

FRONTLINE

A DEFENCE SERVICE JOURNAL



The Official Journal of

THE 1st NINETEENTH

1/19 RNSWR ASSOCIATION

THE 2nd NINETEENTH

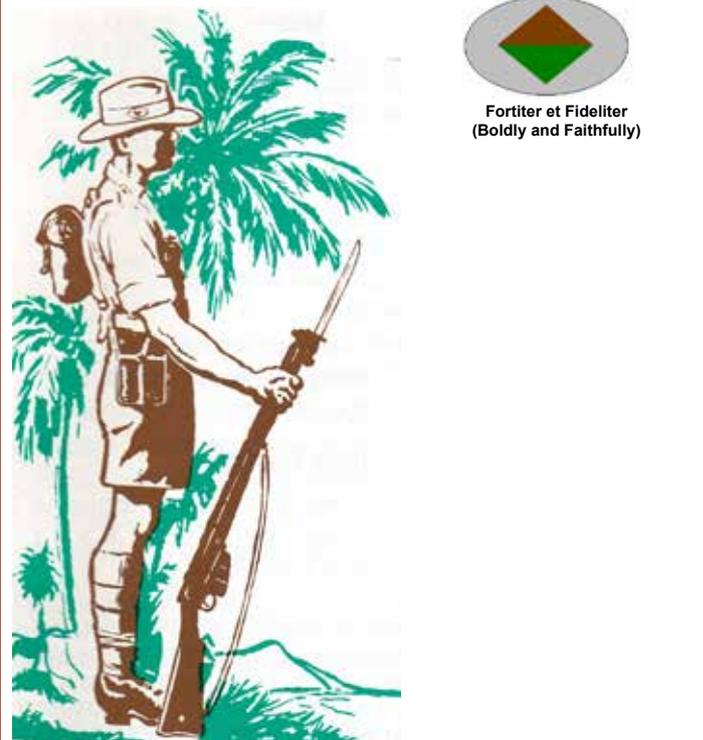
2/19 BATTALION A.I.F. ASSOCIATION



The crest of the Royal New South Wales Regiment, featuring a shield with a cross, a crown, and a banner below that reads "ROYAL N.S.W. REGIMENT". To the left is a flag with black, green, and red horizontal stripes. To the right is a diamond-shaped emblem with red and green sections.

I/XIX

Primus agat Primas - Fortiter et Fideliter



An illustration of a soldier in a hat and uniform, holding a rifle, standing in a tropical setting with palm trees. To the right is a diamond-shaped emblem with green and brown sections.

Fortiter et Fideliter
(Boldly and Faithfully)

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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

CONTENTS

From the President	3-4
Vales	55-9
Coming Events/ Office Bearers	10
Donations & New Members	11
Sick Report & Congratulations	12-13
Seen Around The Traps	14
PTE Thomas BAKER Commemoration Sunny Corner	15-16
Did You Know ? Lance Corporal Ray Warden	17
Notice Board	18
ANZAC Day Sydney - March & Reunion Cruise	19-22
A Walk Down Memory Lane 19 RNSWR 1967 - Scott Rodham	23-27
Can You Assist Please - CPL Max BEDGOOD - Wayne EVANS	28-30
Can You Assist Please - LTCOL Dick ARTHUR - David ARTHUR	31
Photo ID - Rose McIntosh	31
Book Review - John Donovan	32
Nor All Thy Tears - Dvr James McNamara	33-34
Bapaume Bandsmen	35-36
Down Memory Lane	37

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FROM THE PRESIDENT



In this, the 68th episode, of the President's Report, I am departing from my long held practice of chronicling events in the order in which they occurred. By the time this issue reaches you, our members, the Queen's Birthday Honours List will have been published and some of you may have seen an Award that was extremely well deserved and long overdue.

Our Association Secretary, Bob Pink, who has long held a Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM) in the Military Division – awarded for his exemplary service over many years in the Army Reserve – was awarded a Medal of the Order of Australia in the General Division for “service to veterans and their families”. Very few of you know the vast amount of work that Bob does on behalf of members of the Association and a lot will not know that for many years he was a member of Legacy and focussed on ensuring that widows received their entitlements. He also has assisted countless colleagues in making successful applications for benefits to which they were entitled and has participated in ex service organisations, including the Returned and Services League, giving generously of his time to assist in those operations. His generosity of spirit, compassion and concern are recognised with this Award and I am sure that every member will join me in expressing our warmest congratulations to him.

Other members of the Association have received similar awards and my remarks about Bob's “entitlement” lessens, in no way, the pleasure and honour that we share with them, but I can truly say that there are countless people who have benefited from Bob's efforts over a very long period and I, in a friendship that has spanned 50 years, am proud to have had the pleasure of his company for all that time.

I was also pleased to note in the published list that Association member, Keven Marshall, received an Emergency Services Medal (ESM) for his work over a great number of years with the Royal Volunteer Coastal Patrol (now Marine Rescue) at Ulladulla on the NSW south coast. Keven, a former skipper of an Australian Customs launch holds a Master 5 marine qualification and has helped maintain his unit's rescue vessels. Well done Keven.

As the cool of Autumn closes in and the long hot summer days recede we are in the thick of planning for ANZAC Day 2017 in Sydney. The numbers are looking good with strong support from our regular stalwarts, Joe Coombs, Ray Warden and Matt Fanning. Sadly, it appears that David Ring will not be with us as he has been unwell so who is going to sell the raffle tickets will be a lottery decided on the day. By the time this edition of *Frontline* reaches you ANZAC Day 2017 will be “history”. I trust that all of you, wherever you may be will celebrate the day in the appropriate fashion and remember with pride those gallant men of 19th Battalion AIF who set the example that inspires our young men and women who serve today.

On 15 April, I was very proud to represent the Association, in company with Bob Pink, at a Memorial Service organised by Association and 1/19 RNSWR serving member, Terry Nixon, at the War Memorial in Sunny Corner, near Bathurst NSW, to honour the memory of PTE Thomas Albert Baker of 19th Battalion AIF, who fell during the fighting on the Western Front on 15 April 1917. Terry, who lives not far away in Millthorpe NSW, was motivated to organise the event when he saw PTE Baker's grave in one of the Commonwealth War Cemeteries in France.

1/19 RNSWR was very ably represented by SGT Matthew Watts, accompanied by his wife Melina. SGT Watts, who is a Platoon Sgt with Bravo Company, 1/19 RNSWR in Bathurst NSW, was a fine representative of our current Battalion and read the Ode with distinction. Members of PTE Baker's family laid floral tributes together with Terry Nixon and myself. Also in attendance were members of the Portland sub-branch of the Returned and Service League (NSW Branch) including their President, Norm Richardson, their Treasurer Ian Burnett – whose father served in 3rd Battalion AIF as a sergeant and was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and was Mentioned in Despatches, Mr Ray Woodin, a former member of 1/19 RNSWR and Mr Frank Kohli. The event was hosted by Mr Stan Kowalski, President of Sunny Corner War Memorial Trust and it was a fitting tribute to the service of PTE Baker, which concluded with morning tea in the School of Arts Hall where PTE Baker had been farewelled a century before.

Tuesday, 25 April saw ANZAC Day dawn sunny and warm in Sydney – although it was a little inclement in other centres I understand. As members may recall I missed last year's March due to illness so this was my first exposure to the new route for the Sydney March. I regret to say that it was an even greater shemuzzle than in the past. It is about time that RSL NSW took its head out of its arse and got someone who knows what they are doing to organise this very important event. The map published by the RSL showed the assembly point as the corner of Bond Street and Bent Street. The fact that there is no such location and a large city block between the two points was just the start of the debacle. Form up time was 0930. After a couple of relocations, we finally moved off at 1135 and then moved in fits and starts up Elizabeth Street with bands in front and behind, never moving more than ten paces before we ground to a halt. Any attempt at

FRONTLINE

marching was comprehensively defeated by bands playing at different tempos and to different beats. The RSL Marshals will laud their performance when the review meeting is held. They should hang their heads in shame. They should not be allowed to organise a children's picnic. I am pleased to say that, despite the debacle, we made the rendezvous at Circular Quay with our cruise vessel Aussie Magic and 65 members, their families and guests enjoyed a four-hour cruise around beautiful Sydney Harbour. The afternoon was a great success, despite a downpour midway through the afternoon. Joe Coombs, his sons and grandsons were among the early acceptors and behaved in their usual exemplary (?) manner. Another group of early acceptors was the Wollongong "contingent", led by Grant Armstrong whose support ensures that we can continue to run the cruise each year. Very good to see Joy and Reg Newton along, together with Association stalwart Barry Chapman, and enjoying the day. Sandy Howard, after being thrown in the deep end last year decided discretion was the better part of valour and spent ANZAC Day in Dubai. We were especially honoured this year to have with us one of our Association Patrons, LTCOL Peter McGuinness, MBE, OAM, RFD, ED, who travelled all the way from Tasmania for the event. Our other Patron, COL Brian Martyn, RFD, was unable to be with us as he was too busy with domestic chores caring for Joanne who has just returned home after a spell in hospital. With Brian's ministrations, Joanne may decide to return to hospital. I am assured Joanne is well on the way to recovery and our thoughts and best wishes are with her.

The afternoon finished with the President's Sunset Drinks at Philip's Foote in The Rocks, and when I left the party was just getting started. All responsibility was delegated to the Honorary Secretary who was, himself, a little "seedy" having been carousing with his mates from 2RAR the previous evening. Once again the raffle was extremely well supported, although the absence of our "star" ticket sellers, Maureen Mariner and David Ring weighed heavily on the results. Vice President, Mick Pass and Merchandise Manager, Ray Warden stepped up to the mark and performed creditably for "rank amateurs". We hope that Maureen and David, both of whom are having health issues, will be back in charge next year.

It was particularly pleasing to see the number of young people on board. Ray Warden had a large contingent of younger family members as did Don Kennedy and the presence of these young people ensures that the ANZAC "story" is brought home to future generations and the sacrifices made by our forebears will continue to be remembered and respected.

Sadly, we were unaware on ANZAC Day of the passing on 18 April 2017 at the age of 91, of WO1 Hugh Beresford Gordon. Hughie was the 2nd RSM of 19 RNSWR and led a very strong Sgts' Mess in the formative days of the Battalion. Those of us who were privileged to serve with Hugh will treasure the experience, not least for his encyclopaedic knowledge of Army ceremonial, but also for his leadership in welding a very diverse Mess of Senior NCOs into a cohesive unit as the Battalion was building up in the early days of its existence. Hugh, on posting from 1/19 RNSWR, went to Army Headquarters as WO1 Ceremonial where he served until his retirement. Ill health, and advanced age, curtailed Hugh's activities in recent years and, regrettably, we were not informed of his funeral arrangements in time for your Executive to attend.

On 5 May, another "founding" member of both the Battalion and the Association passed away after an extended period of failing health. WO2 Peter Phillips initially enlisted in the Citizen Military Forces (CMF) in 1962 and served in 2 RNSWR and 17 RNSWR before becoming a voluntary enlistee in the 3rd intake of the National Service Scheme in February 1966 – alongside another Association member, our Honorary Secretary, Bob Pink. After Recruit training Peter was posted to 2nd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment, and served on 2 RAR's first tour in Vietnam in 1967. On discharge from the Regular Army Peter re-enlisted in 17 RNSWR in 1968 and subsequently transferred to 1/19 RNSWR. Peter served in various postings until his discharge with the rank of Warrant Officer, Class Two, in 1989. Regrettably, ill health dogged the latter years of Peter's life and his untimely death at age 72 is very sad. Peter was farewelled at Woronora Memorial Park on Thursday, 11 May and I represented the Association on this sad occasion together with Bob Pink, Juanita Moon, Bob Binns and Terry Beer who had travelled all the way from the far north coast to be with us. Also present were Barry Nesbitt and Leonie Jackson from Ashfield RSL sub-branch. David Ring was expected but must have got "lost in transit".

Sadly, Friday, 2 June, saw the passing of Mrs Emily Hurt, wife of CPL Jim Hurt, after a long battle with cancer. Jim and Emily had been married for 36 years and Emily was farewelled at the Immanuel Community (Lutheran) Church in Lyons ACT - the same church where they were married - on Thursday, 8 June. Unfortunately, neither Bob nor I could attend Emily's farewell but the Association was ably represented by our Patron, COL Brian Martyn RFD and Martin Hanson. Association stalwart, Maureen Mariner has had a visit to hospital recently for surgery. We are assured by son, David, that everything went well and Maureen will soon be spending a little time in rehab before resuming her busy lifestyle. Winter is closing in the days are growing shorter and the nights are growing colder. All of you take care of yourselves and each other, stay warm and keep well.

Until we meet, may the Lord hold each and every one of you in the palm of His hand.

Roger Perry

FRONTLINE



VALE GOOD FRIENDS



275298 & 23639 WARRANT OFFICER CLASS ONE
Hugh Beresford GORDON
REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR
19th BATTALION THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT
BORN 29 JANUARY 1926 DIED 18 APRIL 2017

Enlisted Australian Army 12 July 1948.
Served with 30th Infantry Battalion, 1st Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment,
3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment,
British Commonwealth Occupation Force Japan,
Sydney University Regiment,
3rd, 4th & 19th Battalions, Royal New South Wales Regiment,
Army Headquarters In Canberra.
Saw operational and active service in Japan and Korea during the period
August 1950 —19 January 1953. Discharged on 14 December 1973 with the
Rank of Warrant Officer Class One.

Hugh is survived by Maxine, his wife of 46 years, his children Jayne, Rodney, Jason, Justin and Peta, their partners Mark, Andrew, Debbie, Jayne's ex-husband Mick, his 7 grandchildren Emma, Kelly, Christie, Shannon, Jaek, Alex and Heather, and his 7 precious great-grandchildren Darcie, Harley, Ellie, Gabby, Damon, Cassidy and Zoey.

Hugh was farewelled at the Chapel at Norwood Park MITCHELL ACT on Wednesday 3 MAY 2017. Mr Jan Paula of the City of Canberra RSL Sub Branch delivered the RSL Tribute.

Our thanks to Hugh's son Rod and daughter Jayne for the photographs and eulogies.

The service was conducted by celebrant Margot Baker: "I have the honor of acting as your celebrant this afternoon. Before we start our service this afternoon the family has asked me to make some public thank-yous on their behalf:

- the first is to all the staff on Ward 6W at Calvary Hospital who took wonderful care of Hugh during his final illness
- and the second is the fantastic Di Massey, Hugh's carer for the last 12-15 years, a woman who, according to Maxine, "certainly knew how to control him". Thank you for your loyal service and support for both Hugh and Maxine and family.

We have come together today to mourn the loss of Hugh, honour his life and death, reverently say farewell to his body and bring consolation to one another. We come believing that all human life is valuable, and that the truth, integrity and hopefulness that reside in each life will live on. We come knowing that Hugh is now free from all pain and suffering and finally at rest.

According to Maxine, Hugh was a "very handsome, knowledgeable, meticulous (especially about his clothes!), and hardworking man who brought enormous breadth of experience to his family." His daughter Peta called him "generous, funny, loving and kind - he spoilt me rotten and I loved it!" As a young man, Hugh joined the Army and saw active service in Korea (where he was wounded). He remained in the Defence Forces for 24 years. Hugh was a man who hated to be idle so he was always up to something or other - cross stitch, long stitch, leatherwork, making models, watching cricket or football, reading magazines and of course, his horses.

We are all asked to make the best of what we have, of our talents, of our opportunities, of our sufferings and disappointments, and of the love and friendship we encounter along the way. This is exactly what Hugh did. And it is for this reason that we mourn his death this afternoon – because his life amongst us was a gift. And because he will be missed.



EULOGY: Hugh's daughter Jayne

HUGH BERESFORD GORDON

Born 29.1 1926- 18.4.2017 Aged 91 years

He was the last surviving member of his family. He now joins his parents Milva and Horace, brothers Lindsay, Desi and Clive and his beloved sister Alice. Who was this wonderful man?

He was a son, a brother, a husband, a father, a grandfather and to his great grand children he was "Special Granddad and absolutely adored. He was a First Aider, a Soldier, a Security Guard, a Parking prosecutor, and he excelled in whatever he did.

He was a very talented man, and his hobbies and interests were many and varied: Wood carving, making dolls, doll furniture, X stitch tapestries, and a lot of these were shown and awarded. His leatherwork found its way to my home and we had some of the best dressed greyhounds in Canberra with the leads and collars that he made.

He turned his hand to chocolate making, creating some memorable chocolate creations. A lot of these were given away or donated to raffle. He cooked too and was pretty good in the kitchen, another feat he outdid me in.

I remember clearly an 8th birthday cake; I made for my daughter Kelly.

My first cake in a microwave. Looked fantastic, smelt great, and didn't stick to the pans. I iced and decorated it smarties and other lollies and like I said looked stupendous, until we

went to cut it – and to say it made a great door stop – is an understatement. Dad felt so sorry for her that he went and made her another one... and of course it was made in a microwave- But at least you could eat his!! Dad had many passions in his life - His time in St John's Ambulance, His love of anything military, History, Music, movies, unless they were incorrectly depicted, then you would hear about it for the rest of the movie."That shouldn't be there", "They didn't wear that then", "God who told them to use that".

His love of the military was passed on through the family, the attending of ANZAC Day became important, listening to his stories, looking at his old photos, wanting to hear him reminisce, loving the way the grands and great grands listened intently and being excited at recognising something he had told or shown them before.

Another of his passions was his love for Maxine. A couple of years ago, I was asking Dad about his life story and there were a few sets of questions. I'd like to share a few with you now.

GREATEST ACHIEVMENT IN LIFE

He answered becoming a Warrant Officer and marrying Maxine and said (Not necessarily in that order)

PASSIONS IN LIFE

Maxine, St John's and Military History

I would now like to read a tribute to Hugh written by his daughter Peta.

TRIBUTES: from Peta, read by Margot

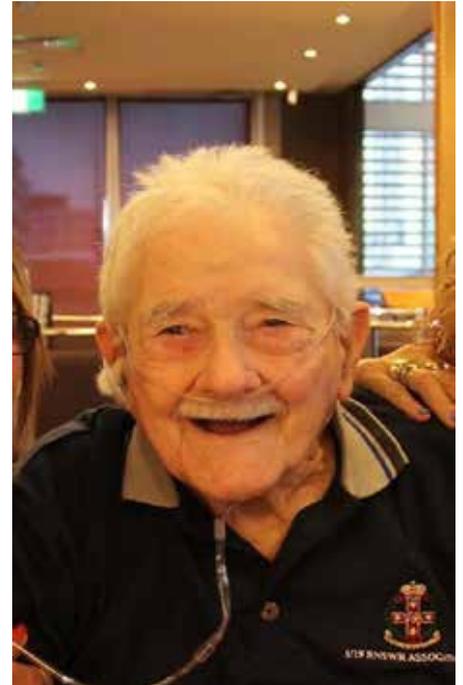
REFLECTION AND SLIDESHOW: prepared by family

BLESSING AND COMMITTAL - Margot

Hugh's life was lived in all its uniqueness with you and it has now passed into the great mystery of death. The gifts and graces that he offered are never lost. The creativity he brought to you in his life and relationships lies now within your own lives and travels into the future with you. Your lives are more beautiful because he lived among you. Hugh, you gave so much. We value your journey through life, with all its challenges and successes and we give thanks for the love you shared with us all. We understand that to love someone is to risk the pain of parting from them; yet, we also understand that never to have loved is never to have lived. So, the grief we now experience is, in fact, the honouring of that love.

Farewell dear Hugh. May the winds blow gentle where you are and the warm sun caress your face. May there be light to guide your footsteps as you make your next journey. And may you know deep peace. Our love goes with you.

Following the funeral Hugh's wake was held at the Labor Club in Belconnen, ACT.



FRONTLINE

2230802 & 2782925 WARRANT OFFICER CLASS 2 PETER JOSEPH PHILLIPS
2nd BATTALION THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT
17th BATTALION THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT
2nd BATTALION THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT
2nd/17th BATTALION THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT
18th LIGHT ANTI AIRCRAFT REGIMENT
1st/19th BATTALION THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT
2nd DIVISION BATTLE SCHOOL
HEADQUARTERS 5th BRIGADE



It was with deep sadness that Peter's daughter Peta, advised of his passing at Wollongong NSW on Friday 5 May 2017.

Late of Woonona NSW Peter was born at Marrickville NSW on 16 January 1945 and joined the Ashfield RSL Sub Branch on 8 November 2009.

Peter initially served in the CMF from 1962 to 1965 with 2 RNSWR and 17 RNSWR and was a voluntary enlistment in the 3rd intake of the National Service Scheme on 2 February 1966. Following Recruit training he was posted to 10 Platoon D Company, 2nd Battalion The Royal Australian Regiment at Enoggera QLD serving on the Battalion's first tour of active service in South Vietnam in 1967 as a Section 2IC and was discharged on 1 February 1968.

He re-enlisted in 17 RNSWR in 1968 and served in a variety of regimental and instructional postings with 17 RNSWR & 2/17 RNSWR, 18 Light Anti Aircraft Regiment, 1/19 RNSWR, 2nd Division Battle School and Headquarters 5th Brigade until discharging in 1989 in the rank of Warrant Officer Class Two.

Peter enjoyed a long and fulfilling civil life initially gaining employment on leaving school with Drug Houses of Australia, followed by a rewarding career with Prudential Insurance, Fosseys and Coles and The Australian Protective Service until retirement.

His beloved wife Helen sadly predeceased him on 25 March 1999. Peter is survived by his cherished daughter Peta, sons Bradley and James, grandsons Mitchell and Benjamin and sister Jill and brother Robert and their families. His elder brothers Tony and Brian also predeceased him.

Peter was farewelled at Woronora Cemetery on Thursday 11th May 2017. The Association and Ashfield RSL Sub Branch was represented by Terry Beer, Bob Binns, Leonie Jackson, Juanita Moon, Barry Nesbitt, Roger Perry and Bob Pink.

Peter's Story

What I am about to read was written by Peter himself. He sent me the draft perhaps 5 or 6 weeks ago, and upon first reading it I suggested that he was being too harsh on himself. After a couple of phone calls, he agreed to make some minor changes, but then insisted that I should read it without further alteration, otherwise he would come back and haunt me. So I'll do my best.....

Hello all. I thank you for your presence here today.

I asked my brother Rob to read this on my behalf because, in my experience of funerals, everyone says what a great person the deceased was, and that would not be quite true in my case.

I suppose I had some fine moments, but overall I think I was just an average person who has lived an average life that was highlighted by my family and by you, my friends.

My life, like everyone's life, had its ups and downs, and I did not want anyone having to dwell only on the ups and certainly not on any of the downs.

I was born the third son to Clare and Wally Phillips at Camperdown on 16th January 1945. That, of course, was a tumultuous year in human history, with the Second World War still raging on my birthday, but peace did come later that year, although it was at a dreadful cost.

Brian and Tony, my older brothers, and I were joined some years later by our sister Jill, the apple of our father's eye, and then by Rob, the baby of the family.

Mum was a saint who gave us total love, and I say that without any exaggeration. Having 5 kids ensured that life was not easy in the early years. Remember that in those days there were few household work-saving appliances like electric refrigerators and washing machines, and even when there were, we could barely afford them anyway. Yet Mum always sent us off to school in immaculate uniforms, from a spotless house, and well-fed.

Dad was a product of his era, not used to outwardly expressing emotion, but he showed his love in his own way. He never had the opportunity for a high school education and he did hard manual work all his life. While we never had many luxuries, he always provided well for his family, and we had plenty of the essentials.

All of us kids had a close and loving relationship. We had the usual sibling squabbles, but were fortunate that we always had each other for support, loyalty and love, even in the most difficult times.

FRONTLINE

outside the Warren View were usually freezing, especially in the wind and rain. But there was a bakery just down the road where I could cheaply buy half a loaf of hot bread and eat it to try and warm up a bit.

As the trams slowly climbed Enmore Road, I would jump on the outside running boards and try to sell a few more papers to the commuters. Because the tram conductor was on the same running board, it could get a bit crowded, even dangerous at times, but I managed to survive.

From age 13 to 15, I worked on the weekends at the Enmore Theatre. Now it is a very trendy live performance space, but in those days it was a movie theatre. I was what was called a "lolly boy", selling lollies, drinks and ice creams from a large tray carried by a strap around my neck. The best part of the job was that I got to see all the latest release pictures for free.

I went on to attend Christian Brothers Schools at Newtown and Lewisham. I found school uninteresting, and quite often decided not to go, instead spending my wagging days at Enmore Park. I did not realise at the time how selfish I was in creating considerable anguish and heartbreak for my Mum and Dad.

I left school early, my parents having given up trying to force me to attend. I worked in a glass factory in Newtown and then at a very large Drug Company at Tempe. While there, I joined the part-time army, then called the Citizens Military Forces (the CMF), but now called the Army Reserve. To join, I had to lie about my age (I was only 16), but this started a love of all things military that lasted the rest of my life.

When our then Prime Minister, Robert Menzies, decided to lie to our country and send our young men, many of them against their will, to fight in Vietnam, I missed out on being conscripted. However, not knowing the true circumstances of the conflict, and not realizing that there *were* no "Reds Under the Bed", I thought it would be a bit of an adventure to go to the war, and go I did.

Of course the war had profound physical, mental and emotional effects on me that I carried for the rest of my life, but I want no mention of them here apart from the fact that I made many wonderful friends and lost some others who were equally wonderful, but who did not return.

After Vietnam, I entered what I consider to be the best and happiest period of my life. I met Helen and we produced a wonderful family in Peta, Brad and James. Later we were fortunate to add Mitchell, Leigh, Ben and Layla.

To you, my family here present and to my Helen, I want to tell you that I loved you totally with all my heart. You know that I am not a big displayer of physical affection, but all my love was always there.

We had the usual family ups and downs, and perhaps many of them were my fault, but be assured that my life revolved around you and that you meant everything to me. And you still do.

When we lost Helen, I was devastated, as we all were. The cliché that you don't know what you've got till it's gone was never more applicable than on that awful day. She was the reason that our family was a loving and respectful one. I never got over her loss, and thought of her everyday.

Through these years I worked in the retail and insurance industries, and continued in the Army Reserve, on and off. Later, I was pleased to be able to serve my country once again as a Security Officer in the Australian Federal Police. In doing so I had several vicarious brushes with fame, in helping to provide security arrangements for President Bill Clinton, Princess Diana, Tom Jones, and Michael Jackson; for Prime Minister Paul Keating, who was a giant of a man in every sense, and Prime Minister John Howard, who was not.

Upon retiring, I lived a quiet life, enjoying my family, my home, and my loyal dogs, Jess and Dash.

All my love to my family, as always, and to all of you present, thank you for letting me share part of your life and thank you for brightening mine. I believe I am going to meet my God, but please say a prayer for me - I will need all the help I can get.

Rob's Reflection

It is only natural that discussions with Peter about what I have just read, evoked for me memories of our brotherly life together. Some of the memories are not very precise, even a little vague, for they happened a long time ago – they are more like snapshots, glimpses even, but I thought I might share a few of them with you.

With 5 kids in our family, we had to share bedrooms, and Peter and I had bunk beds – he had the bottom bunk, and I had the top one, while our second brother Tony had a single bed under the window on the opposite wall.

I remember many conversations in the dark, when we were supposed to be asleep, about lots of everyday things, but I especially loved it when Peter would describe the latest movie he had seen while working as a lolly-boy at the Enmore Pictures. I also thought his lolly-boy job was very glamorous because he was so popular during intermission at the pictures, but despite many hints from me, I never received any freebies from him!

We had lots of fun in backyard cricket, with the usual disputes about lbw and whether you had really caught the ball one-handed as it ricocheted from the back fence or from the top of our old shed.

During the summer we used to have water fights to cool off, and they could be quite rough and tumble too, with many bruises and scratches, and I still have a scar on my forearm where 6 stitches were necessary after one mishap.

As a young boy at St Joseph's school in Newtown, Peter joined the school band as a drummer, and his talents soon took him to the position of drum major. There were buglers in the band, but no bagpipes, so I'm not sure why the band uniform was a Scottish kilt with all its accessories, but he used to enjoy striding out in front of the band, resplendent in his Drum Major's paraphernalia, especially on ANZAC Day marches. He always did like to look good, and as he grew older he became quite meticulous about his personal appearance. Even though Mum would wash his shirts, iron them and hang them in the wardrobe, he would always freshly iron a shirt again before putting it on

FRONTLINE

to go to work or to some social event. In the CMF and the Army Reserve he was always very particular about spit and polish on his Army boots until you could almost see your reflection in them, he polished the brass buckles and buttons of his uniform till they sparkled, and ironed the long creases down the trouser legs so sharply you could almost cut your finger on them.

This fastidious approach also extended to his love of bright and shiny cars. It seemed that he was always buying another car – and we were often greeted with “Have I shown you my new car yet?” The cars were not necessarily new, but were usually late-model editions, and they were constantly washed and polished, and minutely-detailed and cared for, both inside and out.

On the other hand, his expertise as a handyman was not always quite so meticulous. I remember when, after Dad had died, Peter decided that we should renovate the kitchen at the back of the house to try and make life a bit brighter for Mum. Council approval? Who needs it? He drew up the plans, if that is what you could call them, including an internal arch, which was very trendy in those days, and then we set about it. A common cliché among tradesmen was, and probably still is: “Measure seven times, cut once”. Pete clearly regarded this as an unnecessary waste of time, and if a piece of timber ended up being a bit short, well, all you had to do was pack another little piece of wood under it until it was level and it would be fine.

Although something of an improvement on the original, to describe the renovation as “dodgy” would not be too much of an understatement.

It is worth noting that his niece Elise and her husband Stuart now own that house and have just completed major renovations, largely restoring the front rooms to their heritage condition, while modernising and adding a second storey at the back. Although he was unable to see it in person, Pete was delighted when Elise and Stuart visited him with photographs of the renovations and the final result. He was also very pleased that the house in which we had grown up had stayed in the family.

From what we have just heard in his own story, Peter’s devotion to his family, both when growing up and later when he married Helen and had his own children, never waned. Family was very important to him, and a few years ago he decided to do a family history. It was a painstaking labour of love, and took a long time, but he eventually researched our mother’s family back to its origins in Limerick in Ireland in the first half of the 19th Century. He documented the first arrivals of our Irish relatives in Australia in the 1850s, and traced our genealogy in this country up to the present day.

In his latter years, his mobility was very restricted, but he and I used to enjoy long telephone conversations and regularly exchange emails. Politics was a dominant theme, and it is not surprising that, given our working class upbringing, he was a Labor supporter. As he has just told us, Paul Keating was one of his heroes; John Howard was not. You can imagine what he thought of Donald Trump.

He was particularly fond of political cartoons, especially those that ripped into Tony Abbott, whom he described as “the gift that keeps on giving!”

In these conversations, too, we could still have friendly jibes at each other about different things. In particular, I would stir him about being a “wowser” because he had long ago given up drinking alcohol, and he would respond by taunting me about my continued indulgence in what he called “the demon drink”. Even now, I cannot help but smile that he has had the last laugh with his specific instruction to his children that, in his own words, “there is to be no booze at the wake”.

Peter was not perfect. He had his faults and human failings – who among us does not?

But he was always a loving son, brother, cousin, husband, father, grandfather and uncle.

Ultimately, he was a GOOD AND DECENT man.

LEST WE FORGET



FRONTLINE

COMING EVENTS 2017

SAT	24 JUN 2017	1330h	RESERVE FORCES DAY WREATH LAYING CANBERRA	St John's Anglican Church REID, CANBERRA	Jacker & Tie Decorations & Medals Afternoon Tea follows sservice FURTHER INFORMATION Ian SAYERS 02 6254 5347
SUN	02 JULY 2017	0930h	RESERVE FORCES DAY PARADE - SYDNEY	ANZAC WAR MEMORIAL HYDE PARK SYDNEY	REUNION VENUE: TO BE ADVISED Decorations & Medals
SAT	22 JUL 17	1800h for 1830h	 ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT OFFRs/WOs/SNCOs DINNER	BATHURST RSL CLUB	Mess Dress / Coat & Tie Miniature medals RSVP BY 3 JUL 17 with \$90 per head payment to WO1 Warren BARNES PO Box 1065 SINGLETON NSW 2330 Mobile: 0409 909 439
SUN	23 JUL 17	1100h	ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT ANNUAL CHURCH PARADE	ALL SAINTS CATHERAL BATHURST NSW	Coat & Tie Decorations & Medals
TUE	15 AUG 2017	1045h	VICTORY OVER JAPAN DAY	SYDNEY CENOTAPH	Refreshments after Service at the Combined Services RSL 5-7 Barrack St SYDNEY Decorations & Medals
WED	06 SEP 2017	1045h	BATTLE FOR AUSTRALIA DAY	SYDNEY CENOTAPH	Refreshments after Service at the Combined Services RSL 5-7 Barrack St SYDNEY Decorations & Medals
19th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING & REUNION DINNER WEEKEND – GOSFORD RSL NSW					
FRI	27 OCT 2017	1830 to 2130h	MEET & GREET FUNCTION	 GOSFORD RSL CLUB The Association has reserved 25 rooms at the GALAXY MOTEL which is co-located with Gosford RSL Club 26 Central Coast Highway WEST GOFORD NSW Reservations/details Ph: 02 4323 1711 Quote "1/19 RSWR" for discount when making booking & 20 rooms at the ASHWOOD MOTEL Located across the road from Gosford RSL Club 73 Central Coast Highway WEST GOSFORD NSW Reservations/details Ph: 02 4324 6577 PLEASE MAKE YOUR BOOKINGS EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT	
SAT	28 OCT 2017	1030h	WREATH LAYING CEREMONY		
SAT	28 OCT 2017	TBC	BUS TOUR of the scenic & picturesque Central Coast including LUNCH at the renowned Doyalson RSL		
SAT	28 OCT 2017	TBC	MILITARY PRESENTATION by LTCOL Peter McGuinness MBE OAM RFD ED		
SAT	28 OCT 2017	1530h	ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING		
SAT	28 OCT 2017	1800 for 1900h	 AGM REUNION DINNER GOSFORD RSL CLUB		
SUN	29 OCT 2017		Return Travel Home		
SAT	11 NOV 2017	1045h	REMEMBRANCE DAY	SYDNEY CENOTAPH	Decorations & Medals Refreshments after Service at the Combined Services RSL 5-7 Barrack St SYDNEY

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PATRON & LIFE MEMBER
PATRON
CHAPLAIN & LIFE MEMBER
CHANCELLOR

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Colonel B.E. (Brian) MARTYN, RFD, psc (r)
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DONATIONS



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



SGT	Russell	BLACK
LCPL	Geoff	BLAIR
PTE	Tony	BRAY
MRS	Hazel	COOPER
LT	Tom	COOPER OAM
WO2	John	ELLIOTT
SSGT	Bill	FOGARTY
LTCOL	Vin	HALLINAN OAM RFD ED
MRS	Christine	HORROCKS
SGT	Mark	HOSKINSON
SGT	Felicity	JESS
GNR	Albert	KOLBUCH
PTE	Garry	LEWIS
SQNLDR	Alan	LYONS
SGT	Peter	REYNOLDS
SGT	Ross	TAYLOR
MAJ	Bob	WEIR
MR	Bruce	WILSON



NEW MEMBERS

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



CPL	Eric	CARRIGLIO	MINCHINBURY NSW	2770
CPL	Scott	RODHAM	WOOLGOOLGA NSW	2456

FRONTLINE

SICK REPORT

Get Well
Soon



The following members have been on the Sick List and our Best Wishes for their speedy recovery and return to full health
Maureen MARINER recently underwent knee surgery in early June and is recovering well, as are **Alan PALMER** and **Rod YOUNG** following arm and back surgery



CONGRATULATIONS



TO BRIGADIER Andrew HOCKING, CSC

FROM ASSOCIATION PATRON COLONEL BRYAN MARTIN:

Andrew Hocking was my Adjutant 1997-1998. He went on to command 1st Battalion Royal Australian Regiment and his last posting was Deputy Chief of Staff AHQ before heading off to attend staff college in the UK.

Andrew will be promoted BRIGADER on his return in June 2018 to command 7 BDE in Brisbane.

Regards
Brian Martyn

Tom FLETCHER with step-grandson PTE Louis MANN, 1st Rec 11 PI Trg Bn Kapooka NSW following his graduation from REC to PTE at a march out ceremony on 28th May 2017.

He also had a big contingent supporting him:

His father and sister from the Gold Coast NSW; His mother from Ocean Shores NSW; His grandmother, aunt and friend from Lake Cargelligo NSW; Jeannie and me from Gold Coast Qld.

Cheers to all
Tom





CONGRATULATIONS



QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS 12 JUNE 2017

Keven Graham Marshall, ESM, Burrill Lake, NSW



Keven Marshall embodies the spirit of Australian volunteering. Mr Marshall joined the Royal Volunteer Coastal Patrol at Ulladulla (now Marine Rescue Ulladulla) in 1998. Over almost 20 years, he has served the unit with selflessness and commitment, holding a number of positions including as former Deputy Unit Commander and Training Officer and current Assessor and Operations Officer. A qualified electrician, Mr Marshall held the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major in the Australian Army Reserve and is a former skipper of an Australian Customs vessel. He holds a Master 5 marine qualification and is always willing to share his knowledge and experience with his fellow volunteers at Marine Rescue Ulladulla and other units to assist them in

attaining their operational qualifications. He undertakes regular Radio Operator shifts, gives his time freely to assist with unit fundraising and has been instrumental in the maintenance of the unit's rescue vessels. Recently, he has helped the unit's members through a number of difficult times after the destruction of their unit base by fire and the passing of long-standing volunteers. As well as his volunteering duties with Marine Rescue NSW, Mr Marshall also devotes his time and energy to Legacy. A respected and valued member of Marine Rescue Ulladulla, Keven Marshall is a worthy recipient of the Emergency Service Medal.



Roger James Perry, OAM, Darling Point, NSW



For service to Veterans and their families
MEDAL OF THE ORDER OF AUSTRALIA

Service includes: Trustee, Ashfield Sub-Branch, the Returned and Services League of Australia, since 2014; Member, since 2009; Member, Lyndhurst Sub-Branch, 1999-2009. Inaugural President, 1/19th Battalion Royal New South Wales Regiment Association, since 1998. Chairman for Veterans organisations including the: 1/19th Battalion Sergeants' Mess Property Trust, current; Founding Trustee. Peryman Memorial Trust, current. 6th Mounted Rifles Trust, current.



Robert John Pink, OAM, Ingleburn, NSW



For service to Veterans and their families
MEDAL OF THE ORDER OF AUSTRALIA





CLARENCE VALLEY INDEPENDENT 8 MARCH 2017

Changing of the guard at Maclean RSL

At its recent AGM the Maclean RSL sub-branch farewelled president Kevin Jones OAM after his three years in the role.

Newly elected president Steve Walton praised Kevin and the outgoing committee for all of their good work, pointing out that over the years Mr Jones has been a driving force in securing the future of the Maclean Services Club as a valued part of community life.

Mr Walton joined the RSL in 1988 and transferred to the Maclean sub-branch in 2015. He discharged from the military in 2004 after having served in Bougainville and the Middle East. He recalled starting out as a Private soldier and ending his career as a Major in the Army Psychology Corps.

Mr Walton hoped that he could measure up to the previous president's achievements saying: "There are big shoes to fill but with help from the new committee and sub-branch members I aim to continue fulfilling our mission to provide for the well-being of serving and ex-Defence Force members and their dependents".

Mr Walton's ambition for the



ABOVE: Former Maclean RSL sub-branch president Kevin Jones OAM (left) hands over to new president Steve Walton. Image: Contributed.

RSL is to engage with all of the ex-service community in the lower Clarence. He said: "I see a bigger role for the RSL Day Club keeping older members connected to their community while we continue to support programs that meet the needs of serving personnel and those who have more recently exited the military".

Mr Walton summed up by say-

ing: "Ultimately, I see the RSL as an organisation where ex-servicemen and women, young and old, regular and reserve can find a little of the comradeship they experienced in service life".

If you would like to join the Maclean RSL sub-branch please call them on 6645 2756 or visit their website at www.macleanrsl.org.au



CELEBRATING THE Re-OPENING OF THE MIGHTY 'ROYAL HOTEL' CARCOAR



Blue SCHAFFER, Geoff BRADDON & Bob PINK
Enjoying a "quiet one" in April 17

FRONTLINE

MEMORIAL SERVICE SUNNY CORNER NSW 11:00 AM SAT 15 APRIL 2017 5784 PRIVATE Thomas Albert BAKER 19th BATTALION AIF

100 years to the day he was Killed In Action at Lagnicourt France when the 19th Battalion AIF helped repulse a German attack that broke the Australian Line and captured 21 of our guns.

From Association & 1/19 RNSWR Member Terry NIXON:

(The Association's gratitude to Terry for his initiative and inspiration which saw the



Commemoration for PTE Tom Baker come to fruition – Well Done Terry and those magnificent Sunny Corner and Noreuil "locals").

Early in the 90's I lived and worked in London doing security work and whenever I could get away from London Town I would head to Northern France where I had made acquaintances in Bullecourt. This was an area soaked in Australian blood from the Great War and the countryside bears witness to this in the form of war cemetery's and the relics of nations at war which can still be seen if you look.

It was in this area I came across a grave in the Australian War cemetery at Noreuil near the town of Bapaume the occupant one of many in this cemetery had served as a member of the 19th Battalion 1st AIF.

What caught my attention was that on his Regimental headstone they had included along with his service details the fact he had come from "**Sunny Corner**" NSW.

Having spent many years training in this area with the ARES I made the decision to look up his service records when I returned home which I did.

His story was no more remarkable than any others just a young bloke who went away to the war for whatever his reason might have been and didn't' come home.

Early this year I came across his records again and decided that we should hold a memorial service to mark his passing 100 years to the day. With the enthusiastic support of the locals at "Sunny Corner" we came together friends, strangers and family of **PTE Thomas Albert Baker 5784 19th Bn 1 AIF** on the 15th April 2017 100 years to the day he was Killed in Action. It was not only in Australia he was remembered but France a service was held by his grave with local French ex-servicemen who kindly gave their time to honour former allies. PTE Baker was simply one of many killed this day but we chose to remember a single man amongst the mass ranks of the dead so for a few hours a man virtually forgotten was remembered.

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL CANBERRA - ROLL OF HONOUR NAME PROJECTION

Private Thomas Albert Baker's name will be projected onto the exterior of the Hall of Memory on: Wed 19 July, 2017 7:40 pm Sun 3 September, 2017 4:33 am Fri 27 October, 2017 5:07 am Sun 31 December, 2017 3:23 am Sun 4 March, 2018 12:10 am

These dates and times are estimates. Please note that previous advised times on this site have recently been changed to ensure that early evening projections are clearly visible and not affected by twilight. The actual time of projection could also change as a result of weather and other factors, so it is advisable to check closer to the date.

LEST WE FORGET



FRONTLINE

MEMORIAL SERVICE 5784 PRIVATE Thomas Albert BAKER 19th BATTALION AIF





DID YOU KNOW ?? A series by Association Member LT Peter Hughes

Raymond Neville WARDEN

Committee Member 1/19 RNSWR ASSOCIATION

Ray was born to Leonie and Charles (Chic) Warden at KGV Maternity Hospital, Camperdown on ANZAC Day, 1947. Ray was the first born to Leonie & Chic, followed by Darrell (deceased 2012), Lyle and Yvonne. He was raised in Belfield NSW and attended school in Belmore all the way through to High School.

Ray's father served in World War 2 with 2nd/19th Australian Infantry Battalion AIF in Malaya and Singapore and had his 16th birthday just two days after arriving in Singapore. After the Fall of Singapore in 1942, Chic ended up going to work on the infamous Thai/Burma Railway.

Ray left school just short of his 15th birthday and went to work for the NSW Railways until 1968 when he got a job with Sydney Water Board with a tunnelling gang. In 1972 Ray went to work for John Holland Constructions on the Potts Hill Tunnel Project and when this project finished he went to work for Roberts Holland Constructions, in Queenstown Tasmania, doing development work for the Mount Lyall Mining Company.

He returned to Sydney in 1975 and worked on the (then) new Tahmoor Colliery project, putting the main drift in to the coal approx one and a half kilometres down. After a short break he returned to Tasmania in 1976 to work on the Que River Project shaft sinking for a year. Returning to Sydney in 1978, Ray went back to the Tahmoor Colliery Project seeing it through to completion. Having received the ultimatum "if you go away to work again don't come home", Ray accepted a job with Clutha Development working in their new mine.

At this time Ray decided to have another attempt to join the Army Reserve and with some help from his father and 'Roarin' Reg' Newton, MBE, OAM, ED, in 1983 was taken on strength with 1st/19th Battalion of the Royal New South Wales Regiment as an over age enlistment. Ray was posted to Support Company, Pioneer Platoon - a great bunch of friends. Ray did a driving course in June 1985 and took part in Exercise K 89 in the Northern Territory.

Ray was promoted to LCPL in 1990. In 1991 a severe back injury saw Ray lose his job in the mine but Ray continued his exemplary service with the Army Reserve, receiving the Peryman Trophy in 1993. The Peryman trophy was instituted in April 1992, by the Peryman family, in memory of Captain Mario Lemmers Peryman, for competition within the 1st/19th Battalion, The Royal New South Wales Regiment, which has been a focal point of the family for many decades. Mario Peryman had served in 19th Battalion AIF in World War 1. Ray's citation read *"For Outstanding Leadership and Performance of Military Duty Ray Warden is awarded the 1993 Peryman Trophy as the Outstanding Junior Non Commissioned Officer/Soldier of the Battalion in 1993"*

When 1/19 RNSWR was relocated to Orange, Ray was posted to 2 Training Group at Bardia Barracks in the Driver Training Section and then moved to SME at Holsworthy where he served until work commitments necessitated his discharge in 2000. From 1991 to 2012 Ray worked for Fujitsu General Air Conditioning starting as a storeman, received the Pride of Workmanship Award run by the Rotary Club, and progressed to a management position in charge of the warehouse in NSW and inspecting the warehouses interstate on a regular basis.

Ray was married to his lovely wife Gay on 19 April 1969 and they have two sons, Shane 42 and Andrew 41. They have 4 grandchildren and 2 step grandchildren. Ray is a member of the RSL and also a member of the Camden Lions club for the past 10 years where he does a large amount of community work to raise funds for the needy in the community. Ray is also the Merchandising & Memorabilia Manager for the Association (although it is rumoured that Gay does most of the work) and has been a member of the Association since its formation.



FRONTLINE NOTICE BOARD

AMENDMENT TO PHOTO AT PAGE 34 OF MARCH 2017 ISSUE OF FRONTLINE:
OUR THANKS TO Rosa-Lin McINTOSH FOR ADVISING OF THE ERRATA

Hi Bob,

How are you going, well I hope.

Just a short note to advise loved the notice & photos of Bronson, William & Jess.

The other photo of soldiers (Not sure what page) but said that the figure on far right was Ross is incorrect it is actually his brother Peter (real name Robert) that also served in 1/19 but was with the Pioneers. He has lived in New Zealand now for many years. He turned 65 last weekend.

Regards

Rosa-lin McIntosh

1/19 RNSWR INITIAL EMPLOYMENT TRAINING COURSE 1980

Signatures on back of photo: G. ANGEL – CURLY – D.HENSHAW – BULLOCK ? – Andrew HILL – ~~Ross~~ Peter McINTOSH Dean MITCHELL – Neil ? - GRIFFITH – HILL- David GATT- Stephen O'CALLAGHAN- Jamie TANCRED

PHOTO COURTESY OF WARREN AZZOPARDI



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IF YOU'RE INTO MODELLING - LEON'S YOUR MAN

RECENT MAIL RETURNED TO SENDER

ASSOCIATION MAIL ADDRESSED TO ASSOCIATION MEMBER
MRS Elizabeth BRENNAN

(Widow of

**DR Maurice BRENNAN (A COY - 2/19 BATTALION AIF)) HAS BEEN RETURNED
TO SENDER FROM 10 NULLABURRA RD NEWPORT BEACH NSW 2106.**

**ANY ADVICE OF MRS BRENNAN'S NEW POSTAL ADDRESS WOULD BE
APPRECIATED BY THE HON SECRETARY**

FRONTLINE

ANZAC DAY "THE SHEEPYARDS"

FROM Allen GIDDINGS



Hi Bob,

Just a note to say my wife and I attended the ANZAC service at "The Sheepyards". There were about 300 attending. The service started at 0800 with a short march of approximately 30 returned servicemen to the Cenotaph. After the service breakfast was served. There is a museum located on site and it is well stocked with donated items. After much interaction with locals and many visitors there was a strategic withdrawal to The Sheepyards Hotel. 2up started at 1200 with quite a lot of interest. In that remote area there are 3 water holes, Grawin "Club in the scrub" golf club, Glengary Hilton and The Sheepyards hotel. This is an opal mining district without facilities, everyone runs generator power and water tanks. Living is not as luxurious as in town and this does attract a different type of individual.

Best Wishes to All

Al & Janeen

LIGHTNING RIDGE NSW

ANZAC DAY - SYDNEY

The following members sent Apologies for their inability to attend and Kind Greetings and Best Wishes for a successful and enjoyable Sydney March:

CAPT	John	ADENEY
CHAP		
LTCOL	Colin	AIKEN OAM RFD ED
SGT	Rick	AVERY
LTCOL	Gary	BELTRAME, RFD, JP
MAJ	Bob	BINNS, RFD
MRS	Joy	BOURKE
SSGT	Geoff	BRADDON, OAM, JP
PTE	Steven	CARR
MRS	Betty	CLENDENNING
MAJOR	Harry	COLE, J.P.
WO2	Bob	COLLIGAN
LCPL	Brad	COLLIS
WO1	Kevin	CONNELLY, OAM, JP
MAJ	Brett	COOPER
LT	Tom	COOPER, OAM, JP
MAJ	Glenn	CROSLAND
LTCOL	Graeme	DAVIS psc (r)
CPL	Alan	DRINKWATER, MLO
MRS	Peggy	DRINKWATER
CAPT	Bill	EDWARDS
MRS	Nancy	ELLIOTT
MRS	Dorothy	FARLOW

MRS	Marj	FLACK
MR	Jack	FLAHERTY
MR	Greg	HAGAN
WO2	Martin	HANSON, JP, AIMM
MAJ	Tony	HARVEY, RFD, JP
MR	Alan	HAYWARD BA MA JP(
CPL	Rod	HILLIKER
MS	Christine	HORROCKS
LCPL	Darryl	HOWARD
CPL	Charles	JENSEN
SGT	Felicity	JESS, JP
CPL	Dan	JOHNSTON
WO2	Kevin	JONES, OAM
LT	Corinna	KELLY
MR	Jim	KERR
GNR	Alby	KOLBUCH
PTE	Sid	LAWRENCE
MAJ	Bob	LIDDEN, RFD
SGT	Alan	LOWE
MR	Bruce	LOYNES, FCSA, FIPS
MRS	Maureen	MARINER
WO1	Roy	MUNDINE, OAM

SGT	Bob	O'CALLAGHAN
MAJ	Martin	PALL
MR	Fred	POWER
PTE	Roy	RAE
SGT	Peter	REYNOLDS
PTE	David	RING
PTE	Graeme	ROBBINS
MAJ	Bryan	SCHAFFER, OAM, JP
MR	Glen	SCRIVEN
MR	Alf	SEYMOUR
CPL	David	SMALL
LTCOL	Geoff	STEVENTON, MBE, RFD
SGT	Ross	TAYLOR
MAJ	George	THOMAS RFD
MR	John	WALSH PSM GCM BCM JP
MAJ	Charlie	WATSON, RFD
MAJ	Bob	WEIR
MR	Alex	WHITE
MR	Wal	WILLIAMS
MR	Bruce	WILSON
MR	Billy	YOUNG, OAM
CAPT	Dennis	ZALUNARDO, OAM, JP

Our thanks to MAJ John RALPH and Grant ARMSTRONG for the following photos taken on ANZAC Day



FRONTLINE ANZAC DAY SYDNEY



FRONTLINE

ANZAC DAY SYDNEY



FRONTLINE ANZAC DAY - SYDNEY



FRONTLINE



FROM 2266742 CPL Scott RODHAM "A WALK DOWN MEMORY LANE" !

Hi Bob

I'm sure you will like the enclosed memorabilia. I would like to join the 1/19 Battalion Association and have enclosed a cheque. Would you be so kind as to nominate me for membership?

I have been in contact with Maurie Rowe 2266748 ("A" Company Clerk), Peter Kessell 2266751 (trained with SSgt John Hobbins in Q-Stores) and Max Eggins who trained in the Transport Section. In fact Maurie sends his fond regards.

There are other names I remember from that first intake: LCpl Stenning (trained as the Adjutant's assistant) Pte Hennessy, Pte Kevin Wood (Bellingen), Pte Charlie Menzies (Dorrigo) Pte Greg George, Pte Rodney Knott (West Wyalong), as well as a Major Cox. Sgt Wright (policeman) and Sgt Hoare joined the battalion in 1968. Max Eggins attended a woolshed dance organized by Rodney Knott at his property at West Wyalong during the early 1970s. Many 19 RNSWR members were invited and they came from everywhere - Max travelled from Coffs Harbour over rough roads in those days.

I have decided to keep my original photographs and annotate the copies for better display. As far as the reminiscences go, I am happy to send a Word document if you would like to use parts of it for a newsletter (saves re-typing).

Scott Rodham
former 19 RNSWR
"B" Company Clerk 1968-70

19TH BATTALION ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT RECRUIT TRAINING AT INGLEBURN - MARCH 1967

The Department of Defence sent each of us a telegram notifying us of our CMF commitments after registering in 1966. Not long after that we were posted out train vouchers prior to the initial 33-day camp which was held at Ingleburn in March 1967. The Rail Motor picked up folk from Cobar, Bourke and Nyngan en route to Dubbo where the steam train completed the journey. By the time we got to Wellington, one of the lads decided to run over to the hotel to buy a carton of beer while another went up to the drivers and delayed them until the contraband was on board. While the train was stopped at Lithgow station, I took 3 cans up for the engine drivers and asked if I could ride up front throughout the tunnels, which I did.

Arriving the next morning at Central station, we made our way to the Southern Line train alighting at Ingleburn where we made our way to the Army barracks where they provided us breakfast. Then we were kilted out and divided up into sections ready for orientation. Most of the guys worked on family farms too distant from Army centres where one could undertake weekly CMF training. Farmers could not afford to spend 2 years away from the farm doing full-time National Service so the CMF for 6 lots of 33-day annual camps was the best alternative. I was teaching at Nyngan in 1966 and to attend Tuesday night parades involved travelling 320 kms return journey - by the time I left work I would arrive in time for the dismissal.

That afternoon we were introduced to drill and that night we had night lectures on all things military. We were introduced to our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel T. J. Crawford, MBE, ED. Towards the end of the camp, we were trucked out to Darkes Forest for a weekend bivouac. We set up camp, dug in and awaited a raid from regular soldiers who hit us just on dusk firing blanks and running right through our encampment. The next night, in pouring rain with no moon, we had to undergo a night patrol in sections. We were holding onto the poncho of the person in front of us. Not too much later we noticed glowing fungus on the ground, so we picked it, broke it up and placed pieces in the back of our goggle hats which made "follow-the-leader" all the more easy.

Another story from Peter Kessell: One incident from Darkes Forest that was memorable; when we were running around loaded with blank ammunition; during a break, there was a loud bang right behind Sgt Mobbs who was scheduled for a hearing test to join the Regular Army. The recruit who pulled the trigger with barrel pointed to the sky, when asked why, replied that he wanted to see if it was loaded. Back in camp, on the second last night, we were to have a recreation event, little did we know but a bus-load of nurses from Campbelltown Hospital were also invited. It was a great night.

FRONTLINE

(OLD) HOLSWORTHY WEST CAMP - NCO TRAINING CAMP 1968

This was to be the formation of the 19 RNSWR with its own NCOs. Training sections were set up to train us in drill, weapons, transport, signals and catering. There were 2 companies and 2 Company Clerks – Maurie Rowe and myself - there was also a Pte Stenning who assisted the Adjutant - we were given the rank of Lance Corporal. Thirteen men were in the first group to be trained and their names appear in the attached list. A Pte Peter Kessell was attached to Q-Stores and trained under Sgt Hoare.

Lt Col Crawford was still the CO, Adjutant Captain J Ackerly, Captain Peter McGuinness, Lt J Hales & 2Lt Peters were the officers with Warrant Officer First Class H B Gordon as RSM, CSM Hennessey & Sgt Harry Mee were some of our trainers.

I remember going on leave to Bankstown RSL, dressed in jungle greens, and there was 3 of us; a LCpl, a Cpl and a Sgt. When the entertainer spotted us and our stripes and he called us the "Troupers 1, 2, 3". There was a big guy we called "Tiny" who used to squash steel beer cans against his forehead in the canteen and then throw them into a hole in the fibro wall nearby. Max Eggins tells the story of his official duty as chauffer. Towards the end of the Transport Section course, Max was detailed to drive a couple of officers to Sydney airport. He was assigned a Land Rover and set off under the directions of the officers as Max had never driven before in the city. He successfully delivered the gentlemen to the terminal and then it all fell apart. Max was totally lost and took about 4 hours to find his way back to the Old Holsworthy vehicle depot to be greeted by the head of course, Sergeant Wright who worriedly questioned Max, "Where in the bloody hell have you been? Do you know how long you have been?" Max tried to explain but the Sergeant fobbed it off by calling him a "bloody bushie".

HOLSWORTHY WEST - SECOND INTAKE (?) - 1969

Our trained NCOs were now to train the new recruits in the next 33-day camp. It was towards the end of that month that our men were trucked out to the bushland to the south of the camp to do some training. I was the Company Clerk based at camp when I received an urgent phone call from the main HQ at Holsworthy that our groups had ventured onto a live firing range being used at the time by another unit. There was an immediate cease-fire and a swift retreat. Staff for that camp included Captain Clare and WO1 R Askew. Also I remember being in HQ at Old Holsworthy just at the time when the first moon landing was being broadcast on television. The CO called us all into the Officers' Mess to watch the historical event as it happened.

Written by Scott Rodham 2266742
Dated 20/05/2017



AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES AAF A 95
Reprinted Nov., 1958

IDENTIFICATION CARD AND LOCAL LEAVE PASS

Base allowed to wear jungle greens.

No. 2266742 ⁷⁴²¹ Rank PTE

Name S. F. RODHAM

Unit 19 RNSWR
UNIT STAMP

Whose specimen Signature appears hereon is a member of the above unit and is on local leave as per dates and hours shown on back hereof.

Bearer's Signature [Signature]

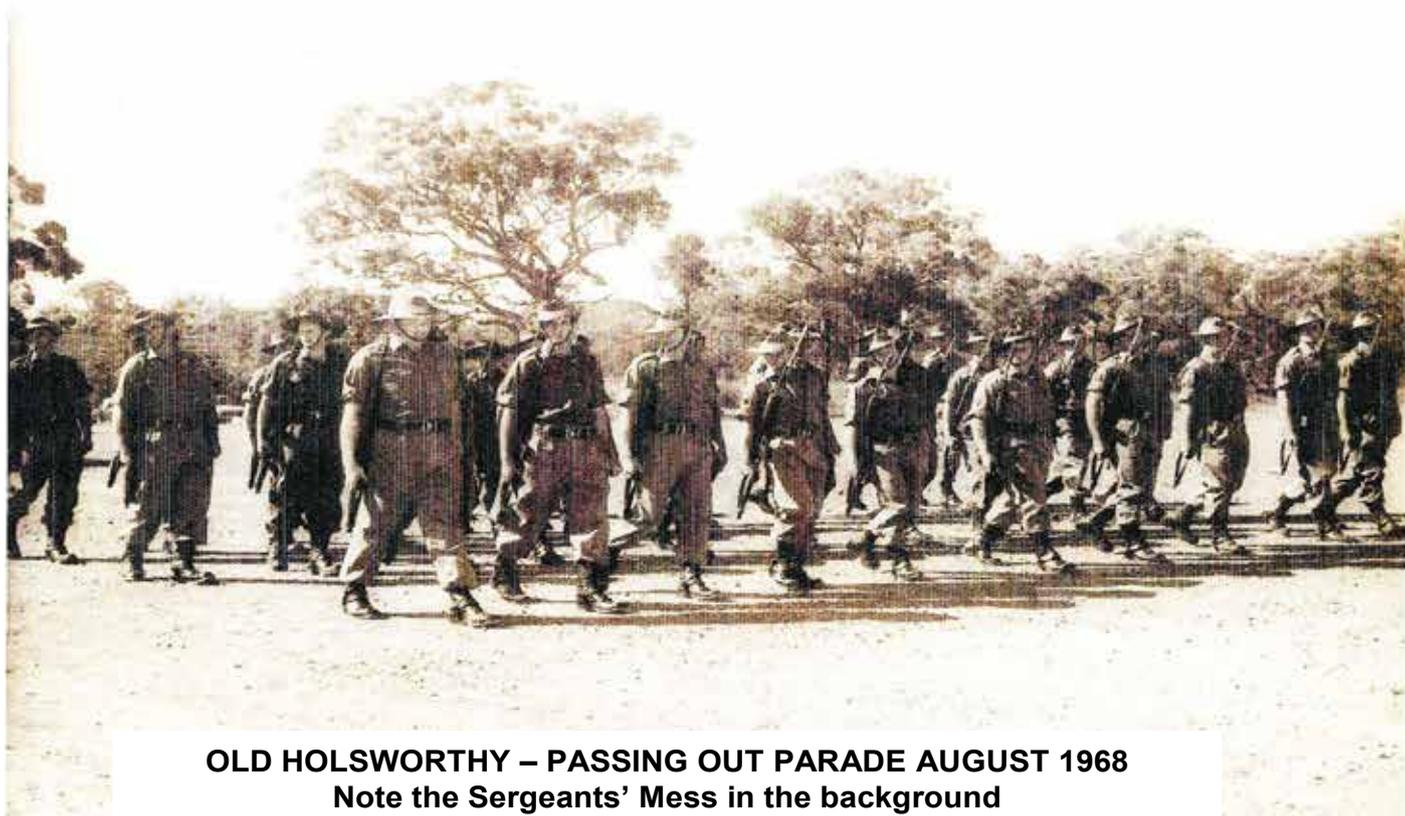
[Signature] Adjt.

LOCAL LEAVE GRANTED				
FROM		TO		Signed by
Hours	Date	Hours	Date	
1330	25/7/67	2309	25/7/67	[Signature]
1040	26/7/67	2309	26/7/67	[Signature]
1330	1/4/68	2309	1/4/68	[Signature]
1040	2/4/68	2309	2/4/68	[Signature]
1500	14/4/67	MEMBER RETURNING HOME		[Signature]
1500	3/9/68	2100	3/9/68	[Signature]
1600	3/9/68	2100	7/9/68	[Signature]

FRONTLINE



INGLEBURN 33 DAY CAMP MARCH 1967 M. T. RANGE 19 RNSWR
Maurie Rowe (left), John ?, Scott Rodham (right)

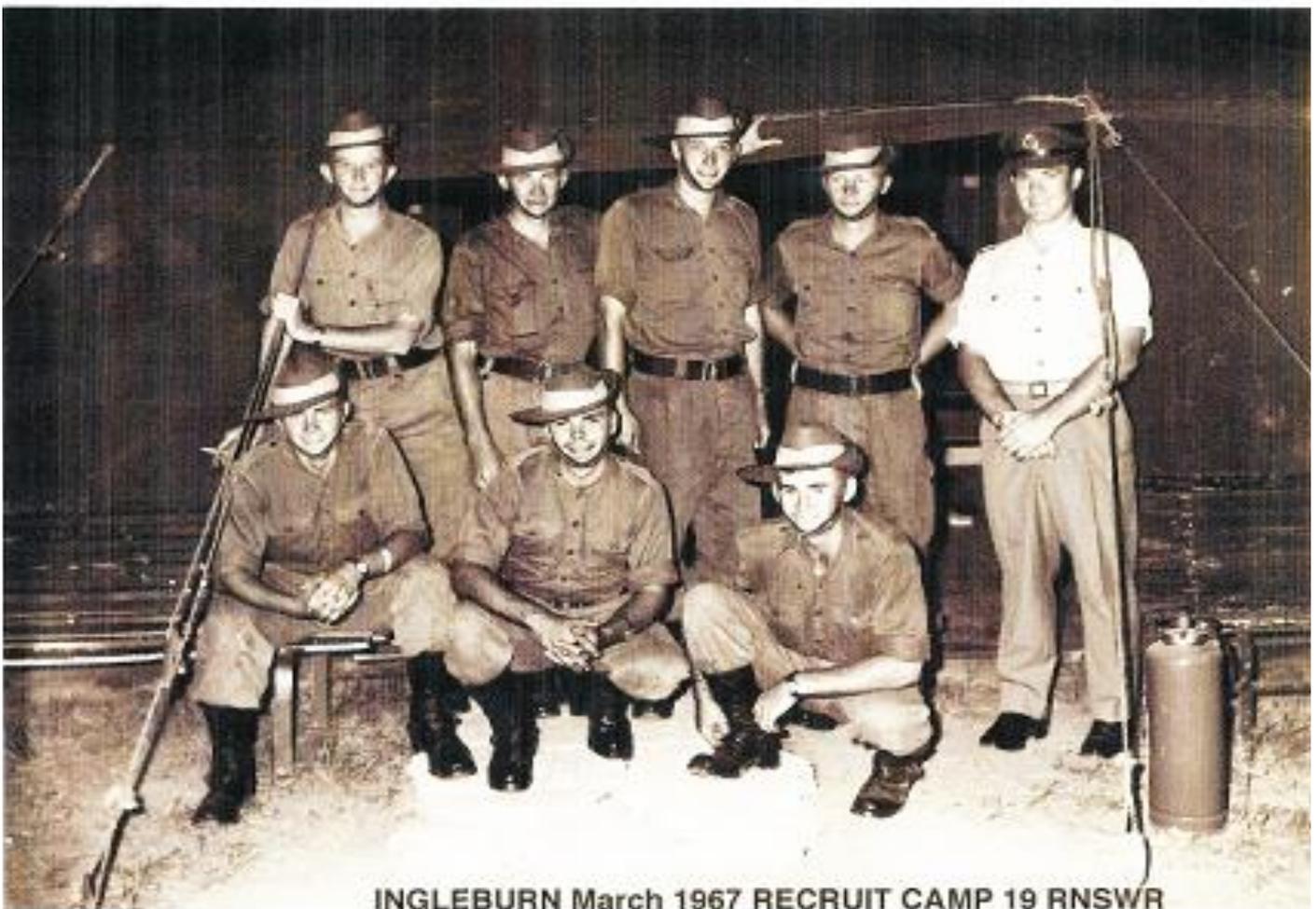


OLD HOLSWORTHY – PASSING OUT PARADE AUGUST 1968
Note the Sergeants' Mess in the background

FRONTLINE

COURSE	DUTY	STUDENT	ROSTER
30 MAR 69	LCPL	S.F. RODHAM	
31 MAR 69	PTE	W.D. BROWN	
1 APR 69	"	V.R. GOWN	
2 APR 69	"	D.K. HALLORAN	
3 APR 69	"	M.B. DALRYMPLE	
4 APR 69	"	L.P. UPJOHN	
5 APR 69	LCPL	M.W. ROWE	
6 APR 69	PTE	P.G. SULLINAN	
7 APR 69	"	G.J. BRUCE	
8 APR 69	"	K.P. MADDERN	
9 APR 69	"	J. CROSSKEY	
10 APR 69	"	A.J. BASNETT	
11 APR 69	"	M.T. NOYES	
12 APR 69	LCPL	HENRY MCCARTHY	

NCO'S COURSE.



INGLEBURN March 1967 RECRUIT CAMP 19 RNSWR
Scott Rodham left rear next to Kevin Wood (?)

FRONTLINE

FROM: Lieutenant Colonel T.J. Crawford, MBE, ED,
Commanding Officer.

19 RNSWR
HOLSWORTHY 2173
11 Sep 69

QUEEN'S AND REGIMENTAL COLOURS

It is now virtually certain that, on 6 December this year, my term of command of 19RNSWR will end. It is normal for Commanding Officers to serve for three years, but I had hoped that I would be able to carry on for one more year until I retire from the CMF in December 1970.

I also hoped, that during that extra year, Queen's and Regimental Colours would be presented to 19 RNSWR and that I would be on parade with you on the great day. It is about the Colours that I write to you now.

Colours, adorned as they are with the most notable battle honours won by our predecessors in the battalions which form the Royal New South Wales Regiment, are the embodiment of the idea and the ideal that what has been done in the past, at whatever personal cost, can and will be done again, by us and our successors - if need be.

The occasion of presentation by the Sovereign's representative is one of great pride for the battalion in its prowess on the parade and as host afterwards to the many hundreds of spectators who will attend. These will comprise official guests, military and civil, and personal guests - your relations and friends and mine, and the surviving members of the three battalions which bore the number "19" in the First and Second World Wars. They will assemble from all over New South Wales to share our day of honour.

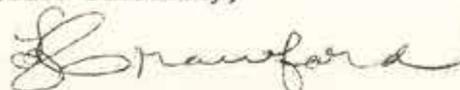
You know that we cannot conduct our Presentation without funds of our own. I have often told you so and I have often asked you to contribute to the Colours Fund. That you have done so, generously, is shown by the balance in the fund of \$2270 - your pay parade contributions totalling \$1085.

But we still need, at least, \$1500 and I hope most of this can be obtained from the guessing competition tickets for which are enclosed.

I ask you again, and for the last time as Commanding Officer, to do your utmost towards our common aim -
an outstanding Presentation of Colours to 19 RNSWR

It has been a pleasure to raise and command 19 Battalion in its first three years and I say goodbye to you all with great regret. You are well on the way to becoming good soldiers.

Yours sincerely,



FRONTLINE

CAN YOU ASSIST PLEASE ? **35342 CPL Reginald Max (known as "Max") BEDGGOOD** **2/19 AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BATTALION AIF**

MAX's NEPHEW Wayne EVANS is seeking information on his uncle and would be most grateful for any information / news / stories concerning Max BEDGGOOD's service and last resting place.

PLEASE CONTACT
Wayne Evans
201 Rusden Rd
Mt Riverview NSW 2774
Mobile: 0429 567 566

My wife is better at answering calls
and her number **(Nina) is 0408 245 566**
EMAIL: wayneevans@bigpond.com

Joyce Evans (nee Bedggood)
21 Heather Rd
Winmalee NSW 2777

Joyce is Max's sister and currently 93 years young!

10 APRIL 2017

Hello Bob

It was nice talking to you earlier today.

My uncle, Reginald Max Bedggood, served with 2/19 Battalion, B Company, in Malaya and Singapore, Max was originally from The Rock, about 20 klm outside Wagga Wagga

Enlisted in June 1940 and received training at Walgrove, Ingleburn and Bathurst

Departed Sydney in February 1942 on the Queen Mary

Saw battle in both Malaya and Singapore

Max sent his last letter to his Father on 6/2/42 and this letter confirmed those battles B Company were engaged in Malaya.

Was reported missing on 16/2/42

Was presumed dead on 11/2/42

In tracing the journey of B Company, 2/19th Battalion in the book *The Grim Glory of the 2/19th* I understand that Max survived the initial onslaught of the Japanese invasion on the NW coastal line before pulling back to Brigade H.Q. on the Ama Keng Road. Near Bukit Timah village Max's 2/19 was reorganised into an "X" Battalion.

As part of Singapore final defence "X" Battalion was had to occupy what was called feature 138, Jurong 1. They reached their positions at about 11pm. At 3am the following morning, 11/2/42 whilst asleep, they were attacked by the 18th Japanese Division.

The battalion's losses were so great that "X" Battalion ceased to exist, and its remnants were drafted to other units.

Max's brother Kenneth Leo Bedggood (A.O.) survived and returned home with the 7th Division, having served in the Middle East and PNG. My father Kevin Arthur Evans also returned home after serving in the 8th Division, also in Singapore, serving on the Burma Railway. Max is survived by my mother, Joyce Evans, herself serving in the forces and who is currently 93 years young.

Like so many, Max didn't return... a young man of just 23 years. I would love to know more about Max, particularly about his last resting place. Bob, if you can help in any way such as putting a post in the next Association newsletter or contacting anyone you feel might have any leads, then I would be most grateful. I would welcome any chat.

I'm attaching a few photos of Max. Incidentally, Max's best mate and whom he enlisted with was Private Massey Harris (Taylor). Massie was the young man who drove one of the ambulances onto Parit Sulong Bridge and under a white flag tried to persuade the Japanese to take our wounded.



FRONTLINE

Just spoke to Mum and she is very appreciative. She is going to pick out a few more photos that I'll scan and send to you in the next few days. In further search I discovered that "X" Battalion were sent to West Bukit Timah, Central Singapore on 10.2.42. They reached 9ms Jurong Road (I don't know what that means), which today is opposite Bukit View Secondary School at about 11pm. The Japanese 18th Division came down Jurong Road and massacred the Battalion of over 280 men, while they slept of which only about 120 survived. It's said that the Japanese knew they were in the area and waited to 3am before attacking. One of the survivors was the late Sergeant Bernie Weaver (page 335 of the Grim Glory) Bernie is the Uncle of a close family friend whom I have been trying to contact over the last day without luck.

Other survivors that were former 2/19 members (remembering "X" was a composite Battalion at this stage) were:

Captain Joe Pickup, Captain Alec Bathgate, Lieut. Clem Hunt(?)
About 150 men from the 2/19th made up "X" Battalion.

Private Max Bedgood served in B Company 2/19th Battalion during World War 11. I'm putting together Max's story for up until now it was about a young man who went to war and never returned, Missing, Believed Killed on 11/2/42.

My mother, Joyce Evans, Max's brother, is still alive and like the rest of the family, now only comprising nephews and nieces would like to know more.

Max's Background

Max was an original 2/19th recruit, enlisting at The Rock, Wagga, in 1940.

He survived the Malay campaign and was engaged in heavy action around Bakri and Parit Sulong before escaping to Yong Peng then down to Johore Bahru. At this point 650 new recruits were added Reading the 2/19th Diary, the Grim Glory of the 2/19th, we learn Max was one of only 11 unwounded soldiers from B Company following the Malay campaign. The Allies crossed the causeway into Singapore on 31/1/42. We know of Max's Malay campaign from his last letter home on 6/2/42 which I have crossed referenced with the Grim Glory.

From here the picture is unclear.

Max's best mate, 'Massey' Taylor, 'we're told, became a runner for Lieut. Buderus. Does Massey Taylor ring a bell? Massey enlisted with Max back in 1940. In Malaya, Max's photo is professionally taken with a small group of men. Perhaps this group formed part of a Platoon. Interestingly, the Grim Glory talks about a Battle near Bakri where Lieut. Pat Reynolds (11 Platoon) was wounded. Two men in this photo, Corporal Ned Turner and Private Les Truscott have been identified in this Battle. Might any of these names mean anything to someone. I have attached the photo. Max is squatting on the left. N. Turner is standing far left and L. Truscott is squatting in centre.

Following the Japanese landing, the Australians, whose who survived, pulled back towards Bukit Temah where they were regrouped into various ad hoc units on 10/2/42. The 19th Battalion effectively no longer existed. Instead three new units called "X" Battalion, Merritt Force and Saggars Special Reserve Unit were created. B Company (about 150) were put into "X" Battalion with Major Keegan commanding one section. I'm also trying to find out if any records of men were kept. The recorded date of my Uncle's death is 11/2/17 which if taken literally would be when "X" Battalion was ambushed at 3am on 11/2/42 along the Jurong Road. But without having access to a Nominal Roll I don't know if Max was part of "X" Battalion.

Just one last question, were there any burial parties for the hundreds of men who were killed when the Japanese landed on the North West Coast. I realise there is a lot of information and several questions raised above and I'm probably clutching at straws given this happened 75 years ago.

I'm attaching a couple more Photos of Max before he went overseas.

Also, the late Sergeant Bernie Weaver was also attached to the 2/19, B Company along with Max. Bernie survived the massacre that early morning on 11/2/42 by crawling into bush and along, with others, made it back to GBD. (Page 335, The Grim Glory). He later became a POW and fortunately returned home. Bernie was an Uncle of very close family friends, whom we spent a lot of time with growing up.... and we still do. I recall Uncle Bern and his wife Elma as a young boy.

I spoke to Bernie's niece last night who said Bernie never talked about the war. But she does recall him saying "it was a trap". What is the saying "it's a small world".

FRONTLINE



**L: MASSEY TAYLOR
R: MAX BEDGGOOD
LAST LEAVE JANUARY 1941**



PTE Max BEDGGOOD



MEMBERS OF B COY 2/19 AUSTRALLIAN INFANTRY BATTALION AIF IN MALAYA - 1941

STANDING L to R Bert DALLAS – Lloyd LEWIS – Phil WALSH – Pancho Jack ALCOCK – Ernie'

SITTING L to R Max BEDGGOOD – Les TRUSCOTT - Joe HOWARD

PHOTO COURTESY OF MAX BEDGGOOD'S NEPHEW WAYNE EVANS

FRONTLINE

CAN YOU ASSIST PLEASE ?

David ARTHUR – son of our much revered Second-in-Command and Commanding Officer 1/19 RNSWR Lieutenant Colonel Richard Joseph (Dick) Arthur RFD, ED - CO 1 APR 1978 – 30 SEP 1980 is seeking information / photos / stories on his father. Any assistance / memories / anecdotes of his father would be very much appreciated.

G'day Bob

I'm Dick Arthur's son David. Years too late as it is, I'm wanting to assemble some information on Dick's life and times.



About all that I recall from Dick's time as CO of 1/19 was a couple of weekends in 1978, when I accompanied him from Bathurst to Padstow where he and a few blokes (you?) refurbished one of the Messes at Davies Rd, either Officers' or Sergeants'.

Can you tell me anything?

Regards
David Arthur



David ARTHUR & Bob PINK enjoyed a few libations at the Combined Services Club Sydney in early May this year

My postal address is

David ARTHUR
66 Pleasant Street,
MARYBOROUGH, QLD, 4650.

Mobile: 0418 732 872

Email: davidart001@gmail.com

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SGT Steve KOZICKI ?

NORTH SHORE TIMES 27 APRIL 2017

FROM: Eagle Eye Graeme DAVIS



CASE STUDY

THE KOZICKI FAMILY

THERE are too many things Gillian and Stephen Kozicki will miss about their Wahroonga family home, at 12 Glenwood Close, when it goes to auction next Saturday.

The couple are proud of what they have created at the lower part of the rear yard: the Food Forest.

It has a vegetable patch planted to the north to catch the sunlight, a log table and stump stools for enjoying afternoon tea.

"What we had was an undeveloped area of the garden, and we made it not only functional, but also productive and it became a beautiful space," Gillian said.

The mother of three, who is a permaculturist, runs her private food fermentation classes through Cultured Artisans on the undercover entertainment terrace and in the kitchen - both her favourite parts of the home.

The kitchen includes Caesarstone benches, a Smeg gas cooktop, a wantry and an eat-in breakfast bar.

"What is really lovely with the site is that it flows from the driveway down to the heart of the site, the kitchen, and that flows it to the entertainment space inside, and that overlooks the

On the undercover terrace, the couple enjoy entertaining and having friends over for home-cooked food and a barbecue in winter.

Here, there are ceiling fans, gas heaters and an adjoining timber deck.

Having moved in seven years ago, all the Kozickis had done to the home was add a spa.

"We enjoy the jacuzzi under the stars with a glass of red and listen to the owls and the frogs, (yet) we're living in Sydney."

Gillian loves the fact that Wahroonga still has "the village feel".

"There is a sense that you can bump into people you know, so it still feels personal and connected.

"There's a Christmas party on the street every year."

The Kozickis are selling to downsize as their youngest daughter is moving to London soon.

No. 12 Glenwood Close, Wahroonga, goes to auction on Saturday, May 6.

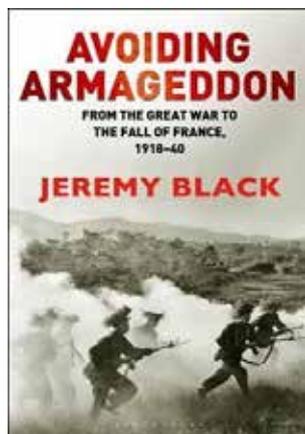
It has a bidding guide of \$2.6 million and is listed with Leonie Ploer and Adam Ross, of Neville

WE LIVE HERE

BOOK REVIEW

AVOIDING ARMAGEDDON

From the Great War to the Fall of France



Jeremy Black
Bloomsbury, 2012 304pp
ISBN 978-1-4411-5713-3

Reviewer:
JOHN DONOVAN

Professor Jeremy Black has written a very interesting book. Unfortunately, his writing style buries the analysis in complex sentences and paragraphs.

Black presents a strong argument for parallels between the present day and the period between the two World Wars, with low-level conflicts underway around the world during both periods. Statesmen between the wars would not have found credible the idea that the 'war to end all wars' had achieved that Utopian objective. From 1919 until 1939, internal and international conflicts were endemic in the vast area between the Rhine and the Pacific Ocean, and south to North Africa and the Indian Ocean. In Latin America, as well as internal conflicts, the Chaco War was a major international conflict.

As Black demonstrates, using the Second World War to judge the correctness or otherwise of British military policies between the wars ignores reality. For most of the period British forces were focussed on events in British colonies, or on protecting those colonies from attack, not on a resurgent Germany or an aggressive Japan. The Indian Army, for example, which was criticised by reformers between the wars, performed the tasks required of it effectively.

Black shows that 'as the number of "players" in [a] conflict rose, the notions of a clear-cut definition of military forces, and of war as the prerogative of the state, were put under severe strain', as now. The objectives of specific conflicts, and the actual opposing sides, were often obscure. This is familiar now, as is the importance of tribalism in Afghanistan.

The correct balance in armies between men and machines was not as clear between the wars as hindsight might suggest, nor was the appropriate balance between protection, firepower and mobility. The end of dominance by the battleship was not obvious when carrier aircraft were flimsy biplanes. Claims by air power enthusiasts

between the wars were not borne out by events, and military power remained hostage to economic fortune. Lessons from the Great War experience aimed to ensure that another major war would not be fought like the Great War, not that there would never be another world war.

As Black reminds us, Hitler was a political failure in the 1920s, with the 1923 Munich *putsch* being promptly suppressed. In the 1920s Germany was planning against a Polish invasion, not to conquer Europe. The Soviet Union was contained, and France was the dominant land power in Europe. The British, Dutch and French empires retained control of their territories, largely using locally recruited forces. The Islamic world then, as now, caused much difficulty.

Reviewing the early campaigns of the Second World War, Black concludes that the German forces were not prepared for a *blitzkrieg* in 1939, but learned from the Polish campaign. The German Army remained largely dependent on railways and draught animals for mobility, and infantry and artillery provided essential support to its armoured spearhead. The quality of German tactical and operational leadership was not matched by strategic acumen at the highest level, and early German success owed much to errors by Poland, France and Britain. Given time and experience, other armies learned to defeat *blitzkrieg* tactics.

Black concludes that 'variety and unpredictability, the importance of the Far East, and the significance of civil wars', major themes between the World Wars, are again important. In this context, he sees the rise of China complementing the development of China's modern identity in the civil and international conflicts of the 1920s and 1930s. Black sees parallels between the issues facing Britain then and those facing the US now, including difficulties with allies and the influence of 'small wars' on military development.

REVIEWER: 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*.

NOR ALL THY TEARS

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

I flashed my light round into the gloom, making the shadows leap, and with a roar the Nip snatched it from me. Carefully he placed it so that it shone into the hollow of the rock, and in one dim halo I saw him looking up, half in apology. He thrust his thumb into the air. No. 1. he explained. At least we had a common enemy. I smiled to myself. At least we had something in common. No No. 1's came onto the scene and we sat in the darkness for quite a couple of hours. Then he stood us up and led us back down the stairs where he showed us a tap and signalled us to wash and get dressed. We had had our first day's work. It had been better than I expected. Working in the mines had been the very symbol of horror to us. In imagination we had added the horrors of the worst mining conditions to the horrors of the railway.

We had always thought that it was impossible that we should be sent down a mine. We felt that it was just one of those things that were too bad to happen even to us, and against this gloomy picture most of us found the first day mild. There were much worse jobs than the one I struck, another group of the party to which I belonged had been given the task of carrying heavy iron pipes up the villainous stairs; a job that I thought too wicked to imagine (though I soon found out what it was like) and most worked the full shift on heavy monotonous work, but the methods of the line were absent, so far, and they realised that there were things we could not do in our condition of health.

Many bosses beside my own gave elaborate instructions for dodging work, and showed how to identify No. 1's by the large reflectors on their lamps and their fancy caps. I got a rude shock a few days later when I was taken down by one of the bosses to a lower level, and handed over to a gorilla in a tattered loin-cloth.

It seemed as if all my nightmares of the mine had come into reality. A ghastly tunnel with sagging walls of heavy rock ran into the darkness and its dim light was obscured by a thick heavy mist that rolled in the clouds from a small room that housed machinery, pounding and roaring to shake the very roof. Here and there a log rested against a slab of rock that hung dangerously. The walls seemed to be pressing inwards with a steady motion, and almost touched the edge of the ore-trucks being towed by battery motors. There were light rails running along the centre,

with the traffic and a low, filthy gutter of oil and black water flowed steadily by. The tunnel was approached down a practically vertical ladder, broken and slimy, and over a pile of huge smooth logs. We were no sooner under his rule than the gorilla heaved one of these onto his shoulder, the largest log I have ever seen a man carry, motioned us to follow suit, and ran across the line with it, dumping it into another cavity in the wall. With horror we tried to wrench at one of the other logs and found it extremely light, but even at that, far beyond our power, and two of us got an end each and struggled across the line.

He bellowed violently at this and waved his arms to show that we were to carry one each as he had done, but seeing that this was impossible, finally contented himself with urging us to speed, pointing to the train that came constantly backwards and forwards out of the gloom. There was a lot of work being done, mostly done by young kids, who were driven all the time and bashed indiscriminately. We were not bashed, but our gorilla kept at it continuously, and when we were finished with the logs we were handed small pointed hoes and set to work cutting into the loose rock that formed the floor. We had a brief spell for lunch with him glaring at us from the moment he wolfed his own, and then we started again.

The sweat rolled from my sticky body. I was panting the foul air, and every muscle ached. My stomach contracted in a violent cramp. It became almost impossible to suck the thick foulness into my lungs and I was scarcely able to move. I felt that at last it had come. The first few days had been initiation and we were destined to spend the rest of our prison life in this frightful hole where the methods of Hellfire Pass would force us to do the impossible. I had ceased to work. I scarcely retained the power to breathe and he came over roaring and bellowing. I made an effort to move my arms and legs and fell down in a faint. Vaguely I was conscious of being taken into the engine room and in a rush came to consciousness under an air-pipe. He looked at me for a moment and said "Yasmae" and went outside again. I could not hear him bellowing after



FRONTLINE

that, and about twenty minutes later he came in with the others and called to us to follow him up the stairs. I broke the back of my new job that day. The "purge" was only temporary and dependent on the particular temperament of the particular boss I got, and although it was followed by others, our lungs soon learnt to draw oxygen from each odorous breath, dessicated bodies learnt to sweat less violently, and our muscles to be less subject to cramp. They gave us a small issue of salt after that day - a very small spoonful (there was hardly any in our food) but it helped us as we learnt to take the bad with the worse philosophically.

I was initiated into the pipe carrying before long and this was a minor tragedy in our lives. The pipes were four inch iron pipes - later we were to have cast ones with half an inch of metal. There was no real purging at the beginning. We were given a good rest after each carry, but there was no way of easing the work itself. There is no easy way of lifting heavy pipes onto your shoulder; no way of passing under the low places save by bending to a crouch that tore at our muscles or to shorten the agony of sharp rust cutting into your shoulders save by forcing each painful step up the steep woodwork. But bent shoulders hardened and our muscles grew stronger and these bad days were offset by occasional "cops". Sometimes we would get a job with a really skilled "bludger" and do nothing but hold a lamp while he tightened a few bolts.

Most of our early bosses were in sharp contrast to those we had been used to and practically all of them knew that there was such a thing as fatigue. They were concerned about our safety (in so far as there was any use in being concerned) and some of them did the more dangerous jobs themselves. One boss told us to stand clear of a falling roof while he grabbed a couple of pipes from under it. I don't think that it ever occurred to him to doubt that the mine-owners were wholly right in supposing that a couple of rusty pipes were more valuable than his life, or believe that he was ethically justified in leaving them to be buried.

The safety conditions of the mine were frightful. It was often necessary to bend on all fours to pass under a huge body of rock that was gradually sliding down from a roof once high enough to walk under, and sometimes these great slabs were kept in place by nothing but myriads of tiny fragments held together by pressure, a few key pieces holding the whole mass together. In places, fragments of rock were falling all the time, and where the roofs were timbered, the timber had generally rotted to pith or had cracked a cross to form an angle where some huge weight was bearing down on it. The drillers who had to work on this crumbling rock were in constant danger

and accidents were frequent. Quite early a man was killed and several injured by a great fall of rock. Some tunnels had to be abandoned because they had closed in too much. One level the walls and the roof had pressed right in, so that trucks were constantly jamming at the sides and at the top and it was impossible to walk erect save in the places where the tunnel had opened into a great cavern where the whole roof had at one time fallen down and been cleared away.

Hopelessly worn equipment, devoid of safety fittings, left our lives in constant danger. The skips that we sometimes used as lifts to go to the different levels, were constantly jumping the rails. I leapt from one myself when it jumped the rails and started bucking and rolling among the rotten sleepers. It got down itself, alright, together with those left in it, and the Nip was nearly frantic when I finally climbed to the bottom of the rotten ladders, but I still think that I did the right thing in leaving it. I do not think I would have ridden the distance where I was perched. And to grab hold of a handy post over a drop of some hundreds of feet into inky blackness seemed as natural as alighting from a train. That was the villainy of it. You became insensitive to danger. There were places where I would not stand now for all my back pay, but after a while it took a real moral effort to move our tired limbs from under a hanging mass of rock, or turn our heads sideways to see if the confusion of loud noises came from a train.

Dynamite charges were counted, a big change from Thailand policy, but deficiency in the number of bangs was generally attributed to errors in counting, so it made little difference. Gelignite and other delicate goods were left about with a fatalism that was touching. We were told that the electric cables above our heads would kill us at the slightest touch, but this proved to be an exaggeration, happily enough, for most of us touched them at least lightly, sooner or later, but they had plenty of power to kill on good contact and there were a couple of nasty accidents. Even their long experience in the mines was not enough to keep them from danger.

One of the most absent minded things I did in my life was to call: Look out! when one of the more villainous bosses shook a piece of wire perilously near a live electric cable. Often they were not above our heads, but below the level of them - and in the dark! Underfoot were numerous disused shafts, and these were indifferently covered - usually with loose boards overlapping its support by several feet so that it flew in the air at the least weight.

To be continued.....



**OUR THANKS TO OUR COMMITTEE MEMBER AND WEBSITE MANAGER SANDY HOWARD
IN FORWARDING THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE AND PHOTOS**

OUR HERITAGE - AUSTRALIAN ARMY BANDSMEN RECREATE HISTORIC PICTURE IN FRANCE.

On 20 April 2017, The Australian Army Band marched through the streets of Bapaume, France to commemorate an event that took place a century ago – the band of the Australian 5th Brigade doing the same as fighting occurred on the outskirts of the town.

Shells were still being lobbed into the ruins of Bapaume by German artillery and the buildings were destroyed and set alight by the retreating enemy while other AIF members were in pursuit. Right behind the vanguard of the infantry marched the band of the 5th Brigade (17th, 18th, 19th Battalions) playing the Victoria March.

One can only imagine after the devastation of the Somme battles and the constant cacophony of war, the sounds of music were welcome to the soldiers and devastated civilians. It signified and celebrated the liberation of the town.

The event was captured on film and was known as The Bandsmen of Bapaume. It became one of the most enduring images of the Australian First World War experience. The photographer took the image from the steps of the Town Hall, the largest building in the town and where several men were billeted during the Australian occupation.

The Germans had booby-trapped large areas of the ruins and the Town Hall exploded a few days later at 11:30 pm burying 30 Australian soldiers. Only six survived.

As cited by the Australian War Memorial [1]:

For the allied troops, who had held the trenches in the Bapaume area throughout the bleak winter of 1916, the capture of Bapaume had signalled a turning point – a farewell to the frozen battleground of the Somme and a new spirit of hope, inspired by the green countryside before them.

“We had put off the Somme battlefield as a man takes off a muddy coat. Before us the same shallow depression that contains Bapaume sloped away to the undulations on the horizon, the gently green sides of it gradually widening.

It was an open, green, grassy country, with a few distant clusters of trees round the far scattered villages... it is the men who fought through Bapaume this morning that have finally cleared the Somme battlefield and closed the Somme battle.” (CEW Bean, Dispatch on March 17, Sydney Mail)

Australia's Federation Guard and The Australian Army Band are in Europe to celebrate Anzac Day and the significant battles that happened during 1917 such as the Battles of Messines; Bullecourt; Polygon Wood; Menin Road; Passchendaele.

FRONTLINE

The Australian Army Band marches through the streets of Bapaume, France in Apr 2017. It was re-creating the famous image of The Bandsman of Bapaume taken a century before.



The Bandsmen of Bapaume. The Band of the Australian 5th Brigade enters the ruins of Bapaume celebrating the liberation of the town on 17 Mar 1917.



GALLIPOLI 2015

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

H1 4026

Charles Bean diary 30 May after a Turkish attack on Quinn's Post:

"The machine guns of the 1st Battalion had to cover the attack. ... The general when he went up found that the gun emplacement was not prepared. The attack was almost due to start. Bags had to be hurriedly shoved into place- the emplacement, which is on the inside of the valley, was not a good one, and rather obvious: ... and the gun was only shoved into position before the fight started.

Presently one of their machine guns- you can't say which- got onto him.

They must have been feeling for him five minutes before they got him. He had never let it affect him in the slightest degree. He had his whole chest and head exposed when they got him- reaching over, so they say, to put something right with his gun. Five bullets entered his jaw, blew all the teeth on one side away and almost cut his face in half- but didn't kill him.

Arnott was carried around to the doctor. As he lay there General Walker went up to him. 'My lad, that was a fine piece of work,' he said. 'I intend to recommend you for the DCM.' The youngster (he is a Balmain boy, only 20, a trainee of the 29th Battalion) pulled himself together and saluted faintly- as best he could."

Private Thomas Arnott, 1st Battalion AIF, was awarded the DCM.