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As many will know we agreed last year with the 1st Battalion Association (NSW Branch) that we would assume responsibility for the Annual Pozieres Day Commemoration Service at St Columba in Woollahra. Sadly, after earnest consideration, I have decided that this years’ service will be cancelled. The Pozieres Commemoration is very important to both 1st Battalion AIF and 19th Battalion AIF. My Executive and I will be meeting with the retiring office holders of 1st Battalion Association and other interested parties in an attempt to reinstitute the Service in future years. That meeting took place on Saturday 25 May. The President & Secretary of the 1st Battalion Association were there, along with Bob and myself and a couple of other interested parties, including Dr Alan Russell who for untold years has conducted the Pozieres Day service at St Columba. We discussed the potential disposition of the various “relics” that are present at St Columba and it was recognised that 1/19 RNSWR was the true “successor” to 1st Infantry Battalion AIF and 2nd/1st Infantry Battalion AIF. For the time being the material will remain at St Columba’s Church and we will have discussions with the new pastor when he is appointed later in the year. Once a decision is made as to the future conduct of the Pozieres Day Commemoration a decision will, if necessary, be taken as to the relocation of these valuable items and this decision will, again, be taken in conjunction with the former members of the 1st Battalion Association.

The President of 1st Battalion Association presented me with a cheque for $5,000 as part of the residual funds of the association. The remaining funds will be distributed to kindred organisations and 1 RAR Association. The memory of 1st Infantry Battalion AIF and 2nd/1st Infantry Battalion AIF and the valiant men who served will not be forgotten. A Descendants Group will carry their Banner on ANZAC Day and this Association is exploring ways in which we can raise the profile of the numeral “1”.

The previous issue of Frontline had not even been despatched when news of the passing on 15 June of Mrs Helen May Parsons was received. Helen, at the remarkable age of 93, was the mother of Association member, WO2 Barry Parsons. Helen was farewelled at the Assumption Church in Bathurst on Monday, 24 June. Sadly, due to a prior engagement in Sydney neither Bob nor I were able to attend Helen’s funeral but the Association was represented by Terry Nixon. Also present were Lou Cunningham, Wayne Skinner, Mick Beer and Norm Patterson.

Sandy Howard informed us of the passing on Thursday, June 27 of Warrant Officer Class 2 Ken (Blue) Curran OAM JP at the age of 93. I first met Ken when he, along with some of his Commando “mates” was an Instructor on my Recruit Training for No 4 Course OCTU at Wallgrove in 1965. I am proud to say that, despite practices of untold barbarism during that recruit course, we remained firm friends over the next 50 plus years. Ken ultimately transferred into 1/19 RNSWR and finished a long and distinguished career as the Drum Major of the Battalion’s Pipes & Drums. Ken was farewelled at St Martin de Porres Catholic Church at Davidson NSW on Thursday, 4 July. The church was absolutely packed and the congregation was estimated to number in excess of 400. The Association was represented by Bob Pink, Ray Warden, Sandy Howard, Gary Roser and myself. Sandy was there in his “dual” capacity as Vice-President of Forestville RSL Sub-branch. A fitting farewell to a valiant soldier who had served his country for over 50 years.

The weekend of 28/29 June was the occasion of The Royal New South Wales Regiment Conference and Annual Regimental Dinner. It was also the Regiment’s 59th Birthday. The Conference, which was held at Randwick Barracks, was opened on Saturday 29 June by Her Excellency, the Hon Margaret Beazley AO, QC, Governor of New South Wales and Honorary Colonel of the Regiment and was followed by a number of very informative presentations led by the Commander, 2nd Division, Major General Kathryn Campbell, AO, CSC and including one by Commander, 5 Brigade, Brigadier Michael Bond. The Regimental Dinner on Saturday evening, with Her Excellency, accompanied by her husband Mr Dennis Wilson, as the Principal Guest, was a very pleasant evening highlighted by a magnificent Toast to The Regiment by Brigadier Bond who, despite his affiliations lying north of the border had been declared an honorary member of The Royal New South Wales Regiment. The proceedings were further enlivened by the announcement that 1/19 RNSWR had again won the Royal New South Wales Regiment’s Rifle Shooting Trophy. Sadly, the attendance was somewhat depleted, no doubt because of the lack of on base accommodation and I hope that we can look for more support for the efforts of the Colonel Commandant and the Regimental Council next year. The Regimental Church Parade returned, after an absence of some years, to The Garrison Church in The Rocks and was a very moving service conducted by the Rector, Rev Justin Moffatt assisted by the Chaplain 2/17 RNSWR, Padre Brian Snell.
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The Association was represented by Bob Pink and myself, together with Lieutenant Colonel Graeme Davis who also had a dual role as he is Assistant Secretary on the Regimental Council. There were, of course, a number of serving officers and senior NCOs from 1/19 RNSWR.

1 August brought the sad news of the passing, earlier that morning, of Bill Edwards. Bill had been a very active member of the Association since its inception. He had been in ill health for some time but did not wish that to be generally known. Bill transferred in to 19 RNSWR in June 1968 and was a Platoon Commander under Peter McGuinness when A Coy – the Battalion’s first Rifle Company was raised. Bill served in many roles in 19 RNSWR and 1/19 RNSWR until pressure of work forced him to transfer to the Reserve of Officers in 1981. Many will remember Bill as a member of the duo that delivered the Peter McGuinness lecture at each year’s reunion activity. Bill also, in retirement, was a very willing volunteer at the Infantry Museum in Singleton. A committed person in all that he did, Bill will be sorely missed by us all. Our sincere sympathy to Liz, his two sons David and Mick and their families. Bill was farewelled at the James Murray Funeral Chapel in Broadmeadow on Wednesday 14 August before an overflow congregation. I represented the Association together with Bob Pink, Peter McGuinness, Carmel Couch - who also represented Paul Couch who was prevented by business commitments from attending - Nancy Meehan, John Elliott, Robert Binns, Ronda and Ken McKay, Sandy Howard, Mick Pass, Warren Barnes and Grahame Hall. Bill’s two sons, David and Mick provided eulogies of Bill’s family life, Peter McGuinness dealt with his Military career and a friend from his Telstra days dealt with his business career. Also present in very large numbers were Bill’s colleagues from the Royal Australian Infantry Museum at Singleton where Bill had been a very active volunteer for many years. A life well lived by a friend who will be sadly missed.

August 15 was the Commemoration of the end of war in 1945 in the Pacific. I was unable to be present at the Commemorative Service at the Sydney Cenotaph but the Association was ably represented by Bob Pink who laid a wreath on behalf of the men of 2/19 Battalion AIF.

As Winter draws to a close your Executive is very much engrossed in the preparations and planning for the AGM and Annual Reunion in Gosford. I hope that we can look forward to a large roll up. Until we meet again may you be warm and safe.

Roger Perry

Stop Press

Support for the Guessing Competition has been tremendous with a number of members sending donations with their ticket stubs. There are still a large number out there who have NOT returned their tickets. I would ask that you do so as soon as possible so that we can have all the “paperwork” dealt with before the Annual Weekend.

Remember, this is a one-off absolutely magnificent quilt – one that any home would be proud to house. GET YOUR TICKETS BACK TODAY!!!

FROM THE REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR - 27 AUG 19
WARRANT OFFICER CLASS ONE Jamie OSBORNE

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Bushmens Rifles,

I am happy to inform you that tonight we returned the newly refurbished Colours to the case in the foyer of BHQ, after a series of repairs and cleaning.

I would like to acknowledge the assistance and diligent work of the RQ in refurbishing the colour case to ensure the Colours are protected from UV damage moving into the future and I would also highlight the assistance of the staff of Capability, Acquisition and Sustainment Group (CASG).
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Proud to Support
MRS Helen May PARSONS
WO2 Barry Parsons advised with deep sadness of the passing of his beloved Mother Helen on 15th June 2019 at St Catherine’s Catholic Health Care Facility in Bathurst. Late of Bathurst Helen was born on 3 January 1926 and was the dearly beloved wife of Harold (“Tim” - deceased 28 May 2013) and mother to Colin, Jeffery, Barry, Boyd, Fay, Ross, and Ralph.

Helen was farewelled at the Church of The Assumption, Bathurst on 24 June 2019 followed by interment at Bathurst Cemetery. A group of family and friends gathered to celebrate her life and included Major Lou Cunningham Terry Nixon, Mick Beer, Norm Patterson, and Wayne Skinner.

NX202327-2249207- 2268425 WARRANT OFFICER CLASS TWO
Kenneth Roy “Blue” CURRAN, OAM, JP
Ken was born at Waverley NSW on 9 September 1925 and sadly passed away on 27 June 2019. He enlisted in 2/11 Commando Squadron AIF on 16 September 1943 and following active service was discharged at War’s end on 31 October 1946. He later re-enlisted in 1 Commando Regiment where he was a legend for many years and later enlisted in 1/19 RNSWR on 16 February 1980 where he served as the Drum Major of the unit’s Pipes and Drums, 1/19 RNSWR’s Pipes and Drum’s Pipe Major Robert Pearce who served with Ken with 1/19 RNSWR for many years piped at the funeral service. Ken was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia in the Queen’s Birthday Honours of 12 June 2006 ‘For service to the community, particularly through pipe bands and aged care organisations, and to a range of military and law enforcement authorities as an instructor.

The impressive attendance and turnout by 1 Commando Regiment Association under their President Barry Grant was an immense tribute to Ken’s service and Sandy Howard, Robert Pearce, President Roger Perry, Bob Pink, Gary Roser, and Ray Warden represented 1/19 RNSWR Association.

Sadly Ken’s beloved wife Norma pre-deceased him on 9 October 2016 and he is survived by his children, Neville, Graeme and Jenny and their partners and seven grandchildren and ten great grandchildren. Ken was farewelled at St Martin de Porres Catholic Church, Davidson NSW on 4 July 2019.
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Proud to Support
2189829 – 216926 SERGEANT David Leonard John WILLIS, BEM

Bryan Schafer advised of the sad news of David’s passing at his Holsworthy residence on 3 July 2019. Born at Bronte NSW on 10 August 1940 David served an amazing 27 years in the Australian Regular Army and the CMF. 1st/19th Battalion RNSWR enjoyed a very close and rewarding association with David over many years, particularly where his transport knowledge and professionalism was second to none. Sadly his beloved wife Ruth predeceased him on 4 January 2018 and he is survived by his beloved sons Bradley, David, Michael & Jamie and their families.

He was farewelled on 12 July 2019 at Woronora Memorial Park NSW. and the large attendance was indeed a tribute to his service and the immense respect in which he was held. Eulogies were delivered by his sons Bradley and David, his former Platoon Commander C Coy 7 RAR John Paget and former SGT Bob Bak who served with David in the Transport Platoon. Messages of Condolence received included those from David’s former Commanding Officer 5 RAR Major General Ron Grey AO DSO, and David’s Commanding Officer 7 RAR Colonel Ian Mackay. The RSL Tribute was delivered by Major Robert Weir.

Former SGT (Retd) Bob Bak, OAM, JP delivered the following Military Tribute to David:

I first met Dave in June of 1980. Dave was the Transport Sgt of 5th/7th Bn RAR. I applied to join the platoon as I had the qualifications and Dave needed more drivers. After some discussion with Dave, he arranged for my transfer with the CO. On entry to the platoon, Dave gave his usual riot act speech and he left no stone unturned as to what he required from each member of the platoon. Rewards would come to those that worked hard. There are not enough words in any dictionary to describe the type of man Dave was. He had a gift which is rarely shown by other leaders. He had the knack of getting people to do things without having to resort to giving a direct order. His leadership style was always participative. Many a time I seen him servicing and cleaning his vehicle at the back ramp and wash point.

Dave was a stickler for professionalism in relation to vehicle servicing, rules and regulation within the transport industry, both military and civilian. He was rough and tough in his demeanour, and always tried to make the best of adverse situations. Many times I have seen him advise and correct his superiors. Dave was certainly the best Transport Sgt I have ever had the pleasure of working with. Best in all respects. As we know he had the passion and commitment to achieve a 100% availability of the battalions B vehicles all the time. To achieve his goals, Dave always said; the platoon is only as good as the men in it. His number one priority was always his men and operational readiness. He was the director and motivating force of the Transport Platoon. His work ethos and leadership was his dominating characteristic. Dave is now with Ruth, together again and watching over their family. So long old friend, this is not goodbye, see you later.

Robert Bak
President
Integrated Servicepeople’s Association of Australia

DAVID’S SERVICE HISTORY

| Full name: | David Leonard John WILLIS, BEM |
| Service number: | 2189829, 216926 |
| Category of service: | Citizen Military Forces |
| Postings: | University of New South Wales Regiment |
| Rank on discharge: | Sergeant |
| Employment: | Driver / Infantry Storeman, Rifleman, Supervisor Transport |
| Category of service: | Citizen Military Forces (Full Time Duty) |
| Postings: | 2 Division Intelligence Unit |
| Category of service: | Australian Regular Army |
| Postings: | 1 Recruit Training Battalion |
| Category of service: | Army Reserve |
| Postings: | Infantry Centre |
| Category of service: | Infantry Centre (Reinforcement Wing) |
| Dates: | 12 JAN 64 to 06 JUN 65, 07 JUN 65 to 05 JUN 66, 06 JUN 66 to 31 DEC 91, 01 JAN 92 to 22 NOV 94, 12 DEC 66 |
| Dates: | 12 JAN 64, 06 APR 66, 27 MAY 66, 06 JUN 66, 18 AUG 66 |
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7 Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment     29 MAY 67
5/7 Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment  03 DEC 73
2/4 Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment  02 APR 75
1 Amenities Unit                         07 NOV 77
1 Division Transport Unit                 12 JUN 78
5/7 Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment  28 MAY 80
4/3 Battalion, Royal New South Wales Regiment 01 JAN 92

Operational Service/Deployment:
Vietnam                                      03 MAR 67 to 02 MAR 68
Vietnam                                      10 FEB 70 to 25 FEB 71

Honours and Awards:
British Empire Medal
Australian Active Service Medal 1945-75 with Clasp Vietnam
Vietnam Medal
Defence Force Service Medal with First and Second Clasps
National Medal
Australian Defence Medal
Vietnamese Campaign Medal
Infantry Combat Badge
Returned from Active Service Badge

Sergeant Willis was awarded the British Empire Medal in the New Year 1982 Honours List (Military) for service to the Australian Army as a transport supervisor.

2238608 CAPTAIN William David EDWARDS
2nd Battalion Royal New South Wales Regiment
19th & 1/19th Battalions The Royal New South Wales Regiment
Late of Redhead NSW, Bill was born 30 MAY 1944 and his beloved wife Liz advised with deep sadness of his passing in the early hours of Wednesday 7 August 2019. Bill enlisted in the CMF in 1966 with 2nd Battalion The Royal New South Wales Regiment and transferred to 19th Battalion The Royal New South Wales Regiment in June 1968 where he served in a variety of postings with 19 RNSWR and 1/19 RNSWR which included Pl Comd A Coy, 2IC A Coy, 2IC SPT Coy, OC A Coy (1977). Due to civil work commitments which required overseas appointments he transferred to the Reserve of Officers in December 1981. Bill joined 1/19 RNSWR Association on 29 June 2004 and was a long term serving and highly valued volunteer member for many years with the Royal Australian Infantry Museum at Singleton NSW. Bill was farewelled at the James Murray Funeral Home, Broadmeadow, NSW on 14 August 2019 and following the service a wake was held at West's Leagues Club.

The following were in attendance: Warren Barnes (representing the Royal Australian Infantry Corps Museum) and the following from 1/19 RNSWR Association: Robert Binns, Mrs Carmel Couch, John Elliott, Grahame Hall, Sandy Howard, Peter McGuinness, Ken & Ronda McKay, Nancy Meehan, Mick Pass, Roger Perry and Bob Pink

Bill is survived by his beloved wife Liz, Father and Father in Law to David and Cindy, Mick & Susanne, Loving Grandfather of Vivien, Sahra, Eliza and Lukas

Lieutenant Colonel Peter McGuinness, MBE OAM RFD ED delivered the following tribute to Bill:

First, I am grateful to Liz, David and Mick and their families for giving me the opportunity to speak briefly on Bill's service to our community as a citizen soldier and of his friendship. Bill enlisted in the CMF in 1966 with 2nd Battalion, The Royal New South Wales Regiment and transferred to 19th Battalion The Royal New South Wales Regiment in June 1968 where he served in a variety of postings with 19 RNSWR and 1/19 RNSWR. Including Pl Commander in A Company, later as 2IC A Coy, then as 2IC of Support Company, and as the Operation Officer running the Battalion Command Post during an exercise in Darkes Forest. Bill's final posting was OC of A Company in 1977.
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These increases in administration and command responsibilities within the Battalion were confirmation of, and increased respect, for his abilities as an officer by successive Commanding Officers. I also note that his being given the task of being Ensign to the Regimental Colour at the Presentation of the 19th Battalion Colours by Sir Roden Cutler was a strong indicator of the high regard he was held in by the then CO LTCOL Terry Irwin. However, due to civilian work commitments requiring an overseas appointment Bill transferred to the Reserve of Officers in December 1981. Thus, the Army, not just 1/19 Battalion, lost a very talented and competent young officer.

You may have noticed that on my way here to the lectern I paused and placed my medals on Bill’s coffin. There was a purpose in that gesture! Shortly after I left the Battalion studying for my future rank of LTCOL I was awarded an MBE in the Military Division. No one was more astonished than me that I was granted that award. Aware that the abbreviation of MBE stood for My Bloody Efforts as opposed to OBE being the definition for Other Bastards Efforts the same was not true to me. In my mind there were a number of mentors, peers and juniors that had contributed to my development as an officer. Among them was Bill Edwards: he endured me as one of my Platoon Commanders and as my Company 2IC both duties no sane person would relish. I determined that I would write to Bill, you surely all remember writing an artform of communicating, with paper, pen, ink, envelopes and postage stamps and thank Bill for his part in my army service being recognized.

Bill wrote back saying a number of things like well done, and absolutely justified, etc but his last sentence was the one that has resonated with me ever since. Bill wrote: Considering that you have recognized that I have played a part in the award of your MBE perhaps I could get to wear it for a few days every now then. Until today fearful that I might not get it back I have now taken this opportunity to let Bill have the MBE and the others for the duration of this eulogy perhaps a bit late in recognizing his request but a gesture I intended with great sincerity, respect and appreciation for our friendship and of his service. I lost track of Bill for a few years after his transfer to the Reserve of Officers but our friendship still had a few years to go yet.

Bill joined 1/19 RNSWR Association in June 2004 and it was through our mutual membership that Bill and I resumed and developed our respect for each other and friendship to the other and to a higher level. Bill had a deep and abiding interest in military history and was rather well read in that subject. He became a great critic of my work during the preparation and presentation of the military history presentations I have made at the 1/19 RNSWR Association’s AGM over a number of years. A subjective criticism that I truly appreciated. Each year at Bill and Liz’s invitation I would travel to Redhead for a couple of days where Bill and I would review, amend and emend what I had prepared. We would carry out a number of rehearsals before we finally took off for Orange or Gosford where Bill would assist with the presentation. His efforts on those occasions added to the quality and accuracy of those presentations that became one of the highlights of the AGM weekends.

Bill was also a long term serving, highly valued and respected volunteer at the Royal Australian Infantry Museum at Singleton Army Camp a labour he truly relished. I am certain that his associate volunteer members will miss his presence as will all of us, his family and friends for his contribution to our lives journeys. It would be remiss of me not to thank Liz for her friendship and hospitality over the last few years as she and Bill hosted me for those reviews and rehearsals at their home in Redhead.

To Liz, David and Mick please note that all of us gathered here today would want that I thank you for the support and compassion that you have shown during the past few months in your enduring support to Bill during his unfortunate illness.

Finally, I wish to thank Bill for his service to his nation as an outstanding citizen soldier, family member and friend. However, I would be grateful if I could reclaim my medals.

Thank you.

AT BILL EDWARDS’ FUNERAL 14 AUGUST 2019
L to R: Bob PINK, Warren BARNES, Nancy MEEHAN, Roger PERRY, Mick PASS, Robert BINNS, Carmel COUCH, Grahame HALL, Sandy HOWARD, Peter McGUINNESS, John ELLIOTT, Ronda McKay, Ken McKay
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Mrs Lisa Marie STAPLETON
David Ring advised with much sadness of the passing in her 52\textsuperscript{nd} year of his cherished adopted sister Lisa on 19 July 2019. Lisa is survived by her partner and 3 children

Mrs Faye Barbara June HEDGES (nee MILLER) - Formerly Faye LAY
Di Elliott advised of Faye’s passing on 20 July 2019 following her obituary notice in the Canberra Times. Late of Queanbeyan Faye was born on 10 April 1932 and was the devoted and loving wife of William ‘George’ LAY (dec) and NX 153188 CPL William Robert ‘Bill’ HEDGES 3\textsuperscript{rd} Australian Infantry Battalion (dec 23 OCT 2004) Bill had served in New Guinea during the War).

Faye’s father was NX55908 PTE Victor MILLER who enlisted 25 July 1940 at Wallgrove NSW and served with the Pioneers HQ Coy 2\textsuperscript{nd}/19\textsuperscript{th} Australian Infantry Battalion AIF who was posted Missing in Action at Parit Sulong, Malaya on 22 January 1942

Dearly loved mother of Geoffrey, Timothy (dec), Evelyn, Joanne and Margaret. Mother-in-law of Jane, Carolyn, Ian and Darryl. Supportive and caring mother figure to Bill’s children. Loving sister and proud and adoring Nan and Great Nan. Sadly missed by all who knew and loved her. Forever held dear in our hearts and our memories. Faye was farewelled at the Norwood Park Crematorium, Mitchell ACTI on Monday 29th July 2019.

Lest We Forget

Our thanks to the Commander 2\textsuperscript{nd} Division, Major General Kathryn CAMPBELL, AO, CSC, for the photos below from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission when Sir Tim Laurence visited in April 2019 and paid tribute to the Cotton brothers (2/19 Australian Infantry Battalion AIF - brothers of Association member Mrs Shirley Drum).
Silvia's Food

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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!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Prefix</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LTCOL</td>
<td>Gary BELTRAME</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COL</td>
<td>John BRENNAN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAJ</td>
<td>Marj BULLIVANT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAJ</td>
<td>Harry COLE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR</td>
<td>Greg COOMBS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SSGT</td>
<td>Bill FOGARTY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CPL</td>
<td>Peter HALL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MRS</td>
<td>Judy HUGHES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COL</td>
<td>John JACKSON</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAJ</td>
<td>Bob LIDDEN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MRS</td>
<td>Maureen MARINER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR</td>
<td>David MARINER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WO2</td>
<td>Ron RICHMOND</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR</td>
<td>Glen STEWART</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs</td>
<td>Grace TOBIN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PTE</td>
<td>Robert WATSON</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The magnificent and very talented needlework of Flanders poppies was recently presented to the Association by Mrs Judy Hughes and our thanks for her beautiful expression of support for the Association.

NEW MEMBER

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

CORPORAL Gary ROSER       SEFTON NSW 2612
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editorial for heart centred to come

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PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF VENUE FROM WAGGA WAGGA TO GOSFORD
21st ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING & REUNION DINNER WEEKEND – GOSFORD RSL CLUB NSW

FRI 25 OCT 2019
1830h to 2130h MEET & GREET FUNCTION Smart Casual
0930h WREATH LAYING CEREMONY Coat & Tie Decorations & Medals
1015h to 1345h BUS TOUR of the scenic & picturesque Central Coast including LUNCH at the renowned Doyalson RSL
1400h PRESENTATION by LTCOL Gary BELTRAME RFD JP
1445h ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

SAT 26 OCT 2019
1745h for 1900h ASSOCIATION REUNION DINNER GOSFORD RSL CLUB
Mess Dress / Coat & Tie
Ladies as appropriate
Miniature Decorations & Medals

SUN 27 OCT 2019
Return Travel Home

MON 11 NOV 2019 1045h REMEMBRANCE DAY

SAT 15 FEB 2020 LAST POST CEREMONY

SAT 25 APR 2020 ANZAC DAY

SAT 25 APR 2020 ANZAC DAY

GOSFORD RSL CLUB
The Association has reserved 25 rooms at the GALAXY MOTEL
26 Central Coast Highway WEST GOFORD NSW
Reservations/details Ph: 02 4323 1711
& 20 rooms at the ASHWOOD MOTEL
73 Central Coast Highway WEST GOSFORD NSW
Reservations/details Ph: 02 4324 6577
Quote “1/19 RN SWR” for discount when making booking at both of the above motels

PLEASE MAKE YOUR BOOKINGS EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

ASSOCIATION PATRONS & OFFICE BEARERS

PATRON
Lieutenant Colonel P.E.M. (Peter) McGUINNESS, MBE, OAM, RDF, ED

CHAPLAIN
Chaplain Lieutenant Colonel The Reverend Canon C.G. (Colin) AIKEN, OAM, RDF, ChStJ

PRESIDENT:
R.J. (Roger) PERRY, OAM
GPO Box 890 SYDNEY NSW 2001
Telephone: 02 9130 3408
Mobile: 0414 961 969
Facsimile: 02 9130 3713
Email: roger.perry@bigpond.com

VICE PRESIDENT & PUBLICITY OFFICER:
M.J. (Mick) PASS
15 Gaydri St BATEAU BAY NSW 2261
Telephone: 02 4339 5040
Mobile: 0412 993 417
Email: michaelpass@optusnet.com.au

HONORARY SECRETARY & NEWSLETTER EDITOR:
R.J. (Bob) PINK, OAM, OAM (Mil)
P.O. Box 224 INGLEBURN NSW 1890
Telephone: 02 9605 5841
Mobile: 0412 432 464
Email: blues5@iprimus.com.au

ASISTANT SECRETARY:
B.J. (Bryan) SCHAFER, OAM, JP
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Telephone: 02 9130 3408
Mobile: 0412 432 464
Email: blues5@iprimus.com.au

TREASURER:
R.J. (Joy) NEWTOWN RN BHSc
146 Fragar Rd SOUTH PENRITH NSW 2750
Email: newbraeton@gmail.com

ASSISTANT TREASURER:
R.W. (Bob) WEIR
2/46 Wilma Street CORRIMAL NSW 2518
Telephone: 02 42851278
Mobile: 0408 639 158
Email: bob.weir@bigpond.net.au

ASSOCIATION HISTORIAN:
G.P. (Geoff) BRADDON, OAM, JP
“Briar Corner” CARCOAR NSW 2791
Telephone & Facsimile: 02 6367 3139
Mobile: 0457 898 063

MERCHANDISING & MEMORABILIA:
R.N. (Ray) WARDEN
3 Avery Way NARELLAN VALE NSW 2567
Telephone: 02 4647 7670
Mobile: 0407 055 448
Email: ray.warden4@bigpond.com

WEBSITE MANAGER
R.A. (Sandy) HOWARD
33 Peacock Parade
FRENCHS FOREST NSW 2086
Telephone: 02 9401 9130
Mobile: 0411 145 077
Email: sandy1h@optusnet.com.au

COMMITTEE
J.A. (John) ELLIOTT
“Moira Plains” WILCANNIA NSW 2836
Telephone: 08 8091 9492
Email: BlackHat2000@bigpond.com

G.H. (George) FISHER, JP
260 Malton Road
NORTH EPPING NSW 2121
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NOTICE OF 21st ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
OF 1st/19th BATTALION,
THE ROYAL NEW SOUTH WALES REGIMENT ASSOCIATION
PROUDLY INCORPORATING
2/19 AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BATTALION AIF ASSOCIATION
TO BE HELD AT GOSFORD RSL CLUB
26 CENTRAL COAST HIGHWAY WEST GOSFORD NSW 2250
ON SATURDAY 26 OCTOBER 2019 AT 1500h

AGENDA

1. OPENING
2. FALLEN COMRADES
3. ATTENDANCE & APOLOGIES

4. MINUTES OF THE 20th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
   HELD AT ORANGE EX SERVICES CLUB ON SATURDAY 27 OCTOBER 2018

5. MATTERS ARISING
6. CORRESPONDENCE
7. PRESIDENT’S REPORT
8. TREASURER’S REPORT
   ▪ Presentation of Statement of Receipts & Payments
     and Income & Expenditure Account for the year ended 30 June 2019.
   ▪ Form 12 Annual Statement.
   ▪ Certificate of Currency of Public Liability Insurance.
9. HONORARY SECRETARY’S REPORT
10. SOCIAL COMMITTEE’S REPORT
11. CONFIRMATION OF THE APPOINTMENT OF HONORARY AUDITOR
    Captain Dennis ZALUNARDO, OAM JP
12. ELECTION OF OFFICE BEARERS & COMMITTEE MEMBERS
    (in accordance with Clause 14 of the Rules)
    ▪ PRESIDENT
    ▪ VICE PRESIDENT
    ▪ TREASURER
    ▪ HONORARY SECRETARY
    ▪ ASSISTANT TREASURER
    ▪ ASSISTANT HONORARY SECRETARY
    ▪ ASSOCIATION HISTORIAN
    ▪ MERCHANDISING & MEMORABILIA MANAGER
    ▪ WEBSITE MANAGER
    ▪ COMMITTEE MEMBERS (2)
13. GENERAL BUSINESS
14. NEXT MEETING
15. CLOSURE
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Mudgee & Surrounding Areas, NSW
STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS & PAYMENTS
AS AT 30 JUNE 2019

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2018</th>
<th>2019</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RECEIPTS</td>
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<tr>
<td>Subscriptions</td>
<td>3,595</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bank Interest</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sales - Merchandise</td>
<td>1,113</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sales - Freely &amp; Faithfully</td>
<td>966</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donations</td>
<td>3,159</td>
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<tr>
<td>Functions</td>
<td>11,910</td>
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<tr>
<td>Special Award Receipts</td>
<td>6,155</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>26,843</td>
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PAYMENTS

<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bank Charges</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CA*EX - Purchase of Printer</td>
<td>904</td>
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<tr>
<td>Computer expenses</td>
<td>165</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donations</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>520</td>
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<tr>
<td>Functions</td>
<td>14,282</td>
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<tr>
<td>Postage, Printing, Stationery &amp; Phone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Presentations &amp; gifts</td>
<td>580</td>
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<tr>
<td>Subscriptions</td>
<td>100</td>
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<tr>
<td>Welfare</td>
<td>715</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Website</td>
<td>420</td>
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<tr>
<td>Magazine</td>
<td>742</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Filing fees</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prepayment for Gosford 2019</td>
<td>919</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Payment to creditors</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>22,319</td>
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STATEMENT OF INCOME & EXPENDITURE
AS AT 30 JUNE 2019

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2018</th>
<th>2019</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>INCOME</td>
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<tr>
<td>Subscriptions</td>
<td>4,310</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bank Interest</td>
<td>93</td>
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<tr>
<td>Profit from sales</td>
<td>177</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donations received</td>
<td>3,155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous income</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>$7,734</td>
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EXPENDITURE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2018</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bank Charges</td>
<td>72</td>
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<tr>
<td>Computer expenses</td>
<td>162</td>
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<tr>
<td>Depreciation</td>
<td>126</td>
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<td>Donations</td>
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<tr>
<td>Insurance</td>
<td>582</td>
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<tr>
<td>Net Cost of Functions</td>
<td>3,473</td>
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<tr>
<td>Postage, Printing, Stationery &amp; Phone</td>
<td>1,656</td>
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<tr>
<td>Magazine costs net of subsidy</td>
<td>723</td>
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<tr>
<td>Filing fees</td>
<td>46</td>
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<td>Presentations &amp; gifts</td>
<td>580</td>
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<td>Welfare</td>
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<td>Website</td>
<td>426</td>
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<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>$5,617</td>
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STATEMENT OF ASSETS & LIABILITIES
AS AT 30 JUNE 2019

2018        2019

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>ASSETS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash at Bank &amp; on Deposit</td>
<td>26,636</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stock for sale of cost</td>
<td>18,842</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prepayments</td>
<td>819</td>
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<tr>
<td>Equipment at written down value</td>
<td>763</td>
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<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>45,186</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LIABILITIES</th>
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<tr>
<td>Subscriptions in Advance</td>
<td>2,942</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>2,942</td>
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<tr>
<td>NET ASSETS</td>
<td>42,238</td>
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Represented by:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>2018</th>
<th>2019</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Accumulated earnings 1 July 2018</td>
<td>36,966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 RNSWR Award Reserve</td>
<td>1,155</td>
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<tr>
<td>Assn 1st Battalion Award Reserve</td>
<td>5,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>42,238</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MEMBERS' FUNDS</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>42,238</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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# 1/19 RNSWR ASSOCIATION AGM WEEKEND PROGRAMME GOSFORD RSL

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING & DINNER WEEKEND 25-26 OCTOBER 2019**

**GOSFORD RSL CLUB 26 Central Coast Highway WEST GOSFORD NSW 2250**

**FRIDAY 25 OCTOBER 2019**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Timing</th>
<th>Function</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Dress</th>
<th>Remarks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1830 to 2130</td>
<td><strong>Registrations “WELCOME” MEET &amp; GREET RECEPTION</strong></td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Smart Casual</td>
<td>Crumbed Whiting, Calamari Sandwiches Vegetarian Triangles Drinks</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SATURDAY 26 OCTOBER 2019**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Timing</th>
<th>Function</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Dress</th>
<th>Remarks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0930</td>
<td><strong>ASSOCIATION COMMEMORATIVE WREATH LAYING CEREMONY</strong> in conjunction with the Officers &amp; Members of Gosford RSL Club &amp; RSL Sub Branch</td>
<td>Gosford RSL Club</td>
<td>Suit/jacket &amp; tie &amp; Full size Decorations &amp; Medals</td>
<td>Banner Bearers Orders of Service distributed Stereo tape &amp; PA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1000</td>
<td><strong>Morning Tea</strong> Under members own arrangements</td>
<td>Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Casual</td>
<td>Morning Tea &amp; Lunch at own cost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1015 to 1345</td>
<td><strong>SCENIC BUS TOUR of the picturesque Central Coast &amp; LUNCH at DOYALSON RSL CLUB prior to returning to Gosford RSL at 1345h</strong></td>
<td>Limited Seating for 20 Passengers “First In – First Served”</td>
<td>Neat Casual</td>
<td>Join Bus in Gosford RSL Car Park Lunch available from the Gosford RSL Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td><strong>LUNCHEON</strong></td>
<td>Under members own cost &amp; arrangements</td>
<td>Casual</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1400 to 1445</td>
<td><strong>PRESENTATION BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL GARY BELTRAME RFD JP</strong></td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Casual</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1445 to 1545</td>
<td><strong>ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING</strong></td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Casual</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1745</td>
<td><strong>ASSEMBLE FOR FORMAL DINNER</strong> Pre dinner drinks &amp; hors d’oeuvres served**</td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Mess Dress Summer Suit / jacket &amp; tie Miniature medals</td>
<td>$65.00 per person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1800 to 2300</td>
<td><strong>ASSOCIATION FORMAL DINNER</strong> (alternate servings)</td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Mess Dress Summer Suit / jacket &amp; tie Miniature medals</td>
<td>$65.00 per person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>ENTRÉE:</strong> Gnocchi with basil pesto OR Tandoori Chicken skewer with cucumber salad</td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Mess Dress Summer Suit / jacket &amp; tie Miniature medals</td>
<td>$65.00 per person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>MAIN COURSE:</strong> Roasted lamb rump with macadamia crust and parsnip puree pea mash and lamb Jus OR Barramundi with Courgette puree, roast capsicum, chick peas, rocket and balsamic Fresh Bread Roll and Butter</td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Mess Dress Summer Suit / jacket &amp; tie Miniature medals</td>
<td>$65.00 per person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>DESSERT:</strong> Creme brûlée with orange compote pistachio ice cream and honeycomb OR Seasonal Fruit salad with berry compote and Champagne sabayon Tea, Coffee &amp; After Dinner Mints</td>
<td>Pacific Room Gosford RSL</td>
<td>Mess Dress Summer Suit / jacket &amp; tie Miniature medals</td>
<td>$65.00 per person</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Beverages**

A selection of Vins Rouge, Vins Blanc, will accompany the meal

Ties may be loosened! NGS
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CONGRATULATIONS

To Glen SCRIVEN
who celebrated his
102nd Birthday
on 8th July 2019

&
& Dorothy FARLOW
who celebrated her
100th Birthday
On 17 August 2019

SITREP FROM ASSOCIATION PATRON
COLONEL Brian MARTYN:-
I just noticed in the Senior Offr and Appointments List
Colonel Mick Garraway, AM, is to be promoted
Brigadier and appointed to COMD 5 BDE from
December 2019. Mick was my Adjutant (Jan – Jun
1999) before I handed over to Peter Wightman...
Mick followed Andrew Hocking
(currently COMD 7 BDE) as Adjutant.

To Alan & Leah
HAYWARD
who recently celebrated
their
56th Wedding Anniversary

Colonel Garraway  Brigadier Hocking
NSW Police Commissioner Michael Fuller, APM, and NSW Police Minister David Elliott farewelling Brigadier Paul Blood, AM, who recently retired from the NSW Police.

Our thanks to Graeme Davis for the photo.
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HASSETT
Australian Leader.
REVIEWED BY John DONOVAN
A Biography of
General Sir Francis Hassett, AC, KBE, CB, DSO, LVO

There is almost certainly an interesting and informative biography to be written about General Sir Francis Hassett. Unfortunately, this is not it. There are three principal reasons for this assessment. First, the contents of the book are gravely imbalanced. Some 97 pages, a third of the book, are spent on a description of the Battle of Maryang San, spanning only around a week of Hassett’s career. Yet the author himself, in listing the extensive written sources on the battle that he used, effectively acknowledges that this ground has been well ploughed previously. It would surely have been better if, to use the author’s words from the Preface, he had corrected the deficiency where “nothing of great substance has yet been written about what made the man, or what he achieved after that battle.”

A deeper look at “what made the man”, for example, might have seen similarities between Hassett’s humble origins and those of “Tubby” Allen, Hassett’s first brigade commander in World War II, also the son of a member of the NSW Government Railways, who also left school early, and through a combination of native intelligence, energy, personal study and hard work also rose to be a Lieutenant Colonel by the age of 24. Comparisons might also have been made between Hassett’s persistent health problems and the health problems that plagued Major General Gellibrand for much of his life. Hassett was apparently more successful than was Gellibrand in coping with his problems, even during extended periods of action, and he did not suffer from the apparent psychological fragility that plagued Gellibrand.

The second reason is the manner in which potentially interesting events are mentioned, but not followed through with detailed discussion. Many of these events relate to “what he achieved after that battle”. As an example, the confusions over leave in Korea, and the problems of men remaining “on paper” in 3RAR, some of whom were even back in Australia suggest that there was something fundamentally very wrong in the Adjutant General’s Branch. This suggestion reinforced by some incidents during World War II that have been mentioned in other books in the Army History Series, leading to the question of what actions Hassett, as CGS, might later have taken to resolve any ongoing problems.

Other matters, alluded to but briefly, almost beg for more detailed study. In view of the long-standing tensions between Regular and Citizen soldiers in Australia, the discussion on page 144, on the concerns of older Regular officers during World War II about the rapid promotions received by the younger Regulars suggests that there was also a “generation gap” among the Regulars. Further, the comment on page 107, that with “the exception of ‘Red Robbie’, none of the military staff or instructors [at Duntroon during Hassett’s time as a cadet] was to prove outstanding in later years” suggests a deep seated problem among the older Regulars. This might give a stronger basis than is normally accepted for the concerns of Citizen officers in the 1930s and 1940s, exemplified by Lieutenant Colonel England’s reception of Hassett when he arrived at 2/3rd Battalion.

The outstanding success of many members of the Darwin Mobile Force, selected from some 3,000 applicants, most of whom would have been from outside the small Regular Army of the time, supports this theory. Essex-Clark could well have spent some space showing Hassett as one of the early members of a “new generation” that transformed the Army in the 1950s and 1960s. He could also have explored the extent to which a problem still existed when Hassett reached senior rank. If so, how did he approach it? The reactions to 1970 Hassett’s Army Review Committee suggest that some reluctance to accept the modern world still remained even as late as that.

The “serendipitous” meeting between then Colonel Hassett and Sir Edwin Hicks seems to have led to a mentoring relationship, but this is not given the attention it deserves, given the otherwise somewhat fractious relationships over the years between senior military and civilian personnel in the Defence Organisation. Particularly when linked to the suggestion that, in 1961, Hicks determined the line of succession for the CGS position for many years ahead, this is an aspect to the relationship between the senior military and civilian officers that could have been pursued. A related issue is the extent to which Sir
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been pursued. A related issue is the extent to which Sir Arthur Tange, bogeyman for a whole generation of senior military officers, worked to support Hassett. This was not just in relation to the Army Review Committee, but also in increasing the authority of the senior military officers (the Chiefs and the then Chairman COSC/CDFS). It is unfortunate that Tange did not seem to give the same support to Hassett’s views on delegation of authority.

Again, Essex-Clark hints at the issues, acknowledging Hassett’s belief that the Service Chiefs (one of whom was Hassett) were responsible for the faulty initial organisational arrangements after the Tange Review, but he then moves on to discuss more comfortable subjects. The relationship between Hassett, Hicks and Tange should have been a major part of “what [Hassett] achieved after that battle [of Maryang San]”, not just a few pages. The period when Hassett was CGS/CDFS was important in the development of the modern ADF, and should surely have been given more attention in a substantial biography of Hassett. The comment that Hassett’s staff when appointed CGS was “tiny compared with today” raises questions beyond the scope of this book about changes made after Hassett retired, but does bring to mind Slim’s comment on the multiplication of staff members bogging down movement.

The final reason that this is not the biography of Hassett that should be written is the proliferation of minor errors throughout the book, many of which should not have been made by a man of the author’s extensive military experience. These include expanding CDFS as Chairman (rather than Chief) of the Defence Force Staff in the Chronology of Hassett’s career, referring to the Chiefs of Staff Committee variously as Chief of Staff Committee and Chief of Staff’s Committee, as well as by the correct title, and calling the 16th NZ Field Regiment the 17th on one occasion.

The drawing on page 156, captioned “Digger with an Owen Gun”, is clearly showing a weapon that is not an Owen Gun, as carried by a soldier in the photo on the next page. The photograph on page 205 refers to a man wearing three “pips” as a Major. Admittedly, these are minor errors, but they should not have been made. Other errors have more substance. In one place, Essex-Clark quotes Jim Shelton describing Hassett continuing to serve Brigadier Macdonald (formerly of the KOSB, then commanding 28th Commonwealth Brigade) “for the next eight months in Korea”. On the next page, the author refers to “only the imminent arrival of Macdonald’s replacement [preventing] a serious clash between Hassett and Macdonald”. One is left wondering when the Macdonald/Daly changeover actually occurred, or whether there was another issue, towards the end of those eight months, that is not mentioned. The “miscount” on page 202, which implies that only three Victoria Crosses were awarded to Australians in Vietnam, is particularly regrettable. More than a third of the footnotes to Chapter 2 do not appear.

Essex-Clark’s use of words sometimes confuses issues. He describes Hassett writing to the then Minister, Killen, on his resignation “making it quite clear that, as rumour might have it, there was no contretemps [with] Tange”. Actually, the rumour probably suggested that there was a contretemps, and “as” should have been “despite what”. Again, the suggestion on page 269 that “few would doubt Hassett’s need for [patrons]” almost certainly reverses the intention of the statement, as it is more likely that Essex-Clark intended to say that few would believe his need for them! Brigadier Essex-Clark could have improved this book out of sight simply by accepting the assistance of a good sub-editor, who could probably have reduced the number of errors from a major annoyance to a minor inconvenience.

The reviewer read and enjoyed Essex-Clark’s memoirs (Maverick Soldier, MUP, 1991), and is struck by the difference in the writing style. The memoirs are written in a confident, self-deprecating style that is easy to read. This book is written in a more deferential style, not nearly as enjoyable to read. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that he was somewhat awe-struck by his subject, and reluctant to adopt a more robust style for fear of causing offence.

I suspect, however, that General Hassett may be a more robust character, unlikely to take offence at a blunt writing style! Overall, this is more of a book of soldiers’ reminiscences than a book for those seeking an in-depth assessment of the career of one of Australia’s more significant post-World War II military leaders. That book remains to be written, and the author’s final question must be answered in the negative..
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Our Thanks to Grant Armstrong in forwarding these photos which regrettably didn’t make the ANZAC DAY events in Sydney in the June 2019 issue of the Newsletter.
From the 20th. Roy Cooke was born at Rye Park NSW and in September 1941 at Binalong, near Yass, he enlisted, but from 1 November 1941 the title of the 19th Battalion was readopted with the unit having separated for some months. The 19th/20th Battalion was commissioned officers who were subsequently commissioned. Initially, this force was known as the Darwin Mobile Force – was disbanded and as a consequence the battalion received a cadre of experienced regular non-commissioned officers who were subsequently commissioned. Initially, this force was known as the Darwin Infantry Battalion, but from 1 November 1941 the title of the 19th Battalion was readopted with the unit having separated from the 20th. Roy Cooke was born at Rye Park NSW and in September 1941 at Binalong, near Yass, he enlisted into the Militia and was allocated service number N385185.

In the Attestation document he was described as being 25, single, labourer, living at “Thelma” near Binalong and gave his brother Athol as his Next of Kin, who at the time, was serving with the 2nd AIF at Cowra. In January 1942 Roy was taken on strength of the 56th Battalion - the "Parramatta and Blue Mountains Regiment" - and became the 19th/20th Infantry Battalion.

At the start of World War II, the 19th/20th Battalion served as a machine-gun unit in Sydney before part of it was sent to Darwin serve as a garrison force in 1941. Meanwhile, Darwin’s regular garrison – the Darwin Mobile Force – was disbanded and as a consequence the battalion received a cadre of experienced regular non-commissioned officers who were subsequently commissioned. Initially, this force was known as the Darwin Infantry Battalion, but from 1 November 1941 the title of the 19th Battalion was readopted with the unit having separated from the 20th. Roy Cooke was born at Rye Park NSW and in September 1941 at Binalong, near Yass, he enlisted into the Militia and was allocated service number N385185.

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During their time as part of the Darwin garrison, the 19th provided a significant part of the Army’s contribution to the defence of the town against Japanese attacks. The Operations Order (OPORD) dated 23 May 1942 attests there was real concern that Japanese troops would come ashore in the vicinity of Darwin. The Battalion was initially located in the Darwin suburb of Parap which at the time was the location of the airport and thus a prime target for the Japanese.

In July 1942, Roy applied for a transfer as aircrew with the RAAF but was unsuccessful which probably prompted him, while at Adelaide River NT, to join the 2nd AIF where he was allocated service number NX165363. The following month he was promoted Lance Corporal. In September 1942 the Battalion was relieved by the 10th/48th Battalion, which had been transferred from the New South Wales south coast. After their relief, the 19th drove from Adelaide River to Mt Isa and were then flown to Narellan NSW where the troops were given a long period of leave, re-equipped and underwent training around the Nepean River.

As a member of the 28th Brigade, along with the 20th and 34th Battalions, they deployed to Gan Gan, near Newcastle, where they received amphibious training alongside US personnel to become a demonstration unit for the Joint Overseas Operational Training School. Afterwards, the battalion moved to Woodford, Queensland, where jungle training was undertaken prior to deploying to Kuranda on the Atherton Tablelands. Roy was promoted Corporal on March 1943 and Lance Sergeant three months later.

By April 1943 the main fighting had moved beyond Papua into New Guinea, leaving the area between Milne and Nassau Bays largely undefended. Consequently, in July the 19th, as part of the 6th Brigade, was sent to the Buna/Gona area, where it was used on defensive duties, carrying out patrols and providing labour for work parties. In late May 1944, the battalion was transported aboard the Duntroon to Lae, establishing itself around Bulolo, situated some 40km north of Wau. In September 1943, the 6th Brigade was allocated to the 5th Division which was scheduled to go to New Britain. Thus, the 6th Brigade was finally given an operational role. Along with many other soldiers the living conditions, climate and disease were such that Roy had to be hospitalised suffering from malaria, scrub typhus and – as his service record states – “Bails” and “MT”. By June 1944 he was at the 103 Australian General Hospital at Baulkham Hills NSW. Recovery was slow and it was not until October that he returned to the Battalion although in the meantime he took the opportunity to marry Jean Cornelis. Rather than carry out a major offensive against the Japanese, the much smaller Australian force used active patrolling to confine the Japanese to Rabaul and the Gazelle Peninsula. The 14th/32nd was the first battalion to arrive, landing at Jacquinot Bay, in November. It was followed by the 36th and 19th.
The 6th Brigade pushed up the coast by barge and on foot. By the end of February 1945 the 19th had crossed the Mevelo River and was patrolling east to the Wulwut River.

Roy’s contribution to the campaign is unknown as in January 1945 he flew from Lae to Townsville to somewhere in Victoria to attend a six-week instructors course – “good solid type who will make a fair instructor with more practice”.

The Japanese had prepared a series of defensive positions on the Waitavalo Ridge, overlooking the Wulwut. On 5 March the 19th crossed the river and captured a series of Japanese positions. By mid-March the 19th reached Bacon Hill, on the crest of the Waitavalo-Tol Plantation area. The 19th was relieved by the 14th/32nd, which captured the hill on 18 March. With the capture of Bacon Hill, the Australians established a line across the neck of the Gazelle Peninsula. The Australians held the line and patrolled forward for the rest of the war but did not make any major move beyond it into Japanese-controlled territory.

In April, after almost two years in New Guinea and New Britain, the 19th and other units from the 6th Brigade, returned to Australia for leave and further training. But the war was coming to an end and the 19th and the 6th Brigade were disbanded in July.

Roy was discharged in November 1945 as he was “required for employment in an essential occupation”.

The 19th Battalion was awarded three battle honours for its service during World War Two and in 1961 it was also entrusted with the four battle honours that the 2/19th Battalion had received for its service during the Malayan Campaign and the Fall of Singapore.

In 1966 it was re-raised as the 19th Battalion, Royal New South Wales Regiment, a special conditions battalion, assigned to provide training for national servicemen and volunteers who were unable to meet their training obligations due to their residence in isolated areas. The battalion was amalgamated with the 1st Battalion in 1971 to form the 1st/19th Battalion, Royal New South Wales Regiment, an Australian Army Reserve unit that perpetuates the honours and traditions of both the 1st and 19th Battalions and their predecessor units.
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A memorial service was held in Orange honouring those who deployed in the NSW Contingent in 1885 to the Sudan originally created by the Orange Historical Society in 2013.

30 people were in attendance with the Cadets from the Orange Anglican Grammar School Cadets forming the honour guard, a brief outline as to why the colony of NSW deployed this unit and what happened, the memorial was centered around those who came from the Central West area and what happened to them it would appear that 3 were from the contingent were interned in Rookwood Cemetery with military honours after coming home.

Those casualties that died did so from sickness perhaps next year we can have an Association presence in attendance ?.
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VIETNAM VETERANS COMMEMORATION 18 AUG 2019
Sydney Cenotaph
WAR IS A RACKET

Major General Smedley Darlington BUTLER
United States Marine Corps

From a respected contributor!

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On leave of absence to act as director of Dept. of Safety Philadelphia, 1932
Lecturer 1930's
Republican Candidate for Senate, 1932
Died at Naval Hospital, Philadelphia 21 June 1940

CHAPTER ONE - WAR is a racket – it always has been

It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives. A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of the people. Only a small "inside" group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of war a few people make huge fortunes. In the World War [I] a mere handful garnered the profits of the conflict. At least 21,000 new millionaires and billionaires were made in the United States during the World War. That many admitted their huge blood gains in their income tax returns. How many other war millionaires falsified their tax returns no one knows. How many of these war millionaires shouldered a rifle? How many of them dug a trench? How many of them knew what it meant to go hungry in a rat-infested dug-out? How many of them spent sleepless, frightened nights, ducking shells and shrapnel and machine gun bullets? How many of them parried a bayonet thrust of an enemy? How many of them were wounded or killed in battle? Out of war nations acquire additional territory, if they are victorious. They just take it. This newly acquired territory promptly is exploited by the few - the self same few who wrung dollars out of blood in the war. The general public shoulders the bill. And what is this bill? This bill renders a horrible accounting. Newly placed gravestones. Mangled bodies. Shattered minds. Broken hearts and homes. Economic instability. Depression and all its attendant miseries. Back-breaking taxation for generations and generations. For a great many years, as a soldier,

I had a suspicion that war was a racket; not until I retired to civil life did I fully realize it. Now that I see the international war clouds gathering, as they are today, I must face it and speak out. Again they are choosing sides. France and Russia met and agreed to stand side by side. Italy and Austria hurried to make a similar agreement. Poland and Germany cast sheep's eyes at each other, forgetting for the nonce [one unique occasion], their dispute over the Polish Corridor. The assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia [Yugoslavia] complicated matters. Jugoslavia and Hungary, long bitter enemies, were almost at each other's throats. Italy was ready to jump in. But France was waiting. So was Czechoslovakia. All of them are looking ahead to war. Not the people - not those who fight and pay and die - only those who foment wars and remain safely at home to profit. There are 40,000,000 men under arms in the world today, and our statesmen and diplomats have the temerity to say that war is not in the making. Hell's bells! Are these 40,000,000 men being trained to be dancers? Not in Italy, to be sure. Premier Mussolini knows what they are being trained for.
He, at least, is frank enough to speak out. Only the other day, Il Duce in "International Conciliation," the publication of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, said: "And above all. Fascism, the more it considers and observes the future and the development of humanity quite apart from political considerations of the moment, believes neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace. War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the people who have the courage to meet it." Undoubtedly Mussolini means exactly what he says. His well-trained army, his great fleet of planes, and even his navy are ready for war -- anxious for it, apparently. His recent stand at the side of Hungary in the latter's dispute with Yugoslavia showed that. And the hurried mobilization of his troops on the Austrian border after the assassination of Dollfuss showed it too. There are others in Europe too whose sabre rattling presages war, sooner or later. Herr Hitler, with his rearming Germany and his constant demands for more and more arms, is an equal if not greater menace to peace. France only recently increased the term of military service for its youth from a year to eighteen months. Yes, all over, nations are camping in their arms. The mad dogs of Europe are on the loose. In the Orient the maneuvering is more adroit. Back in 1904, when Russia and Japan fought, we kicked out our old friends the Russians and backed Japan. Then our very generous international bankers were financing Japan. Now the trend is to poison us against the Japanese. What does the "open door" policy to China mean to us?

Our trade with China is about $90,000,000 a year. Or the Philippine Islands? We have spent about $600,000,000 in the Philippines in thirty-five years and we (our bankers and industrialists and speculators) have private investments there of less than $200,000,000. Then, to save that China trade of about $90,000,000, or to protect these private investments of less than $200,000,000 in the Philippines, we would be all stirred up to hate Japan and go to war -- a war that might well cost tens of billions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of lives of Americans, and many more hundreds of thousands of physically maimed and mentally unbalanced men. Of course, for this loss, there would be a compensating profit -- fortunes would be made. Millions and billions of dollars would be piled up. By a few. Munitions makers. Bankers. Ship builders. Manufacturers. Meat packers. Speculators. They would fare well. Yes, they are getting ready for another war. Why shouldn't they? It pays high dividends. But what does it profit the men who are killed? What does it profit their mothers and sisters, their wives and their sweethearts? What does it profit their children? What does it profit anyone except the very few to whom war means huge profits? Yes, and what does it profit the nation? Take our own case. Until 1898 we didn't own a bit of territory outside the mainland of North America. At that time our national debt was a little more than $1,000,000,000. Then we became "internationally minded." We forgot, or shunted aside, the advice of the Father of our country. We forgot George Washington's warning about "entangling alliances." We went to war. We acquired outside territory. At the end of the World War period, as a direct result of our fiddling in international affairs, our national debt had jumped to over $25,000,000,000. Our total favorable trade balance during the twenty-five-year period was about $24,000,000,000. Therefore, on a purely bookkeeping basis, we ran a little behind year for year, and that foreign trade might well have been ours without the wars. It would have been far cheaper (not to say safer) for the average American who pays the bills to stay out of foreign entanglements. For a very few this racket, like bootlegging and other underworld rackets, brings fancy profits, but the cost of operations is always transferred to the people -- who do not profit.

CHAPTER TWO Who Makes The Profits?

The World War, rather our brief participation in it, has cost the United States some $52,000,000,000. Figure it out. That means $400 to every American man, woman, and child. And we haven't paid the debt yet. We are paying it, our children will pay it, and our children's children probably still will be paying the cost of that war. The normal profits of a business concern in the United States are six, eight, ten, and sometimes twelve percent. But war-time profits are a different proposition. In the United States, in 1917 and 1918 war-time profits were an average of twenty-five, sixty, one hundred, three hundred and even eighteen hundred per cent -- the sky is the limit. All that traffic will bear. Uncle Sam has the money. Let's get it. Of course, it isn't put that crudely in war time. It is dressed into speeches about patriotism, love of country, and "we must all put our shoulders to the wheel," but the profits jump and leap and skyrocket -- and are safely pocketed. Let's just take a few examples: Take our friends the du Ponts, the powder people -- didn't one of them testify before a Senate committee recently that their powder won the war? Or saved the world for democracy? Or something? How did they do in the war? They were a patriotic corporation. Well, the average earnings of the du Ponts for the period 1910 to 1914 were $6,000,000 a year. It wasn't much, but the du Ponts managed to get along on it. Now let's look at their average yearly profit during the war years, 1914 to 1918. Fifty-eight million dollars a year profit we find! Nearly ten times that of normal times, and the profits of normal times were pretty good. An increase in profits of more than 950 per cent. Take one of our little steel companies that patriotically shunted aside the making of rails and girders and bridges to manufacture war materials. Well, their 1910-1914 yearly earnings averaged $6,000,000. Then came the war. And, like loyal citizens, Bethlehem Steel promptly turned to munitions making. Did their profits jump -- or did they let Uncle Sam in for a bargain? Well, their 1914-1918 average was $49,000,000 a year. Or, let's take United States Steel. The normal earnings during the five-year period prior to the war were $12,000,000 a year. Then along came the war and up went the profits. The average yearly profit for the period 1914-1918 was $240,000,000. Not bad. There you have some of the steel and powder earnings. Let's look at something else. A little copper, perhaps. That always does well in war times. Take our friends the du Ponts, the powder people -- didn't one of them testify before a Senate committee recently that their powder won the war? Or saved the world for democracy? Or something? How did they do in the war? They were a patriotic corporation. Well, the average earnings of the du Ponts for the period 1910 to 1914 were $6,000,000 a year. It wasn't much, but the du Ponts managed to get along on it. Now let's look at their average yearly profit during the war years, 1914 to 1918. Fifty-eight million dollars a year profit we find! Nearly ten times that of normal times, and the profits of normal times were pretty good. An increase in profits of more than 950 per cent. Take one of our little steel companies that patriotically shunted aside the making of rails and girders and bridges to manufacture war materials. Well, their 1910-1914 yearly earnings averaged $6,000,000. Then came the war. And, like loyal citizens, Bethlehem Steel promptly turned to munitions making. Did their profits jump -- or did they let Uncle Sam in for a bargain? Well, their 1914-1918 average was $49,000,000 a year. Or, let's take United States Steel. The normal earnings during the five-year period prior to the war were $12,000,000 a year. Then along came the war and up went the profits. The average yearly profit for the period 1914-1918 was $240,000,000. Not bad. There you have some of the steel and powder earnings. Let's look at something else. A little copper, perhaps. That always does well in war times.
this group skyrocketed to $408,300,000. A little increase in profits of approximately 200 per cent. Does war pay? It paid them. But they aren't the only ones. There are still others. Let's take leather. For the three-year period before the war the total profits of Central Leather Company were $3,500,000. That was approximately $1,167,000 a year. Well, in 1916 Central Leather returned a profit of $15,000,000, a small increase of 1,100 per cent. That's all. The General Chemical Company averaged a profit for the three years before the war of a little over $800,000 a year. Came the war, and the profits jumped to $12,000,000. a leap of 1,400 per cent. International Nickel Company -- and you can't have a war without nickel -- showed an increase in profits from a mere average of $4,000,000 a year to $73,000,000 yearly. Not bad? An increase of more than 1,700 per cent. American Sugar Refining Company averaged $2,000,000 a year for the three years before the war. In 1916 a profit of $6,000,000 was recorded. Listen to Senate Document No. 259. The Sixty-Fifth Congress, reporting on corporate earnings and government revenues. Considering the profits of 122 meat packers, 153 cotton manufacturers, 299 garment makers, 49 steel plants, and 340 coal producers during the war. Profits under 25 per cent were exceptional.

For instance the coal companies made between 100 per cent and 7,856 per cent on their capital stock during the war. The Chicago packers doubled and tripled their earnings. And let us not forget the bankers who financed the great war. If anyone had the cream of the profits it was the bankers. Being partnerships rather than incorporated organizations, they do not have to report to stockholders. And their profits were as secret as they were immense. How the bankers made their millions and their billions I do not know, because those little secrets never become public -- even before a Senate investigatory body. But here's how some of the other patriotic industrialists and speculators chiseled their way into war profits. Take the shoe people. They like war. It brings business with abnormal profits. They made huge profits on sales abroad to our allies. Perhaps, like the munitions manufacturers and armament makers, they also sold to the enemy. For a dollar is a dollar whether it comes from Germany or from France. But they did well by Uncle Sam too. For instance, they sold Uncle Sam 35,000,000 pairs of hobnailed service shoes.

There were 4,000,000 soldiers. Eight pairs, and more, to a soldier. My regiment during the war had only one pair to a soldier. Some of these shoes probably are still in existence. They were good shoes. But when the war was over Uncle Sam has a matter of 25,000,000 pairs left over. Bought -- and paid for. Profits recorded and pocketed. There was still lots of leather left. So the leather people sold your Uncle Sam hundreds of thousands of McClellan saddles for the cavalry. But there wasn't any American cavalry overseas! Somebody had to get rid of this leather, however. Somebody had to make a profit in it -- so we had a lot of McClellan saddles. And we probably have those yet. Also somebody had a lot of mosquito netting. They sold your Uncle Sam 20,000,000 mosquito nets for the use of the soldiers overseas. I suppose the boys were expected to put it over them as they tried to sleep in muddy trenches -- one hand scratching cooties on their backs and the other making passes at scurrying rats. Well, not one of these mosquito nets ever got to France! Anyhow, these thoughtful manufacturers wanted to make sure that no soldier would be without his mosquito net, so 40,000,000 additional yards of mosquito netting were sold to Uncle Sam.

There were pretty good profits in mosquito netting in those days, even if there were no mosquitoes in France. I suppose, if the war had lasted just a little longer, the enterprising mosquito netting manufacturers would have sold your Uncle Sam a couple of consignments of mosquitoes to plant in France so that more mosquito netting would be in order. Airplane and engine manufacturers felt they, too, should get their just profits out of this war. Why not? Everybody else was getting theirs. So $1,000,000,000 -- count them if you live long enough -- was spent by Uncle Sam in building airplane engines that never left the ground! Not one plane, or motor, out of the billion dollars worth ordered, ever got into a battle in France. Just the same the manufacturers made their little profit of 30, 100, or perhaps 300 per cent. Undershirts for soldiers cost 14¢ [cents] to make and Uncle Sam paid 30¢ to 40¢ each for them -- a nice little profit for the undershirt manufacturer. And the stocking manufacturer and the uniform manufacturers and the cap manufacturers and the steel helmet manufacturers -- all got theirs. Why, when the war was over some 4,000,000 sets of equipment -- knapsacks and the things that go to fill them -- crammed warehouses on this side. Now they are being scrapped because the regulations have changed the contents. But the manufacturers collected their wartime profits on them -- and they will do it all over again the next time. There were lots of brilliant ideas for profit making during the war. One very versatile patriot sold Uncle Sam twelve dozen 48-inch wrenches. Oh, they were very nice wrenches. The only trouble was that there was only one nut ever made that was large enough for these wrenches. That is the one that holds the turbines at Niagara Falls. Well, after Uncle Sam had bought them and the manufacturer had pocketed the profit, the wrenches were put on freight cars and shunted all around the United States in an effort to find a use for them. When the Armistice was signed it was indeed a sad blow to the wrench manufacturer.

He was just about to make some nuts to fit the wrenches. Then he planned to sell these, too, to your Uncle Sam. Still another had the brilliant idea that colonels shouldn't ride in automobiles, nor should they even ride on horseback. One has probably seen Andy Jackson riding in a buckboard. Well, some 5,000 buckboards were sold to Uncle Sam for the use of colonels! Not one of them was used. But the buckboard manufacturer got his war profit. The shipbuilders felt they should come in on some of it, too. They built a lot of ships that made a lot of profit. More than $3,000,000,000 worth. Some of the ships were all right. But $635,000,000 worth of them were made of wood and wouldn't float! The seams opened up -- and they sank. We paid for them, though. And somebody pocketed the profits. It has been estimated by statisticians and economists and researchers that the war cost your Uncle Sam $52,000,000,000. Of this sum, $39,000,000,000 was expended in the actual war itself. This expenditure yielded $16,000,000,000 in profits. That is how the 21,000 billionaires and millionaires got that way. This $16,000,000,000 profits is not to be sneezed at. It is
CHAPTER THREE Who Pays The Bills? Who provides the profits –

These nice little profits of 20, 100, 300, 1,500 and 1,800 per cent? We all pay them -- in taxation. We paid the bankers their profits when we bought Liberty Bonds at $100.00 and sold them back at $84 or $86 to the bankers. These bankers collected $100 plus. It was a simple manipulation. The bankers control the security marts. It was easy for them to depress the price of these bonds. Then all of us -- the people -- got frightened and sold the bonds at $84 or $86. The bankers bought them. Then these same bankers stimulated a boom and government bonds went to par -- and above. Then the bankers collected their profits. But the soldier pays the biggest part of the bill. If you don't believe this, visit the American cemeteries on the battlefields abroad. Or visit any of the veterans' hospitals in the United States. On a tour of the country, in the midst of which I am at the time of this writing, I have visited eighteen government hospitals for veterans. In them are a total of about 50,000 destroyed men -- men who were the pick of the nation eighteen years ago. The very able chief surgeon at the government hospital; at Milwaukee, where there are 3,800 of the living dead, told me that mortality among veterans is three times as great as among those who stayed at home. Boys with a normal viewpoint were taken out of the fields and offices and factories and classrooms and put into the ranks. There they were remodeled; they were made over; they were made to "about face"; to regard murder as the order of the day. They were put shoulder to shoulder and, through "mass psychology", they were entirely changed. We used them for a couple of years and trained them to think nothing at all of killing or of being killed. Then, suddenly, we discharged them and told them to make another "about face"! T

his time they had to do their own readjustment, sans [without] mass psychology, sans officers' aid and advice and sans nation-wide propaganda. We didn't need them any more. So we scattered them about without any "three-minute" or "Liberty Loan" speeches or parades. Many, too many, of these fine young boys are eventually destroyed, mentally, because they could not make that final "about face" alone. In the government hospital in Marion, Indiana, 1,800 of these boys are in pens! Five hundred of them in a barracks with steel bars and wires all around outside the buildings and on the porches. These already have been mentally destroyed. These boys don't even look like human beings. Oh, the looks on their faces! Physically, they are in good shape; mentally, they are gone. There are thousands and thousands of these cases, and more and more are coming in all the time. The tremendous excitement of the war, the sudden cutting off of that excitement -- the young boys couldn't stand it. That's a part of the bill. So much for the dead -- they have paid their part of the war profits. So much for the mentally and physically wounded -- they are paying now their share of the war profits.

But the others paid, too -- they paid with heartbreaks when they tore themselves away from their firesides and their families to don the uniform of Uncle Sam -- on which a profit had been made. They paid another part in the training camps where they were regimented and drilled while others took their jobs and their places in the lives of their communities. The paid for it in the trenches where they shot and were shot; where they were hungry for days at a time; where they slept in the mud and the cold and in the rain -- with the moans and shrieks of the dying for a horrible lullaby. But don't forget -- the soldier paid part of the dollars and cents bill too. Up to and including the Spanish-American War, we had a prize system, and soldiers and sailors fought for money. During the Civil War they were paid bonuses, in many instances, before they went into service. The government, or states paid as high as $1,200 for an enlistment. In the Spanish-American War they gave prize money. When we captured any vessels, the soldiers all got their share -- at least, they were supposed to. Then it was found that we could reduce the cost of wars by taking all the prize money and keeping it, but conscripting [drafting] the soldier anyway. Then soldiers couldn't bargain for their labor, Everyone else could bargain, but the soldier couldn't. Napoleon once said, "All men are enamored of decorations . . . they positively hunger for them." So by developing the Napoleonic system -- the medal business -- the government learned it could get soldiers for less money, because the boys liked to be decorated. Until the Civil War there were no medals. Then the Congressional Medal of Honor was handed out. It made enlistments easier. After the Civil War no new medals were issued until the Spanish-American War. In the World War, we used propaganda to make the boys accept conscription. They were made to feel ashamed if they didn't join the army. So vicious was this war propaganda that even God was brought into it. With few exceptions our clergymen joined in the clamor to kill, kill, kill. To kill the Germans. God is on our side . . . it is His will that the Germans be killed. And in Germany, the good pastors called upon the Germans to kill the allies . . . to please the same God. That was a part of the general propaganda, built up to make people war conscious and murder conscious. Beautiful ideals were painted for our boys who were sent out to die. This was the "war to end all wars". " This was the "war to make the world safe for democracy."
"This was the "war to make the world safe for democracy." No one mentioned to them, as they marched away, that their going and their dying would mean huge war profits. No one told these American soldiers that they might be shot down by bullets made by their own brothers here. No one told them that the ships on which they were going to cross might be torpedoed by submarines built with United States patents. They were just told it was to be a "glorious adventure." Thus, having stuffed patriotism down their throats, it was decided to make them help pay for the war, too. So, we gave them the large salary of $30 a month. All they had to do for this munificent sum was to leave their dear ones behind, give up their jobs, lie in swampy trenches, eat canned willy (when they could get it) and kill and kill and kill . . . and be killed. But wait! Half of that wage (just a little more than a riveter in a shipyard or a laborer in a munitions factory safe at home made in a day) was promptly taken from him to support his dependents, so that they would not become a charge upon his community.

Then we made him pay what amounted to accident insurance -- something the employer pays for in an enlightened state -- and that cost him $6 a month. He had less than $9 a month left. Then, the most crowning insolence of all -- he was virtually blackjacked into paying for his own ammunition, clothing, and food by being made to buy Liberty Bonds. Most soldiers got no money at all on pay days. We made them buy Liberty Bonds at $100 and then we bought them back -- when they came back from the war and couldn't find work -- at $84 and $86. And the soldiers bought about $2,000,000,000 worth of these bonds! Yes, the soldier pays the greater part of the bill. His family pays too. They pay it in the same heartbreak that he does. As he suffers, they suffer. At nights, as he lay in the trenches and watched shrapnel burst about him, they lay home in their beds and tossed sleeplessly -- his father, his mother, his wife, his sisters, his brothers, his sons, and his daughters. When he returned home minus an eye, or minus a leg or with his mind broken, they suffered too -- as much as and even sometimes more than he. Yes, and they, too, contributed their dollars to the profits of the munitions makers and bankers and shipbuilders and the manufacturers and the speculators made. They, too, bought Liberty Bonds and contributed to the profit of the bankers after the Armistice in the hocus-pocus of manipulated Liberty Bond prices. And even now the families of the wounded men and of the mentally broken and those who never were able to readjust themselves are still suffering and still paying.

CHAPTER FOUR How To Smash This Racket!

WELL, it's a racket, all right. A few profit -- and the many pay. But there is a way to stop it. You can't end it by disarmament conferences. You can't eliminate it by peace parleys at Geneva. Well-meaning but impractical groups can't wipe it out by resolutions. It can be smashed effectively only by taking the profit out of war. The only way to smash this racket is to conscript capital and industry and labor before the nations manhood can be conscripted. One month before the Government can conscript the young men of the nation -- it must conscript capital and industry and labor. Let the officers and the directors and the high-powered executives of our armament factories and our munitions makers and our shipbuilders and our airplane builders and the manufacturers of all the other things that provide profit in war time as well as the bankers and the speculators, be conscripted -- to get $30 a month, the same wage as the lads in the trenches get. Let the workers in these plants get the same wages -- all the workers, all presidents, all executives, all directors, all managers, all bankers -- yes, and all generals and all admirals and all officers and all politicians and all government office holders -- everyone in the nation be restricted to a total monthly income not to exceed that paid to the soldier in the trenches!

Let all these kings and tycoons and masters of business and all those workers in industry and all our senators and governors and majors pay half of their monthly $30 wage to their families and pay war risk insurance and buy Liberty Bonds. Why shouldn't they? They aren't running any risk of being killed or of having their bodies mangled or their minds shattered. They aren't sleeping in muddy trenches. They aren't hungry. The soldiers and the officers are not a hazard, and industry and labor, thirty days to think it over and thirty days to think it over, by that time, there will be no war. That will smash the war racket -- that and nothing else. Maybe I am a little too optimistic. Capital still has some say. So capital won't permit the taking of the profit out of war until the people -- those who do the fighting and dying. There is ample precedent for restricting the voting to those affected. Many of our states have restrictions on those permitted to vote. In most, it is necessary to be able to read and write before you may vote. In some, you must own property. It would be a simple matter each year for the men coming of military age to register in their communities as they did in the draft during the World War and be examined physically. Those who could pass and who would therefore be called upon to bear arms in the event of war would be eligible to vote in a limited plebiscite. They should be the ones to have the power to decide -- and not a Congress few of whose members are within the age limit and fewer still of whom are in physical condition to bear arms. Only those who must suffer should have the right to vote. A third step in this business of smashing the war racket is to make certain that our military forces are truly forces for defense only. At each session of Congress the question of further naval appropriations comes up. The swivel chair admirals of Washington (and
there are always a lot of them) are very adroit lobbyists. And they are smart. They don't shout that "We need a lot of battleships to war on this nation or that nation." Oh no. First of all, they let it be known that America is menaced by a great naval power. Almost any day, these admirals will tell you, the great fleet of this supposed enemy will strike suddenly and annihilate 125,000,000 people. Just like that. Then they begin to cry for a larger navy. For what? To fight the enemy? Oh my, no. Oh, no. For defense purposes only. Then, incidentally, they announce maneuvers in the Pacific. For defense. Uh, huh. The Pacific is a great big ocean. We have a tremendous coastline on the Pacific. Will the maneuvers be off the coast, two or three hundred miles? Oh, no. The maneuvers will be two thousand, yes, perhaps even thirty-five hundred miles, off the coast. The Japanese, a proud people, of course will be pleased beyond expression to see the United States fleet so close to Nippon's shores. Even as pleased as would be the residents of California were they to dimly discern through the morning mist, the Japanese fleet playing at war games off Los Angeles. The ships of our navy, it can be seen, should be specifically limited, by law, to within 200 miles of our coastline. Had that been the law in 1898 the Maine would never have gone to Havana Harbor. She never would have been blown up. There would have been no war with Spain with its attendant loss of life. Two hundred miles is ample, in the opinion of experts, for defense purposes. Our nation cannot start an offensive war if its ships can't go further than 200 miles from the coastline. Planes might be permitted to go as far as 500 miles from the coast for purposes of reconnaissance. And the army should never leave the territorial limits of our nation. To summarize: Three steps must be taken to smash the war racket. 1. We must take the profit out of war. 2. We must permit the youth of the land who would bear arms to decide whether or not there should be war. 3. We must limit our military forces to home defense purposes.

CHAPTER FIVE To Hell With War!

I am not a fool as to believe that war is a thing of the past. I know the people do not want war, but there is no use in saying we cannot be pushed into another war. Looking back, Woodrow Wilson was re-elected president in 1916 on a platform that he had "kept us out of war" and on the implied promise that he would "keep us out of war." Yet, five months later he asked Congress to declare war on Germany. In that five-month interval the people had not been asked whether they had changed their minds. The 4,000,000 young men who put on uniforms and marched or sailed away were not asked whether they wanted to go forth to suffer and die. Then what caused our government to change its mind so suddenly? Money. An allied commission, it may be recalled, came over shortly before the war declaration and called on the President. The President summoned a group of advisers. The head of the commission spoke. Stripped of its diplomatic language, this is what he told the President and his group: "There is no use kidding ourselves any longer. The cause of the allies is lost. We now owe you (American bankers, American munitions makers, American manufacturers, American speculators, American exporters) five or six billion dollars. If we lose (and without the help of the United States we must lose) we, England, France and Italy, cannot pay back this money and Germany won't. So . . . " Had secrecy been outlawed as far as war negotiations were concerned, and had the press been invited to be present at that conference, or had radio been available to broadcast the proceedings, America never would have entered the World War.

But this conference, like all war discussions, was shrouded in utmost secrecy. When our boys were sent off to war they were told it was a "war to make the world safe for democracy" and a "war to end all wars." Well, eighteen years after, the world has less of democracy than it had then. Besides, what business is it of ours whether Russia or Germany or England or France or Italy or Austria live under democracies or monarchies? Whether they are Fascists or Communists? Our problem is to preserve our own democracy. And very little, if anything, has been accomplished to assure us that the World War was really the war to end all wars. Yes, we have had disarmament conferences and limitations of arms conferences. They don't mean a thing. One has just failed; the results of another have been nullified. We send our professional soldiers and our sailors and our politicians and our diplomats to these conferences. And what happens? The professional soldiers and sailors don't want to disarm. No admiral wants to be without a ship. No general wants to be without a command. Both mean men without jobs. They are not for disarmament. They cannot be for limitations of arms. And at all these conferences, lurking in the background but all-powerful, just the same, are the sinister agents of those who profit by war. They see to it that these conferences do not disarm or seriously limit armaments.

The chief aim of any power at any of these conferences has not been to achieve disarmament to prevent war but rather to get more armament for itself and less for any potential foe. There is only one way to disarm with any semblance of practicability. That is for all nations to get together and scrap every ship, every gun, every rifle, every tank, every war plane. Even this, if it were possible, would not be enough. The next war, according to experts, will be fought not with battleships, not by artillery, not with rifles and not with machine guns. It will be fought with deadly chemicals and gases. Secretly each nation is studying and perfecting newer and ghastlier means of annihilating its foes wholesale.

Yes, ships will continue to be built, for the shipbuilders must make their profits. And guns still will be manufactured and powder and rifles will be made, for the munitions makers must make their huge profits. And the soldiers, of course, must wear uniforms, for the manufacturer must make their war profits too. But victory or defeat will be determined by the skill and ingenuity of our scientists. If we put them to work making poison gas and more and more fiendish mechanical and explosive instruments of destruction, they will have no time for the constructive job of building greater prosperity for all peoples. By putting them to this useful job, we can all make more money out of peace than we can out of war -- even the munitions makers.

So . . . I say, TO HELL WITH WAR!
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NX45804 Driver Herbert James McNAMARA, Carrier Pl, HQ Coy, 2/20 Battalion A.I.F.

Continued from June 2019 Newsletter:

Soon the civvies themselves started to move out, shifting their light furniture in small hand-carts; and then many of them started to uproot their houses. The school was to be closed we were told, and, true to reports, the students working with us disappeared. then there was a sudden mass-exodus, the road crowded with civilians pushing carts or carrying great bundles. Then we were told that all the large towns on the island except two, had been flattened, and it seemed certain that Niihama would be soon to follow. NX45804 Driver Herbert James McNAMARA, Carrier Pl, HQ Coy, 2/20 Battalion A.I.F.

It grew its note took a strange sharpness, and from broke out form the roaring above and grew louder. As planes were roaring hither and thither through the sky over the horizon was a bright uniform red. We were dragged from our beds one night and told to gather our gear, and wait in the shelters for further orders. True to our new fatalism, we did not go into the shelters, but many wandered outside to see what was the matter.

All around the camp was an inky blackness, but the sky over the horizon was a bright uniform red. Planes were roaring hither and thither through the skies. Then we heard a sound as of rushing water that broke out form the roaring above and grew louder. As it grew its note took a strange sharpness, and from the main part of the town it was working out towards the camp. Then loud enough to drown the sound of the planes it moved past the camp gates and we were able to make out the clattering of hundreds of wooden shoes beating upon hard road. Those remaining in town changed their minds.

Every night we could see fires on the horizon, and one night a few excited men ran the length of the hut and called out if you want to see a town blown to pieces come out now! Outside the light was so bright we could make out each others faces in the glow of red. The whole sky was red and it deepened into a blaze of intense crimson light in the direction of the inland sea. On the mainland opposite there was a city.

The roar of the planes was continuous, rising and falling with a heavy moaning all from one direction, and from the heart of this raging furnace terrible explosions were shattering the air, and in their wake huge rolling clouds of blazing redness would tear up from the flames, closing together in a seething bulk, as the echoes of their thunder would blend in the air. The frightful motioning of the huge rolling mass was more terrible than all the blazing fires or roaring sounds.

In the midst of it all, these vast forces were ripping to pieces great weights of matter in swift annihilation. From above there was a hail of fire, beautiful and terrible, seeming to fall with wonderful slowness, the balls of red and white radiance dropped into the chaos below giving frightful beauty to the terrible scene. That was what would happen to Niihama when they raided it. That for an hour and there would be nothing but a huge black patch in the green. Perhaps it would happen that very night. But not to us! Even as we stood and watched a city being blasted out of existence we could not believe that this could happen to us. We had crossed our last bridge. These mighty raids were just blasting a gap through which we would break to freedom. Suddenly the raids ceased. For several days there were no alarms and the Wishful Thinkers Federation got to work again. No planes at all in the sky.

The school was to be closed we were told, and, true to reports, the students working with us disappeared. Then we were told that all the large towns on the island except two, had been flattened, and it seemed certain that Niihama would be soon to follow. NX45804 Driver Herbert James McNAMARA, Carrier Pl, HQ Coy, 2/20 Battalion A.I.F.

Our disappointment at hearing an alarm and seeing flight of big bombers moving across, turned to elation when we heard the tearing sound that broke from under them, for beneath their glistening silver a queer symmetrical cloud was forming and it was just a little while before we could see that it was leaflets. Was this "IT"? A couple more papers squeezed our hopes. Raids were continuing elsewhere. There was also talk of protesting to the Red Cross about a new type of bomb which the Allies had dropped at Hiroshima and a reference to a Proclamation which they described as an insult.

One of the guards, who had been on the mainland, returned with the news that he had lost eight of his family. He took the parade at night and turned on a madman act that made us wonder if we could expect a return to the old savagery. The new rice store was almost finished. There was a Japanese Army Camp on the road leading to it and it was said that they proposed shifting us to it. At the time it was occupied by Japanese soldiers. Earlier they used to fling off at us, but they eased off now and this was interpreted by the Wishful Thinkers Federation in the usual way. Perhaps with more justification we applied the same interpretation to the fact that the civilians were saluting us.

They became more and more careless about the job. Those still working for the civvies also reported a general easing off. Unlike the miners, the new civvies were still reticent about giving any news, but we were let know that they expected an invasion soon. Our expectancy reached its height one day when the summer sun had just began to make itself felt. Their laxity was greater than it had ever been, and it scarcely needed an effort of watchfulness to lean unmolested on the handles of our tools and talk of the days to come. The Jap quartermaster went back to camp with a party and a loaded hand-cart, and it had been intended that they should stay there, probably for another job. They gave us a longer lunch hour than we had ever had, and the order to start work was given so casually that we merely drifted into the slow movement that in the new situation seemed to pass for work. Then the quartermaster came back unexpectedly and chatted earnestly to the Nip in charge of the job, but there was no haste to reload the
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hand-cart. They drew together and talked softly amongst themselves. More than at any time there was an "air." I was affecting to work with a small isolated group, and the band of chattering Nips caught our attention, and it seemed for no reason at all our thoughts fused into one. The sun had a glory it had never known, and even the breath in our nostrils seemed purged of an infinity of cholera germs. From every movement of the little group of Nips we drew new hopes, built on wild inference, to raise still higher the pitch of our excitement. The suddenly was reacted from it and wondered if at last we had crossed the line where life can only be sustained by constant hope form the imagination. Our nebulous imaginings condensed into reality when someone from another group wandered over and whispered excitedly: There's something on!

Some of us edged over among them and tried to catch vague scraps of conversation. There was "America," "Russia" "Sena" (war) and one delighted prisoner fancied that he heard the most melodious word: "Kordi" (change). The conviction that something was "on" grew with each racing minute, and when they knocked us off at half-past four, it became a certainty. When they told us, for the first time, that-all the tools had to go back to the camp it added nothing to what we already knew: The invasion or there'll be no invasion, we said. In the former we would be guarded more rigidly than ever before, in the latter - who knew?

On the way back they walked casually behind us at an interval that grew as we progressed. Before we got out of earshot, I, myself thought that I heard that wonderful word "kordi." Intent on their own conversation their pace slackened almost to a halt and ours had a spring that was incredible. I remember that with a strange feeling I stared out into the haze that had settled on the Inland Sea and watched a couple of barges being towed along the horizon. My mind turned back to a dark and silent night when I sat with a Tommie-gun on my knee in the back of a chugging Tonkan that ploughed a long furrow of phosphorescent light through the inky black sea at Endau while I waited for four barges that were being towed down the coast of Malaya by the enemy. That was my first special War Task. The barges never came.

It came to me to think how fitting it would be if this were to symbolise the fact that the wheel had come full circle. The civilians came out of their frail wooden houses as we passed or were waiting already, and their eyes showed a strange wonder, and they were still and quiet. The "air" was more intense than ever. The gates of the camp came closer as we strove to check each surge of hope with an effort that almost hurt. We were only a small party. Anything might happen to affect us. It could even mean nothing more than that we were being shifted to another job. if the other parties were home - that would be different. A casual grinning sentry let us through the high gates, his rifle held in the light grasp of one hand. We were numbed and rapidly dismissed. The barracks were crowded with men, their faces distorted with smiles and their eyes gleaming. I choked the mad excitement that surged through my veins. I tried to be casual, to dwell on something in the common routine, lest I should give way to hopes that could not bear destruction. It was an early finish. There was plenty of time to do many little odd jobs that were needed. It would be an excellent chance to get my hair shaved off again. Then with desperate abandon I almost cried out aloud: Wake up to yourself. You don't want your hair shaved off The War's over.

CHAPTER XXIV THE NEW DAWN

The twelve hours that followed were the longest in my life. We excitedly changed stories for an hour and then we ceased to talk. Here, now, it had come, if ever it would come. All the bitterness in our lives, everything great that we were destined to suffer was now over. Everything we had ever borne we had borne for this hour. And now it had come it left us with a strange emptiness. Like a mirage just out of our grasp it rose before us. it was there and it was true. Nothing could have greater certainty, and yet it seemed to lack the very stuff of reality. Outside that moment the people of Sydney would be crowding the streets in mad celebration. The whole world would be raving in exultation. Men and women, laughing and crying would be dancing wildly. Though they knew nothing of our fate, our own people would strengthen the unshaken belief that we were coming home. All the world would be a blaze of colour and light and gaiety, and yet how could we believe it?

Here we stood in the same barracks as the night before, eating the same food, doing the same things, resting on the same beds and breathing the same air as the night before and the night before that and the hundred nights before that. It seemed impossible to believe that so great a day could show so little change. It seemed impossible that the heavens themselves did not proclaim the glory.

When new stories ceased to pile up fresh hopes an unreasoned doubt took their place. Was it possible? Brief excited moments punctuated an evening of nerve impatience. The light tea passed our lips without flavour, and speculations were repeated again and again. There was a change in the very air of the place. The lowered voices of the guard, the quick excitement of their tone, the very sound of their footfall on the loose ground has a tenseness that played on our excited nerves. At roll-call voices stuttered out all sorts of numbers, but an enlightened guard patched it up with corrections. We moved out into the open and tried to sleep under the stars. It was a beautiful night. The sun has shone brightly all day and the air was warm and still. But we tossed and twisted till morning. We were informed that there would be no work during the day.

Sandy got onto Hiram. He was not allowed to visit in a very drunken state and spoke a lot of stray words in English that we were able to piece together optimistically, but none of them interfered with us. **To be continued……………………………**
Our thanks to Christine Horrocks for the updated information on the Battle Box Tour Singapore:

Just thought members of the Association may be interested to know the following information if they are planning a trip to Singapore. I have just returned from Europe and spent a week in Singapore before flying home. Can't get over how much Singapore has changed in 8 years. Anyway here is the information you may want to pass onto members:

1. The Changi Chapel & Museum are closed for renovation and relocation and will not open until some time in 2020.

2. There is a great attraction on offer now at Fort Canning called the Battlebox Tour. This is a fabulous piece of history primarily telling the story in the final days of Singapore before the surrender to the Japanese. This was the actual HQ underground bunker. They have it set up with wax figures of the decision makers i.e. Percival, Bennett etc. in authentic uniforms, plotting maps and models, original maps etc. behind glass. This is a guided tour which took about 1.5 hours. It also involves some film footage. I found it very informative, explained a little why the decision to surrender was made and what the British actually had to work with in terms of aircraft and naval support, and how it was left to the troops on the ground to hold back the jap offensive. The money charged for this tour, 100% goes back to maintaining this display and purchasing of more authentic items. Even the communications room is fitted out with replica signalling machines etc. The cost is 20 Singapore dollars.

To tell you the truth, my sister who was with me came out a little shell-shocked - she did not seem to know much about that side of the war after the tour and stunned when I took her to Kranji.