Assn President Phil Ainsworth and Patron Maj Gen John Pearn AO, RFD.



After the unveiling. L-R. Phil Ainsworth, John Holland, Qld Governor Paul de Jersey, AC., Maj Gen John Pearn AO, RFD. and Colin Gould MBE.



Andrea Williams, President PNGAA, Phil Ainsworth, Qld Governor Paul de Jersey, AC., Maj Gen John Pearn AO, RFD.



The men from Papua New Guinea Construction Troop RAE on parade at the Parade Ground Cape Moem, during the construction of 2PIR barracks. They were in PNG from 1959-61. Note 2PIR Pioneer Platoon soldiers in background. Thank you Brian Jones who was there..

VALE

Thomas Dolan DOWLING 860194
a.k.a. "Snappy Tom"


Tom was born in Proserpine, Nth Qld., on 8 Feb, 1932. He was the oldest of 5 children and through the years the family moved across Nth and Central Qld from Proserpine to Rockhampton, Cairns to Innisfail.

In later years Tom often spoke of his experiences and observations of the various Army units which trained in Northern Qld from 1942 onward.

One story about Tom, then aged 10, and a shop in Cairns owned by a gentlemen called Willie Wing On who used to tease Tom about his religion "I see you pray lot—many

Hail Mary. All those prayers save you?" Tom put up with this for some time but then looked Willie in the eye and said "More than yours will save you from the Tax man when he finds out you're profiteering". Willie picked up a meat cleaver and chased Tom out of the shop.

Language, both spoken and written, was Tom's passion and he read everything he could get his hands on as a child.

When he was about 13 he was sent to the Marist Brothers at Mittagong in the Shhn Highlands of NSW—a far cry from home and family in Nth Qld. During his stay there he made life long friendships.

In 1961 Tom attended a Teachers Course, termed an "E" Course at Malaguna Technical College in Rabaul. PNG was extremely short of teachers at the time and the courses consisted of between 60-80 students at a time and lasted 8 months. Students were also accommodated at Malaguna. The course was very intense and concentrated on teaching English as a second language.

There he met Cecelia, and within 7 weeks of meeting announced their engagement. They were married in Nov 1961 at Rabaul.

Tom was then posted to schools around Port Moresby and Cecelia, who was a pharmacist was also a teacher—teaching locals to become pharmacists through the National Health System.

Cecelia arrived in 1965 and Peter in 1967.

Tom's interests at the time were photography, motor bike riding, rifle club shooting, and the PNGVR.

His record in PNGVR is:-

- Enlisted 3 May 1962
- Prom L/Cpl 12 Jul 1963
- Prom Sgt 27 Nov 1964
- Discharged 8 Dec 1964

He was a member of the Catafalque Party at the Cenotaph at Rabaul on Anzac Day 1963 and was an excellent shot with the .393 rifle.

The family spent their holidays in Ipswich, Qld, with Cecelia's parents and in 1976 with Cecelia Jnr due to go to high school the family moved to 11 Harding St, Raceview, a suburb of Ipswich, where Tom lived until just prior to his death.

Tom started supply teaching but then found his niche as a special education teacher at Goodna Special School.

Tom also loved his sport and initially became involved in Brothers Rugby League Club at Raceview through Peter, but kept his involvement in the Club and was made a Life Member. His involvement in PNGVR activities continued in Raceview and he attended Association functions from the time the Asso-

ciation was formed. Rarely would Tom be seen without his bag of cameras, lenses, film etc. He became a member of the Association Committee and was the Association's official photographer, taking many hundreds of photos at a variety of Association functions.

What probably sums Tom up is an extract from a letter he wrote to Cecelia's father prior to their marriage.

"I have explained to Ceceila that I have no desire to amass a fortune, and that I will never be able to give her all the things I would like to give her. All I have to give her is love and she has said she would be happy with just that.

Tom died in Emerald, Qld, on 5th July, aged 82.



Tom on Anzac Day in the 1990's. Members also in the photo are George Bagajluk, Jack Hendren, (dec'd) Colin Newton (Dec'd) and Peter Rogers. DFC.



Two of the founders of the Association, Norm Mundy, Joe Fisk (dec'd) and Tom at a get together on Anzac Day in the late 1990's,



Tom as a member of the Catafalque Party, Anzac Day, Rabaul, mid 1960's

VALE

Abel Richmond SHEATH (NGVR) NG 2380

Abe died on 26 Jul 2014, aged 98. His full story will be told in the next issue of "Harim Tok Tok."

LEST WE FORGET



Organiser of the Bita Paka Memorial day at the Museum at Wacol, John Holland, with the Air Niugini Banner.

Air Niugini was kind enough to donate a return flight for two from Brisbane to Rabaul so the Association, in conjunction with PNGAA, could run a raffle.

The raffle was won by member Brian Jones who has provided a number of pictures from Moem Point in the early 1960's



Ian Thompson, winner of the Fassifern Light Horse .303 rifle shoot over open sights. This was Ian's 5th attendance at the Annual shoot.

Advice from Max Hayes that former PNGVR member COL PARRY passed away on 16 Sep. Anyone with information re Col please forward to Editor or Secretary for next issue.

FUNCTION DATES

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

Saturday 18th October

Association AGM at your museum, Wacol. Commencing 10am and followed by a BBQ lunch. Attendances to Secretary Colin Gould, MBE.

pngvr@optusnet.com.au

Saturday 22nd November

Association Ctee meeting at your museum Wacol, commencing 10am and followed by BBQ lunch.

C J MEDALS

Professional Medal Mounting

557 Compton Road, Runcorn, Ql..4113

Email cjmedals@gmail.com



Samuel Alfred

Ph: 07 3276 1058

www.cjmedals.com

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:-

The Secretary, P.O. Box 885, PARK RIDGE, Qld., 4125

Mobile:- 0424 562 030

Email:- pngvr@optusnet.com.au

www.pngvr.com

No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form without the permission of the Association.

NGVR/PNGVR Service Recollections articles are copyright

Bob Collins—Editor



King & Co
PROPERTY CONSULTANTS

Industrial property specialists

- ➔ Leasing
- ➔ Sales
- ➔ Property Management

Contact Phil Ainsworth

07 3844 3222

Email: p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au

99 Annerley Road, Woolloongabba QLD 4102

www.kingco.com.au