



THE VOICE

June 2016 Edition

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Editor's Opening

I open this edition with a grovelling apology. In transcribing the figures of the KVAA Inc. 2015 accounts for the last edition, I inadvertently entered 4,223 instead of 4,423 in the *Materials & Supplies* column. This rendered the whole 2015 column total inaccurate. Fortunately, this was balanced by my inadvertently keeping in the *Miscellaneous*: \$7034 in the 2014 section thus rendering that column total incorrect as well.

Our National Secretary, Alan Evered, who for some reason actually closely examines these figures, picked it up immediately. And, boy, did he let me know about it! I'm sure hundreds of others also saw the error but, in order not to hurt the editor's easily bruised feelings, kept quiet about it. I thank you all.

Congratulations to KVAA members Rex Hoole and John Brownbill, though for different reasons. Rex Hoole, our latest media superstar, graced the front page of the 27 April edition of the Goondiwindi Argus, the photo taken at the ANZAC Day Dawn Service. Photo on Page 4.

The Padre has receive a 'Commander' (KCSJ) to add to his knighthood (KSJ) from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, an organisation more commonly known as the Knights Hospitaller. This internationally recognised charitable foundation started its life around 1023 in the Holy Land as exactly that – a charitable organisation, providing care for sick, poor or injured pilgrims. Nearly a thousand years later it is still going strong.

ANZAC Day is arguably the most important date on the KVAA Inc. calendar – and if not the most important, it certainly is the 2nd largest gathering of Korea War veterans and their families (outside the Christmas luncheon with the annual Korean Church service in Malvern bringing up third place). This year fewer veterans marched; no big surprise there. Age may not weary those who never returned from Korea, but it is taking its toll on those who did. Even at the best of times, it was always going to be hard topping having a retired four-star South Korean General attend our service and reunion as General Kwon did last year.

Notable absences on ANZAC Day 2016 included regulars such as Leo Gleeson, Milton Hoe, Ted Stewart and the two Alans (Alan

(continues on Page 4)

Late Breaking News...

A service commemorating the start of hostilities in Korea will be held at the Moama RSL on Saturday 25 June at 11am. Lunch afterwards at the RSL. All Welcome. For details call John Munro on 9398 2363.

The Voice is proudly sponsored by



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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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President's Report



Vic Dey, National President, KVAA Inc.

On Friday April 22nd we attended the Fountain Gate Secondary College (our adopted school) for their annual ANZAC Day Memorial Ceremony. It is always an honour to attend and speak to the staff, students and their families and friends at this service each year. In addition to local Federal & State MPs, Consul representatives from Turkey and New Zealand were also present. The Lone Pine Tree in the Memorial Garden is growing and looking really sharp, and the garden itself receives a lot of tender loving care.

From April 27th to the 30th the Korean Consul-General along with the Korean Community of Melbourne hosted the 2016 Janchi Korea Week Festival, 11am to 7pm each day over four days. Days One and Two were held in the City Square with Three and Four taking place in the Queensbridge Square.

Among the several marquee showcase centres was one with a huge display of Korean War Photos. John Boyer, Tom Parkinson, Gerry Steacy, my wife and I attended to answer any questions from the general public about the war, if required. There was also a donation tin in the marquee to raise money for the proposed Melbourne Korean War Memorial (the total as of May 17th is \$143,277).

During the afternoon on each day there was a Hanbok fashion show, Hanji exhibition, a K-Pop World Festival, taekwondo demonstrations, traditional Korean dance shows, a mikta cultural performance, and also, Korean-hairstyling shows and makeup tutorials – probably not designed for 80-something year old males like me – and many Korean food stalls. Always lots to see and do, and it proved popular with a passing parade of people (how's that for alliteration!) strolling along the river bank in the beautiful sunshine. We were very lucky with the weather.

Speaking of which...it's time to rug up for winter – and don't forget your flu shots. Take care and God bless.

Korean War Memorial Update

At the ANZAC Day reunion at the Stella Maris Seafarers Centre, KVAA president, Vic Dey, on behalf of the association, presented to Melbourne Korean War Memorial Committee President, Choi Jong-gon, a cheque for \$5,000. He also added a cheque for an undisclosed amount from KVAA member, Keith Langdon.

Keith isn't the first veteran to give a donation. As of publication, others include Robert Auhl, Gordon Bidgood, Michael Littleton, Maureen McCunnie, Alan McGowan and Greg Wills.

There is already a website up and running written in both Korean and English. Go to www.melkoreanwarmemorial.org.au to view it. You can also contact the committee at mkwmc1@gmail.com. We also have a logo (see below).

Want to donate? Every dollar counts. It just so happens that there is a bank account set up to help you. Just make sure you put your name on the deposit slip so we can give you a shout out in *The Voice* and on the website.



Korean War Memorial Church Service

In the *Editor's Opening* I mentioned the three most popular events on the KVAA calendar. Well, another of them is happening very soon. The annual Korean War Memorial Service is on **Sunday 19 June at 9.30am for a 10am start**. Each year, Melbourne's Korean community conducts a memorial service at the Korean Church of Melbourne, followed by light refreshments. Although primarily a sombre occasion, it is also a memorable one due to the excellence of the choir and musicians. Please note, the Korean Church Secretary requires the names of attendees. It is most impolite to just turn up on the day. If you plan to attend please advise Alan Evered on 9874 2219 or 0412 521 488 or at secretary@kvaa.org.au **ASAP**

**Korean Church of Melbourne, 23-27 Glendearg Grove, Malvern.
(Melways 59 C10)**

Only Irish coffee provides in a single glass all four essential food groups: alcohol, caffeine, sugar and fat.

The Night Imposes Its Own Duties

In February, 1916, the French line at Verdun was ready to collapse. The call went out to France's ablest field commander, General Philippe Petain to take command. But the general was nowhere to be found. With the instinct of a good staff officer, his aide, Capt. Serrigny, drove to the Hotel Terminus of the Gare du Nord in Paris. After persuading the reluctant proprietress that the fate of France was at stake, he was shown to the General's room. There, beside the door, were the general's familiar boots, together with a pair of lady's slippers. Apprised of the situation, Petain advised Serrigny to take a room and prepare for an early departure. "Meanwhile," noted the general, "the night imposes its own duties, to which I must now attend."

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* magazine, No.129 August-September 1989

Editor's Opening (continued from Page 1)

Evered and Allen Riches). The considerable contingent from the Geelong region was also missing. KVAA Committeeman and Minute Secretary, Allen Riches, who normally drives the bus which brings them into Melbourne, was ill and a substitute could not be found.

Of those who made it, a couple who usually march opted for transport in the classic cars, while others just attended the reunion at the Stella Maris. All were welcome, but well done the seven who actually managed the march to the Shrine (and even the one who only made it part way before leaving the column. At least, sir, you tried). If I wore a hat, I'd be doffing it in deference to you all.



KVAA member, Rex Hoole, on the front page of the *Goondiwindi Argus*.

man with the microphone), and the staff at Stella Maris, plus anyone else who I either didn't notice or have forgotten (such as Alan Evered who put in a lot of work before falling ill the day before).

Special mention and thanks to the Army Cadets (we needed, maybe, six and got a dozen), and the Australian Air League, who leapt to the rescue last year when the Cadets didn't appear and came back for more this year. Two of them handled the banner and the rest marched. There were also a contingent of students from Fountain Gate Secondary College, including everyone's favourite smart blonde, Maddie Singleton, back for another year.

Another special mention and an accompanying sharp slap to the face goes to the editor for setting the ISO on his camera to 100 then forgetting to use the fill flash. Result: lots of blurry photos. Those few that aren't so blurry can be found on the website at...no, I'm not going to spell it out. Look at the *Directory* on Page 2.

Oh, and if you do look at Page 2 you'll notice a new delegate in South Australia: John Jarrett.

There's also another addition to the *Directory* – that man with the microphone mentioned above: Chris Banfield. When he's not being the man with the microphone he is our Assistant National Secretary, that is, Alan Evered when you can't get Alan Evered (funny, I thought that was Nicole's role). And, yes, that is his email address – hey, some people like chocolate ice cream, some prefer strawberry; I like gumball flavour so who am I to judge? Mmmm, lithium ice cream; same taste as radium ice cream but without the radioactivity.

Still on Page 2... Have a look at the *Life Member* section. Notice a new entry, one voted on and approved at the Annual general meeting in March? Here's a hint...he was mentioned in the last paragraph – no, not Chris Banfield or John Jarrett. The other guy – Alan Evered. Given his mighty and vastly underappreciated effort as National Secretary, a most worthy recipient.

Wow! Who said Page 2 was boring? Oh, everyone. Well, everyone, you were all wrong.

A Springbok in Korea

by Lt. Gen. Jack Dutton

Editor's introduction: This story, written by South African Lt. Gen., Jack Dutton, about his time as a Lieutenant in Korea, first appeared in the October 1993 edition of the British Korean Veterans Association Journal "The Morning Calm." It was reprinted in the SAKWVA Newsletter No. 292 September 2015 and appears here in slightly edited form with the kind permission of Dirk Louw, that journal's editor.

I am one of the two surviving SA Army Officers (of a group of ten) who served with 1 Commonwealth Division in 1952/1953. I was a Lieutenant at the time and was seconded to 1 Royal Tank Regiment and served in B Squadron. I joined the Regiment in January 1953 and returned home in November of that year.

The Regiment was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel G.C. Hopkinson and my Squadron Commander was Major Dick Ward. The Division was withdrawn from the line for the months of February and March, being replaced by 2 US Infantry Division. The period was spent on very necessary maintenance of our tanks and training with the brigades.

1 Commonwealth Division moved back into the line in the beginning of April and I was made Tank Commander in 1 Troop of B Squadron (being an attached "colonial" I had to prove myself before getting my own troop). B Squadron was in support of 28 Britcom Infantry Brigade and our troop with 1 DLT. I was deployed on the right hand slopes of Point 255 physically in the FDLs of 1 ROK Division where I experienced my "baptism of fire". Later I was given a "half troop" (two tanks) and found myself with a company of 2 Battalion Royal Australian Regiment on point 159 – a most uncomfortable position as all who served there will doubtless remember!

At the beginning of July, 28 Brigade (with four battalions) replaced 29 Brigade in the Hook Sector. This was to raise the force levels in the notorious area. 2 RAR held the Hook itself. I was commanding 2 Troop and had 2 tanks forward nearest the main feature with the other two on Point 121 on the left, virtually on the

divisional boundary, with 1 US Marine Division. These last weeks of the war were most unpleasing – the rain was continuous as was the shelling and mortaring by the enemy!

The nights of 25th and 26th July saw heavy attacks on the US Marine positions on Point 111 to our immediate left. We were able to engage the attackers and were in action throughout the period. My troops were reinforced at that stage by two additional tanks from Squadron HQ. The division artillery fired about 12,000 rounds in support of the Marines. Brigadier Barclay describes the action in his book *First Commonwealth Division*



Truce Day 27th July 1953. Lt. Jack Dutton attached to 1 Royal Tank Regiment B Squadron, commemorated the cease fire with this photograph with his crew while serving on the Hook. Left to right: Barry, Lt. Dutton, Bailey and Fenn.

thus...."this, the last engagement of the war was also one of the most desperate."

During the early hours of 27th July all radio nets advised that a truce was to be signed at 1000 and that the ceasefire would apply from 2200. To us on the Hook at the time this sudden development seemed incredible. Well, shall I remember those last days (and nights) of the war.

One earlier amusing incidents worth mentioning concerning a visit to me by the Technical Adjutant of the Regiment, Captain David Horton. It was in the Yongdong (central) sector and he came by jeep one morning to talk tank maintenance etc. He left his jeep on a road behind our position and came up to my tank on foot. Shortly after his arrival some enemy mortaring began so we continued our discussions inside the turret with hatches closed. After a few minutes there was quiet and we emerged to find his jeep had received a direct hit and was burning fiercely! For some reason he didn't visit me again!

I returned home in November 1953 as 1RTR was packing up for its move from Korea to the Canal Zone, continued my regular army career in the SA Defence Force and retired as Chief of Defence Staff in 1984 after 37 year service. Undoubtedly a highlight of those years was the time I spent with the fine formation, 1 Commonwealth Division.

Ahoy!

Contrary to popular legend, Christopher Columbus wasn't the first European to sight the New World (North and South America). The Vikings (Norsemen) beat him by nearly five centuries. They were the greatest sailors of the pre-compass era, raiding and trading as far as Russia, the Mediterranean, and settling in Iceland, Greenland, Ireland and Newfoundland, Canada. It isn't surprising that some of our common nautical terms derive from Viking usage. For instance – Ahoy! This old traditional greeting for hailing other vessels was originally a Viking battle cry.

Port and Starboard

The Vikings called the side of their ship its board, and they placed the steering oar, the “star” on the right side of the ship, thus that side became known as the “star board.” It's been that way ever since. And, because the oar was in the right side, the ship was tied to the dock at the left side. This was known as the loading side or “larboard”. Later, it was decided that “larboard” and “starboard” were too similar, especially when trying to be heard over the roar of a heavy sea, so the phrase became the “side which you tied up to in port” or the “port” side.

Forecastle

The appropriate pronunciation for this word is fo'ksul. The forecastle is the forward part of the main deck. It derives its name from the days of Viking galleys when wooden castles were built on the forward and after parts the main deck from which archers and other fighting men could shoot arrows and throw spears, rocks, etc.

The Crow's Nest

The raven, or crow, was an essential part of the Vikings' navigation equipment. These land-lubbing birds were carried on aboard to help the ship's navigator determine where the closest land lay when weather prevented sighting the shore. In cases of poor visibility, a crow was released and the navigator plotted a course based on the bird's flight path because the crow invariably headed towards land. The Norsemen carried the birds in a cage secured to the top of the mast. Later on, as ships grew and the lookout stood his watch in a tub located high on the main mast, the name “crow's nest” was given to this tub.

The Australian White Ensign

by J. H. Straczek

On the morning of 1 March 1967, the Australian National Line cargo ship *Boonaroo* was commissioned into the Royal Australian Navy for war service. This event in itself is not unusual as merchant ships have been requisitioned by navies for centuries. What made this particular commissioning noteworthy is that *Boonaroo* was the first vessel to be commissioned under a distinctly Australian White Ensign.

Prior to the establishment of the Royal Australian Navy, the Australian colonial navies had flown uniquely Australian ensigns. This was a Blue ensign defaced by the badge of the individual colony. During the 1909 Imperial Conference the question of what ensign the dominion navies would fly was first raised. The representatives from Australia and Canada proposed that the ensign should be a white ensign defaced by the emblem of the particular dominion. No decision was reached on this matter.

In August 1910, the Admiralty raised the issue concerning the status of dominion warships and proposed that they should fly the white ensign. Shortly after this, the Parramatta City Council sought advice as to the flag to be worn by *HMAS Parramatta* as they wished to present her with one. They were informed that *Parramatta* would fly the Australian Blue Ensign on her arrival in Australia and until the matter of an ensign had been resolved with the Admiralty.

Australian opinion favoured a uniquely Australian ensign but the Admiralty continued to resist and insisted that the Dominion Navies use the white ensign. The Admiralty eventually won out and the ships of the newly formed Royal Australian Navy flew the white ensign. Here the matter rested until 1965.

On 28 October 1965 the Member for Batman, S. J. Benson MP, whilst speaking on the Naval Estimates argued that Australia should have its own, distinctive white ensign. His point was that Australian ships were engaged in a war flying the ensign of another country. The Minister for the Navy informed the House on the same day, that the Navy was already looking at possible variants of the white ensign which would carry a distinctly Australian appearance.

The Chief of Naval Staff subsequently sought the views of other members of the Naval Board and his senior officers. Following this consultation the matter was considered by the Naval Board on 21 January 1966. The Board decided to recommend to the Government “that the Royal Australian Navy should have its own unique white ensign.” The ensign was described as being a “white flag with the Union Flag in the upper canton at the hoist with six blue stars positioned as in the Australian flag.”

The Minister for the Navy, Mr F Chancy MP, informed the Prime Minister of the Naval Board's decision and the formal approval of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was requested. Royal assent to the new ensign was granted on 7 November 1966. The formal announcement of the new ensign was made by the Prime Minister on 23 December 1966. Originally it was intended to introduce the new ensign on the 1 May 1967 but this was subsequently amended to 1 March 1967.

The Last Panzer Victory

No one even bothered to name the scratch Kampfgruppe that held the line between the Soviet Oder Bridgehead at Kuestrin and the highway to Berlin in the early morning of 22 March 1945. Grandiloquently termed a division, it included only one equally anonymous tank battalion, held back as the only reserve of a thinly stretched infantry line. But if the battalion had a herculean task its equipment was equal to it. Its HQ company and reconnaissance platoon mustered 15 Panthers between them. Company A had a further 22 Panthers; B and C companies had 14 Tigers apiece.

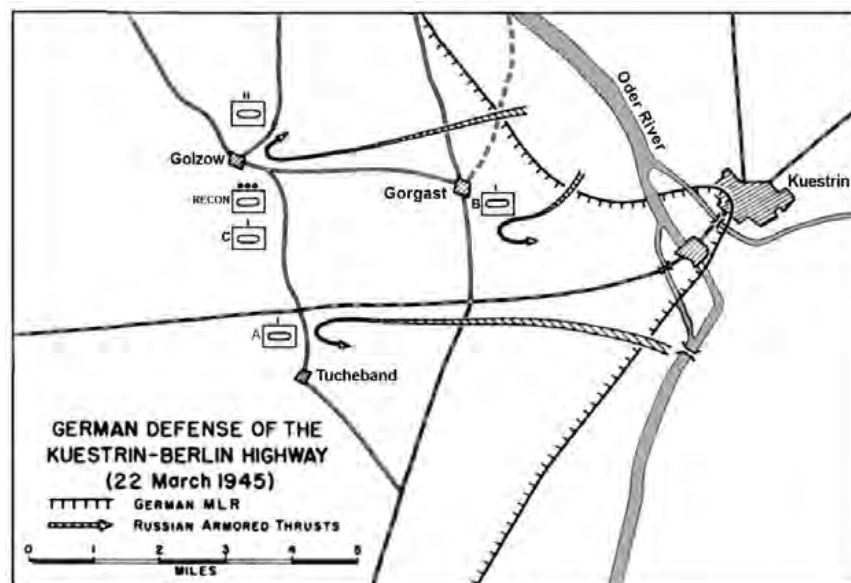
The terrain the Panzers would fight over was flat – the westward end of the Polish plain – and the enemy they would fight on it was strong and skillful. The Soviet Army had received many bitter but instructive lessons in armored warfare. While they could not hope to equal the German's tactical expertise, they knew how to optimize their strengths and exploit the German weaknesses. They would not be thwarted so close to the goal. Their tanks were T-34/85s – probably the finest tank of the war, for if it lacked the long-range killing power of the Panther or Tiger, it possessed mobility, and ease of maintenance, use, and production far above those of the German giants.

The German Panzer battalion commander deployed Company A blocking the Kuestrin Berlin highway near Tuchenbad, with B company on its right, southeast of Gorgast. A strong reserve comprising C Company, the recon platoon, and battalion HQ was back in Gotzow. Then they waited for the Soviets.

They did not have long to wait. At 0430, the Soviet artillery began to pour concentrated fires on the German positions. Ninety minutes later, the barrage lifted and the Soviet troops went in. The Soviet forces appeared to be a full tank corps, (equivalent to a Western-style armored division), attacking with at least two tank brigades (50-60 tanks each) abreast, supported by the Corps' infantry brigade. A third tank brigade would probably have been held in reserve.

The German infantry had not been suppressed by Soviet artillery fire; it is very difficult to silence a position, especially a German infantry defensive position, by shellfire. Loos, Neuve Chapelle, and the Somme stand as witness to this from an earlier war. The Soviet infantry was separated from their armor and forced to ground under the machinegun fire of the outnumbered defenders. But the bullets could not stop the T-34/85s.

Although deprived of their supporting infantry, the Soviet armor broke through the German line at three points: north and south of Gorgast, and south of the highway; all pressed on to the west, to Berlin! The southernmost breakthrough, a brigade, encountered Company A



north of Tuchenbad. Hit by the long-range fire of the Panthers, the Soviets were forced to withdraw with heavy losses. The force south of Gorgast was hit in the flank by Company B.

The counterattack halted the Soviet advance and drove them off. The northern prong of the Soviet advance was still moving on Golzow. The German battalion commander had made the mistake of not deploying his reserve before the action, and now heavy Soviet artillery fire – including smokeshell – made it difficult to do so. The battalion commander had just about sorted his tanks out when the first T-34/85s burst out of the smokescreen.

At short range, the Soviet guns were just as effective as the German, but the Germans still held the edge. The individual superiority of the German tank crews in this battalion allowed them to get off the first shot in many cases where even a moments delay would have been fatal. Crew quality also allowed the Germans to outmaneuver even the T-34/85s, whose crews must have been as surprised in this fast-moving battle as the Germans were. Finally, the Germans disengaged and the Soviets retired back to their line of departure, Over 60 T-34/85s lay wrecked on the battlefield.

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* magazine No. 73 March-April 1979

Grandpas are here to help children get into the mischief that they haven't thought of yet.

Humour

An Old Doberman

An old Doberman starts chasing rabbits and before long, discovers that he's lost. Wandering about, he notices a panther heading rapidly in his direction with the intention of having lunch.

The old Doberman thinks, "Oh, oh! I'm in trouble now!"

Noticing some bones on the ground close by, he immediately settles down to chew on the bones with his back to the approaching cat. Just as the panther is about to leap, the old Doberman exclaims loudly, "Boy, that was one delicious panther! I wonder, If there are any more around here?"

Hearing this, the young panther halts his attack in mid-strike, a look of terror comes over him and he slinks away into the trees.

"Whew!," says the panther, "That was close! That old Doberman nearly had me!"

Meanwhile, a squirrel who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree, figures he can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the panther. So, off he goes. The squirrel soon catches up with the panther, spills the beans and strikes a deal for himself with the panther.

The young panther is furious at being made a fool of and says, "Here, squirrel, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that conniving canine!"

Now, the old Doberman sees the panther coming with the squirrel on his back and thinks, "What am I going to do now?," but instead of running, the dog sits down with his back to his attackers, pretending he hasn't seen them yet, and just when they get close enough to hear, the old Doberman says

"Where's that squirrel? I sent him off an hour ago to bring me another panther!"

Moral of this story... Don't mess with the old dogs. Age and skill will always overcome youth and treachery!

A Blonde Joke

Two blondes were driving along the highway looking for a place to stop and picnic. The first blonde says, "Let's stop here, and have our picnic under that tree."

The other says, "No! Let's have it right here in the middle of the road."

They argued about it for a bit, but finally agreed to have it in the middle of the road. All of a sudden, a car comes speeding towards them and has to swerve into the tree to keep from hitting them.

The one blonde says to the other. "See? If we were under that tree, we'd be dead now!"

Salesman

A sportsman went to a hunting lodge and bagged a record number of birds, aided by a dog named Salesman. Next year he returned and asked for Salesman again.

"The hound ain't no durn good now," the handler said.

"What happened!" cried the sportsman. "Was he injured?"

"No. Some fool came down here and called him 'Sales Manager' all week instead of Salesman. Now all he does is sit on his tail and bark."

Praise the Lord!

A country preacher sold a mule to a friend, and told him the mule was trained to go when the rider said "Praise the Lord," and to stop when the rider said, "Amen."

The buyer mounted the beast and commanded, "Praise the Lord," and the mule shot off like a rocket. The startled rider panicked. "Whoa!" he screamed. The mule was headed straight for a cliff.

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" At the last second he remembered the minister's instructions. "Amen!" he shouted and the mule screeched to a halt right at the edge of the cliff. As the new owner peered over the precipice, he wiped his brow and sighed, "Praise the Lord!"

You're Beautiful

A man was just waking up from anaesthesia after surgery, and his wife was sitting by his side. His eyes fluttered open and he said, "You're beautiful." Then he fell asleep again.

His wife had never heard him say that before, so she stayed by his side. A few minutes later his eyes fluttered open and he said, "You're cute." The wife was disappointed because instead of "beautiful," it was now "cute."

She asked, "What happened to beautiful?"

The man replied, "The drugs are wearing off."

Hymn # 365

A minister was completing a temperance sermon. With great emphasis he said, "If I had all the beer in the world, I'd take it and pour it into the river."

With even greater emphasis he said, "And if I had all the wine in the world, I'd take it and pour it into the river."

And then finally, shaking his fist in the air, he said, "And if I had all the whiskey in the world, I'd take it and pour it into the river."

Sermon complete, he sat down.

The choir leader stood cautiously and announced with a smile, nearly laughing, "For our closing song, let us sing Hymn #365, *Shall We Gather at the River.*"

Korean War Memoirs

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

Lt. Col. Temple served in the British Army from 1948 to 1979, and fought in Korea where he became a POW. He passed away on 4 Sept. 2009. This document has been placed into the public domain by his widow, Caroline.

Part One

I first saw the Imjin in the early evening of the 22nd April 1951. On that afternoon, Colonel Carne, our Commanding Officer, instructed me to lead a small patrol, the objective of which was to capture a Chinese prisoner for interrogation. American Intelligence had it that a 'small' enemy party was going to cross the Imjin River that night. The Colonel gave me very precise orders. I was to go down to the river at last light, which was about 1830 hrs. Should the enemy attempt to cross the river, we were to capture a prisoner; if however, the enemy patrol was more than thirty strong, we were to withdraw at once.

At that time I had just turned twenty two and, at last, was about to do the job for which I joined up. I had been at school at Radley during the war, towards the end of it I heard that the Brigade of Guards had a scheme whereby it was possible to get a commission at the age of eighteen. I thought this was for me, so I applied and was eventually called for an interview with the Regimental Lieutenant Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, Lord Stratheden, at their Regimental Headquarters in Birdcage Walk. At the time I had a stutter and so did Lord Stratheden. After some time, it was learned that I neither hunted, shot nor fished but was accepted! However, that plan came to nought as, within a few months, the war ended and so I decided that I should go to Sandhurst.

Sandhurst was preceded by four months basic training at Holywood, County Down. The unit was run by the Royal Ulster Rifles who wasted not a moment of those allotted four months. Early on I thought I was doing rather well when the Sergeant Major, in his broad Ulster brogue, said to me "Temple, youse is a really naice mahn" but spoiled it by adding "but sometimes youse is f-----g aidle!!!!"

Sandhurst left me with three things. The first was an excellent grounding in driving and vehicle maintenance, the second, never to raise your hands while Scottish country dancing, and the third, and most important, was the advice from a Captain in the Lovat Scouts to the end that while it was honourable to die for your country, it was much more honourable to make the other chap die for his. I followed this advice to the letter.

In December '48 I was commissioned into the Gloucestershire Regiment and became the fifth generation of my family to serve in the Army. The first, Octavius Temple, was the eighth child of the Vicar of Penryn near Falmouth. He was an Ensign in the 4th Regiment of the Line at the battle of Toulouse in 1814 when he was only fifteen and a half. My great grandfather was in the 4th Madras Infantry in the 2nd China War but was later drowned in the River Adyar, in two feet of water. So my grandfather was brought up by his uncle, Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury. He later passed first into Sandhurst, but decided to be a gunner and, instead, went to Woolwich. My father, who was the youngest of five brothers, was commissioned into the Gloucestershire Regiment in November 1914, and served throughout that war and the next, only losing two fingers in the process. Amazingly, all his four brothers also survived the first World War despite spending most of it on or near the Somme.

After Sandhurst I joined the first battalion of the Glosters in Jamaica. Before leaving I had been persuaded to spend half a crown on insuring my kit for £100. En route, the hold containing my kit caught fire and although, not completely ruined the insurance company paid up there and then, on the dockside, with a cheque for £100. I never replaced half of it, which left me £50 to spend on my second Rolls Royce, a 1922 open tourer. I had paid £2.50 for the first one, a 1913, which I had to share with a fellow Sandhurst cadet, as neither of us could afford the purchase price of £5!!!!

I spent a very happy year in Jamaica before returning to England in 1950. This proved, for all of us, a very nasty shock. We left the sun and fun of the Caribbean on board *HMT Empress of Australia* for a cold and damp Colchester in January. It was with relief that we heard that the Battalion was to join the 29th Brigade and leave for Korea that September. (*Continued next issue*)

Smashing SMERSH

SMERSH, the Soviet spy organisation made familiar by James Bond's creator, Ian Fleming, was a real KGB department. Named after its motto, *Smert Shpionen* ('Death to Spies'), SMERSH had the job of eliminating enemies of the Soviet Union who lived abroad. Its most important victim was Leon Trotsky, the former Bolshevik leader in the 1917 Revolution, who was murdered in Mexico in 1940.

Source: *Book of Facts*, Reader's Digest (Aust.) P/L, 1994

Editor's intro: Here are two more short pieces by Lt. Col. Archie M. Steacy from a presentation entitled "Canada in the Pacific War, 1939-1945" delivered during the VJ Day Commemoration Ceremony on 15 August 2015. Oh, and for those who haven't yet guessed, he is Gerry's brother.

Attack on Kiska

by Lt. Col. (retired) Archie M. Steacy, CD UE.

Kiska is a small island almost at the western end of the Aleutian Island chain. On 15 & 16 August, 1943, a US Canadian invasion force of 34,426 Allied troops landed on Kiska, the assault code named Operation Cottage.

Major General George Pearkes, VC commanded the 6th Canadian Infantry Division. The 5,300 Canadians, primarily from the Canadian Fusiliers, Winnipeg Grenadiers, Rocky Mountain Rangers and the Regiment de Hull, all of the 13th Canadian Infantry Brigade, commanded by Brigadier Harry Foster, sailed on US Transports from Chemainus and Nanaimo, B.C. The Canadian forces also included 594 all ranks of the Canadian Component of the First Special Service Force.

The invasion force landed in heavy fog on the north and western sides only to find the island abandoned. On 28 July under the cover of dense fog, the Japanese had successfully removed their 6,000 troops, without the Allies noticing.

The landing forces did not know the Japanese had left Kiska, and the battle raged for two nerve-wracking days, in virtual silence, cold temperatures and dense fog, as the Allied soldiers slowly and awkwardly gained ground in the difficult mountainous terrain.

The deadly silence of an invisible enemy was only a trick to lure careless soldiers up from the beaches to higher ground and present themselves for easy slaughter. There were no Japanese; Americans and Canadians had only been shooting at each other.

Allied casualties during the operation numbered 313, including 28 Americans and 4 Canadians killed. All of these casualties were the result of so-called friendly fire, booby traps set out by the Japanese, disease, and frostbite.

The 13th Canadian Infantry Brigade remained on Kiska until January 1944, while the Special Services Force left at the end of August en-route to Italy.

Attack on the Estevan Lighthouse

During the evening of 20 June 1942, the remote Estevan Point Lighthouse on the West Coast of Vancouver Island was shelled with 17 rounds from the 5.5 inch deck gun from the Japanese submarine, I-26, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Yokota Minoru.

His gunners were not very accurate: although they bracketed the lighthouse and broke windows in its tower, they did little damage to the facilities the shells fell harmlessly offshore or, exploded in the bush behind the lighthouse.

This was the only occasion, in either the First or Second World Wars, when enemy shells fell on Canadian soil. Nevertheless, the military authorities and residents were very concerned and the attack seemed to justify defence preparations being carried out on B.C.'s Pacific Coast

Its interesting to note that Mrs. Linda Weeden, a lighthouse keepers wife, found a stray unexploded shell from the incident, while walking in the woods in 1973.

Over By Christmas

The legend of Britain blithely entering World War One, naively believing it would be victorious by Christmas 1914, is supported by very little contemporary evidence.

As Stuart Hallifax describes in "Over By Christmas: British Popular Opinion and the Short War in 1914" (*First World War Studies, Vol. 1, No. 2, Routledge*), the 'short war' was one of many conflicting ideas on what the future held, born of hope rather than expectation, and used as a coping mechanism by those already exposed to the horrors of the front.

Recorded comments on the war being over by Christmas tend to be found at the start of the conflict, says Hallifax, and fail to tally with a mass mobilisation of men that could not even be properly deployed until 1915. Lord Kitchener's call to enlist in fact asked for "three years or the duration" and was understood as an explicit prediction of a long war.

Indeed, media outlets at the time stated a concern that any incorrect predictions of a short war could impede the recruitment drive. As *The Scotsman* declared in October 1914, those "who still adhere to the view that the present war will be over by Christmas are now an insignificant minority." Such optimism relied on a belief that the great powers could not and would not allow such a terrible situation to endure for too long. *The Daily Mirror* in October 1914 printed a letter from a serving soldier stating that "our only hope and wish is that it will all be over by Christmas." Note that this is the author's desire, not his belief.

The adoption of 'over by Christmas' as an iconic phrase has led, claims Halifax, to a belief that this was the prevailing attitude in 1914. The evidence suggests that the nation lived under no such illusion.

Source: *BBC History* magazine, Jan. 2011

The Voice Odd Spot

A Frenchman is suing his former boss over the boredom suffered in an \$124,000-a-year-job. Frederic Desnark, 44, lodged a complaint at a labour relations tribunal demanding \$547,000 in compensation and damages for the bore-out (the opposite of burnout) he says he suffered while he was an executive at the perfume business Interparfums. He was sacked in 2014 after taking seven months' sick leave. Mr Desard joined the company in December 2006. His workload began to evaporate in 2009. With not much to do, he "spent his time running errands for the president" of the company and did "between 20 and 40 minutes of work a day." This caused a state of "extreme weariness." Source: *The Australian* 5 May 2016

Editor's comment: I hope this guy wins. I spent years bored out of my mind doing a mind-numbing, meaningless and repetitive job. I'd like \$500,000 in compensation too, thank you.



Two very rich people got divorced, and their lawyers lived happily ever after, especially the lawyer of the wife because Hell hath no fury like the lawyer of a woman scorned.

HMAS Wort by Ian Hughes



The A-Z of Growing Old

A for arthritis,
B for bad back,
C is for chest pains. Perhaps cardiac?
D is for dental decay and decline,
E is for eyesight – can't read that top line.
F is for fissures and fluid retention
G is for gas (which I'd rather not mention)
H for high blood pressure (I'd rather have low)
I for incisions with scars you can show.
J is for joints, that now fail to flex
K is for my knees that crack when they're bent
L for libido – what happened to sex?
M is for memory that ain't worth a cent
N for neurosis, pinched nerves and stiff neck
O is for osteo – all the bones that don't grow
P for prescriptions, I have quite a few; give me another pill; I'll be good as new
Q is for queasiness. Fatal or flu?
R is for reflux – one meal turns into two
S is for sleepless nights, counting my fears
T for tinnitus – I hear bells in my ears
U is for urinary: difficulties with flow
V is for vertigo, that's "dizzy", you know.
W is worry – NOW what's going 'round?
X is for X ray – and what might be found.
Y for another year I've left behind
Z is for zest that I still have my mind,
 I've survived all the symptoms my body's deployed, and kept thirty-six doctors gainfully employed!

Bully Beef

Q: Is it true that British troops in the First World War had such an oversupply of food rations that unopened crates of corned beef were used as supports for walkways in the trenches?

A: There were indeed instances of oversupply, and a number of accounts describe this alternative use for bully-beef tins. Unlike fresh meat, the supply never seemed to be exhausted, and imports from South America continued to arrive throughout the war.

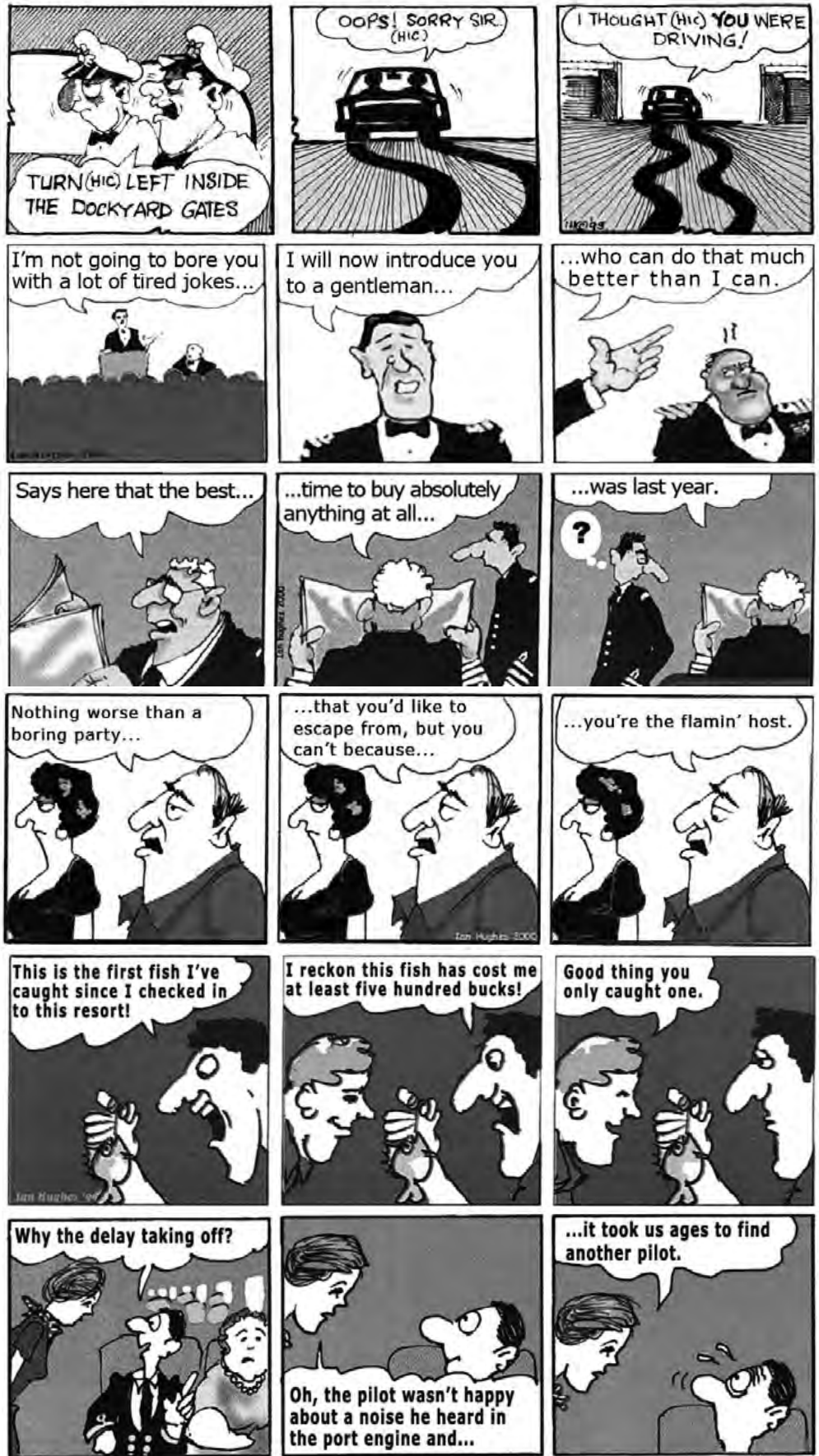
The army preferred tinned meat to fresh, for ease of storage and transport. However, the soldiers didn't share their commanders' preference; they would exhaust all other options before they ate the bully. The canned beef was salty and fatty, difficult to eat straight from the tin when cold, especially given the limited supply of drinking water.

The excess wasn't due solely to bully beef's lack of appeal with the troops, but also because of the way in which rations were indented by battalions. The daily tin allocation was more than most battalions could eat, but the only way that the quartermaster could reduce this quantity was by cutting back on his overall head count. The resulting shortfall in other items – bacon, tea, bread – would be unacceptable, so the tins kept coming.

Source: *BBC History* magazine, February 2015

More HMAS Wort by Ian Hughes

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



If you want your spouse to listen and pay attention to every word you say, talk in your sleep.

ANZAC Day March Photos

Swanston Street, 25 April 2016



ANZAC Day Reunion Photos

The Stella Maris Seafarers Centre, Lt. Collins St., 25 April 2016



A lady inserted an ad in the classifieds: "Husband wanted." The next day she received a hundred letters. They all said the same thing: "You can have mine."

Farewells

- John Murray Church, 57005, 3RAR on 26 January 2016
- Frederick D. Drake, 3400638, 1RAR & 2RAR on 19 May 2016
- Nick Carter, 2400708, 1RAR on 15 May 2016
- Gordon J. Clunes, 45341, *HMAS Murchison* on 5 May 2016
- Alan Reekie, 22611908, British Armed Forces on 1 Feb. 2016
- Terence S. Mackaway, 26501, British Commonwealth Salvage & Disposal Unit on 16 April 2016
- Alexander Scott, 52323, 1RAR on 23 March 2016
- George E. Sykes, 37566, *HMAS Tobruk* & *HMAS Sydney* on 16 May 2016

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

