



THE VOICE

August 2016 Edition

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Editor's Opening

It doesn't seem to matter when I close *The Voice* to further submissions – early, late or on time (1st of the month) – something pops into my in-tray a day or two later, often while I'm printing *The Voice*, that either should go in (it will be too dated for the next edition) or **MUST** go in (such as ceremony dates). Last edition was no exception. It went out a week early to give Victorian members a chance to reply to the annual Korean Church Service.

Submissions closed on the 25th May, the day on which the bi-monthly Committee/General meeting of the KVAA took place. At this meeting it was proposed and resolved that we will now go back to holding monthly meetings. This decision came as a bit of a surprise given the ageing membership, and the increase in health issues of said membership that has seen a marked decline in those attending the meetings.

On the other hand, it is also something of a social occasion for those who do attend (the Stella Maris has a bar and there are cafés all along the street). Being opposite Spencer Street Station, and the shortest of walks, also helps. But it depends on you – the KVAA Inc. membership – to show up in enough numbers for this to continue.

In summary: Meetings will now be held on the 4th Wednesday of **each** month except July (3rd Wednesday) and December (no meeting).

One matter that **should** have gone in June's *Voice* but didn't was details of the 27 July Anniversary of the start of the Korean War service at the Shrine of Remembrance. I'm not taking the blame for this alone. It seems to have escaped everybody's attention.

Congratulations to our ever-active ACT delegate, Colin Berryman OAM, who has completed a refresher TIP course and renewed his credentials as a Welfare Officer for another three years, a task he has been performing for 40 years, or as he put it: "I am a bit old in the tooth (I still have a few) and probably am just about past it. However, I have renewed them, probably because of habit, but also because I may still be of some little value to the Ex-Service Community, of which I have also been part of for most of my life..." As the saying goes, there's life in the old dog yet. (See the humour section of last month's *Voice* for an example of this).

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Sister with Korean War Veterans Association Australian Chapter
Twinned with the South London Branch British Korean Veterans Associations
Twinned with the Korea Veterans Association of Canada

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The Sunshine State Chapter of the Korean War Veterans Assoc. Inc. of the USA

Allied Associations

Australian Peacekeepers and Peacemaker Veterans' Association Inc.

If you're not supposed to enjoy a midnight snack, why is there a light in the refrigerator?

The Voice is proudly sponsored by



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 †Deceased

Directory

Patron : Major General J C Hughes AO DSO MC FAIM Dip FP

National President : Victor Dey OAM

Phone: 03 946 72750 / Mobile: 040 987 8864 / Email: blueydey@bigpond.net.au

National Vice-President : Tom Parkinson

Phone: 03 9350 6608 / Email: vspark@hotmail.com

National Secretary : Alan Evered MRAC

Phone: 03 9874 2219 / Mobile: 0412 521 488

Email1: evered@optusnet.com.au / Email2: secretary@kvaa.org.au

Assistant National Secretary : Chris Banfield

Mobile: 0412 832 148 / Email: lithiumicecream@hotmail.com

Correspondence

The Secretary, PO Box 2123, Rangeview, Victoria 3132

Treasurer : Gerry Steacy

Phone: 03 9741 3356 / Mobile: 0423 261798 / Email: steacy32@bigpond.com

Committee

Ron Christie, Ron J. Kennedy, Allen Riches, Arthur Roach, John Moller OAM JP

Appointments

Chaplain: John Brownbill RFD KCSJ 0418 359 085 / **General Committee:** Alan McDonald
Pensions: Charlie Slater 9355 7264 / **Veterans' Affairs:** John Brownbill RFD KCSJ 0418 359 085
Editor: Geoff Guilfoyle Phone: 03 59976240 Email: editor@kvaa.org.au

Delegates

ACT: Colin Berryman OAM (Phone: 02 6258 2463 / Mobile: 040 896 2415 / Email: jacol57@bigpond.net.au)
Riverina: John Munro RFD ED (Phone: 03 5480 3778 / Email: jrenmunro@bigpond.com)
Geelong: Arthur Roach (03 5243 6113) / **New South Wales:** Merv Heath (02 4343 1967)
Queensland: Harry Pooley (Phone: 07 3200 0482 / Email: htppooley@tpg.com.au)
Queensland (Kilcoy Region): Kelly Frawley (Phone: 07 5497 1790 / Email: kelbes56@gmail.com)
South Australia: John Jarrett (Phone 0411 420 162 / Email jarrett1432@bigpond.com)
Tasmania: George Hutchinson (Phone: 03 6275 0762)
Western Australia: John Southorn (Phone: 08 9531 2008 / Email: bessboss@westnet.com.au)

Website

www.kvaa.org.au

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Merchandise Available

KVAA pocket badge	\$10.00	\$	Kapypong battle print	\$ 6.00	\$
KVAA lapel badge (undated)	\$10.00	\$	Tie (with KVAA Inc. logo)	\$20.00	\$
KVAA beer (stubby) holders	\$ 5.00	\$	Car number plate surrounds (set)	\$10.00	\$
Korean War bumper sticker	\$ 2.50	\$	Commonwealth Shoulder Flak	\$ 2.50	\$

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Cheques or money orders should be made out to: KVAA Inc.

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President's Report



Vic Dey, National President, KVAA Inc.

The annual Korean Church of Melbourne Memorial Service on Sunday June 19th was, as usual, very well attended by KVAA Inc. veterans, wives, widows and families. The welcome by the Minister and the congregation was, as usual, warm and friendly and the refreshments which followed the service was, again, as usual, 1st class and plentiful. We offer our sincere thanks to our hosts for another wonderful day. This Memorial Ceremony has been going for two decades now.

On July 27th our Association held its annual Memorial Ceremony at the Shrine of Remembrance to commemorate the cease fire of the Korean War which was signed 63 years ago to the day. In the past, it was held at the Pool of Reflection after a march around the Shrine from the forecourt, led by a band with KVAA banner and flags flying. These days, it being winter and we veterans not as spry as in previous years (nor as numerous), we have the service in the Inner Sanctum.

Over the years, we have had many different guest speakers from Consul-General, Hongju Jo, to journalist and author, Cameron Forbes, who spoke on a variety of subjects. This year's Guest Speaker was Maddie Singleton, School Captain at the Fountain Gate Secondary College (our adopted school).

I believe Maddie's first appearance was at this very July 27 event four years ago. Since then she's joined us for a number of ANZAC Day marches as well as a flag or banner bearer. As the ceremony co-incided with the publication of *The Voice* photos will appear next edition.

On 3 August (in the future at the time of writing), again at the Shrine, Tom Parkinson and I will meet for the first time the new Ambassador to Australia, his Excellency, Mr Kyoung-Ha Woo.

Memorial Extra

Oops. In June's *Voice* I provided the direct deposit details for the Korean War Memorial Committee. So far, so good. What I neglected was an address for those who wish to send a personal cheque. Don't post them to the KVAA or make them out to us. Although associated with the Committee we have no involvement in the financial part. We leave that to those much more capable than ourselves. Send you cheques to:

Melbourne Korean War Memorial Committee Inc.

Ms. Chang Hee-sun

Project Manager (Political and Economic Affairs)

Consulate-General of the Republic of Korea

Level 10, 636 St Kilda Road,

MELBOURNE Vic. 3004

A few other memorial related matters...

As of mid-July the donation tally stood at \$170,000, up \$27,000 from 17 May. Not bad; however there is still a way to go until \$250,000 is reached.

Finally, for those interested, the Korean War Memorial Committee website carries videos of various KVAA members to view or download: Vic Dey (of course) and also Tom Parkinson, John Moller, Ron & Val Christie and John Boyer. You can access them at: <http://www.melkoreanwarmemorial.org.au/the-interviews/> or do a YouTube search and you should get them that way.

On This Day...

The KVAA National Secretary, Alan Evered, sent me a book called *Korean War 1125*, produced by Woojung Books and edited by Lee, Joong Keun. The *1125* in the title hints at the contents: a day by day narrative of all 1125 days of the Korean War from the initial North Korean attack to the signing of the armistice. The daily narrative looks at the war situation, the home front, and what is happening internationally (if applicable). It isn't the sort of book you read; more one you 'dip' into. All in all, even if the English translation isn't always perfect, it makes an excellent reference for those interested in the course of the conflict. From time to time I will include snippets from this book in *The Voice*, starting this issue...

Date: August 6, 1951 (Monday). Day 408.

War situation:

- UN forces repel an attack by two companies of Chinese troops southeast of Geumseong.
- Communist officials broadcast a message asking for the reopening of the Armistice negotiation with an apology in relation to the violation of the neutral zone.

At home:

- Lee Gi-boong, the Minister for Defence states at a press conference that the method of conscription of soldiers would be reformed.
- A big rally opposing an armistice agreement takes place.

Notices

Wanna Buy a Ship?

I am currently in negotiations to purchase the ex-*HMAS Banks*. I am interested in talking to ex-Navy personnel who would be interested in being involved in the project financially or physically.

My vision is to set up a 'live aboard the vessel' option [full or part time] for ex-Navy personnel who would like to go back to their roots and be part of a crew again [without the *yes sir, no sir*], also, to help bring the *Banks* back to her former glory and cruise her up and down the East Coast of Australia as a Navy Museum, Naval Cadet Training Vessel and, perhaps along the way, a venue for other ex-military personnel to have functions/events on board. The vessel is currently fully operational/sea worthy and is situated in Yamba NSW but she is in need of some cosmetic TLC.

If you are interested in investing in the project as a partner or being involved in the project as a crew member who would be prepared to contribute \$200 per week for accommodation on board plus a contribution towards food and 8 hours per week [in your trade or rating] to help bring the ship back to her former glory [full navy trim] I would be very much interested in talking to you.

For further information please contact me. I look forward to your responses and feedback.

Brian Burton (*HMAS Vendetta* 1970/1971)

Mobile: 0468942194 / Email: brianburton1952@gmail.com

Behind the Wire

Images and Stories of Vietnam Veterans
The Shrine of Remembrance, Melbourne
Birdwood Avenue, Melbourne
13 August 2016 - 23 October 2016

Behind the Wire is an exhibition about Vietnam veterans, their jobs and their experiences, in their words. Susan Gordon-Brown photographed and interviewed Vietnam veterans from all over Australia, asking them about their training prior to Vietnam, daily tasks on tour and life since their return to Australia. The exhibition includes National Servicemen and regulars, soldiers, sailors, airmen and nurses of many different ranks and roles: cooks, truck drivers, tank drivers, forward scouts, riflemen, Training Team members, civilian nurses and more. Free Admission.

Website Revamp

Australian Flying, the place to go for aviation news, views, reviews and air-related historical article, has revamped its website. It is also the portal for digital versions of *Australian Flying* and *Highpath*, and also the online newsletter, *The Last Minute Hitch*.

<http://www.australianflying.com.au>

Canberra Reunion 2016

Korea War Veterans Memorial Reunion Australia

Where: Quality Hotel (cnr Badham & Cape Streets), Dickson, Canberra, 2602

When: 28, 29 & 30 October 2016

October 2013 sees the gathering of veterans, family and friends, for the annual commemorative service and functions in Canberra. Total package cost per person for the reunion is **\$470** on a *Twin Share* basis. (A different rate applies for single accommodation). Portions of the Package are also available. Please ring for pricing.

Booking deposit \$50 per person due by 5 August 2013. Final payment due by 27 September 2013

For information packages, bookings and payments, please contact Wendy Karam on 0408 913 695 or (02) 4988 7224 or email: wendykaram@hotmail.com [The reunion and medical forms are also available from the editor via email or snailmail].

Fake AGL Emails

AGL Energy (AGL) is warning of a ransomware campaign that is targeting Australian consumers. The fake emails, which look like they come from AGL, ask you to click on a link. This link contains malicious software (malware) that has the potential to allow criminals to access your personal information and hold it to ransom (otherwise known as ransomware) by encrypting your files.

AGL stresses it will never send email messages of this kind or ask for your personal banking or financial details. If you receive a suspicious email from AGL you should delete it immediately. If you have opened it, do not click on any links within the email. Add it to your personal junk folder list for personal emails.

Seeking...Reginald D. Hampton

Karl Hampton is trying to locate the whereabouts of his uncle, Reginald Desmond Hampton, S/N 1400086 (SX39248), who served in Japan/Korea from 11 November 1950 to 27 February 1952 (474 days) as a member of 3RAR. His last known address was 9 Bell Street, South Townsville in 1949. If you can help call Karl on 04 18390351 or email karl.hampton68@hotmail.com.au

Waiter: Would you like your coffee black? Customer: What other colors do you have?

Korean War Memoirs

By Lt. Col. Guy Temple, 1st Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment

Part Two

My first appointment in Korea was Regimental Signals Officer, a position I held until about a week before the Imjin River Battle. It had occurred to me that if I was going to make a career in the army, I should grab the opportunity of getting the experience of commanding a rifle platoon in action while I could. I spoke to Tony Farrar-Hockley, the adjutant, who arranged for me to take over command of 8 Platoon of 'C' Company. That was only six days ago, and here I was, about to lead them into action without knowing them at all well.

So, during the three hours left before last light on the 22nd April, myself and Corporal Manley, one of my section corporals and my second in command in this venture, were kept busy getting organised. As it turned out, my 'crystal ball' proved to be 'crystal clear'. My intuition told me that the enemy patrol was not going to be 'small'. So instead of taking three or four men, my 'small' patrol totalled seventeen men and two South Korean policemen to guard the hoped for prisoner.

We took all three of my platoon's Bren machine guns, and four thousand rounds of ammunition for each. This by normally accepted standards was an enormous amount. Added to this, were a 2" mortar crew with a large quantity of parachute illuminating flares and also a signaller with his radio. Every one except the Bren gunners carried a rifle. I carried a rifle and a 'Verey' pistol to put up illuminating flares, if need be.

We left for the river at about 1800 in three tracked armoured vehicles which were necessary to transport the vast weight of the ammunition. At the river bank we fortunately found some small trenches already dug, so it did not take long to position the men and the weapons. We were fairly ideally situated, looking down over the river. We were about fifteen feet up, and this, of course, leads to what is known as plunging fire. Not perfect as the killing area is significantly reduced. Anyway the weather was perfect, the temperature around 65°, a cloudless sky and a bright full moon, shining down illuminating the river. I remember remarking to Cpl. Manley that we would have no problem in seeing anyone approaching and coming across the river. He agreed with me.

I had it in my mind that the Chinese would arrive on the scene around 10 o'clock. I told Cpl. Manley that he and I would take turns on duty and one half the patrol would be awake while the others could sleep. Cpl. Manley took the first shift.

Sure enough, at around ten o'clock, Cpl. Manley woke me to tell me that he could hear noises in the water, but could see nothing. So I took my Verey pistol, which was already loaded with an illuminating round and fired into the air above the river. As was often the case, it was a dud. I then turned toward the mortar and quietly ordered 'para illuminating!' Almost instantly there was a 'hiss' followed by a 'pop', and then above the water was this bright light, allowing us to see about a hundred Chinese soldiers wading across the river towards us. By now, of course, everyone was awake and I gave the order to fire. The three Bren guns opened up, supported by the individual rifles. We were in a superb position and although we were firing slightly down on the enemy at short range, thus limiting the target area, we killed a significant number of them. The surviving fifty or so Chinese, then hurriedly withdrew to the north bank.

Contrary to what I had expected, despite the bright moon and our pyrotechnics, it was very difficult to see people in the water. And, of course, the depth of the water meant that only the heads and shoulders of the Chinese were visible.

A little bit later they made a second attempt, but this time they came in, what I reckoned to be, battalion strength, about five hundred or more men. The Bren guns again opened fire only stopping to reload, after emptying each magazine of thirty rounds. Quite soon I noticed that their muzzles were glowing red in the dark, something I had never seen before.

About this time I remembered that we had been allotted a 'Defensive Fire SOS Target'. This meant that the Battery of eight 25 Pounder guns, normally assigned to our Battalion, were pre-ranged on to our specified target. All I had to do was radio the order to fire DF SOS. The duty sentry on the gun line, probably around five miles back, would immediately pull the lanyard on his gun, which in turn woke the rest of the battery who then fired their own guns, without further orders. They would then continue loading shells into the breach and firing until ordered to stop. I therefore radiod 'DF SOS Now' and in what seemed only seconds one could hear the fluttering of the shells as they went overhead and dropped into the water. They, in fact dropped on the far side of the river, so I then radioed 'Drop 100', meaning drop 100 meters. I realised that by so doing, the shells would have to come dangerously close to our position; i.e. if we stood up, the shells could take off our heads before they fell into the river. So we all kept our heads down, while the shells flew over us and fell slap

(continues on Page 6)

into the middle of the river, doing a lot of damage to the enemy. I have to say that it was a most professional job by 45 Field Regiment RA.

Utterly brilliant.

A little later, when I saw that another wave of Chinese were entering the water and starting to come across, this time about 2,000 to 3,000 strong, I remembered that I could call for a 'Mike' Target. That meant that the whole of 45 Field Regiment would fire. I radioed in and for a short time, say half a minute, all 24 guns fired, their shells falling into the river just in front of our position. They could only do this for a very short time as the other Battalions in the Brigade, the Fifth Fusiliers, the Ulster Rifles and the Belgians, also needed fire support from their own attached Batteries of 45 Field.

For the most part I was on 'a high', but at one time I remember thinking "this is just another exercise at the School of Infantry, Warminster and, if you look behind you, you'll see one of the Directing Staff, clip board in hand, and at the 'Aldershot Crouch' ready to point out errors." I should point out that the 'Aldershot Crouch' is a gentle stoop much favoured by the directing staff while the student is crawling through mud and gorse. It has the amazing quality of making them invisible to the exercise enemy!

Finally, it became obvious that we were running low on ammunition, despite the vast amount we had brought with us. I also heard scuffles on our bank about 30 to 50 yards to our left. I came to the conclusion that the time had now come to retire, particularly as my orders from Colonel Carne were to withdraw if the enemy were more than thirty strong. As the Chinese were at least a hundred times that number, I gave the order to move back. We started by running the first kilometre or thereabouts, and when there appeared to be no sign of pursuit, we slowed to an ordinary march and made our way back to the area of Battalion Headquarters. About this time I lightly remarked to Corporal Manley "Cor, you might have reminded me that we were supposed to withdraw as soon as we saw upwards of forty enemy". He replied "Well you seemed to be enjoying the party as much as I was."

My original platoon position was on a hill just forward, and 60 metres above, Battalion Headquarters. So I sent the men up the hill to re-supply themselves with ammunition, take up their old positions, and get as much rest as they could, because it was obvious that a major battle was about to begin. I stayed behind to report to Colonel Carne and Tony Farrar-Hockley. I gave them the full story, but with hindsight, I realise that I grossly under-estimated the strength of the enemy. Henry Cabral, our Intelligence Officer, was also at that debriefing. He later told me that I was "fizzing with excitement" and looked distinctly Byronesque! Something to do with the way I was wearing that long woollen scarf thing called a "cap comforter".

The following day, the 23rd of April, very little happened to 'C' Company. However, one thing did, for which I have ever since felt guilty. Wanting to see what was going on in front of us, I got out my binoculars to get a better view. In the process I handed my unfolded map to my radio operator who was standing beside me. Unfortunately, a sharp eyed Chinese sniper spotted the white back of the map, fired, and killed the signaller outright, the first member of my platoon to become a casualty.

The next day, the 24th, at about 0700 hrs. I glanced down at Battalion Headquarters, and saw one of our tracked vehicles on fire. What was going on? I couldn't see a sign of life anywhere. A little later, Sgt. Major Ridlington came up to me and said that he could not find Major Mitchell, our Company Commander. If he was, in fact, missing, then it was up to me to assume command of C Company. I looked around, called all stations on the radio and got no reply at all (not an unusual occurrence, as the radios we had, were far from reliable, particularly in such mountainous terrain). I then detected some movement on the top of Hill 235 directly west of our position. I began to think that we had been abandoned. After a little more thought I decided that we should leave our hill and join whoever it was on Hill 235. I gave the order and off we went down the hill. At the bottom there was not a sign of life, except, just as we were about to start climbing the hill, we found one lone Chinese. He was the only one, so we shot him.

When we reached the top of the hill, we were met by Tony Farrar-Hockley who put us in a position on the south slope of Hill 235. Shortly afterwards, Colonel Carne came up to me and said that as 'C' Company was now the strongest Company, he wanted me to lead a breakout the following day. Now Colonel Carne was a man of very few words - some people said he rationed himself to ten a day, so I just took a deep breath and replied 'Yes Sir!' If I had said anything more, I probably wouldn't have got an answer anyway.

It occurred to me that this was going to be a daunting task. We would have to climb down 800 feet from the top of 235, cross the valley and climb another mountain of about the same height, while almost certainly battling hoards of Chinese. In the event, I need not have worried, as that order was soon superceded by one amalgamating C Company with a much depleted B Company under the command of Major Dennis Harding, with myself as second in command. *(Continued next issue)*

A Little Known War Loss

by Vic Jeffrey

Most entries relating to the wartime loss of the Naval Auxiliary Patrol launch *Gladmor* simply refer to her as being “destroyed by fire at Fremantle, October 17, 1943.”

A telephone call from Mr Mich Crawcour claiming his father’s vessel had been lost to fire at Garden Island while on naval service certainly aroused my interest. Naval historical records in Canberra has revealed she was indeed destroyed by fire at Garden Inland on the morning of Sunday, October 17, 1943. Other references to the loss location as “Fremantle” were rather vague, keeping in mind that the waters of Cockburn Sound on the eastern side of Garden Island are classified as being in Fremantle’s outer harbour.

Requisitioned on July 10, 1942, *Gladmor* became a member of the Volunteer Patrol with hull number VP-11 before the formation of the Naval Auxiliary Patrol when she became His Majesty’s Motor Boat *Gladmor* with hull number 713.

Gladmor was based at the Royal Freshwater Bay Yacht Club on the Swan River which was the headquarters of the Naval Auxiliary Patrol after the club had been taken over by the Navy and commissioned as *HMAS Leeuwin II*.

Truly a resplendent vessel, *Gladmor* had been constructed by a boat builder named Carnaby on the Nedlands foreshore for a Perth lawyer, Mr Morris Crawcour in 1935. The ship boasted 14-metre long single 32mm thick planks in her jarruh hull and was double-ribbed with 50mm karri. Her keel and stem were both one piece timber and she looked seemingly indestructible. The motor launch’s upper works were of light timber and the interior was of selected polished and varnished sheoak.

Fitted with two Gray Marine twin 94-horsepower 6-cylinder petrol engines, *Gladmor* was good for 13 knots and no doubt would have been aflout today if it had not been for the war.

After being requisitioned for naval service, *Gladmor* was fitted with long-range fuel tanks and had her upper works and interior modified. *Gladmor* emerged boasting a machine gun mounted on the aft cabin and two depth charges on her stern.

On that fateful Sunday of October 17, 1943, *HMAMB Gladmor* developed fuel problems soon after leaving Fremantle Harbour. Her skipper, W.H. Paddon, headed *Gladmor* for the sheltered waters of the northern area of Garden Island to clear the fuel line. She was secured to a buoy for two hours before the operation commenced.

At 0830, a seaman was instructed to transfer petrol from the small port tank to the main port tank to alleviate the risk of petrol in the bilges as the smaller tank was leaking. The sailor positioned himself behind the port engine with a large oil tin to draw petrol from the tank before passing it to an assisting NAP cadet.

While this was happening a crackling sound like an electrical short circuit was heard shortly before a dull “whoor” as the engineroom rapidly became engulfed in flames.

Paddon and two NAP cadets scrambled through a skylight in the forward cabin while the seaman had clambered out through a small engineroom escape hatch on to the aft deck.

Once on the upper deck Paddon kicked in the port wheelhouse window to reach a fire extinguisher just inside when the billowing flames forced him to stagger back, falling overboard with a burnt hand. Managing to scramble back onboard he noticed a fifth crew member, the mate, who had been cleaning the machinegun on the after cabin when the fire broke out, reach an extinguisher and play it on the flames.

Water thrown from a hastily formed bucket brigade was to no avail as the fire took hold.

Paddon ordered the mate and the seaman to drop the twos small MK VII depth charges to avoid their detonation in the! heat and raging fire. (They were later recovered).

As the petrol tanks were located in the wheelhouse above the engines, the imminent danger of them exploding caused the order to abandon ship.

The crew members swam for the shore some 400 metres away, with the mate assisting the seaman who could not swim.

Once ashore the crew members were treated for burns and shock by Army personnel who were stationed on the island.

The once sturdy *Gladmor* burnt for hours until her burnt-out hulk finally slipped below the waves.

A Naval Board of Investigation held at *HMAS Leeuwin* at East Fremantle on October 30, 1943, attributed the loss to a spark which occurred during the transfer of petrol, igniting fumes from the leaking tank.

A bay on the north eastern side of Garden Island has been identified as the site of the accident and where the remains of *HMAMB Gladmor* lay beneath the waves.

Source: *Navy News* Vol.37, No.4 1994

The Voice Odd Spot 1

An attempt to set up a Men's Shed at Sydney University was initially blocked as being "too masculine." It was allowed to proceed only after agreeing to appoint a Queer officer, a Women's Officer and an Ethno-Cultural advisor. Curiously, or maybe not given that we're talking about a university, the various women's and homosexual groups on campus are *not* required to appoint a Heterosexual Officer, Men's Officer and Ethno-Cultural Advisor. The Men's Shed movement, which has 700 "sheds" nationwide, is a place for men to come together and celebrate their creativity, teamwork and community spirit, and to provide information on men's health issues.

Source: *The Daily Telegraph* 31 March 2016

Editor's comment: Clearly a reactionary right-wing movement. No wonder the university wouldn't initially let it in and then put 'minders' in place when it did.

Older people often go to another room to get something then stand there wondering what they came for. It is NOT a memory problem, it is nature's way of making older people do more exercise.

The Voice Odd Spot 3

Sydney Uni yet again... Going back a bit this time. In 2014, it cancelled a Mexican-themed staff Christmas party following a complaint that asking guests to come dressed in ponchos – a blanket-like cloak with a hole in it for the head to go through – was racist.

Source: *Brisbane Courier Mail* April 3, 2016

Editor's comment: Quite right! We don't want to offend any of Sydney's vast Mexican population who I'm certain would be utterly appalled at this thoughtless appropriation of a piece of clothing they neither invented nor often wore.

The poncho originated in pre-Hispanic Peru and was difused by the Spanish and Portuguese through the Americas. It reached the USA in the 1850s and then went international. The type worn by Mexicans is the Gabán – which evolved from a cloak worn in Spain and Portugal.

It is well known that Bristish actor, David Niven, served in the army during WWII, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. What is less well known is that his 'batman' was the then unknown, but by the late 1950s, equally famous, Peter Ustinov.

Kentucky Fried Colonels

What do Elvis Presley, Fred Astaire, Clark Gable, Pope John Paul II and Harland Sanders (of KFC fame) have in common other than all being male and dead. Here's a hint: Harland Sanders is best known as Colonel Sanders. All of these men were commissioned as 'Colonels' during their lifetimes. The rank was purely honorary and bestowed by the governor of Kentucky on individuals of merit, a practice started in the 19th century and, in theory, continuing to this day.

Source: *BBC History* magazine May 2010

The Voice Odd Spot 2

You can't keep a good uni down! Yep, Sydney university again. In February 2016 the 86-year-old Sydney University Evangelical Union was threatened with deregistration by the student union (USU) for insisting that its members be, um, Christian. This, apparently, discriminates against non-Christians who want to join. According to Olivia Ronan, vice president of the studen union, insisting that they be Christians is just as exclusionary as requiring that they be of a particular sexuality or gender identity.

Source: *Sydney Morning Herald* March 23, 2016

Editor's comment: Quite right, Olivia! We need more atheists, communists, Moslems, wiccans, eco-pagans, and above all, Satanists, as members of Christian congregations. Um, how many Christians does the student union have? Oh, none? Big surprise.

That's Not My Job

This is the story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realised that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

The Duty of Care

by John Kerr

*Editor's Intro: Many of you reading this will be Korea War veterans or families of now deceased veterans. Most of you have probably, at one time or another, in one way or another, had a not-to-friendly experience with the Department of Veterans Affairs. While this short article is probably more relevant to those coming back from Vietnam and more recent conflict, it may resonate with you. John Kerr – who is not the 1970s Governor General – was born in New Zealand and settled in Melbourne in 1976, living in Sydney in the 1990s, working as a book publisher. He became interested in Australia's military history when he read and re-published Raymond Paull's *Retreat from Kokoda* and met veterans from Vietnam here. Today he writes and edits books on natural history, crime and other topics. This article explains the 'why' of the author's journey to the State parliament in April 2016.*

I was a Kiwi whose number did not come up in the Vietnam years (we had the same birthday lottery as Australia). But I've met a lot of Vietnam vets and in the 1980s published a book, *The Politics of Agent Orange* by Jock McCulloch.

I remember Jock being grilled at the Royal Commission into the use of that juice, and consider that the commission exonerated the stuff erroneously, even on the evidence then. It is no comfort to me at all to have been proved right since. Now everybody agrees that a lot of the cancers and genetic inheritance problems Vietnam vets experienced were Agent Orange-related.

The former enemy – who bathed, drank, ate, washed and laundered, and wore the toxins too – have museums of evidence of the harm to body and mind, and to children of the body. I couldn't believe the system could treat veterans in the adversarial way that they did: pointless legalism. Nor that military prestige and government money could rule the way it did, science and logic defeated, back then.

I fear it is on again, in the 2010s, with another generation of vets.

While living in Collaroy, NSW, I became fascinated by the war in Korea. I used to go to the Collaroy Services Club, probably too much, and often met Tom Nicol, a retiree who probably went there too much too. I attended an ANZAC Day on the harbour and a K-Day in Wynyard with Tom one year.

Tom was a Pommy boy who came out with the Big Brother program and grew to be a jackaroo. On a whim, with a comrade he met between jobs in a Sydney pub, he joined the army and went with 2RAR and kept his head enough and had the luck to return from Japan and Korea intact. He told me of that most curious battle, the Battle of The Hook on the eve of the ceasefire. He stayed in the army after Korea, went to Vietnam, and became a warrant officer in the army base that mines Sydney Harbour after that.

I wrote an article about the Battle of The Hook, Dying Days. Tom and another soldier fired a Bren all that night, only stopping to change magazines and barrels. Within 48 hours, they were swapping cigarettes with People's Republic of China soldiers, but not the 3000 casualties among them 2RAR counted on the slopes to the UN trenches or the 17 Diggers who died.

Why did the Chinese bother? No-one this side of the old Bamboo Curtain knows. Tom reckoned shelling UN Allied trenches was understandable – 'Shells are heavy bastards and you wouldn't want to lug them all the way back to China' – but the night infantry assault was unfathomable. Still is. The article appeared in what turned out to be the Bulletin's last Anzac-week issue, 2006.

Tom and I shared a spot at the Club with a retired ex-sergeant, another regular, who'd served in Vietnam too, a guy who suddenly went stark raving amnesic for many months, and mute. Then he recovered one day without any apparent trigger, amazing everyone around him. He couldn't see what the fuss they were making was about. He remembered everything perfectly – until the long amnesiac episode.

Grant me one statistic please: more Australian veterans have died by their own hand in the war zones and in Australia after their tours of duty were done, than have died of enemy action and military accident in Afghanistan and Iraq.

It is my melancholy duty to advise you that it is also the case that a generation of veterans are being treated as potential malingerers, tricksters, deluded ones, infants, whatever... Treated as too-high-a-cost for the tickets and help they want by an understaffed, under-resourced, underwhelming Department of Veteran Affairs. Treated by staffers who seem to earn some sort of brownie point by minimising, downplaying, refusing, delaying and all the tricks of the bureaucratic trade on a case-by-case basis very slowly, something that suggests an adversarial attitude – to veterans! – is valued somewhere near the top.

The Nobel Prize in economics was once won by Joseph Stiglitz. In 2008 he and Linda Blimes published a book, one simply about the total eventual cost of the Iraq conflict just to the US, just the money, and the title is their bottom-line conclusion: *The Three Trillion Dollar War*. A large component of that extraordinary sum

(continues on Page 10)

of money is or will be the on-going cost of American veteran care, and Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder is the biggest single line item. They make the point that the cost of not dealing with it is higher. Diggers are not Robinson Crusoes in this. That suicide statistic is true when applied to American grunts too.

I met one Australian vet back from Afghanistan named Sam (not his real name). Sleep is proving a bit of a stranger to Sam, and it's been like that for a while for him. I used to party with Vietnam vets and at nights sometimes, I'd see what they used to call 'the thousand-yard stare'. Life Magazine photographers caught it dozens of times, caption-photo essays full of it, under fire and afterwards. Sam's got it too.

Yarning around a table at the Royal Melbourne Hotel, listening to Sam, fit and sick at the same time, a fighter fighting being in what he calls 'a bad space', brought back memories of this. I have listened to ex-officers swapping stories of how this and that young military person they knew or heard about had been treated by the DVA.

A bunch of veterans here got together a protest group. They have decided to press for a royal commission into DVA's ways. They've pulled and prodded; their numbers quickly grew.

A public demonstration was organised in some state capitals. They'd been busy leaning on politicians, and found a receptive ear at Jacqui Lambie's senator's office in Tasmania, and she took the headliner spot on the steps in Melbourne in April. Her main point is that it is an election year, an opportunity to get DVA's problem on the agenda as an issue, get a royal commission going, and fix it, starting now because it's the fastest way: "I'm pushing, you push too. Ring your MP, email the Minster..."

Others upfront included a long-haired guitarist who made the important point that "We come in all types"; the domehead vet beside him grinning; a war-theatre nurse, a good place to see a lot of soldiers there and here, and who spoke about support; and the protest's leaders with yellow ribbons symbolizing the movement.

Good people there; good cause and urgent as hell.

It is my hope that KVAA members, individually or as a group, through letters or emails, will support the veteran community and push for an inquiry into the Department of Veterans' Affairs.

Jesus Is Watching You

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shined his torch around, looking for valuables, when a voice in the dark said, "Jesus knows you're here."

He nearly jumped out of his skin, turned off his torch, and froze. When he heard nothing more he shook his head and continued.

Just as he pulled the stereo out so he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard, "Jesus is watching you."

Freaked out, he shined his torch around frantically, looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his torch beam came to rest on a parrot.

"Did you say that?" he whispered to the parrot

"Yep," the parrot confessed, then squawked, "I'm just trying to warn you that he is watching you."

The burglar relaxed. "Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?"

"Moses," replied the bird.

"Moses?" the burglar laughed. "What kind of people would name their bird Moses?"

"The kind of people that would name a Rottweiler Jesus."

New Element Discovered

The CSIRO has discovered the heaviest element yet known to science. The new element is Governmentium (Gv). It has one neutron, 25 assistant neutrons, 88 deputy neutrons and 198 assistant deputy neutrons, giving it an atomic mass of 312.

These 312 particles are held together by forces called morons, which are surrounded by vast quantities of lefton-like particles called peons. Since Governmentium has no electrons or protons, it is inert. However, it can be detected because it impedes every reaction with which it comes in contact. A tiny amount of Governmentium can prolong a reaction normally taking less than a second to four days to four years before completion.

Governmentium has a normal half-life of 206 years. It does not decay but instead undergoes a re-organisation in which a portion of the assistant neutrons and deputy neutrons exchange place.


In fact, Governmentium's mass will actually increase over time, since each re-organisation will cause more morons to become neutrons, forming isodopes. This characteristic of moron promotion leads some scientists to believe that Governmentium is formed whenever morons reach a critical concentration. This hypothetical quantity is referred to as *critical morass*.

When catalysed with money, Governmentium becomes Administratium, an element that radiates just as much energy as Governmentium since it has half as many peons but twice as many morons. All of the money is consumed in the exchange, and no other byproducts are produced.

Korean Church Service Photos

The annual Korean War Memorial Service at the Korean Church of Melbourne, Malvern, on Sunday 19 June.



Dear Sir
 "Thank you for fighting for our Country and we will never forget your sacrifices. you are OUR hero!!" 
 Thank you



Little One

Boeing built 12,000 B-17 Flying Fortresses during World War II, and of these craft, *Little One*, one of the first to complete 25 missions with its crew intact, is probably the most famous. Built in 1942 and based in England, the aircraft made its final run on 17 May 1943 before flying back to the U.S.A. for a nationwide tour to sell war bonds. Hollywood even churned out an indifferent movie about it in 1990.

Oh, I forgot to mention, the plane was *meant* to be called *Little One*, the pet name of the girlfriend of the planes's commander, Robert Morgan, only it underwent a last minute name change. The night before the christening of the plane, he and his co-pilot watched the 1942 John Wayne movie, *Lady for a Night*, set aboard a riverboat. Out went *Little One* and in came the name of that movie riverboat...*Memphis Belle*.

Source: *Military History* magazine Nov. 2012

Pink's War

Throughout the 1920s, troops in British India were engaged in intermittent fighting against militant tribesmen in the North West Frontier Province. After Mehsud tribesmen in South Waziristan mounted a series of attacks on British Indian army posts, a punitive assault on them was planned and the job was given to Richard Pink, an officer in the RAF.

Between 9 March and 1 May 1925, Wing Commander Pink and his men, flying in Bristol fighters and De Havilland DH.9As, launched a series of air raids on Mehsud strongholds. The campaign was brought to a close when tribal leaders sued for peace.

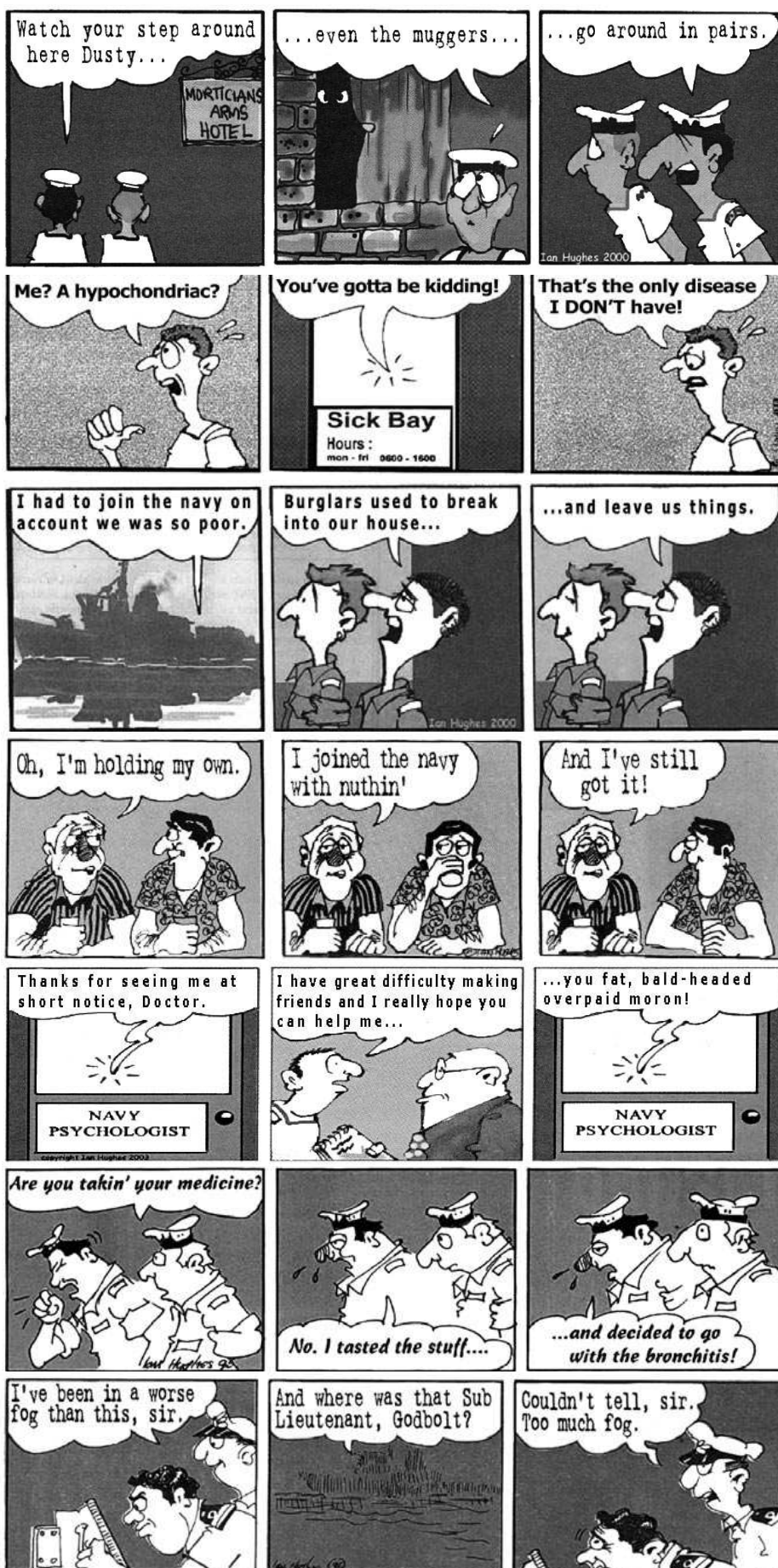
Pink's War was the first air action that the RAF, created only seven years earlier, carried out independently of the army and the navy.

Source: *BBC History* magazine Jan. 2013

HMAS Wort

by Ian Hughes

A series of cartoons which appeared in *Navy News* in the 1980s-2000s.



Unveiling & Medallion Presentation

Unveiling & Medallion Presentation

The peripatetic General Young Hae Kwon found himself in Tasmania in May (leaving the best to last, according to KVAA Inc. Tasmanian delegate, George Hutchinson). On 21 May, George and seven other veterans received the medallion and certificate from the General who was assisted, as usual, by his daughter Claire. For some, this was done at the unveiling of a commemorative stone in the Korean Grove, Hobart, while the rest received theirs at Anglesea barracks. The service in the grove was conducted by James Park from the Community Volunteer Association. The veterans present were: George Hutchinson, Tony Oakford, Peter Jones, Phillip Tuckett, George Gamble, Don Cummings, Jean O'Neill (on behalf of her husband) & Ken Bolton



Out & About

In May, while touring England, special member, Mark Ahn, visited the London Korean War Memorial. It is a much simpler affair than the one in Queensland, which raises the question of what should be erected in Melbourne. If you have an opinion, the monthly General/Committee meeting is one forum to raise it.



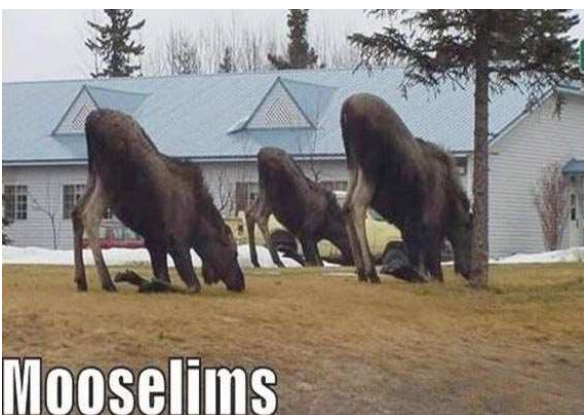
HMAS Bataan Assoc. Luncheon

On 13 May 2016 at an event held at the Noble Park RSL, Melbourne, the *HMAS Bataan* Veterans Association raised more than \$2,000 for the Helping Kids With Cancer charity. National Secretary, John Laughton, said more than 90 people attended the luncheon.

Photo Courtesy *Dandenong Journal*



HMAS Cerberus Commanding Officer Captain Stephen Bowater OAM RAN; *HMAS Bataan* Veterans Association National Vice-president and Victorian President (and KVAA member), George Daniel; Challenge CEO David Rogers; *HMAS Bataan* Veterans Association Secretary (and KVAA member), John Laughton JP; guest speakers Leon Wiegard and Oscar Swarv, and Australian Navy Cadets Training Ship *Bataan* Commanding Officer, Sub-Lieutenant Matthew Hine ANC.



Farewells

- Herbert Oswald **Becke**, 5400235, 1RAR on 18 May 2016
- Keith William **Bridger**, 1400621, 2RAR on 3 June 2016
- Ken Humber **Crockford** MM, 14004, 2RAR in late Jan. 2016
- Thomas Peter **Hayes**, 1400121, Australian Forces in Korea, Visitors Section and British Commonwealth Salvage and Disposal Unit on 8 May 2016.
- Stanley J. **Phillips**, 12522, 2RAR on 30 November 2015
- James C. (Jim) **Weston**, 3400300 3RAR on 4 July 2016
- William E. F. **Youngs**, 40810, *HMAS Murchison* on 20 November 2015. KVAA Committeeman 2009-2010

The Ode

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun, and in the morning
 We will remember them.
 LEST WE FORGET