



THE VOICE

June 2020 Edition

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RIP Gerry Steacy (1932 – May 2020)

Editor's Opening

Readers with a degree in higher mathematics may notice a slight change in this issue of *The Voice*. Yep, it's a page lighter. In a way, this is a return to the newsletter before I took over in December 2008 when it weighed in at a svelte 12 A4 pages, and before that, 18 A5 pages (the equivalent of nine A4 pages).

The KVAA photocopier is now 10 years old and no longer supported by the manufacturer. Parts are still available, for a time, but the COVID-19 pandemic has disrupted supplies. With the toner level in the copier low... well, time to economise. For this issue only (hopefully). Back to 14 pages in August (hopefully). That said, as *The Voice* is now coming without charge you can't complain about not getting your money's worth.

Although social restrictions have been eased somewhat, the KVAA AGM is unlikely to take place until August or September. I will confirm this in August's *Voice*. (But see page 9 for the July meeting details).

ANZAC Day this year was truly unique, reduced to family or individual commemorations within a domestic setting or individual acts at a local memorial. (See page 12 for an example). Given that we no longer officially participate, this affected the KVAA far less than other organisations. The RSL's yearly fund-raising effort will be particularly hard hit.

For those of you not already aware, it is my sad duty to inform you of the passing of Gerry Steacy, but you already probably knew that, your attention having been drawn on your first look at this issue to his photograph on the left. Most of you will know him as the long-term KVAA Treasurer, but he was a lot more than that. He also handled subscriptions and the KVAA merchandise, tracked (not always accurately) those long term members due Service Certificates, organised raffles and prizes for KVAA events, and was, most memorably, the lolly-scattering Xmas elf.

We also bid farewell to Vincent (Kelly) Frawley, one of our two Queensland delegates who motored around town on a rather grand motorcycle and fancied himself as a cross between Mad Max and Conan the Barbarian, but was more like Mild Max and Conan the Librarian.

Finally, a message from Gerry's successor as Treasurer (who, as far as I know, is not a lolly-scattering Xmas elf). Merrill Lord, the guardian of the KVAA cheque book, wants to remind those requesting KVAA cheques that she requires that you send her the invoices and receipts first before she can reimburse you.

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Directory

Patron : Major General David McLachlan AO (Retired)

National President : Tom Parkinson

Phone: 03 9350 6608 or c/- Pascoe Vale RSL 03 9354 6364 or president@pascoevalersl.com.au

National Vice-President : Alan McDonald OAM

Phone: 03 5975 4113 / Email: alanmc12@iprimus.com.au

National Secretary : Debbie Munro

Phone: 03 5448 8758 / Mobile: 0419 334 483 / Email: secretary@kvaa.org.au

Correspondence

The Secretary, 260 Station Street, Epsom, Victoria 3551

The Voice

The Editor, PO Box 3, Grantville, Victoria 3984

National Treasurer : Merrill Lord

Mobile: 0432 836 182 / Email: merrilllord78@gmail.com

Committee

Milton Hoe, John Moller OAM JP, John Munro OAM RFD ED,
 Laurie Price, Allen Riches, Arthur Roach

Appointments

Chaplain / Veterans' Affairs: John Brownbill RFD, KCSJ, KiT (Scot) 0418 359 085

Editor: Geoff Guilfoyle Phone: 03 59976240 Email: editor@kvaa.org.au

Delegates

ACT: Colin Berryman OAM (Phone: 02 6258 2463 / Mobile: 040 896 2415 / Email: jacol57@bigpond.net.au)

Geelong: Arthur Roach (03 5243 6113)

New South Wales: Merv Heath (02 4343 1967)

Queensland: Harry Pooley (Phone: 07 3200 0482)

Riverina: John Munro OAM RFD ED (Phone: 03 5480 3778)

South Australia: John Jarrett (Phone 0411 420 162 / Email: jarrett8083@gmail.com)

Tasmania: George Hutchinson (Phone: 03 6275 0762)

Western Australia: John Southorn (Phone: 08 9531 2008 / Email: bessboss@westnet.com.au)

Website

www.kvaa.org.au

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A Soldier's Story

by Charles S. Douglas

Part Three

The Chinese were great at psychological warfare. When they were attacking, they'd blow bugles and try to psyche us out with loud speakers, telling us in very bad English that our wives and girlfriends were home sleeping with other men and what we had in our C-Ration cans. That wasn't hard to figure out, as basically it was franks and beans, spaghetti and meatballs, or chicken with rice – all cold.

When we weren't under attack from the Chinese, our major form of entertainment was swapping C-Rations and shooting rats in the bunker with a .45 calibre pistol. What a mess!

The Chinese launched a major attack on Dale Outpost, the hill adjacent to the hill my platoon occupied, which was called Cocoa Finger. A valley that separated the two hills was heavily mined, making it difficult for Chinese passage between the two hills.

Our new Battalion Commander was Colonel George Malizewski, a West Point graduate, Class of 45 or 46. He always felt "cheated" that he didn't see combat in WWII, as did those who graduated before him. This was his time to shine. Unfortunately, he was a maniac and totally incompetent.

The Chinese were swarming all over the trenches on Dale. I received orders directly from Malizewski, which was very unusual, as the chain of command would be through my Company Commander, Lt. Roscoe "Robby" Robinson.

Lt. Robinson, a West Point graduate, was a really great guy. I believe he was the first black to graduate from West Point and the first black to attain the rank of four-star General.

Malizewski ordered me to counter attack with my platoon, through the valley, minefields and all. I tried to explain that we would all be killed before we reached the base of Dale. He, of course, would not listen and repeated the order. That put me in a real bind: either I could get myself and 40 other GIs killed or I could end up with Krausher in Fort Leavenworth, smashing rocks for 20 years.

I had an "ace in the hole." I was in very tight with the Battalion Executive Officer.

Major Cliff Morrow, who was a WWII combat veteran. I immediately got him on the phone to explain the situation. I believe he saved me and my entire platoon by telling me not to go and to stand by for further orders. He indicated he'd take full responsibility.

By this time Malizewski was personally leading a charge up Dale, hurling hand grenades up the hill. The problem with this is what you throw up a hill tends to roll back on you. As the old saying goes, "What goes up must come down."

In this case, it did. One of his own grenades rolled back down and exploded, completely tearing off his foot. He probably was awarded the Purple Heart even though it was technically a self-inflicted wound.

The Purple Heart is normally awarded to those who are wounded by the enemy in combat. According to Major Morrow, when last seen, Malizewski was hobbling around the Officers Club at Fort Benning with his artificial foot telling war stories as to how he saved Korea from Communist aggression. Well, at least he had his fifteen minutes of fame.

The situation on Dale was looking hopeless. The Chinese were all over the hill, swarming like bees. Lt. Bressler, the platoon leader, called in VT (Variable Time) artillery on our position. This was a last-ditch and desperate move. VT artillery explodes before it hits the ground and shrapnel comes down like rain.

I received the order to reinforce Dale from the rear – not through the mine-filled valley. My platoon met with heavy small arms fire and was forced to withdraw. I could hear my radio man, Pvt. DeMarco, crying out that he'd been hit. I ran to him immediately and dragged DeMarco to safety under heavy fire. By dawn we were able to retake Dale.

The death toll was enormous, with bodies all over the hill. We did capture one prisoner, who was huge. We believed he was either a Manchurian or Mongolian.

On March 23, the Chinese launched a massive offensive against Old Baldy. This was a major hill which, if we had lost it, would have given the communist more clout at the peace talks. We made a serious tactical error in allowing the Colombians to occupy the hill.

The 7th Division had soldiers from Colombia, Turkey, Ethiopia, and Greece assigned to it. If the Ethiopians were on the hill, the Chinese never would have attacked. They were Haile Selassie's crack troops. They loved combat.

It was not enough to kill a Chinese; they liked trophies. It was their custom to cut off an ear of the dead Chinese to put on display. As gross as this was, it was better than cutting of other, more significant, parts of the anatomy that I can think of.

The Chinese caught the Colombians fast asleep on the hill. I could see what was happening no more than 1,000 feet away. We called in Navy dive bombers, which swooped in and dropped tons of heavy bombs.

We could feel the ground shaking under our feet as a result of the pounding. There wasn't a living piece of vegetation on Baldy, not a blade of grass or a twig – hence the name "Old Baldy"

Baldy was lost. It was clear that the Chinese's next

(continues on Page 4)

A Soldier's Story (continued from Page 3)

two targets would be Pork Chop adjacent to Baldy on the east and Westview, no more than 100 yards to the south.

My platoon was sent to relieve the platoon on Westview. As we were getting ready, one of my men, Luis Almadovar Massonette, was showing me a picture of his fiancée. We went up the backside of the hill under the cover of darkness. The Chinese became aware of this and unleashed a tremendous mortar barrage.

As we were reaching the summit, a mortar hit between me and Massonette. I was not hit but Luis was not as lucky as the shell tore off his foot. Hopefully, he returned home, married, and is living happily ever after.

By early April we had secured Westview. With some exceptions this was to be my "home" until the ceasefire was signed in July 1953. From my headquarters bunker we were face with the Chinese on Baldy, 1,000 feet away.

The Chinese did not let us forget that they knew of our presence. We were under constant mortar fire and small arms probes. In return, we were constantly hitting Baldy with heavy artillery from the rear.

Rumours were intensifying that peace was at hand. This made the Chinese more aggressive. It became a challenge for us just to stay alive long enough till the ceasefire. My men were starting to develop "bunkeritis," which meant they were holed up in their bunkers and didn't want to expose themselves to a sniper. This was understandable, but not a good sign.

By now, my platoon sergeant, Martin (Marty) was truly "shell shocked." He told me "He's had it." Unlike Krausher, he was a guy who had served in combat in WWII and now Korea.

There are only so many rounds of mortar and artillery that a human being can stand pounding on top of his bunker, every one of which discharges sand, dust and dirt on him. Soldiers are certain the next one will cave in the roof or come right through, ending it all for them. There ought to be a federal law that no one can serve in combat in more than one war. Marty was a good soldier, and I kept him safe.

(continues next issue)

Ripped From the Headlines...

Hopes of forming an Association

In June, 1952, HMAS CONDAMINE, a frigate of the Modified River Class, under the command of Lt. Cdr. R. C. Savage, sailed from Sydney for service with the United Nations forces in Korea.

During the following 10 months CONDAMINE undertook a variety of tasks in all sorts of weather conditions including gunfire support for US and ROK forces, convoy duties, rescue of downed airmen, shooting up trains and even providing toys and comforts for orphaned Korean children on the west coast island of Yeung Pyung Do.

On return to Australian waters many of the ship's company who had blended into a well organised and efficient team, drafted off CONDAMINE and have since scattered to all parts of Australia.

In an endeavour to regain some of the camaraderie that existed during the Korean War, an attempt is being made to form an HMAS CONDAMINE Association.

Any member at the ship's company who served in her during the Korean operation, and who may be interested in helping form this association, is invited to contact Mr. Pat Kerr, of 61 Glebe Street, Glebe, NSW, Postal code 2037 (telephone 68 1317) or Ship-wright Lieutenant V. Fasio at HMAS Nirimba, Quakers Hill, NSW 2764 (telephone number 626 9351).

It is hoped if sufficient numbers are indicated to hold a preliminary meeting some time in August at a venue to be announced.

Source: *Navy News*, May 24, 1968

Editor's endnote: The Lieutenant V. Fasio mentioned above is the late Vincent Fazio, longtime member of the KVAA and the author of HMAS Condamine: The Story of a Uniquely Australian Frigate.

A mathematical curiosity: 111,111,111 multiplied by 111,111,111 comes out to: 12,345,678,987,654,321
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Arirang

The folk song, *Arirang*, is often considered the unofficial national anthem of Korea. The Australian equivalent would be *Waltzing Matilda*; however, unlike the Aussie classic, *Arirang* comes in many regional variations. The *Jeongseon Arirang*, around now for 600 years, is considered the original version of the song.

Along with the *Jeongseon Arirang* of Jeongseon County, Gangwond-do (Gangwon Province), some of the best-known and best-preserved variations include *Jindo Arirang* from the island of Jindo in Jeollanam-do (South Jeolla Province), *Miryang Arirang* from Miryang in Gyeongsangnam-do (South Gyeongsang Province), and, probably the best known and most popular, *Bonjo Arirang*, also called *Gyeonggi Arirang* or *Shin Arirang* (New Arirang), from Seoul. All have their own unique lyrics, refrains, melodies, and so on.

In December 2012 *Arirang* (in its many iterations) was added to UNESCO's *List of the Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity* program.

Operation Plan 712

by Tom Moore

In 1920, respected English and French military writers were preaching the tactical doctrine of the all-powerful defensive. Something different happened in America. The change to U.S. Marine amphibious combat techniques began in the summer of 1921, and were put into practice with the Guadalcanal landings of 1942.

Who, or what, was behind this difference?

Lieutenant Colonel Earl Hancock “Pete” Ellis was a U.S. Marine Corps Intelligence Officer, and the author of Operation Plan 712: Advanced Base Operations in Micronesia (1,000 square miles and 2,100 islands) which became the basis for the American campaign of amphibious assault that defeated the Japanese in World War Two. You may be familiar with the four main island groups in Micronesia: The Caroline, Gilbert, Mariana and Marshall islands.

Peter Ellis was born in the small farming community of Luka, Kansas in 1880. He graduated from high school at Pratt, Kansas and enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps in 1900. In 1901, he took a competitive examination, and received his commission as a second lieutenant. Ellis served throughout the Pacific area. He attended the Naval War College in 1911. In 1913 he was assigned as a military intelligence officer, and in 1914, was sent to Guam.

Ellis went to France in 1917 and was awarded the Navy Distinguished Service medal and the Navy Cross medal for his planning of the attack and capture of Blanc Mont Ridge and his unit’s role in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. France also awarded him the Croix de Guerre and the Legion d’ Honneur (Grade of Chevalier). Additionally, he was the recipient of the Silver Star medal for heroism while serving with the 4th Brigade.

In 1920, Ellis reported to Marine Corps Commandant John A. Lejeune, as head of the Marine Corps Intelligence Section of the Division of Operations and Training (DOT) at the Marine Corps Headquarters (HQMC). Later that year, Lejeune and his senior staff focused on a review and revision of war plans prepared for use in the event of hostilities with Imperial Japan. It included revising “War Plan Orange” [the U.S. Joint Army and Navy Board war plan dealing with a possible war with Japan, during the years between World Wars I and II].

However, it failed to foresee the significance of the technological advances in naval warfare, including the submarine, air support, aircraft carriers, amphibious assault, and island-hopping. Major Ellis, on the other hand, forecast an amphibious struggle for the Pacific, and spent the next two years preparing for the greatest mission in the history of the U.S. Marine Corps.

It started with the official approval on July 23, 1921 of Operation Plan 712, the top secret document that remained the guide to U.S. Marine strategy in the Pacific through World War Two. The plan was based on Japan striking first and winning initial successes. Ellis foresaw assault landings to seize Japanese held islands as bases for the U.S. fleet and airforce. He foresaw also the need for coordinated air support, naval gunfire support, ship-to-shore movement, combat unit loading and shore parties.

This amphibious warfare thinking was in contrast to the mindset of the majority of Europe’s generals and admirals, that a major ship-to-shore attack could never be launched against modern defensive weapons without incurring ruinous losses. That was the world military opinion at the time, because of the battleship sinkings and heavy troop casualties of the disastrous Anglo-French amphibious operation in World War One at Gallipoli.

Major Ellis also envisaged the American invasion route, leading from Pearl Harbor to the Marshalls, the eastern Carolines and the Palau group, as the stepping stones of an advance on Japan, by way of the Marianas and Bonins. The plan gave details on the number of troops required and tactics they should employ. He foreshadowed the “amphibious assault”, which would be the primary mission of the U.S. Marine Corps, which would lead to the creation of the Fleet Marine Force (FMF), and in 1934, a manual for landing operations which became official doctrine in 1938, under the title of Fleet Training Publication 167.

His proposals were incorporated into “War Plan Orange.” The Joint Board of the Army and Navy (forerunner of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) issued a directive giving the U.S. Marine Corps the mission of preparing for the conduct of landing operations.

Prepare they did, techniques and weapons were improvised where none had existed before. Strange landing craft and fantastic amphibian vehicles evolved. Thousands of amphibious specialists graduated from schools, new bases were established, new units formed, and new types of ammunition developed to meet amphibious warfare needs.

When 7 December 1941 came, the nation was in possession of a tactical system capable of winning a succession of decisive victories during the next four years, without incurring a single major reverse. Neither the Germans (Oran, Casablanca, Sicily, Anzio, and Normandy) nor the Japanese (Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Guam, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa) were ever able to repulse one of the large-scale amphibious

(continues on Page 6)

operations, which laid the Axis powers open to invasion and defeat.

The strategy and tactics worked out by Ellis had their first fully-realised test in February 1944 with the amphibious assault on Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands. Ellis did not live to see it. In fact, he had been dead for two decades.

As he was calculating how the Pacific war would play out, and as an aid to his determinations, Ellis believed that he should carry out intelligence gathering activities to obtain details on Japan's activities. Japan was occupying islands that had previously been controlled by Germany. He wanted to see what was going on behind that defensive screen. So he conducted an officially sanctioned clandestine reconnaissance mission to examine the Marshall and Caroline Islands.

Ellis left the U.S. on May 28, 1921. He scouted the Mariana Islands then spent several weeks on Saipan making detailed maps and charts. Next came the Palaus then Yap and Truk where the suspicious Japanese denied him passage. In January 1923, Ellis made surveys of the Marshalls, Kwajalein, Ponape, Celebes, and New Guinea while aboard a copra-collecting sailboat. He made notes and charted the reefs, listing local facilities, populations and products.

In these espionage activities, Ellis was less than discreet. On May 12, 1923, while on Koror in the Caroline Islands (in one account) or on Palau (the other account), it is alleged that Japanese police had two bottles of whiskey delivered to him. Ellis, who was developing a drinking problem (which was likely known to the Japanese) consumed some of the whiskey, and died later that day. Regardless of the manner and place of death, he WAS dead, the Japanese confiscating his maps and papers and having his body cremated.

The Chief Pharmacist (and one-time Ellis 'minder') at the American Naval Hospital on Yokohama, Lawrence Zembusch, took the remains back to Yokohama, where they were buried in rubble as a result of the 1923 Great Kanto earthquake. Later, the urn with Ellis' remains were found and returned to the U.S. They were interred at Arlington National Cemetery, Section 54, Site 3082.

General MacArthur, after the war, had an inquiry undertaken. It found no trace of Ellis' effects, nor a report on Ellis' activities by the Japanese.

Pete Ellis is regarded as a significant strategic theorist in the history of the U.S. Marine Corps. His advocacy of amphibious warfare aided the U.S. Marines to identify and organize for an enduring mission, which replaced what had previously been their primary function, namely small security detachments on ships and naval bases.

Pete Ellis is listed on the "Roll of Honor" of the Marine Corps Intelligence Association, which list intelligence field Marines who were killed in the line of duty. Ellis Hall, a main educational building at the Marine Corps' Quantico base, is also named in his honor.

Varsity

The last Anglo-American paratroop operation in Europe in WWII

by Steven C. Swan

Operation Varsity was the Anglo-American air assault across the Rhine, carried out by the British 6th Airborne and U.S. 17th Airborne divisions. Unlike earlier operations, the massed drop was to take place after the ground forces had opened their attack. The airborne troops were to capture and defend the high ground east of the Rhine, occupying the extensive woods there.

In a single airlift on 23rd March 1945, over 21,000 airborne troops descended on the Germans between the Rhine and Issel rivers. The British troops covered the northern part of the Diersfordter Wald between Rees and Hamminkeln. The 3rd Para Brigade dropped west of the woods to cover the rear of the 5th Para and 6th A/L brigades. The 5th dropped in the centre astride the highway running north of the forest, blocking it completely. The 6th A/L Brigade came down east of the forest, advancing into the city of Hamminkeln and across the River Issel. In this last airborne operation of the war, the Red Devils suffered 347 killed and 731 wounded.

The 6th Airborne was now reinforced with independent tank and artillery formations. From Hamminkeln, it moved northeastward along the German coast to the Baltic, fighting as regular infantry. In the small Baltic town of Wismar, men of the 6th Airborne were on hand to effect the linkup with the Red Army troops approaching from the east. On this 2nd day of May 1945, the war was over for the 6th Airborne Division.

Source: *The General* magazine Vol.26, No.5 1990

The British Royal Navy's famous Admiralty Office closed its doors on 31 March 1964, after 336 years of continuous operation. Since then British naval affairs have been handled from a cluster of nondescript offices inside the Ministry of Defence.

Little Ships That Went a Fairmile

Of all the “wet” ships in the Royal Australian Navy during World War II, few if any were “wetter” than the Fairmile patrol vessels. As the smallest of the Navy’s ocean-going vessels, their crews copped incessant drubbings as the Fairmiles embraced a spectrum of incredible assignments, so many of which they were never designed for. These patrol vessels described by newsmen as mini-gunboats, were denied the dignity of a name but instead were allocated numbers – 424 to 431 and 801 to 827.

After the 56 strong Bathurst class, the family of Fairmile B Motor Launches formed the second largest group of new construction for the RAN. The first launch was laid down in September 1942, and the final and 35th boat, commissioned during April 1944. The majority of Fairmiles were built in Sydney at two shipyards (31 in total) with just four in Brisbane.

To assist in rapid production, the Green Point yard on the Parramatta River obtained 20 pre-fabricated hulls from the United Kingdom for assembly and outfitting of gear and armaments. Hulls were mounted onto rotatable bogies, with the workshops on higher ground for components to be fed down inside the hull.

As designed, the Fairmiles were required to search for enemy submarines, provide convoy escort and stationary patrols. However, their actual wartime duties saw many launches attached to the shore bases, undertaking coastal and island patrols, transport large numbers of personnel, assisting with boom defences, casualty evacuation and air-sea rescue searches. Some launches also attacked Japanese maritime and shore units and resupplied isolated missions. Fairmiles performed special undercover operations within Japanese waters in conjunction with the Services Reconnaissance Department, in some cases providing the tow for small submersibles.

Despite many missions, no Fairmile was lost to enemy action. The 35 Fairmiles provided the RAN with a true seagoing patrol force from 1943 to 1945. Post-war, the 33 surviving Fairmiles were placed in reserve at Brisbane (16), Sydney (13) and Fremantle (4).

Source: *Navy News* Vol.47, No.17, 23 September 2004

How the Tootsie Rolls

by Tom Moore

For those who don't know (i.e. anyone on the planet who doesn't live in the USA), Tootsie Roll Industries of Chicago, Illinois, is one of the largest candy companies in the U.S.A., producing familiar brands (to Americans) such as Tootsie Pop, Charms, Mason Dots, Andes, Sugar Daddy, Charleston Chew, Dubble Bubble, Razzles, Caramel Apple Pop, Junior Mints, and on.

During the Korean War, in the terrible winter of 1950, when surrounded by the enemy, UN troops in North Korea were fighting their way south from Chosin to Hungnam where they waited for ships to evacuate them to South Korea. It was so cold that the vehicle batteries would freeze and split, automatic weapons would not cycle, morphine packets and blood plasma froze and were useless, as were C-ration cans.

A very effective weapon for our troops at the time was the 60mm mortar. Ammunition for the weapon ran very low, and an emergency radio request was made for “Tootsie Rolls,” the U.S. Marine code name for ammunition. Foul-ups occur, and one did here. The receiving radio operator did not have the USMC code sheet and did not question the extremely urgent request from command authority.

Soon the supplies were air dropped to the troops. The Korean sky was full of dozens of parachutes, with pallets full of actual Tootsie Roll candy, descending down on the freezing, starving troops.

This may have been the greatest military foul-up of the Korean War.

However...

Though the starving troops had no hot meals (C-rations frozen solid and useless), even during battle, which was 24/7, the troops could put the Tootsie Rolls in their mouths to thaw before chewing them. No need for fires or cooking, and the sugar gave them the energy boost they needed to do their jobs. For many, it was their only nourishment for days.

The troops found many uses for the Tootsie Rolls. They put the candy in their armpits to warm, and used the candy to plug bullet holes in fuel drums, gas tanks and radiators. When the Tootsie Rolls refroze they became solid, sealing the leaks and allowing the troops some much needed mobility. Some troops, who were captured by the enemy, exchanged Tootsie Rolls for their release.

It helped saved lives and enable the troops to fight their way out of the enemy trap.

Tootsie Roll Industries may not know how much their product, combined with what turned out to be a fortunate foul-up, helped the troops in Korea in 1950. So next time you have a Tootsie Roll, look to the sky and say, “thank you.”

Farewells

ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT, COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS OF THE KVAA
WE WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS OUR SINCERE CONDOLENCES TO YOUR FAMILY



Richard
CUFF
11991
3RAR

Clement Roy
KEALY
13163
3RAR

Walter George
KENNEWELL
41560
3RAR

Michael
MOORE
335015
3RAR

Ronald Joseph
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Gerald P.
STEACY
1 & 2 Battalion, The Black Watch (RHR), Canada
KVAA Treasurer 1999-September 2018

LEST WE FORGET

From the KVAA Secretary...

To all KVA Members and family, I hope you are all keeping well safely at home. As you will all be aware this month is the 70th Anniversary of the start of the Korean War, 25th June 1950. I received this via email and I am very happy to share this with you all:

Dear Deborah;

Hope you are doing well. This year marks 70th commemorative year of Korea War since 1950 and the Consulate would like to promote to the public to show our gratitude toward Korean War Veterans. Kindly find the attached file for tram poster and advise me of any idea or opinion of that.



(Tram signage)

I wish you and your family best and remain healthy and safe.

Kate GaHye Kim 김가혜 전문관 (정무 담당)

Political & Economic Officer/EA to Consul-General

Consulate-General of the Republic of Korea, Melbourne.

Meetings

We are looking to hold a meeting in July. Unless new restrictions come into play, we will see you on Wednesday 29th July 2020 at Stella Maris Seafarers Centre.

Korean Church Service

Unfortunately, there is no change with the cancellation. The Church, like the Consul-General would like to recognise the 70th Anniversary. I will keep you updated. Please keep well and safe in the meantime.

Mary Poppin's Verdict

Mary Poppins was travelling home, but due to worsening weather, she decided to stop at a hotel for the night. She approached the receptionist and asked for a room for the night.

“Certainly ma’am,” he replied courteously.

“Is the restaurant open still?” inquired Mary.

“Ah, I’m sorry – no,” came the reply, “but room service is available all night. Would you care to select something from this menu?”

Mary smiled and took the menu and perused it. “Hmm...I would like cauliflower cheese please,” said Mary.

“Certainly, madam,” he replied.

“And can I have breakfast in bed?” asked Mary politely.

The receptionist nodded and smiled.

“In that case, I would love a couple of poached eggs, please,” Mary mused.

After confirming the order, Mary signed in and went up to her room for the night. The night passed uneventfully, and the next morning Mary came down early to check out. The same guy was still on the desk.

“Morning ma’am...did you sleep well?”

“Yes, thank you,” Mary replied.

“Food to your liking?”

“Well, I have to say the cauliflower cheese was exceptional – I don’t think I’ve had better. Shame about the eggs, though...they really weren’t that nice at all,” replied Mary truthfully.

“Oh...well, perhaps you could contribute those thoughts to our Guest Comments Book. We are always looking to improve our service and we’d value your opinion,” said the receptionist.

“Thank you, I will” replied Mary, who finished checking out, and then scribbled her comment into the book. Then, waving, she left to continue her journey.

Curious, the receptionist picked up the book to see the comment Mary had written.

It read: “Supercauliflowercheesebuteggswerequiteatrocious”

In 1940, at the height of the Battle of Britain and despite claims of a pilot shortage, the RAF had more pilots sitting behind desks than in the whole of its Fighter and Bomber commands put together.

Funnies

A Very Aussie Poem

(per Dorothea McKellar's *My Country*)

I love a sunscreened country
Its ranks of unemployed
Its eyesores built by Grollo
Its art by Arthur Boyd

Our kids are all drug addicts
Our businessmen are crooks
Our pollies are a bunch of clowns
Who couldn't raffle chooks.

But that is our tradition
We're rugged and we're tough
And because we live in paradise
We couldn't give a stuff.

When first we came from England
We stole it from the blacks
And now we won't apologise
In case they want it back.

But we have a great vision
A great Australian dream
For every bloke a barbie,
Two cars, a football team.

A fenced-off yard with dogs in
Or else a harbour view;
A school to put the sprogs in
And after, a dole queue.

And how I love the mateship
What Australia's all about
And no, it's not corruption,
We just help each other out.

For we're battlers and we're bludgers
We'll fight for a fair go
We're drinkers and we're drivers
And we always will be so.

And pity help the bastard
Who runs this country down
For like the tallest poppy
They'll soon be brought to ground.

So forget your Constitution,
Forget your plebiscite;
Don't fret about the future,
We are Aussies – she'll be right.

The Convert

There was this atheist swimming in the ocean. All of sudden he sees this shark in the water, so he starts swimming towards his boat. As he looks back he sees the shark turn and head towards him. His boat is a way off and he starts swimming like crazy. He's scared to death, and he turns to see the jaws of the great white beast open revealing its teeth in horrific splendour.

The atheist then screams, "Oh God! Save me!"

In an instant, time is frozen and a bright light shines down from above. The man is motionless in the water when he hears the voice of God say, "**You are an atheist. Why do you call upon me when you do not believe in me?**"

The atheist, with confusion and knowing he can't lie, replies, "Well, that's true – I don't believe in you, but how about the shark? Can you make the shark believe in you?"

The Lord replies, "**As you wish,**" and the light retracted back into the heavens and the man could feel the water begin to move once again.

As the atheist looks back he can see the jaws of the shark start to close down on him, when all of a sudden the shark stops and pulls back. Shocked, the man looks at the shark as the huge beast closes its eyes and bows its head and growls "Thank you, Lord for this food which I am about to receive..."

Drumming Up Business

A guy walks into a post office one day to see a middle-aged, balding man standing at the counter methodically placing "Love" stamps on bright pink envelopes with hearts all over them. He then takes out a perfume bottle and starts spraying scent all over them.

His curiosity getting the better of him, the guy goes up to the balding man and asks him what he's doing.

The man explains, "I'm sending out 1000 Valentine cards, all signed as 'Guess Who?!'"

"But why would you do that?" asks the guy.

"Just drumming up some business," the man replies. "I'm a divorce lawyer."

Proof That Jesus Was A Woman

- He managed to feed a crowd at a moments notice when there was no food.

- He kept trying to get a message across to a bunch of men who just didn't get it.

- Even when he was dead, he still had to get up because there was more work to do.

The Way You Tell It

A man is incarcerated for the first time... He notices throughout the day that someone will scream out a number and everyone in the prison will laugh. The next day he asks another inmate at his lunch table what's up with the numbers.

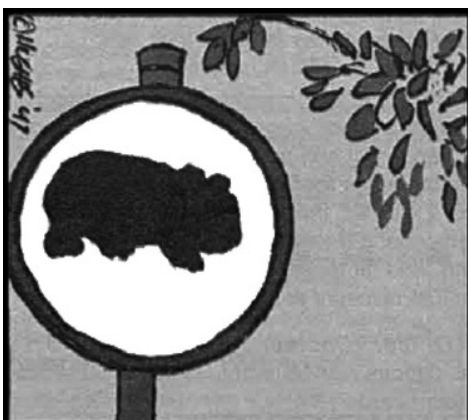
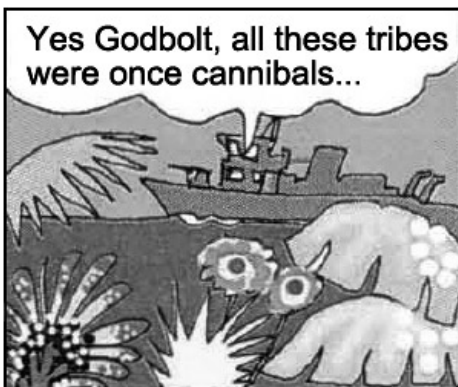
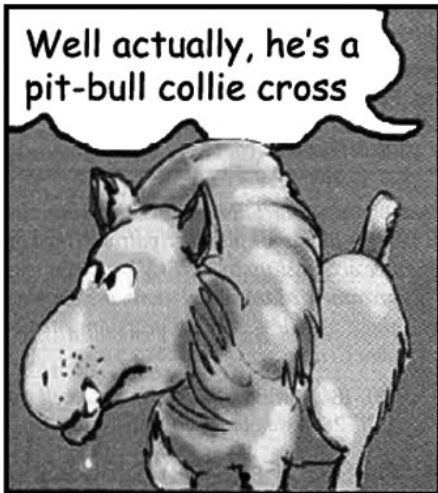
The inmate responds, "Well, we've all been in here a very long while and we've all heard each other's jokes, so to save time we numbered them all and just yell out the numbers instead. Would you like to try it?"

The new inmate waited a minute and yelled out, "82!!!!", and no one laughed. He said, "I don't understand, what'd I do wrong?"

The other inmate said, "I guess some people can tell a joke and some people can't".

HMAS Wort by Ian Hughes

A series of cartoons which appeared in *Navy News* in the 1980s & 1990s (now in public domain).



Battle of 23 April 1951 - 25 April 1951 KAPYONG



John Fry, President, AQKV visited the Queensland Korean War Memorial on the afternoon of Thursday, 23rd April, to commemorate the Battle of Kapyong (23-25 April 1951). He placed 32 poppies on the names of the 3RAR sacrificed in the battle. John was joined by members of the Korean Society of the Gold Coast. They all, including the Unknown Soldier, dressed suitably for the occasion.



An example of ANZAC Day 2020 as a private commemoration.