

PRESIDENT'S UPDATE

I do not know what is in store in 2019 but I look forward to 365 sunrises, 12 full moons and a big trip around the sun... have a good year.

I wrote a similar statement in last year's first edition – after my 2018 year, it seems a good way to introduce you to our first edition this year.

Leading up to Christmas we have seen the loss of several of our members : Graham Mitchell, Tony Milan , Alastair Martin and James Woo. Our Association was represented at the funeral services for the first three mentioned but advice of the death of James was received after the event. Our best wishes are extended to the families and friends of these men. Short eulogies for Graham, Tony and Alastair are contained in this newsletter and we are seeking information about James.

I received a copy of Michael Claringbould's book "South Pacific Air War, volume 2" for Christmas . After reading his first volume last year(my review was attached to HTT 108) I was very much looking forward to the publication of his second volume which covers the crucial two months period, April and May , of 1942 when the loss of Port Moresby was at risk. This volume is clearly for air war buffs due to nature of the war at this stage and the emphasis on individual flights and success of the opponents.

The successful, audacious and little known 104 aircraft raid on Lae/Salamaua on 10 March 1942 by US aircraft carriers Enterprise and Yorktown is well told. The carriers launched their aircraft whilst steaming in the Gulf of Papua. The heavily laden aircraft crossed the Central Divide to sink several unsuspecting Japanese freighters and damaged several JIN warships including a seaplane carrier supporting the Japanese 8th and 9th March invasion of Lae and Salamaua. After the raid all aircraft except one, which was shot down, recrossed the Central Range and returned to their carriers. His third volume of the Pacific Air War is due to be published sometime this year and will cover the Coral Sea Battle.

Another good read available and which is

complementary to any reading of the Pacific War is " Australia's First Spies" by John Fahey, published August 2018. I will write a review for our next newsletter : the book is a well written , easy to read, remarkable story of Australia's intelligence operations from 1901 to 1945. The story explains an unexpected and interesting background concerning the secret spying world in the Pacific area before and during WW1 , between the wars and WW2 , a must read.

Our activities for 2019 once again include our 6 committee meetings to which everyone is invited, particularly for those visiting Brisbane, our Museum monthly public openings on the first Saturday of the month, the ANZAC Day March and reunion , the 77th Anniversary Memorial Service for those who were lost on the Montevideo Maru on Monday 1st July at the Brisbane Cenotaph, the Battle for Australia Service on 4th September at Chermside , the Brisbane Open House Day of our Museum and our AGM in October. There will be several fund raising sausage sizzle sales at Bunnings , Oxley as well as museum working bees and the attendance at various memorial services around Australia to which we invite our members who live closest to the venue to represent the Association. These events and activities will be advertised in our newsletters and all members are invited to attend.

There are also our ongoing activities such as maintaining the Museum, publishing 6 editions of our 16 page newsletter , the Harim Tok Tok and looking after our website and face book. These vital functions as well as the Secretary's and Treasurer's roles are maintained by your hard working committee members for which we are grateful and for whom we thank for their passion and hard work, thank you.

I revisited the Kokoda Track Memorial Walkway at Concord , Sydney last week to view the new and elaborate improvements. Unfortunately the facility was closed and I was unable to view the new completed auditoriums. There is still significant work to be completed on the gardens. I saw enough to recommend a visit or revisit to this significant memorial park and facility.

For interest , here is a great photo of the front of a three engine Junkers loading a horse in Lae for the Morobe Cup held in Wau before the war.

Phil Ainsworth, January 2019



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William Alfred Griffiths

NG 2440 NGX 428

29.8.1912 – 27.11.1993 (Cont)

I Proceed on Compassionate Leave

I was at Lindenhaven Mission next day working on a bridge when word came through that I had to go south immediately, so I left at once and went to Madang for the night. Up at five in the morning, no breakfast, and out to the airstrip on the biscuit bomber and got away. Got to Finschhafen before dinner, did not have time to have anything to eat at the canteen before taking off to Lae. My movement order flight pass was dated 30.08.1944... arriving at Lae that evening I went to ANGAU and was told to be down in the barracks for the night and be ready to leave it at 4.30 in the morning, a driver would take me out to in Nadzab



Bill and Ivy whilst on leave

would take me out to in Nadzab to catch a plane flying direct to Townsville, then to Brisbane.

01.09.1944... got to Brisbane to find my wife pretty ill. I made arrangements through Victoria Barracks Brisbane to take her and the kids to Corindhap in Victoria. I went free but paid a token fare of £6.18 shillings for my family to go to Victoria.

A Slow Return to New Guinea

29.09.1944... Friday left Melbourne for Sydney on the Spirit of Progress.

30.09.1944... Arrived in Sydney. I had to kill time, waiting all day for a train to Brisbane I have a good feed and a couple of rums and went to a movie to kill time.

3.10.1944... Brisbane left for Townsville,

4.10.1944... in Rockhampton the kids would run along the side of the train as it went slowly through the streets yelling for pennies, which the troops on board would throw out to them. Coming to Townsville we nearly jumped the rails, some person or persons had tried to wreck the train by driving spikes into some of the joints,

5.10.1944... arrived in Townsville 6.10.1944... still here

7.10.1944... went into Townsville a rotten place.

8.10.1944... still suffering the dust with nothing to drink unless a person walks a half a mile

9.10.1944... still here no sign of movement and just about out of reading material, I believe there is a move on tomorrow. Will most probably be flying over.

10.10.1944... moved into Oonambar today waiting for a plane, as I am on air draft, food rotten. I went to the pictures not a bad show. For beer issue line up like schoolboys.

So we were unloaded at Oonombah near Stewart Creek. There I met a chap from New Guinea I had worked with in peacetime. He was in the canteen here, he told me they were having a dance that night and he was bringing his wife Emma to the dance. I was about to go to bed when he came around to tell me she wanted to have a talk to me about old times, so I went across to the dance. I did not get away until the dance finished.

The food was rotten, there was a shortage of water half the time and the camp was a dust bowl.

11.10.1944... waiting on word from air movement control, feeling lonely, would like to be home with my love and youngsters.

12.10.1944... still waiting, but fed up with the wind, dust, and bad food. A girl crying at a bus stop said someone tried to come on to her - we looked for him, could not find him.

14.10.1944... left Townsville 6.30 this morning. Flew over Port Moresby, Nadzab, Buna, Morobe, and Salamaua. A non-stop flight and a bit bumpy. Arrived 11pm at Lae. Dinner consisted of tinned fish.

15.10.1944... I am staying at ANGAU transit camp, with some old timers.

16.10.1944... I have been through Headquarters, I am at Lae, sent to Finschhafen next morning to do a bit of recruiting and to try to get 200 natives to take up the coast. I got 178 in a little over a week, and Wayam our old cook wants to come too. Today I am in a spot of trouble for leaving camp without permission.

I Return to Madang

17.10.1944... Shifted to Details Dept and put on a Liberty boat and sailed to Madang, picked up outrigger canoes and sailed over to Karkar Island to issue some supplies and some canoes for them to get away, should the volcano be any worse, as it had been spitting for some weeks now. Upon arriving and anchoring a few hundred yards offshore one could see a fairly large part of the village had disappeared in lava. Going ashore delivering supplies and canoes I found I could not help them rebuild, as there was no timber on the island. The natives bought out one native women having a miscarriage. She was taken out to the Liberty boat, and rushed over to the mainland three hours sailing away. It rained like blazes the day the boat left, the volcano was rumbling and the ground was shaking like a jelly. I would not live there for any money, and the seas got rougher and the waves seem to be as high as mountains. A week passed then a Liberty boat came to take my boys and I off the island to Madang. We did not get ashore.

Rations and medical suppliers came aboard and I was told we were going to Ka Ka Koc (?) a group of islands, to see if there were Japanese hiding out there - if not see if the natives needed suppliers and medical gear. The Japs had left a number of weeks ago, all they needed was a bit of medicine, I went back to Madang stayed there at ANGAU depot and was told a couple of Japs had escaped from prison, and were dressed in American uniforms, and believed to be still in this vicinity.

25.10.1944... coming back from a couple of days out on patrol in the hills from Madang, I saw a bomber of ours come down just out from our airstrip, and coming closer recognised it as American. A dozer had crashed over an embankment, a grader also went over, and a truck was just balanced on the edge of the road. Ambulance wagons and military Police were there trying to effect a rescue and the bomber just missed them as it flew over. The dozer and grader drivers drove straight off the roadway, plunging down a steep embank

26.10.1944... on my way to do some clearing about 16 miles away, for a road to go in, I saw a American bomber skidding sideways across the aerodrome, on returning from a bombing mission.

27.10.1944... I have been out to the clearing again. Overnight bloody Japs tied a couple of fair size bombs up in the trees that we had to cut down for the road to go through and they had wires crisscrossed in the trees. I sent word back to bomb disposals in Madang. They arrived two hours later and connected a wire from a couple of the Japanese wires, running a lead a few hundred feet up to road and then fired the booby-trap

by plunger. There was one hell of an explosion as debris flew around and about. When the dust settled only the trunks of the trees were left standing, the tops were blown completely off.

I would tie my shirts and trousers and other articles of clothing on a cord across a stream overnight to wash after lathering them well - it had the same effect as a washing machine. This worked well but some mornings we would find the washing gone. Other fellows complained their washing was also disappearing. We thought of the bright idea of tying tins on a cord on either side of the washing - it worked but we still could not discover who it was, so questioned the native boys and they said it was probably a Jap sneaking in and stealing the washing. After warning the boys not to poke around the area where the washing was, we set a trap either side of the stream. During the night 'Boom!' some yells, then quiet. There was not much we could do until morning and, in the daylight, a dead Japanese lay on the ground with a German revolver and a compass.

01.11.1944... it has been raining all night, later ack ack battery sent over barrages and American heavy artillery also sent over shells into enemy held territory.

Some bush natives came in saying they had a very sick meri, and they were very hungry for kaikai (food) as the Japs had cleaned them out of pigs, chickens, taro, and sweet potato. It was found the meri was undernourished, and was having a miscarriage so was put in hospital immediately.

03.11.1944...Had a native come in all swollen up, he had been bitten all over by wasps, and is in a hell of a mess. Also had a letter from my wife, but have hardly time to read it, as the Sons of Heaven are dropping bombs on us again.

What a helluva day, guys wounded, natives going bush, fellows crying like kids, The Yanks are the worst, even big hefty blokes who were bigger and stronger than me were weeping at losing mates and buddies, and wishing to the Almighty that it would come to an end.

02.11.1944... I was sent out to some native gardens today to see what progress they were making since the Japs had been driven out of the area. Ditched the truck I was in going around a narrow gutted bend, with the camber of the road leading towards the ditch instead of towards the Embankment, typical of these native roads there - luckily no one was hurt but everyone got a fright. I guess an hour had lapsed when we got it back on the road, so mud splattered and wet, and continued on to the village, but did not do much of an inspection of the gardens. As rain was coming down in torrents I headed back to ANGAU (Australian New Guinea Administration Unit) depot in Madang.

13.12.1944... Morning came and orders were at 0900 hours, proceed to Finschhafen the following day. I had needles and the natives also - I could not figure out why, if we were only going to Finschhafen, which by now was well behind the forward areas. I got off the small boat at Finschhafen and reported to our headquarters. There I was told to go up the Mapi River area on a recruiting drive. Fortunately for me my 'boss boy' Sani, was from that area and the drive was highly successful.

The Emirau Islands

15.12.1944...One of our big chiefs from Lae came down to the wharf to give us our orders saying "There are just the two of you (Sergeant Alex Hetherington and I). You will travel together and call at Manus Island, unload some supplies and gear and with your natives go on to the Emirau on the Equator and do a job for the Yanks that they want done". So after calling at Manus we arrived at Emirau.

23.12.1944... this island is five miles long by two miles wide and there are 200 planes, mostly American, and the rest are New Zealand Dauntless Dive Bombers. Our first evening on the island

was a friendly turn out with the Kiwis and the Yanks coming over to our camp with beer, so a good time was had by all. Our camp is on the beach at one end of the airstrip, and as the planes take-off they just clear the fronds of a palm tree, and the noise is cruel to the ears. On the other end of the strip is a 350 ft sheer drop down to the sea. When they take off in that direction there is no noise.

I am Posted to Bougainville

27.12.1944... As the Americans pulled out we were picked up and set sail for the island of Bougainville. The night was very stormy - big seas and very wet. I had to man a Pom Pom gun from midnight until four in the morning. The Yanks told me to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

When I arrived at Torokina I was attached to the Americans but the Australians arrived shortly after and then I was billeted with the Australians. It was horrible after being attached to the Americans and having had bacon and eggs for breakfast, steak, roast meat or chicken for the other meals. There is one thing about meat and vegetables, one-day you can have meat and vegetables and water, and the next day for a change one can have water, meat and vegetables.

Above Torokina, during the day there is volcano smoke which hangs around the top of the mountains like cloud. The spotter planes use it to cover up as they direct the artillery on to the enemy targets. Just on this side of Torokina the Americans have a temporary cemetery with about 2000 dead, and at a later date will take them back to the USA.

I operate on the Buin trail - we are on the south of Torokina - the Buka trail is north of Torokina. Our twenty five pounders were blasting away shelling the Japs. The Yanks have a big gun that throws a shell eight miles, and they're sending over shells periodically - it is vastly different sound to our guns, they call it 'Big Bertha', and when the Yanks began to fire it, you will hear someone say 'Big Bertha speaks again'. This afternoon she was doing a lot of speaking, and now the Japs are having a go back at us, seems like our fellows are softening up the Japs in readiness for a move forward tomorrow.

30.01.1945...I went out with supplies and ammunition to D company this morning, and bought back three wounded fellows. I'm trying to build a camp, but it is hard as I have to go across to A company this afternoon. Came back with a dead bloke and a wounded guy. It is getting a bit late and have to go out to C company to bring in a few wounded fellows - the rain is starting but I have to go. Arrived back saturated with five wounded fellows. We are trying to cut poles and erect a shelter for the night. If I had a mate one could have been making a camp with a few boys while the other went and bought in the wounded and the injured from the three fronts. I eventually rigged a shelter of sorts and was glad to see the daylight come, so I could rectify a few leaks in the shelter.

I am only 50 yards off the beach and the Dauntless Dive Bombers flash past no more than 15 feet above the beach. They keep low so the Jap will not see them, then pull up into the air and take them by surprise. There is a guy who flies past no more than 10 ft above the ground and throws out a bundle of Guinea Gold newspapers, a paper the army prints for the troops, giving a bit of news about home and then a little of everything in general.

At dawn three dive bombers flew past our camp about a mile away then attacked the Japs across to river - they give them merry hell for 40 or 50 minutes, strafing and

dropping bombs on big emplacements. They came back just before midday and attacked the Jap again, and then again in the afternoon. Dropping the Guinea Gold off became an everyday occurrence for the next three weeks. When time permitted, I would go swimming with the bois about half a mile out from shore. The water is only seven or eight feet deep out here, just a little over my head. Porpoises came playing around as we dived down for crayfish, we knew as long as the porpoises were there, there were no danger of sharks, they would follow us right into shallow water and try to come ashore. The crayfish was a change of diet but I could not find time to go out everyday.

During the past few days I have been out with a Platoon of diggers exploring the Moviari River, around 12 miles inland from the coast. After crossing the lagoons which run parallel with the coast for miles, we were a little more than two hours on the track when suddenly the Japanese opened up forcing us to retreat. They were sending over quite a lot of rifle fire, and the Woodpecker machine gun was blasting away at us - they had us pinned down good and proper. With us were 2 fellows with six pigeons, which they were to let go at intervals further along the trail. They let one pigeon go with a message but the Japs shot the bird down as it circled for height. They let another go and it suffered the same fate as the first bird, then they decided to let three go at once. The Japs tried to shoot them down but a couple got away with the message for help. Maybe one-and-a-half to two hours later another Platoon of our guys arrived attacking the Japs from one side, and we opened up from where we had sneaked up on a ridge. We had them in a crossfire and after 30 minutes or so they gave up and pulled out. Previous to this incident, I would often shoot a few pigeons and bake them in the camp oven, but after this I will not be eating another pigeon as long as I live.

8.02.1944...There is a lot of movement around Headquarters depot this morning - the troops are ready with supplies all done up in bundles ready to go. We crossed the bridge and headed in the direction of the Taviaria River (not to be confused with the Tavara River back down the coast), we can see the pine tree where the Dauntless dive bomber crashed last week. The plane was a mess and a Jap artillery piece was a mess under the plane where he hit the tree. Did he deliberately crash on to the gun, or did it just happen that way? no one will ever know, but he certainly put the gun out of action.

I have been extra busy this week laying more bridges through the mangroves and vile swamps - it is the worst swampy region I have seen up to date, and for good measure we have been keeping supplies and ammunition, and gear up to the fellows, plus bringing out our wounded on stretchers. They believe in getting their money's worth out of a person up here.

My natives and I walked 10 miles today, and will make camp for the night at the mouth of the Marmariga River,

I have not had my boots off for two weeks now; I'm getting a bit on the nose, for the want of a good wash and a change of

clothes.

In this swamp the rotten, decayed vegetation and stale water the smell is quite dangerous. If one rubs against something just breaking the skin, it festers in a few hours, and if it is not treated immediately, look out for tropical ulcers.

I broke orders tonight and took my boots off. My socks were rotten to bits. I am using some warm water to get the pieces of sock off my feet - my gaiter's are in tatters. The Q store is not too bad, the Quartermaster gave me a complete new outfit of clothes and another pair of boots and gaiters.

These Able, Don, and Charlie forward troops are being relieved every week, admittedly losing some, either being killed or wounded, But my bois and I have no relief. We have to change them over every week for a spell from being forward, and keep their supplies and ammunition up to them as well as erecting footbridges over the mangrove mire. I have lost a lot of weight lately, and that is if the set of scales which the store and a supply depot has, is measuring rightly. I am only 11 stone - I was 15 stone 8 lbs when I joined up in Wau.

It is getting that way now that every couple of nights I try to make it to the store for new socks, they rot very quickly with the acid in the mire. I get back to camp, I get rations for my bois and get ready for the next day. They have sore feet and many other ills so I have to write down which bois are sick and what medicines and rations are used. After all this is recorded I can go to bed, and hope we do not get a call to go out during the night. In peacetime it would be an eight-hour day, but here it can be nearly 24 hours a day.

I am to try canoeing up the Tavari River today as far as Don Company, which is roughly 10 miles. We manhandled the canoe over the pontoon bridge, and set off upstream. I had only gotten two or three miles up stream and could get no further as logs and debris stopped our canoe, progress was impossible, so went back to give my report. Then we had to proceed to the troops at the Tavari River.

The Army has formed a fishing unit to catch fish along the coast, and supply the hospital and other units, but we do not get any of it, as it is all gone by the time it arrives here on the barge. The chaps who are doing the fishing were good enough to give us a net

so we can get some fish for ourselves. We ran the net out and staked it in a permanent position and each morning someone would canoe out along it and get the fish and cook them for breakfast.

I am camped back in the Princes Augustus Bay a bit from the Motopina Point. The bay is 40 miles across from the here and looks as if some giant had taken a great bite out of the coast of Bougainville for eight miles inland. The coast by road to Motopina Point to Torokina is 60 odd miles. It is quicker across the bay by boat to Torokina than by road, but the road must be kept open as pockets of Japs are still behind the hills and in different places.

I woke up at dawn this morning to the sound of heavy guns going off, and bombs exploding along the coast - we are giving something one helluva going over. We just collected the heap of gear and things that the twin motored Douglas or biscuit bomber dropped off a while ago, so we will be having a bite to eat directly over at the camp. Word had just arrived that some of our



NG 2440 Rfn William Alfred Griffiths Note
NGVR shoulder slaps and NGVR colour patch.

Navy and some of the American Navy plus Australian and American Air Force planes attacked an enemy convoy trying to make it into Buin, which is the Japanese headquarters. By all accounts the enemy suffered terrific losses and were blasted off the sea before reaching Buin.

I am now building a big camp to house 450 carrier boys and seven whites on the banks of the Purita River, 10 miles inland from the coast. A couple of soldiers called in today with one chap who had a bullet that went through his steel helmet, and had gone around until it was spent. It had burned all way around the skull so they were taking him in for treatment further down at a temporary hospital. The Engineers are building a bridge over the Purita River, a couple of hundred yards downstream from here. The river is half a mile wide. I was over the bridge today cutting trees down for the road to be made when there was an explosion and two of my boys were yelling and screaming and running around as if berserk. We tied them down onto makeshift stretchers and rushed them to hospital - one was dead on arrival on the other was in bad pain. It was a phosphorus bomb that had got them. Phosphorus burns the flesh right to the bone - nothing can stop it once it hits a person - it's a cruel way to go.

One night I had to go out to C Company right away as they met with stiff resistance today and I have 16 wounded and seven dead to get out of there. I rounded up Sani and my gang and went through the night. I did 2 trips with snipers firing and with blokes crying out in pain - as it was dark the snipers could not see us but fired at the sound the wounded were making.

17.03.1945 It was nearly dawn, and we were putting the last of the wounded into a five ton truck to be carted 10 miles to hospital. I was bending down to pick up one end of a stretcher, when the guys up in the truck let the tailgate crash down hitting me along the spine and right hip. Dazed I fell to the ground and collapsed. I was given a needle and a tablet and went a couple of hundred yards with the help of Sani and a couple of my boys. I just made it to my bunk when my bowels let go - I had no control over them and I was in one hell of a mess. One of the boys bought in a bucket of water and was trying to clean me up as best he could. My bunk and jungle green trousers were a mess and I smelled horrible and I was as weak as a kitten.

I was put in a thatched roof grass hut with a mud floor. The nurses wore gumboots to get around the place. I thought we must be prisoners or something to be in hospital in these conditions. There are better places along the beach to build a hospital where the floor would have been beach sand instead of mire - they did not intend any one having a holiday here.

The Sisters told me this joint was only a temporary unit until another place was built. I asked where the toilet was - one nurse showed me, so I made a dive for it. It had no cover around it, I was in open view to everyone, but I was too sick to worry about anyone or anything.

I walked to a new ANGAU headquarters further along the beach. I reported back and met a Major Ormsby, a Police Officer I knew in peacetime on the mainland of New Guinea. We spoke for a while, then he asked me how long since I had been on leave down South. I told him 14 months "Right!" he said "We will arrange for you to go south for a spot of leave."

I Proceed on Leave Again

The plane took off, and as we were climbing to gain height we went up through a bit of the volcano smoke and could look down into the gaping crater of the volcano with smoke coming out of it. As the plane turned I could look down and see the coast line for miles right past where the battle of the swamps

took place. Looking down I thought how each sector could tell sad stories since Alec and I landed in Torikina, and the poor Americans only had half a mile or a little more when we landed. There has been a lot happened since then - this is the first time I have been able to look down on the south coast of Bougainville from the air - it is a very pretty sight from up here. We went to Lae, and stayed the night, and out to Nadzab next morning.

We caught a plane for Townsville, and from there by slow old train ride through to Melbourne. After completing my leave I went back to Brisbane by train, where I was told there was a boat sailing direct to Torokina from Brisbane. I was being sent back on the boat where I met a bloke I knew before the war, and had been with him a few times around Lae and Salamaua areas. So before the boat sailed, Tom Zoffman and I went into Brisbane, and got a couple of bottles of rum each, which we smuggled aboard. On the way to Bougainville Tommy and I would have a few nips at night.

This boat simply smelt of cattle as it was used to run cattle and horses to Indonesia before the war. There were blokes sick everywhere on this stinking tub. We had to do a few turns on the gun stations on the way back, but that was a change from the smell of sick blokes anyway.

I Return to Bougainville

02.04.1945... April fools day passed but the Nip was not fooling they just kept firing.

03.04.1945... no sleep tonight, still firing.

05.04.1945... the earth shook tonight from the Nips bombing. This morning our boys attacked on a grand scale - this afternoon our planes bombed and the tanks rolled forward, 300 dead nips.

10.04.1945... things are quiet at present.

11.04.1945... another quiet day, went for a swim.

The Japanese prisoners seem to be glad the war was over for them, and they could get regular meals and not have to scrounge for a feed like they had been doing. There were some ugly little buggers amongst them. Some had horrible teeth almost the colour of saffron.

15.04.1945...The next evening we had more shells come over - one shell dropped short and exploded in the river 100 yards just ahead of us. We thought they were getting our range, so all of the boys and the troops got down the river bank for protection. There was another one dropped short but we could do nothing about it

22.04.1945 Further on we had cleared a dropping ground on the track and would bring the supplies in. In one place the vehicles had to ford a stream and slip and slide up a bank. The truck came back just on dinner.

24.04.1945. As the dozer and tanks move forward infantry is moving with them and using them as a shield as best they can. That fellow Rattey did over another Jap foxhole today - he is being cited for the VC, which he rightly deserves. There is something wrong with my left knee, it is swelling up and getting very sore. I had been putting up with it for a week now, and will have to get it seen to as soon as I can - I can hardly walk on it. I have been taken to hospital. They are giving me penicillin every three hours of the day. The left knee has nine heads erupting on it, and the doctor told me it was a carbuncle. These hospital sisters have to put up with a one helluva lot, and stop quite a few hits and knocks from the fellows who are semi-conscious and in agony with wounds. They do not know what they're doing. One Sister had her teeth broken by a fellow throwing his arms around - another one was kicked in the

stomach and sent skittling into other patients, but they take it as a matter of course. There is no doubt they do a mighty job for the little they get.

After a fortnight I was discharged from hospital and given a job making a road alongside the beach. There are dozens of clam shells on the beach. I collect them and open the shell taking out the inside and cook it in batter - they're quite nice to eat. The boys throw the shells into the fire and cook them that way, but I prefer them in batter. My ear is getting very sore and some others have had sore ears also. The doctor said it is something out of the sea that makes the ear swell up. It is painful when I walk, it jars and hurts, the doctor is treating it with aquaflavine mixture.

On the road that we worked on yesterday the Japanese laid booby traps overnight and a jeep with an Officer and driver were blown to bits. The Japanese are getting behind our front line, and trying to harass us with their booby traps,

It is a miserable evening with rain pouring down. It is dark as pitch out side, there is water running everywhere. These Bougainville natives are as black as pitch, natives of New Guinea are brown skinned. It is still pelting down outside and the Japs have started shelling again, I think it could be close to midnight. With the rain belting down, and the Jap shelling, all one can do stare into a black void to pass the night away.

Our side is broadcasting 15 minutes sessions in Japanese with loudspeakers telling them to come in as they will be treated well and sent back to Japan after the war is over. Whether they listen or not is up to them, but one came in today and gave himself up.

24.04.1945... Intelligence has placed loud speakers about, and they are telling the Nips to surrender. The Nips replied with heavy artillery.

27.04.1945... the Nips got one of our guns, killing 8 with 17 wounded. We are loosing 3 of ours to 1 Nip.

30.04.1945... the Nip has bought in light guns and knows where to sling their shells.

01.05.1945... our boys went into action, taking a position the Nips had moved out of. 30 moved into this position, and more came in from the rear.

02.05.1945... heavy rain has washed out communications.

03.05.1945...Nips making counter attacks, casualties are heavy on our side.

05.05.1945... more tanks gone in for the attack, Nips putting up a fight.

09.05.1945... the Nips keep cutting our telephone lines and are a general nuisance.

I am Hospitalised and go on Leave

13.05.1945... I have a sore leg, a touch of poison, and am going to the hospital.

16.05... going to Motipina. 18.05.1945..I have given penicillin.

19.05. waiting to go on leave. 20.05... went to a movie.

21.05.1945... leave cancelled, have been given another job.

22.05.1945... the Aussies put over a lot of shells, and the planes dropped bombs on Nip positions.

23.05.1945... I am still arguing trying to get my leave.

24.05.1945...was supposed to get away on leave, the plane was held up, still here.

25.05.1945...a chap was killed today diving into water and

broke his neck.

26.05.1945... another bunch of Yanks sent back from Manila in disgrace, for not doing their duty.

28.05.1945... caught a Yank boat to Solomon Islands, slept here for the night.

29.05.1945... flew to Port Moresby via Miline bay, slept under the trees in the moonlight.

30.05.1945... landed in Cairns, taken to transit camp.

01.06.... no movement yet. 02.06.... still waiting.

03.06.1945... 300 men went south this morning.

04.06.1945... I am still waiting. Today the Provosts beat up a chap without a leave pass.

05.06.1945... not a bad movie. 10.06.1945... still here

12.06.1945... here still. 14.06.1945... still here

15.06.1945... set off for Brisbane. 16.06.1945... traveling still.

Back to Bougainville

I am now back in New Guinea.

There were more Japanese who surrendered today. It is hard to say if the broadcasts are doing it or not. The artillery has been belting them with salvos nearly all day, this to soften them up or something I guess.

We're at the Slaters Knoll area now, and the going is not real good at all. Some bois and myself and another fellow were laying a wounded chap on his side trying to make him comfortable when two chaps came up dragging a container and asking for a Dixie to put ice-cream in, we told them to lay low or they may happen to stop a bullet. The ice cream was like milk but tasted excellent. They were Salvation Army guys. They were dressed in white with the badges sticking out like balloons, real target for the Japs but somehow they made it back safely. The silly coots had no arms of any kind, just a can of ice-cream, and to make matters worse the Japs were doing quite a bit of shooting while they were up forward.

I have moved up just short of the Mivo River, another one of those jobs where a person has to work until dark, then build a camp. I am pretty used to it by now. The tanks have been called in as the troops say the tanks are doing a mighty job shifting the Japs from their position. The infantry move along with the tanks and my bois keep up the ammunition and get the wounded away to where they are picked up and transported to hospital, miles back down the road from here.

The last time I went on leave to Australia and came back I lost Sani and the boys I bought from New Guinea mainland through the islands to Bougainville.

The authorities don't realise that when a man goes out and recruits a team of natives like I did, take them up the Mapi River and Finschhafen then to Bougainville, that after being with me close on two years, they are loyal to the guy who recruited them.

Sani and some of the bois have visited me and asked to come back and work with me again. I asked the powers to be, but they wont let them come back, I can notice the difference with this team I have now - they're not as loyal and do not do as much work as my old team.

I had another visit from Sani and some of the team again. They asked me if I had rung up Headquarters and asked could they come back to work with me. I told them that I did, and then they told me that they had been to Headquarters themselves, and were sent back to their new boss under

Police Boi escort. So that is all the thanks Headquarters gives these natives, who have worked hard and not been in the their villages for close on two years. I told them not to worry but go back to the new boss and work for him now as they cannot do anything more.

I got a message one morning after I had been a month at Marmariga saying to come to Torokina at once. Upon arriving there I was asked to join the Occupation Forces and go to Japan. I told them no I want "OUT" in capital letters.

I was sent to Headquarters in Lae. They also asked me if I would go to Japan with the Occupation Forces. Again I told them "NO" that I just wanted out. They wanted to discharge me there, but I asked to be sent south for discharge. It was an eight week wait before Canberra would give permission for us New Guinea fellows to be allowed to go south for discharge.

01.11.1945...Discharged

I think maybe I should have got my discharge in Lae and went to work at Bulolo as all the people wanted to do in Australia was to rip the ex- serviceman off. I have never known people so unscrupulous as the average civilian was at that time. Apparently these southern folk were used to ripping off the Americans and now they're gone they are ripping off the Diggers as they return.

My Discharge Certificate records:-

Citizen Military Forces from 5 Feb 1942 to 26 Feb 1944

Australian Imperial Force from 27 Feb 1944 to 7 Nov 1945

For a total effective period of 1,372 days of which

Outside Australia 1,084 days In Australia 288 days

This is a condensed version of Bill's life taken from his detailed memoirs by Bob Collins.

I can't believe how old people my age are.

THE PACE STICK

The Royal Regiment of Artillery was the originator of the pace stick. It was used by gunners to ensure correct distances between guns.

The original stick was more like a walking stick, with a silver or ivory knob. It could not be manipulated like the modern pace stick as it only opened like a pair of calipers.

The infantry then developed the stick to its present configuration as an aid to drill.

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

Australia receives next three F-35A Lightning

Australia has taken delivery of its next three F-35A Lightning II aircraft from Lockheed Martin.

Minister for Defence Marise Payne and Minister for Defence Industry Christopher Pyne congratulated Defence and Lockheed Martin on reaching the important milestone.

Minister Payne said Australia's F-35 program was on track to provide Australia with a fifth generation aircraft at the forefront of air combat technology.



"These latest aircraft are fitted with the program's final software system, which unlocks the

aircraft's full war-fighting potential including weapons, mission systems and flight performance," Minister Payne said.

"The stealthy, advanced F-35A is a step change in the Australian Defence Force's capabilities, giving Australia an edge against the emergence of advanced capabilities in our region.

"Australia is the first international partner to accept jets with Block 3F capability, and this is another key step towards introducing the aircraft into service before its arrival in Australia in December this year."

Minister Pyne said this was another significant point in the Joint Strike Fighter program.

"Australia now has five aircraft at Luke Air Force Base in Arizona, USA, where our pilots are currently training.

"Five more aircraft are scheduled for delivery by the end of 2018."

The RAAF has 72 F-35A Lightning II on order to replace the current fleet of 71 F/A-18A/B 'classic' Hornets.

Source Contact Newsletter 65

A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo. And when the herd is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole group keeps improving by the regular killing of the weakest members.

In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Excessive intake of alcohol, as we know, kills brain cells. But naturally, it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first.

In this way, regular consumption of beer and wine eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster and more efficient machine!

The Horrific Crocodile Massacre of Ramree Island

In the annals of our World Wars, there have been many atrocities committed by our kind against each other. The South Pacific during World War II holds a special distinction for being an especially brutal and savage killing ground the likes of which humankind has never seen before or since. Yet one of the bloodiest and most horrifying massacres in the history of the war came not from the hands of human beings, but from the jaws and teeth of the animal kingdom. During World War II on one remote island in the South Pacific, a group of nearly a thousand armed Japanese troops entered crocodile infested swamps and most never returned; a disappearance that, if reports are to be believed, would make it the single greatest instance of carnage caused by animals in history.

For 6 weeks during January and February of 1945, the swamp-covered island of Ramree, located in the Bay of Bengal off the coast of Burma, was the setting for a bloody battle between Japanese and Allied forces. The Battle of Ramree Island was part of the Burma Campaign during World War II, and was launched for the purpose of dislodging Japanese Imperial forces that had invaded the island in 1942. On January 26, 1945, British Royal Marine units accompanied by the 36th Indian Infantry Brigade pushed into the enemy occupied island in an effort to establish an airbase there. They were met with stiff resistance from the Japanese, and vicious fighting ensued.

After a long and bloody battle, the Allied troops managed to gain the upper hand, flanking a Japanese stronghold and flushing out an estimated 1,000 Japanese troops. The

defeated Japanese soldiers abandoned their base and made a beeline across the island in the hopes of merging with a much larger Japanese battalion on the other side. Since the British were flanking them on all sides, the Japanese decided to cut straight through 16 km of dense tidal swampland to reach their objective, ignoring all appeals by the British for their surrender. It was to be the beginning of a horrific ordeal for the enemy troops, and most would never be heard from again.

The soldiers quickly became slowed by the thick, muck-filled swamps that impeded their progress. In addition, many of the men began to succumb to tropical diseases carried by the swarms of mosquitoes as well as the various poisonous spiders, snakes and scorpions that skittered and slithered through the muddy underbrush. Over the course of several days of struggling through the swamps in this manner, starvation and a lack of drinking water became a very real threat as well. All the while they were harassed by sporadic



Japanese forces retreating

artillery fire from British forces positioned at the edges of the swampland.

This was to be merely the beginning of their nightmare. One night British troops patrolling the periphery of the swampland reported hearing panicked screams of terror and gunfire

emanating from within the darkness. It quickly became apparent that somewhere out there in the dark swamp, the Japanese troops were being ravaged by some evil menace. The British troops stationed there cringed in horror despite the fact that it was being unleashed upon their enemy.

Unfortunately for the Japanese troops, the swamps of Ramree were infested by countless, very large saltwater crocodiles, which can grow upwards of 20 feet long and over a ton in weight. The weary and bloodied soldiers thrashing clumsily through the swamps may as well have been a dinner bell ringing. The soldiers were viciously and mercilessly attacked by the reptilian beasts, and survivors reported how swarms of the aggressive animals descended upon them as terrified soldiers fired blindly in all directions in a futile effort to drive off their ravenous aggressors. Some reports from survivors described how the crocodiles would often appear out of nowhere from the murky water to drag screaming and thrashing men to their doom. The mosquito-clouded air was reported to be filled with the sounds of gunfire, snapping jaws, and the horrible gurgling cries of men being ripped to shreds, as the soldiers tried desperately to escape a fate worse than Allied troops.

Of the nearly 1,000 Japanese troops that had entered the swamp, it was said that only 20 harried survivors crawled out alive, some of them badly injured and mauled, although this figure has been sometimes disputed and estimates of just how many soldiers died within the swamp vary. It is also uncertain just how many of the doomed soldiers met their demise in the gaping, fanged maws of crocodiles rather than the myriad other dangers lurking in the swamp. Regardless of what the numbers are, the incident was impressive and horrifying enough for the Guinness Book of World Records to crown it with the distinction of being the "Most Number of Fatalities in a Crocodile Attack."

The remarkably violent and ominous incident at Ramree Island has earned it an almost legendary status right alongside similar stories from WWII such as mass shark attacks on the shipwrecked crew of the USS Indianapolis,

which holds the distinction of being the largest amount of shark attacks on humans in history. Ramree Island still continues to instill a sense of fear even all of these years later. For now, the island is quiet. The crocodiles are still there, and perhaps so are the ravaged ghosts of the fallen soldiers that met their bloody doom there all of those years ago.

Source. Internet "Mysterious Universe" Article by Brent Swancer.

Army rolls out Black Hornet nano UAS

Unmanned Aerial Systems (UAS) will soon be rolled out to Australian Army soldiers in Brisbane following the completion of the Black Hornet nano UAS Program,

Commander 6th Brigade and the Army's only UAS unit, the 20th Surveillance Target



Acquisition Regiment, Brigadier Susan Coyle, said the Black Hornet nano UAS rollout was a significant achievement for Army.

"UAS are a game-changer for the Army, providing enhanced

situational awareness for better mission execution by Australian soldiers," Brigadier Coyle said.

"The issue of the Black Hornet nano UAS to our soldiers is an exciting example of adopting tactical robotic technology.

"For well over a decade, the Australian Army has been the largest and most experienced operator of UAS in the country.

"The Australian Army is now the biggest user of nano UAS in the world. It is also the first in the world to proliferate this technology to the conventional forces down to combat platoon level," Brigadier Coyle said.

"Experience of UAS operations overseas and in Australia have provided Army with unique expertise that is in high demand.

"UAS represent a defining opportunity for the Australian Army and the Australian Defence Force."

The Black Hornet nano UAS rollout and sustainment is an \$18 million project and is a key capability milestone for the Army as it continues to be a technologically advanced force.

The Army operate several UAS, ranging from the nano-sized reconnaissance Black Hornet to large, nine-hour-endurance surveillance systems such as Shadow 200.

Source Contact Newsletter 68

Marsden Matting (PSP)

HTT Vol 99 carried an article on the introduction and versatility of Marsden Matting.

The three photos show Marsden Matting bridges in Madang, and Goroka in 1960/66 over which I used to drive regularly.



After WW2 Marsden Matting was used extensively throughout PNG on roads and bridges and proved to be remarkably safe.



The Battle of Wewak

Dec 1944—Sep 1945

The battle of Wewak (December 1944-September 1945) was an Australian offensive on New Guinea, aimed at destroying the last major Japanese position in the pre-war area of Australian New Guinea, on the north coast around Wewak. It was a controversial operation that didn't appear to have much significance for the wider war, but in ten months the Australians did manage to drive the last remnants of General Hotazo Adachi's Eighteenth Army away from their last coastal positions and into the mountains.

Adachi's army had once been at the forefront of the Japanese effort in eastern New Guinea, but during 1943 it had been pushed out of the Huon Gulf and defeated on the Huon Peninsula and in the Finisterre Mountains. Adachi had been forced to abandon his headquarters at Madang and retreated further west to Wewak, where the next American attack was expected. Instead they bypassed Wewak and attacked Hollandia and Aitape on 22 April 1944. The Japanese were caught out and both places fell easily. General Adachi made one attempt to restore the situation, or at least regain some pride, and launched an attack on the Americans positions on the Driniumor River east of Aitape (10 July -25 August 1944), but after some initial successes this attack was repulsed.

General Adachi was now trapped in a narrow area around his bases at Wewak in the west and Hansa Bay in the east. At first he had the Australians to his east and the Americans to his west, and the bigger threat came from the Australians. After the fall of Madang and Alexishafen in late April the Australians had paused, but in May they began to advance around the coast towards Hansa Bay. This brought them past a series of areas that reflected the former German occupation of the area, including Kronprinz Harbour and Potsdam. They reached Hansa Bay on 14 June, and discovered that the Japanese had pulled out a few weeks earlier as Adachi's attention was pulled west toward Hollandia and Aitape.

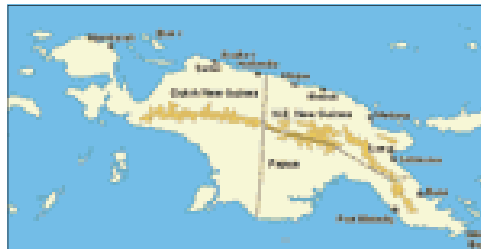
After the failure of the Driniumor offensive the Japanese retreated to the area around Wewak. This was half way between the allied coastal positions at Aitape and Hansa Bay. Most of the surviving Japanese were based on the coastal plain, a narrow band of often swampy ground that ran east from Aitape to the wide Sepik River. Inland from the coast was a band of mountains, with the Torricelli Range in the west and the Prince Alexander Range in the east (south of Wewak). On the southern side of these mountains was the Sepik River, which flows east into the sea between Wewak and Hansa Bay. The northern side of the mountains were

A guy walked into a crowded bar, waving his un-holstered pistol and yelled,
 "I have a 45 calibre Colt 1911 with a seven round magazine plus one in the chamber and I want to know who's been sleeping with my wife."
 A voice from the back of the room called out,
 "You need more ammo."

largely uninhabited, the southern slopes were more populous.

The Japanese had around 35,000 men in the area, largely made up of the remnants of three divisions. The 51st Division was posted to the east, with its HQ at Wewak and control of the coast from the Sepik River west past Wewak to Karawop. The 20th Division defended the western section of the coast, west from Karawop and including airfields at But and Dagua on the coast. Their HQ was at But, towards the western end of their sector. The 41st Division was based to the south-west of the 20th, with its HQ at Balif on the southern side of the mountains, but also covering the area north to the coast. This was the remains of General Adachi's once-powerful Eighteenth Army.

The Japanese were faced by the Australian 6th Division (General Jack Stevens), which began to replace the Americans at Aitape in September 1944. By 31 December three full brigades, the 19th, 17th and 16th Brigades, had arrived at Aitape. The Americans had been happy to leave the Japanese at Wewak alone now that they didn't appear to pose any threat, but the Australians decided on a more aggressive approach. General Stevens was ordered to gather intelligence, defend the airfield and radar bases at Aitape, to prevent the Japanese forces from moving westward and to take any opportunity to destroy those forces.



The first Australian unit to enter combat around Aitape was the 2/6th Cavalry (Commando) Regiment, which arrived ahead of the main force.

The unit replaced the American garrison of Babiang, the easternmost point in their Aitape perimeter, about two thirds of the way between Aitape and the westernmost Japanese positions. Towards the end of October the 2/6th began to conduct patrols in an attempt to expand their limited knowledge of the Japanese positions. Some patrols headed south across the mountains, while others went east, along the Old German Road. These patrols often surprised isolated groups of Japanese troops, many of whom were clearly not expected any Allied movements.

The Australians took formal control at Aitape on 26 November. General Stevens decided to carry out two operations to the east of the main perimeter, one to cut Japanese communications south across the mountains and the second to push them off the east bank of the Danmap River. On 17 December the 2/4th Battalion crossed the Danmap at the start of this offensive, and soon reached their first target at Rocky Point. The Japanese put up heavy resistance as the Australians advanced along the coast, but they were unable to stop the Australians. In this area the Danmap flowed north to Malin, then west before turning north again to reach the coast. The Australians had advanced along the coast until they were level with Malin, On 8 January 1945 the 2/8th Battalion captured Malin, securing the area east of the coastal loop in the Danmap. Heavy rain then delayed any further offensive, and a few weeks were spent patrolling. At the same time the Australians were also campaigning in the mountains, where they kept pushing the Japanese back.

General Stevens now put forward three suggestions for campaigns for 1945. His preference was for an advance along the Torricelli Range, to prevent the Japanese retreating south from Wewak into the more fertile areas where they had established gardens, but the resources weren't available. This would have needed extra air support, which couldn't be



The 'Tenyo Maru' which was off the coast at Lae for scores of years after WW2. Photo Sue Hurrell Spargo from her father's photos 1946.

provided. Instead, on 10 February, he was ordered to continue to advance along the coast to Wewak, within its own resources and without becoming engaged in any major battles.

The next step was to push forward to the Anumb River. The advance would be supported by landing craft that were used to bring supplies forward from Aitape, a much quicker method than dragging them overland. This advance was opposed by around 770 Japanese troops, mainly from the 237th Regiment. The attack was to be carried out by the 2/1st Battalion. The new battalion didn't see any Japanese troops until 29th January, but they were then the target of a Japanese counterattack launched by a fresh Japanese battalion sent from Wewak. The first Japanese attack, on 29-30 January, was followed by three weeks of Australian pressure before the Japanese were forced back. The Japanese saw this battle as a major defeat and ordered their westernmost troops to fall back on the 20th Division. February also saw the Australians advancing further inland. One problem they encountered here was the Japanese tendency to retreat south instead of east, so in March a force was sent on a sweep around the Japanese left flank in an attempt to push them back towards the main force. This force encountered determined Japanese opposition and didn't clear its area until the end of the month.

The Japanese were now being pushed out of important areas. In the mountains the 41st Division's HQ at Balif had to be abandoned. On the coast the Australians captured the 20th Division's original HQ at But in mid March. Dagua was taken a few days later, and the airfield was found to have been long abandoned. The Japanese had been forced south away from the coast, and now had to be cleared out of the mountain foothills. This triggered the hardest fighting since the start of the Australian offensive, and it took most of April to secure the area. This hard fighting began to reduce the morale of the 6th Division, especially as it all seemed rather pointless with the main focus of the war now so much closer to Japan. Possibly in response to this the division was finally given more naval support, including transport and warships,

The next Australian target was Maprik, east of Balif in the mountains. This attack was to be carried out by the 2/7th Battalion. The Maprik area was reached in mid-April, but

once again the Japanese put up stiff resistance and it took several days to clear the area. The Australians continued to advance along the inland route throughout May, steadily pushing the Japanese back.

On the coast the Australians began the final attack towards



Bren Gunners from the 2/8th Bn.



Understanding the big Army

Wewak, using But as their main base. This fighting was supported by tanks, and the Australians were able to make good progress. The Australians were now advancing through the wreckage of a major Japanese base area, a sign of the parlous state of Adachi's army.

The attack on Wewak was to be a

two pronged assault with an amphibious aspect. The 19th Brigade was to begin an attack from the west on 3 May, with an amphibious force landing east of Wewak on 11 May. The western attack went very well. There was little resistance between 3-6 May and the Japanese encountered on the night of 6-7 May soon withdrew. By 7 May the advancing troops were on the western edge of Wewak and it was clear that the Japanese had abandoned any hope of holding on. Instead they were retreated south across the mountains, just as General Stevens had feared. Wewak fell on 10 May, but the main action was now inland where Australian forces were attempting to prevent the Japanese from escaping south. In the meantime the amphibious force landed as planned, but the Japanese weren't attempting to escape east, and so the affair was something of an anti-climax.

The last period of the campaign focused on pushing the Japanese away from their strongholds in the mountains and their food producing gardens on the southern slopes. The Australians finally had better artillery support, although they did suffer from a relative shortage of bombs for their air support. The Japanese position now stretched from the vicinity of Yamil in the west to the mountains south of Wewak in the east. They had built strong defences in these areas, and were fighting to defend their food.

The Australians began to press into this area at the start of June. This marked the start of a period of hard fighting in which the Japanese were generally unable to hold onto any particular position for any period of time, but elsewhere the war was drawing rapidly towards its end. The Australians were able to push the Japanese out of the Yamil positions in the west. Troops pushing inland from Wewak captured the Japanese strongholds at Mt Shiburangu and Mt Tazaki, and continued to push south to Mt Shoto. Towards the end of the war these troops turned west to advance towards their colleagues coming from that direction.

By early August the Japanese had been pushed back into a small area south of the mountains, running from Haripmor in the west to Sassuia in the north and Tonumbu in the east. The remains of the 51st Division were on the right, facing east. The 20th was in the centre, facing north and the 41st was on the left, facing west. More of Adachi's men had been sent south into the

Sepik Valley to find food. Adachi hoped to conduct a last-ditch defence that would last at least into September. However the Japanese surrender in mid-August ended the fighting at Wewak while the Japanese still held onto their last positions,



A Vickers machinegun in action during the campaign

When the fighting ended the 20th Division had 255

officers and 1,456 men, the 41st had 158 officers and 989 men and the 51st had around 6,000 men. Other units made up around 5,000 men. The Eighteenth Army had suffered massive losses on New Guinea, and only 13,500 men surrendered from an original total of around 100,000.

Although the Japanese had offered some determined resistance, Australian casualties were surprisingly low. The 6th Division lost 442 dead and 1,141 wounded in ten months. The Japanese lost around 9,000 dead in combat and an unknown amount to illness.

http://www.historyofwar.org/icons2/new_guinea. http://www.historyofwar.org/icons2/vickers_gun_wewak.

200 free Land Rovers offered to RSLs

Returned and Services Leagues (RSLs) around the country are being offered a share of 200 ex-Army Land Rovers being made available for use on ANZAC Day and other occasions.



Minister for Veteran's Affairs

Darren Chester made the announcement at the Australian War Memorial today.

Mr Chester said Australia had a rich history with the Land Rover 4x4 fleet and was he pleased to think this legacy would live on for decades to come.

"Soon RSLs around the country will have their own piece of history on display to share with their communities," Mr Chester said.

"The Land Rovers have served thousands of soldiers in the Australian Defence Force, on home soil and in operational service in Timor-Leste, Solomon Islands, Bougainville, Sudan, Afghanistan and Iraq.

"The Land Rover will be remembered fondly by soldiers as a tough and rugged vehicle and can now be used to transport veterans at remembrance and other services."

The Land Rovers are being refurbished by 22 Broadspectrum mechanics and spray painters at the Defence site at Bandiana, Victoria, before distribution.

At least 100 Land Rovers will be offered through an Expression of Interest and ballot process before ANZAC Day 2019, and the balance will be available before ANZAC Day 2020.

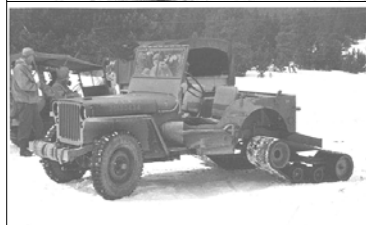
RSLs that would like to apply are encouraged to email AMSO@defence.gov.au.

Contact Newsletter 76.

During childbirth the pain is so great that a woman..... can almost imagine how a man feels when he has a cold.

The Versatile Willys MB and Ford GPW (Willys Jeep)

The jeep became the primary light wheeled transport vehicle of the United States Military and its Allies in World War II, as well as the postwar period — becoming the world's first mass-produced four-wheel drive car, manufactured in six-figure numbers



Jeep with flotation wheels



"In many respects, the jeep became the iconic vehicle of World War II, with an almost mythological reputation.. having proven itself exceptionally capable, tough, durable and versatile. Not only did it become the workhorse of the American military, as it literally replaced the use of horses and other draft animals (still abundant in World War I) in every role, from cavalry units to supply trains, but improvised field-modifications also made the jeep capable of just about any other function GI's could think of.

After WW II, the original jeep continued to serve, in the Korean War and other conflicts, until it was updated in the form of the M38 Willys MC and M38A1 Willys MD (in 1949 and 1952 respectively), and received a complete redesign by Ford in the form of the 1960-introduced M151 jeep. Its influence however, was much greater than that — manufacturers around the world began building jeeps

and similar designs, either under license or not – at first primarily for military purposes, but later also for the civilian market. Willys trademarked the "Jeep" name, turned the MB into the civilian Jeep CJ models and Jeep became its own brand. The 1945 Willys Jeep was the world's first mass-produced civilian four-wheel drive car. *Wikipedia.*

Over this and the next issue of HTT a series of photos of the Jeep shows its versatility.

NAMING OF GOROKA

When the sound of the name Koloka or Koroka first fell on European ears they heard it as Garoka, a name which seems to have been used since the police post was opened by McWilliam in 1938. ADO Bill Kyle referred to it in a 1939 report: "From Kainantu, to Bena Bena, and thence to Garoka, the road is excellent and is in progress."

In the Allied Geographical Section's Terrain Study of the Madang District dated 6 August, 1943, it is named and described as follows:

"Garoka: New station. Three hours west from Bena Bena on the Chimbu track. Had a Warrant Officer of Police in charge, but was usually run in conjunction with Bena Bena. A small drome is near the station building."

On 23 April 1947 Jim Taylor wrote to DDA. Director Jones:

"Authority and approval is sought to change the spelling of GAROKA to GOROKA which is as near correct phonetically as it is possible with our present system of spelling. Perhaps you, would be pleased to recommend to His Honour the Administrator that he give his approval, and cause a notice to be published in the Gazette for general information." (84) Jones was pleased, apparently, and Goroka became the accepted name. There has been some speculation among Europeans as to whether the village word Koloka had any specific meaning. In Gahuku the suffix Ka means 'Place' - Humilaveka, as mentioned previously, means 'the red clay of men place or 'the red clay place inhabited by people'. However, Asarozuha elders claim that Koloka is the expression used to describe the sunrise. "It means 'the dawn has come', they say. Robert Cleland, who was a patrol officer stationed Goroka in 1953 was told by Gorokans that the word signified 'the place where you walk about as the dawn breaks'. (86) The old people recall that while Jim Taylor was District Officer he conducted a 'competition' among the local clans to suggest names for the new town. Two Asarozuha men are said to have proposed Goroka/Koroka, and Taylor awarded them the prize. This belief of the people that Jim Taylor involved them in decision making fits in with the general impression one has of him as a skilful and sensitive administrator. He may well have decided that Goroka was the best name for the town, but he allowed the original owners to feel that they had a decisive part in its selection.

From A HISTORY OF CONTACT AND CHANGE IN THE GOROKA VALLEY, CENTRAL HIGHLANDS OF NEW GUINEA, 1934- 1949 by Peter M Munster's Thesis for Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

THE STORY OF THE NGVR & PNGVR VOLUNTEER RIFLES EX-MEMBERS ASSOCIATION MUSEUM

By John Holland

After the closure of the Wacol army barracks in 2000, the area was unoccupied – eventually the National Servicemen's Association of Australia, Queensland Branch (NASAAQ) was granted 1.5 hectares of land and five historic buildings on the site. Through our association with the NASAAQ, we were invited to bid for the use of one of the buildings for a museum. Our bid was successful and we were asked by the NASAAQ in late 2005 to have the museum ready for its official opening on 12 February, 2006. This gave us about three months to do the job.

Thirteen volunteers of our Association worked round the clock to meet this deadline and we were ready on the opening day. The work involved to get the museum ready was extensive and demanding. We had to pull down walls, replace timber, paint and put down carpet tiles, re-wire the whole building, and of course, get display cabinets and organise and put in artefacts,

memorabilia and signage.

My father had been involved in the war and had accumulated useful memorabilia and artefacts including a Samarai sword, Japanese battle flag, PNG carvings, sea shells etc., which he had passed on to me so I had items which could be used to prepare displays. Since I had these artefacts, and since I had already been involved in organising displays for ANZAC days and other events in the city, I was given the job as Museum Curator. I was grateful to the members for their trust in me to do the job. Also I acknowledge the Papua New Guinea Association (PNGA) who donated \$1,000 to assist us with the work to turn an old unused army building into a museum. Other artefacts were also donated over time.

The museum was officially opened by the then Australian Minister of Veteran Affairs, Bruce Billson MP and the then PNG Consul General of Brisbane, Paul Nerau, LLB, where over 300 members of NSAAQ, our members and guests were present. We displayed flags of many nations on our veranda which added colour to our festivities.

Subsequently, grants were received to help pay for manikins and cabinets, and we applied to the Queensland State Gaming Fund for \$18,000 to install ducted air conditioning and this was successful so that the museum is fully air



I wonder if clouds ever look down on us and say "Hey look'!.....That one is shaped like an idiot."

The more I get to know people the more I realise why Noah only let animals on the boat

conditioned. Since that time, a wheelchair ramp has been installed with the donation of steel worth about \$3,000 organised by our late member Tom Dowling and installed by Paul Brown and last year, the museum was extended and has another 60m2 of display space. The extension was built by John Nicol. As a community project, the Rotary Club of Jindalee was kind enough to paint the old building (without charge) to blend in with the colour of the new extension with paint donated by Taubmans Paints so that the whole museum is uniform in appearance.

I have been fortunate to have worked with the same committee for the past eleven years. A great team where we all chip in and work well together. We have been able with a minimum of funds to raise awareness of the museum's existence through a variety of means, not the least of which has been through the generosity of King & Co Property Consultants. They have produced and supplied our museum brochure from the start. Through this publication and our newsletters and in recent years, through Facebook and our web page, more people are aware of our association and of the museum's existence.

I am pleased also that in the last year or so I applied for membership, and we have been accepted into the Brisbane Living Heritage Booklet and the Brisbane Open House Weekend Event which occurs in October. Both these organisations print booklets about the various museums and historic places in Brisbane and are a wonderful way of advertising the museum. Last year over 100 people attended the museum on our first open weekend in October.

The museum has visits from schools, retirement villages, Probus and Rotary clubs, RSL'S, army and airforce cadet



units, and even two car clubs have enjoyed a day at our precinct using the grounds to display their cars and enjoy a BBQ lunch.

A big assistance to our fund raising has been the ability to conduct sausage sizzles, initially at Greenbank RSL and for the past two years at

Bunnings, Oxley. We are indebted to these organisations for the support they have given us.

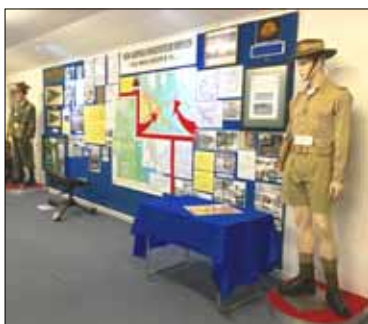
Over the past eleven years we have organised many events at the Precinct. We had one event of which I am very proud. His Excellency Governor Paul De Jersey, AC attended the precinct on 14th September, 2014. On his arrival, the Army Cadets from Beaudesert and Air Force Cadets from 219 Squadron, Archerfield formed a guard of Honour at the ground's entrance for the Governor's arrival. This was his first engagement after he had become the new Governor of Queensland. We were also fortunate to have a re-enactment army group form and fire a Fusillade. The day had to do with the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the battle of Bita Paka. A little known fact of history is that Bita Paka (on the island of New Britain about 50km from Rabaul) is where the first Australian soldiers were killed in World War 1, and these six men are buried at Bita Paka. Also this is where Australia lost its first submarine, AE 1 with the loss of all 35 crew. The sub has found in 2017. So we were fortunate that the Governor was able to attend the occasion. Also in



attendance was Queensland Premier Annastacia Palaszczuk.

Other important occasions in addition to the openings and the Bita Paka anniversary have been the Rabaul centenary celebration and the opening of the wheelchair ramp.

Many cups of coffee have been served from the museum's kitchen for the many visitors who attend and enjoy morning tea or a BBQ as part of their visit. Apart from paying visitors, other friends of ours from the Nasho's, our landlords, to neighbours who call in also have joined me for a coffee. Thus, I have built a rapport with Metroplex (the developers of the site) who are located next door and Vermeer who were located across the street and also have good rapport with the Serbian community nearby. In addition, we are fortunate to have had a good relationship with politicians from the local, state and federal arena who have supported us by attending our functions. We had a large crowd of supporters present to celebrate the opening of the extension by Councillor Matthew Bourke on 3 September, 2016, and councillors have helped in other ways. For instance, after speaking to councillor Strunk about the large trucks which parked in front of our fence line blocking the view of our location sign, he had yellow lines painted on the roadway to prevent vehicles parking there.



Along with our artefacts, we have accumulated over 500 books in our library, as well as many war time magazines, and CD's and hundreds of photographs. The books have all been catalogued into our computer system along with other items. Our artefacts have also been catalogued. A



filing system has been established housing correspondence and other useful, important and historical information.

As curator I am appreciative of the many items that have been donated to the museum, which enable the displays about NGVR's wartime activities and other Australian military campaigns to do with PNG to be displayed and preserved for the benefit of

the community. I am also appreciative of the work done by friends of the museum Jessica Harrington for coding all the library books and setting up and maintaining the file system and to Brian Collin for his donation of the computer and printers and his work in cataloguing the artefacts. I am grateful also to Colin Gould for all the secretarial work he has done including the invitations, brochures and protocols over the years.

In addition to politician and dignitaries we have had visits from men and women from the armed services, as well as authors, publishers and historians wanting to gather information for publications. One such author was Kathryn Spurling who wrote the book, "Abandoned and Sacrificed – The Tragedy of the Montevideo Mary". She also wrote "Cruel Conflict – The Triumph and Tragedy of HMAS Perth". She spent many hours at the museum photographing museum artefacts. Our organisation has also produced two substantial books, one about the History of the NGVR and another one about the History of the PNGVR. Which can be purchased from the Museum.

Amongst our artefacts are a few rare and sought after items – we have one of these on display – it is a handkerchief which was thrown to Rudi Buckley by Barry O'Neil who was about to board the Montevideo Maru.

We also have Japanese battle flags which were surrendered to my father by Lt Ushida of the Japanese Imperial Army in Borneo in 1945. He also surrendered his 600 year old Samurai sword to my father which is on display when there are visitors in the museum.

A very popular item was the hand cranked air raid siren originally on display. School children loved having a turn at winding the handle to hear the extremely loud air raid sound. However, when this sound was produced for a group of elderly visitors, it was not appreciated as it frightened one elderly female visitor who was in London during the blitz and hadn't heard an air raid siren since then and she genuinely thought we were being attacked when it went off. So we learned a lesson from that occasion that we should always ensure before winding it, that no one else was suffering the same type of trauma.

Sometimes I tried to bring some humour into visits when I told my "dunnie story" about why Japanese did not continue their invasion of Australia after they bombed Darwin – 'The story goes, Japanese pilot sitting in his aircraft looking out the window at the ground below him, saying 'We no invade Australia because sentry box in every back yard.'

The museum has been my passionate interest for the past twelve years. I have spent many hours working at the museum and many hours promoting it to the public and organising and attending fund raising activities.

It is my hope that the museum will continue to operate and that members and the community will support its objectives well into the future, I wish every success to those who come after me.

This was written by John prior to his death. With Paul Brown now Museum Curator and Colin Gould MBE Assistant Museum Curator, the museum is in good hands, John.

Jimboomba Cadets

On Sunday 2 December Paul Brown and Colin Gould attended the Jimboomba & District Cadets end of year Recruit Graduation parade & awards and promotion ceremony in Jimboomba. VIP's present included local RSL senior members, State, Federal and local politicians and many parents and supporters. The cadets do support our Association and are always ready to help us. Our Association was presented with a Certificate of Appreciation (framed) Paul and I were also pleased to witness the new JAC cadet program allowing Junior cadets ages 7 to 10 years to join their organisation for the first time. The parade was most impressive and the sheer determination of many of the young cadets was very evident in their presentation and conduct. The cadets are also going to start a "mounted" unit for the country members who own their own horses.

ADF buys land for new training area



Defence is one step closer to establishing a new training area in north Queensland as part of the Australia-Singapore Military Training Initiative (ASMTI).

Assistant Minister for Defence David Fawcett said Defence had exchanged contracts with willing sellers to acquire sufficient land to establish a new military training area near Greenvale, west of Townsville.

"Defence has been in negotiations with willing sellers for six months and I am pleased to report that we have reached this important milestone," Minister Fawcett said.

"This has been a large and complex land acquisition program and I would like to thank landholders and the community of Greenvale for their ongoing goodwill and patience throughout this process.

"Great progress is also being made to acquire land to expand and further develop the Shoalwater Bay Training Area in central Queensland.

"There is more work to do before construction can commence at both sites next year and Defence will continue to engage with landholders and local communities as we move into the next phase of development."

The land acquisition process got off to a pretty bad start earlier in the year with communities campaigning

vehemently against the then threat of compulsory land repossessions (see related stories below).

"ASMTI is delivering enhanced training areas for the Australian Defence Force in central and north Queensland, enhancing Australia's bilateral defence relationship with Singapore and providing significant local economic opportunities," Mr Fawcett said.

"Over the life of the ASMTI, there will be an injection of approximately \$2 billion into Queensland's regional economies, including an estimated \$50 million spent annually during the construction phase."

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BUNNINGS BBQ: 29 Dec 2018

It is with pleasure that I wish to advise of the good outcome of our Sausage Sizzle on Saturday 29th December, 2018. The weather has been a good friend to our sales outcome with a real hot summer day which was excellent for our soft drink sales but alas, not for the PNGVR workers!

The day was busy from the start and went on nonstop for the whole day. Bread, ice and sausages were replenished during the afternoon and in the last ½ hour we were selling sausages on crusts for \$2.

Thanks to our "Band of Brothers" Paul Brown, Mike Griffin, Peter Rogers Jr., Andrew Rogers (backup supplies) and ably led by Colin Gould, as always, we made a net profit of \$1309.10 for the day!

The soft drinks left over is a bonus to our net profit for the day.

Currently, the Assn has \$1775.88 in the bank with \$205.96 in the Museum A/c making a total of \$1981.84 for both accounts. However, when I bank the Bunnings sausage sizzle takings on Monday, the total for Assn and Museum accounts will be \$3,290.94.

Once again, many thanks for those members who participate in the sausage sizzle. We had great fun with the customers as they are now educated with our order passing technique, e.g. "Two with, one without" etc. Next time, I will educate them in Pidgin Inglis, e.g. "Tupela igat anien na wanpela nogat"

Thank you Treasurer Douglas Ng for this report. Douglas also worked on the day.

It has been said before but assistance is required for these BBQs to avoid our personnel working a full day which can be very tiring. With enough workers half day shifts can be arranged. If you can assist please contact Colin Gould or Paul Brown — details P16.

VALE: James P. WOO. OBE. 860405 Died 11.11.2018

No further information available. If anyone can provide any information re James Woo, please contact the Editor and it will be included in a future issue.

LEST WE FORGET.

VALE: Graham Edward MITCHELL Pte 1712665

Graham's military service commenced in August 1955 with the 11 National Service Training Battalion, Brisbane, then in November 1955 with 30 Medium Regiment as part of his National Service obligation. In July 1956 he transferred into the

Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles Port Moresby and served with HQ Coy. In 1957 he transferred out of PNGVR to 30 Medium Regt.

Graham had a long career with the ANZ bank and at one stage being the youngest person to be appointed a manager of a branch in Queensland. He was a life member of the Sherwood Services Club being treasurer for many years. He had long service with the Sherwood Indooroopilly RSL Sub Branch, who provided the Poppy Service for his funeral.

He had been in care for the past three years and died several days short of his 82nd birthday.

His funeral was attended by Committeeman Mile Griffin.

LEST WE FORGET.

**VALE: Alistair John MARTIN
Cpl. 376845 86073**

Alastair John Martin 1 RNZIR of Poona, Queensland, passed away peacefully on the 23rd December 2018 at Fairhaven, Maryborough, after a long illness. He was 73 years old.

Following his Vietnam service as an infantryman with W1 Company, 2RAR/NZ (ANZAC) and 4RAR/NZ (ANZAC) in 1968-69, he went with Whiskey Company to 1 RNZIR in Singapore. He moved to the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, and joined the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles on 1 November 1973. He was discharged on the disbandment of the unit. He was present in uniform at the laying up of the Queens Colour and Regimental Standard of the Regiment in Canberra. He later spent many happy years in the Solomon Islands, and was accepted by all as a friend and comrade.



Alastair was very active in the township of Poona, especially in the Anzac Day and Remembrance Day ceremonies. He was the driving force behind the fund raising, building and dedication of the Anzac Memorial in Poona, which is used for all remembrance services in the town.



Alistair in Vietnam

Alistair was responsible for bringing the PNGVR shield which had been at the Mr Hagen Drill Hall to Australia and donated it to the Assn. See HTT Vol 102.



Ctee Member Peter Rogers DFC, Alistair, Hon Warren Truss MP and Keith Payne VC at the dedication of the ANZAC Memorial, Poona.

Alistair was cremated at a service in the Maryborough Crematorium, which was well attended by his many friends, extended family and fellow veterans.. The

service included red poppies, the Last Post, Ode, and Reveille as befitting the passing of a veteran. Peter and Susie Rogers attended on behalf of the President and members of the NGVR/PNGVR Association.

Our thoughts, sympathy and wishes go out to his partner Mony, his sons Hamish and Brooke and daughter Sandra and to his large family and group of friends in the Solomons.

LEST WE FORGET.

**VALE: Maj Tony Arthur MILAN RFD. ED. 421760
22.2.1935—14.11.2018**

Tony was born in Catherham, England where his father Jack was stationed with the Coldstream Guards. During WW2 his dad was away for many years in Europe and Africa where he was wounded and lost the full use of one leg.

In 1951 the family moved to South Australia. Tony's first job in Adelaide was with the Adelaide Steamship Company where he could hop on his bike and do the company mail run in the Port Adelaide area.

He completed National Service training in 1953 then went to Portsea Officers Training School where he graduated as a 2nd Lt and remained in the Regular Army until 1956 when he attended ASOPA and moved to Port Moresby as a Health Administrator. During his time in Port Moresby he travelled with his work throughout Papua. His hobbies included hockey and sailing and light plane flying. He married Patricia in 1962 and they had two sons, Scott in 1964 and Martin in 1967.

In 1964 the family moved to Rabaul where Tony worked as the Regional Health Administrator for the New Britain Region.

He returned to Australia in 1967 and worked in Hospital Administration at the Alfred and Royal Women's Hospitals in Melbourne until he moved to Shepparton to take up the



Cliff Southwell, Martin Milan, Scott Milan, Noel Kenna and Pat Milan at Tony's funeral.



position as Chief Executive Officer at the Goulburn Valley Base Hospital. On his 55th birthday he commenced work as a Health Consultant working with a number of Hospital Rehabilitation Projects in Fiji, Vanuatu and returned to an Independent. Papua New Guinea, to work on the team of a Hospital improvement project for 10 Years returning to Shepparton in 2003 when he retired.

During his time in PNG he was active in the PNGVR. He transferred into HQ Coy as a Lt from 10 Inf Bn. In 1960, still with HQ Coy, he was promoted Capt. In 1961 Tony was transferred to the Reserve of Officers until returning to HQ Coy for the 1962 Annual Camp at Goldie River. During his time in Rabaul he became OC B Coy when Maj Harry Green retired. In 1967 Tony completed a 2 week 'familiarisation visit' to South Vietnam. He walked the Kokoda Trail on 3 occasions.

During his time with PNGVR Tony was enthusiastic and proactive. He was well respected, as commented on in a number of comments from those he served with in "The History of PNGVR".

LEST WE FORGET

DEPT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS (DVA)

HTT Vol 103 contained details of alterations to the definition of a Veteran and treatment of Veteran's claims. The new definition of a Veteran is anyone who has served in the ADF, including the CMF.

It could well be that former members of PNGVR are entitled to a 'White Card' for such things as hearing loss. Some of our PNGVR ex-members have been successful in claiming for this.

Please re-read HTT Vol 103 which is available on our Website, thanks to Webmaster Trevor Connell.

FUNCTION DATES

Sat 23 Feb. Assn Committee Meeting at the Museum,

Sat 13 Apr. Assn Committee Meeting at the Museum.

Meetings are followed by a BYO lunch. Come along and catch up with old comrades.

MUSEUM EVENTS

Sat 2 Feb. Museum Open 10am—2pm

Sat 2 Mar. Museum Open 10am—2pm

JR Medals

John & Vanessa Roxburgh
Ph: 0466 633 273
Loc: 71 Pontiac Circuit, Warner, QLD
Web: www.jrmedals.com.au
email: info@jrmedals.com.au
15% Discount for all PNGVR members

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

Includes former members of the PIR, PIB and NGIB.

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 Colin Gould email pngvr@optusnet.com.au, phone 0424 562 030 or Paul Brown email paulbrown475@gmail.com. Phone 0402 644 181

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

Membership fee payments to Treasurer, Doug Ng, email doug-lasng@inet.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 back copies 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/ngvrandonpngvrarmilitarymuseum/>

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)

Padre. Rev Ron MacDonald. Phone 0407 008 624 email ron.macdonald@ae.salvationarmy.org



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