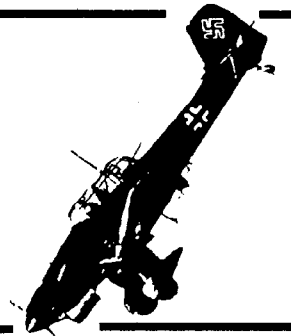


2nd/3rd AUSTRALIAN LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT
REGIMENT ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER
If undelivered return to:
C.J.E. RAE
Tal Tal, Tucks Road,
Shoreham, Vic. 3916.

“TAKE POST!”

Newsletter of the
2nd/3rd Australian Light Anti-Aircraft
Regiment Association



1990 — 50 YEARS SINCE FORMATION OF THE REGIMENT!

RE-UNION NOTICE

The Re-union will be held on Tuesday 24th April, 1990 from 12 noon until 5 p.m., lunch and drinks provided. The subscription this year is \$10.00.

The venue is the same as last year, namely the Air Force Convention Centre, 4 Cromwell Road, South Yarra. (Vehicle access through Howitt St.)

Cec. Rae, Hon. Secretary.

(1990 marks 50 years since the formation of the Regiment. Make a special effort to be present.)

NOTICE OF MEETING

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the A.F. Convention Centre 4 Cromwell Road, South Yarra at 11.45 a.m. on 24th April 1990 (just prior to the Re-union).

Nominations for the Committee must be lodged with the Secretary 7 days before the meeting.

Cec. Rae, Hon. Secretary.

2nd/3rd AUSTRALIAN LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

President
JIM PATON

Hon. Secretary
CEC. RAE
Tal Tal, Tucks Road, Shoreham, Vic. 3916.
(Tel: 059 898 404)

Hon. Treasurer
JOHN HEPWORTH

Newsletter Editor
RON BRYANT
6 Blanche Avenue, Parkdale, Vic. 3195.

W.A. President
GORDON CONNOR
6 Exton Place, Spearwood, W.A. 6163.

A few copies of our history, “On Target”, remain.
Obtain your copy at the Re-union, for \$29.00

**PLEASE ADVISE OF YOUR CHANGE OF
ADDRESS!**

A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Time and tide wait for no man. How true. Here we are in the year 1990 which marks the 50th anniversary of the formation of our Regiment. This is a significant milestone in our history and your committee has planned to recognise this event at our coming re-union with a smorgasbord luncheon accompanied by the usual refreshments at minimal cost to participants. Over the years since the end of "our" war we have been fortunate in being able to get together to renew that special comradeship which is the product of the years we spent on active service in so many theatres of conflict. 1990 is a special year and I look forward to welcoming as many of you as can possibly attend - the more the merrier. Warm regards and best wishes to all.

Jim Paton.

LATE NOTE:
MARCH COMMENCES 9.15am,
OUR UNIT MOVES OFF
APPROX. 9-40am.

MEMORIES - THE HUMOR AND THE PATHOS.

A Fortunate Cook.

On 20th February 1941, shortly after arriving at Tobruk with 8 Battery, before the Siege commenced, Harry Reid was told by Major Phillip Stokes that he was wanted by the Tobruk bakery to assist with making bread for the troops.

To Harry's disappointment at the time, the good Major was too fond of his tucker to release such a good "babbling brook" and appointed Harry as cook for the officers at Wadi Ouda.

Just four days later, enemy planes bombed the Harbour, and a destroyer, and bombed the bakery, killing and wounding some of the bakers. So Harry missed those bombs and survived to see out the Siege as a cook and relieving gun crew member despite suffering from sandfly fever, boils, dysentery and a good deal of plain ordinary homesickness.

Compliments From Widows.

Several widows have written, in appreciation of the book - "On Target". Our secretary, Cec Ræ, received such a letter from Mrs. Phyllis Kerr, widow of Bill Kerr, of 8 Battery. Phyllis lives at Toora. The men of F Troop, 8 Battery, will never forget Bill racing around to the guncrews at Derna, Libya, trying to organise transport to enable them to escape General Rommel's grasp on his advance from Benghazi.

Jerking Those Jerkins.

(Jerk - a short sudden pull)

It was said that when the Italians first saw the Australian infantry in those leather, waist length jerkins in the Western Desert, they thought the Aussies were wearing bullet proof armour. The jerkins were good for the cold night winds of the desert.

Q.M. Sergeant Scott and Gunner George Howat were driving through the Tobruk clothing dump to obtain some clothes when their truck just happened to stop alongside a large quantity of those jerkins.

A good supply was smartly picked up, covered up and the normal clothing issue collected. Many of the 8 Battery gunners were soon sporting these jerkins.

The "Ring Master" of Stokes Travelling Circus was so upset that he didn't get one that the truck crew was despatched back to the dump with instructions to obtain a jerkin specially for him, of a color to match his desert boots!

New Year's Day, 1942, at El Shatt.

The Scottish Heavy A.A. Battery attended a 9 Battery party to see the New Year in. In the morning, the cook appeared with two beer bottles. The one full of beer, he threw on the fire. The one full of kerosene he drank. The CCS people pumped him out successfully.

Hitch-Hiking Pilot.

Reading the story on page 89 of "On Target" reminded Alf Sutherland that Flight-Sergeant Laing's wrecked plane finished up about 50 metres from their gun-site. Before returning to their desert base, Laing left his parachute on the sandbags of the gun-pit so that he could squeeze into the single seater fighter sitting on the pilot's knees. The hydraulically-controlled Browning machine gun was removed from one wing of the wrecked plane and rigged up for Anti-aircraft defence.

Make the Punishment Fit the Crime.

John Howman (9) tells how it happened. "At Port Tewfik, we were having a scratch game of soccer on a small park surrounded by flower beds. We were of course playing in just shorts, socks and boots. The ball kept going into the gardens, and the Italian P.O.W.'s who were tending the gardens would kick it back to us. In no time at all, they were in the game, some on each side. An English Brigadier who happened to be passing, demanded to know who our senior N.C.O. was - no one replied and without shirts he could not tell. He strode away muttering angrily about "consorting with the enemy" and "we would hear more about this". We did. A few days later the whole unit was uprooted and sent down through the desert to what must have been the most dismal place in the world, on the Red Sea, where a small harbour enabled ships to anchor if they could not make it to Port Tewfik in daylight. Luckily for us after a few days, John Curtain wanted us back in Australia, and off to the Suez Transit Camp we went".

Search for a father.

Many will have read the letter in "Mufti" from Mrs. Margot Warren of 2 Marina Drive, Mt. Clear 3350, seeking information about her father, Jack Phillips of B Troop, 7 Bty., who was lost when the "Hereward" was sunk during the evacuation from Crete.

At the time, Margot was only a baby so had no recollection of her father. Her mother subsequently remarried. It was only recently that Margot made a determined effort to find out something about her father from those who knew him during the war. Among those who answered her letter to Mufti were Dick Coggins, Mal Webster, Jack Henry, Cec Rae and subsequently a number of others who have helped, leading Mrs. Warren to write in a letter to Les Harris: "I feel quite overwhelmed by the kindness shown to me by those who have contacted me about my father. When I started my search I honestly didn't expect to find much; but I now know quite a lot about the last days of my father's life." (Of course, Margot would appreciate any further information).

Fortitude in the face of disaster.

Jack Henry, learning that Mrs. Warren had a photo of her father with a reference on it to his mate Tom McNamara, was reminded that as he (Jack) and others following the order to abandon ship, were clambering over the side of the sinking "Hereward", they called to Tom who was seated on a bollard rolling a cigarette. In response to their shout to hurry up, he replied, "I can't swim so I may as well finish this smoke". Tom was one of many who did not survive.

Lieutenant Jim Mann.

"On Target" briefly mentioned the brave efforts of Jim Mann during the tragic sinking of HMS Hereward off the coast of Crete on 29th May 1941. Jim was one of our men who did not survive. The following notes are from a newspaper report soon after the event:-

"Rhodes Scholar's record.

Lieut. James G. Mann was the elder son of the Lieut. Governor and Lady Mann. Those who knew Jim held him in high esteem. He began his school life at Glamorgan, Toorak. Then in 1925 he went to Geelong Grammar School where he had a

splendid career. He was a prefect, secretary of the debating society and dux of the school.

He entered Melbourne University as a resident of Trinity in 1932. He was senior student in 1934 and represented the college in cricket, football and in the debating team. In his first and second years he took many honours and won exhibitions. In his third year he gained first class honours and shared the exhibition in comparative philology. Then in the final honours examination he obtained first class honours in classical philology and won two scholarships.

All through his course he was known as a sound student of exceptional ability and he played his sport with keenness. Above all he was admired for his charm of manner and his force of character. He became a candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship for 1935. It came as no surprise when the announcement was made that James Gilbert Mann was the new Rhodes Scholar.

He went to Oxford at the end of the year and his career there was even more brilliant than it had been in Melbourne. He was awarded first-class honours in the final examination for the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, and won the blue ribbon of the Oxford Law School, the Vinerian Scholarship.

He returned to Australia and was admitted to the Victorian Bar but before he could settle down to practice he enlisted. He soon gained promotion and sailed to the Middle East as a lieutenant. Those attributes which Cecil Rhodes, the founder of the Rhodes Scholarship, desired to foster, were fully developed in him. From the time of his early schooling until he lost his life he was marked down as a young man of great promise, in whom leadership and character were fully developed."

WHERE IS HE NOW?

Colin McNaughton (8), at Bool Poole, Metung. He's lord of all he surveys, with a hundred kangaroos on his front lawn, and bream available when the moon is in its right phase, the tide is right, gales are not blowing and floods are not coming down the rivers.

Frank Hands (8) Retired Jeweller, at Hughesdale. Can still set a diamond forever. He and wife Shirley both saw too much of hospitals in 1989, but they are thriving again, coping with their

**ON BOARD THE
MAURENTANIA
29/12/1940**



WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

It is with sincere regret that we report the passing of former comrades :-

Gordon MARSHALL	7
Bruce APPLEBY	7
Chris ALLEN	Workshops
L.M. SIMPSON	8
R. MULAVIN	
R.N. PENGLASE	
R.S. BURTON	7
Brin BOOTHBY	9
Buck BOUGHTON	9
Trevor OWENS	9
Jock MACINDOE	7
Harold BRIMACOMBE	
Neil SLOAN	8
Reg THOMSON	7
Les MARTIN	7
Geoff MANNING	7
Alan PERKINS	9
Arthur WRIGHT	8
Jim NOLEN	9
Stan WAUGH	8

descendants.

Harry (Avro) Anchen. During a visit to his daughter at Miami (Q'ld.), Alf Sutherland found Harry re-cuperating in hospital after a knee operation. (Harry's address is 5 Landau Crescent, Miami, 4220).

George Young (8), is still farming at Baynton, near Kyneton. Has had a bad run with shingles, but can still skin a rabbit in less than a minute.

Clive Hughes-Hallet (deceased). O/C 9 Battery. Business Review Weekly of 18/8/89 had a story on "Kims" on the beach at Toowoomb Bay, north of Sydney. Kims is an up-market seaside resort purchased by Clive in 1944 and later joined by the Strachan family in 1957 and who now own it. Clive died in January 1988. The Strachans kindly purchased several copies of "On Target".

John Grimwalde (8), in his eighties, as sprightly as ever, still lives in his old family home at Mount Eliza. All copies of the little book "Eleven Troop-ships, or Ezededit" have been sold. The book included stories of troopships on which our Regiment sailed. Melbourne Legacy benefited from the proceeds of sale of the book by an amount of \$2,960.

Mick (M.J.) Geary. Stan Sullivan of Coffs Harbour was looking for Mick. A study of the Melbourne telephone directory and a couple of phone calls later, Stan and Mick were re-united.

"Bluey, the Sig." (On Target, p.241)

Bluey Yeo (9) was no parade ground soldier. Short, stocky, freckled and with flaming red hair he would never have won the award for the best turned out digger in the AIF; but when the heat was on at Milne Bay he was one of the unsung heroes. Night and day he saw to it that vital lines of communication were kept open with no thought for himself. Haven't heard of him since the war, but we hope he's still "kicking on".

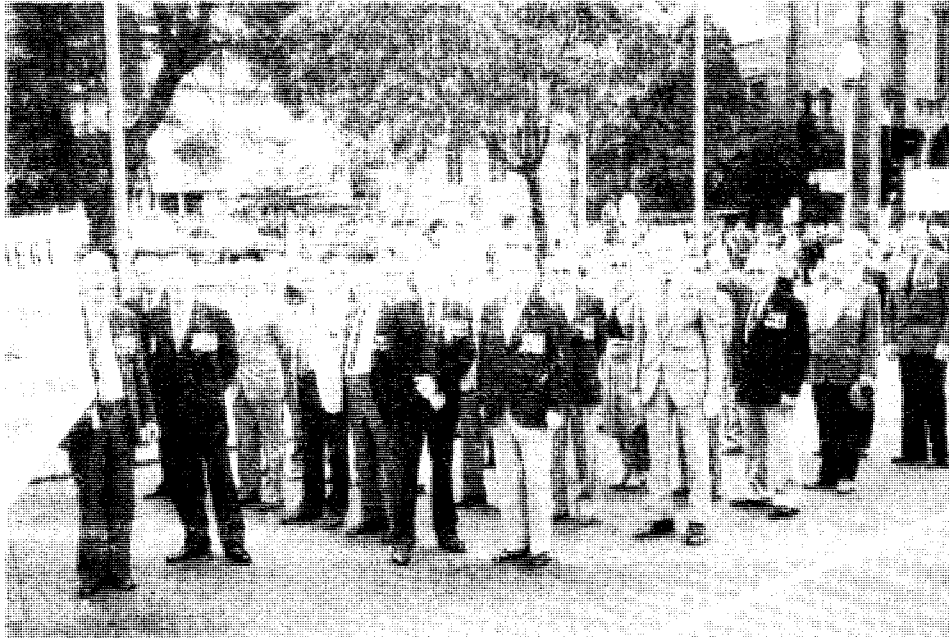


ANZAC DAY 1989 - THE MELBOURNE CONTINGENT

The Hair Raid at Prison Camp 57 Undine.

Further to the story in our book "On Target", p. 141, Alf Sutherland explored many avenues to discover the fate of the despised and hated Camp Commandant who had chosen him as "first cab off the rank" for the unwanted haircuts. Former inmates of Camp 57, particularly those who spent time in the punishment hut over the incident, will be interested in this report which appears in the third Army volume of the Australian War Memorial official history, Tobruk and El Alamein, page 767.:-

(continued on p.5)



THE W.A. TROOP - ANZAC 1989

Nap Croft had a bit of heart trouble, but is feeling better. Some of the West Australians are going to try and get to the 1990 Re-union in Melbourne.

(Who will ever forget the hospitality of the W.A. people, the wonderful climate, the attractive girls and the great welcome extended to the "sun-bronzed desert warriors" of the Regiment who returned from the Middle East to save West Australia from the Japanese!)

BRNO (Brunn) CSR was a concentration camp.

For any of our men who were interred as a POW and who may have been eligible for compensation, the following letter may be of interest:-

The Hair Raid (Continued)

Calcaterra, the commandant of Camp 57 was killed by Italian partisans soon after the Italian collapse, thus being spared arraignment on charges before an Allied War Crimes Tribunal". (With Acknowledgment to A. Rudnicki of A.W.M.)

Generalkonsulat
der Bundesrepublik Deutschland
Consulate General
of the Federal Republic of Germany

Melbourne, 08. 01. 1988
P.O. Box 78 South Yarra, Vic. 3141
480 Punt Road, South Yarra, Vic. 3141
Tel.: 26 61 26 1/3
Gei/vb

Mr. Roy East
6 Milnes Road
EAST SPRINGWOOD, VIC., 3135

AZ.:RK.552/-.....
(Bitte bei Antwort angeben)
(Please quote in your reply)

Communique from the W.A. Troop.

W.A. President Gordon Connor visited Victoria in 1989, but found our 'flu virus so troublesome that he retreated smartly back to the clean, pure air and sunshine of W.A.

Charles Sleigh had a major operation and later suffered a mild stroke; but he battles on as usual, and is now in fine form.

Gordon Connor and George Howat attended a Memorial Service at Guildford for fallen members of the Royal Australian Artillery. George acted as Standard Bearer and Gordon laid a wreath to the memory of the men of our Regiment. The wreath had been made by Gordon and his wife Gwen from red carnations, blue cornflowers, with a band made up of dove grey, cardinal red and royal blue ribbons.

Dear Sir,

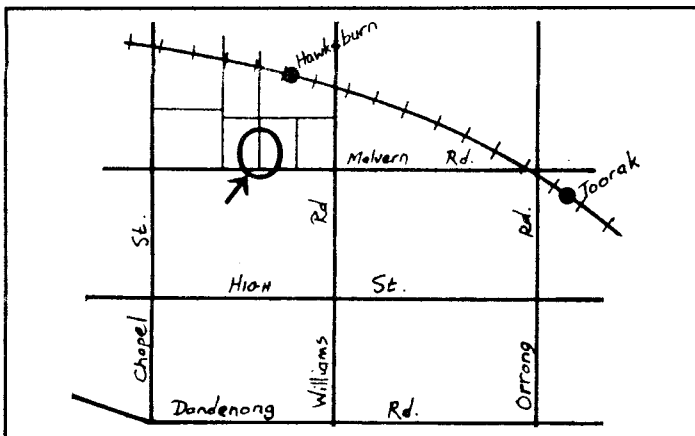
Referring to our telephone conversation in November 1987. I should like to inform you that according to the Amt für Wiederqutmachung in Saarburg, West-Germany,

- Brno (Brünn), CSR, was a branch of the concentration camp Auswitz, (existence proved by concentration camp files),
- opened: 01.10.1943 (official report),
- evacuation: January 1945 to concentration camp Bergen-Belsen (official report).

More details are not available.

Yours sincerely,

M. Geiken
Vice-Consul



**RE-UNION LOCATION
A. F. Convention Centre
4 Cromwell Road, South Yarra
(See Melways)**



**Vehicle access via
Howitt Street.**

In response to requests, the words of this poem attributed to a man named Emerson, have been supplied by Alf Sutherland:-

THE COLONEL, HE DID SAY.

As soldiers you be treated,
If you acta as the same,
And be gooda prigioni,er,
Or some sucha name.

Salute di official,
When be inside your camp,
And 9 O'clock each night,
Turn out electric lamp.

We give you gooda macaroni,
Some day we give you pay,
We also give you haircut,
The Colonel he did say.

You standa to attenti,
When the bugle he do blow,
If you do not do these things,
To Calaboose you go.

You standa two times of each day,
Keep quiet and must not nag,
And not go closer to wire,
At nights or bya day,
Or Carabinieri he will shoot,
The Colonel he did say.

Red Crossa parcels once a week,
And letters sent from home,
Cigarette issue I do not know,
So I writea away to Rome.

The doctor he will look at you,
And tella you not to speak,
We hope this doesn't happen,
Every flaming week.

And outa on parade ground,
Ball game we letta you play,
I notta understand di game,
The Colonel he did say.

We letta you build a fire place,
If you be very good,
We know not what a you will burn,
Cos a we gotta no wood.

We give a you two blankets,
So you sleepa very nice,
Unless you wake at night,
And chase a di Iti lice.

We put handcuff on di boys,
So they will notta stray,
And chain them to a big long rope,
The Colonel he did say.

But our boys not like the Colonel,
Any more they like the rice,
He can keep his macaroni,
And his mucked up rice.

And we did not want a haircut,
To which we made protest,
And sixty boys went to jail,
While the barber cut the rest.

He insulted good old Cotty,
As a barber cut his hair,
But Cotty took it like a man,
To him the Colonel was Misere.

And when we're back in Aussie,
Drinking a foaming pot,
We'll think of all their dirty tricks,
And how they made it hot.

There's quite a lot of Itis,
Keep shops and farms out here,
We won't forget those nasty boys,
And how they cut our hair.

We'll order from them of the best,
They'll ask "why notta you pay?",
We'll answer them quite meaningly,
Domani, the Colonel he did say!

To assist with catering
please return slip if
attending!

TO:- MR. C.J.E. RAE
TAL TAL, TUCKS ROAD
SHOREHAM, VIC., 3916

I will be attending the Re-Union at Air Force House, Convention Centre,
4 Cromwell Road, South Yarra on 24th April 1990

(Print Name) _____