

FRONTLINE

A DEFENCE SERVICE JOURNAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

1ST/19TH BATTALION

THE ROYAL NEW

SOUTH WALES

REGIMENT

ASSOCIATION &

2ND/19TH BATTALION

A.I.F. ASSOCIATION.

MEMBERS OF THE

AUSTRALIAN

DEFENCE

FORCES

RESERVES

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FRONTLINE



VALE GOOD FRIENDS

NX10629 PRIVATE Vincent Robert ROWETT 2/19 Battalion AIF

Allan Brideoake advised with deep regret of Vince's passing at The Entrance NSW on 23 November 2009. Vince was born at Ngalpa S.A. on 7 July 1915 and enlisted in 2/19 Battalion AIF on 19 May 1941 at Paddington NSW. On his repatriation to Australia at War's end he was discharged on 31 January 1946.

Our thanks to Vince's good mate for many many years NX36726 CPL Joe MADELEY of 2/13 Battalion AIF who delivered the following tribute at Vince's farewell:

"We are gathered here today to say farewell to Vince Rowett, a courageous soldier, a hard worker and a lifelong friend. Vince Rowett first came to Weethalle in the early 1930's and worked for Mr Fred Schmidt on his farm and also worked from time to time for my Dad on our farm. During the drought in January 1940 and with very little work about, he and I went to Adelaide where Vince's family lived and first worked for Penfold's picking grapes. When that finished we went trapping rabbits on "Purple Downs" Station out west of Oodnadatta. In June 1940 we came back to Weethalle and both went to work at Gibsonvale Tin Mines. From there we both joined the Army and here our ways parted, I went to the Middle East, to Tobruk and El Alamein with the 9th Division and Vince went to Singapore with the 8th Division where he suffered greatly as a POW, first in Changi POW Camp and then on the Burma Railway.

In early 1946 after the war we met up again in Sydney and did a season cane cutting in North QLD before returning to NSW and went to work in the Shale Oil Mines at Glen Davis near Mudgee for 2½ years. While there Vince lived with my brother Jack and his family. He was also best man at my wedding during this period. Some of his family are here today. In 1949 my brother Jack drew a Soldier Settlers farm at Walcha in the New England District north of Tamworth. Vince and I then left the mines and contracted to erect Jack's boundary fences. When this job was finished. Vince came back to Sydney and worked for some time with a furniture removalist company and at Sydney on 3rd February 1953 he married Annie Eunice Wood, the daughter of a well known Weethalle family. They returned to Weethalle and Vince worked for "Snowy" Martins and later took up share farming for Alex Wood (if my memory serves me right). In 1958 Vince and my brother Bill drew Soldier Settlers Farms on Flinders Island off the northern tip of Tasmania. Both farms joined one another and Vince and Annie farmed there until 1972 when they sold up and retired to Port Macquarie NSW. My brother Jack, from Walcha also retired there a little later and lived close to Vince and Annie. Vince and Annie finally moved back to Long Jetty on the Central Coast of NSW where Vince became a valued member of The Long Jetty RSL and the POW and TPI Associations. He also became an accomplished bowler and played until about 12 months ago until the standing around got too much for him. Annie became an active member of the Hospital Auxiliary. They unfortunately did not have any children.

After Annie's death on 20 July 1997, Vince and I visited Weethalle on a number of occasions, the 75th anniversary of the school opening and also a Weethalle Show. In later years after my wife passed away, one of my greatest pleasures has been to go down to Long Jetty each Saturday morning at 10:00 a.m. and have a cup of coffee, and a yarn for a couple of hours with Vince Rowett. A true friend who was never too busy to lend a helping hand to someone less fortunate than himself. Vince was one of a family of 8 children and he was the last one standing. His funeral was attended by relatives and friends from Perth, Melbourne, Tasmania, Queensland, Canberra and many parts of NSW. Rest in Peace Old Mate."



NX58293 LANCE CORPORAL Rodney Thomas PARKER, 1 Company, Australian Army Service Corps, & 'X' Infantry Battalion 8th Australian Division

Rod's nephew and Association member John Walsh advised with deep regret of Rod's passing at his home on Sunday 17th January 2010. Rod was born at Newcastle on 9 October 1918 and enlisted in the Militia on 8 May 1940 where he served as A44167 Private Rodney Thomas PARKER with 2nd Cavalry Division, Australian Army Service Corps prior to enlisting in the 2nd AIF on 19th July 1940 at Paddington NSW. Promoted to Lance Corporal on 1 May 1941 he embarked for Singapore aboard the HMT "Johan Van Olden Barneveldt" on 29th July 1941, disembarking in Singapore on 15 August 1941. He fought in the Malaya and Singapore Campaigns at Johore Bahru – Mersing -Jemaluang - Kota Tinggi - Kluang - Hill 30 - Jurong

Road - Bukit Timah - Singapore-Tangalin Barracks. He was stationed at Johore Bahru when the Japanese bombed the camp on 8 December 1941. After the bombing as he was a Don R he was one of the few soldiers along with his OC retained in the camp. The remainder of the personnel were moved to a rubber plantation on the Kota Tinggi Road. In the battle for Malaya some of his duties were to carry messages through the Japanese lines between Johore Bahru, Mersing and Kluang. The trip would take him on his motor bike his motor bike, just over two hours to complete.

He was the only Don R of six not wounded or hurt in Japanese ambushes or road blocks. During the defence of Singapore Island, he volunteered to join X Infantry Battalion which was sent to an area adjacent to the Jurong Road. The Japanese already occupied the village of Bukit Timah and much of the area around the Jurong Road. At 0300 hours on 11 February 1942, the Japanese attacked X Battalion lines, killing the commanding officer Lieutenant Colonel Boyes, and all of his headquarters staff and most of his men, including 48 members of the 250 Army Service Corps, volunteers in X Battalion. Rodney Parker, with other survivors of the battalion, fought their way back to Tangalin Barracks. He remained at the barracks until the surrender of Singapore on 15 February 1942.

As a prisoner of war he was conscripted by the Japanese to an Australian working party, where he drove a 30 Hwt truck, cleaning up the bomb damage around the Singapore wharves. He was eventually sent to Changi Barracks, with dermatitis and double vision. At Changi he was posted to 'B' Force, which went to Borneo and Sandakan, but was removed from the draft and sent to AASC H.Q. He was then drafted to 'H' Force, which went to Thailand and Hell Fire Pass. On this occasion he was removed from the draft at the request of his C.O. On the 15th/16th May 1943, he was placed in 'J' Force (300 men), and shipped on the 'Weills Maru' to Japan. In Japan he spent most of his time working on the Kobe wharves, loading Japanese cargo ships. However, on occasions he would be seconded to work in the Deniki Carbon Works, or the Mitsubishi Soap Factory.

He was expected to work 7 days a week, and up to 16 hours a day and for the majority of the time, would only be fed, with a small rationed portion of rice. During his imprisonment in Japan, he was barracked at Kobe House, until it was bombed by the American Air Force, in June 1945. He was then moved to the Kanasaki camp and eventually finished in a camp at Wakinoama.

When the war finished on the 15th August 1945, the Japanese guards disappeared from the camp. Two days later a Lieutenant Goddard, who had been with him, in X Battalion, informed the men in the camp that the war was over. He was repatriated from Notagowa, where, because he was so ill, he could only be fed with eggs and beer (egg-flips) From Notagowa he was sent by train to Yokohama, where he was shipped via the 'SS Goodhue' to Manila. He was hospitalised for 10 days in Manila, until he embarked on the 'H.M.S Formidable', on the 4th October 1945, for Sydney. He was discharged on 1 February 1946 and returned to the NSW Railways where he worked until retirement. Rod was the son of Ethel and Henry, brother of Harry and Winnie (all deceased) and Cliff. Rod and his beloved wife Gwen (who pre-deceased him) shared their home for 40 years with sister-in-law Joan Bruce, his carer in his last years. Father of Bill and Mary, father-in-law of Suzanne, uncle to 13 nieces and nephews. Rod inspired and cared for us all.

Rod was farewelled at a Mass of Christian Burial on Friday 22 January 2010 at St Luke's Catholic Church Revesby, followed by interment at Woronora Cemetery. John Walsh and Bob Pink represented the Association at his farewell.

NX49190 Private Wallace Arthur BLOCKLEY 2/19 Battalion AIF

Born at Wagga Wagga NSW on 15 September 1921 Wallace's passing was recorded in the January/February issue of the NSW RSL "Reveille" He enlisted on 14 October 1941 at Paddington (his locality on enlistment was Earlwood NSW) and he was discharged on 13 December 1945. Regrettably no other details on his service with the Battalion is known.

Warrant Officer Class Two WAYNE RICHES – Curator Army Museum Singleton NSW



The Regimental Warrant Officer, The Royal New South Wales Regiment, Warrant Officer Class One Warren Barnes advised with deep regret of Wayne Riches' passing at home on Christmas Day, following a valiant battle with cancer.

Late of Singleton NSW, Wayne was a former Regimental Warrant Officer, The Royal New South Wales Regiment and served for many years throughout his long military career with 4th Battalion and 4th/3rd Battalion, The Royal New South Wales Regiment.

He also served in a range of staff appointments and was serving as the Museum curator at the School of Infantry at Singleton prior to his illness. His undertakings, leadership and innovativeness at the Museum were nothing short of exceptional and will be an on-going legacy and tribute to his immense contribution to not only the Royal Australian Infantry Corps but also the Australian Army.

He is survived by his brother Peter and family. Wayne was accorded a military funeral and farewelled on Friday 8 January 2010 at the Singleton Catholic Church. The Association was represented by Roger Perry and Bob Pink and the large presence of Wayne's comrades was a tribute to his long and devoted military service and included the Commanding Officer 1/19 RNSWR Lieutenant Colonel Peter Morrissey, The Regimental Colonel RNSWR Brigadier Paul Couch CSC RFD, former Regimental Colonel Brigadier Bruce Trimble OAM RFD and Commander 5th Brigade Brigadier Paul Brereton RFD.

Lest We Forget



FROM THE PRESIDENT



As I start to write this report Christmas 2009 has gone and I am watching the Boxing Day Test on television and “rejoicing” in the rain that has fallen fairly freely over most of New South Wales. While some will bemoan the fact that their holidays have been spoilt by the rain, it was good gentle soaking rain, that has been sorely needed. I hope that the members dependent on the rural industry have received this Christmas gift.

One of our last tasks for 2009 was to act on the suggestion put forward at the AGM that the Association send “care packages” to the soldiers of 1/19 RNSWR that are serving on overseas deployment. This suggestion was warmly embraced and Bob and I spent days denuding store shelves to purchase forty three packets of various items to make up the packages. You would be surprised at how few items on a supermarket shelf have 43 in stock! The highlight of the package was a MAGNIFICENT Christmas cake baked, iced and decorated with the Regimental Crest by Linda Colligan. All of the packages were delivered – on time – and, without exception, all the soldiers, wherever they were serving were absolutely stunned that their Association would make this effort on their behalf. I think they were even more stunned by Linda’s cakes that provided clear evidence that these were “personal” packages. My thanks to Bob Pink and Bob Colligan – who thought he was merely delivering the cakes from Culburra Beach to Ingleburn only to find himself pressed into packaging duties for the remainder of the day – for their assistance in getting this task completed.

The CO 1/19 RNSWR, LTCOL Peter Morrissey, who visited the troops in Malaysia in the weeks before Christmas in company with COMD 2 DIV, MAJGEN Craig Williams AM and COMD 8 BDE, BRIG Paul Brereton RFD reported on the high morale among our soldiers despite the fact that they were spending Christmas away from home. During his visit a Memorial service was conducted on the bridge at Parit Sulong and the soldiers also visited the Parit Sulong Memorial and other significant sites of the 1942 Malayan campaign that so many of our members participated in. This reinforced for the soldiers the proud heritage they carry and the long traditions of service of which they are the present “keepers”.

The sad news this Christmas has been the carnage on the roads during the holiday season. So many of these tragedies are not the fault of those who suffer the most! Please be extra careful when you venture on the roads. Make sure that you are well rested, alert, remain vigilant and take extra care.

Sadly, Christmas Day saw the passing of Warrant Officer Wayne Riches. Wayne, who had served in 4 RNSWR and 4/3 RNSWR and had also served a term as Regimental Warrant Officer, had been valiantly battling cancer for a considerable period. His fortitude in the face of a progressively debilitating illness and his determination not to succumb was an inspiration to all who had the privilege of knowing him and seeing him in the last few months. In company with Bob Pink I travelled to Singleton on Friday, 8 January where Wayne was farewelled by a large contingent of his peers in an impressive military funeral at St Patrick’s Catholic Church. It was tribute to Wayne that a large number of his friends and colleagues from the School of Infantry, while officially on Christmas stand-down returned from leave early to participate. The turnout of the guard, the firing party and the bearer party were a credit to WO1 Warren Barnes, Regimental Warrant Officer, the Royal New South Wales Regiment, who organised the training. After a gathering at Singleton Golf Club a number repaired to the Sergeants’ Mess at the School of Infantry to enjoy the gracious hospitality of the RSM of the School of Infantry, and PMC of the Mess, WO1 Welsh, to remember a brother in arms.

The “Walk” from Orange to Sydney organised by members of the 1/19 RNSWR to raise funds for Ronald McDonald House was a great success due, in no small part, to the response from members of the Association. A total of \$20,500 was raised. My thanks to all who contributed and my congratulations to those who made the Walk! The Chief Clerk’s son, who was the inspiration for the project is expected to be home in May. Needless to say, our best wishes go to him and his family.

The Australia Day Honours List saw the award of an Order of Australia Medal (OAM) to Association Committee Member and “original” senior NCO in 19 RNSWR when the Battalion was raised in December 1966, Kevin Jones. Kevin was honoured for his “service to the community through a range of sporting, agricultural and veterans’ organisations”. An honour well earned and richly deserved!

Australia Day also saw the honouring of Association Member Bill Baird with the Australia Day Citizen of the Year 2010 Award by Hay District Council and the townsfolk of Hay. Many will recall the article in the March 2009 edition of *Frontline* that reproduced a newspaper article about Bill’s life and his service to his community. Well done Bill!

The long weekend mail also brought advice from Thailand-Burma Railway Centre of an honour bestowed on Rod Beattie. Rod was created a Knight in the Order of Orange-Nassau by Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands in recognition of his years of work in researching and helping all families connected with the Burma-Thai Railway – including the 17,000 Dutch PoWs, 2,700 of whom died.

Early February brought the sad news that Association stalwart and founding member, John Foy, was back in hospital with complications from his cancer treatment. Bob has been to visit John and we await news of recent tests that have been carried. Our thoughts and best wishes are with John and his family.

I have told you that the Association has undertaken the compilation and publication of an official history of 19 Battalion AIF. This will close a gap in the proud line of soldiers that have served their country under the numeral “19”. LTCOL Peter McGuinness, MBE, RFD, ED, who did such a magnificent job on the editing of the third edition of *The Grim Glory* has undertaken this enormous task for the Association and has spent many weeks at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra (Peter actually lives in Tasmania) researching and collecting material. Regrettably, the cost of this enterprise is not insignificant. To assist the Association in meeting these costs Mrs Joy Newton has produced another thematic queen bed size quilt for us to raffle. A book of tickets is enclosed with this edition of *Frontline*. I ask you to sell these tickets, and ask for more if you will. The prize is well worth the outlay. I know that I can count on the generous support that you have always given to every request that I have made. This is a cause that must be dear to all of our hearts and I look forward to the usual exemplary response.

Roger Perry

COMING EVENTS - 2010

DAY	DATE	TIME	EVENT	LOCATION	Remarks
SUN	25 APR 10	0930	ANZAC DAY MARCH & REUNION – SYDNEY	March - Form Up Outside NSW Leagues Club Elizabeth St Reunion - MV Jerry Bailey - Sydney Harbour Cruise See full details at page 12	
SAT & SUN	12 JUN 10 13 JUN 10		100 YEARS WAGGA WAGGA DEPOT DOCKER STREET DRILL HALL CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS – Parade with Reserve Forces Day Riverina Members on the Saturday morning with Centenary Celebrations Saturday afternoon and Dinner with Riverina members Saturday evening. Partners welcome. Riverina breakfast Sunday morning.	Further details from Ben DAVEY Tele 0408 695 770 Email: davey88@ozemail.com.au	
SAT	19 JUN 10	1800	ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT OFFICERS' REGIMENTAL DINNER	LOCATION TO BE ADVISED	Further details & cost Tele: Regimental Secretary LTCOL Don SHEARMAN H: (03) 9437 2383 W: (03) 9450 7059
SUN	20 JUN 10	0930	 50th ANNIVERSARY PARADE & CHURCH SERVICE CELEBRATING THE FORMATION OF THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT	 GARRISON CHURCH MILLERS POINT SYDNEY	An impressive ceremonial parade with a regimental guard & all Colours of The Royal New South Wales Regiment in the presence of The Honorary Colonel The Royal New South Wales Regiment Her Excellency Professor Marie Bashir AC CVO Governor of NSW & The Regimental Colonel The Royal New South Wales Regiment Brigadier Paul Couch CSC RFD
SAT	26 JUN 10	1330	RESERVE FORCES DAY PARADE	CANBERRA	Australian War Memorial
SAT	03 JUL 10	1000	RESERVE FORCES DAY PARADE	NEWCASTLE	
SUN	04 JUL 10	1030	RESERVE FORCES DAY REVIEW	SYDNEY DOMAIN	Association Reunion NSW Leagues Club Phillip St
SUN	25 JUL 10	0930	POZIERES DAY COMMEMORATION	WOOLLAHRA	St Columba Church
SUN	15 AUG 09	1030	VICTORY OVER JAPAN DAY	SYDNEY CENOTAPH	
WED	01 SEP 10	1030	BATTLE FOR AUSTRALIA DAY	SYDNEY CENOTAPH	
SAT	25 SEP 10	1800	RNSWR WO/SNCO'S REGIMENTAL DINNER OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATION & BREAKFAST INCLUDED IN VERY REASONABLE COST	SCHOOL OF INFANTRY SINGLETON NSW	Phone Bob PINK 0414 907 427 or Warren BARNES 0409 909 439 for a booking
THU	11 NOV 10	1030	REMEMBRANCE DAY	SYDNEY CENOTAPH	
FRI	12 NOV 10		1/19 RNSWR ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING & REUNION WEEKEND	VENUE TO BE CONFIRMED & ADVISED	

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SICK REPORT

*Get Well
Soon*



AT LEFT: Mrs Mavis WARD & son Robert during her recuperation from hip replacement surgery.

Unfortunately a trolley accident required Mavis to spend a further couple of unexpected weeks in hospital and hopefully by the time this issue is in print she will be back home.



Ken and Olga GRAY have had a couple of spells in hospital and are on the road to recovery.

Laurie and Helen SHEEDY have also had their share of inpatient treatment over the past few months and are now both back home.

Bill MANYWEATHERS is recovering from successful surgery at Bowral Hospital and is residing at Bowral for the next few months. If anyone is passing through he would welcome a call - Tele 0429 653 824.

Graeme GILL's back operation went OK and we look forward to seeing him on ANZAC Day



SEEN AROUND THE TRAPS



Mrs Mary WRIGHT (wife of Association Member and former RSM 1/19 RNSWR WO1 Ken WRIGHT) being inducted into Sydney Legacy on 19 FEB 10 by NSW Legacy Chairman Colonel John BERTRAM AO



SGT Jim MACDONALD now with RAAPC Vic Bks pictured with Bob PINK at Trinity Grammar School at the annual School Presentations by Ashfield RSL Sub Branch



Bill Fogarty and Kevin Harker, who both served in the Fire Assault Platoon 7RAR in Vietnam 1967-68. Now caught fraternising with the WW I enemy at the Turkish Memorial at Cape Helles.

CONGRATULATIONS



TO ASSOCIATION MEMBER Kev JONES whose outstanding community work over many years was recognised and rewarded by his award of the Medal of Order of Australia in the recent Australia Day Honours. Our thanks to Journalist Erin Brady and "The Daily Examiner" for the following article:



KEVIN Jones says he had no choice but to become entrenched in community life after working for 31 years with the NSW Police Force.

Whether it was setting up a much needed youth centre and State Emergency Services unit in Wilcannia or taking on the role of secretary and treasurer of the MacLean and District Agricultural Society, Mr Jones has left his mark on every community he has lived in.

Today Mr Jones was awarded an Order of Australia for his service to the community through a range of sporting, agricultural and veterans' organisations.

From his home in Townsend, Mr Jones said he was honoured to receive the award. Over the years Mr Jones has had friends and colleagues who have been awarded the Order of Australia, but he said it never occurred to him that he too one day would have

the letters OAM after his name. "I just didn't think I'd ever get it so it's a great honour for me to accept it" he said.

But when you look at the long list of roles Mr Jones has held, it becomes apparent he is a deserving recipient of the award.

Achievements include President of the United Cricket Club for five years, President of the MacLean Ex-Services Club since 2003, director of the Byron Bay Services Club from 1998 to 2001, foundation member and President of Byron Bay Lions Club in 1995, foundation member and patrol commander of the Wilcannia Rescue Squad and an active member of the Bird Club of the Maclean and District Agricultural Society.

Mr Jones said his high level of community involvement stemmed from his long career as a Police Officer and 26 years serving in the Army Reserve. "A lot of my transfers around the state were in isolated and small communities, so you get involved in the communities to do your job properly" he said.

He also said having three children opened up another world of community associations that he couldn't help but join.

For example through his son and grandson's involvement and success at cricket, Mr Jones had become a member of the Lower Clarence Cricket Club and President of the United Cricket Club. "I just became tied up in those things" he said.

Now that he's retired Mr Jones said that he's cut back on a lot of his voluntary commitments but he still has a few community projects on the go, including his involvement with the Maclean sub branch of the Returned and Services League of Australia.

"There's still not a week goes by that I haven't got to go to a meeting."

Mr Jones thanked his family for their unwavering support of his service to the community that would see him attend meetings at night and spend days away from home.

"They're the ones who put up with me going to all those things, so I'd like to say a big thank you to my family" he said.

Some of Mr Jones' roles over the years

- Member, United Cricket Club, President for the past five years.
- Member Lower Clarence Cricket Association.
- Secretary/Treasurer, Byron Bay Deep Sea Fishing Club.
- Board Member, Wilcannia Golf Club 1980s.
- Secretary/Treasurer Maclean and District Agricultural Society 2002-2008 involved in the operation of the Bird Club.
- Welfare Officer, Maclean Returned and Services League of Australia since 2007, current Leading Member Commemoration committee and member since 2001.
- Member, Byron Bay RSL Club.



- President Maclean Ex-Services Club since 2000.
- Welfare Officer, Northern Rivers Branch, Retired Police Association of NSW since 2001.

- Foundation Member 1/19 RNSWR Association, 10 years.
- Director, Byron Bay Services Club 1998-2001, served on various sub-committees during that time.
- Member, Byron Bay Blue Light Disco 1990.
- Foundation Member and President, Byron Bay Lions Club 1995.
- Member, Cape Byron Light House Trust.
- President, Wilcannia Lions Clubs 1980s.
- Foundation Member and Patrol Commander, Wilcannia Rescue Squad.
- President, Corowa and Rutherglen Search and Rescue.
- Member, numerous community organizations in the Cowra area including Lions Club, Anglers Club, Kennel Club, Wagga Wagga Rescue Squad and Blue Light Disco Committee.
- Foundation Member, National Federation Festival.



CONGRATULATIONS TO ASSOCIATION MEMBER BILL BAIRD ON HIS 2010 AUSTRALIA DAY "CITIZEN OF THE YEAR" AWARD BY THE HAY DISTRICT COUNCIL AND THE TOWNSFOLK OF HAY NSW FOR HIS OPERATION OF THE LOCAL DAIRY, THE IVANHOE MAIL DISTRIBUTION AND HIS GENEROSITY AND SUPPORT TO LOCAL CHILDRENS' GROUPS.



CONGRATULATIONS TO ROD BEATTIE – KANCHANABURI WAR CEMETERY THAILAND - ROD WAS CREATED A KNIGHT IN THE ORDER OF ORANGE-NASSAU BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS IN RECOGNITION OF HIS YEARS OF WORK IN RESEARCHING AND HELPING ALL FAMILIES CONNECTED WITH THE BURMA-THAI RAILWAY – INCLUDING THE 17,000 DUTCH POWS, 2,700 OF WHOM DIED.



CONGRATULATIONS TO WARRANT OFFICER CLASS TWO RAY MULLER ON HIS PROMOTION TO WARRANT RANK ON 5 DECEMBER 2009.



CONGRATULATIONS to ROY & ALICE SCHMIDTKE ON BECOMING GRANDPARENTS WITH THE ARRIVAL OF GRANDSON BRENDAN ON 18 DECEMBER 2009 AND TO HIS PROUD PARENTS DALE AND LOUISE.



CONGRATULATIONS TO TONY ANG ON HIS RECENT COMPLETION OF 50 YEARS WITH THE NSW RAILWAYS.

DONATIONS

It is a pleasure to once again acknowledge the generosity of the following members which is gratefully received.

Our thanks folks !



MAJ	Tony	ANG	PTE	Paul	GRUMLEY
MR	Bill	BAIRD	MRS	Faye	HEDGES
CPL	Ron	BARTON	MR	Mick	HEYDON
MR	Bruce	BATHGATE	MRS	Lynette	HISCOX
MRS	Sylvia	BELL	MRS	Christine	HORROCKS
LTCOL	Gary	BELTRAME	CPL	Dan	JOHNSTON
MRS	Jean	BIRCH	CPL	Charles	JENSEN
LCPL	Geoff	BLAIR	MR	Mick	KILDEY
MRS	Diana	BLAND	LTCOL	Ken	KIRKBY
MAJ	Allan	BRABY	MR	Maurie	LAYTON
SSGT	Geoff	BRADDON	MRS	June	LEWIS
MR	Colin	BRIEN	MAJ	Bob	LIDDEN
MR	Sid	BROWN	MRS	Maureen	LONG
MAJ	Marjorie	BULLIVANT	MR	David	MARINER
SGT	John	BURNS	COL	Brian	MARTYN
MRS	Zita	BURROWS	MRS	Pattie	McALEER
PTE	Colin	CHALKER	MR	Norm	McDONALD
MAJ	Barry	CHAPMAN	MAJ	Ken	McKAY
MR	Ray	CLENDENNING	WO2	Ray	MULLER
MAJ	Harry	COLE	MRS	June	MURDOCH
MR	John	CONNELL	PTE	Graham	NEGUS
MAJ	Brett	COOPER	PTE	Tony	OHLBACH
LT	Tom	COOPER	WO2	Peter	PHILLIPS
MR	Lance	CROWLEY	MRS	Rene	RENNIE
MRS	Rita	DEAN	MRS	Yvonne	RYAN
MRS	Shirley	DRUM	MRS	Dell	STAFFORD
CAPT	Bill	EDWARDS	LTCOL	Geoff	STEVENTON
MR	Charles	EDWARDS	MR	Alf	STONE
WO2	John	ELLIOTT	MRS	Jean	TEERMAN
MRS	Nancy	ELLIOTT	MR	Alan	THIELE
MR	Tony	FANNING	MS	Librada	THIELE
MAJ	Ken	FITZGERALD	SGT	Bob	WADE
MRS	Marj	FLACK	MR	Wal	WILLIAMS
CPL	Tom	FLETCHER	PTE	Anton	YUSWAK
LTCOL	John	FOGARTY	CAPT	Dennis	ZALUNARDO

1994 PHOTOS WANTED

Dear Bob

Just a quick update – Dad completed 50 years with the NSW Railways in December 2009 and I have been posted to APA-S.

I have lost some photos from when I was with 1/19 RNSWR – particularly those taken at the Remembrance Day Service in November 1994 at Ingleburn (I was an ensign in the Colour Party) and also any photos of Exercise "Distant Emerald" with B Company 1/19 RNSWR at Dubbo in 1994.

If anyone has photos of these I would certainly appreciate a copy.

Regards to all

Tony

(MAJ Tony ANG)

Email: anthony.ang@det.nsw.edu.au

Tele: 0412 332 588

FROM RCB88 - MALAYSIA

Mr Roger Perry
President
1st/19th Battalion
The Royal New South Wales Regiment
Association

Dear Roger

On behalf of all members of the 1st/19th Battalion RNSWR deployed to Rifle Company Butterworth, Rotation Number 88, I would like to thank you and the members of your association for the thoughtful and generous gift packages, which were received by all. On return from a jungle training activity in Pulada, it was quite a sight to see the company clerk's desk piled high with packages.

On any deployment, it is always heartlifting to know that someone at home is thinking of you, RCB 88 is no exception. Once again I thank you and your association for these gifts. Please pass on our thanks to your members at your next meeting.

With kind regards

Tom Brisbane

Tom Brisbane

CPL

Transport Supervisor

RCB 88 Malaysia

22 December 2009

NEW MEMBER



A very warm and sincere welcome is extended to the following new member who joined since the last newsletter:

MAJ Martin PALL

MOSMAN NSW 2088

To President Roger
Executive & all members
Best wishes.

Shirley Drum.

May the Joy and Peace of Christmas
Be with you throughout the year

My Anx. Subs & whatever
Bob. Thank you for all
you do.



These fellows appear suddenly from all directions including riding down a one way street the wrong way or driving with their lights off at night to "save petrol" ! The jungle phase at "Paluda" Johore – about 1 hour from Singapore proved interesting and it took the enemy party 2 days to successfully get a fire to burn but I very much like the close country to work in.

To play enemy and watch the diggers go through their drill showed both the good points and the bad points. The good being times they sprung us and the bad when we could have easily have had them in a contact or the time it took identify where their target was.

I will finish now by saying that this has been a good deployment and that many will be going on to deploy straight after RCB to deploy on Operation ANODE in the Solomons.

My best regards to all in the Association, especially Lindsay Dobbie and Bob Pink.

Merry Christmas to you all.

Terry Nixon

1/19 RNSWR



ENEMY PARTY PULADA AREA JOHORE MALAYSIA
DECEMBER 2009
L to R: Terry NIXON, LCPL Ian GARHAM,
CPL W. STEVENS



Bob & Linda (Christmas cake baker, creative designer & decorator extraordinaire)
COLLIGAN



The Christmas cake (badged in gold icing) that was such a hit with the boys

BUTTERWORTH – MALAYSIA

December 2009

Dear Roger

I have just had the pleasure to receive the care package that the Association had so thoughtfully sent to myself and the other 1/19 RNSWR members – it came as a complete surprise.

Even as I write this I am enjoying the "scotch finger" biscuits and look forward to the individual Christmas cake. The RNSWR badge on top of the cake fascinated all concerned and full marks to Mrs Linda Colligan who came up with the idea.

Our trip has so far proven interesting and at this moment the main body of RCB are going on a historical battlefield tour - "Gemas" being one of the major sites. It is a pity there are not more sites like this to visit. This is my second trip here and this time I am in support as a driver and can say I have seen both sides of the coin. But as a driver I have a more interesting time – the roads here are an adventure.



The packers packaging the care packages !
L to R: President Roger PERRY
Bob PINK & Bob COLLIGAN

FRONTLINE

Association Member Alf STONE, OAM was delighted to receive the following letter of congratulations and photo from the famous Dame Vera Lynn on the occasion of his 91st Birthday which was accompanied by a disc of her latest songs !



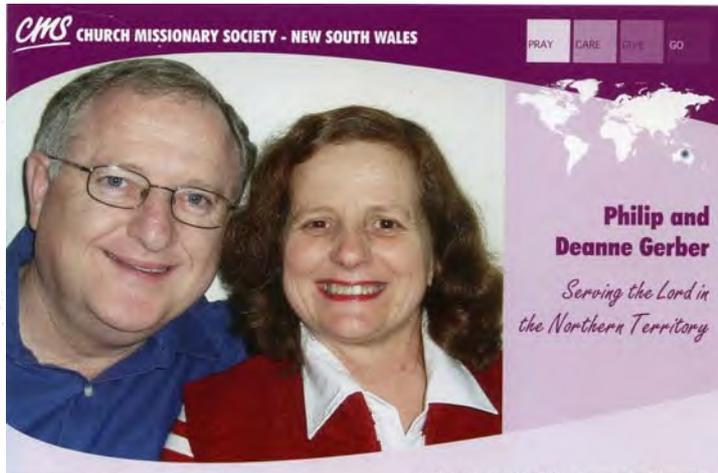
To our President Roger, Hon. Secretary Robert and Committee of the 1/19th R of S.W. A Association plus all members
 Many THANKS for the friendship shared throughout 2009.
 Betty & Alf. Mansfield
 May Peace, Joy and Happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year

Dame Vera Lynn D.B.E., LLD, M.Mus

Hampers Croft
 Common Lane
 Ditchling
 East Sussex
 BN6 8TJ

Dear Alf
 Congratulations on reaching your 91st Birthday, and I wish you more.
 I hope you enjoy your unusual Birthday Present, and may it bring in the wind for you for many years to come!
 Yours
 Vera Lynn

GREETINGS FROM & OUR BEST WISHES TO Phil & Deanne GERBER as they undertake their Missionary work. Field Address C/- Anglican Diocese of the Northern Territory GPO Box 2950 DARWIN NT 0801 pdgerber@cms.org.au



she sent me a disc of all her latest songs Alf



Alf Stone at home with one of his prized sunflowers

CARE for the needs and concerns of CMS missionaries

I want to be part of God's mission with **CMS** and Philip and Deanne - send me their Newsletter by email by mail Prayer points by email by mail

I am over 18, have read and agree with the principles and objectives stated overleaf, and would like to sign-up to become a member of CMS-NSW.

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Rev/Dr) _____ Address _____
 Email _____ Suburb _____
 Church _____ State _____ Post code _____

Phone (h) _____ (m) _____

Please return this form to:
CMS-NSW
 Level 5, 51 Druiitt Street Sydney NSW 2000

GIVE to the ministry of worldwide proclamation.

We invite you to become a partner in the work of proclaiming the gospel in N.T.

I would like to make a (tick one) one-off monthly* quarterly* donation in support of CMS to the CMS General Fund to support Philip and Deanne (non tax-deductible) \$ _____
 to the Aboriginal Missionary Work in North Australia Fund* (tax deductible) \$ _____

*Donations to the Aboriginal Missionary Work in North Australia Fund support CMS workers in North Australia as approved by the Federal Government.

Please indicate how you will give by credit card (fill in below) by direct debit (we will send you a form) Total \$ _____

Payment Details Cheque (payable to Church Missionary Society) Mastercard Visa

Card Number _____ Name on Card _____
 Signature _____ Valid until _____

A.H.S. CENTAUR FOUND

Our thanks to Association member Mrs Jan Thomas OAM for forwarding the following photos and story, Jan is the Founder and Honorary Secretary of the 2/3 Australian Hospital Ship Centaur Association. Jan's father was a doctor aboard the Centaur when it was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine while it was sailing north from Sydney on May 14, 1943. Only 64 of the 332 people on board survived.



The Centaur was located on 20 December 2009.

I received an urgent phone call from David Mearns the search director early on the morning of 10th January seeking our approval as next-of-kin for an approach to the Minister. We received approval on the Monday afternoon and the plaque was laid on Tuesday 12th January.

Centaur is protected by the Historic Shipwrecks Act under which nothing is allowed to touch her, for which we are very glad. The plaque was to go on the seabed beside Centaur but we struck a snag when the seabed turned out to be not sand but slippery sticky mud and a trial substitute of the plaque sank into it.

Major Dugdale was on the search vessel. He handed the plaque to the technicians who lowered it onto the deck after special permission had been received from the Minister.

At a later wreath-laying ceremony Major Dugdale cast the weighted wreath in great trepidation - he said he was terrified it would flip and land upside down, but he did it without a hitch. It was weighted to reach the bottom.



Plaque hand over
L to R MRS Jan THOMAS, MAJOR DUGDALE and the
President of the CENTAUR Association
MR Richard JONES



The plaque in its final resting place on
the deck of the CENTAUR



Dedication of the plaque at Concord

ANZAC DAY SYDNEY SUN 25 APRIL 2010



MV Jerry Bailey

\$70.00
PER PERSON PAYABLE
PRIOR TO ATTENDING
Includes cost of 4 hour
cruise and all food and
drinks (less spirits)

LUNCHEON MENU

To be preceded by light refreshments on boarding (coffee, biscuits & cake) at first pick up at Circular Quay **Lunch:** Freshly Cooked Prawns, Cheese, Cabanossi, Jatz, Chicken pieces, Chinese Mini Dim Sims, Cocktail Frankfurts & tomato sauce, Cocktail Sausage Rolls, Corn Chips with 4 mixed dips, Party Pies, Fish Cocktails, Marinated Chicken Kebabs, Mini Pizzas, Mixed Sandwiches, Potato chips / Peanuts, Bread Rolls & Butter, Tea & Coffee, Cake, Fruit Salad & Ice Cream.

ALL DRINKS (House Wines - beer - soft drinks – juices, tea/coffee) **ARE INCLUDED.**

(Spirits are not included - however, if you would like to bring your own sustaining bottle of Mr Walker or Mr Smirnoff etc., you are most welcome to. **Just a reminder folks that we have to confirm the numbers attending to the Cruise Company by no later than 11 APRIL 2010. Your prompt attention would be appreciated. Berths will be allocated on a 'first in best dressed basis'. Please do not just roll up on the day or ring up the night before advising of your attendance and expect a berth on the cruise - you may be disappointed. A sincere and warm invitation is extended to all family members and friends who are especially most welcome to attend. The weather forecast is for a fine sunny day!**

THE MARCH

ASSEMBLE from 9.30 a.m. Elizabeth Street (between King St & Martin Place) **SYDNEY** outside the **NSW Leagues Club** to march with the **2nd/19th Battalion A.I.F.**

Following the march with the 2nd/19th Battalion A.I.F. - 1/19 RNSWR members will move back to the corner of Bent and Phillip Streets to march with 1/19 RNSWR Association in the 2nd Division contingent. A dash back to Circular Quay after the march to join the ferry will be required. **Limited transport (Land Rover) is yet to be confirmed however there should be room in one of the 8 Div HQ Land Rovers for those members of 2/19 Battalion A.I.F. who are unable / do not wish to march** and also a party to carry the 2/19 Battalion A.I.F. Association Banner.



THE REUNION – SYDNEY HARBOUR CRUISE

The MV 'Jerry Bailey' will pick up members & guests after the march at the Commissioner's Steps (opposite the old Maritime Services Board building - now the "Museum of Contemporary Art") at Circular Quay at **12:00 NOON and again at 1:30 p.m.** The cruise of Port Jackson and environs will continue all afternoon and return to Circular Quay at 4.00 p.m. It is suggested that family & friends view the march in George St Sydney adjacent to Town Hall Railway Station which has lifts installed on all platforms. They can then travel by train to Circular Quay Railway Station (which has escalators on each platform) to join the MV 'Jerry Bailey' at Commissioner's Steps.

PLEASE RETURN THE REPLY SLIP ENCLOSED WITH THIS NEWSLETTER TO THE HONORARY SECRETARY 1/19 RNSWR Association PO Box 224 INGLEBURN NSW 1890 WITH YOUR PAYMENT BY NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY 16 APRIL 2010. PLEASE NOTE THAT IF YOU PAY AND THEN FIND YOU ARE UNABLE TO ATTEND, YOUR \$\$\$\$ WILL BE REFUNDED.

FRONTLINE

GEMAS DAY COMMEMORATION - PYMBLE SUN 17 JAN 10



FALL OF SINGAPORE COMMEMORATION - SYDNEY 15 FEBRUARY 2010



CAN YOU ASSIST ?

TIGERS IN THE PARK: A NEW PROJECT IN SINGAPORE LATEST NEWS FROM THE ADAM PARK PROJECT WWII ARCHAEOLOGY FOUND INTACT DURING PADANG DIG, SINGAPORE

FROM **Mr Jon COOPER** Project Manager

Your members might be interested to hear that Glasgow University, National University of Singapore and Singapore History Consultants are setting up a project looking into the potential for battlefield archaeology in Singapore. The case study is the defence of Adam Park by the 1st Battalion The Cambridgeshire Regiment from 12th to 15th Feb 1942. There is more information at:

<http://www.gla.ac.uk/departments/battlefieldarchaeology/centreprojects/singaporewwiiproject/>

However we would like to hear from any AIF veterans or members who have information on the use of the estate as a POW camp after the fighting. We are particularly keen to build a plan of the camp detailing the location of the major facilities eg guard house, canteen, theatre, accommodation, hospital, dentists etc. If any of your members believe they can contribute to the research please have them email me at jonalicoooper@googlemail.com

OR write to me at

**235 Arcadia Road #9 09.03 Block A
SINGAPORE 289843**

Many Thanks

Jon COOPER

As if proof was needed that WW2 archaeology of high quality is to be found in Singapore the National University of Singapore Archaeology Team, led by Lim Chen Sian from the Department of South East Asian Studies, recently uncovered an old ARP trench. The discovery came while they were digging for 14th / 15th Century pottery on the Padang; the historic ceremonial area opposite the City Hall and Supreme Court, in the Very heart of the city.

Jon Cooper, the TAPP Project Manager, and the Centre's man in Singapore, was called in to help excavate the artefacts found within the trench on Christmas Eve. He said of the discovery: 'It's a stroke of luck that the ARP trench just happened to be in line of the series of excavation pits laid out by the team looking for traces of pre-colonial Singapore. It appears that the trench was turned into a rubbish pit by civil servants within the City Hall at the time of the surrender to the Japanese in 1942. For the most part, the artefacts consist of Mk V Respirators and steel helmets thrown into the pit, presumably after the ceasefire. All the respirators are date stamped either 1940 or 1941. The rubber masks look to be in pristine condition when first exposed but disintegrate to the touch. Judging by the presence of numerous buckles and remnants of canvas



First Survey of the Adam Park
Survey highlights
archaeological potential

straps, the respirators were discarded inside their bags. You can just imagine a line of disgruntled civvies and the servicemen parading past the pit, throwing this stuff in. Empty wine bottles may be a legacy of those final moments as people tried to dull the impact of what was unfolding around them - it's an

incredibly vivid reminder of the surrender. And to think that three and a half years later Mountbatten marched past not more than 20yds away to take the Japanese surrender!

There was however no time or resource to get to the bottom of the pit and the intention is to cover up the site, earmark the location for protection and return to excavate it fully at a later date. There is of course great speculation as to what may be found at the bottom of the trench; perhaps items that were not meant to be found by the Japanese!

The Adam Park Project has issued the first draft of the Research Document. This is to be used as a guide for archaeologists planning the next phase of surveys. The document has been well received by various cultural agencies in Singapore. Work has now started on tracking down veterans and next of kin both in the UK and Japan. Recently a preliminary metal detector survey was carried out at No.20 Adam Park to clear an area of garden destined to become a new veranda. The exercise proved very successful, with military buttons, coins and bullets recovered. The most striking find was a clip of .303 ammunition from a British Lee Enfield rifle (see photo). Jon Cooper, the project leader, said 'The fact that this was a dropped clip may give some idea of the intensity of fighting in this part of estate. The man who lost this clip didn't have time to reclaim it, suggesting the area was not safe to hang around in. It's a great start to the surveys.'



The Adam Park Project Profile

Work has commenced on the Centre's latest project - this time out in the Far East. Jon Cooper, after successfully gaining his MLitt in 2008, has started

up the research phase of a year long project looking at the potential for battlefield archaeology in Singapore. As the demand for more housing and new development slowly covers the island in concrete, the need to preserve and rescue vital WW2 battlefield heritage has never been more urgent. Up until now much of the limited resource has been focused on preserving the

has been focused on preserving the concrete fortifications which have for many years represented all that was bad about the 1942 invasion and the British defeat. However many of these sites were bypassed by the Japanese or abandoned by the British and witnessed little of the actual fighting. This project is unique for the island as it focuses entirely on the battlegrounds and is attempting to evaluate the potential for the recovery of artefacts lost during the actual fighting. The case study for the assessment is the defence of the Adam Park Estate by the 1st Battalion of the Cambridgeshires Regiment, 'The Fen Tigers', from the 12th to 15th February 1942.

As Jon says, 'This is an incredible story relating to the fighting at such a seminal point in the campaign. Here was a TA unit, originally destined to fight in the Middle East, finding itself in Singapore, only to be told it was all over and they were never going to win. Not only do the Cambridgeshires decide to fight, but they are the only unit who stand their ground during the Japanese onslaught. They take and hold positions in a housing estate at Adam Park, fighting for three days without water and minimal rations, under constant air attack and artillery barrage, inflicting hundreds of casualties and destroying numerous Japanese tanks. Finally, on the 15th, they are cut off and surrounded and their commander requests permission to break out. In response, he receives news of the general ceasefire that presages the surrender. Many of his men remain unaware of the ceasefire and fight on beyond the deadline as they were totally cut off from their HQ.' 'The survivors of the Cambridgeshires are then herded into a tennis court for three days before starting their long march to Changi and 3 ½ years of captivity from which many never returned. It is a gut wrenching finale to an epic piece of military history.'

Adam Park today lies on the edge of city's expansion and the distinctive black and white bungalows receive government protection and date back to the fighting. 'Its mazing to think that these houses, verandas and gardens were the ones that the Cambridgeshires established their positions in. Some were even occupied by the Japanese then recaptured by the



British. The Battalion HQ at No.7 Adam Park is now home to a Japanese Restaurant, how ironic is that! We also hope to find the Tennis Court used as a holding pen after the engagement, it's such a poignant part of the landscape. 'The project team hope to construct a detailed plan of the estate as it was when the British took it over and identify the location of their field works. It will then be possible to work out why the Park was so difficult to take. If we can figure out why the defence of Adam Park was so successful it may be possible to theorise about what would have happened had the

British fallen back into similar positions all around the city and fought to the last man as Churchill had requested. This was the type of fighting Yamashita was afraid his men would get involved in. With the Imperial army's supplies stretched and the troops so tired, could the British have held out for longer in such enclaves?'

On a more practical level the project also hopes to identify the pitfalls and problems of working on WW2 sites in a tropical urban environment and hopes to stimulate enough interest to kick start further work on other sites, **especially at** Pasir Panjang, site of the last stand of the Malayan Regiments and **Kranji shoreline where the Australians successfully repelled Japanese landings.**

The Project Team have already been in contact with the Imperial War Museum at Duxford, home of the Cambridgeshire's Regimental Museum **and hope to contact veterans of the fighting in order to obtain eyewitness accounts that may help their research.**

Watch the website for the latest news as the project develops.



Our flag bears the stars that blaze in the night, In our southern sky of blue, and the little flag in the corner, that is part of our heritage too.

It's for the English, the Scots, and the Irish who were sent to the ends of the earth, the rogues and schemers, the doers and the dreamers, who gave modern Australia birth.

And you who are shouting to change it you don't seem to understand, it's the flag of our law and our language, not the flag of a faraway land.

Though there are plenty of people who'll tell you how when Europe was plunged into night, that little old flag in the corner was their symbol of freedom and light..

It does not mean we owe allegiance to a forgotten imperial dream, we have the stars to show where we are going and the old flag to show where we have been.

Penrith Press: Harry Morfoot,
President Penrith City National Serviceman's
Association of Australia.

(Contributed by Reg Newton)

FRONTLINE

CAN YOU ASSIST IN LOCATING THE FAMILIES OF THE FOLLOWING AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS "MISSING IN ACTION" DURING THE KOREAN WAR ?

We have conclusively researched the last known grid map reference of our 22 Australian Army personnel "Missing in Action" during the Korean War which confirms that one MIA is in South Korea, four are in the South Korean DMZ and seventeen are in the North Korean DMZ. The documented evidence and maps created detail information that has never before existed and are intended for presentation to Australian Government Ministers, Australian Defence Force, South Korean Government and the media to focus attention on authorities to pursue matters that will require investigations into the recovery of the remains of our MIA servicemen.

Quote: **"everything that could be done to help in recovering the Korean "MIA's" should be done"..**
Minister Warren Snowden, Canberra Times 24 MAY 2009.

At this point we have secured 25 mtDNA swab samples from 11 of the 22 families of the MIA Army men which currently are in the possession of JPAC, CIL Hawaii. The 11 Army men whose families we have located and have supplied mtDNA swabs are - Pte JB Ashe Pte EG Bourke Cpl WK Murphy Pte RD Rootes Lt LB Ryan Pte JP Saunders Pte AJ Scurry Pte RW Shennan Lt FC Smith Pte LJ Terry Pte TG Wallace. All of the families located are in Australia with the one exception, Cpl William Murphy whose family live in Ireland.

Listed below are the other 11 Army MIA men whose families / relatives we are anxious to locate and secure mtDNA swab samples:

RANK	GIVEN NAME/S	SURNAME	UNIT	ARMY No.	DATE MISSING IN ACTION	PLACE OF BIRTH	DATE OF BIRTH
PTE	Francis	BRADY	3 RAR	4/400156	25.1.1953	Birkenhead Cheshire England	1.12.1921
PTE	John King	CHRISTIE	3 RAR	5/2514	15.4.1953	Marlon New Zealand	25.6.1922
PTE	Thomas Randolph	FOOT	3 RAR	2/401322	14.5.1952	Moree NSW	2.1.1924
PTE	Leslie John	GRIFFITHS	1 RAR	3/10647	11.12.1952	Birmingham Warwickshire England	25.1.28
PTE	Joseph William	HODGKISSON	3 RAR	5/400181	25.1.1953	Perth W.A.	20.9.1932
PTE	William Rudolph	KUNKEL	1 RAR	1/1641	16.11.1952	Brisbane QLD	14.11.1930
PTE	William Thomas Henry	LORD	3 RAR	2/400437	13.7.1952	Glen Innes NSW	27.10.1927
PTE	John Lawrence	MCKANDRY	3 RAR	2/400919	13.3.1953	Auckland New Zealand	1.10.1930
PTE	John William	NICHOLSON	3 RAR	2/400798	14.3.1953	Moonee Ponds VIC	26.3.1932
PTE	Peter	WHITE	3 RAR	3/400608	14.1.1953	Cahir, Ireland	6.7.1925 relatives may be in NZ.
PTE	Denis Edward	WHITEHOUSE	3 RAR	3/10796	14.8.1952	Birmingham England	30.09.1930

Enquiries to locate the families / relatives via our Government "public service" departments has proved fruitless and without any indication that they may pursue our enquiries. They can't solve problems by using the same kind of thinking they used when they created them. Think what might be possible if we decided to work together. We would greatly appreciate DVA and the Editors of the Korean War Associations and other Associations to include an article in the next issue of their newsletters seeking assistance from their members and others in locating any family members we are hoping to locate. We also have the opportunity to reveal to such families the details pertaining to the MIA status of the hero.

Please forward all positive responses to me. If any queries or questions please contact me at your convenience.

Kind regards and all the best

Ian Saunders

'Amarillo'

Temora Road

COOTAMUNDRA 2590 NSW Australia

Telephone: 02 6942 3564

Email: sammysaunders@bigpond.com

CAN YOU ASSIST ?

I wonder if any of our Association members may be able to assist me. ?

Back ground:

In *The Grim Glory* there are references to **NAKHON NAYOK AND PITSANOLUK**. (mainly p 637-641). None of the references are definitive. It is of interest to note that *The Grim Glory* states that **18 went to Phits and 14 to Nakhon Nayok**.

I have found only 3 substantial references on this area.

- 952 publications Medical Middle East and Far East.
- *The Colour Patch* by Murray Ewen
- A privately published book "A Kind of Destiny" by Eve Karslake Craven (a book about her husband)

In many cases there are only 10 to 12 lines about this phase of the POW life.

Could you ask your members if any of them have sketch maps or anything which could assist? I am off to Thailand in early February 10 and am taking the son of the Aussie MO who was in both camps, Captain Le Gay Brereton plus a couple of other interested people.

When you have published the final instalment of Bill Lowcock's story. I will place his story on my website, acknowledging the 2/19 Battalion AIF Association. His story was very useful, as he did mention some tunnelling in the nearby hills. That confirmed info I had from another Aussie MO who passed away at age 98 last year.

Hoping you may be able to help.

Regards.

Peter Winstanley

Phone: (08) 93045248

Fax: (08) 93045324

Mobile Ph: 0407 083 669

Address: Unit 248-85 Hester Ave Merriwa
6030 Western Australia

Email: pgwinstanley@cambraivillage.com.au

Web Site: www.pows-of-japan.net

BRIG Duncan MAXWELL'S DIARY

SAT 6 FEB 10

Dear Bob,

I am using this media to try to establish contact with the 2/19 Bn AIF Association . My wife Virginia Maxwell Torrens is the great niece of BRIG Duncan Struan Maxwell and I have recently become aware of the regimental record - *The Grim Glory* of the 2/19 Battalion A.I.F. by R.W. Newton and various Unit members.

A second issue is that I have learnt of the existence of the diary kept by BRIGADIER Duncan MAXWELL whilst a POW in Singapore, Formosa and Manchuria – my daughter is a curator in the AWM and has tried to locate the diary but no luck to date – it must exist as it is a significant reference document in Newton's *The Grim Glory* of the 2/19 Battalion A.I.F. My wife would like the opportunity to read her Great Uncle's full diary if possible. Can you help or point me to someone who can?

I also understand that BRIG Maxwell's brother MAJ Arthur Mainwaring "Tingghi" Maxwell, the "head gardener" in Changi, also kept a diary and we think we can locate that through the AWM. I have also copied this to Harper and Janet Wright, Janet is Virginia's cousin.

I would be very grateful if you could assist or advise – my wife's mother is 90 and she was Duncan Maxwell's favourite niece and still speaks very fondly of him. I enclose a AWM picture of the Maxwell brothers with Charles Bean during WWI.

I look forward to hearing from you

Best Wishes

Roland Torrens

Commander, RAN Rtd

5, McNicoll Street

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Group portrait, left to right: Captain (Capt) Duncan S. Maxwell MC, Aide-de-Camp (ADC), 4th Division, Mr C. E. W. (Charles) Bean, Capt Arthur Maxwell DSO MC, ADC, 4th Division Headquarters, and Capt Angus E. Butler, 18th Field Company, Royal Engineers, in front of the Chateau

THE FORGOTTEN

From David Ring 1/19 RNSWR Association

As a past Reservist I'm very concerned about the way the government and the leadership in Defence are playing for points with the Defence Force Reserves. The government's White Paper on Defence 2009 emphasises a higher capability and readiness for operations in the future for the Reserves Forces if called on. The government is placing more emphasis on Defence in overseas operations in the Asia Pacific and the Middle East regions and at this time Reservists are serving on operations in these regions. It is fair to say the length of time that Regular and Reserve Forces will be needed for rotations in these regions, will be years.

For Defence to down play the role that Reservists play in the community is something of stupidity that will cost Australia dearly in the future. History tell us the heart of an Army lies in its will to fight and that comes from a strong unit morale and to hit it the way the Chief of Army is doing is madness. It is robbing Peter to pay Paul. The cut backs in training days, ammunition and parade nights and the talk of merging units not to mention the sad proposals of the offloading of Army depots will see Reserve numbers drop to the degree that will make units unable to meet Defence operational needs in the future.

The media release on Tuesday 29th December 2009 by Chief of Army Lieutenant General Ken Gillespie, AO, DSO, CSM was to clarify misleading reports in the media. The Chief of Army states that the number of days paraded by the Reserves has risen steadily and the expenditure that is associated with the increase is accommodated in the overall military work force budget and the pressure about the budget being constrained on training salaries is not true.

A further \$9.6 million of the Defence supplementation will cover the increased costs caused by the new pay scales. In comments about Reserves ammunition allocation the Chief of Army said "that ammunition cutback is untrue and in order to ensure forces are prepared for operations and deployment, all ammunition is managed accordance with unit and operational priorities." But when units are allocated 25 rounds per person on a mag 58 shoot, which a unit had last year I think that the Chief of Army may need to move around the Reserve units and see the picture on the ground. In a case about Defence security I know of an instance were a unit's holiday security picquet was in the hands of a private soldier with the unit keys doing the job of an NCO. If the dollars are in place why is a private doing this job?

The Chief of Army has stated "The highest priority tasking for the Reservists continues to be for them to provide support to prepare for and deploy on operations. Training and preparation for these will be funded first." But the Chief of Army did state that the Reservists are performing magnificently on operations because of the strong training conducted. And Army will continue working hard to support these initiatives within the budget constraints. "If the budget constraints are stopping all units from training up to preparing for deployment it is about time that Defence Chiefs tell the government and the Australian people what is needed. I think the more units that deploy on operations the stronger the Defence of the Nation will be at home and in the regions of interest in the future.

SUPPORT THE RELAY FOR LIFE

FROM MAJOR Terry BETTS OPS OFFR 1/19 RNSWR ORANGE NSW

This year Harry and I have decided to again take part in the Cancer Council's Orange 2010 Relay For Life. We want to be an active participant in the global movement that is fighting back against cancer. Relay For Life is an event where we can get together with friends and family to **Celebrate** cancer survivors, **Remember** loved ones lost to cancer, and **Fight Back** by making a difference....all in a fun weekend!

We would like you to support our team! Our team is called Bushmans Rifles. To support our Relay For Life team go to www.relay.cancercouncil.com.au/?2010/orange_2010/the_bushmans_rifles/ and follow the steps. Cancer is a major issue. Did you know?

- One in two Australians will be diagnosed with cancer before the age of 85.
- Every five minutes, another Australian is diagnosed with cancer. While survival rates are improving every day, cancer remains a leading cause of death.

Every dollar raised at Relay For Life helps the Cancer Council to:

- Investigate new ways to prevent, detect and treat cancers
- Educate people in our community about ways they can reduce their cancer risk
- Advocate for cancer control and influence government policy
- Support people during their times of greatest need

For those that have supported Relay For Life in previous years, you can be very proud of what has been achieved through our great projects - so let's continue to Fight Back!

Cheers,

Terry and Harry



KEITH HARRIS' CORNET SOUNDS LAST POST & ROUSE AT PARIT SULONG

(FROM THE ORANGE CENTRAL WESTERN DAILY)



Lieutenant Sean Lawler of Cowra with Commanding Officer 1st/19th Battalion The Royal New South Wales Regiment Lieutenant Colonel Peter Morrissey at the Parit Sulong Memorial. Lieutenant Lawler sounded the Last Post and the Rouse with a cornet from Orange at the memorial service.

Memorial hosts moving ceremony

IN a moving military ceremony with strong links to Orange, the strains of the Last Post & Reveille recently rang out at the Parit Sulong Memorial in Malaysia.

Members of the 1st/19th Battalion The Royal New South Wales Regiment, many of whom are based at Orange's Romani Barracks, stood silently as Lieutenant Sean Lawler of Cowra played a historic cornet which was used by Australian soldiers at the infamous Burma Railway during World War II.

The cornet was handed to the Battalion in Orange 18 months ago for safekeeping by Changi and Burma Railway survivor Keith Harris.

The cornet bore the inscriptions of Battalions and forces engaged in

in conflict and later the building of the Burma Railway and was used for ceremonies by the defeated Australian troops including funerals on the railway.

Parit Sulong was the site of the first large military massacre by Japanese forces during World War II, when 110 wounded Australian soldiers unable to escape the invading forces were killed.

The men were doused in petrol and set alight by the Japanese, with only one survivor Lieutenant Ben Hackney, who eluded the Japanese initially but was later caught.

He survived the war and lived to tell the horrific tale and is buried in Bathurst cemetery.



2/19 Battalion AIF member and Burma Railway and Changi survivor Keith Harris hands the cornet used by Australian soldiers on the Burma Railway to the Commanding Officer 1st/19th Battalion The Royal New South Wales Regiment at a dinner at Orange Ex-Services Club.



SQUADRON LEADER Alan LYONS

Reserve Service March 1962 to July 2009

It does not seem like 47 years ago that I joined the CMF.

My interest in service life began in my high school which had an Air Training Corps flight which I joined. Upon leaving school and

enrolling at Sydney University I was recruited by Sydney University Regiment. The University Squadron was a well kept secret and it was some months before I found out about its existence by which time I decided to stay in the Regiment. The initial issue of uniforms included khakis and brown boots which had to be stained black before spit polishing could commence.

The FN rifle was just coming into service and the old AUST pattern webbing which was issued had to be cleaned with "blanko". About 3 months after I joined our khakis were taken and dyed green. At this time our WO2 training was one Hugh Beresford Gordon who was later to become RSM of 19 Battalion The Royal New South Wales Regiment. Hugh was a character in many ways and had one eye which did not point in the same direction as the other. When being "bawled out" by him you were never sure whether it was you or the guy next to you who was being dressed down. I have kept in touch with Hugh over these many years.

Over the next 18 years I served in 4 RNSWR, 5 Task Force HQ, HQ Coy 2 Division, 19 - 1/19 RNSWR, Army Reserve Recruiting (ARRLS) and 3 Transport Coy. I was promoted CPL in 1966 and SGT in 1968. My time with 1/19 was very enjoyable and during the "Nasho" years we had many incidents which were in their own way most amusing. One involved our putting an Israeli and an Arab in the same tent during one of the middle east conflicts. This same young Arab, by the name of Pte Dawar had problems putting on his uniform in a military manner. In order for him to go on leave it took his Section Cpl and Platoon Sgt to dress him so that he would pass inspection.

I happened to be the Orderly SGT that night and on his return to camp at about midnight I asked him how his leave went. He said it was great except that his girlfriend was feeling in the mood but he couldn't do anything about it as he could not put his uniform back on again properly so he missed out. On another occasion when on an exercise I was driving up a track when I saw a 6x6 coming towards me with two drivers in the cab instead of one. When

questioned why the answer was the other 6x6 had a flat battery. When asked why they had not used one truck to push start the other I got the same answer. When questioned further the answer was "its flat" – the battery jumped out of the cradle and under the rear wheels. It was indeed flat, about 1 inch thick after a 5 ton of truck ran over it.

During my time with ARRLS we also had enquiries for the other two services. For those who enquired about the Naval Reserve I had a work colleague who was a member of the RANR and all enquiries were passed to him. For the Citizens Air Force (CAF) we had nothing so I wrote to Air Force HQ for information. I did not receive a reply for some 4 years but in 1979 I received a letter asking me to go to RAAF Richmond to discuss my recruiting enquiry. As I was still responsible for recruiting at 3 Transport Coy I decided to go to RAAF Richmond to get the information. After some discussions with the Operations Flight Commander and out of the blue I was offered a commission in the CAF. A new challenge so I accepted.

The tasks of an "operations officer" were varied and included not only single service Air Force operations but also joint and tri-service operations. This included going to Butterworth, Malaya, to carry out anti-submarine operations tracking Soviet submarines that had to go through the straits on the surface as it was too shallow. The best part of being an "opso" was the fact that weapons pits were few and far between. Unfortunately my civilian career got into the act from time to time and some of my time was on the general reserve.

The last posting as SOADMIN for the Directorate of Health Reserves Air Force was perhaps the most interesting and demanding of my career. It involved some of the most committed reservists that I have served with. These highly trained medical professionals go to some of the most appalling humanitarian situations such as Aceh Indonesia as well as looking after our servicemen and women in the middle east. Notwithstanding all of this the two best moments of my career have been when I commanded a platoon in the absence of our platoon commander and the command of an Air Force Cadet Squadron. Both the most difficult and rewarding of my career.

This is not withstanding that I have retired from the Air Force three times. Every time I retired they increased the compulsory retirement age, 55 then 60, and back I came. But now at age 65, and oh yes one can go to age 70 now with extensions, but enough is enough.

FRONTLINE

RFD NATIONAL LAUNCH SHORE SCHOOL 5 DEC 09



NATIONAL SERVICEMEN'S COMMEMORATION SYDNEY 14 FEBRUARY 2010



REMINISCENCES OF AN APPRENTICE CHEF AT CAHILL'S SYDNEY RESTAURANTS



LEARNING THE TRADE

FROM NOEL SELWAY

CUISINIER DE SERGENT

D'ABORD DIX-NEUVIEME DU PIED

Learning how to cook commercially was very interesting and also something that wasn't for the faint hearted. When I joined Nationwide Food Services they were big operators of works canteens at many inner city locations which made it interesting for me to be landed in their showcase reception houses known as Amory/Jonroe at Ashfield. While I was on probation for an apprenticeship many skills were developed in first class cookery. Things like the pre-prep of meat and vegetables and a lot of confectionary work under the skilled pastry cook. Access to a sugar confectionary specialist in Ashfield was excellent even if he was a really difficult person to work under.

The art of blowing sugar like glass is not something that you learn overnight. The use of vegetable dye to paint rose petals and leaves and so on is also a craft that takes time to learn. In these things practice was the answer and never mind how many times you failed unless driven by time to complete say a bunch of roses for a client's presentation cake and so on. Things would have been OK there except for the attitudes of both the chef and the pastry cook and the business sensibilities of the manager. After about five months the work environment became too difficult with the tension of the relationship between the three of them generated and ultimately I left the place to try somewhere else and at the time I departed I had no idea where that may have been.

I received some fatherly advice that Cahill's Restaurants in the City of Sydney would be a good choice after Amory so I made a nuisance of myself by visiting the head restaurant at 51Castlereagh Street regularly until they reluctantly employed me as an apprentice once again on probation. I formally entered my apprenticeship on the 17th February 1965 having had the five months spent at Amory taken into

account. Cahill's had an illustrious history as one of the original post World War One coffee houses. The other important one was Repin's. Cahill's in 1965 had a number of restaurants across the City of Sydney with one at Kings Cross and another at Double Bay as well. A feature of Cahill's was that it had a variety of methods of service delivery the chief of which was the bistro. Cahill's were the first to offer a bistro service in Australia at their Mark Foy's restaurant. It's a style of service still seen in some restaurants today. All of Cahill's other restaurants offered split menu's with a fixed menu and an a la carte menu. A consequence of this was that each of these styles of restaurants was able to offer the cuisine of many other nations when no else was going in that direction. The other aspect of this approach was that each restaurant had a specific name and theme. The one in Park Street was the Clipper, the one at Goldfields House was the Island Trader and so on. The Original though was 51 Castlereagh Street and that was where I first worked. It was also the place where I met one of the very few female apprentices then in the profession.

Getting started meant that the newly employed trainee would spend a fair part of the day both preparing the milk bar and then operating it during business hours. The milk bar was a very busy place especially during Summer. A wide variety was on offer in the way of milk shakes, ice cream cakes and other types of sweets and you had to be quick. There was no formal training, it was in at the deep end having been shown once what the products were supposed to look like. Another aspect of getting started was in the preparation of vegetables and the reason for this was to make you proficient in handling a knife which was part of the personal equipment you were expected to have when you started. You managed your own knives, steels, and whatever else you may have needed to make life a bit easier. You had to keep an eye on your gear because it went missing very easily and to replace a knife cost a good part of your pay.

As you become more at ease with your jobs and there are many of them in a commercial kitchen, management would farm you out to other restaurants in the chain or send you as a job swap to such places as the Australia Hotel which was only a few doors away to broaden your kitchen experience or just to get you out of the way for a while. The Australia Hotel was an enormous place and the kitchen went on for ever. These stays were only for a few weeks at a time and certainly made a difference to your outlook when you returned. Other job swaps were to the commercial

bakery over at South Sydney which later became Tip Top Bakeries and to the wholesale butcher A J Bush and Son at Flemington to learn about butchery, meat handling and packaging. None of this happened overnight but as we went along. It was an interesting way to learn many aspects of the industry. I wasn't aware of other Cahill's apprentice's routines as we hardly saw each other but there was always an assumption that we all followed the same path but that's an unknown.

Cahill's had a factory in an old sail makers loft at Chippendale near Redfern where their famous cheese cakes, caramel sauce and confectionary were made and it was a given that time was spent there as well learning those skills. All the time the process of learning the trade went on by being sent from restaurant to restaurant like a relief chef. Criss-crossing Sydney City or being sent to Double Bay and the Cross was an experience and much was learnt not only about the trade, you met all sorts as you travelled around. All that was ever taught, and experience was also a great teacher when there was no one to guide you, was the use of raw material and meal preparation from scratch using fresh produce. Sometimes this meant a very early morning start to accompany the buyer down to Sydney markets at Haymarket to purchase the huge amount of fruit and vegetables Cahill's restaurants consumed in its restaurants each day. A result of this was that you become accustomed to being able to judge quality with your eye rather than having to handle the produce which suited the dealers.

On other occasions the agent from the meat supplier would come to the restaurant with some new cut of meat or other new product so Cahill's could add it to the menu to see if it would fly or not. These sorts of experiments lasted around a week at a time and it was no loss if there was no success. New products were being tried out all the time. Another novel addition to the kitchen was the installation of a micro wave and we were told it was the first in a commercial kitchen in Sydney. There was a giggle that when we turned it on the lights of Sydney dimmed which was very nearly true. It certainly sucked the power and had the capacity of only a single plate at any one time and was used very sparingly at the very end of the trading day which ended around 8.30pm each day for last minute meals.

Apart from 51 Castlereagh Street which opened early for breakfast and went through to the end of dinner each day the majority of the other restaurants opened only for lunch and dinner. The preparations for the days work was the same in all of them though and they were busy places. Cooks were expected to wear clean apparel each day and it was wise if you had a second set of clothes

to change into because the first jobs of the day left you looking pretty untidy. All the heavy work of the day went on first thing. Carting bags of potatoes, lugging milk cans, shifting meat tubs, re-ordering the contents of the refrigerators and moving dry goods around and re-stocking the cellars for the wine waitresses who were under the charge of a very knowledgeable senior waitress - there wasn't much she didn't know about the cellar. When all that was completed the milk bar and the vegetables were prepared while other cooks attended to meat preparation and preparing the stoves and deep fryers for the days business.

The doors opened in the upstairs dining room at 51 Castlereagh Street around 11am and things were busy until about 2pm when at the lull the cooks were sent on a broken shift which generally lasted about an hour and a half and this was across all Cahill's Restaurants. It was always possible to occupy yourself in that one and half hours. I'd go around the corner to Charles Bernard's the shirt maker in King Street and see if shirts I had ordered were ready or go into a nearby bookshop and spend some time. Very rarely I'd go on a ferry ride which on one occasion, because of the heavy weather, meant I was late getting back. The ferry across to Manly was the Barragoola and wasn't it a rip roaring trip. The vessel rode the waves across the Heads frightening the life out of all us because the roll and pitch of the ship was such that we really thought it would roll too far and we'd be sunk. The trip back was just as bad. I didn't mind the reprimand I got being pleased to still be alive. There were no more trips to Manly in my broken shift. It was the Newsreel at Wynyard after that it was a lot safer.

Cahill's employed a lot of New Zealanders as waitresses and they were terrific. Quick-witted as they needed to be because taking orders of customers and serving them required those sorts of skills which were picked up on the job. Cahill's also had many older women waitresses who had been with the firm for years and what they didn't know about customers wasn't worth writing about. They were always deferred to by the New Zealanders and certainly the kitchen staff. The quality of the table service was always immaculate. Clean white linen table cloths and napkins, polished silverware and cruet sets plus a small vase of fresh flowers were standard at all tables at 51 Castlereagh Street. In the other restaurants they deferred to their themes for their table settings. Wine was table served as well and generally purchased per glass rather per bottle. When the waitresses took orders they also wrote a kitchen ticket which was driven onto a spear at say the grill, or the milk bar and these were cryptic in nature but after a while the mere utterance of

FRONTLINE

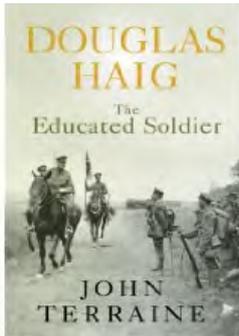
an order was enough, your memory did the rest for it to be attended to. On rare occasions the sequence got out of order or other waitresses orders were dealt with before the next one but not often. Cahill's Restaurants were all busy places and had a reputation for excellence. Meals off the house fixed menu were inexpensive. It was possible to have say a braised beef with vegetables with bread and butter, a pot of tea or coffee plus a sweet for less than ten shillings. It was quite enough for busy office workers who generally inhabited the place during the luncheon periods in all the Restaurants. The a la carte menu was more expensive and this catered to those after a steak or fried chicken and they were charged separately for whatever they ate. Tea and coffee and bread and butter were served with all meals irrespective. By the time I had been with Cahill's for twelve months I met most of the people I was going to be working with for the rest of my apprenticeship. It would be reasonable to say they were a very mixed bag. From those who hid their incompetence with a temperamental nature to others who just breezed through each day as if that's just something you did.

I think my favourite restaurant was the Cosmopolitan which was situated in Pitt Street next door to the Sydney Hotel. The head chef was a little Greek who had a jealous hatred of his Northern Italian second chef who happened to be very very good. His assistant was his cousin and she was also very good. They thought I was terrific because by that time I was well into the intellectual challenges the 1960's were presenting and my appearance showed it. They thought it was great and the Greek was given another target for his hatred. As apprentices we went to East Sydney Technical College situated in the Old Darlinghurst Gaol. Like all makeshift places the kitchens reflected the age of the building. Everyone learning the catering trade went there. There were bakers shops and butcheries there as well. One of the challenges was getting there and that depended on where you started your day. I generally came straight out of one of the restaurant kitchens with the evidence of the days work already upon me much to the consternation of the teachers who expected us to look immaculate. Because of the way Cahill's were employing me I was well ahead of some of the others in the class and this caused some problems for the teachers who at times didn't know what to do with me. Most of my fellow students were employed in restaurants or hotels and didn't go anywhere else so all they knew was what they dealt with every day. The last ten weeks of my time as an apprentice was spent at the Island Trader. I had worked there earlier when it first opened a few years before. The Island Trader catered for several major buildings in the vicinity

of Circular Quay. These were Goldfields House where the restaurant was located, the Maritime Services Board, the AMP building plus the many other buildings round about. On one occasion I asked the manager how many people the automatic counter counted through the door and was given some outlandish figure that was hard to dispute. I never asked again. However many it was, it was always a really busy place with the salad bar doing as much business as the open grill from which meals were served direct. The kitchen prep work never stopped. I was very much a child of the times during the last couple of years of my apprenticeship although on the job it was hard to tell. This made my final weeks in the trade a real angst with management, or at least for one manager, who tried to sack me because he thought I didn't meet his expectations, so he said, of what a chef should look like. It had nothing to do with the skills I possessed. The Apprenticeship Commission made sure the sacking never happened and I had my job back within a few hours. It was a bit traumatic. There was a view among my many waitress friends that it was jealousy because I had very good relations with them and that he had a view that they were his territory and I was intruding. They of course did their best to avoid his many unwanted advances. After three years seven months in the trade I left as a qualified Commercial Cook on the 27th October 1968 never to go back to the profession except as a volunteer. The fact was that there were few opportunities open to qualified chefs to whom the industry was obliged to pay above award wages which they didn't wish to do and our age was also an obstacle. The idea that someone less than 20 years old could know as much if not more than chefs who supposedly had years of experience could be worth more than the award meant that for nearly all of us there was nowhere to go except out of the trade. Working as a mere cook wasn't on any of our horizons as we'd all gone well beyond those bounds years ago.

It was a bad end to a very interesting period in my life which was made even then disappearing because within a few months not only did Cahill's as a business begin to fade away as other American oriented restaurants opened across Sydney like Mars Steakhouses, but the whole nature of restaurant management began to be driven by the need to make high profit margins as well as the adoption of bulk soup and sauce products for kitchen use among quite a few others. It meant they had to use less resources so it was cheaper. The old tried and trusted methods us apprentices had been taught and used to good effect over the years was made redundant and that skills we learned were lost to the industry along with much else.

BOOK REVIEW



Douglas Haig: The Educated Soldier

John Terraine
Published by Cassell,
London, 2005
(First published by
Hutchinson, 1963)
508 pages, RRP
\$35.00

Field Marshal Earl Haig has not had a good press since at least 1918. Generations of historians, academic and popular, have criticised his command of the British Expeditionary Force on the Western Front, and he has also been the butt of one-liners such as that (possibly apocryphal) attributed to a German general of the First World War, that the British soldiers were 'lions led by donkeys'.

For more than a quarter of a century, from about 1960 into the 1980s, John Terraine wrote extensively on the First World War. From the reviewer's recollection of various works by Terraine that he has read, much of this work attempted directly or indirectly to rehabilitate Haig in the eyes of the world (or at least the historians). This weighty volume, first published in 1963 and recently reprinted under the Cassell Military Paperbacks mark, was an early part of this effort.

Like all of Terraine's work it is a model of clear writing, carefully marshalled evidence, and logical thought. It is impossible to read this book without, in the words of Cromwell, at least considering 'the possibility that [the others] may be wrong'. He follows Haig's career from his time as a civilian student at Oxford, an unusual course of entry to the Army in those days, through his early regimental service (described as being 'without particular distinction'), to his departure from regimental service ten years later. Terraine notes that at that point, Haig left 'the normal avenue of progress up the army hierarchy ... the ladder of command'.

Terraine discusses Haig's military maturation, and particularly his original thinking in South Africa in relation to the capabilities of the cavalry, infantry and artillery (but his criticism of the lance did not seem to carry through to later years). Haig was an early supporter of the Territorial Force of citizen soldiers, developed under Haldane as Secretary of State for War. This may have assisted him when he came to command the great citizen armies of the War period. In his discussion of Haig's service between 1914 and 1918, Terraine shows that he did develop his thinking as the War progressed. In this he was not alone, but it must also be said that the field was not crowded. Where Terraine is perhaps too charitable is in not commenting on the slowness of this development. While Plumer, for example, seemed to come to grips with the particular problems of

fighting in the Ypres area relatively quickly, Haig (and Gough) seemed to take an inordinate time to realise that their approach on the Somme battlefield was not productive. When they turned their attention to Ypres late in 1917, they then seemed to prefer to learn from their own experience rather than profit from Plumer's. Another problem covered by Terraine, but perhaps not given the attention it deserves, was the often poor support provided by his staff. In particular, his chief of staff, Sir Launcelot Kiggell, and his intelligence officer, Charteris, were both retained long beyond the time when their dismissal might have seemed warranted. Charteris' persistent optimism about the 'collapsing' state of the German Army in the face of clear battlefield evidence to the contrary is an object lesson for all intelligence officers on the deleterious effects of wishful thinking.

Terraine shows that by 1918, Haig, though still keeping a soft spot in his heart for the long wished-for cavalry breakthrough, understood the elements of open warfare with infantry, supported by artillery and the rudimentary and mechanically unreliable tanks of the era. Finally, and rarely among his colleagues and the politicians of the era, he recognised the failing state of the German Army (forecast regularly over the previous two years, but not actually realised until mid-1918, after the Germans had suffered their own experience of attacking in the March-April offensives). This was the basis of his concentration on achieving victory in 1918 with what he had, rather than wait for the promised tank fleets of 1919. Terraine gives Haig the credit that is due to him as the successful commander of the largest British force ever deployed in one theatre, but does not, at least in the opinion of this reviewer, provide a balanced assessment of Haig. The best assessment of Haig (and the alternatives to him) may have been given by Winston Churchill, quoted on page xii:

He might be, he surely was, unequal to the prodigious scale of events; but no one else was discerned as his equal or better.

Lloyd George seemed to recognize this reality, retaining Haig in command even though he lacked full confidence in him.

For those with a deep interest in the First World War, this is a useful book. As well, it traces as background the development of the British Army from a colonial security force in the 1880s to the modern, war-winning force of 1918. It contains lessons for those who wish to change an army, but its principal objective, to rehabilitate Haig's reputation, is not achieved.



REVIEWED BY JOHN DONOVAN

John Donovan worked in the Department of Defence for over 32 years, principally in the fields of intelligence, force development and resource management. He also served for several years in the Australian Army Reserve (Infantry).

THE TOCCHINI TALES

Reminiscences of a Halifax Bomber Pilot.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT Sydney Alberto TOCCHINI, D.F.C.

Royal Australian Air Force who served with his Australian crew in 51 SQUADRON RAF

Contributed by his nephew – Association member Troy THOMAS



Continued from the December 2009 newsletter:

We were on our way back from the Valley of the Ruhr. It was at a time when the Allies were getting on top in Europe and the German forces were in general retreat, not a panic-stricken retreat, more an orderly withdrawal to regroup. The Panzer boys were elite troops and made up of very mobile light-to-medium artillery and tanks adaptable equally well for tank busting and anti-aircraft defence or attack.

A force to be avoided, but in wartime you never knew precisely what was going on outside your own sphere of operations. And so it was on this occasion. E Easy was the oldest aircraft on the station and the slowest, which put us at the tail end of the stream - never a good place to be.

At the height we were flying it was not possible to see what was happening on the ground, so we had no idea we were flying over a crack German Panzer Division involved in the withdrawal. Suddenly the Panzers opened up on the stream. Instead of being on our way home relaxing a little and thinking the worst was over we were in the thick of it again with flak all around us. At the end of the stream we were on our own, and one gun selected us for special attention. We were travelling at around 180 knots in one direction and the Panzers probably travelling at say 30 mph in the opposite direction, but it took those gunners only three shots to get our range

Their first shot was low, the second was too high, but the third was right under our tail, and in no seconds flat we were heading for the ground at 180 knots. Luckily we had a fair bit of height and plenty of room to pull out of the dive, and luckily

again there was not a lot of damage to the aircraft. It still flew all right and at those relative speeds we were quickly out of range. The reputation those Panzer divisions had as crack troops was, in my book, no fairy tale,

and a star to steer her by.....

We were to go to Hamburg, which is in the northern part of Germany. The area just before the target and the area just through the target are always likely to be where the German night fighter aircraft will be lurking. Obviously they wouldn't be flying around in their own anti aircraft defences.

This night was no different and consequently everyone available, that is the rear and mid-upper gunners, the engineer, myself and Tony Slavich now our wireless operator, were on very vigilant watch for these people.

Tony was watching for them on "Fishpond", a radar screen designed to pick up any aircraft in the vicinity. With a lot of our own aircraft in the area the trick is to know the difference between one of ours and one of theirs. The alarm came from Tony who had picked up a night fighter coming towards us. That in itself was a rare talent considering the closing speed of the two aircraft. He passed, but had seen us, and in a short time he was back and on our tail. About the only defence a bomber has against a night fighter, other than its own guns which were usually no match for the fighter's cannons, was a corkscrew.

This defensive flying manoeuvre is like flying an aircraft on a course similar to a corkscrew lying on a table, and consists basically of a diving turn to one side, rolling the aircraft out of the turn at the bottom of the dive and into a climbing turn to the opposite side, rolling the aircraft out at the top of the climb and into a diving turn in the opposite direction again.

It was difficult for the fighter to follow you through the spiral, the changing deflection angles making it very hard for him to keep you in his gun sight. When Tony picked him up on our tail he gave me the bad news, and very smartly I started corkscrewing our way through the sky.

Most aircraft have their own little peculiarities. We were flying our own aircraft, E Easy, and she did have some peculiar habits. One was the manner in which the position of the rear guns affected her aerodynamically. For instance, if the guns were trained to Port the aircraft would climb and you had to hold her down. If they were trained to Starboard she would go into a dive and you had to pull her up. When you realise that the gunners were constantly searching the sky, their guns and turrets moving from side to side, you can see that it often made a pilot's life difficult; nevertheless it was a necessary precaution.

During the corkscrew the gunners had to keep up their search which of course meant moving the guns from side to side. So it happened that as I was pulling Easy out of a dive and into a climb Peter swung his guns to Port, which meant that I was pulling her up and the guns were pushing her up, so we were climbing too quickly, and if that continued the aircraft would stall.

I pushed hard forward on the control column, which on an aircraft that size needed considerable force, then Peter swung his guns to Starboard. That certainly changed things a little and in a hurry. We now had me pushing hard to get the nose down, and the guns helping. Down went the nose with such speed that the motors were deprived of fuel and the four of them cut out together with four loud bangs and clouds of black smoke coming from each of them.

We were in a screaming dive, almost vertical to the ground, and everybody not strapped in was stuck to the roof of the aircraft. I levelled her out as quickly as I could. Had it got wound up in that dive it is unlikely that I would have had the strength to pull it out. Fortunately the motors had suffered no damage and as fuel reached them they started up again without any trouble. I'm sure that no night fighter could have followed us through that manoeuvre; in fact I wonder what he thought when we disappeared so suddenly off his radar screen, as we surely must have done.

The drama was over in a few minutes, but after all the scrambling around the sky it was time to sort out just where we were in relation to where we wanted to be. So I asked Frank, "Where are we?" Frank didn't seem too concerned and replied, "Look over the side, you should see a lake down there". I looked over the side and had to inform Frank there was no lake there. "Well," he said, "in that case I'm buggered if I know where we are". Not really thrilling news after all those aerobatics.

But Frank was a navigator as good as any and soon he came up beside me, looked around the

sky, pointed to a star and said, "Put her on that star for a minute or two and I'll give you a proper course". Within minutes he was back with a new course, which chanced to be not far off the course I was steering for the star. The rest of the trip was uneventful as uneventful as any trip over Germany could be in wartime. Bottom line: we arrived back at base safely.

Heligoland

Heligoland is a small island that guards the entrance to Germany from the North Sea. It may be small but it is important because any ship or aircraft destined for the northern part of Germany must go somewhere near Heligoland.

We saw a fair-bit of that savage little guardian as we always seemed to be routed near it, and it never failed to give us a very warm welcome.

My first introduction to Heligoland was at night, and even though we had been warned what to expect it came as a very unpleasant surprise. We were on our way to the Ruhr Valley, our happy hunting ground in the industrial heart of Germany where it was said there were as many anti-aircraft guns as there were altogether in the rest of Germany.

It was pitch dark and suddenly from this black abyss erupted a stream of tracer shells, not quite on our track, a little to port as I recall, but hundreds of them in a constant stream, and every shell looked as if it were about to hit us. I learned a lot that night.

It is amazing to see those anti-aircraft shells coming at you. They are blazing red as they leave the gun muzzle, and when they are about half way up you would swear that it is coming directly at you and the thing you want to do is turn the aircraft away, in any direction. That of course would be a very dangerous thing to do because there are aircraft all around you and in the dark you would surely collide with one of them.

So you resist that almost overwhelming urge and watch as what you think may be your last moment approaches, then just when you are sure this it, the shell passes you by, and you realize how the height, and the night, and the speed of the aircraft, and the speed of the shell, all combine to affect your judgment. Strangely enough, when you acquire the experience or whatever it is that enables you to divorce yourself from what is really happening -

To be continued.....

Bill LOWCOCK'S WAR STORY

**NX10682 PTE William Mackenzie LOWCOCK
2/19 Battalion A.I.F.**

Bill's story continues
from the December 2009:

We got back into some heavy jungle after a while and mainly onto just a trail through the jungle, no real road or anything. The going became heavy because the wet season was coming and there was rain and mud everywhere. We were wet most of the time. We found out that if it rained at night and there was no cover, which there rarely was, the best thing to do was to put your blanket in the pack and simply sleep in the wet, because if your blanket got wet, it not only became very heavy to carry, but it took an awful long time to dry out. We did sleep one night, I remember in a Thai temple and we slept dry that night and another night we slept underneath a school.

During the day we would try and gather up some greens, whatever we could. There was a vegetable which grew wild on the side of the road. It was called kan kong and it tasted just like beans, cooked up and we presumed it had some goodness. We were all getting pretty thin by now because we were actually on the road for three months. At one stage we had to cross a river (I don't know which one it was but it was a wide river), about 300 yards across and with all the rain, it was running like crazy. Thai boats were to take us across. The one we got on was about the same size as the one as we hold our reunion on Anzac Day in Sydney. I suppose probably a hundred of us were packed all over this damn thing and we didn't think it would ever get across but the Thais were marvellous boatmen. They got through no problem at all.

If anybody got sick or injured on the march, we carried them. We made up litters from rice bags and a couple of bamboo poles and we took turns to carry them until they got better or we carried them until we finished the march. I got crook one day. Instead of eating kan kong, I ate some other thing that looked similar but it turned out to be poisonous. The following morning I couldn't even stand up, so they carried me that day. But I did my fair share in carrying other fellows, so it was fairly evenly worked out. I think we probably covered 400-500km on that march. The one thing that stood out afterwards was the fact that wherever we stopped overnight, there could be a village nearby, nearly always one of the Saffron Road monks would be wandering around. They observed us at a distance all the way through. We found out afterwards that the British had them

enlisted as secret service agents and they kept tab on us and they reported to the British where we all were. Nobody knew where we were going on this march but my theory was, and the other fellows agreed that we were going to get lost. Japs didn't want too many prisoners found because they knew the war was going against them and they just wanted to get rid of us. We had to forage every afternoon when we stopped, for firewood to cook our meal. I teamed up with Harry Simister and another chap whose name I can't remember. We took turns in cooking the evening meal which meant popping the rice into the billycan, popping the greens or whatever else we had with it and boiling it up and that was the feed.



We were all starting to get a bit slim by now because the food wasn't real good. The Japs were cranky buggers and they didn't make life any easier for us. We camped one night outside a village and we were allowed to go off foraging for firewood and about six of us wandered off together and gathering firewood everywhere and the Thais came out and they gave us all bunches of bananas. We knew this was against the rules. We weren't allowed to accept anything like this and on the way back, the Jap guard found us with our bananas, he lined us all up and went through us one by one with a ruddy great bamboo stick. I finished up with a very sore shoulder and a cut on the back of my head the medical orderly had to put four stitches in afterwards. But funnily enough, we were allowed to keep the bananas. Never could figure these Japs out.

In August we were marching through a small village (I think we were way up in the north somewhere near Chang Mai) and the villagers started to call out "war finish, war finish". Through the village, we marched on a bit further and I happened to trip and fell over and fell out of line. The Jap guard came up and shoved me with his rifle butt and called get back in line. I lost my bloody temper and I got up and pushed him and I said "get out, you bloody bastard". All the boys said "oh wacko, good on you". Fortunately, the war was over and fortunately for me, the guard knew it. Otherwise I'd have been history. That night we were marched into a well built (obviously a Thai Army camp, empty), with good well-built wooden huts with wooden platforms to sleep on and we cooked our meal up and climbed onto the bunks and got a good night's sleep. I had another

good fortune that night. I woke up early and here's a Jap guard sitting on the foot of my bed asleep. I had great pleasure in putting both my feet on his backside and pushing him hard onto the floor. The next day all the Japs disappeared. There was a Thai town not far away and some decent food arrived – not luxurious but fairly good quantities and we all had a good feed. The following day we were loaded onto a train in carriages, no less, and we set off down south. The Warrant Officer in charge of us was a remarkable bloke. He was regular army and he reminded me very much of Reg the way he looked after the men. I know that after we got back home, we were all interrogated to a degree and everyone of us made a recommendation that this bloke should get a medal for the way he looked after everybody. I don't know whether he ever got one or not.

We were on the train for two and a half days and we arrived at another camp which had obviously been a Japanese camp because there was an aerodrome nearby (small drome). The train stopped at a siding and we all got out and way up front there was a British Officer a Major. He must have been about 6'6" tall with a big moustache and we found afterwards he was from the Royal Marine Commandos. They had been in the country for six months with the Thai monks co-operating with them and they knew exactly where everybody was and what everybody was doing. Funny thing the Major got hold of the Jap officer who had been in charge of us and they went walking away into the bush. A short while later the Major came back. "Funny thing" he said, "the poor beggar shot himself". We noticed the Major was carrying an American colt 45 automatic in his belt.

When we walked into this camp we found that there were clothes available – shorts, shirts, no boots, but sandshoes, hats and there was plenty of food. Cooks were there. I don't know where they came from but they weren't our boys. We stayed there for the best part of a week. We were vaccinated and inoculated and MO's went through us. I know my vaccination went sour on me and I had a very sore arm for most of the time. Then we got on the train and in another day and a half, we arrived in Bangkok. On our way down we had picked up a lot of other P.O.W.'s, some British, but mostly Australian. When we were at the aerodrome camp the British flew in a number of Dakota planes and took the Brits to India. Arriving in Bangkok, our total number would have been about five hundred, all Australian. It was most amazing. We came into the main railway station at Bangkok, a big long one about as big as Sydney's. The whole length of the platform was taken up with tables laden with food. All the

officials from Bangkok were there to greet us and we were invited to tuck into this food. There were cakes, pies, and fruits and you name it, it was there. We had another feed. Then were moved on trucks to what we believe was a university building, a very large, well built stone and brick place surrounded by a very high stone fence and there was quite a lot of fellows who had been brought back in and reassembled there. There were hundreds of us, probably a thousand even. There we had further medical exams and plenty of food and we stayed there for the best part of a week.

When the Japanese occupied Bangkok in 1941, a lot of the businesses, the shops and whatever, were occupied and run by Chinese. This was pretty common throughout all the far eastern cities and the Japanese didn't like the Chinese and vice versa, so they kicked the Chinese out of the shops and gave all the businesses over to the Thais. When the war finished, the Chinese decided they wanted to have their shops back, but the Thais weren't co-operative. So a little bit of a civil war erupted there for a few weeks. The Chinese had a little habit of riding down the street on a motor scooter and tossing a hand grenade into one of their former shops. Another chap and I were walking outside the camp at the university one day and around the corner came a section of Thai military with a light automatic. They set the automatic up in the middle of the road and started firing off. They weren't firing at us but we were in the line of fire and all of a sudden we found bullets stitching a path across the rock wall that surrounded the university. We dived for cover into the ditch and crawled our way back inside.

After being occupied for 5 years, Bangkok was revelling in its freedom. It was a most extraordinary city, it never stopped – 24 hours a day. The streets were full of people, the shops were full of people and everybody was happy. Very few motor cars in the city, but a lot of the trishaws (the bicycles with the carriages on the back) which replaced the rickshaws and motor scooters and bicycles by the million. Friendly people, all having a wonderful time and and we wandered all over the place. Not much to do in the town apart from sight seeing. There were little bars everywhere but no beer, so we had to drink the local whiskey which was made somewhere out of town and pretty rough looking stuff it was too, but it served the purpose. We stayed in Bangkok for about a week or ten days then a team of us was loaded onto a DC3 and flew down to Singapore where there was a camp prepared on the coast not far from where the big guns were, about half way between Singapore and Changi. Tents and ablution blocks and there were probably 100 of us there. **To be continued...**

NOR ALL THY TEARS

NX45804 Driver Herbert James McNAMARA, Carrier PI, HQ Coy, 2/20 Battalion A.I.F.

Continued from December 2009 Newsletter

This was more than could be borne. Yet it was borne. The doctors of the line stood it almost to a man. Dunlop was a God, even to those who had only heard of him, and to speak against our doctor was to court a fight. Doctors aged faster than any prisoners. No doubt there were exceptions who didn't care; who were just in a job that could be made easy, and were willing to do so. I know of one who was content to make a daily run through a hospital saying: *How are you? Better? to each patient in turn like a faith-healer on piece-work, but for the most they sacrificed far more than they could ever have been expected to have done to bring men home. The engineers were given more scope to use their initiative in bashing. The Tiger put a stop to the worst of it later after the incident with Oakie, but Oakie and Bamboo had a glorious innings while it lasted.*

Bamboo was a specialist in mild oriental cruelties that became much less mild when prolonged for some time, and he would zealously look out for the best excuse to use them. Oakie, a man of simpler tastes, would rely on his fists or his feet, or anything handy lying round, and would set to work as the mood seized him without bothering to find an excuse. (In justice to the film star after whom he was called, I would mention that it was not because of any resemblance either physical or moral but because the star's surname happened to coincide with Oakie's entire English vocabulary a mis-pronunciation of the expression "O.K.") If the rain made him cold, he was never at a loss for a means to warm himself. The biggest villain God shovelled guts into, the Bad Abbot said he was. Any N.C.O. who protested on behalf of the victim would be the object of a joint attack by these two specialists.

One day Bamboo picked on a man for some trifling reason, and made him stand up holding a stone over his head. Froggie, one of our sergeants, protested persistently, and finally, sought out a Japanese sergeant and protested to him. The sergeant just laughed, but after a while released the man and went away. When he was gone Oakie and Bamboo took to Froggie, knocked him down again and again, bashing and kicking him indiscriminately. Each time Froggie rose to his feet and glared defiance at them until they tired of it for a time. They returned to their amusement at intervals throughout the day. Froggie was never really popular until that day. On that day he quietly

entered the list of those who could "Take it". We lost him when we moved up, but his reputation followed us. He would often bash other guards for bashing us. I believe that after the raids started in earnest, he was given a certificate to say that he had never bashed a prisoner. His indifference to the war effort kept him in jail most of the time towards the end. He disliked the Nips as much as we.



My friends, he would say with a cheerful grin as he watched the long columns of them marching up through the mud and slush towards the Burma Border; they will never come back, but I have plenty more.

THE EIGHTH WONDER

The railway was said to have been rejected by the British as being impossible, because it would cost too many lives and too much money. The former error was due to placing some value on lives, and the latter on the failure to realise that lives may be used as a substitute for money. The railway was such and such a length, each man could build so much in such and such a time. Bring in a number of men commensurate with the number of metres and you had the means of building the entire length of it, transport included. The whole line was built by single men placing single baskets of earth one on another; columns of men dragging logs over narrow tracks in the jungle and thousands of men beating away at the same simple task, each adding a tiny fraction to the vast whole. They had Chinese, Malays, Indians and they had us, and they strung us along the narrow ribbon of the jungle in thousands and thousands.

And to feed this fast army? If food couldn't be got to them it just couldn't be helped. Japan couldn't do the impossible. She could only replace those who died. Eventually the railhead would reach every place and those who were left - they would be fed! In the same ant-like way the whole railway was built. Futile beyond belief, some of the tasks were, and yet each supplied a tiny piece to the whole. Most futile of all was the job we had up towards the rocky mountain at South Tonchian. There we mined for dirt.

The Hill through which we were making a cutting was a vast shell-back of rock in which the rain of ages had washed small cavities, an arm's length deep, and just wide enough to take a man's hand. These were filled with dirt, and the hill was covered with a small depth of it. When the dirt was cleared away from the top the rock had to be dynamited, but before this they insisted on us reaching down into these small holes to scrape out the dirt with our hands, saying they wanted it to build an embankment. We literally dug through rock to get dirt. I intended to bring a tin of it home with me, but another factor intervened to make dirt a commodity you didn't handle wantonly.

In one part I worked out that we were actually being paid enough per yard for carting gravel to make a living at it at home. We were paid threepence half-penny a day, but by the time the gravel was chained out of the creek-bed and carried, a small basketful on the head, though miles of jungle, it was costing them more in money alone, that it could be been carted for by truck over the same distance with Australian wages paid. The bridges were the miracles of the line. In some places the line is nothing but bridges alternated with cuttings and all of these were made from green timber cut from the side of the line, dragged into place by hand, and fastened together by iron dogs, wire, and the thinnest of bolts. Many of these bridges are four tiers high - four huge tree-trunks, warping and twisting as the sun dried the sap from them, bearing the weight of a heavy locomotive, and the majority were built with human hands and ropes. An occasional hand-winch on a bad job was the greatest concession to the machine age.

The cutting of the timber was the roughest of guesswork. Numerous hands pulling on long ropes made anything fit, and any gaps were rectified by "packing". Thick wooden blocks ranging from six inches down to an inch (the latter for very accurate work) filled the vacancies. When "pop-em-off" asked me for a couple of shims four inches thick, I scarcely knew if he were being sarcastic. The timber was always green - usually the same day's cut. It was a stock joke to say that there were no more bridges to be built, as a Japanese scientist had perfected a means of growing a new bridge by a cutting taken from an old one. After the "wet", they sprouted like a garden. They were kept there by the will of God (in one of his most eccentric moments), and the multiplication of struts. The latter would have sufficed by themselves if support alone were the problem, but the designer of the bridges also has the difficult task of ensuring that there is sufficient room under the bridge to allow at least some water through. The engineers of the bridges struck an admirable balance. A just scorn of hair-

splitting is the chief characteristic of the Nipponese engineer. If you were on a team at the end of a rope and he called: *More Squash!* He meant a little more, and by a little more he meant about four or eight inches. I don't know how many hours you have to spend at Tokyo University to get a M.Eg. degree. All the uprights were pile driven by saw. Let me explain. The designer rules that a log must be twenty feet long and eight feet into the ground, thus leaving twelve feet projecting above. The engineer gets the log pulled into position and the prisoners are given the task of continuously dropping a block onto it to drive it into the ground. After the log has sunk to a depth of about three feet, and then stopped, the engineer calls a halt, saws five feet off the top of the log, thus leaving five above the ground and complying with the designer's specifications.

Any further pile-driving is done by the engine. The great weight of the locomotive soon drives the log down to a firm bottom, and if the engine can pull out of the hollow it has made, the line is built up to the level of the line again with sleepers. It is an impressive sight to see a bridge being opened to traffic. Even prisoners are sometimes knocked off to see it. The engine comes along loaded with brass-hats (or whatever the war-time substitute for brass may be) and these arrive looking very pleased with themselves. They get out, take a look at the bridge, and looking very much less pleased with themselves, decide that a better view could be obtained from the side. With a skeleton staff, the engine proceeds until it reaches the beginning of the bridge.

There are no De Groots to dash forth and open it ahead of them. Then it moves slowly forward and sinks slowly downward, while breathless Nips measure the drop with their eyes. A drop of under eighteen inches, if fairly gradual, is good, and the engine will generally pull out of it. Then there is a violent purge until the level is built up again. A major engineering blunder has been made when one side only gives way. In this case the engine usually hurtles over the side. There is great commotion in the High Command when this happens. No, they don't tie a rope onto it and make the prisoners pull it out - I don't know why! A bridge that stands up to this preliminary trial may yet be unfitted for heavy duty. Successful crossings make engine-drivers over-confident. In a thirteen klm train journey, we once saw about two dozen trucks that rolled off bridges or weak embankments. To see a bridge with the engine crossing it, even after it has had a good bit of traffic, is a truly horrifying sight. The novice is apt to doubt the fitness of the structure even for pedestrian traffic.

To be continued.....

DOWN MEMORY LANE



THE MARCH THROUGH SYDNEY ON 15 SEPTEMBER 1940

2/19 Battalion AIF Pipe Band with Lieutenant Colonel Duncan Maxwell MC leading the Battalion followed by A Company.

Drum Major: Tom Scott, Front Row: Arthur Robb, Jock Crichton, Ray Downs, Lindsay Robb.

Second Row: Athol Nichols, Glen Scriven, Jock McInnes.

Bass Drum: Jack Corry. Drummers: George Cannon, Arthur Lake, Snow Ellis, Len Hodgson.
(PHOTO COURTESY OF REG NEWTON)



LAUNCH OF THE MONT ST QUENTIN BARRACKS INGLEBURN ARMY CAMP ANTI-SMOKING CAMPAIGN (CIRCA 1995)

L to R: LCPL Charles JENSEN, Bn Clerical Assistant Mrs Clare LEBEDEVAS,
SSGT Geoff BRADDON OAM and WO1 R.L. (Zeke) MUNDINE OAM
(PHOTO COURTESY OF THE BRADDON FAMILY ARCHIVES)