



THE VOICE

June 2018 Edition

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Some late-breaking news from John Munro for those living in North-West Victoria...

Korean War Memorial Service
Commemorating the start of the Korean War.

11am on 25th June 2018
at the Moama Sub-Branch RSL
(off Merool Road)

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ANZAC DAY Report

Well, after years of believing that the readership of *The Voice* only looks at the cartoons, jokes and short articles on WWII – and very little else, it seems that, in this instance at least, I have been proved wrong. In the April edition, I stated that jump-off time was 10.30 with mustering a half hour before then, with the caveat that there was a possibility of starting earlier. Most attendees heeded this and we did get underway a little before schedule – an unprecedented **half an hour** early.

Despite getting there at 9.30, and despite the help of Hussan Hussani from Fountain Gate SC, we were barely ready when the call came to muster on Swanston Street. Thankfully, the Melbourne High School cadets also arrived early, so at least we had sufficient (and then some) flag bearers.

The threatened rain held off as did the wind. It wasn't even cold. For the first time in a couple of years we had more than just three veterans who marched. Six in total with one hitching a ride in one of the classic cars.

Thus ended the long association of the KVAA with the ANZAC Day march. Maybe.

The number of veterans who marched will unlikely be reached again, especially if the weather is cold, rainy and windy. The number of families, friends and supporters who joined the veterans was down noticeably, very noticeably, as were those who usually sit out the March at the Stella Maris but remain for the Reunion. It goes without saying – but say it I will – that many veterans would have liked to have attended either the march or reunion, but though the spirit is willing...etc.

We catered for fifty, didn't come close to reaching that number, and did as well as we did only because of the usual plethora of Melbourne High School cadets present plus a few (welcome) latecomers and gate-crashers. The question remains: will the 2018 reunion at the Stella Maris be the last in its current form?

More on the KVAA's involvement with ANZAC Day later in the year.

Enough with the negatives, on to the positives and one in particular. It is on Page 13: four generations of Lehmanns, one of whom slept through the occasion (and no, I'm not talking about Dennis).

A few unexpected people dropped by, including for the first time
(continues on Page 8)

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Korean War Memoirs

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

Part Thirteen

1953

Finally after about a year and nine months in the two camps near the Yalu River, came the day when we were ordered into trucks and taken to a railway station. Here we got into cattle trucks with open doors and made our way down south. I can honestly say that when our train stopped on a particularly rickety wooden bridge with a river canyon below it, was one of the few times I felt frightened in Korea!

I suppose we spent about ten days at a tented holding camp near Kaesong waiting for each evening when a list of names of the next day's repatriates was read out. We wiled away the days by washing, then cleaning our teeth and then cleaning them again. We all delighted in the soap, toothbrush and toothpaste we had been given. Two and a half years is a long time to go without cleaning one's teeth.

Eventually the great day came when the 'reactionaries' were exchanged. It was the first of September '53, we walked on air – a hackneyed phrase, but accurate, over Freedom Bridge. There was a Royal Military Police sergeant wearing his red cap and we knew then that we had made it. One of our number, a private soldier, was so overcome by the sight, that he rushed up to him and gave him a bear hug with the words "Oh, you beautiful thing" – a greeting not normally accorded to the Military Police.

At Freedom Camp we discarded our Chinese clothing, had a shower, were de-loused and then put on British Army jungle green uniform. The following morning we went by air to Kure in Japan. Here we were accommodated in the British Army camp. The rooms were exceedingly comfortable and were well looked after by Japanese chamber maids, who all seemed to answer to the name of 'poppet san' – 'san' being a word signifying respect.

That evening some of the sisters from the British Military Hospital thought some of us should join them for a swim in the sea. I do not remember from where we acquired swimming trunks but I do remember that the beach was lovely white sand and that the sea was beautifully warm. One way or another we spent the rest of the evening there, I suppose we ate something but once again my memory has deserted me.

The following day we had some kind of debrief/interrogation by a Major in the Intelligence Corps. He showed us some maps of North Korea, also some air photos of the various camps. It was interesting to see where Pak's Palace had been. A slightly more detailed medical examination took place, but this did not interfere with our free time. We even went to the US camp and saw our friends in their hospital beds, now undergoing all kinds of tests. We reckoned our RAMC doctors had been much cleverer when they prescribed a good party rather than whingeing on a hospital bed!

Some four of us took a train to Tokyo. A shopping trip down the Ginza and most of the night in a night club soon got Tokyo out of our system!

The following evening we all embarked on *HMT Empire Orwell*, and began the six week trip to Southampton. I was in a cabin for eight officers, one of whom was Geoffrey Costello. It was he who went up to the ship's Captain and asked him to arrange for drinks to be served to our cabin any time in the 24 hours.

To our amazement this was granted – the only place on the ship that such drinking hours applied. On the first night on board, at our table at dinner, Geoffrey upset the steward waiting on us, by leaving his glass eye winking upwards from his empty brandy and ginger glass. The steward rushed away, hands clasped to mouth and only reappeared much later!

Our first stop was in Hong Kong. This was the place where, 'H', a reservist, who I had defended at his court-martial for desertion in the face of the enemy, had served his sentence of four months detention, whilst I, a little later, started my 'sentence' of two and a half years as a PoW!

The story was thus. Some three weeks before the Imjin battle I was required to be H's defending officer. The battalion was in reserve and, as Signals officer, I reckoned communications and all our radios were in good order, so I had plenty of time to prepare his case. I listened to his story and was convinced that his only hope lay in pleading guilty with a plea in mitigation. To this end I borrowed from Bob Hickey, our Medical Officer, a book on psychiatric disorders, and closely studied the chapter on anxiety neurosis.

The court martial took place in a tent some way back. "May it please the court", I began in the traditional manner. Thereafter I was so carried away that I experienced a sort of 'out of body' sensation, and found myself looking down on this eloquent orator describing H's torment at being the only remaining son of his mother, who had lost, not only three sons, but her husband as well, in World War 2. H was in tears and so, also, was the Prosecuting Officer.

This I counted a rare achievement; so rare that I doubt it has happened before or since. Finally, I came

(continues on Page 4)

down to earth to hear the court martial president congratulate H on his choice of defending officer, and then sentence him to a mere four months detention; lenient, considering that it had, until fairly recently, been a capital offence.

The trip to Hong Kong was five days. It was only a four hour stop-over and as I was orderly officer I did not get ashore. My first task was to receive on board six British soldiers, who as PoWs, had collaborated with the enemy, or so it was alleged. They had been on a previous ship, but because of the danger from the other soldiers, had been disembarked at Hong Kong to await the arrival of the *Empire Orwell*.

There were a number of soldiers who had decided not to go on shore leave and they made it very clear that the six were not welcome on the *Orwell*. I decided there was only one thing to do and that was to commandeer a spare cabin. This I did, and placed the orderly, Sergeant Sexton, on guard outside.

I knew him quite well, as before being called up as a reservist, he worked as a taxi driver at Colchester railway station and I had often used his taxi to get back to Camp. In Korea he had been posted to the Anti-tank platoon and drove an Oxford tracked gun-tower. Many was the time we passed and I got the cheery greeting of, "Taxi, Sir?"

Anyway these 'misguided six' remained under my control until Singapore where I had requested they be disembarked to await another ship. "Just as well you did that" remarked a Northumberland Fusilier "our plan was to throw them overboard just off the Isle of Wight where it would be nice and foggy"! In fact, the British Army took an enlightened view of 'the six', reckoning that being united with their families would be the best way for them to see the error of their ways.

Back up on deck in Hong Kong overlooking the gangway I was joined for a chat by Rifleman McNab, previously a runner-up Army heavy-weight boxing champion. Suddenly he spotted one of his mates – a Gloster – being frog marched on board by two Royal Military Police. With the words, "Nobody does that to one of my mockers," he dashed down below on to the gang plank, grabbed the two RMP by the neck, banged their heads together and pushed them into Hong Kong harbour.

At once two more RMPs rushed up to arrest him. One got a left fist and the other a right, and then there were four RMPs swimming in the harbour with their red caps bobbing beside them in the water. The Provost-Marshall appeared from nowhere and told me that it was my job to stop this. I called to McNab and he came at once.

"You are going to put him under arrest, aren't you?" said the Provost-Marshall.

"Of course" says I, beckoning to McNab to follow me.

And so we went down for a drink in my cabin. All wrong of course, but that sort of authority equated in our minds with the enemy. I must also point out that the Queen never had a more loyal subject than McNab. When in prison camp, a Chinese interpreter made the mistake of informing him "I have good news for you – your King is dead". "And" replied McNab "I've got good news for you" and with one punch knocked him out cold. Apparently it took many Chinese guards to put McNab into the hole in the ground where he remained for a considerable length of time.

After Singapore I don't recall any incident of note other than a gorgeous swim at the Blue Mohur in Aden. This took place during a four hour stop-over for ship refuelling and shore leave. The sea was blue and crystal clear, just wonderful.

Finally came the day when *HMT Empire Orwell* came alongside in Southampton docks. There was hooting from the ship, music from the band and cheering from ship to shore. I could see my parents down below. I stepped off the gangway and set foot on England again after three years away.

Like many others I was always a little hazy as to what we had been fighting for. It was not until I crossed over the line at Panmunjom and that evening watched the film of the Coronation of the Queen, under the stars at Britannia Camp, that I fully realised the reason. I was sitting between Lt Bruce Thompson of the Royal Australian Air Force and Sgt. Vance Drummond of the Royal New Zealand Air Force. There were tears of joy and emotion pouring down our faces.

"So, as a person, how did your experiences leave you?" is a question I have often been asked. Well, at first I found it very difficult to converse with people. They were just not on the same frequency, and to my mind asked such idiotic questions. I used to get particularly riled by those who assumed that we received a constant supply of Red Cross parcels.

I think I was left with an ability to size up people fairly rapidly. By this I mean how they would react to danger, fatigue, hunger, disease, deprivation or ill treatment. I learned that I could get this wrong, when, in the first December after release, I spent much of Christmas Day and Boxing Day in the company of George Blake, the now well known traitor. This happened because his mother, who was Dutch, was a friend of my mother.

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Battalion Surgeon

by J. Birney Dibble M.D., Lt. USNR, MC, ret.

Part Two

Carrying on and carrying off

The Forward Aid Station was on the front line in the George Company sector, which was positioned between How and Item Companies. When the division was on the move it was just where the Corpsmen could find some kind of shelter in defilade, that is, out of the line of direct enemy fire, in a bunker or behind a hill or in some abandoned house. When the lines were stationary for long period, as they were for most of the time I was there, Forward Aid was in a bunker in the trench system.

The line company Corpsmen were the ones who treated the injuries immediately, because they were with the Marines at all times. When the Marines were hit and went down, the Corpsmen were the ones who gave them first aid. If they could be spared, the Corpsmen took the wounded back to a rear area in defilade, where they were picked up by a jeep ambulance if seriously wounded, or by a truck if they could walk, and taken to Rear Aid in H&S Company.

If the Corpsmen couldn't be spared because there were too many wounded, the Marines themselves would carry their fellow Marines out on stretchers. In other words, they went from Forward Aid back to Rear Aid, which was in H&S Company, where Kim and I spent most of our time, then to a forward Marine/Navy hospital, of which there were four.

At H&S we doctors examined and treated each Marine with the help of the Corpsmen and determined whether they could go back on line. If we were in a real big firefight, they would go back with minor wounds that could be taken care of later, but that didn't happen very often. They would be sent back as walking wounded or be taken back by jeep ambulance.

Sometimes they were sent back in what we called a Cracker Box, a big square ambulance that would come up as close to the line as possible if we were in an area where we had roads. If the man was really badly hurt, I called a helicopter. Each battalion had what was euphemistically called a "copter strip" as close to the H&S company tents as possible. It was really an area in the forest or in a flat rice paddy big enough for a small Bell helicopter to land on, roughly about 50x50 feet. Some were bigger, none were smaller.

Get a chopper "chop chop"

Each corner was marked with a vermilion flag held down by a rock or a tent peg. But that was just for the new pilots. All the experienced ones knew where

each battalion had its strip.

At night a Corpsman stood at each of the four corners with a flashlight. When we heard the copter coming, they turned on their lights and pointed them straight up. When the pilot turned on his downward-pointing landing lights, the Corpsmen turned theirs off.

Copter landings were not limited to that one strip, however. Many times they came right up to the back of the hill on which the MLR was located, where we could mark out an area big enough for them to land.

This was especially important if we had a really desperate emergency, a man who might very well die if we took the time to get him down to the battalion strip by carrying him or by jeep ambulance.

Each medical company, i.e., forward hospital, had two copter strips. At Easy, to which I was transferred after six months with the battalion, there were two, one about 100 feet from my command post (in an abandoned house). The other was a hundred yards away, just behind the row of tents housing enlisted personnel, Corpsmen and Marines.

A helicopter could take two wounded men at a time in pods located on each skid. The helicopter transported them either to a medical company or, rarely, directly to a hospital ship. If there was only one casualty to be transported, the pilot had to balance the weight with sand bags.

It was a simple matter of the pilot knowing how much his sand bags weighed, guessing how much the Marine weighed – or asking him, if he was conscious (most were) – and putting an equal weight in the pod on the other runner.

Tears in the eyes of hardened Marines

The flow of casualties was irregular, varying considerably from day to day. Most of them came from the MLR or in front of it. But twice when I was there, there was a breakthrough and the Chinese reached our H&S area.

During one of them I had a Corpsman shot right on the other side of a WIA we were treating. He was hit by a burp gun and died almost immediately. I can't remember his name. He had just come back from the line to Rear Aid, which was ordinarily considered to be much safer. I was the next to get it but a Marine got the Chinese first.

Sometime during the month of each reserve time, which came every three months, a memorial service was held for the Marines and Corpsmen who had been killed during the previous hitch on line. Each of the nine platoons marched in tight formation from its

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The First Jet Air War

by Roger K. Horky

The Korean conflict is not notable just for being the first war in which jet aircraft played a major role; it was also the first war in which the US Air Force took part. [Editor: during WWII it was part of the army and not considered a separate service per se].

Scarcely two years old when the fighting broke out, the USAF ran the show as far as air combat was concerned. Of the 40 pilots who attained “ace” status (five or more confirmed “kills”) during the Korean War, 38 of them were USAF personnel flying Sabre jets.

The Marine Corps’ only ace, Major John Bolt, was attached to a USAF squadron and flew the Sabre as well. The only other American ace of the war was Lt. Guy Bordelon, US Navy; he scored his five kills in an F4U Corsair – a prop-driven fighter from WW2!

Indeed, the US Navy almost didn’t enter the jet age. While most of the world’s land-based air arms were having no trouble making the transition from propellers to jets, the Navy was discovering that jets and carriers didn’t mix.

In the first place, jets – being generally heavier than piston-engine aircraft-needed more room to take off. Secondly, jet aircraft had higher landing speeds than prop-driven planes, which meant they needed more room to land as well. The obvious solution would have been to design bigger carriers, but the political climate of the times made this out of the question; the Navy was forced to make do with its carrier fleet from WW2.

Yet the greatest obstacle to carrier jet operations at the time was the combination of the “straight” flight deck of the WW2-era carriers then in service and the slow throttle response and poor acceleration typical of jet engines of the period.

In World War II, if a pilot failed in his attempt to land on a carrier, he could simply open up the throttle to regain lost speed and come around again for another try – a technique that wouldn’t work with a jet.

A jet pilot in this situation would soon find himself in the water, or careening into aircraft parked at the forward end of the flight deck. This problem was eventually solved by the adoption of the “angled” flight deck (a British development) and, of course, advances in jet engine technology.

The Korean air war was, then, a jet air war – the first. During that conflict, many notable firsts were recorded, including the first all-jet dogfight, the first jet-to-jet ace, the first jet-to-jet night kill, and the first swept-wing battle.

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

Bluegill Island

by A. B. Feuer

The American submarine *Bluegill* established a place in naval history as the only US submarine to have an island named after it. In late May, 1945, the *Bluegill*, captained by Commander Eric Barr, dropped two Australian commandos off at Pratas Island, about 100 miles southwest of Formosa (modern Taiwan).

The island was found to have been recently evacuated by the Japanese. The submarine’s crew raised the Stars and Stripes on a flagpole, and a hastily inscribed plaque was attached to the base of the pole, certifying commander Barr’s capture of Pratas, and changing the name to *Bluegill Island*.

Captain Cecil Anderson, one of the commandos, recalled the formal ceremony: “Commander Barr was delighted with the whole show, and dashed off a message to Pearl Harbor: ‘Captured Bluegill – formerly Pratas Island. Raised the American flag with appropriate ceremonies. Installed plaque commemorating ourselves. Destroyed Japanese meteorological station. Blew up fuel dump. Now, on to Tokyo! Please have invasion medals struck immediately.’ We never received a reply to this dispatch.”

But the *Bluegill*’s bragging rights went for naught. The conqueror’s marker was eventually removed. And, although Eric Barr had captured the westernmost enemy territory to date, the submarine’s mission was soon forgotten. Pratas Island retained its original name, while Bluegill Island faded into the historical past – remembered only by the sailors and commandos who took part in this unique adventure.

Source: *Military Heritage* magazine, Oct. 1999

Two For the Price of One

Q: Which monarch ruled the shortest time – and why?

Q: What was the shortest war in history.

A: The first question is difficult given the large number of men and women who came to the throne but who were never crowned or ruled or who were only technically monarchs, such as “Louis XIX” who ‘ruled’ for 20 minutes while dithering over signing his abdication. Probably the shortest real reign was that of Sayyid Khalid bin Barghash Al-Busaid who became sultan of Zanzibar in 1896. And this brings us to the second question...

The British, who decided these matters back then, didn’t recognise his right to rule the strategically important island and deposed him – by force. His palace was shelled by the Royal Navy in the shortest war in history – lasting 38 minutes – and the Sultan ‘abdicated’ after a rule of just two days.

Source: *BBC History* magazine, November 2015

On the Eve of War

by Tom Moore

During 1948 and 1949, while U.S. withdrawal from South Korea was in progress, Washington launched a reappraisal of America's occupation policies in Japan. The United States gave Japan a half billion dollars in foreign aid and began framing a peace treaty which would enable America to withdraw its occupation forces.

The occupation of Japan was a big drain on U.S. Army resources in the postwar years, so the U.S. Army was hard pressed to support General of the Army, Douglas MacArthur, with adequate forces. [Along with post-war Japan, General MacArthur was also responsible for the occupation of Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa), the Marianas (Guam, Saipan), and the Bonin Islands (Iwo Jima); he also had 28,000 Philippine Scouts, paid for by the U.S. Army, to support the new Philippine government].

MacArthur, as America's proconsul in Japan, had assumed the air and power of a Head of State; he was the most powerful American in the Pacific. His biographer, Manchester, said of him: "He was a great thundering paradox of a man, noble and ignoble, inspiring and outrageous, arrogant and shy, the best of men and the worst of men, the most protean, most ridiculous, and most sublime. No more baffling, exasperating soldier ever wore a uniform. Flamboyant, imperious, and apocalyptic, he carried the plumage of a flamingo, could not acknowledge errors, and tried to cover up his mistakes with sly childish tricks. Yet, he was also endowed with great personal charm, a will of iron, and a soaring intellect."

After the reappraisal of occupation policies in Japan, General MacArthur ordered the Eighth Army to transform itself from an occupation Army into a hard combat-ready force. These orders came as a challenge to Lt. General Walton H. Walker and his Eighth Army staff. In Jan. 1949, Dwight D. Eisenhower took up his duties as Joint-Chiefs-of-Staff "Presiding Officer." He found the U.S. military posture and readiness were deplorable, and he found a Pentagon budget cut to only \$14.4 billion dollars. Defence budget squabbling had left an inadequate U.S. military.

MacArthur had in Japan a WWII Army, the Eighth, maintaining its organizational structure with four divisions. All of these divisions had fought in the Southwest Pacific. They were the 1st Cavalry (dismounted/infantry), the 11th Airborne, and the 24th and 25th Infantry Divisions. Their divisional, regimental, and battalion headquarters were scattered all over Japan.

They were strictly an occupational force; not equipped, and they did not train for battle. Economic measures had forced the deactivation of the Army's two Corps Headquarters (I and IX) and one battalion in each of its twelve regiments, save one, the 24th Regiment of the 25th Infantry Division. The 1st Cavalry, 7th and 24th divisions were about 7,000 men short of full war strength, and the 25th Infantry Division was about 5,500 men short. Each Eighth Army Division (owing to budget restrictions) had deactivated four field artillery batteries, four anti-aircraft batteries, one hundred antitank guns, and most of its armour.

An infantry division included one battalion of 77 tanks – older Shermans or the newer Pershings, or a variant of each – plus a tank company (22 tanks) in each regiment, to form armor-infantry teams. The Eighth Army divisions were restricted to one company of old M-24 Chaffee light tanks, which were used primarily for ceremonial purposes. The few Shermans and Pershings in Japan, were stored in warehouses.

The Eighth Army was made up of a variegated lot. The senior noncoms were conscientious career soldiers who had joined the U.S. Army in the 1920s and 1930s. They had fought in WWII and looked forward to retirement. Then there were many WWII volunteers and draftees, who had eight or nine years total service, but most troops were 1948-1949 draftees, the Eighth Army had a high turnover rate of 43% annually.

There new arrivals were not trained in fundamentals, let alone in squad, platoon, company or battalion exercises. Because of the whole U.S. Army turnover, trying to supply troops for Europe and the Far East, many troops had only eight weeks or less basic training. There also, was a lack of open space for training maneuvers in crowded Japan and there was an acute shortage or complete absence of combat equipment.

U.S. Army Chief of Staff, "Lightning Joe" Collins, wrote: "Few units of the Eighth Army reached a satisfactory level of battalion training... Moreover, because of the wide dispersion of Eighth Army units, and the rampant turnover, there was no sense of cohesion, esprit, or unit pride, even at regimental level, let alone the Army level."

The Eighth Army was Commanded by Lt. General Walton H. ("Johnnie") Walker. He was born in 1889, in Belton, Texas. He entered West Point in 1908. Major General Walker commanded the XX Corps in WWII, the armored corps often spearheading General Patton's Third Army through France and Germany. Walker's relationship with General MacArthur was distant and cool. General Walker idolized General Patton and

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ANZAC Day Report (continued from Page 1)

in a year or two, one of our Korean War veterans, Dong-Up Kim and his wife – who also donated a present for the raffle (hers was recognisable by being the only one not wrapped in brown paper). Bryan Edwards also dropped in, coming from Wannaroo, W.A., a mere 5,000km away.

Mark Ahn brought with him, historian and author, Dr. Chris Clark, long-time Canberran and now a Victorian. Those with an interest in military history in general, and WWI in particular, might want to peruse his website at: <http://chrisclarkhistorian.com.au/>

Finally, some thanks: to Hussan Hussani of the Fountain Gate Secondary College, the Melbourne High School Cadets, and the usual suspects – Gerry Steacy, Nicole Evered and Merrill Lord (door wardens and ticket sellers), Alan Evered (M.C.) and also to the Stella Maris staff.

Korean War Memoirs (continued from Page 5)

Naturally he and I discussed our captivity in Korea.

We had been in totally different locations and circumstances and had much to compare. The fact remains, however, that throughout our conversations I never had the slightest idea that he had been ‘turned’. It could be that my perceptive powers had dwindled due to Christmas spirit, his very attractive sister or the meet of some hunt in Kent which we attended.

Now, I am well aware that it was good for me to experience suffering at first hand, and often think how a number of people would be the better for it, if, of course, they survived. I am still impatient with those who complain when they are uncomfortable or the food is not to their liking. I can honestly say that this I never do. To this extent, the events of fifty or more years ago are still with me.

(End of Lieutenant Colonel Guy Temples’ *Korean War Memoirs*)

Battalion Surgeon (continued from Page 5)

bivouac down to the “parade ground,” which at Camp Tripoli was a flat area alongside the Nam River.

For the first time in three months, each Marine dressed in full battle gear with stateside carefulness, olive-drab fatigues scrubbed free of mud and blood, faces scrubbed clean of carbon black (from the fumes of kerosene burned in open pans to give a little heat to their bunker), rifle, belt buckles and all other metal gleaming. Web belts and shoes scrubbed. Helmets set squarely. Legs swinging in easy lock-step to a measured beat without anyone calling cadence.

When all were in place, the master sergeant read the names of all the dead, slowly, sombrely. “Corporal John Smith...Second Lieutenant Frank Jones...Pharmacist Mate 3rd Class, Joe Larson...” [Names changed]. A bugler sounded taps, and the troops were dismissed. It was a ceremony, solemn and sometimes tearful, hated by everyone but important to all. (continued next issue)

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On the Eve of War (continued from Page 7)

found all other bosses somewhat lacking.

While this was going on with the Eighth Army in Japan, in South Korea, there was the ROK Army, led by 36 year old, five foot five, 250 pound Major General Chae Byong Duk. His enlisted manpower was mostly raw and illiterate. There were no military phrases in the Korean language, such as sector, zone, phase line, regiment, squad and, of course, radio communications, encoding or written instructions, were a nightmare. As for the tactical disposition of the four ROK divisions... They were untrained with inferior equipment and a chronic shortage of everything from beans to bullets.

Across the Korean border, the North Korean Peoples’ Army (NKPA), advised by Russians, had grown to about 135,000 troops, one-third of them tough combat veterans of the Chinese Civil War. The units had completed regimental-level training, and were moving on to divisional-exercises. The NKPA had a force of over 150 Soviet T-34 tanks, and the NKPA Air Force had over 100 Russian-built propeller-driven fighter and bomber aircraft.

This was the situation on 25 June 1950 when the NKPA invasion of South Korea began.

The first recorded use of a white flag as an instrument of surrender in battle took place in China during the Eastern Han dynasty around AD 25. How and when that custom spread to the West is still not known for certain. Despite this, practise gained a firm foothold, being used prominently by the French in May 1940 and frequently by the Italian army in 1940-1943.

Werewolves and Redoubts

The werewolf, as any horror film fan knows, is a man who turns into a wolf by the light of the full moon. Actually, European folk lore is filled with all sorts of wercreatures, but the werewolf has struck in public imagination. "Were," in this case, means "man" as in "weregeld," the money paid under Anglo-Saxon law by a murderer to the family of the dead man, Himmler is credited with giving the term public voice. Speaking of the German lands conquered by the Allies, Himmler saw the German people striking at the occupiers "like werewolves." In other words, partisan warfare.

Steps were taken to organize cells of the *Werewolf* program in the latter part of 1944 when the Allies finally began to enter the Reich. They were to be under the control of the Wehrmacht, but fight in occupied areas. The head of *Werewolf*, however, was an SS officer named Prutzmann.

The difference between the *Werewolf* and allied partisans was two-fold. The people of the German occupied countries knew that somewhere someone was still fighting, unbeaten. The Soviets had even planned for partisan warfare before the war by training people in that system. Only in Yugoslavia had a country which was totally occupied mounted really successful partisan warfare and that was with considerable outside aid.

On April 1, 1945, *Radio Werewolf* began broadcasting. Actually, while the *Werewolf* organization, such as it was, was Himmler's idea, *Radio Werewolf* was Goebbels. They were quite separate, though they both exhorted resistance behind Allied lines and, of course, shared a similar name. The Allies were not aware of this difference and assumed that it was just a second step in the overall plan to organize partisans behind their lines.

The *Werewolf* organization entered a new phase when the situation in Berlin became tenuous. Prutzmann decided to decentralize the training camps. One was set up in Austria, in an area which was to be called the Alpine Fortress (Alpenfestung) or the National Redoubt.

The Alpine Fortress was another Goebbels propaganda plan. He actively fabricated and leaked stories of a build-up of supplies and fortifications in the Southern Bavaria-Western Austria-Northern Italy area. Once started, the plan gained a life of its own. Switzerland made plans to defend itself against a last-minute seizure of Swiss lands by the Germans to augment their Alpine Fortress. General Schorner was detailed to take command of it and, because it turned out to be a myth, was actually tried after the war for desertion.

For the Allies, the Alpine Fortress was considered one of those things which, while not fully believed, could not be totally disregarded. As more and more rumours circulated about the National Redoubt, Eisenhower became more concerned since it had the ring of Nazi logic. It became one of the reasons why he refused to go along with Montgomery and insisted on a broad front strategy. Even George Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, was concerned about it and approved of Eisenhower's precautions against the Alpenfestung.

One of the few who apparently put no credence in the plan was Patton. Perhaps he had good reason since he was meeting none of the resistance which would be anticipated in such a build-up. As he and Patch moved into Bavaria, the Alpenfestung was seen for what it was: the last big lie by the master of Big Lies.

In fact, *Werewolf* did have some activity. The British, particularly, encountered two *Werewolf* pockets, one of which was actually reduced by the German 8th Airborne Division. On May 5, Donitz, by then Hitler's successor, ordered *Werewolf* to cease activities. With the end of the war, *Werewolf* did just that. There was simply nothing left to fight for.

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* magazine No. 50

Not So Mobile

The Second World War is generally thought of as a war of movement, especially as regards the European theater of operations. Yet an evaluation of available data from the principal campaigns in this region during the conflict yields a statistical daily rate of advance for the entire war in Europe from 1939 through 1945 of only 16.8 kilometres. In fact, on a year to year basis, the war actually slowed down as time went on.

Source: *Strategy & Tactics* No.85

The Stupid Germans

In 1920, Major-General J.F.C. Fuller wrote the following about the Germans and tanks in his book, *Tanks In the Great War*:

In fact, they appear to have treated the tanks generally, during...[the battle of Somme] with scorn. The machine was indeed mechanically indifferent, but the German, who is essentially a stupid man, could not apparently differentiate between the defects of mechanical detail and the advantages of fundamental principles such as mobility, security, and offensive power, which indeed the whole "idea" of the tank represented...

Twenty years later, the German, who is essentially a stupid man, overran much of continental Europe with the tank playing a prominent role. It took the smart British a few years to catch up to stupid German tank technology and figure out the right application of armour in warfare. One wonders what Fuller made of it all.

The Origin of Chaplains

by Tom Moore

Back in the fourth century, a French soldier by the name of Martin (born in Hungary in 316 AD) met a beggar shivering on a bitterly cold winter night in Amiens. Martin had no money, so he drew his sword, and with it, divided his heavy cloak, giving one half to the beggar. Martin soon devoted himself to the church, and in time became the patron saint of France.

The preserved cloak of Saint Martin of Tours was regarded as a sacred banner by the Kings of France, and was carried onto the battlefield. Between wars, the cloak was referred to as a “cappelle,” or short cloak. The person placed in charge of the sacred relic was called a “chaplain.” Later, the title “chaplain” went to any cleric charged with the custody of relics or of a chapel.

Chaplains accompanied most of the exploring expeditions sent to the new world. When Sir Francis Drake sailed around the world in his galleon Golden Hind (1577-1580), Chaplain Francis Fletcher (1555-1619), a clergyman of the Church of England, was on board. It is said that Chaplain Fletcher conducted the first Protestant service in the English language, in what is now the continental United States, June 1579, on a beach on Drake’s Bay, Marin County, California.

English Queen, Elizabeth I, appointed chaplains to serve on the larger vessels of the English Navy. King Charles I (1625-1649) appointed a “man of God” to the ships of his English fleet. The chaplains, like doctors, were paid by the ship’s crew, the chaplains receiving four pence a month from each seaman. The title of chaplain, of ancient background, has come down through the years, to be conferred upon the clergymen of today’s armed forces.

Source: *The Graybeards*, Vol.29, No.2, 2015

Instead of the traditional President’s Report, we are introducing, for the third issue, the traditional Tom Parkinson approved...

President’s Joke of the Month

The editors of *Look* magazine heard that their competitor, *Life* magazine, had employed a distinguished statesman to write a series of revealing articles on backstage Washington. Unfortunately, they did not know the man’s name. Even at *Life*, he was referred to only as ‘Mr. E.’ Anxious to scoop the *Life* team, *Look* assigned one of its senior editors to track down the statesman. He succeeded in doing this by the simple device of following one *Life* editor assigned to the articles until he saw him one day in a bar talking to a famous politician. Sure that he had his man, the *Look* editor waited until the editor from *Life* had gone to the men’s room, then dashed up to the alarmed politician and exclaimed: “Ah, sweet ‘Mr. E.’ of *Life*, at last I’ve found you!”

On Top of Taraldsvikfjell

Although the 1940 campaign for Norway had been one demoralizing setback after another for the Allies, their efforts in the north had not gone unrewarded. Despite an incredible number of command mistakes, a series of flanking attacks had put the Allies in position to cut off and destroy the isolated Germans who had captured Narvik.

The defending German force was a mixed batch of excellent Gebirgsjager infantry and the crews from the destroyer flotilla which had transported the mountain troops during the assault on Narvik. With no training and only captured Norwegian weapons to use, the crews were almost more of a liability to General Dietl’s command than an asset.

On 28 May 1940, the Allies launched a coordinated attack from two sides: the Poles from the south, and a beach assault from the north by combined forces of the Norwegians and the French Foreign Legion. The beach assault met with initial success, but the accompanying armour support soon bogged in the mud of the fjord banks.

Just as the Legionnaires gained the first slopes of the Taraldsvikfjell, the Germans counterattacked, nearly driving a wedge between the French on the hill and the Norwegians who had just landed. Only naval gunfire from a British ship stationed in the fjord stopped the counterattack, driving the Germans back in confusion. The French regrouped and were quick to react.

Amid cries of “A moi La Legion!” the Legionnaires charged up the slopes of the hill. The Norwegians also had caught up to the attack, and moved up the hill to flank the Germans.

Significantly outnumbered, German resistance weakened as they broke up into isolated pockets. One by one, these pockets were reduced until the Taraldsvikfjell was finally in Allied hands.

With only 400 mixed troops left, General Dietl had no choice but to withdraw from Narvik and try to save what was left of his command. The first major Allied victory was overshadowed, however, by the surrender of the Belgian Army. The Allied successes were also short-lived as the French and British soon abandoned their Norwegian allies and withdrew all of their troops by June 9th.

Source: *The General* magazine Vol. 32, No.3, 1998

The official US history of World War II contains 97 volumes. Fully 75 of them centre on the army; 15 cover the air force, and only seven the navy.

Funnies

T-shirt Slogans for the Anti-social

Don't piss me off! I'm running out of places to hide the bodies.
I'm not crazy. I've just been in a very bad mood for 30 years.
I'm multi-talented: I can talk and annoy you at the same time.
You have the right to remain silent, so please SHUT UP.
I'm one of those bad things that happen to good people.
Warning: I have an attitude and I know how to use it.
Whatever kind of look you were going for, it missed.
You're validating my inherent mistrust of strangers.
Remember my name – you'll be screaming it later.
I'm just trying to imagine you with a personality.
I used to be schizophrenic, but we're OK now.
I'll try being nicer if you'll try being smarter.
I'm not being rude. You're just insignificant.
When I want your opinion, I'll give it to you.
How can I miss you if you won't go away?
Do NOT start with me. You will NOT win.
Not all men are annoying. Some are dead.
I'm not tense, just terribly, terribly alert.
Nice perfume. Must you marinate in it?
I like dogs too. Let's exchange recipes.
I'm busy. You're ugly. Have a nice day.
Too many freaks. Not enough circuses.
Do they ever shut up on your planet?
All stressed out and no one to choke.
Sorry if I looked interested. I'm not.
I hate everybody, and you're next.
Next mood swing: 6 minutes.

The Designated One

One night, a police officer was staking out a particularly rowdy bar for possible violations of the driving-under-the-influence laws.

At closing time, he saw a fellow stumble out of the bar, trip on the curb, and try his keys on five different cars before he found his. Then the man sat in the front seat fumbling around with his keys for several minutes. By this time everyone had left the bar and drove off. Finally, he started his engine and began to pull away.

However, the police officer was waiting for him. He stopped the driver, read him his rights and administered the Breathalyser test. The results showed a reading of 0.0. The puzzled officer demanded to know how that could be.

Smiling, the driver replied, "Well, tonight, I'm the designated decoy."

Hell Is...

Hell is a place where the Germans are the police, the Swedes are the comedians, the Italians are the defence force, Frenchmen dig the roads, the Latvians are the pop singers, the Spanish run the railways, the Turks cook the food, the Irish are the waiters, the Poles run the government, the Greeks the economy, the Serbs the media, the calendar is Ukranian and the common language is Croatian.

DATING: The process of spending enormous amounts of money, time, and energy to get better acquainted with a person whom you don't especially like in the present and will learn to like a lot less in the future.

Great Female Comebacks

- Man: "Haven't I seen you someplace before?"
Woman: "Yeah ... that's why I don't go there any more."
Man: "Is this seat empty?"
Woman: "Yes - and this one will be too if you sit down."
Man: "So, wanna go back to my place?"
Woman: "Well, I don't know. Will two people fit under a rock?"
Man: "Your place or mine?"
Woman: "Both. You go to yours and I'll go to mine."
Man: "I'd like to call you. What's your number?"
Woman: "It's in the phone book."
Man: "But I don't know your name."
Woman: "That's okay – it's in the phone book too."
Man: "So what do you do for a living?"
Woman: "I'm a female impersonator."
Man: "What sign were you born under?"
Woman: "No Parking."
Man: "Hey, babe – what's your sign?"
Woman: "Do Not Enter."
Man: "I know how to please a woman."
Woman: "Then please leave me alone."
Man: "I want to give myself to you."
Woman: "Sorry, I don't accept cheap gifts."
Man: "I can tell that you want me."
Woman: "Ohhhh ... you're so right. I want you to leave."
Man: "If I could see you naked, I'd die happy"
Woman: "Yeah, but if I saw you naked, I'd likely die laughing."
Man: "Your body is like a temple."
Woman: "Sorry – there are no services today."
Man: "I'd go through anything for you."
Woman: "Good! Let's start with your bank account."
Man: "I'd go to the end of the earth for you!"
Woman: "Yes, but would you STAY there?"

Punnies

As a tribute to Charles de Gaulle, the French plan to take over the Rock of Gibraltar and rename it 'de Gaulle Stone.'

When Columbus sailed across the Atlantic and back without taking a bath, the Queen of Spain called him a dirty double crosser.

What happens to teachers who retire? They lose their principals. And to principals who retire? They lose their faculties.

Pleasant-faced people are generally the most welcome, but the auctioneer is always pleased to see a man whose appearance is for bidding.

An eccentric bachelor passed away and left a nephew nothing but 365 grandfather clocks. The nephew now works full time winding up the estate.

An exterminator in Melbourne announced that he invented a new spray, one application of which will remain effective for a full summer. "Of course," he warned, "I've still got a few bugs to iron out."

The chief of the cannibals asked his next meal what his occupation was. 'I am an editor,' the captive said. "Congratulations!" exclaimed the cannibal. "Tomorrow you will be editor in chief."

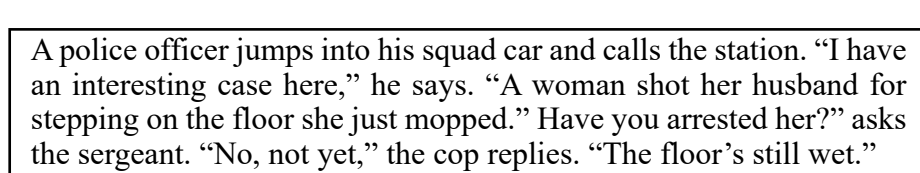
Patients convalescing at Mercy Hospital in Melbourne are served a tea named after a local indigenous 'bear.' It is a rather lumpy beverage. However, this is because the koala tea of Mercy is not strained.

The psychiatrist told the man who said his girl friend treated him like every other pebble on the beach that he would have to be a little boulder.

There once was a tolerant cow who stood for absolutely anything her favourite bull tried to get away with. She reasoned, "To err is human, to forgive, bovine."

HMAS Wort by Ian Hughes

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



ANZAC Day 2018 Photos

Swanston Street, Melbourne and the Stella Maris Seafarers Centre, 25 April 2018



Thanks to....

Some donations to acknowledge and donators to thank: Joan and Godfrey Tetley, John Boyer and Don Scally, \$100 each. That's the postage costs with a bit left over for one edition of *The Voice*. A mighty effort.

Fountain Gate ANZAC Day

Fountain Gate Secondary College ANZAC Day Ceremony, Tuesday, 24th April 2018



The Evereds with fashion icon, Rorie Rutherford, at the grave at Arleux, France.



Fountain Gate SC Principal, Peter Hanratty, School Captains, Maddison Patmore and Lisa Bartsch, School Vice-Captains, Kaleb Drane and Kirsty Thomas, with Alan and Nicole Evered, other members of the KVAA and local dignitaries.

Former National Secretary and current KVAA Committeeman, Alan Evered, was the keynote speaker at the Fountain Gate SC ANZAC Day ceremony. Recently returned from Britain and France where he visited the grave of Flight Lt. Kenneth Jack Knaggs, a relative killed in WWI, he pointed out that both he and Kenneth were around 19 when they joined up, but finished their respective service in very different circumstances. Yet the basic reason for fighting was the same: to protect the freedom of others. As Lt. Knaggs showed, this often comes at a price. Freedom is not free.

Korean War Memorial Church Service

Of the three main events on the KVAA calendar, the Korean War Memorial Church Service ranks just behind the Christmas luncheon in terms of popularity. 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. Well, guess what, the annual Korean War Memorial Service is this month, on **Sunday 24 June at 9.30am for a 10am start.**

Time: 9.30am **Date:** 24 June 2018 **Location:** 23-27 Glendearg Grove, Malvern (Melways 59, C10)

Please note, as usual, the Korean Church Secretary requires the names of attendees *in advance*. It is most impolite to just turn up on the day. If you plan to attend please advise National Secretary, Merrill Lord, on 0432 836 182 or secretary@kvaa.org.au **ASAP** (by Sunday 10th June)



"I don't care how Gary Cooper does it - you don't drawl 'Howdy Ma'am'!"

Farewells

- Colin Simpson **Casbolt**, 32774, 3RAR on 27 April 2018
- Kevin James **Fisher**, 34803, 3RAR on 6 December 2017
- Ronald **Gildersleeve**, 22861, 2RAR, 1RAR on 2 February 2018
- Bernard H. K. **Hoffman**, 33379, *HMAS Murchison* on 27 May 2015
- John F. **Laughton**, 33731, *HMAS Sydney* on 30th May 2018
Secretary, Naval Association of Australia
Secretary, HMAS Bataan Veterans Association
- Allyn James **Lawrance**, 5410018, 3RAR in late April 2018
- Michael G. **Sinnott**, Gloucestershire Regiment on 27 April 2018
(long time AQKVA member)
- Phillip William **Tuckett**, 45918, *HMAS Sydney* on 12 March 2018

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