



THE VOICE

February 2018 Edition

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Editor's Opening

Welcome to your FREE edition of *The Voice* – that is unless you paid your 2018 subscription early and without prompting, in which case, thank you for your donation. Don't know what I'm talking about? Try reading Page 4 in December 2017's *Voice*, namely, the article entitled... *The Future of the Voice*.

It being February it is time for the call for KVAA office bearers for 2018 (see Page 8 for a form). All positions are open and need to be filled. Now you are probably at this point saying: *but editor, we have just got a new National President, Vice-President and Secretary; why do we need to replace them?* Because the KVAA constitution dictates that each year at the AGM all positions are declared vacant and refilled.

So, who can fill these positions? Anybody with a family connection to veterans of the war (in a way standing in for a father or grandfather) or a veteran himself. However, the top two posts – the public face of the KVAA – need to be filled by actual veterans.

So who can be National President and Vice President? They need to be Korea War veterans, either the pre-ceasefire or post-ceasefire periods, but they do not need to have fought in the Australian armed forces. If you, for example, were in the British Army in Korea, are a member of the KVAA, and your name is, say, Don Scally or Alan Evered, **no one is going to object to you taking a senior position.** In fact, most members would absolutely, positively, totally encourage you to do so and would welcome your elevation.

Two donation to acknowledge... Kenneth Moore (not the British actor) sent \$50; only I'm not sure which Kenneth Moore – we have two – did so. So thank you to one of you; you know which one you are. Brian Heweston (of which we, unfortunately, have only one) chipped in with healthy \$100 which is enough to cover the overseas postage costs for two editions of *The Voice*. Thank you the singular Brian.

The KVAA Christmas lunch is now old news but must be covered. The two most notable features was the new location and the absence of so many regular past attendees: Jim Hughes, Vic Dey, James Weston, Keith and Elaine Langdon, Murray and Sandra Inwood, John Duson, Alison Welsby, Mick O'Burtill, Jack Taylor, Leo Gleeson, Bernie Schultz,
(continues on Page 8)

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Editor's note: Normally you'd find the President's Report here; however, Tom doesn't think he can match our former President's deathless prose. So instead, here's a President-approved Joke of the Month:

Rules For Gunfights

Royal Australian Infantry Rules for Gunfights:

1. Be courteous to everyone, friendly to no one.
2. Decide to be aggressive ENOUGH, quickly ENOUGH.
3. Have a plan.
4. Have a back-up plan, because the first one probably won't work.
5. Be polite. Be professional. But, have a plan to kill everyone you meet.
6. Do not attend a gunfight with a weapon whose magazine capacity does not consist of three numerals, the first of which should be 1 or higher.
7. Anything worth shooting is worth shooting twice. Ammo is cheap. Life is expensive.
8. Move away from your attacker. Distance is your friend.
9. Use cover or concealment as much as possible.
10. Flank your adversary when possible. Protect yours.
11. Always cheat; always win. The only unfair fight is the one you lose.
12. In ten years, nobody will remember the calibre, stance, or tactics. They will remember who lived.
13. If you are not shooting, you should be communicating.

Royal Australian Navy Rules For Gunfights:

1. Go to sea.
2. Drink coffee.
3. Watch porn.
4. Send the infantry.

Royal Australian Air Force Rules For Gunfights:

1. Have a cocktail.
2. Adjust temperature on air-conditioner.
3. See what's on pay TV.
4. Determine "what is a gunfight."
5. Request more funding from Government with a "killer" Power Point presentation.
6. Wine & dine 'key' Parliamentarians, invite Dept. of Defence & defence industry executives.
7. Receive funding, set up new command and assemble assets.
8. Declare the assets "strategic" and never deploy them operationally.
9. Tell the Navy to send the infantry.

Reveille In Korea

by Roger E. Bailey, Valatie, New York

As a U.S. Army Private, I arrived in Korea in March 1953 and was assigned to Headquarters Company, Korea Civil Assistance Command (KCAC) as a supply clerk (not my MOS). We were headquartered in Pusan.

I was thrilled that such an assignment had befallen me. My euphoria was short-lived, however, when, after about a month into my stint, the 1st Sgt. visited the Supply Room and found me at the typewriter. He told me that since I could type, I would be of more use serving as Company Clerk and ordered me to report the next morning, complete with desk and chair.

I called the motor pool and requested a truck to do the moving. I was now officially the Headquarters Company Clerk, occupying an office with the 1st Sgt., the Company Commander, and a Korean civilian typist. I wondered why they needed me, but it was soon obvious. The typist could not construct or punctuate a sentence. Assuming that task. I was also responsible for the Morning Reports. Now to the reason for this narrative: reveille.

In our Orderly Room (OR) we had a PA system, complete with a turntable, recorded bugle calls, and a recording of martial music. It became my duty to arrive in the O.R. each morning at 0500 and play reveille over the PA. I would then play martial music until 0530, when I would sound assembly. I performed this task dutifully, every morning, week after week.

I could sense some unrest among the enlisted personnel and, I expect, the officers as well. (There was a large contingent of officers assigned to KCAC). After much consideration as to what I could do to break the music tedium, I decided to pay a visit to the Armed Forces Radio Station, also stationed on our compound, to see if they had any recordings of a military nature that I might borrow. They came up with a copy of Glenn Miller's *American on Patrol* that included *Song of The Volga Boatman* and *Little Brown Jug*, among others. It took a couple mornings for me to get up the courage to change the musical format, as I wondered how it would be received by the "Brass" and whether I would keep my PFC stripe. Finally, one morning I put Glenn Miller over the PA and hoped for the best. At the appointed time, I sounded Assembly and fell out with the company.

After the CO reported to the Headquarters Commandant, Lt. Col. Diaz, he was asked to identify the soldier responsible for the deviation in the music selection. I was identified and ordered to step out of ranks and report to the Colonel. I did so with much trepidation.

He stated, "Thank you on behalf of all the officers on the compound." As a result, I did lose my PFC stripe – and sewed on those of a Corporal.

Source: *The Graybeards* magazine Vol.26, No.3, May-June 2012

My Life With the 452 Bomb Wing

by Vernon Gerdes, Prescott Valley, Arizona

The 452nd Bomb Wing (L) was an active Air Force reserve unit based at the Long Beach Airport in California. We had four squadrons of B-26 Douglas Invaders. When the Korean War broke out, the 452nd Bomb Wing (L) was the first Air Force reserve unit to be activated. I received my notice on 1 August 1950, along with the rest of the unit, to report to George AFB at Victorville, CA on 10 August 1950.

My position was an NCO Intelligence Specialist. We were at George AB to acquire additional aircraft, parts, personnel, and a whole lot more. On October 28, 1950 we sailed from San Francisco on the troopship *USS Breckenridge* and arrived at Moji, Japan on 15 November 1950. We surfaced to Itazuka Air Base. Our aircraft flew over before we sailed, as the B-26 did not have long range navigation. A B-29 led six of our B-26s on a long trip with refuelling stops. All aircraft arrived safely.

The 3rd Bomb Wing was there as a regular unit. It was also flying B-26s, but it only had two squadrons. So, our 73 1st Squadron was transferred to the 3rd Bomb Wing. Each unit was assigned to cover east and west portions of Korea. Our unit flew its first mission 77 days after being called up. We flew daylight missions to bomb bridges, rail yards, airfields, moving trains, trucks, etc.

We were only based at Itazuka Air Base for a short time before we were transferred to Miho Air Base. It was located on the West coast of Honshu, Japan. Our planes had to cross the Sea of Japan to reach Korean targets. They flew daylight missions until the enemy started moving trucks, and personnel at night.

The 452nd and the 3rd went to flying at night. This was dangerous, as they had to fly low, at elevations of 50 to 200 feet, among hills and mountains to locate and destroy targets. During the war a total of 166 B-26s were lost from both units.

As an Intelligence Specialist at Wing HQ, I was required to perform many and varied tasks, most of which were classified. We prepared war rooms for staff briefings, reviewed much information from the other services, helped Group Intel (also short of people), and completed many other duties, one of which was little known.

There was serious talk of going to war with China. The Air Force (I don't know about the other services) acted. I was ordered TDY (temporary duty), along with members of other Air Force units, to the 314th Air Division for matters pertaining to Intel. Our jobs were to collect and organize target data in China that was in range of our aircraft.

These target sheets were about 14" wide and 18" long. The info on the targets included photos, radar prints, drawings, etc. Some were very good to pretty bad for information. There were quite a few of them. But, they were better than nothing. I returned to K-9 Airfield, nine miles from Pusan. I then had to order WAC (World Aeronautical Charts) of the part of China we would attack if ordered. These WAC charts were what the flight crews used for navigation.

At times I would receive new or added target data to update target dossiers or the WAC charts. Of course, the work was highly classified at the time. We never had to use them, thank God. We had been called up for 21 months. I spent about six months in Japan and a year at K-9 airfield. Then I returned to the Zone of Interior, as the U.S. was called. I sailed from Japan early April 1952 aboard the *Gen. Meigs*. I was processed at YBI Mare Island, Hamilton AFB and released from active duty and returned home.

Source: *The Graybeards* magazine Vol.28, No.4, July-August 2014

They Said It!

(And many now probably wish they hadn't; however, some were prophetic and others make a point as relevant today as it was then.)

1951-1968

- Either the Senate will kill responsible government or responsible government will kill the Senate – Sir Richard Chaffey Barker, politician, 1951.
- I don't think bikinis will ever be allowed at Bondi – Aub Laidlaw, Bondi Beach inspector, 1953.
- We have a flat, dull and erroneous press that cannot get even the simplest thing right – Zelman Cowan, Dean of Law, Melbourne University, 1961.
- ANZAC Day is...just one long grog-up – Alan Seymour, writer, 1962.
- The choice between the Liberals and the ALP is the depressing choice between the polite socialist and the vulgar socialist – J. T. Kane, politician, 1964.
- Sport to many Australians is light and the rest is a shadow – Donald Horne, author, 1964.
- The genuine eccentric is crushed, the tall poppy lopped and the penetrating discussion stifled – John Yoemans, writer, on Australia, 1967.
- I know this beach like the back of my hand – Prime Minister Harold Holt about Cheviot Beach, 1967.
- The commercial television stations know there is no real demand for cultural programmes – Zelman Cowan, Vice-Chancellor, University of New England, 1968.

Korean War Memoirs

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

Part Eleven

The date was probably around the 15th December '51 as I was able to write a letter to my parents on the 19th December. I mentioned that, the previous week, I had received their letter written in September. I was also able to say that we had just been given padded clothing. I had been absolutely delighted to get rid of my battle dress trousers and shirt that I had not changed since some time before the Imjin battle i.e. early April, making it almost exactly 8 months of continuous wear. Nor had I washed my body or cleaned my teeth.

Oddly enough I don't think we did smell, or perhaps we all smelt the same, and just did not notice it. My only contribution to personal hygiene had been to strip daily and search for lice which always lurked in the seams. These I killed, in the approved manner, between my two thumb nails.

Much later I discovered that my parents only got to know that I was still alive and a PoW on the 22nd December '51. They were based in Rangoon at the time, but were actually on a ship to Singapore. The Services Mission at Mingladon had got the news from the War Office and sent it by Marconigram to the ship.

Letters and new clothing marked an enormous change from Pak's Palace. From now on life was liveable. The food too, was a big improvement as we were now given pork once a week, albeit, not very attractively presented. It came in the form of soup with a few small chunks of pork complete with bristles.

Oddly enough, in spite of the improvement in food, it was now that the problem of night blindness made itself felt. This is apparently caused by a deficiency of vitamins A and D. I can't speak from personal experience, because, amazingly enough, and very fortunately, I never suffered from it. In fact, I was one of the 'locomotives', so called because last thing at night, we used to take a 'train' to the latrines.

The train was formed by the locomotive in front with about seven or eight men, who could not see where they were going, with their right hand on the shoulder of the man in front. As one might imagine, there were calls of "the train standing at platform 1 is for Edinburgh via Cockfosters" and the like. This was followed by "Hoot, hoot" and off we set.

I cannot remember how we celebrated Christmas – perhaps not much. But, I think, Sam Davies our padre, was allowed to hold a service. One thing I do recall was when Sam and I and one other were standing by the main gate, above which was a large red communist star. The other person remarked "Ah, – the star of Bethlehem". "Not so" said Sam "the star of Satan, you mean".

Morning roll call used to take place on the school play area below some steps. The camp commandant and the interpreter stood at the top of the steps. The camp commandant was a tired old man obviously close to retirement, but the interpreter, Zee, was a very sharp 'wide-boy' from Shanghai. Frequently the camp commandant would make a speech – invariably dull and full of platitudes.

One day, Geoffrey Costello, a very tall, one-eyed Gloster, and Larry Taft, a heavily bearded dour US Marine aviator decided to make a skit of this performance. Larry, as the camp commandant, started off with "Mintien (tomorrow in Mandarin) digga-digga urshey bar". This was ably translated by Geoffrey as "Tomorrow, umm, umm, will be Thursday". When Geoffrey translated the next sentence as "the next day will be Fliday", the audience fell about laughing. And this included Zee, the interpreter, who had just arrived!

Another cause for laughter was Johnny Thornton, a diminutive US Navy pilot who sometimes pretended to be a helicopter. This entailed wearing a skull cap made from an old cap with the peak cut off and a moving wood propeller on top and zooming around the camp making brrrm-brrrm noises. Thereafter, he was known as 'Rotorhead' Thornton. (Continued next issue).

Col's Gong

As mentioned last *Voice*, not a musical instrument but a recognition of merit by the KVAA, in this instance a *Life Membership* certificate. Colin Berryman OAM is our indefatigable Canberra delegate, a TPI certified welfare officer, a Life Member of the TPI Association, recipient of an RSL Meritorious Service Medal, and that OAM after his surname was awarded in recognition of his service to veterans and their families. Whew! (And I thought my Boy Scout merit badge for Knot Tying was an achievement!) More pertinent to the KVAA is his liaison with the ROK Embassy, committee work with the Australian Department of Defence, and generally continuing to represent the interests of Korea War veterans in particular, and the KVAA in general, in the Nation's political heart. [At this point I'm tempted to insert that standard joke that no politician or bureaucrat actually has a heart. This is, of course, untrue. They simply keep them locked away in safety deposit boxes along with their integrity and intelligence until the day they retire].

Panzer Corps Tokyo

by Kenneth I. Roy

On 12 May 1943 the German Army in Tunisia surrendered and the famed Afrika Korps ceased to exist. Within weeks the desert veterans began shipping out for incarceration in the United States. Compared with most other prisoners of war, the Afrika Korps veterans had it easy, since the US scrupulously complied with the spirit and letter of the Geneva accords. Indeed, enemy POW's were frequently accorded better treatment than were American soldiers of African descent.

Save for a little extra fencing and a few more guard towers, the average POW camp was not very dissimilar to the ordinary US Army Basic training centres, in terms of creature comforts. Efforts were made to provide German-style cuisine. Recreational and educational facilities were considerable. By courtesy of the International Red Cross, Germany provided each POW with an official record book in which he could carefully record his academic achievement from correspondence courses for accreditation upon his return to the Reich. As a result, a number of repatriated POWs were able to graduate from German universities with part of their coursework having been completed while sitting out the war in the US. Other POWs found work at the rate of 90 cents a day in non-war related industries, a rate of pay higher than that accorded persons in American civil prisons at the time.

By February 1945 there were more than 300,000 German POW's in the United States. Meanwhile, prompted by boredom, or love of combat, some thousands of them Volunteered to serve against Japan. The "Prisoner of War Special Projects Division" prepared a secret memo examining the possibility of creating a German Volunteer Corps to aid in the war against Japan. The idea of having veterans of the Afrika Korps' great desert battles using Sherman tanks to drive on Tokyo across the Kanto Plain must have fired the imagination of many admiring American military thinkers.

The German Volunteer Corps (Deutsches Freiwilligen Korps) appears to have been given serious consideration at fairly high levels in the American military establishment. In the end it was rejected. The only legal ways for the US to use the Germans in combat were either as regular enlisted personnel of the US Army or else as mercenaries.

Enlisting the POWs would entitle them to veterans' benefits and a claim on US citizenship after the war. Service as mercenaries was rejected for several reasons. There was no legal basis for the President to employ mercenaries, and getting Congress to establish such might set a dangerous precedent not to mention the unsavoury reputation German mercenaries had in the United States reaching back to the American Revolution.

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* No. 118 March-April 1988

The First "Blitzkrieg"

The pre-dawn darkness is shattered by the fire of 1,003 British guns hurling a devastating barrage at the German positions. The thunder of showering steel subsides as a new and unfamiliar sound rumbles across the countryside – tanks!

The British, for the first time in history, are using massed tanks to break through the German defences. The breakthrough to "the green fields beyond" that has eluded the Empire's finest generals for three long and bloody years is to be sought with the combined weight of 476 of the powerful weapons, followed closely by infantry. Behind, with their sabres glittering and lance pennons fluttering, the cavalry waits, poised to exploit the breakthrough. Overhead, squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps bomb and strafe German rear areas, direct artillery fire, attack German airfields, and seize control of the skies.

The dawn of 20 November brought light to more than just another day – it witnessed the birth of the Blitzkrieg. The era of modern warfare had arrived with the onslaught of British armour, artillery, and aircraft – a style of warfare as different from the fruitless offensives of preceding years as Waterloo differed from Marathon.

In the first days of the Battle of Cambrai – the first great armored battle in history – the British broke through the German trenches, driving deeper in hours than they had in months of previous offensives. Yet strong German resistance and crucial indecision over the commitment of British reserves held the armored spearheads back.

For three days, the fate of Cambrai hung in the balance. The Germans evacuated the town, but reinforcements formed a line; the British pushed toward Broulton, but the Germans shifted to meet them. In five days, the British took most of their objectives, but the Germans were not about to concede defeat. Ten days after the battle began, they launched a two-pronged counterattack designed to envelop the British.

One of the German pincers was halted by a tenacious British defence, but the other broke through, and *Stossruppen* poured into British rear areas. British reserves then attacked and stopped the German advance, but the fighting raged on until 7 December, when bad weather and exhaustion of supplies halted the fighting. One of the significant battles of history – and one whose lessons would be put to use by the Germans in another war – had ended.

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* No. 66 Jan.-Feb. 1978

The German Defence of Normandy

by Alan Augenbraun

By the end of 1943, the war had turned against Germany, Allied bombers were pounding the Reich, Russia's massive armies had launched their Ukraine offensive, and Allied troops were mere miles from Rome. Germany could not successfully cope with a third front in Northwest Europe, which since 1941, had become an increasingly dangerous weak point. Hitler knew that if the Allies succeeded in penetrating the German defences on a wide front, consequences of immense proportions would follow. Hence, the fate of the Fatherland rested with the defence of Northwest Europe.

Despite the overwhelming difficulty of fortifying 3,000 miles of coastline, Hitler conceived of, and became obsessed with, making Europe impregnable with a string of concrete defences supported by troop and armored units. He believed that this "Atlantic Wall" would be invulnerable to bombardment and would deter, or at least hamper, any invasion. The Dieppe raid in 1942 convinced Hitler that the wall must be completed with "fanatical" haste.

Serious work on the defences did not begin until late-1943, at which time Field Marshal Erwin Rommel was appointed to inspect the Atlantic Wall and plan the defence of Northwest Europe, responsible only to the Armed Forces High Command (OKW). Recognising time as his worst enemy, Rommel rushed work on the defences, utilizing all available men and material and constantly asking for more of both.

Rommel ordered the erection of crude obstacles – some of them stripped from the Maginot Line – below high and low-tide marks wherever seaborne landings were feasible. Millions of mines were strewed along the beaches, and Rommel intended to plant millions more. Thus, if the Allies invaded at high-tide, their landing craft would be impaled or sunk by the submerged obstacles; if the landings came at low-tide, Allied troops would have to cross the wide, mined beaches under concentrated machine gun and artillery and mortar fire.

Behind the beaches were the concrete pill-boxes, bunkers, and trenches, all surrounded with barbed wire. From these fortified positions, every available piece of artillery covered the beaches. Farther back, the low-lying areas were flooded in anticipation of an airborne attack. Every open field within eight miles of the coast was to be transformed into a lethal forest of mined stakes and barbed wire as a defence against a gliderborne assault, although this latter project was not completed by D-Day.

In order to man the northwestern defences, Hitler, lacking a central strategic reserve and pressed for seasoned troops by the Russian and Italian campaigns, formed static divisions to fill the gaps left by the few veteran infantry and Panzer units in Northwest Europe. While poorly armed and lacking cohesion, these static troops achieved superior familiarity with their assigned areas.

Unlike the three-regiment regular infantry division, static units were comprised of only two regiments. The troops were mostly older men and young boys, remnants of decimated divisions from other fronts, "volunteers" from occupied countries, and even Russian and Polish prisoners of war. A large proportion of the troops' armament was made up of captured weapons of many types, making supply difficult at best. The three artillery batteries totalled 36 guns in all, all of which were horse-drawn. It was this type of unit which made up the bulk of Hitler's "human wall."

Thus, Field Marshal von Rundstedt, Commander-in-Chief of the Western Theatre (OB West), had about 60 divisions with which to defend the entire coast, allowing for only one division per 50 miles, a military impossibility. But the Germans assumed that the invasion would occur north of the Seine River.

This belief was fostered by the Allies' need of adequate harbour facilities, the proximity of Calais to England which offered the Allies the shortest route to Europe and Germany, the heavy nightly bombing of Calais and Le Havre by the Allied Air Force, and Allied troop concentrations in Southwest England. Accordingly, the main German strength was deployed to cover the port areas above the Seine, while Normandy and Brittany received lighter troop concentrations. OB West's ten armoured divisions, its most potent means of counterattack, were hopelessly spread from Belgium to South France.

When Luftwaffe reconnaissance flights revealed increased concentrations of shipping in western English ports but not in those directly across from Calais. Hitler decided to strengthen the Normandy forces, intuitively fearing an invasion there. This move boosted the number of divisions in the Normandy area from eight to eleven, and placed the 21st Panzer Division near Caen, the 91st Infantry in the Cherbourg Peninsula, and the crack 352nd Infantry on that part of the coast which was soon to be known to the world as Omaha Beach.

Despite this increase, Rommel asked for yet another 15 divisions to be held near Paris as an operational reserve, and two more Panzer divisions and various support units for deployment along the Normandy coast. None of these requests was granted, however.

Ironically, the small western force available to the Germans necessitated coordinated defensive planning

(continues on Page 8)

The German Defence of Normandy (continued from Page 7)

and action, but with the chaotic confusion in the command set-up, this was almost impossible. OB West was plagued by disunity and inter-service rivalry, partly fostered by the lack of centralized command in the higher echelons where Army High Command (OKH), the theoretical subordinate of Armed Forces High Command (OKW), independently and solely directed operations on the eastern front. Further, OB West had no jurisdiction over naval and air forces in the west.

Each service was responsible to OKW in Berlin, and, as a result, felt itself superior to the other branches of the Wehrmacht, striving to gain more power than was necessary. Air Marshal Goering, for example, maintained a ground crew-to-airman ratio of 100 to 1, a flagrant waste of manpower for the sake of the Luftwaffe’s grandeur. The German lack of coordination was most apparent when the 26th Fighter Wing, the last near the coast, was pulled back out of range of the beaches just before D-Day.

The confused and overlapping command organization was best exemplified by the 116th, 21st and 2nd Panzer Divisions being under Rommel’s Army Group B for tactical deployment subject to OKW and OB West approval, and under Panzer Group West for administration and training. By June, these three divisions were also partly under the XLVII Panzer Corps. Von Rundstedt’s rivalry of the younger Rommel also contributed to the decentralization of western forces. Jealous of Rommel, who was in effect solely responsible for the defence of France, Rundstedt, to offset Rommel’s power, created two subordinate commands under OB West – Army Groups G and B – and gave Rommel command of the latter. In so doing, von Rundstedt significantly impeded a unified, co-ordinated defence.

This then was the state of *Festung Europa*. Hitler’s dream of an impregnable Fortress Europe. And, thus undermanned, undergunned, and uncoordinated, the Wehrmacht waited for the Allied assault.

Source: *The General* magazine, Vol.6, No.3

Editor’s Opening (continued from Page 1)

George Coleman, Dong-up Kim, Max ‘Sparra’ Folan and so on. Some were ill on the day, some just couldn’t make it, some have gone into care, some have moved down country, and some, well, they’ve moved permanently to a much more distant place.

But, that said, the new digs was nice. Even allowing for fewer people, the room seemed larger and airier than at Batman on Collins. And many regulars did attend, plus a few who hadn’t been in a few years. Milton Griffin popped down from Barooga (in NSW, if only just) and John Munro from Moama (also, NSW, if only just), giving him the distance award for the most miles travelled. There are 70+ photos on the KVAA website and a few on the back page along with photos taken at the KVAA Geelong lunch.

Nominations for KVAA Office Bearers 2018-2019

Positions required: President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary and Committee members

Current Office Bearers 2017-2018: President - Tom Parkinson / Vice President - Alan McDonald / Secretary - Merrill Lord / Treasurer - Gerry Steacy / Committee - George Daniel, Alan Evered, Milton Hoe, Ron J. Kennedy, John Mollar OAM, Allen Riches, Arthur Roach and Don Scally.

KVAA Constitution - Rule 14: Election of Officers & Ordinary Committee Members

1. Any financial member of the Association may submit his/her nomination for a position as an ordinary member of the Committee but must comply as follows: The nomination form must be signed by two (2) financial members of the Association and be accompanied by the written consent of the Candidate.
2. Nominations must be returned to: The Secretary, KVAA Inc., PO Box 107, Frankston, Victoria 3199.

Please cut here -----

NOMINATION FOR OFFICE BEARERS / COMMITTEE 2018-2019

We the undersigned, being financial members of the KVAA Inc, do hereby nominate:

Name:	For the position of:
Proposer:	Signature:
Seconder:	Signature:
I,	
Do hereby and hereon accept nomination for the position of:	
Signature:	Date:

Wings Over Korea

by Roger K. Horky

(Excerpted and edited from a longer article)

The Korean War (1950-53) was the first major conflict to follow the Second World War, and must be considered a direct legacy of it. During World War II, Korea was occupied by the Japanese; and after that war, Korea was divided into two regions, north and south, divided by the 38th Parallel-and by differing political views.

The northern area was administered by the Soviet Union, while the southern zone was placed under American jurisdiction. Neither world power seemed satisfied by this state of affairs, and in June 1950, the north invaded the south. This article does not presume to be a history of the Korean conflict as a whole. Rather, its purpose is simply to provide some insight into the aerial aspects of that war, particularly in the arena of jet combat.

Another legacy of World War II was the incredible advances in fighting aircraft technology, particularly in the field of the jet propulsion. During 1945, only the Germans had been able to put combat jet aircraft into combat (both fighters and bombers), but had the war lasted a few months longer both the US and the UK would have had operational jet fighters. The USSR entered the field only after the war was over, but by 1948 had jet aircraft in service.

The Korean War, as a result, was to be the first “jet” war. This is not to imply that only jet aircraft participated; but for the first time jet aircraft were called upon to play a major role in the outcome of a conflict and were able to fulfill the promise only hinted at in 1945.

The first types of aircraft to benefit from the developments in jet propulsion were, unsurprisingly, the fighters – since they would profit most obviously from the superior speeds and altitudes attainable by jet engines. Fighter combat in jet aircraft did not differ much from combat in prop-driven planes, with a few notable exceptions. Foremost was the fact that jet aircraft, whose top speeds approached 700 miles-per-hour even in 1950, could close with one another much more quickly than prop-driven planes. In a head-on pass, closing speed could exceed 1300 mph!

This meant that fighter pilots would have to keep an especially close watch for any other aircraft, for an enemy that had moments before been a speck in the distance could turn and suddenly close to firing range in a few seconds. Remember that in 80% of all air-to-air kills-from World War 1 to the Falklands – the target never saw the aircraft that shot them down. Thus, in Korea was the requirement to spot the enemy before he spotted you made even more imperative.

Another result of the greater speeds of these early jet fighters was the increased frequency of missed combats. Many times during the Korean War pilots would report spotting enemy aircraft passing in the opposite direction; but by the time they had turned to face the “bogey”, their opponents would be long out of range.

A stern chase between aircraft of similar speed is a very frustrating experience. Remember, this was before the days of air-to-air missiles; the fighter pilot still relied on his guns. A very important factor in jet combat proved to be endurance or, rather, the lack of it.

Early jet engines consumed fuel at phenomenal rates, and combat time for jet aircraft in the 1950s was strictly limited. In the first days of the Korean War, US aircraft based in Japan would have less than 20 minutes of combat time to spend in the forward areas.

Source: *The General* magazine No. 26, No.3, 1990

A Busy Day

The 24th October 1944 was a busy day for the officers and sailors of *HMAS Arunta* and *HMS Shropshire*. They were part of a US Navy battle group which successfully took on the waning might of the Imperial Japanese Navy in a night action south of the island of Leyte. They were involved in the Battle of Surigao Strait, the first of three major actions which comprised the Battle of Leye Gulf.

Arunta's group made their attack run at 0311. The Japanese opened fire, initially with starshells and then with medium calibre guns. *Arunta* and her consorts launched their torpedoes at the *Yamashiro* and then withdrew under cover of smoke. *Shropshire's* entry to the fray was delayed by lack of a suitable gunnery radar...but in a total of nine minutes, her ship's company fired a total of 214 eight inch shells.

The Battle of Surigao Strait had cost the Japanese the battleships *Yamashiro* and *Fuso*, the cruisers *Mogami* and *Abukuma* and the destroyers *Michishio*, *Yamagumo* and *Asagumo*. Damaged were the cruisers *Nachi*, *Ashigara* and the destroyer *Shigure*. Allied losses were a single damaged destroyer.

Source: *Navy News* 21 October 1994

Lessons Learnt

Both the Italians and British learnt many lessons from the successful British carrier-launched bombing of Taranto Harbour on 11 November 1940 which saw the damaging or sinking of numerous Italian capital ships. So too did a then-neutral third party, who keenly studied the British methods, even sending a team to inspect Taranto harbour in May 1941. This team consisted of Japanese Admiral, Koki Abe, and a party of naval officers, who doubtless applied the lessons learnt to an attack on another naval base half way across the world seven months later.

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* No. 257 2009

Who Goes First?

by Pete (Morton) Wood, Bethesda, Maryland

In 1951, prior to going to Korea, I served for a few months with the 3rd Infantry Regiment at Fort Myer, Virginia. The 3rd Regiment does ceremonial duties in and around Washington DC, including Arlington National Cemetery. At 5' 8" I felt like a dwarf among the giants who were selected for parades, walking post at the Tomb of the Unknowns, escorting Cherry Blossom Princesses, and conducting military funerals, among often demanding but sometimes very pleasant duties. Nothing fancy like that for me, but I did have one or two exposures to public view, such as being platoon leader of the baseball platoon.

We had a bunch of pretty famous just-drafted major league players who led Fort Myer to an undefeated military league season while we tried to give them and about 500 other infantry recruits basic training at a post with no training facilities. We spent more time in trucks bouncing up and down route US 1 to other camps than we did training. But that's another story.

When General Walton Walker was killed during the early stages of the Korean War, his body was shipped back for services and burial with full honours at Arlington Cemetery. My primary duty that day was to be in charge of directing traffic around the approaches and crossroad at the Tomb of the Unknowns and the adjacent amphitheatre where the funeral service was to be held.

President Harry Truman was to attend, along with hosts of other military and government VIPs. One of our major directives was to make sure that the funeral procession, with the caisson pulled by white horses with symbolic empty boots turned backwards hanging from an empty saddle, which had started out from across the river in downtown Washington, was not held up by traffic when it arrived at the amphitheatre.

Another directive was to make sure that President Truman's motorcade, which was to arrive a bit earlier, was ushered through without delay. Tight security was the order of the day. Everything went along nicely until it became evident that Truman's sizable party, coming at flank speed with motorcycle escort, was late and was going to show up from a different direction at the amphitheatre crossroad at the same moment as the caisson.

Oh-oh!

Who goes first and who waits? And guess who gets the hatchet if the wrong one has to wait?

My #1 sergeant, who was posted at the key intersection about fifty feet away from my position, waved at me as if to ask, "Which one?"

I froze for a few seconds, then shouted something brilliant like "The horses." I figured that, President or not, the funeral was the main show. So the caisson and all the attendant vehicles and slow-step marchers and drummers filed by as the President's police escort sat there on their bikes revving their motors and glaring at us with blood in their eyes.

Well, everything seemed to work itself out and the ceremonies started on time. Later, as we went through the process of getting all the vehicles sorted out and on their way home, the Major in charge of ceremony logistics whizzed by my post and gave me what I hoped was a *Well done!* signal. Or was it an *I wanna see you in my office right away!* signal?

I didn't hear any more about it, but couldn't help wondering if it had anything to do with my getting orders to Korea very shortly thereafter. I do believe, though, that President Truman, secretly from his limousine, and General Walker, silently from his casket, approved of my decision at that crossroad.

Source: *The Graybeards* magazine Vol.26, No.4, Jul.-Aug. 2012

Obscure Islands

As part of their reward for their participation in World War One, Japan occupied many of the former German territories in the Pacific. From the European perspective, these were obscure islands on the other side of the world and of little commercial or strategic value. Therefore Britain and France raised no objection.

The name of some of these islands may be familiar to some, especially older Americans: Eniwetok, Truk, Palau, Tarawa and Saipan. What was given away so casually in 1919 had to be repurchased with blood during the 'island hopping' of 1942-1945 in order to reach the Japanese homeland.

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* No. 255

A Fine Fine?

Editor's intro: If ever you thought that speed camera have less do do with saving lives and more to do with revenue raising, this next bit taken from the RACV's Australia's Best Cars 2015/16 will confirm your fears.

In Europe, speeding fines can be linked to the offending driver's income, and three of the most expensive are:

- In 2003 Finnish meat tycoon Jussi Salonoja received a \$260,000 fine for doing 80km/h in a 40km/h zone.
- In 2010 an unnamed Swiss millionaire copped a \$311,000 ticket for going 137km/h through a village in his Ferrari.
- Also in 2010, Dutch police impounded a car being driven by a 20-year-old at 160km/h in an 80km/h-zone. It was his father's \$2.7 million Bugatti Veyron and it took many months to get it back.

If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is it homeless and naked?

Rotten Akrotiri & Horrible Heraklion

(From the point-of-view of a German paratrooper in May 1941)

While the Allied evacuation to Crete in May 1941 turned into a similar disaster to that just experienced in Greece, it didn't start out that way. The German assault on the mountainous island called for airborne landings in four separate areas. But due to inadequate air transport capacity, two airborne waves were needed.

One objective of the first wave was the quick capture of Canea, the capital city of Crete. To clear the way for the landing of the main regiment, Captain Altmann and a company of glider-borne troops were given the task of landing west of the city on the Akrotiri Peninsula and neutralizing the British anti-aircraft positions located there.

As the German gliders approached the target area, four gliders were lost to the heavy AA fire. All cohesion was gone. Upon coming to earth, the situation did not improve for the Germans. Unknown to them, the gun positions had been shifted since the last aerial reconnaissance of the area. Landing too far away from the guns, the German assault troops were unable to overrun the British crews at first rush and were pinned down by determined enemy small-arms fire.

The British, who had been briefed to handle an airborne assault, promptly attacked the German troops – some even as they emerged from the gliders. By the end of the long day, almost the entire German company, including Captain Altmann, had been killed. The threat to Canea from this direction had been eliminated.

German intelligence had erred terribly in calculating the ability of British forces to resist an airborne attack. There were three times as many troops on Crete as was anticipated. They were dug in and camouflaged well, and were little affected by the massive pre-invasion aerial bombardments.

The mission of the paratroopers approaching Heraklion was to take the town and, more importantly, the airfield. The invaders needed an airfield as quickly as possible in order to land reinforcing troops of the 5th Mountain Division. As the paratroopers jumped from the Junkers 52s, each armed only with a few grenades and a pistol, they were confident of their success.

To their horror, the Fallschirmjagers found themselves falling directly over the British troops. The British rose from their slit trenches and opened fire on the helpless men dangling from their parachute harnesses. With well-aimed rifle and machine gun fire, the Black Watch slaughtered many Germans before they even touched the ground. Those that did reach the earth ran around frantically searching for their weapons canisters, which contained all their heavy weapons, while the British continued to pick them off one by one.

The British counterattacked against the lightly armed troops, knowing that now was the time to take them out, before they could offer serious resistance. Only a few men survived from the entire battalion; the attack against Heraklion was a total disaster.

It augured well for a stout and successful defence of the island...

Source: *The General* magazine No.29, No.1 & Vol.31, No.4 1993

Battle Ready! (But Not Child-Proof)

The principal British battle tank during the late 50s and early 60s was the Centurion, a sturdy vehicle which still soldiers on in some poorer armies. A strange fate once befell one of these behemoths. One day in the early 1960s, a British tank regiment was having open house. There was lots of equipment on display, including several Centurions. One tank was open for inspection, and visitors were permitted to climb down into it and have a look around. This, of course, proved particularly popular with the children, who clambered all over the thing. Needless to say, the show went off well and was an enormous success. But then an inspection revealed that the little ones had inflicted considerable damage on various interior parts of the tank, including the breech mechanism, though no one was ever able to figure out how they had managed it.

Source: Dunnigan, James F. and Nolfi, Albert, *Dirty Little Secrets*, William Morrow & Co., 1990 via *Strategy & Tactics*, No. 131, 1989

The Single Victory

During WWII, in the narrow waters of the Baltic, the opposing submarine fleets played a deadly game of "cat and mouse". German U-boats sought to destroy the Soviet Union's Red Banner Fleet, confusing and harrying it with continual aircraft attacks. Meanwhile, the surviving Soviet subs took every opportunity to sink German shipping, often at foolhardy risks. On 9 August 1941, the Soviet lookouts on *Shch 307* sighted a German submarine running east on the surface. In the deadly game of submarine versus submarine, the victor is the one that fires first. The Russian crew, even as the Germans became aware of their presence, launched a full spread of torpedoes. U144 was lost with all hands. It was the sole unqualified success in the Baltic, the only major enemy warship sunk there by the Russians.

Source: *The General* magazine Vol.19, No.6, 1983

Punnies

What's the best thing about Switzerland? I don't know, but their flag is a huge plus.

I hear the new auto body shop that opened comes highly wreck-a-mended.

My friend's bakery burned down last night. Now his business is toast.

So what if I don't know what apocalypse means. It's not the end of the world!

Sleeping comes so naturally to me, I could do it with my eyes closed.

There was once a cross-eyed teacher who couldn't control his pupils.

I relish the fact that you've mustard the strength to ketchup to me.

England doesn't have a kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.

A man just assaulted me with milk, cream and butter. How dairy!

My new theory on inertia doesn't seem to be gaining momentum.

I don't trust these stairs because they're always up to something.

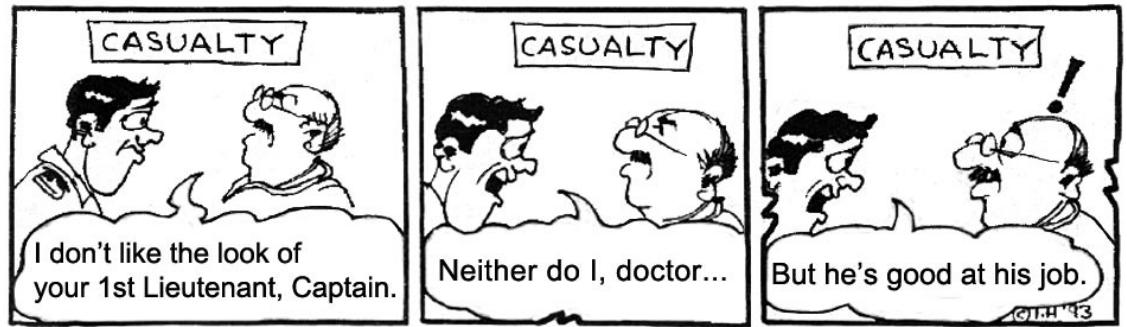
Always trust a glue salesman. They tend to stick to their word.

Don't trust people that do acupuncture; they're back stabbers.

I once heard a joke about amnesia, but I forgot how it goes.

HMAS Wort by Ian Hughes

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



KVAA Xmas Lunch Photos

William Angliss, Little Lonsdale Street, 6 December 2017



Arthur Alsop proudly pointing out his latest merit badge. Peter Shultz is shocked at what it represents and what Arthur had to do to obtain it!



Wine fancier, Michael Littleton, not impressed with what is on offer.



For the second year, Alan Evered's sketch, *Snowman in a Snowstorm* failed to raise a bid.



An anonymous and very bashful supporter of the KVAA. Allen Riches, on the other hand, is not so shy.



Another wine fancier, equally unimpressed with what is on offer.



"Just like the son I never had!" Dennis Lehmann cuddles a short furry friend.



Good friend of the KVAA and an always welcome guest, Claire Kwon – oh, and Arthur Slee as well.



"Wow!" exclaims Arthur Roach, "Only quality booze on offer here."



Mary Roach perplexed by the number of presents on offer and which one she should take.



More friends of the KVAA and equally welcome: Koo-Young Lim and Eun-P Lim. (Apologies if I have the spelling wrong.)

(continues on Page 14)



Stacey Holland and Peter Duffin taking the old adage *I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine* way too literally.



Out with the old; in with the new. Outgoing Consul General, Jo Hongju with the incoming KVAA National President and Vice-President.



An increasingly rare sight: four actual Korea War veterans gathered together in one place. In this case (l-r), Charlie Slater, Milton Griffin, Tom Parkinson and John Munro.



Sally Brownbill and her dad, John.



The outgoing Consul-General's final address to the KVAA.

Geelong KVAA Xmas Photos

The Gateway Pub/Hotel, Corio, Geelong, 13 December 2017



Farewells

Clarence Flentjar, 38429, *HMAS Tobruk* on 10 Dec. 2017

Brian Bond Gibson, 46000, *HMAS Shoalhaven* in mid-Jan. 2018

Ronald Frederick Hurst, 2900128, 1RAR in late January 2018

Norman T. Ralfe, 422280, Duke of Wellington Regiment, British Army on 6 January 2018

Douglas R. Wilkie, 3400554, 1RAR on 13 Oct. 2017 (see sidebar)

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

Douglas Wilkie should be a familiar name to long-term members of the KVAA. He served at various times throughout the 1980s, 1990s and the first decade of the 21st century as Pension's Officer, Welfare Officer and Committeeman (sometimes all three at once). One of the KVAA's few fully qualified Pensions Officers, he continued to work on welfare matters with Rob Winther, DVA Liaison Officer with Austin Health at the Heidelberg Repat Hospital until two weeks before his death. A KVAA Life Member, and deservedly so.