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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 Association's most important annual activities, our ANZAC Day march, memorial service and reunion were held in brilliant Brisbane autumn weather when 48 paraded for the march, about 20 members were at the Cenotaph for the service and wreath laying and a huge 95 was present for the reunion at the Stock Exchange Hotel in Edward Street. This year, the 100th Anniversary celebration of the landing at Gallipoli, was a particularly popular day as the number of the public involved attested. Several photographs of our Association members marching in Brisbane and Sydney may be found on pages 14 and 15 herein.

We were fortunate to have a good brass band marching immediately in front of us, so we looked and felt well in our ANZAC gear smartly marching in step past the saluting stand and Anzac Square with our new light weight banner which the Harbeck boys again carried, thank you Neil and Grant. This year the marshals had difficulty coordinating the jeeps with the groups so those in the jeeps did not follow our marchers.

As the Hall of Memories was closed, due to renovation work, our usual Memorial Service for our NGVR men who did not return home was curtailed but we arranged a wreath laying at the Cenotaph where we assembled after the march.

The reunion crowd was an all-time record with many travelling from afar, notably Henry Sims from Perth, Don Hook from Canberra, Burnie Gough and his brother from Cairns, Carl Ashhoff and daughter from Charleville and Springsure respectively and Bob and Dawn Harvey- Hall from Melbourne. The President of PNGAA, Andrea Williams from Sydney, was also in attendance. Our Patron, Maj Gen John Pearn sent his apologies as he was overseas.

It was also the day the Association proudly selected to launch its *PNGVR, A History* book. This 408 page, A4 size glossy book colourfully explains the background of the Regiment, its successes and failures during its 23 year history from inception in 1950 to its disbandment in 1973. As our Patron was absent, the President of the Association was called upon to make the launch. The author Bob HH was present to autograph those copies sold. The Secretary has advised that all prelaunch books ordered have been processed and should arrive before the 20 May. If they do not please contact the Secretary, his details are on page 16 herein. The post launch price per book is \$50 plus postage of \$20 anywhere in Australia. Overseas mailing will be

more – as a guide each copy weighs 1318 gm. Only 400 copies were printed and about 150 have been sold so do not wait too long before purchasing. You may be interested to know the NGVR history book written by Ian Downs is out of print and good second hand copies, if you can get them, are selling around \$200.

With our first priority project completed, we address our other two projects, the NGVR & PNGVR Military Museum Extension and the self publication of the NGVR soldier's personal stories. The Museum extension has been temporarily delayed by the negotiation between the owner of the Wacol Development Site and the Brisbane City Council concerning the reconfiguring of the NSSAAQ site. Apparently NSSAAQ has been paid to hand about 5000 m2 of it 15,000 m2 site to the Developer but BCC wants a small adjustment to the boundary for maintenance purposes, and the Developer will not grant its approval for our extension until this approval is obtained. We trust this will delay the project no more than a few weeks. As soon as we have the go ahead the building contract will be executed and construction begun. The builder has agreed to hold his price. A subsidiary aspect but no less important is our "buy a tile" project - each tile is worth \$5 each and the purchase of one or several will materially assist to pay off our Museum Extension by the time the building is completed- please send your cheques to the Treasurer Doug Ng with a note explaining what it is for, Doug's contact details are on page 16.

Bob Collins, the editor of the NGVR personal stories book is busily reediting the stories and hopefully it will be ready at the same time as the Museum for a launch of both on the 40th Anniversary of PNG'S Independence 16th September, 2015.

Coming events include the Sunday 20th June Memorial Service Commemorating the 75th Anniversary of the formation of the Papuan Infantry Battalion (PIB) to be held at the Kokoda Memorial Wall in Cascade Gardens, Gold Coast at 11am followed by lunch at the Surfers Paradise RSL. The keynote speaker will be the former Governor General, Maj Gen Jeffries. All members and friends are welcome to attend with dress being ANZAC Day March dress with full medals. The Association is arranging a table for the luncheon so please advise Bob Collins if you are attending – Bob's contact details are on page 16.

On 28th June the PNGAA will be holding a Memorial Service for the Rabaul and Mon-

tevideo Maru at 11 am at the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru National Memorial, AWM, Canberra followed by a luncheon at a nearby restaurant. Please RSVP to our Canberra member Don Hook phone 02 6239 6204 or email hook-don@bigpond.net.au.

Our Association will be holding its annual Montevideo Maru Memorial Service at 10am sharp at the Brisbane Cenotaph followed by a substantial complimentary morning tea at the nearby Rendezvous Hotel. It is understood the Hall of Memories will still be closed on this day so the service will be held around the Cenotaph. Please contact our Secretary, Colin Gould for advising of your attendance – his contact details are on page 16.

Our Face book is averaging about 2 new postings per day mainly from non members – this is good as it gives the Association the opportunity to advertise and let many more people know about our objects, activities and achievements. We need more members who may correspond with our new postings. If you want more information, speak with Kieran Nelson, see page 16.

Equally, the quality of our website is attracting much attention which also enhances the position of the Association. If you have not already done so, please familiarise yourself with the systems and assist in communicating and educating the new postings- contact webmaster Trevor Connell if you have articles to submit or require information to access the site - his details are also on page 16.

Phil Ainsworth, May 2015

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AN UNDERAGE NGVR SOLDIER**ADRIAN BARKER****NG 2185****NGX 435****(Continued)****I am seconded to Australian New Guinea Administration Unit (ANGAU)**

It was while I was recuperating in Lae that my brother Laurie, who was then in ANGAU, called to see me and 'claimed' me. The situation was, during the War, that a parent or older brother could 'claim' you and you got posted to his Unit. I actually believed that I had been transferred to ANGAU but my discharge certificate gives my unit as the 12th Water Transport Unit, so I guess I was only seconded. He stated that he was going across to Bougainville and I was going with him. I said "OK!" and that was that.

Anyway Laurie was going across to Bougainville, to Torokina, where the Americans had landed, established a bridgehead, and were in the process of handing over the bridgehead to the 3rd Australian Division, who took over on 6th October, 1944. By December, 1944, all American troops had left and only Australians remained. When the Australians landed there were some 40,000 Japanese troops on Bougainville. Up to the end of the War some 8,500 were killed in battle or died of wounds by the Australians and 9,800 died of illness. Some 23,500 surrendered at the conclusion of the War.

Laurie and I went out to HQ ANGAU, which was located at Malahang, near Lae, and then went straight across to Torokina. I was never sure why the Australians wanted to have anything to do with Bougainville because, at that stage, the Japanese were virtually 'in jail' because the Americans had isolated them from all but submarine resupply and they could not do anything.

The Americans had only taken Torokina and established a small perimeter around the area – not very far out. The Australians took over from them and my role was to be in charge of native carriers moving supplies up to the front, which was only about 2,000 yds (1900m) out from Torokina itself. The Americans still had troops there when I arrived and one of them gave me a Greener Shotgun, one of the best you could get at the time, but somebody stole it from me while I was out on patrol while I was there.

The Japanese on Bougainville put up a fierce resistance when the Australians commenced to move the perimeter further out and some very heavy fighting took place. I was based on the banks of the Torokina River itself, east of the main base, and did not have any regular unit for which I carried. I usually set off with up to 2/300 carriers, 2 or 3 soldiers from various units, usually the unit for which I was heading, and we went out about twice a week. It was usual for us to return the same day, but sometimes, hard going or Japanese on the return track kept us with a unit overnight. There were about a dozen ANGAU chaps in the camp with me, but we all operated different carrier parties. When I first arrived the Officer-in-Charge, a Lieutenant in ANGAU, came up to me with his pips (badges of rank) on and I said to him "While we're here don't you come anywhere near me with those pips on". My own armament consisted of an Owen Gun, two hand grenades, and I always carried two packs of morphine (four vials to a pack)

At times our movement was pretty slow. The Japanese had a nasty habit of sneaking behind the forward soldiers and setting up ambushes on the approaches to those front line

units. I always had a smart native with me – they usually knew when the Japs were around and would very quickly let you know. If there was a false alarm we would have wasted quite a bit of time sending a couple of the soldiers with us forward to have a look before we moved on, across a creek or clearing etc. One of the particular natives, a Buka himself (from Bougainville), was always on the ball. If he said "Japan man istap!" (Japanese are here) he was always right.

One of the amazing things that happened from time to time was the way the Japs stopped firing when we were entering the forward lines. On several occasions when we approached the front lines there was heavy firing going on. As we got close it stopped, and we offloaded our supplies and turned for home, then the firing started again. I do not know to this day why that was so but it happened a lot more than once. Whether they thought we were soldiers and that taking on an extra 200 or so wasn't too smart I do not know – maybe they didn't know we were just carriers.

On one occasion one of the ANGAU chaps came back as white as a ghost. He commented to me that he would refuse to go out the next day. We had quite a discussion about this and I kept telling him that he couldn't refuse to go out if ordered. Finally we agreed to swap jobs the next day. The particular run I was to do had been pretty quiet for some time but he had been shot at during his supply run. Anyway a few trips before I had fallen a tree across a particular stream so that I would not get my feet wet crossing – he was walking across the tree and a Jap jumped up out of nowhere and shot at him. I had a pretty eventful trip on his run, where he had been shot at the day before. We were jumped and the natives took off like they normally do in such a situation, they just dropped what they were carrying and disappeared into the bush. I was in front at the time and had crossed a creek with another soldier and three very reliable natives before the Japs started firing, so when all the others withdrew, we were caught by ourselves across the creek, and the Japs chased us for the next 3 days before we managed to make it back to camp. We were lucky we had the natives with us as they knew their way around. It was raining most of the time, which was probably lucky for us. However I did get back uninjured so I guess that's the luck that goes around.

There was a lot of cat and mouse tactics going on at the time. Our Army would send out patrols of 15 or so soldiers hoping the Japs would have a go at them, and then bigger patrols would descend on the Japs and wipe them out. The Japs would send our patrols of the same size, 15 or so, to harass the supply lines and make things difficult for resupply to the forward troops. Often they would shoot dead an Officer if they could successfully spring an ambush on the supply tracks and then take off into the jungle. Funnily enough our supply columns were mostly let go and not interfered with, I suppose the Japs were more interested in shooting at Officers who came along the tracks. At one stage I reported quite a number of Japanese behind our front line and a large fighting patrol was sent out. They came back and reported that there were no Japanese there to which I responded "They are there all right! If you want I will take you to them", but they did not take me up on the offer.

I used to go through a lot of clothes on these trips forward. Many of the front line troops had their clothing torn and badly worn, and I was always changing items with them, as I would get a new shirt or trousers etc when I got back to camp – they could not. One time I was sitting on the edge of a slit trench swapping my boots with a soldier – his were totally worn out – when the Japs attacked. The natives took off and went back to camp but I was caught in the front line for three days before another carrying party arrived and I walked out with them in his old boots, with no soles. The Q store never refused to issue me with new gear as they knew where all my own gear was going.

On one occasion it was reported to me that some of the carriers had chased one of the soldiers up the road with a machete. I took the line out next day and said to them that I was going to run up the road with my Owen Gun and they could chase me if they liked. I started off, went about 30 yards (30m), turned around and asked why they weren't chasing me. A couple of them were white as ghosts and replied "We cant chase you – you will shoot" to which I responded "Too right I will shoot! And I will shoot anyone I hear of that chases another soldier – Understood!" We had no more trouble after that.

The supply planes did not always land at Torokina airstrip. They used to come in low at a 3 degree angle above the strip and out the back would come parachutes and supplies. By this time air-supply systems had improved a lot from the earlier days on Kokoda Track where much of the supply drop was smashed or lost, so we managed to recover most of the supplies dropped this way.

Not long before the War ended I was sitting down having my evening meal when I saw the gun-flash of a Japanese artillery piece. I thought to myself "Well I certainly know where that gun is". I vaguely knew a couple of the chaps in our Artillery Unit not far down the road so I went down and had a yarn to them. A couple of them came up with their theodolites and other gun locating equipment and got a good bead on the position when the gun fired a few more rounds. The next night a couple of 'Long Toms' started firing from just behind me and that was the end of the Jap artillery. The only problem with that was that I could not hear properly for the next few days – the noise was incredible.

I am in Hospital when the war ends

We were issued with Atebrin to combat malaria, but I was pretty casual in taking mine. When we lived in Wau malaria was not a problem and we never took any anti-malarials. However when I was on the Ramu it was a big problem and we all took our Atebrin tablets regularly. Why I got a bit casual with taking it I do not recall but in August, 1945, I found myself in Hospital at Torokina. I was there the day that the War finished.

At this stage the Australians were gearing up for a big push to drive the Japs right out of Bougainville, but the end of the War put a stop to that thankfully, as we would have had more unnecessary casualties.

Anyway a couple of days after cessation of hostilities was declared we were issued with our beer ration, which had not been handed out prior to that. I was out of hospital by then and we all got pretty merry. A number of ANGAU blokes wanted to go and shoot the local commander of the area, a Colonel, who was most unpopular with us, but that idea was quickly squashed. The up-shot was that, the next morning, we knew someone was in the bush around us, and we quickly found ourselves surrounded by Provosts (Military Police) who took our weapons from us and left us alone.

One of the interesting sights in Torokina after the War was the Japanese coming into camp in single file, placing all their weapons into piles, and then going back into the bush to await their repatriation to Japan. Our HQ believed that there were only about 600 Japanese left in our particular area but there were something like 6,000 came in to lay down their arms. It was really fortunate we did not put on the big push as planned.

Life in Bougainville was pretty boring after the War ended. I was in charge of groups of natives who had to paint all the stones around camp white, pretty up the roads etc, and cut all the grass around the airstrip so that the General could assemble thousands of troops at a time and give them a pep talk.

Repatriation to Australia

We were at Torokina for another six months at least, before ship-

ping became available, but eventually were placed on a ship with several thousand other chaps and sailed directly to Sydney. In the meantime my brother Laurie had decided that, as the war was over, he was going back to Sydney and had managed to smuggle himself on one of the earlier ships leaving Bougainville.

When we arrived in Sydney it was announced that each person's baggage would be searched for any weapons or unauthorised equipment. If anybody had searched the bottom of Sydney Harbour where the ship was berthed they could have outfitted a whole Army I would think. I threw overboard my Luger and a couple of other items I should not have had, and so did several thousand others on the ship. We just took out the items, placed them on the deck, and kicked them overboard.

I spend time in charge of Italian POWs

I was sent out to Liverpool Army Camp where there were a lot of Italian Prisoners of War and I was placed in charge of them for Camp duties.

The first thing I did was round them up and ask if anybody could speak English. One chap, who had been a Non Commissioned Officer, did so and I immediately put him in charge. I took him aside and said "Here's how things will work. You will be in charge, but if any problems occur someone else will take over and you will cop merry hell". It was a very good working arrangement. He knew that if anything was not done properly I would only see him, not go to the other work parties, so he ensured all went smoothly. I must say he got a bit physical at times – I would not be allowed to touch a POW but he could – and did.

The Army wanted their dentists to pull some of my teeth that were infected, but I would not let them, preferring to go to a civilian dentist when I was discharged. Some of the Army dentists were pretty bad and I wouldn't let them touch my teeth. I kept getting small attacks of malaria from time to time after this but nothing too serious.

The only problem I had was one day my money, watch and a couple of other items were stolen. I fixed the problem by sending them all to work the next day and, when they returned, everything they were not entitled to was stacked up in the middle of the compound. I then told my boss that I was going up to the canteen to have a beer and would be back in 2 hours. When I got back I wanted everything of mine that had been taken to be back in my hut or I would burn everything of theirs stacked up. He said "I don't think you can do that" to which I responded "Just watch me!" When I came back from the canteen all my gear was back so I let them take their own gear back. After that I thought I could have left any amount of cash in my hut and it would not be touched.

I return to Civilian Life

I was discharged from the Army on 13th June, 1946, and immediately took a job in the Royal Pacific Hotel at Ultimo working for my father and stayed there for many years, eventually managing the Hotel.

My Discharge Certificate No 448731 reads:-

NGX 435 Sgt Adrian Barker 16 Australian Small Ships Company

Continuous full time War Service in the Citizen Military Forces, 22nd January, 1942, to 6th June, 1944.

Australian Imperial Force 7th June, 1944, to 13th June, 1946

A total period of 1,449 days

In Australia 849 days

Outside Australia 600 days

Discharged from the AIF 13th June, 1946

Height 5' 9"

Top joint missing middle finger left hand

Trade Group – Group 3 Engine Hand

My brother cut off the top joint of my finger when we were children cutting firewood.

I married in 1952 to Betty Florence and we had two daughters:-

- Eleanor who is now in Sydney. Unfortunately she had a motor cycle accident and spent some time recovering.

- Amy who lives in Ballina and is a salesperson for a firm in Brisbane, taking local orders.

Unfortunately Betty died of Lung Cancer some 4 years ago, spending a lot of time in Hospital prior to her death.

After many years in the Hotel I got sick of the type of life and went working as a steel rigger, putting up steel on high rise buildings, and obtained my riggers ticket. After some years of that I commenced driving cranes on high rise construction sites. However when I was 65 years old I found out I should have retired at age 60 and was not covered for Workers Compensation or Insurance, and quit immediately. I had one previous accident when I slipped on a bit of grease on the crane ladder coming down and commenced slipping. It was about 120 feet (38m) down so I grabbed one of the rungs and tore the muscles in my arm quite badly.

I was living at Warwick Farm, Sydney, at the time, so we sold Warwick Farm and moved up to Grafton, where I now live, so Betty could be close to medical attention.

This is Adrian's story as told to Bob Collins.

Adrian died in 2004—not long after this story was recorded. Arrangements had been made to return to Grafton to obtain some photos Adrian was putting together, however he died before this could be done and contact was lost.

Our NGVR forebears had a very interesting and varied service life compared to the average soldier.

THE SLOUCH HAT

The Hat

The story of the "Hat Khaki Fur Felt" goes back to 1886 and the Victorian Mounted Rifles. The Commanding Officer, Colonel Tom Price, had his soldiers turn up the right-hand side of the hat so that his troops could "look the inspecting officer in the eye" when they marched past on ceremonial. The style was picked up by the remainder of the Australian Colonial Armies in 1890. In time, the sides changed with the brim being turned up on the left to assist in small arms drill.

The Puggaree

The hat's puggaree takes its name from the Hindu "pagre" meaning a turban or thin scarf of muslin. The puggaree was worn around the hat, sometimes falling down behind to keep the sun off the neck. It has in time been worn on the Slouch Hat in many forms. However, during the Great War (World War 1) a plain khaki cloth band was worn and this style continued until 1929. In 1930, new puggarees were introduced

with different coloured folds denoting Arms or Services. During the Second World War a flat puggaree was issued to the 2nd AIF. However the troops serving in the Middle East introduced a folded puggaree as a distinguishing mark of active service. In time, this style has become the puggaree of today (it is said that the seven folds in the current puggaree represent the six States and Territories of Australia; well, it's a story anyway).

The Chin Strap

The hat's chin strap is worn with the buckle on the left hand side, and in line with the mouth. The cadets at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, however, wear the straps on their hats back to front. This custom goes back to the death of Major General Sir William Bridges at Gallipoli in 1915. Bridges was the founder of the College and it is said that when he was shot he had his hat on back to front; in respect, the cadets at the College turned their hats around (it is also said the General had two buttons in the back vent of his greatcoat undone, hence the tradition at the College, when the greatcoat was in service, of the undone vent buttons). Today, cadets at the College wear the hat correctly. However, the chin strap is attached with the buckle on the right hand side of the face.

Emu Plumes

During the Great Shearers' Strike of Queensland in 1891, the Queensland Mounted Infantry was called out to assist the civil powers. The Regiment patrolled the Western Plains and, to defeat boredom, the troopers would ride down the emus which, at the time, were in great abundance. It was the Gympie Squadron which first seized on the idea of wearing the feathers in their hats, a design said to be attributed to Lieutenant General Sir Harry Chauvel. Before the strike ended the entire Regiment was wearing them.

By the early days of the Great War (World War 1) all the Queensland regiments of the Light Horse were wearing emu feathers in their hats, but in 1915 a non-Queensland brigade, the 3rd Light Horse Brigade, arrived in Egypt wearing the plumes. After a dispute, the Minister for Defence, Senator Pearce, ruled that all units of the Australian Light Horse would wear the plumes; today, however, they are worn by all members of the Royal Australian Armoured Corps.

The Black Beret

Members of the Royal Australian Armoured Corps proudly wear a black beret, as opposed to the standard Army issue dark blue beret. The origin of the "black hat" goes back to the latter days of the Great World War.

During a British Army Tank Corps dinner, held at Bernicourt in 1917, a discussion was held by some officers with regard to what type of uniform the new Corps would wear with the coming of peace. It was decided to adopt the "beret Basque" which was, at the time, worn by the Chars d'Assault (the French tank regiment). The opinion was that the beret, which was black, hid oil stains and was considered more practical for use with tanks than the khaki peaked cap or the leather helmet. After some debate, a recommendation was put forward to, and approved by, His Majesty King George V in March 1924. However, the black beret is worn in the British Army only by the Royal Tank Regiment. The Royal Australian Armoured Corps was granted approval to wear the beret in August 1944.

The Australian Army and a number of corps' and units within the Army have since adopted other colours for their berets. The army's general duty beret is dark blue, and is worn by recruits and members of the Army not eligible to wear a special-to-Corps or unit colour beret. The other beret colours are rifle green (Royal Australian Regiment), fawn (Special Air Service Regiment), sherwood green (The Commandos), dull cherry (airborne) scarlet (Military Police), slate grey (Nursing Corps) and light blue (worn by both the Aviation Corps and by soldiers on United Nations operations); but it was the Armoured Corps that made the initial change to the beret headdress.

Chris Jobson, former RSM Ceremonial ADHQ



WW2 OPERATION 'COPPER'.

Z Special Unit War Dead Found

In 1945, Operation COPPER was mounted on Mushu Island, 9 miles north of Wewak, along the north coast of Papua New Guinea. The mission was to capture a Japanese soldier for interrogation; make a beach reconnaissance for a possible landing plus a ground reconnaissance of the south-western sector. The party of 8 ZSU operators was carried aboard HDML 1321 from which it disembarked into 4 folboats about 3 miles ESE of Cape Barabar. Nearing the coast they struck a reef and 3 boats were swamped but they managed to get the party ashore where they ran into superior strength enemy forces. Forced back into the ocean on hand built rafts they were swamped and lost all automatic weapons save one with sapper ET "Mick" Dennis. Back on land they built several smaller rafts on which 4 operators returned to the sea never to be seen again.

The other 4 remained on land and were ambushed returning to the RV after retrieving the radio set from its original hide. The party scattered and 3 were never heard from again. The lone survivor, Dennis, an experienced bushman with 13 months active service with the 6th Cdo Coy, headed to Dagua where he finally met up with an Australian patrol of the 7th Cdo Sqn. In this remarkable escapade, he personally accounted for 4 x HMGs and killed or wounded at least 9 enemy soldiers. For this action he was awarded the Military Medal. Recently, as per the story below, the remains of 2 of the missing "Z" men have been found. They are:-

Pte R.E, Eagleton and L/Cpl S.H. Walklate
Sadly, their end was not uncommon for captured Australian commandos in this War.

MAY THEY NOW REST IN PEACE

(article from the Sydney Morning Herald)

Two Australian soldiers, whose bodies were found in a dump, were likely victims of war crimes.

When officials found human remains in an old Japanese medical dump in Papua New Guinea in 2013, they may have done more than locate two missing World War II commandos. Instead, they may have unlocked a Pandora's box involving continuing censorship and the failure to punish those involved in some of the worst war crimes perpetrated on Australian soldiers in the Pacific War.

In April, the Australian Defence Force confirmed it had discovered bones suspected of being those of missing commandos Spencer Walklate and Ron Eagleton on Kairiru Island, about 20 kilometres from Wewak on Papua New Guinea's northern coast. Walklate, 27, a one-time St George rugby league player, and Eagleton, 20, had gone missing during a raid to reconnoitre Japanese gun emplacements on Mushu Island,

just to the south of Kairiru on April 11, 1945. The raid failed when their boats capsized in the surf and they were attacked before completing their objective. Hunted across the island, the eight Australians fought on before most were killed or wounded.

Eagleton and Walklate were thought to have tried to avoid capture by floating out into the ocean on palm logs, where they drowned or were killed by the Japanese. But when the bones were found on Kairiru this year, and information was obtained from the island's elders, it suggested the men had suffered a different fate - one that had been covered up for decades.

Previously secret documents from Government archives reveal the two were subjected to a ghastly death at the hands of Japanese who were never brought to justice - facts kept from the dead men's families.

The two young soldiers were thought to have been horrifically dissected while still alive and their organs served up in a ritual dinner to Japanese soldiers or souvenired. Details of the atrocities were suppressed and some continue to be to this day. They are also misrepresented in military files raising questions about other such crimes being covered up.

The revelations this week prompted Scott Walklate, grandson of Spencer, and some of those involved in the efforts to find the men to call for information about such cases to be made public. "It's as bad as the German war crimes," says the NSW resident, who had almost no clue about how his grandfather died until informed by Fairfax. Walklate and Eagleton's case was quietly mothballed in the 1950s after a decision by the Australian government to release dozens of suspected war criminals after a change in foreign policy towards Japan and pressure from the US government to wrap up the war crimes trials. According to documents obtained by Fairfax, the file was downgraded to an alphabetically rated "G" Status which the accused, if convicted, would be unlikely to be awarded the death sentence".

The controversial ranking system allowed those criminals nominated in the G cases - including dozens of murderers, rapists and torturers - to walk free and their files to gather dust in the archives despite their explosive contents. In some cases, the details or issues about the horrific treatment by the Japanese troops remains censored as the Archives Act exempts public access to records if it would involve the unreasonable disclosure of personal information.

Fairfax has been told that some of the allegations of the cannibalism and other specific references to atrocities by Japanese on Walklate and Eagleton appear to have been censored or removed from the files. However, in copies of the "G" files obtained by Fairfax, there is a graphic reference to the murder of the Australians captured on Kairiru about April 1945. The men are not named but there is little doubt they are the victims given the timing and circumstances of their treatment. 'After capture, they [the POWs] were beaten with sticks, slapped in the face and kicked by some of the accused,' the copies say. 'It was then decided to execute the PW [prisoner of war]. "One prisoner whilst awaiting his execution was beaten about the feet and legs to such an extent that he could not stand. He was there upon executed where he was then sitting by being struck a heavy blow (by a sword) on the back of the neck. 'Shortly afterwards, an incision was made in the chest and abdomen and the walls of the flesh were drawn apart to expose organs underneath. "The heart and the lungs were seen to be still pulsating. The skull was then sawn with a surgical saw and the brain was removed and several lumps of flesh removed. "The second PW was then executed by shooting and liver and portions of the flesh were removed." The document notes 17

individuals are accused of involvement in the crime. Another file unearthed from the archives by Vietnam veteran Don Dennis, who wrote a book about the raid and whose uncle Mick was one of the few survivors, confirms the censorship relating to the hideous treatment of the two commandos. Dennis found a memo detailing an interview with Japanese soldier - Oagawa Waichi, who is suspected of beheading the men - but all details relating to the dissection and cannibalism appear to be censored from the document. Waichi was reported to have committed suicide in 1947 while in custody, according to media reports at the time, but the other suspects did not face trial for the crime.

The case is just one of a truck load of files that include cover-ups and sensitive information that has been suppressed about war crimes, says Jim Burke, who runs an organisation that finds missing soldiers and did much of the legwork on the Walklate and Eagleton matter. He saw documents confirming body parts from the two missing men had been served up as a food to the Japanese soldiers, he says, while censorship of such information can make it hard to track down missing sol-



Another sketch by James Wieneke
Mt Shibursngau, near Wewak.



This sketch by James Wieneke, who served with Royal Australian Engineers, 6th Division, AIF, depicts two native scouts on the slopes of Mt Shiburangau looking across to Muschu Island.

James Wieneke

Australia QLD 1905-48

Big Road on the side of Mt. Shiburangau and looking across to Muschu Island c.1945

Watercolour over pencil on wove, handmade paper

Gift of James and Anthes Wieneke 1980

From February 1942 until February 1946, James Wieneke served with the 2nd AIF (Australian Imperial Force) Royal Australian Engineers. In 1946, Wieneke published *6th Div Sketches: Aitope to Wewak*, a collection of sketches, drawings and notes from the 6th Division's last New Guinea campaign (1944-45). The book was received favourably with the critic for the Melbourne Age newspaper describing it as:

... an admirable volume telling ... something of the soldier's life in New Guinea ... He has portrayed that cheerful, adventurous and somewhat careless person with dignity and competence ... Every drawing is crisp and full of substance ... Based on part of the life of one of Australia's most representative Divisions, the book breathes the spirit of the AIF at its best.

diers, it still should be respected. 'It could be information that is distressing to the relatives and that makes it difficult,' he says.

(Courtesy: SMH ~ October 5, 2013)



Major John Thurgar, SC. OAM., from the Army's Unrecovered War Casualties Unit in front of Pte Ron Eagleton's headstone at Bomana War Cemetery,

Muschu Island is also mentioned by Tom Lega MM (NGVR) in his story –relevant section below.

"I carried out one more job - over to Muschu Island, accompanied by Officer of the 6th Division to inform the Japanese of the surrender details. It was my task to arrange for evacuation of all na-

tives on the Island. One Japanese had piercing black eyes, and he looked at us with such loathing that I thought at the time I would not have liked to have been captured by him. Muschu Island had been Japanese Naval Headquarters for New Guinea and it was decided to place all surrendered Japanese personnel on Muschu while they were awaiting transport back to Japan.

Before the end of the War a reconnaissance patrol of 5 or 6 Australian soldiers who had gone ashore from a submarine had disappeared on the Island."

Goodbye Granddad

*Poor old Granddad's passed away, cut off in his prime,
He never had a day off crook - gone before his time,
We found him in the dunny, collapsed there on the seat,
A startled look upon his face, his trousers around his feet,*

The doctor said his heart was good - fit as any trout,



*The Constable he had his say, 'foul play' was not ruled out.
There were theories at the inquest of snakebite without a trace,
Of redbacks quietly creeping and death from outer space,
No-one had a clue at all - the judge was in some doubt,
When Dad was called to have his say as to how it came about,
'I reckon I can clear it up,' said Dad with trembling breath,
'You see it's quite a story - but it could explain his death.'*

*'This here exploration mob had been looking at our soil,
And they reckoned that our farm was just the place for oil,
So they came and put a bore down and said they'd make some trials,*

They drilled a hole as deep as hell, they said about three miles.

Well, they never found a trace of oil and off they went, post haste,

*And I couldn't see a hole like that go to flamin' waste,
So I moved the dunny over it - real smart move I thought,
I'd never have to dig again - I'd never be 'caught short'.*

*The day I moved the dunny, it looked a proper sight,
But I didn't dream poor Granddad would pass away that night,*

Now I reckon what has happened - poor Granddad didn't know,

*The dunny was re-located when that night he had to go.
And you'll probably be wondering how poor Granddad did his dash--*

*Well, he always used to hold his breath
Until he heard the splash!!*



Plantation house at 'Tol' Plantation, where Australian POWs were massacred.

Australian POW. Note another POW behind the Japanese soldier in centre of photo. This photo was taken by the Japanese and was in a booklet given to PNGVR deceased member Ken MacGowan by a Japanese some 50 years ago in PNG. One assumes they did not realise its significance. The photo is possibly taken near the

SURVEILLANCE OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA

To date "Harim Tok Tok" has run articles on the surveillance of Northern Australia. They have covered NORFORCE, 51 FNQR, The Pilbara Regiment and 2/1st Northern Australia Observer Unit (the Nackerroos).

The article on NAOU stated that it was generally accepted that the roles and, to some extent, the structure of the current three

Northern Australia Surveillance Units have been based on NAOU's role and structure during WW2.

What is not widely known is that, prior to the formation of NAOU in 1942 there was another surveillance unit based in Darwin—

THE DARWIN MOBILE FORCE

The Darwin Mobile Force was a mixed force of infantry and artillery raised by the Australian Army prior to the Second World War. It was the first regular infantry field force in the Australian military, although due to legislative restrictions that existed at the time it was established as part of the Royal Australian Artillery. Its formation marked a rare departure from the traditional Australian focus upon part-time citizen forces and is arguably a key moment in the development of a professional standing army.

It was formed in response to growing concerns about the potential for war, which had resulted in the Australian government seeking to increase the readiness of the military through the creation of a number of regular army mobile forces to defend strategic locations around the country.

With a total establishment of 12 officers and 233 other ranks, the force consisted of a headquarters wing and reconnaissance group, an artillery troop of 18-pounder guns, a medium machine gun section, a mortar section and a rifle company. The force's commanding officer was Major Alex MacDonald. Recruiting for the force was undertaken in all Australian states and resulted in over 3,000 applications, with preference being given to men who were currently serving in the Militia, although some members were also currently serving in the Permanent Military Force



The Darwin Mobile Force on parade in Sydney prior to embarkation for Darwin. Note the wearing of their 'Mandrake' capes.



Darwin Mobile Force about to embark for Darwin

Formed at Liverpool, NSW, on 14th Nov 1938. Training was completed at Liverpool and the force sailed to Darwin on the *Narella* and the *Montoro*, both Burns Philp ships. (*In the early 1930's all Burns Philp Ships had names commencing with M and had 7 letters in the name*)

The role of the force was:-

- i) To provide a mobile force to guard against sporadic

raids in the Darwin area—to provide basic training for all members of the force.

- ii) To provide experience to personnel of the DMF before joining the Australian Instructional Corps
- iii) To provide training in command for graduates of RMC (Royal Military College)



Officers
of The
Darwin
Mobile
Force
1940

The men lived in Vesty's disused meat works, surrounded by rusty machinery and amidst the whiff of stale oil and long-gone carcasses. The officers lived in cubicles in a small hut.

Individual training was accelerated and platoon and company exercises were set against possible enemy landings. Tactical roads were built through the bush using axe, pick and shovel, the only tools the force had.

Reconnaissance patrols, lasting ten or more days, went to the most likely remote enemy infiltration areas. Rifle shooting on these patrol conditions, often from a moving vehicle, were better training than on the rifle range.

A number of aboriginal soldiers were included in the force.

After the outbreak of the Second World War, the government announced the establishment of an all volunteer force for overseas service—the Second Australian Imperial Force—and early in 1940 the Darwin Mobile Force began to be broken up as men volunteered to join the AIF. The Darwin Mobile Force officially ceased to exist in August 1940.

Although the force did not receive any battle honours and ultimately did not see any action during the war, arguably its contribution to Australia's defence was in the personnel it provided to the Army. The force's commanding officer, MacDonald, went on to command the 2/16th Battalion in the Syrian campaign, and then later the Jungle Warfare Centre at Canungra, Queensland. Of the officers who served in the Darwin Mobile Force, two rose to General Officer rank, while four reached brigadier and two the rank of colonel. Of the other ranks that served, over 100 were eventually commissioned as officers, while a similar number became warrant officers or senior non commissioned officers in the AIF.

A guy broke into my apartment last week. He didn't take my TV, just the remote. Now he drives by and changes the channels. Sick b....d

AN INCIDENT IN THE DAY OF A 'BISCUIT BOMBER'

HTT Vol 90 carried an article on the grounding of DC3s in Europe because of health and safety rules.

DC3s were used as biscuit bombers to our soldiers in New Guinea during WW2.

The following is written by one who manned those DC3s

After being commissioned, I was taken away from my original unit and sent to New Guinea to be part of a new unit

being formed. After landing at Lae I was sent up the Markham Valley to Nadzab there to meet my C.O., Maj Don Esplin. I was posted to this new unit, the 3rd Air Maintenance Coy (Biscuit Bombers) and posted OIC Air Crew Platoon. We would be flying with the American 66th Troop Carrier Squadron and I was soon to meet my counterpart, Capt. Dick Grant—a great bloke and undoubtedly one of their best pilots. We worked closely together and flew together most of the time. Dick would allocate whatever aircraft were available and supply the three American crew to each and I, in turn, would allocate three of my platoon to each aircraft as droppers. Incidentally the aircraft were C47s or DC3s as we knew them.

Once we started operations, it would be normal routine day after day. Some of the towns or villages had landing strips, such as Bena Bena, Gusap and Dumpu (7th Division HQ) which would be a straight forward air delivery. But the further we moved up the Markham Valley and into the Ramu Valley and further still, into the Wahgi Valley which was on the fringe of the Bismarck Ranges, most of our trips would be dropping missions. Parachute drops were made at about 300 feet, and free drops at about 150 feet, and these were usually on map references in isolated places.

On the 12th Feb, 1944, we all started out again as usual, and at first light our transport platoon took us, with our various cargoes, to the airstrip to find our respective aircraft and load up. But this day was to be quite different in many ways. Firstly, on locating my aircraft which was usually No 237—"Billie L"—I was to find that my old mate, Capt Dick Grant would not be flying that day as he was to be Operations Officer on the ground. However another pilot took over No 237. We took off at about daybreak and this trip was to be a long one to Kerowagi, about 200 miles up from Nadzab. The flight up was uneventful at the beginning, but after about an hour the pilot called me into his cabin and said "I don't like the look of this." Ahead of us, heavy Cumulus clouds were rolling in and in no time we were completely enveloped in heavy cloud—couldn't see a thing.

I went back out of his cabin and at the same time there was this almighty bang. We had crashed. We had lost the left wing. There was an explosion and we were on fire. We cartwheeled to the valley below, turning over and over and I reckoned I was hit with every crate on board. Eventually it stopped after which seemed an eternity—was probably only a few minutes. Inside the aircraft I couldn't see anything but fire and smoke and a jumbled mass of crates. I couldn't tell which was up or down and couldn't find a way out. I was badly burnt and gashed all over. After crawling over the crates I could see daylight. There was a gaping hole in the side of the fuselage and that was going to be my way out. Soon I was outside and able to take in a big gulp of cold fresh air. It was heaven!

At this point it is hard to recollect just what happened, but I became aware of someone, with hands under my armpits, dragging me away from the burning aircraft, fearing another explosion. It took quite a while to gather my senses. I checked on all the other crew and found that, although they were burnt and battered, all were alive.

I next recall the missionary, a half-caste Javanese, was sitting beside me, asking if he could do anything for me. He had the presence of mind to boil some water knowing that it would be needed to clean us up. I said there were a couple of things he could do for me. Firstly, if he could get a message through to Kerowagi for me, so that they could radio back to Nadzab, telling them of the crash and requesting evacuation from Kerowagi ASAP. Secondly, if he could help us get to Kerowagi which was probably only a couple of miles away.

He was very obliging. Gave me a pad and a pencil and with difficulty I wrote the message. He then called a native runner and

said "Yu boi go kisim tok bilong pepa and tek im pepa to white fela masta bilong haus, long Kerowagi, and yu go planti kwik taim. Sapos yu no go planti kwik taim, mi pela masta pait im as bilong yu strong." Away he went vanishing into the jungle.

He then had the natives knocking up stretchers out of saplings to carry us. Before we left, I remembered the miniature camera I carried and luckily it wasn't damaged so was able to take a few shots of the last of No 237—"Billie L".

The journey to Mingendi Mission to Kerowagi by stretcher was slow and I have no idea how long it took. After crossing the last river by swinging vine bridge, chaps from ANGASU were there to meet us and had cups of tea waiting for us. They assured me the message had been sent to Nadzab and was only a matter of time before someone would be coming for us. Heavy cloud still hung everywhere and it seemed we would be there forever. I was feeling pretty crook by this time and started to despair. While we talked and waited, the Yanks said they hoped that Dick Grant would be coming for us, because in their minds he was the only one capable of getting us up and away from this place. There was only a small grass strip at Kerowagi used for small planes pre-war and never intended to take aircraft the size of a DC3.

The next morning there was clear blue sky and no sign of the cloud. Our hopes were rising. We sat and waited. At last we could hear the sound of an aircraft approaching. They flew overhead and buzzed the strip then flew away and circled around. The DC3 flew overhead again and a small cylinder with streamers attached was thrown out. Inside was a note saying to clear the natives off the strip—he was coming in to land, signed "Dick". Our prayers had been answered.

Dick was concerned about taking off from such a short strip. He had the natives turn the plane around and push it back as far as it was possible. Then with us all on board he had the engines revving flat out. As soon as the brakes were released we shot forward. In no time we were at the end of the strip and over into nowhere. We seemed to be dropping down into the valley. I could see it all happening again. But Dick was equal to the task proving that the faith and trust we all had in him was justified. He insisted in flying low over Mingendi Mission on the way back to take a final look at his beloved 237 "Billie L".

On arrival back at Nadzab I was able to thank Dick once again then on to a jeep waiting for us from our own camp driven by Cpl Eddie Manson. My C.O. Don Esplin told Eddie to turn the jeep around and take me straight down to Lae, to the 2/7 A.G.H. By this time I'm not feeling very well and the 12 mile trip down to Lae didn't help. We duly arrived at the 2/7 A.G.H. and Eddie took me in and handed me over to a couple of Sisters. Then began the long process of cleaning me up. I was sat on a bed, then the C.O. of the hospital came in and told the Sisters that he would do this one and they could give him a hand. My memory has many blank spaces at this time, but I do believe he was Colonel Arnott.

Firstly they had to cut the shirt off me. It had been burnt and both arms had swollen so both sleeves were cut off, then the shirt removed. The Col then started by cutting the dead skin away from my fingers by inserting the scissors at the fingernails and cutting down to the knuckles, peeling the skin back on the sides. He did this to all the fingers then dressed each one by putting baseline gauze around each finger before bandaging them. After the fingers he dressed by arms and then my head. By this time I was feeling like an Egyptian mummy. Unable to use my hands, the sisters fed me for a few days. Once again my memory has let me down, but I do believe the Sister that cared for me for most of the time was Judy Dowsell from Campsie. It was nice being able to talk to someone from

Sydney. During my stay in hospital I was visited several times by Dick Grant and my C.O. Don Esplin.

Eventually I was returned to my unit and resumed flying once again, until we all returned to Australia on the "Duntroon" at the end of the war.

As the years passed by, my old mate Dick Grant retired from the USAF as a Lt-Col after 29 years service. He died in the late 1980s and was given a funeral with full military honours and buried at the Arlington War Cemetery.

To Dick Grant, the C.O. and staff of the 2/7 AGH at Lae I owe them all an eternal debt of Gratitude.

I will remember them.

Don Cameron

I worked with Don in the Bank of NSW and Westpac. He died some 7 years ago and was a keen tennis player until a couple of years prior to his death. Editor.

 <p>MODERN WARFARE</p> <p>A \$70 MILLION DOLLAR AIRCRAFT</p> <p>DROPS \$350,000 BOMB</p> <p>ON A \$10 TENT</p>	<p>Nothing but absolutely nothing will beat a lightly armed highly mobile infantry unit.</p> <p><i>A Sunday School teacher asked "Johnny, do you think Noah did a lot of fishing when he was on his ark?" "No!" replied Johnny. "How could he with only just two worms."</i></p> <p><i>One Monday morning the postman was riding through the neighbourhood on his usual route, delivering the mail.</i></p> <p><i>As he approached one of the homes he noticed that both cars were still in the driveway. His wonder was cut short by David, the homeowner, coming out with a load of empty beer, wine and spirit bottles for the recycling bin.</i></p> <p><i>'Wow David, looks like you guys had one hell of a party last night,' the Postman commented.</i></p> <p><i>David, in obvious pain, replied, 'Actually we had it Saturday night. This is the first time I have felt like moving since 4:00 o'clock Sunday morning .. We had about 15 couples from around the neighbourhood over for some weekend fun and it got a bit wild. We all got so drunk around midnight that we started playing WHO AM I?' The Postman thought for a moment and said, 'How do you play WHO AM I?'</i></p> <p><i>Well, all the guys go in the bedroom and come out one at a time covered with a sheet with only the 'family jewels' showing through a hole in the sheet. Then the women try to guess who it is..'</i></p> <p><i>The postman laughed and said, 'Sounds like fun, I'm sorry I missed it.' Probably a good thing you did,' David responded, 'Your name came up 7 times.</i></p>
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King's Birthday, Rabaul, 1916,

ABANDONED JAPANESE DIVE-BOMBERS ON A BEACH SOUTH COAST OF PAPUA. by Robert Kendall Piper.

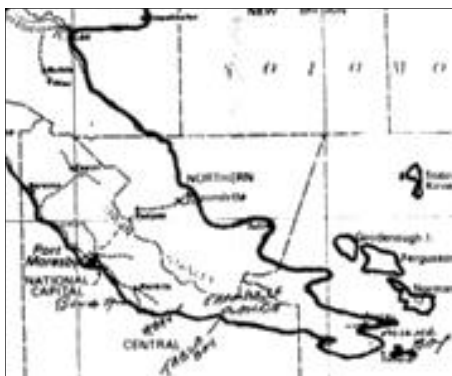
Three Japanese "Val" dive-bombers were discovered landed under mysterious circumstances on an allied beach in Papua during early Sep. 1942.

To this day conjecture remains as to their real intention. Were they a special reconnaissance group or merely "green" pilots off course, lost and short of fuel, who had alighted behind our lines.

At this time both the Kokoda Trail and Milne Bay campaigns were in full swing as Australians fought against the invaders for control of these strategic areas. Where the aircraft were abandoned was a remote position on the south coast of Papua, approximately mid-way between the two centres of dispute. The planned seaborne invasion of Moresby had been thwarted earlier in May with the Battle of the Coral Sea.

Signals were quickly flashed to the ANGAU (Australian New Guinea Administration Unit) post nearest the sighting, which was 130 miles east of Port Moresby, at Abau, Island. Major W.S. Lamden, MC. Received and decoded the message then handed it to WO11 David Marsh, who had just arrived back from patrol. The words were brief and to the effect that

there were three enemy aircraft on the sand at the northern end of Table Bay. As this area runs east-west for some thirty miles and clarification on the so called 'northern end' was not forthcoming it was decided to take a small launch to the



western end and search eastwards from there.

Limited by the size of the launch, the party consisted of Lt K.W. Bilston, David Marsh and four native members of the Royal Papuan Constabulary; Sgt Nikira and armed constables Dipora, Halla and Onewa. Also a local cook named Hitolo (Motu coastal language for hungry). In charge of the boat was Cpl Joseph Dixon assisted by a trusted prisoner, who was in jail for life after committing wilful murder.

At Table Point, the party left the launch and arranged a rendezvous with Dixon at Deba Point. Later the following day those on foot discovered the three aircraft, about 100 yards apart, not far from Deba Point. All were Aichi two seater naval dive-bombers (code named "Val" by the allies), identical to those that had recently been attacking shipping and installations in the Milne Bay area.

Each had been partially burnt out in the centre around the cockpits by the crews who had ignited parachutes in an attempt to completely destroy their planes. Local villagers informed the search party that six Japanese had removed the rear mounted machine guns from each, as well as food supplies and headed inland.

Documents consisting of maps, ships silhouettes as well as surplus rations were found buried at a nearby rough campsite and retrieved by the Army men. It was here as well that a note was brought to them from a native pastor of the London Missionary Society (Douga). It indicated that he was

trying to lead the Japanese airmen around in circles until the police could catch up.

After a hasty conference it was decided to bring in reinforcements and then go inland via Amazon Bay (a few miles further east) in an attempt to cut the enemy fliers off at the pass on top of the main range.

Cpl Dixon was met at Deba Point and despatched on foot to walk back to Abau along the beaches and arrange for more men. The launch was retained so that the party could more easily reposition themselves should additional information on the Japanese movements come to hand.

A remarkable trek was made by Dixon and, as luck would have it, the "MV *Laurabada*", with Ivan Champion in charge, was at Abau when he arrived. Late the following afternoon the vessel pulled into Mogubu Plantation, at Amazon Bay, with ten native police reinforcements.

No further news had been heard about the Val crews so the armed party, with David Marsh leading, moved steadily inland until dark. Early the following morning the searchers set out in earnest to reach the top of the main range.

During the day Hitolo the cook dressed himself as a local native and walked into villages to obtain information while the police deployed on the outskirts. At the time the Papuans on the coastal plains were not friendly. However, those along the beaches and in the mountains were and give what assistance they could.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, as WO Marsh and his men approached a small hill settlement engulfed in cloud, word was received that the Japanese were in a hut across a creek from the village. Silently taking up positions the patrol fired a volley and called on them to surrender. All hell broke loose as the opposition opened up with their three machine guns.

It was a baptism of fire for the police and one, Cpl Lapa, broke and ran right through the line of fire. Luckily he was not hit but didn't rejoin the others for two days. The rest remained firm and the Japanese shortly thereafter ran into the jungle immediately behind their bush house. Quickly responding the police took a parallel course up the mountain and beat three of them to the top. Shots were exchanged, the airmen used pistols and three were killed with the others escaping.

Three two man patrols were despatched to try and cut the remaining naval fliers off on the northern side of the range. One pair, Constables Halla and Onewa, eventually re-located the second group in an open area with high grass. Strategically placed, the police were on a small hill with the Japanese on a vulnerable slope below. Once again the pursuers called on the aircrew to surrender. Using pistols the aviators replied with shots. Having little respect for small firearms, the native police carefully counted off six rounds and then moved in. With their .303 rifles they retaliated and killed the three remaining airmen. During the brief engagement, one of the police tunics was grazed under the armpit from pistol fire.

Lt Bilston read a burial service over the first three killed and they were buried in a common grave close to where the action took place. The others were interred on the northern side of the range where they were killed. These encounters had taken place in the area known as *Dimuca*.

Re-uniting, the various patrols did a long days walk from the top of the main range back to Mogubu Plantation on the coast and arrived at 11pm, only to find that the *Laurabada* had already departed. The launch was still there though, so combining that with several large Mailu outrigger sailing canoes, the exhausted party headed back to Abau.

One of the machine guns was mounted as a memento on Abau

Island. By sheer luck, it was discovered after the encounter, the police riflemen had hit one of the Japanese machine guns in the gas chamber, and a second in the drum magazine effectively jamming it. Only the third has still been functioning when it was discarded as they fled. These weapons were virtually identical to the British Lewis Gun except the cooling system was not installed. A military unit later uplifted the lease damaged Japanese aircraft by barge. A valuable prize for Allied intelligence.

Discovery of the abandoned dive-bombers is attributed to Squadron Leader Wright (RAAF) who sighted them about mid-day on 5 Sep, while flying a Kittyhawk fighter from Moresby to Milne Bay. A Tiger Moth flown by Group Capt Garing, with Flight Lt Wintern as observer, flew up to Table Bay the same afternoon. The slow flying fabric biplane was also able to land on the beach safely. Photos were taken and after a quick examination of the Vals the Aust airmen returned to their unit and confirmed the amazing find. It was falsely assumed at the time that the enemy bombers, which were identical to those involved in the heavy raid on Milne Bay nine days earlier (27 Aug), had been damaged by 75 Squadron's Kittyhawks in combat.

About 1960 David Marsh, then an acting District Commissioner with the PNG Dept of District Administration, was once again travelling across Table Bay by sailing canoe close to the place of the 1942 dive-bomber incident. From behind the line of surf he engaged in a shouted conversation with a local native on the beach in front of his village. The Papuan said he had a letter to deliver to a person named Marsh, and went off to his house to collect it. Coming back down to beach he tied the message to a stick and swam out through the surf to deliver it.

The note was a second one from the same London Missionary Society pastor of WW11 and had been given to the man to deliver in 1942. Further information was contained in the letter about the Japanese, and it also asked David to deal with a man in the village who had been challenging the minister's leadership. Nothing strange was seen by the bearer in the 18 year time lag! Ivan Champion was later given the message for the PNG Historical Society.

Enquiries at Japan's War History Section in Tokyo during Jan 1982 finally solved part of the mystery. Three Val dive-bombers of the 2nd Air Corps, escorted by six Zeros, had departed Rabaul at 12.30 pm on 2 Sep 1942 to attack a light cruiser and transport at Milne Bay. Three hours after takeoff they parted company with the fighters and were never seen or heard of again by their own forces.

Capt Sakaw-Yamamoto, then CO of the unit, was to comment in his diary of the same date that perhaps the three crews were still alive. Japanese records further revealed that the Vals were lead by former retired pilot WO Ota Genga. Ona had participated in previous attacks on Milne Bay. Those accompanying him were fairly inexperienced and held junior ranks. All the Zeros later flew onto Buna and arrived safely at 1730 hrs.

A flag recovered from the hut at the scene of the first encounter, and still retained by Mr Marsh, had been recently identified as belonging to the lead navigator, Yamakkado.

Australian naval records confirm that on 2 Sep 1942 the destroyer *HMAS Arunta* and Dutch cargo ship *Tasman* had indeed entered Milne Bay. Neither reported sighting enemy aircraft on that occasion.

In retrospect David Marsh, now of Sydney, believes the Japanese knew exactly where they were heading. Once over the range the men could have been picked up on the opposite

coast or attempted flying to their own lines at Buna. The heavily armed group was equipped for a jungle patrol and appeared to have landed with a deliberate plan in mind. Equipment included walking boots, whisky, invasion money, steel helmets, and concentrated rations. *Was this then a special reconnaissance party to survey a second Kokoda type trail and surprise the Australians mid-way between their main bases?*

Robert Piper commenced research into this project in 1970 while he was employed as a field officer with an exploration company in the Table Bay area of Papua.

Published in the journal AOPA in August 1982



Australian soldiers in the attack on Buna, January 1943.

Australian Computer Terminology—Getting ready for Broadband in the Bush.

LOGON: Adding wood to make the barbie hotter

LOG OFF: Not adding any more wood to the barbie.

MONITOR: Keeping an eye on the barbie

DOWNLOAD: Getting the firewood off the ute

HARD DRIVE: Making the trip back home without any cold tinnies

KEYBOARD: Where you hand the ute keys.

WINDOWS: What you shit when the weather's cold

SCREEN: What you shut in the mozzie season

BYTE: What mozzies do

MEGABYTE: What Townsville mozzies do

CHIP: A pub snack

MICROCHIP: What's left in the bag after you've eaten the chips.

MODEM: What you did to the lawn

LAPTOP: Where the cat sleeps

SOFTWARE: Plastic knives and forks you get at Red Rooster

HARDWARE: Stainless knives and forks—from K Mart.

MOUSE: The small rodent that eats the grain in the shed

MAINFRAME: What holds the shed up

WEB: What spiders make

WEBSITE: Usually in the shed or under the verandah

SEARCH ENGINE: What you do when the ute won't go

YAHOO: What you say when the ute does go

UPGRADE: A steep hill

SERVER: The person in the pub who brings out the counter lunch

MAIL SERVER: The bloke at the pub who brings out the lunch

USER: The neighbour who keeps borrowing things

NETWORK: What you do when you need to repair the fishing net

INTERNET: Where you want the fist to go

NETSCAPE: What the fish do when they discover a hold in the net

ONLINE: Where you hang the washing

OFFLINE: Where the washing ends up when the pegs aren't strong enough.



The bridge
at
Temple-
tons
Crossing.

Photo
from Qld
RSL News

The Kokoda Track

Irresistible to those with a thirst for curiosity

The Kokoda Track will reduce the fittest and best-prepared individuals into physically and emotionally drained stumbling wrecks. To appreciate the true nature of the Kokoda Track one has to become a part of it and in so doing you will discover an amazing and wonderful world of people, culture and hospitality not encountered anywhere else in the world.

An expedition along the Kokoda Track will change your life. It works on your soul and plays on your mind, but above all it will cause you to reassess your values, making you realise that what you take for granted the people of the Kokoda Track and its villages have never experienced. Most will never have the opportunity.

In your normal daily life and workplace there are challenges that seem to fill your vision, enveloping you in a cloud of doubt. The Kokoda Track will seem like the most enormous of clouds, causing trepidation and fear of what lies ahead. Remember the Kokoda Track will cause you pain if taken for granted, so your preparation should be second to none.

After an eye popping charter flight over the Owen Stanley Ranges you will land on the grass airstrip 1^{1/2} k from Kokoda Village. From here it's a short but hot and humid walk into Kokoda village, then moving in a southerly direction you begin your journey along the Kokoda Track. During the early years before the war erupted the Kokoda Valley, or the Yodda Valley as it was known, produced raw rubber for export. The remaining rubber trees provide welcome shade and relief from the stifling wet heat, as well providing limited cover from tropical downpours. As the rubber industry began its decline the Kokoda Valley was taken over by large farming conglomerates and palm oil trees were planted in their hundreds. Today this region is one of the largest palm oil producers in PNG. The days walk will finish at Kovello village guesthouse, approx 2^{1/2} k from Kokoda.

All guesthouses are made from traditional rough hewn timber, split bamboo and banana leaf thatched roofing. Weatherproof and dry they might appear but once inside glance skyward and you may discover a few ventilation holes in the thatched roof. There are one or two guesthouses that have iron roofing and seven separate rooms, amazingly all are equipped with an outside shower and tap. This is one modern convenience that is most welcomed after an energy sapping days trekking.

With the sun rising at around 6.15am an early getaway is essential. Today's trek will require you to delve deep into your energy reserves, even using inner strengths you thought didn't exist. You are probably starting to realise now that what began as a seemingly relaxing holiday has turned into a titanic struggle between your mind and body and the endless mountains. However there is light at the top of the range and many surprises to come over the next few days. Once you have breasted the range you will discover the Isurava Memorial site. Allowing sufficient time for your mind to understand the enormity and importance surrounding the battle of Isurava is very important. This will put into perspective what you have ahead of you, with the aid of modern equipment, and that of the Australian digger fighting against the Japanese. Your overnight stop is Alola village, perched high on the west-

ern side of the range, with commanding views back down the valley to Kokoda and the palm oil plantations. By the time you have reached Alola you will be approx 1,400m above sea level, well on the way to completing the first stage of the Kokoda Track. From Alola you make your way down to the valley floor, via a narrow and sometimes slippery rainforest path, cross Eora Creek and proceed onto Templetons' Crossing.

After a good nights sleep and your first bush camp under your belt the group prepares to ascend Mt Bellamy enroute to Naduri village. Here you will find a very special place indeed. Being my adopted village there is always cause for celebration, so be prepared for a late night, song and dance, mumu feast and much merriment and mirth. You will also have the chance to meet one of the two remaining Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels, Andy Idiki. At 98 Andy is a much worshipped and cherished member of the Naduri Village community so it is always a pleasure and an honour to chat and relive some of his war time memories.

From Nadure the following morning, a short trek will bring you into Efogi village where you can relax, swim and wash yourself and clothing. The Efogi stopover provides ample opportunity also to resupply your food rations and to treat any blisters that you may have. The next day we climb another range leading us to Brigade Hill, also known as Butcher's Hill. It was here that the Japanese unleashed their full fury upon the Australian diggers defending the hill. After several days of intense fighting the Australian troops, reduced to exhausted men, quietly and carefully withdrew in the early hours before sunrise. This battle, although proving costly for both sides, brought out in the Australian diggers the one inherent quality in all Australians, and that is to never give up and never leave your mates in the face of adversity. This Australian quality comes to the fore in the modern day trekker as they also proceed along the Kokoda track, thankfully not being pursued by enemy forces.

Just before reaching Menari you cross yet another river, but here you will have the chance to swim and enjoy a slice of jungle heaven. Just a superb location for that Sunday arvo BBQ, a pity though it takes 4 days to reach. Leaving Menari in the early hours of the morning you will trek down to the Brown River, through the Naoro swamplands and up a steep ridgeline into Naoro village. Depending on the group's progress, either overnight at the Naoro guesthouse or push on to Office Creek bush camp. From Office Creek it's another long days trek to the final overnight stop of your expedition—Ua Ule Creek (pronounced 'Warrly Creek', as is car). The final leg of the expedition begins at sunrise and with all the group in high spirits you set off for Ower's Corner. Towards lunchtime you cross the Goldie River, enjoying a refreshing swim, lace your boots back up for the final time and move up the Track towards Ower's Corner. On the way reflecting upon the last eight days and realising that your Kokoda Track expedition is almost over. This expedition will undoubtedly change your life in some way. Having completed the Kokoda Track you have just joined a special group of people and in the process boosting your confidence and self esteem to a level never before experienced. What you have experienced, photographed and taken part in is what the Kokoda Track is all about. A life changing experience to be enjoyed by everyone.

Web site: www.teamkokodaqueensland.com.au

WAR'S END HOW AUSTRALIANS WERE TOLD OF JAPANESE SURRENDER & END OF WORLD WAR II

In the early hours of Wednesday August 15, 1945, the Prime Minister Ben Chifley, in a broadcast to the nation, told the people of Australia that the war with Japan was over. These



were his words:

"Fellow citizens: The war is over. The Japanese Government has accepted the terms of surrender imposed by the Allied nations and hostilities will now cease. At this moment let us offer thanks to God.

"Let us remember those whose lives were given that we may enjoy this glorious moment and look forward to the peace which they have won for us."

"Let us remember those whose thoughts with proud sorrow turn towards gallant loved ones who will not come back."

"On behalf of the people and the Government of Australia, I offer humble thanks to the fighting men of the United Nations, where gallantry, sacrifice and devotion to duty have brought us the victory."

"Nothing can fully repay the debt we owe them, nor can history record in adequate terms their deeds from the black days that followed September 1939 and December 1941 until this moment."

"We owe a great deal to those men and women who performed miracles of production in secondary and primary industries so that the battle of supply could be won and a massive effort achieved."

"Australia's part, comparatively in terms of fighting men and supplies, ranks high and the Australian people may be justly proud of everything they have done. 'I am sure that you would like me to convey to the commander of the fighting forces the warmest thanks for their skill, efficiency and great devotion.'"

"Especially do I mention General Douglas MacArthur with whom we had so much in common and with whom we shared the dangers when Australia was so threatened with invasion."

On August 6, the first atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima; on August 9, a second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. The following day the Japanese announced that the Allied surrender terms were acceptable provided they did not affect the rights of the Emperor. The Americans, however, demanded that the authority of the Japanese Emperor and government should be subject to the Supreme Commander of the Allied powers; on August 14, the Emperor accepted these terms and the war was over. General MacArthur was appointed Supreme Commander in Japan and it was announced that Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser would represent the British Prime Minister at the formal surrender ceremony. The British Government hoped that Australia, New Zealand and South Africa would arrange for a senior officer to be attached to Admiral Fraser.

Australia's Foreign Minister, Dr H V Evatt, suggested that Australia's representative should go in his own right and not as an appendage of Admiral Fraser. After some exchanges, it was agreed of Australia, Canada, Holland and France should sign the instrument of surrender in addition to representatives of the

four major powers - the USA, the Soviet Union, Britain and China. On the morning of September 1, 1945 the surrender was signed aboard the battleship USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay. General Sir Thomas Blamey signed for Australia. The three Australian services were represented by Lieutenant General F H Berryman, Rear Admiral G D Moore and Air Vice Marshal W D Bostock. With the end of the war, an immediate task for the Australian Government was to bring home the 14,340 Australian prisoners held by the Japanese. They were the survivors from about 24,400 Australians captured, mainly at Singapore, in February 1942"

Don Hook was the specialist writer for the 1995 Australia Remembers Program. He spent more than 10 years in PNG as an ABC journalist. He also covered Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos from February 1968 to November 1970, and the Indo Pakistan War of 1971. DH, a former member of PNGVR in the 1960s, is an Association member and lives in Canberra.

British sniper in Afghanistan kills six Taliban with one bullet

A British sniper in Afghanistan killed six insurgents with a single bullet after hitting the trigger switch of a suicide bomber whose device then exploded.

The 20-year-old marksman, a Lance Corporal in the Coldstream Guards, hit his target from 930 yards (850 metres) away, killing the suicide bomber and five others around him caught in the blast.

The incident in Kakaran in southern Afghanistan happened in December but has only now been disclosed as Britain moves towards the withdrawal of all combat soldiers by the end of the year.

Lt Col Richard Slack, commanding officer of 9/12 Royal Lancers, said the unnamed sharpshooter prevented a major attack by the Taliban, as a second suicide vest packed with 20kg (44lbs) of explosives was found nearby. The same sniper, with his first shot on the tour of duty, killed a Taliban machine-gunner from 1,465 yards (1,340m). Several hundred British and Afghan soldiers were carrying out an operation in December when they were engaged in a gun battle with 15 to 20 insurgents. "The guy was wearing a vest. He was identified by the sniper moving down a tree

line and coming

up over a

ditch," said Lt

Col Slack. "He

had a shawl on.

It rose up and

the sniper saw

he had a machine

gun.

"They were in

contact and he

was moving to

a firing position.

The sniper en-

gaged him and

the guy exploded. There was a pause on the radio and the sniper said, 'I think I've just shot a suicide bomber'. The rest of them were killed in the blast."

It is understood the L/Cpl was using an L115A3 gun, the Army's most powerful sniper weapon.



Source. *The Telegraph UK. 28th Jan, 2015.*

AUSTRALIAN COMMANDO ASSOCIATION NATIONAL LOGO

The national logo was adopted in 2010.

After robust discussion it was decided to:

- Have a log that depicted the modern makeup of the Commando Units and would cover other elements of Special Operations Command - Australia that are necessary for Commando units to operate.
- The green half of the double diamond represents 1st Commando Regiment and the Red represents 2nd Commando Regiment.
- The Fairburn Sykes knife was chosen due to it being used world wide by special units since WW2 as insignia.
- The scroll 'Australia' was approved in an attempt to separate State Associations parochialism and to move into the future.

Historically the Double Diamond represents the Australian Independent Companies (later re-designated as Commando Squadrons) and the WW2 Association members.

Of particular note is that the Green segment represents both



the 1st Independent Company and the 1st Commando Regiment colour Green from the unit flag. The Red segment represents the 2/2nd Independent Company (later 2/2nd Australian Commando Squadron) and the 2nd Commando Regiment's colour of Red (the old 4 RAR colour).

The first reinforcements received by NGVR in the Wau/Bulolo area in 1942 were 2/1st Independent Coy reinforcements diverted after their parent unit had been over-run by the Japanese (they walked over the Bulldog Track), and then the 2/5th Ind Coy which was flown in to Wau.



John Holland, museum curator, addressing the group

MUSEUM VISITS

About 20 Sherwood Girl Guides and their leaders attended an evening tour of our NGVR/PNGVR Military Museum at Wacol on Monday 19 April, 2015.

Curator John Holland, Barry

Wright, Paul Brown, Peter Rogers Jnr and Phil Ainsworth welcomed the group.

I was most impressed by the friendly, happy and earnest interaction between our Association Members and our young guests. The evening started with a special short introductory DVD and finished about 2 hours later when the results of the questionnaire were provided and each guest received a gift wrapped laminated ANZAC poster which was provided by the Greenbank RSL.

This work of our Committee members is very unstated yet is the essence of our purpose as an Association. For this visit to be successful, the surrounding yard needed to be cut, toilets and Museum cleaned, weaponry exhibits to be hung from the armoury and the questionnaire and gifts arranged – many extra hours of time and effort. I congratulate those who contribute in this way particularly John and Paul, thank you

Phil Ainsworth.

If you are able to assist with visits to the Museum please contact John Holland 3375 5484 email rabaul42@gmail.com



Anzac Day 2015 Brisbane

Top

Colin Gould, Don Hook, Phil Ainsworth

LHS

ANZAC service "EYES RIGHT"

Bottom

Peter Rogers, Tony Boulter, Colin Gould





With 6th June upon us. D Day beach. Then and now.



Charles Blake-Simon Hui, Doug Ng, Gerry McGrade Ralph Seeto.



Prior to the march in Sydney. Kenneth Jones, Ross Johnson, Michael White.



NGVR Plaque Dedication. Shrine of Memories, Anzac Square, Brisbane, 6 Nov, 1993.

Back. Tom Lega, Joe Gleeson, Charles Brush, Frank Holland, Edward Tscharke.

Centre. Buster Mills, Jim Huxley, Kevin Baker, Bob Rasmussen, Kam On Leo, John Murphy.

Front Row. Jack Goad, Jack McGrath, John Cooke, Neil Greave, Alan Board.



Brisbane Flag bearers at the Brisbane march Doug Ng, Tony Boulter and Colin Gould.



More Sydney marchers gather

THE ODE IN PIDGIN

Ol inoken kamap lapun olsem yumi olgeta husat istap yet kamap lapun
Skin bilong em ino les long taim emi olupela, na ol yia bai imo kotim em

Long taim san igo daun na long momingtaim tru
Bai yumi i holim ol long tingting bilong mipela
Mipela ino ken lusim tingting long em

Thank you Kieran Nelson.

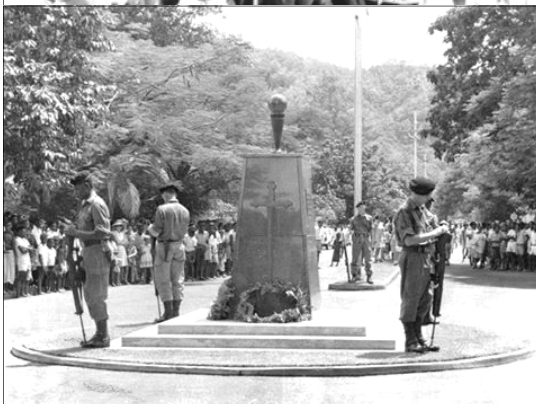


Painting at the Air Force Association Museum, Perth.

The Boston of Flt Lt W.C. (Bill) Newton VC over Salamaua



PNGVR marching on Anzac Day, Ela Beach, Port Moresby. 1964. Photo courtesy Noel Kenna.



Catafalque Party Anzac Day, Rabaul, 1968. Richard Pratton front right. John Barlow on left with back to camera. Photo Courtesy John Barlow.

FUNCTION DATES

Saturday 20th June. A Reunion for Army Servicemen who served in Papua New Guinea (PNG) from 1950 to 1980s, and their partners, will be held on the Gold Coast. The Reunion will start with a Service at the Kokoda Memorial Wall, Cascade Gardens, Broadbeach at 11 am followed by lunch at the Surfers Paradise RSL Club from 1230 pm. The aim is to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the origin of the formation of the PIB (Papuan Infantry Battalion) in June 1940. Members of the PIB NGIB HQ PIR Association will also be present and the reunion is being held at their instigation. A dinner is also being held at the Surfers Paradise RSL. Attendances please for catering purposes to Bob Collins **07 5526 8396** or by email to bob-collins@bigpond.com

Association Committee Meetings

Saturday 16th May

Saturday 18th July

Saturday 19th September

Meetings commence 10am and all members are welcome to attend. Come along to see your Museum and meet old mates.



NATIONAL MEDALS
Pty Ltd



REPLICA MEDALS OR MOUNTING OF MEDALS

A reliable alternative source for medal work is National Medals, 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 Bn.

For correspondence contact Secretary, Colin Gould, email pngvr@optusnet.com.au, phone 0424 562 030

(The Secretary, P O Box 885, Park Ridge, Qld, 4125)

For Military Museum enquires contact Curator John Holland, email rabaul42@gmail.com, phone 0449 504 058

(NGVR/PNGVR Military Museum, Corner Boundary Road & Fulcrum Street, Wacol, Qld, 4076)

Membership fee payments to Treasurer, Doug Ng, email doug-lasng@iinet.net.au, phone 0413 014 422

(NGVR & PNGVR Ex-members Association : BSB: 064006 - A/C: 10001126)

Website Master: Trevor Connell email trevor.connell@internode.on.net, phone 0409 690 590

www.pngvr.weebly.com (all backcopies of HTT may be obtained from our website)

Facebook Master: Kieran Nelson, email kierannelson@bigpond.com, phone 0412 236 013

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/ngvrandpngvrmilitarymuseum/>

Harim Tok Tok Editor: Bob Collins, email bob-collins@bigpond.com, phone 0413 831 397

President: Email p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au to get on members electronic distribution including Harim Tok Tok (you will receive it in colour, earlier and can adjust the print size to suit)

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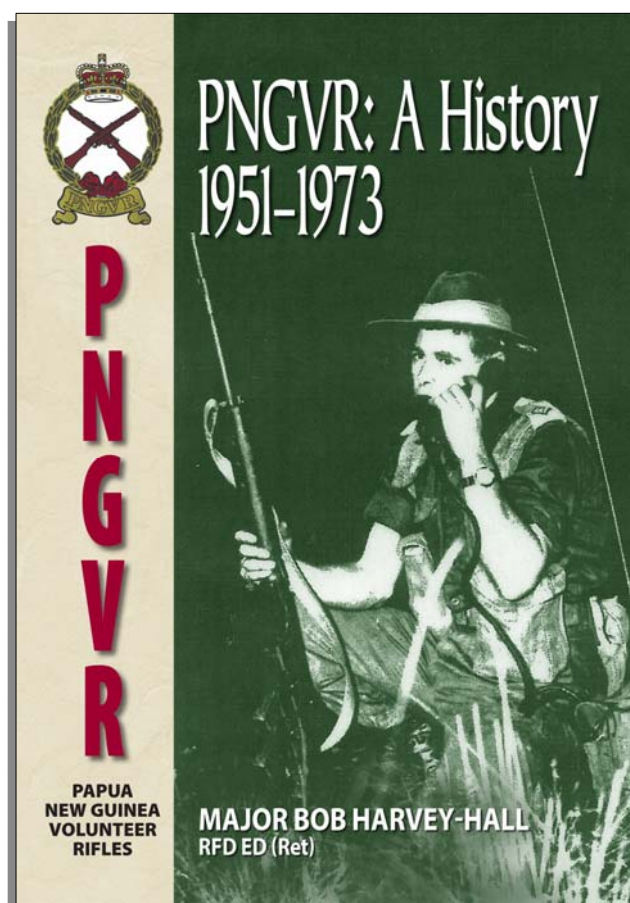
**Contact Phil Ainsworth
07 3844 3222**

Email: p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au

99 Annerley Road, Woolloongabba QLD 4102

www.kingco.com.au

PUBLISHED APRIL 2105 - AN OFFER TO PURCHASE
THE HISTORY OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA VOLUNTEER RIFLES



PNGVR was the successor unit to the WWII New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Militia Battalion. It was the only Australian post WWII Militia (CMF) Battalion which was:

- formed, served and disbanded overseas
- never served in Australia
- always on the Australia's Order of Battle
- always commanded by a regular army officer
- from 1964 actively enlisting Papua New Guineans (non-Australians)
- from 1964 a fully-integrated unit comprising Australians and non Australians in all ranks

The colourful story of this unique Australian Militia Battalion unfolds in this detailed telling by Major Bob Harvey-Hall RFD ED (Ret), the second-longest serving PNGVR soldier/officer/ Company Commander and Battalion 2/1C, from the unit's earliest days until near when it was disbanded.

The story reveals how expatriates thought and lived in PNG from the early 1950s just after the war; how the battalion provided the initial defence of the country and assisted to re-establish the Pacific Island Regiment. As the country's development

process increased, the battalion's role was expanded and Papua New Guineans were welcomed enlistments into the PNGVR military community.

The battalion played an important role during the anxious time the governing of West Papua was transferred to Indonesia from the Dutch. As the country rapidly moved towards its own independence there was no need for an Australian CMF unit in PNG and the unit was disbanded. Many of the expatriate Australians remained in PNG after independence and further assisted the country in its development. Read how the bonding created by the unique shared experiences within PNGVR remains strong today and is exemplified whenever a group of former PNGVR soldiers meet.

PURCHASE ORDER

To: **NGVR & PNGVR Ex-Members Association, PO Box 885, Park Ridge QLD 4125**

Please send me copies of **PNGVR: A History 1951-1973** at the purchase price of \$50.00 per copy

Plus \$20.00 for postage and handling for any purchase in Australia

Note: Overseas purchasers should include sufficient to cover the postage costs to their selected destination. As a guide, the book is A4 size 20mm thick and weighs 1318 grams.

☐ Enclosed please find my cheque, made payable to NGVR & PNGVR Ex-Members Association, for \$..... **OR**

☐ I have transferred \$..... to NGVR & PNGVR Ex-Members Association, Commonwealth Bank of Australia BSB:064006 A/C:10001126

Name: Email or Phone No.:

Delivery Address:

..... P/Code

If transferring funds electronically, please be sure to include your name with your transfer, then either post this form or email details of your order

For more information, please contact Phillip Ainsworth—p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au (email)—0418 730 348 (mob.)
Kieran Nelson: kierannelson@bigpond.com (email)—0412 236 013 (mob.)

HELP URGENTLY WANTED



“BUY A TILE, OR TWO, OR ...!”

The construction of the Military Museum extension is about to commence. Completion is scheduled to allow an official opening in September, the 40th Anniversary of PNG's Independence

Funds are required to refurbish the extension and enhance the existing premises.

You may help by purchasing floor tiles at \$5 each donation. All tile purchasers will be acknowledged in a framed roll in the extension.

Please use this coupon for your donation

To: NGVR & PNGVR Ex-Members Association, PO Box 885, Park Ridge QLD 4125

I wish to purchase tiles for \$5 each to help refurbish our Military Museum

☐ Enclosed please find my cheque, made payable to NGVR & PNGVR Ex-Members Association, for \$.....
OR

☐ I have transferred \$..... to NGVR & PNGVR Ex-Members Association, BSB: 064006 A/C: 10001126

Name:

Email or Phone No.:

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