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News

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The Australian Commando Association (NSW)'s membership consists of Servicemen who have served with Independent Companies, Commando Squadrons, "M" and "Z" Special units and Special Forces during and since the Second World War

DISCLAIMER: Opinions expressed within this publication are those of the authors, and are not necessarily those of the Editor, Publisher, Committee Members or Members of our Association. We welcome any input as long as it is not offensive or abusive but if any member has a problem with a printed article we would like to be informed in order that the author may be contacted. We do encourage your opinion.

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Deadline for next edition: SUNDAY, 31ST AUGUST 2014

Next edition out in time for Battle for Australia Day.
All news on members and interesting articles accepted.
(Subject to editors' approval.)

Barry G



Front Cover: Special Operations Commander (Australia) and RSM SOCOM at Commando Memorial Seat, Sydney



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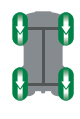
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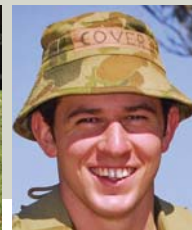
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Department of Veterans' Affairs

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DVADHIS2_FAA

President's Report

Anzac Day for your President started off at 0300 hours at the Woronora River RSL Sub Branch where I am the President there as well. (Never a dull moment for me.)

The rain held off until 20 minutes before we were to start the 0600 hours Service.

Some 600 to 700 residents turned up for this year's service, and yes, they stood in the pouring rain for over half an hour whilst we conducted the Dawn Service.

We believe that next year, being the 100th Anniversary of Anzac, will be even bigger and planning has already started. Service finished at 0645 hours and I had to hurry to Martin Place by 0815 hours.

Changed my wet jacket and put on my nice dry Commando Green jacket and headed off for the Commando Seat, disembarked at Martin Place and within one minute I was back to square one, wet.

Despite the rain a good crowd assembled in Martin Place. The decision to move under the eaves of the Reserve Bank was prudent, that way only some of us who laid wreaths were drenched.

Special Operations Commander Australia and RSM SOCOM (see front cover), were among many of our special guests representing our Commando Regiments as well Commandos past and present.

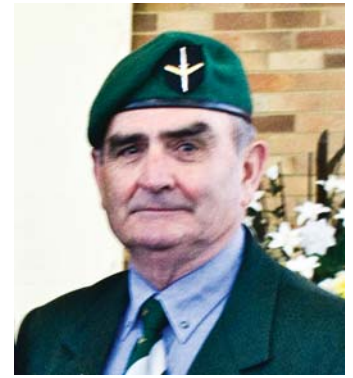
We were also honoured to have the presence of Veterans from the Timor Leste Defence Force who laid wreaths and bouquets on the Commando Seat.

When I attended the RSL "wash-up" of the Anzac Day March committee, the same old problems were raised about lack of vehicles, Parade Marshalls not knowing what was going on, no comms etc.

I raised the idea of simply numbering the registered associations, that way everyone knew where they fitted into the march. (KISS principle.)

We wait with baited breath for a solution to that one!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Whilst mentioning the Commando Seat, I believe it is way past time to alter the seat and inscribe the names of both the 1st and 2nd Commando Regiments on the seat. The Regiments have earned that right by participation in recent conflicts over the past 10 or so years.

We have identified spaces either side of the seat; however, we must now talk to the Sydney City Council about how to facilitate the inclusion of the names, and also how these changes will be financed.

We would like to have your views on this idea.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the recent AGM of the Australian Commando Association in Canberra, the issue of a National newsletter was raised.

After some discussion it was resolved that we use the current NSW Newsletter as the basis of the National issue.

So the next edition in September will contain news sent from all States, with info on both current and former Commandos.

The only change to the front cover will be to remove the words (NSW), the name will remain "Commando News".

Apart from that nothing will change.

We also we are formulating a National membership application form to be included in the newsletter, and it will be included in the next newsletter.

New applicants just have to nominate the State they want to pay their dues.

Barry Grant

President and joint editor



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SYDNEY – RESERVE FORCES DAY 2014

SUNDAY, 6TH JULY 2014



- DRESS:** Green Jacket, grey slacks, black shoes, beret and medals.
- MEETING PLACE:** Hyde Park 1000 hours near Archibald Fountain with 8th Brigade
Some rehearsals will also take place here.
- MARCH OFF:** 1100 hours along College Street past St Mary's Cathedral, then into Macquarie Street accompanied by bands, to Parliament House. There will be a salute from His Excellency Hon Tom Bathurst QC. After the address there will be a "March Past" then on to the Dismissal Area in Phillip Street.
- We hope everyone can join us for refreshments after the march and tell a few fibs about how good we once were.
Venue to be confirmed.

NEWCASTLE – RESERVE FORCES DAY 2014

- DRESS:** Same as above
- FORM UP:** 1030 hours in Lamien Street (just above Civic Park).
- MARCH OFF:** 1100 hours (All downhill)
- DISMISSAL:** Approximately 1230 hours.

ALL TRAVEL ON PUBLIC TRANSPORT WILL BE FREE FOR THE DAY.
(Providing you are wearing medals, beret and name badge)

Improving business performance through enhanced project management

Whether you are the owner of a business, an employee, or self-employed, we all want to earn more but not work quite as hard in our enterprises.

In this article, Doug Wheeler, who has over 30 years of experience in the consulting industry, and is currently the Academic Director for the project management program at UNE Partnerships, provides some tips on how applying project management practices can improve the financial performance of our projects while enhancing our relationship with clients and our reputation.

Doing projects is what most business do, but project management is sometimes seen as only belonging to large or certain types of projects. Project management is also portrayed at times to be very complicated and expensive to apply.

Some also see project management as being all about schedules and budgets. While these are important, project management is much more than that, because at the end of the day, projects are done by people for people. The following tips provide some of the clues to improving performance.

Become multi-lingual. Once we become proficient at a skill, trade or profession we are eventually asked to take more responsibility for projects. We then become what are known as accidental project managers. We are proficient in our technical language but that may not be a language that our clients understand. If we also learn the business language of our clients we become better at understanding their requirements and then translating that into the project management and technical languages. In reverse, we are better able to interpret technical and project performance information into a form that our clients will relate to. You could say we have become multi-lingual.

Write more concise but stronger proposals. Many people use terms like: "the work includes, but is not limited to..." Unfortunately, this is open to interpretation by both parties and leads to many difficulties in determining what is or isn't in scope. This can result in much more work being done that was not allowed for in the budget, resource planning, and schedules; or alternatively, a testy relationship with the client. This can be overcome by writing proposals that comprise the elements of a scope statement. These put less reliance on listing what is 'in scope' but more on why the project is being done; the project objective; what is clearly out of scope (sometimes called exclusions); as well as the constraints and assumptions. By doing this we provide some boundaries on understanding, more clarity on what work has to be done, and when variations will apply.

Employ project change management. All projects require additional work being required to meet the requirements of client. If these changes are clear through having more effective scoping, we then analyse and quantify them, and get approval by the client before undertaking the additional work, we have done project change management. In doing this, we have evaluated the potential impacts of the change on our budget; milestones;

resourcing; quality requirements; risks to the project, the client, our business, and other stakeholders; and any contractual arrangements. By communicating these impacts (positive and negative) to the client they are able to make a more informed decision. This enhances our reputation and if they proceed, they are accepting the impacts of that change and our financial position is maintained. If, however, we don't undertake the analysis and have the discussion before we implement the change, the client will view this in terms of the value to them from the change. This perception of value may be very different to the real cost of the change, and after doing the work, we have diminished bargaining power. This can severely impact the expected financial performance of the project. It is even worse if the change wasn't recognised at all, and additional work was undertaken (sometimes with good intentions) with no increase in budget or change to milestone dates. This relates to what we call scope creep. In simple terms, approved changes are good, scope creep is bad.

Timeliness. There is a direct relationship between time and cost. Projects and tasks that are completed on time, or early, are generally on, or under budget. Projects and tasks that are late, will generally be over budget. Therefore, once we have timeframes and milestones in place, we need to do what we can to meet these. Timeliness overlaps with the earlier tips, as realistic timeframes require a clear understanding of scope and requirements; and timely completion of tasks is an effective control of scope creep.

How can I learn about this?

UNE Partnerships can support individuals and businesses in improving performance through the provision of consulting to business; one on one coaching; public and business designed short courses; nationally and industry recognised qualifications in project management, business and management; and pathways to UNE post-graduate programs. If you would like to find out more contact UNE Partnerships on 1800 818 458 or study@unep.edu.au or please visit our website www.unep.edu.au.

Doug Wheeler MAppSc (Research) BE GDSTT ADPM CPEng NPER RPEQ CPPD MAIPM MPMI is highly qualified in engineering and project management with over 40 years of experience in a wide range of sectors. For last 14 years he has taught project management to several thousand people around the country, and is a regular speaker at conferences. He has been a consultant to UNE Partnerships for the last 14 years delivering and assessing in the project management program.

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Military Funerals in Port Moresby

On the 10th of June I travelled to Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea (PNG), to join Keith Long, President of the Queensland Branch of the Association.

The reason for our attendance was the full Military Funerals of LCPL Spencer Walklate and PTE Ronald Eagleton, former members of Services Reconnaissance Department, a WW2 Special Forces Unit sometimes referred to in the press as "Z Special Unit". (That was their administrative unit.)

In one of our earlier newsletters we reported that their remains had been located on the Island of Kairiru just off Weewak in PNG.

The team that discovered the remains were under the leadership of Brian Manns and MAJ Jack Thurgar SC OAM from the Army's Un-recovered War Casualties Unit.

The task of identifying the exact location through unending and thorough research by both men and the recovering the remains is a task that that is underestimated.

Australians should be thankful that we have people of SUCH passion.

The families of the soldiers were flown to PNG by the Army for the service, including Sapper Edgar Thomas (Mick) Dennis MM, the sole survivor of Operation Copper.

The remains were to be interred in Bowmana War Cemetery, some 15 kilometres outside of Port Moresby.

This sacred place holds the remains of some 3,300 Australians from WW2, and I believe it is the largest solely Australian, War Cemetery in the world.

After some research of the records in this cemetery



MAJOR Jack Thurgar SC OAM in front of Private Ron Eagleton's headstone.

I discovered the headstones of approximately 100 Australian Commandos (including 3 or 4 "Z Special Unit").

I have photographs of some and hope to have the remaining photos in early July.

Also in attendance were members of the 1st & 2nd Commando Regiments as well as representatives from the SAS, Deputy Special Operations Commander Australia, bearers and firing party.

Padre Keil Maslen, Chaplain of the 2nd Commando Regiment conducted the service under the shade of a rain tree at the bottom of the hill.

This was a very moving service and Keith and I were honoured to lay wreaths on both graves as representatives of the Australian Commando Associations.

Following the official service the families gathered around the graves in a personal tribute to the relatives. Both men were residents of the Eastern Suburbs of Sydney so it was appropriate that sand and sea water from Maroubra beach was sprinkled on the caskets.

Later Australian gum leaves were laid against the headstones by one of the official party.

The only downside to the day was the fact that owing to a traffic jam (not uncommon in Port Moresby) the trip back to the hotel took 3 hours longer than normal, resulting in me missing my flight back to Sydney. The traffic had to be seen to be believed, I am sure there are road rules, but no one seems to abide by them.

Barry Grant

President ACA New South Wales



Mr. Todd Walklate representing the family of LCPL Spencer Walklate receives the customary Australian Flag from the casket. "On behalf of a grateful nation".

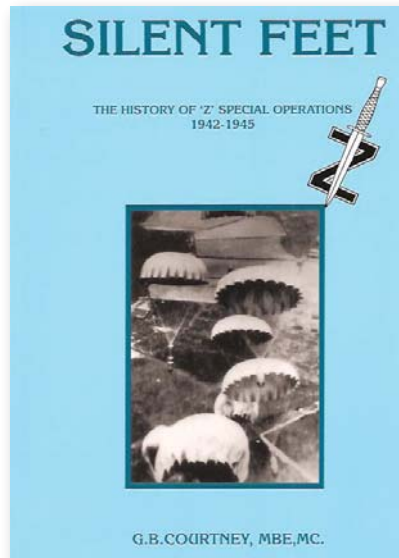


Sapper "Mick" Dennis, the sole survivor of Operation Copper, pays his respects laying wreaths on his comrade's final resting places.





"Mick" Dennis MM sprinkling sand and water from Maroubra Beach on PTE Eagleton's casket.



- Author:** Courtney, G.B. MBE, MC
Title: **Silent Feet**
Publisher: Slouch Hat Publications, Vic, Australia, 2002. Card Cover Only.
Description: New, p272, Card Cover, 9 1/2"x 6 3/4", SRD Honour Roll, SRD (Operatives) Nominal Roll, Bibliography, Index
Order type: ORDER – Available for a cost of **AUD\$50.00 [plus postage] per copy**

This book contains factual information from published military archives about all the special operations conducted by 'Z' Special Unit which was the administrative arm for the operatives deployed.

New Car Sticker for Members

Members we have a new National Commando Association car sticker for the inside of your car window.

See the "Q Store" list for details.



JOKE

Mildred, the church gossip, and self-appointed monitor of the church's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business.

Several members did not approve of her extra-curricular activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence.

She made a mistake, however, when she accused Frank, a new member, of being an alcoholic after she saw his old pickup parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon.

She emphatically told Frank (and several others) that everyone seeing it there would know what he was doing!

Frank, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment and just turned and walked away. He didn't explain, defend, or deny.

He simply said nothing.

Later that evening, Frank quietly parked his pickup in front of Mildred's house, walked home... and left it there all night.

(You gotta love Frank!)



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“What are the chances?”

Recently I received a phone call from Rod Baran who had just been to a garage sale looking for fishing equipment (what else).

Saying, “Barry you have just got to go and have a look at a couple of boat models a lady has”.

Later I visited the lady and found to my amazement a very good model of the “Krait”. The original craft is of course moored at the National Maritime Museum in Darling Harbour.

This model was a labour of love by her late husband who had passed away recently and she was considering selling the radio controlled craft.

Having spent a few hours talking to her about the wartime boat and the crew whom I had met, she asked what I would do with the model.

The obvious answer was to display it at the Commando History & Research Centre at Holsworthy.

She said she would discuss the matter with her family and maybe get back to me.

Well, to my surprise I was invited

to come and collect the model.

It is now in the History Centre for all to see as part of a future display of “Z Special” memorabilia.

It is truly a labour of love and a lot of research has gone into the model.



Pictured are Moss Berryman and President Barry Grant aboard the MV Krait in Darling Harbour late last year after a visit to Sydney from Adelaide. Moss is now the sole survivor of the 1943 Jaywick raid to Singapore by SRD operatives lead by MAJ Ivan Lyon. This raid by 3 canoe teams sunk approximately 40,000 tons of Japanese shipping. Moss and his wife Mary were taken for a harbour joy ride on the Krait by the staff of The Australian National Maritime Museum.





Australian Army Infantry Museum
Cnr Golden Highway & Range Road
Whittingham NSW 2330

Open to the public Wed to Sun 9am to 4pm

The museum serves as a mirror to the Infantry Corps. It is a place where young soldiers can learn about the history behind the place names they are familiar with, or perhaps about the military service of a family member. Gallipoli, Passchendaele, Kokoda and Long Tan are all brought to life, along with less familiar deployments such as the New South Wales Marine Light Infantry deployment to Peking in 1900, or the platoon from 2/4 RAR that helped to keep the peace in Cambodia in 1993.



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ANZAC DAY SYDNEY

Friday, April 25, 2014

"lest we forget"

*"They shall not grow 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 shall remember them"*



The Hon COL of the Commando Regiments, BRIG Philip McNamara CSC addresses the service.



Arthur "Itchy" Eastwood, Jim Pullin and "Bluey"



Ken "Bluey" Curran and Barry Grant
Yes it was raining!



Don Newport 2nd/12th Independent Coy



Veterans from Timor Leste



HOME AT LAST FROM VIETNAM

By Mr Brian Mann

The excitement spread through the Vietnamese labourers washing the soil coming out of the ground beside the Suoi Sap in Vietnam. The team leader of the Australian Army Recovery Team had taken one of the hoses and was carefully washing something that had just been found by Vietnamese Army engineers.

As the water washed over the object of interest it became clearer that it was what everyone had hoped for – an identification disc of the type worn by Australian soldiers during the Vietnam War.

Now clean, there was no doubt that what Brian Manns held in his hand was an identity disc, and one of the stainless steel types often worn by Australians. The disc was still wrapped in black tape and as Manns carefully folded back the tape the letters 'DJE Fisher' glistened in the sunlight.

Everyone, Australian and Vietnamese, was quietly overjoyed: the most important piece of equipment that it could be hoped would be found had been found. The team knew immediately that the final missing Australian soldier from the Vietnam War was no longer missing.

Private David John Elkington Fisher was a young Australian who had volunteered for national service, had been selected for the Special Air Service Regiment (SASR) and had spent several months in Vietnam.

On 27 September 1969, Fisher was a member of an SASR patrol in an area to the west of the Nui May Tao Mountains in what was then Long Khanh province in Vietnam. After a number of contacts the patrol was lifted out of the area in a 'hot extraction', and it was during this extraction that David Fisher fell from the rope that suspended him below the Royal Australian Air Force helicopter into thick jungle.

Several air and ground searches over the course of the next 10 days failed to find any trace of Fisher. He was officially listed as 'missing in action presumed dead' and a death certificate was issued. That's the way it stayed until 28 August 2008, when his 'dog tag' was found along with Caucasoid human remains beside a stream (the Suoi Sap).

The discovery of human remains was the culmination of a detailed and exhaustive investigation carried out by the Australian Army History Unit (AHU). In January 2008, and following on from successful recoveries of three other previously missing Australian soldiers in Vietnam, the Deputy Chief of Army directed AHU to investigate the case of the last missing Australian soldier from the Vietnam War – Private David Fisher, SASR.

A small two-man team – Brian Manns and Jack Thurgar of AHU – commenced a careful examination of all of the available Australian records, including unit war diaries, and interviewed Australian veterans involved in the incident in which Fisher was lost. They

also appealed to the Australian Vietnamese community for help.

Armed with the information already gathered in Australia, the team travelled to Vietnam in March 2008 to gather information from Vietnamese sources. An exhaustive two weeks of interviews with Vietnamese veterans who had fought on the opposing side, and others, confirmed which Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army units operated in the area and gave a very clear understanding of the procedures that they followed. Information flyers were also distributed to the Vietnamese veteran groups, appealing for help in locating Fisher's rifle and equipment.

That initial investigation in Vietnam confirmed a lot of the already gained information but also created more unanswered questions and so a return trip to Vietnam was planned. In the meantime the team continued to expand its body of information from Australian sources. In the Court of Inquiry documents, Jack Thurgar recognised a small piece of information that seemed to have escaped the attention of earlier researchers. It was a reference to the discovery of a pool of water 'red in colour'. This pool of 'red' water was just outside of the designated search area. The



Private David John Elkington Fisher

find was considered significant enough by the company commander for a sample to be taken and returned to the 1st Australian Field Hospital for analysis. No record of what happened to the sample was found, even after extensive record searches and personal interviews with the commanding officer of the hospital and the United States (US) Mortuary Unit in Vung Tau and in Saigon (where facilities existed for such analysis).

The next important breakthrough came from a member of the Australian Vietnamese community. He told investigators that in early October of 1969 he and another soldier 'from the North' had found the body of a 'dead American' (Fisher, like most SASR soldiers, wore US camouflage uniform) and had buried his body in a shallow grave beside the Suoi Sap. Later this man made his way to Australia.

The final missing piece in the Fisher jigsaw was a more precise indication as to where David Fisher might have hit the ground. To calculate this required details of the direction and speed of the aircraft, the time of flight before the fall and other factors. Once the calculations were done and the information applied to a map, it became apparent that earlier searches had concentrated on an area too close to the roping extraction point. This area had not been searched, because the US heavy artillery at Fire Support Base 'Blackhorse' (8 inch and 175 millimetre) had ordered all Australian forces to clear the western sector as they wanted to fire harassment and interdiction fire missions into that zone. The impact area was the centre of axis for the opposing force's main supply route, which bypassed a major US roadblock on Highways 1 and 2 established by the US 11th Armoured Cavalry Regiment.

The team returned to Vietnam in August 2008 to continue to interview Vietnamese veterans and to examine the new area of interest. On Friday 8 August the team began its careful examination of the area bordering the Suoi Sap from its confluence with a major river (the Song Ray) to the newly plotted area of interest. While Manns reconnoitred the Suoi Sap from

the Song Ray to a point some 1.5 kilometres to the west, Thurgar and his Vietnamese search team moved directly to the area of interest.

The breakthrough came when a Vietnamese search team member from Thurgar's group was examining an erosion hole close to the Suoi Sap. A large piece of bone believed to be human in origin was found along with a piece of plastic that appeared to be from the inside of an Australian-issue collapsible water bladder used by the SASR in Vietnam. The next day, after examining a photograph of the bone fragment, an Australian forensic anthropologist was able to confirm that it was most likely the lower end of a human femur (thigh bone). This opinion was supported by the director of the Military Forensic Institute in Hanoi the following week.

Work commenced immediately to get the remainder of the Australian Army Recovery Team to Vietnam in order to recover any further remains that were still able to be found before the full force of the 'wet season' struck the flood-prone area. After a week of negotiations approval was granted for a recovery and the additional team members arrived in Vietnam. After Vietnamese Army engineers conducted an unexploded ordnance search, there followed a week of careful excavation during which more of David Fisher's remains were found. The work culminated in the discovery of one of his dog tags but did not cease till all recoverable remains were collected from the site. The important artefact discovery was only possible because of the support of Vietnamese Army engineers using Australian Minelab equipment.

Private David John Elkington Fisher was repatriated to Australia by the Army in October 2008.

Thanks to the determination of Australian and Vietnamese veterans, Army Headquarters and AHU staff and many others, all of those Australian soldiers who were killed in action but who had not been properly buried at the time of their loss have now been found and returned to their families in Australia. While it may have taken a very long time to bring them home, at least now they are home.

Copper Wire & Communication

After having dug to a depth of 10 feet last year, British scientists found traces of copper wire dating back 200 years and came to the conclusion that their ancestors already had a telephone network more than 150 years ago.

...Not to be outdone by the British, in the weeks that followed, an American archaeologist dug to a depth of 20 feet, and shortly after, a story published in the New York Times said: "American archaeologists, finding traces of 250-year-old copper wire, have concluded that their ancestors already had an advanced high-tech communications network 50 years earlier than the British".

One week later, Australia's Northern Territory Times reported the following: "After digging as deep as 30 feet in his backyard in Tennant Creek, Northern Territory, Knackers Johnson, a self-taught archaeologist, reported that he found absolutely buggger-all.

Knackers has therefore concluded that 250 years ago, Australia had already gone wireless."

... Makes ya feel bloody proud to be Australian



HALO PARACHUTING IN AUSTRALIA “THE EARLY DAYS”

Nostalgia from Bruce Horsfield

I read with interest and nostalgia an item in a *Strike Swiftly* sometime ago, on Brian Murphy's high altitude low opening (HALO) free fall parachuting record back in the 60's. Brian's achievement caught my imagination at the time and I thought that your readers might like to hear about some other early HALO endeavours by a member of 1 Commando. In setting down my own HALO experiences as I recall them, warts-and-all, I often shudder at some of the vivid images that come sharply into focus in my memory, stern reminders of the problems and dangers we were up against and the limitations of our approach. Certainly, we were really establishing civilian HALO parachuting in Australia and there were critical times when our ignorance caught up with us. But we were lucky, we were young and somewhat brash, and we had some successes. And now, of course, with the wisdom of hindsight and middle age, we'd probably not take as many risks as we did in our three attempts on HALO altitude records.

“High altitude” is an imprecise term but my memory has it that “HALO” jumping is free falling from over 20,000 feet – that height above which the free fall parachutist is required both to use the inboard aircraft oxygen supply and to carry a separate portable oxygen supply in free fall.

***** Early 1958, at age 17, I was the sole volunteer in D Company, University of NSW Regiment - the scruffy, university student conscript CMF unit that was the Newcastle part of UNSWR. I had never heard of 1 Commando but after a chance meeting at Holsworthy with the unassuming and very professional Brian Murphy I was delighted in September '58 to pass the medical for 1 Commando, transfer from D Company and get my black beret. On the Taronga Zoo bus to Georges Heights on the first Tuesday parade night I met Corporal Mike Wells. Later Mike showed me some photos of the free falling that he, Brian Murphy, Barry Evers, Red Harrison and others were pioneering (and, painfully, without canopy deployment sleeves!) at Camden, south west of Sydney. This really looked like absolute lunacy to me at the time, and I mentally dismissed parachuting as unnecessarily dangerous and definitely to be avoided. Worse, during my Green Beret training I was dismayed to learn that the Para course was the only compulsory course in the unit. I seriously thought that I would quietly resign from 1 Commando. But as many of us who have been through the unit have no doubt found, with its effective training and great esprit de corps, I gradually started to warm to the idea of parachuting. I had always been air minded and loved heights and would have enlisted as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm in 1957 had my father allowed me. The older hands in 1 Cdo wearing their Para wings

certainly seemed no worse for the experience (read: if they can get their wings then so can I!)

So, in April 1960 I grasped the nettle and did my first frightening static line jump from 1200 feet with Sydney Skydivers at Camden using a 28-foot British X-type ex-Army static line parachute. The jump platform was a lumbering but adequate De Havilland Dragon twin-engined biplane. By the time I did the Para course at RAAF Williamtown in November 1960 I had already completed eight static line jumps and two “jump and pulls” i.e. with ripcord deployment from 2,500 feet. Barry Clissold had also started jumping at about that time and we were the only “experienced” jumpers on our Para course, smugly watching 20 other fearful and utterly miserable first jumpers on the first long, long sortie until we started to catch the jitters from them anyway. Gradually I got hooked on free falling and bought my own ex-USAF main parachute and reserve, so that a few of us could go up country on weekends and make a plane load to get higher altitude jumps.

At Camden in 1960 a free fall of 5 - 10 seconds was regarded as pretty sophisticated stuff. While we were very keen, none of us demonstrated much skill in or knowledge about free falling. The near blind led the blind. True skill in free fall - and high altitude air space so close to Sydney - were both very scarce. Sadly, we were restricted at Camden to 3,500 feet above terrain by Air Traffic Control at Mascot. Of course, skydivers can never get enough altitude and non-bivouac weekends would often see a few of us in Goulburn or Bathurst for higher altitudes. By 1962 we were proficient at stabilising and turning in longer free falls of 7,000 – 8,000 feet above terrain. We knew little of HALO jumping (I don't think the term had been invented) and we were still a bit timid about altitudes above 10,000 - 12,000 feet. HALO jumps from the troposphere (altitudes up to 37,000 feet) and the stratosphere (above 37,000 feet) were remote, fantasies to ponder over a beer. No one that we knew had experienced free falls from either of those levels. Anyway, what would be the requirements for oxygen? We understood that in-board oxygen was required above 10,000 feet AMSL by the then Department of Civil Aviation and there were stories that a personal oxygen supply in free fall was also compulsory above 20,000 feet AMSL. But where could the small personal bottles and oxygen masks to carry in free fall be obtained? Who had that sort of gear? Moreover, suitable aircraft that could make it to higher altitudes were expensive and hard to find. But all this was more in the realm of pub talk, for at this time we were mostly preoccupied with mastering stability and linking up with each other in free fall, and trying to steer our canopies to land dead centre on the DZ marker.



But because of our love of free falling the mystique of high altitude parachuting – prolonging the free fall part of the jump - persisted with many of us. Were there real dangers in a long free fall, we wondered? Could you lose control, and go into an accelerating flat spin that would cause blackout, as we read had happened in the USA? That is, my generation of jumpers in the early '60's thought mainly of the free fall part of the jump, and not being skiers or climbers asked few if any questions about the environment of the troposphere. Not having ever been seriously exposed to the frigidity of high altitude, we had no sense of the hazards of hypothermia, exposure, sub-zero temperatures, frostbite, frozen altimeters, and the decline in mental performance, judgement and gross and fine motor skills resulting from hypoxia. (We didn't of course know that we would soon get first hand experience of these things the hard way!) To us HALO was all just a fantasy fuelled by a frustrating mixture of timidity, ignorance, curiosity and a desire for adventure. Obviously, by this stage I'd come a long way since my dread of the basic Para course. One detail we weren't worried about though was the chance of missing the drop zone on a HALO sortie. Just getting to the ground in one piece would do nicely. Anyway, the spotting on our sorties was often lousy in the early 60's and we all knew what it was like to lug our gear a long way back to the strip after a poor spot!

But skydivers elsewhere, free of the altitude restrictions of Camden, pushed ahead. Suddenly, dramatically, higher leaps started happening around us. Laurie Trotter, an early 'civvie' skydiver, set an Australian altitude record with a 60 second delay from 12,000 feet. At Camden our parochial little group of skydivers were grudgingly impressed. Then, to our surprise and delight, Brian Murphy made a successful attempt on Trotter's Australian high altitude free fall record using a Cessna 210. Brian's free fall from 17,000 feet - astonishing at the time - broke not only Trotter's 12,000 feet Australian record but also our own psychological and physical resistance to the HALO environment above 12,000 feet. Then a NZ skydiving team using a supercharged Aero Commander 680F attained a remarkable 27,000 feet - a wondrous, absolutely mind-blowing excursion into the upper troposphere even by today's standards. And, for what it was worth, it was a Southern Hemisphere high altitude free fall record. They exited at 27,000 feet and pulled ripcords at 2,000 feet. To most of us at Camden that sort of operation and altitude seemed out of our league. I remember wondering at the time just how such a jump could be possible.

However, times and people change and in 1965 I decided to give it a go. We - Robin Godwin, a civvie mate, and I - would attack the Kiwi's Southern Hemisphere HALO record of 27,000 feet. Brian Murphy unselfishly lent us each a portable oxygen cylinder (De Havilland Vampire jet fighter ejection seat cylinders, each with a 7 minute constant flow supply), which was required for jumping above 20,000 feet AMSL by the Australian Parachute Federation. Brian had acquired these little bottles for his own HALO record attempts (deferred indefinitely following a knee injury while parachuting). We were lucky to get cost - free an Aero Commander 680F, in a

sponsorship deal with the then Avis Rent-a-Plane. The Avis pilot, Captain Peter Ahrens, assured us that the 680F could beat the Kiwi's 27,000 feet. At this stage I had done 147 jumps, mostly free falls, the highest being a 45 second delayed opening from 9,500 feet without oxygen equipment.

Our plan was to free fall from the Aero Commander's absolute ceiling – we had no idea what this would be - to 2000 feet, open parachutes, and land in Lake Illawarra where boats of the Kanahooka Motor Boat Club would retrieve us. Along with us on the sortie as "drifter" (a term used to refer to a device for gauging the wind strength and direction after take off but also to justify a free jump) was my younger brother - another Robin, aged 18 - who was doing his 45th jump. (Soon after, in January 1966 during the Vietnam War, Robin "celebrated" being conscripted by doing 40 jumps in one day onto Aero Pelican strip, Newcastle. Rob has very good legs!) As our drifter, Robin was to free-fall from about 16,000 feet to 2000 feet and land in the lake, exiting the aircraft as it climbed to whatever altitude the pilot could attain. The Aero Commander had its own in-board passenger oxygen console for our use on the climb and we would carry the little 7-minute ejection seat oxygen cylinders tied to our reserve chute bungies. These would be connected to our \$5 Army Disposal Store WWII "12 O'clock High" oxygen masks – oldish, but in mint condition, like the candy striped USAF military surplus parachutes that we used. We would change over from the aircraft oxygen console to our portable cylinders on the dropping run, just prior to exit. The air space clearance to all altitudes from Air Traffic Control Mascot was for Sunday 14 February 1965 from first light to 0700 hours. Piece of cake!

We spent an uncomfortable night before the drop on the floor at the Albion Park Aero Club. Next morning, mindful of Brian Murphy's report of the deep cold he had experienced on his own record jump, we ate a hearty meal of steak and eggs thinking it would keep our bodies warm on the sortie. It was a meal we were shortly to regret having eaten. Then, to make it easier to get from our aircraft seats to the rear doorway for exit, we reversed the Aero Commander's seats on their floor mountings so that all of us, except the pilot, Captain Peter Ahrens, faced the rear door, which we removed for our exit under the port wing. This also meant that all of us - pilot included - had our backs to the 680F's oxygen console, into which we were all plugged. Several days previously we had sought to familiarise ourselves with the aircraft oxygen console and low-pressure connecting lines and fittings but unfortunately - and ominously - we couldn't organise it with Avis staff. So, as we geared up next to the aircraft for our Southern Hemisphere HALO Record bid, we were full of steak and eggs, rash optimism and the confidence of youth. Not only were we totally unfamiliar with the vital oxygen system on the Aero Commander but we had also ingeniously managed to arrange the seats so that all four of us, pilot included, were sitting with our backs to the all - important oxygen console. Moreover, neither of us had used Brian's Vampire ejection seat bottles before, even in a rehearsal, since once the lanyard was yanked the flow could not be turned off, requiring a time-consuming



service by Hawker de Havilland at Bankstown. Youthful impatience resisted such extravagant waste of time!

However, the morning was clear and calm and so we geared up in parachutes, life jackets, oxygen cylinders, balaclavas, gloves and ski masks and heaved ourselves on board the Aero Commander. The aircraft's take-off gave us our first discomforting surprise, for to us the speed and rate of climb of the supercharged Aero Commander were simply incredible, and to me as jumpmaster/dispatcher quite disorienting. Accustomed to underpowered Austers, the old De Havilland Dragon and the odd struggling Cessna, where there was ample time in the slow climb to altitude to think about the jump ahead, we were riding in a rocket by comparison. This resulted in less time to adjust mentally to the new environment of high altitude – a feeling of being “rushed” and of not being in complete control of our sortie.

As we climbed steeply over Lake Illawarra, what had begun as clear sunny sky suddenly started to clag right in underneath us. A sea drift of thick, opaque cloud began rapidly to obscure the ground and lake. In no time we were at 18,000 feet and I dispatched brother Robin, who enjoyed a very long free fall to the lake through the last, fast-disappearing small hole remaining in the cloud cover. Pulling at 2,000 feet, he later reported a very pleasant and satisfying free fall. As the 680F shot on up into the troposphere the complete cloud cover settled in well below us - but how far below, we could not tell merely by looking down at it. We had no DZ controller with ground to air radio and even if we'd had ground control there was little they could have done to guide an aircraft that they could barely hear and couldn't see. In fact, by 19,000 feet we had absolutely no specific idea of where we were, and I couldn't do my usual visual spotting for the exit point because there were no landmarks visible. A moody dawn sky above the cloud added to the sense of strangeness and uneasiness of it all and we had no plan of action for finding a lost DZ. Navigation for the dropping run and exit point therefore devolved entirely on the radio navigation skills of our pilot, Peter Ahrens, who seemed to have caught the spirit of our record attempt. No one, including the pilot, thought of calling it off because of the total cloud cover. It had taken much organisation, time and effort to get this far, and we were determined not to abort the sortie if we could avoid it.

Then as we approached 25,000 feet I started to doze off to sleep, rationalising to myself that the previous few days jump preparations and the rough night's sleep had been a little fatiguing and that a cat nap before the dropping run would surely do me the world of good. Of course, as a new chum I had no idea that I was drifting into the cosy seductiveness and fatuous serenity of hypoxia. This disaster struck very quietly. Unnoticed by us, behind our backs all three oxygen lines - pilot's included - had simply dropped out of the oxygen console to the floor under their own meagre weight because of slack bayonet fittings. We did not know we were breathing only the thin inadequate atmosphere. So, there we were, hurtling upwards, dead to the world in a deep hypoxic slumber. In his sleep Robin vomited up his steak and eggs into his oxygen mask and all over his reserve 'chute, clothing, his seat and the carpeted aircraft floor.

Suddenly I woke up, nauseous and very groggy. Where the hell was I? What was going on? As I struggled to gain some awareness I realised that the aircraft was in a steep dive. Fortunately for us all, Peter Ahrens, an experienced pilot, had detected early the symptoms of hypoxia in himself and was descending as quickly as he could to a safe altitude. I was light-headed, sick and weary, but felt even worse when I realised that our precious record attempt was RS. But then Robin woke up and I thought fast. (The inflated arrogance, mindless urgency and insatiable appetite of youth!) I reassured the pilot confidently that we were ok to jump, but at first Peter didn't want to know. Although I felt dreadful, I was insistent, making me speak briskly and moving purposefully to show him how wonderfully recovered and normal I really was. It was a shameless con. I shudder to think of how we must have looked and sounded. But Peter, sizing us up, finally agreed to give it another go, and called up Air Traffic Control Mascot for an extension of time. I refitted our oxygen leads and held them in their sockets, and the pilot pulled the aircraft's nose back up. We managed to get to 25,200 feet before our extra time ran out. Peter then signalled us to jump. We changed over from the aircraft bottle to our 7-minute supply portable bottles and crawled into the open doorway.

Poking my head through the doorway I looked down on a vast white floor of thick cloud thousands of feet below us. Where, under all that cloud, was our Lake Illawarra drop zone? Far to what was probably the west of us a mountain peak nosing up through the cloud may possibly have been near Burragorang, but as far as my addled judgement was concerned it could have been any feature at all. Peter was working overtime cranking the RDF handle above his head trying to fix our position within a triangle formed by three terrestrial non-directional radio navigation beacons (NDB's). He kept nodding vigorously to us that we could jump, but looking down on to the complete cloud cover I hesitated in the doorway. I wondered sluggishly if fixing one's position by triangulating NDB's was accurate enough for us, as only one NDB could be lined up at a time, and with the great speed of the Aero Commander it seemed that a large margin of error was likely. It didn't occur to either of us or to the pilot to abort the sortie but because there is only a thin strip of land between Lake Illawarra and the ocean I was afraid that we might even be out over the Tasman Sea. If we jumped perhaps no one would see us and we might be lost out to sea. Peter continued to put the Aero Commander into a fast, steeply banking orbit - clearly, he thought that we were over the drop zone. I wasn't as confident as he - I had been on sorties where the pilot had insisted on doing the spotting and it was always very inaccurate. It also crossed my still sluggish mind that we didn't know whether the base of the cloud cover was right down to ground level or was at our parachute opening height of 2,000 feet, or was higher, or lower. But finding the DZ was our absolute priority and accuracy now depended entirely on the pilot's navigational skills. As we banked in a continuing 360-degree circle I kept gesticulating to him, “Where are we? Can we go?” But with our seven minute portable bottles starting to run low, pinpoint accuracy became an academic question and



despite feeling very vulnerable and disoriented, our dwindling oxygen supply forced the decision. I dived through the terrific slipstream of the port engine into the vast void of space and sky, Robin Godwin following immediately.

As I stabilised in free fall, the sun peeked over the horizon of the cloud floor far below and my amber tinted ski goggles treated me to an enthralling, spectacular display of colour as the eastern sky and the entire terrain of cloud turned rich pink, orange and crimson. Instinctively I did a 90-degree turn and faced the rising sun. (At this stage I had been studying the transcendental nature poetry of the Lake Poets such as Wordsworth and Coleridge for my BA degree and, high on a blend of their pantheistic Naturfilosofie and the drunkenness of hypoxia, I found this solitary splendour of crimson cloud at high altitude total, spiritual and calming. In a crazy, irrational way my orientation to earth and sky inverted, as it were, so that the sky above me seemed solid and the ground below distant, ephemeral and unimportant. The Lake Poets would have approved!) But this transcendental "high" was suddenly interrupted, for as I reached terminal velocity in free fall my 12 O'clock High oxygen mask was blasted off my face and I was forced reluctantly out of my reverie and back to my immediate problems. Holding my oxygen mask firmly on my face with one hand while struggling to maintain free fall stability with the other, I started to wonder how much height I had left, since, still under the influence of the solar psychedelics and still not mentally 100%, I hadn't noticed whether my 10,000 feet altimeter had wound past zero once or twice. So with the soft surface of the cloud cover below now starting to rush at me, I grappled with my frenzied oxygen mask and with the problem of whether I was at 18,000 feet or 8,000 feet. Dawn suddenly turned to dusk as I plunged into the grey-white gloom of the cloud mass, but my mental clock told me that my altimeter needle had in fact wound past zero twice. I took a punt and pulled at what I hoped was 2,500 feet, and not 12,500 feet, still in the cloud. As I floated down out of the cloud base I saw the ground and could see that I was at 1,800 feet - not above Lake Illawarra or the Tasman Sea, but above the land strip between the lake and the Tasman. Robin Godwin landed nearby. That was good enough. "A big thanks to our able pilot, Peter Ahrens". Spotting with NDB's is a fine thing, and to be highly recommended! Who wanted water landing anyway?

On the ground I still felt sick from the hypoxia and a bit dazed and weary from the whole experience, but I was glad to be in one piece. It turned out that Robin Godwin had waited until clearing the cloud before pulling his ripcord and I must ask him one day how he knew that the cloud base wasn't at ground level. Perhaps he was keeping close tabs on his altimeter as he fell. Afterwards we enjoyed a day or two of media hype, but we had had a taste of HALO and promptly started planning to better both our Australian record of 25,000 feet and the Southern Hemisphere Record of 27,000 feet of the New Zealand team. We were feeling quite pleased with ourselves, for our sortie could easily have been a disastrous and embarrassing failure (purists would say that it was anyway!). True, if we hadn't blacked out we could

have possibly made 30,000 feet or better in the time available. But we had gained some invaluable experience with oxygen and with operational planning. We hadn't been cold at all at 25,000 feet or at any time on the flight, even with the door removed. Perhaps we were too hypoxic to notice, but I don't think so. I thought at the time that perhaps we stayed warm because the aircraft climbed so quickly that we didn't have time to lose much body heat. But we were soon to discover the hard way that the time of year affects temperatures "upstairs" a great deal.

Now, how were we going to beat the Kiwi's 27,000 feet record? Finding a suitable jump aircraft was no easy matter. The Avis Aero Commander was no longer available to us as Avis went out of the rent-a-plane business soon after (but not because of!) our jump. After a very long and frustrating search we managed to find another sponsor when WD and HO Wills agreed to pay for the Aero Commander 680F of King Ranch Australia. The pilot, John Laffin, assured us that his 680F had an absolute ceiling of over 30,000 feet. So, on 12 September 1965 the two Robins and I flew up to Cowra for the record attempt - but without the steak and eggs breakfast this time. To avoid the pleasures of hypoxia we did good aircraft oxygen and equipment checks before taking off. At 22,000 feet I despatched brother Rob (with 53 jumps still regarded as too inexperienced for the higher altitude "men's" stuff) and we continued to climb towards the 680F's maximum ceiling.

But before long the plummeting temperature in the aircraft became excruciating. The cold was absolutely appalling. The frigid blast from the port propeller was rammed in through the open doorway, icing into opacity our goggles and altimeters, reducing us to sluggishness, numbing our hands and fingers and giving our clothing, faces and parachute rigs a heavy coating of frost. I had never experienced anything like this in my entire life. Pilot John was obviously suffering greatly too and a more wretched trio I couldn't imagine. Hypothermia was rapidly debilitating us. However, despite the terrible wind chill factor and deep cold, we nevertheless continued the climb. After all, that's why we were there!

But it wasn't to be. At 27,000 feet - equal to the height of the New Zealand altitude record - the oil in the port engine thickened from the cold and the pilot had to feather its three bladed propellers. I can't recall it clearly but my logbook states that for some reason my mate Robin blacked out at about this stage and that he didn't regain consciousness until a lower altitude was reached. On only one engine the Aero Commander dropped rapidly and by the time we changed over from aircraft oxygen to our portable cylinders and exited we were down to 18,000 feet - ironically, an exit height lower than brother Robin's 22,000 feet only a short while before.

I shall never forget the frigid misery of the free fall that followed. Already hypothermic, I found the cold in free fall unbearable, piercing my thick layers of clothing, gloves, balaclava and helmet. My skull chilled and I felt that my brain was freezing - I might as well have been free falling stark naked. To try to avoid the awful cold I rolled onto my back into the "dead horse" position, so that the main parachute pack might provide a shield from the painfully



cold blast of free fall. But to no avail. I was chilled to the marrow. I perhaps should have opened my parachute high to end the pain, but not knowing the wind strengths and directions at all altitudes and not knowing where I might drift off to, it really wasn't an option. Mercifully the opening height of 2,000 feet finally arrived, and, my fingers being inoperable, I pulled the ripcord with my thumb.

What a forgettable sortie! With a glum sense of anticlimax, we packed up and flew back to Sydney. We had not beaten the Kiwis' Southern Hemisphere or even our own Lake Illawarra Australian record. To be fair, we had had no warning during the Lake Illawarra record attempt of the perils and difficulties of extreme cold at high altitude, and so had not really given it any serious thought on this second attempt.

But we weren't yet ready to call it a day, and despite the awful obstacle of hypothermia we still wanted to beat the Kiwis - if possible, without the problems of oxygen and cold, which had detracted from our earlier efforts at Lake Illawarra and Cowra. WD and HO Wills were a bit put off by our Cowra failure but sportingly rallied to meet the costs of a Fokker F27 Mark 1 Friendship turbo prop airliner from the then East West Airlines. An airliner, no less! Yes, thanks! We invited Kenny Bath, an instructor at Sydney Skydivers, to join us for this third attempt on the Southern Hemisphere High Altitude Record. We told Ken about our loss of 10,000 feet of hard earned altitude at Cowra because of the slow changeover from aircraft to personal oxygen. He turned up with male and female couplings for each of us, which, he said, would enable us to do a quicker switch over from the aircraft oxygen, supply to our little personal bottles so that any loss of precious oxygen or altitude would be negligible. I was so reassured by this cunning display of engineering initiative that I didn't even try out the couplings, but left Kenny to fit a pair to each of our personal cylinder oxygen lines. It all seemed so simple.

East West Airlines shrewdly moved our third record attempt to Grafton in northern NSW for two reasons: a) it was a sea level drop zone, providing "free" altitude compared with higher inland drop zones such as Cowra, and b) there was turbine fuel for refuelling. The Fokker's absolute ceiling would be greater with a partial fuel load. Our inboard aircraft oxygen consisted initially of the pressurised interior of the Fokker, then medical oxygen cylinders from CIG strapped to the seat next to each of us for when the aircraft depressurised above 20,000 feet. The spotting at high altitude was the job of the pilot, Captain Jim Swan, who would fly on a heading at whatever altitude he could attain straight down the Grafton runway and signal us when to jump. Knowing that the oxygen changeover on the dropping run was more important than where we would land I had no problem with this plan. (After the jump we found ourselves only a forgivable kilometre from the strip.) On the dropping run we would therefore have ample time for an unhurried changeover from aircraft to personal oxygen systems. On the climb, although depressurised, we would keep the Fokker's sliding rear passenger door closed so that the cabin heaters could warm up the interior. This proved to be very successful in keeping us warm before and thus

during the free fall. However, after the deep cold of the Cowra jump, I had readily accepted Brian Murphy's kind offer of his padded USAF aircrew quilted nylon inner suit for the jump (where did he get that, I wondered). Again, because of the previous effect of deep cold on my fingers, I swapped my leather gloves for large leather motorcycle gauntlets, which were mitten-like, without individual fingers - my thumb would have to pull the ripcord. Ken Bath and Robin Godwin had white cotton overalls on and warm clothing and balaclavas. In the quilted USAF suit I looked and felt like something from outer space, especially as it was too big for me. I had no opportunity to try the suit out in free fall before the big day - if I'd tried it out in free fall I wouldn't have worn it on the record bid. In view of our oxygen problems on the previous HALO sorties the question of whether we should fit barostats (automatic parachute opening devices - "AOD's") to our reserve 'chutes came up, but most AOD's were poorly regarded at the time as on several trials they had pulled the ripcord D Ring of the reserve chute after the parachutist had landed! So we didn't take the idea of AOD's seriously for HALO jumping.

To add to the sense of occasion, I invited 30 skydivers at ten dollars a head to come along with us for a rare cheap leap from 10,000 feet from a Fokker Friendship, the money to go the Royal North Shore Hospital Paraplegic Unit. (There was some grumbling from the fraternity about both the money and my restricting their altitude to only 10,000 feet, but I felt that if we went higher for the 30 fun jumpers, there wouldn't be enough time to fully oxygenate the three of us between their exit altitude of 10,000 feet and our proposed exit altitude at whatever the aeroplane could attain. It was simply a matter of priorities.) Two weeks before the jump I asked my older brother David, who had served as an IO in UNSWR, to fly with East West Airlines to a recce of the Grafton drop zone on our behalf and bring back a good field sketch of the environs - terrain, trees, natural and built hazards etc. What could go wrong when everything was so well planned?

So, on a calm and sunny 24th of October 1965, we all flew from Sydney to Grafton, geared up and took off. I insisted on personally despatching each of the three sticks of ten skydivers on three runs at 11,000 feet. The Fokker's sliding rear door and the handy airhostess' phone to the pilot made my jumpmaster's job a dream. No NDB's needed here! I was in form on the day and all three sticks landed very near the white cross on the airfield. I enjoyed that very much ("First stick, stand up!" sort of thing). Then I closed the door, returned to my seat, went on to the CIG oxygen and the aircraft re-pressurised. After we passed through 20,000 feet we depressurised and awaited the climb to the Fokker's absolute ceiling and the pilot's signal - relayed to us by Ron Walesby, the Manager of East West Airlines, which we were soon to commence the dropping run. After the hypothermia of Cowra the Fokker was cosy and warm, and the big medical oxygen cylinders with their clearly calibrated flow meters roped to the seats next to us worked well. At 31,000 feet, with the Fokker's rate of climb right down, Ron signalled to us that we were on the dropping run - time for us to change over to our little cylinders, get quickly down to the back door, slide it



open, and jump. Nothing to it. However, my motorcycle gauntlets did not permit a quick, nimble-fingered oxygen changeover using Kenny Bath's male and female fittings.

So, to conserve my seven-minute personal supply I removed my gauntlets, activated my portable bang-seat bottle, and disconnected my 12 O'clock High mask from aircraft supply and plugged into the low-pressure line from Murphy's portable bottle. As the male fitting snapped home, I felt an unexpected whoosh of air in my oxygen mask. But I could not pause to investigate this oddity, because Ron was motioning to us to be on our way to the rear doorway. I put on my gauntlets, stood up, plodded down the aisle of the Fokker to the back door and pulled it open. As I did so, I heard a loud sharp bang, like a double bunger, followed by another sharp bang. Puzzled, I waited at the open doorway, but neither Ken nor Robin joined me. Then Kenny came down the aircraft to the doorway with the shredded end of his portable bottle's low-pressure line in his mouth. This was probably not what one hopes to see on a well-organised HALO jump. But, recognising there was nothing that could be done; I held my oxygen mask firmly to my face and stepped out of the door into space, Kenny following. Robin Godwin did not join us at the doorway before we jumped.

We worked out later what had gone wrong. We hadn't known that the male and female fittings Kenny had obtained for us had a one-way non-return valve that wouldn't open until the fitting was actually snapped home. Kenny had made no mention of the one-way valves – maybe he did not know about them either. The portable bottles, once activated, had simply built up pressure behind the one-way valve until the lines exploded. With the whoosh into my mask I had escaped by only a few seconds a similar explosion, because, of the three of us, I was the only one who had happened to remove his gloves to affect a quick oxygen changeover. Kenny was lucky in that his line exploded near his mask and was still long enough to simply put in his mouth. Robin Godwin was not so fortunate: his line exploded near his personal bottle lashed to his reserve parachute and so it wasn't long enough to reach his mouth unless he wanted to unhook his reserve 'chute and free fall with it under his arm! At 31,000 feet, with the aircraft depressurised and his free fall personal oxygen supply unusable, Robin looked down the full length of the Fokker to see Kenny and myself departing through the open doorway. Deciding that it was too good a picnic to miss, Robin got up, oxygen or no oxygen, charged down the aircraft and out into space. He reported no ill effects or hypoxia from this, and we thought it must be good value to be well oxygenated at high altitude if you can manage it.

My own free fall of 29,000 feet was a mess. The 12 O'clock High mask was again ripped away from my face by the blast of the free fall. But my quilted nylon jump suit, while warm enough, had such a low coefficient of friction with the air that I found it virtually impossible to stabilise in free fall. I skidded and skated all over the sky like a beginner on a skating rink. Worse, the suit was far too big for me, and unimpeded by the three-point parachute harness the inner suit billowed, concealing my ripcord handle, which totally disappeared into the billowing folds

of the inner suit. I spent almost the entire free fall alternatively looking for the bloody ripcord, wrestling the oxygen mask back onto my face and carefully counting the needle of my 10,000 feet altimeter three times past zero. Interestingly, although it was still only spring and the pilot recorded an outside air temperature of minus 67 degrees Fahrenheit at our exit height of 31,000 feet, I had no sensation of cold whatsoever on this sortie and neither did the others. Being warm in the Fokker on the climb had presumably done the trick. I was also interested to learn from a friend who was a Professor of Physics at UNSW that terminal velocity in free fall from that altitude in the thinner air was probably about 340kph (or, in my slippery nylon tent, probably 400kph!), and that the duration of the fall was over two minutes.

So, third time lucky. We had the title. The media came to the party, WD and HO Wills threw us a big reception and presented us each with a nice trophy, suitably inscribed, and all the cigarettes we could smoke! Our jump had finally beaten the New Zealanders and our record stood for something like six or seven years at least, when I think a Victorian team achieved about 32,000 feet using a Beechcraft King Air. We were later somewhat galled to learn that at Grafton our pilot could have possibly got the Fokker even higher. But as its rate of climb on the dropping run was only 40 feet per minute (very low indeed) it was not clear what extra altitude could really have been achieved on that sortie, short of removing all the seats and stripping the aircraft of everything removable. Had I known in advance, though, I would have taken my spanner with me and assisted in stripping the Fokker.

There was a worthy outcome to our oxygen problems: later the Australian Parachute Federation arranged for its members to accompany QANTAS trainee pilots in the high altitude simulator decompression tank at RAAF Richmond, which I did. Although it came after the event, the RAAF tank was a valuable experience of medically controlled hypoxia that I could heartily recommend to my fellow skydivers. The main message about hypoxia was that you could feel normal and confident but at the same time have seriously impaired judgement and cognition.

Although I subsequently tried hard to break our altitude record with a night free fall from 38,000 - 40,000 feet, we couldn't find an affordable, adequate aeroplane and Grafton was in fact the last of our HALO jumps. We had learnt a lot about oxygen and its portability, about combating extreme cold, about the psychology of performing arduous physical and mental tasks, and - the hard way - about sound planning and rehearsal, especially with new equipment. The dollar cost of the aircraft is probably still a major factor – if you can afford the right aeroplane then you will be spared the problems of hypothermia and hypoxia.

Now, I wonder what a 747 costs per hour...?

(Cpl) Bruce Horsfield
1 Commando Coy
1958-1962

Editors note

Professor Bruce Horsfield is a current member of the Australian Commando Association (NSW).





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Step >>>
Forward

From the Prolific Pen of Harry Bell



First, Vale VX93214, Robert Perry ("Bobby") Reed (2/9). Born on 6.2.1923, he died on 29th April. A popular member of C Troop, Bob lived in Geelong but occasionally made it to Melbourne. I recall that when the late Neville McCowen (6 Div Cav, 2/9) went down for the Melbourne Cup some years ago, the main event on his itinerary was a meeting with Bob, organised by Keith Johnston (2/10). I have asked Bob's great niece for some details and if handed in time, they will be included.

Next, Anzac Day wreathlaying; 0800 at the Commando Memorial Seat in Martin Place. It was pretty miserable in the rain and apart from the fact that we all got moist, it was difficult to move around to see who was there. Graham Dolton, Reg Davis and I (all 2/9) led the column in from Macquarie Street to the Memorial and I was disappointed not to be joined upfront by others. Bryce Killen (2/8) was present but he wasn't wearing his beret or his Moonagee dryzabone so was having trouble keeping his powder dry. Allan Kelso (2/6) was there too, but is of limited mobility. Later, I spotted a spritely young fellow laying a wreath and had I not known that Don Newport (2/12) must be in a wheelchair, I would have reckoned it was he. Well, it turned out to be Don after all. Relying on a couple of walking sticks, he had come all the way in from the Northern Beaches, accompanied by Peter Aird, the cable-laying son of Don's great mate, the late Bill Aird (2/12). Don says that Bill Fulljames (2/12) was there too, but they lost contact – Bill went to the pub, Don went home. He and Bill Aird went on the water wagon over thirty years ago, when Bill had to save money to buy petrol for his new gas-guzzling Ford car.

Ken Curran (2/11) was there of course, looking rather less robust than of yore but still upright. There must have been other old fogeys but I simply didn't see them through the rain, so can't name them. I don't think Keith Stringfellow (2/5) was able to make it. *No Keith couldn't make it this year.*

Barbara Pittaway - a 2/5 girl - was there as always, with son Geoffrey. After the Martin Place ceremony, she went down to St Andrew's for some duties that she performs there – Perhaps you can enlarge on this, Barbara? *Yes Harry can I please see my article on The Field of Remembrance.*

Joan, widow of Lionel Morgans, (2/8) had sent her son in, in search of 2/8 men who remembered his father. Sadly, I don't think he succeeded. But not all the Morgans' news is bad: Joan has won a berth for the Gallipoli Centenary Celebrations: her father was in the 3rd Bn. forming the second wave ashore on 25.4.15. Wounded, he then joined the Australian Flying Corps and returned to Australia to begin a family. Congratulations, Joan. Have a wonderful experience in Turkey.

Brig. McNamara spoke briefly, to the point and audibly. Wreaths were laid as always. The ceremony was rather shortened by the weather, but Barry Grant has undertaken to improve conditions next year. He must have passed the port the wrong way and upset Huey this time.

Then the March. The format was drastically changed this year and for the better. The gallant lads from Afghanistan had, deservedly, pride of place, and the League made a real effort to enforce its "in order of conflict" edict, so that we no longer had to stand about while thousands of healthy young matelots swung past.

Unfortunately, the teething problems, inevitable with such big changes, were exacerbated by the rain. 2/9 and 2/10 usually march with 2/6 Cav (Commando) Regt, at the head of 6 Division, not with Commando Squadrons amongst Corps Troops, but our banner carriers went missing. The March Marshals were unable to help so that the only WW2 members marching had to try our luck with 2/1 Infantry Battalion – who, I think, were glad of reinforcements, even though one of us (Grahame Dolton – of whom more later) was in a wheelchair pushed by his son Ross..

About 5 or 6 minutes after we had fallen out in Elizabeth Street at the end of the march, the Cavalry banner swung into view. It seems that when the banner eventually arrived at the F.U.P. the president and committeemen (and women) had grabbed the poles and with commendable initiative, set off with a little entourage of children and grandchildren, grabbing the first vacant spot they could find, which was near the rear of 6 Div.

Unfortunately, those distributing the bands amongst the marchers were unable to provide us with a Pipe Band – or perhaps they did not appreciate our need. We had an excellent Brass Band which sped along at a spanking 120 x 30" paces to the minute; easy for a fit young 70 year-old but a bit flash for the nonagenarians amongst us. Ross Dolton saw to it that his father made the distance by wheelchair (Grahame has just celebrated his 90th; see later) and your correspondent is a boy of 88 but 91 year-old Trooper Davis R.T.R. (2/9) found it a bit much. He could easily have handled the more leisurely tempo of the bagpipes.

Sadly, only three from the Regiment, all from 2/9, were able to march on the Day but a fourth turned up at lunch: Jo, Ken's daughter, and her husband David Smith brought Ken Buckler (2/10) in from his nursing home and glad we were to welcome him. (If there were any marchers from 2/7, I apologise for their omission; they would be very welcome to join us at lunch next year).



John Ellice-Flint (2/10) had planned to fly down from Buderim but medical problems intervened at the last moment – rather more serious than he had hoped. He is undergoing treatment and thinking positively. We look forward to welcoming John, his wife and their large family (large meaning both numerous and hefty) in 2015.

Another notable absentee was Ted Workman (2/10). Ted and Lola had booked in at The Grace Hotel for the occasion, but Ted had had a very bad fall at home, gashing his leg and breaking several ribs, which put him in hospital for a lengthy stay. As I type this, on 10.05.14 (the day before Dove Bay landing day) he is still there, his scheduled discharge having been postponed because of infection in the skin graft. Better luck next year, Ted. Incidentally, Ted is usually a starter at a regular gathering at the Combined Services RSL Club in Barrack Street, (Third Tuesday of each month, at about 1100 hours if you are interested) but has not been up to it recently. If he had, he might have been better off financially: I won the large jackpot Door Prize there recently, thanks to Pat Fagan keeping her ears open, and a nice little surprise it was, too.

Others who did make it to lunch included the Wickham family and the Davis family, each occupying a whole table for ten. My family combined with the Dolton family to make a table for nine. There was a good representation too from the Houlistons: Roma, Carmen (better known as Carmen Ky, artist of note) Azura, wee Stella and Jordan.

The Doltons (Graham, son Ross and daughter in law Wendy) had arrived from Perth on Anzac Eve so Charlie Vassarotti (2/9) and Pat joined us at my unit in Woolloomooloo for a pre dinner drink before heading for "Bill & Toni's" Italian Restaurant for dinner. We ate better than we had when last we met, in 1944/5

Ted MacMillan (2/9) had been up from South Australia the previous week. He had come for my sister's funeral on 17th April (she had died at 97). That's what mates do. He couldn't stay for the March. He was well but following attendance at the Dawn Service in Burra, he and Barbara have both gone down with 'flu. He had probably over-exerted himself sawing up a very large mallee which had been blown over into his driveway. Reckons he has 2 years' supply of firewood – and he hasn't yet dug up the roots. And he reckons that there has been so much growth since the last rain that he needs a machete to get into his pumpkin patch. The last time he was here was in 2007 when he attended the regimental lunch after riding in a jeep for the march.

Max Drummond (2/6; 2/9) was unable to take part in the Laverton proceedings this year, due to the death of Janet's favourite aunt.

Keith Johnston (6 Div Cav, 2/10) wasn't up to the long trip from Melbourne and there was nobody to march with from the Regiment. He did get to the Commando association lunch in Bleak City; we hope to see him in Sunny Sydney in 2015. He tells me that Ted

("Duke") Carlin (2/10) is another on the sick list, with some respiratory problems. Keith says he has been in hospital since Easter.

Addendum – Reg Davis has had a couple of spells in hospital and has had a pacemaker fitted. He is in really good spirits.

Eating in the Fifties

- Pasta was not eaten in Australia.
- Curry was a surname.
- A takeaway was a mathematical problem.
- A pizza was something to do with a leaning tower.
- All potato chips were plain; the only choice we had was whether to put the salt on or not.
- Rice was only eaten as a milk pudding.
- A Big Mac was what we wore when it was raining.
- Brown bread was something only poor people ate.
- Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.
- Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never green.
- Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold.
- Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.
- Fish didn't have fingers in those days.
- Eating raw fish was called poverty, not sushi.
- None of us had ever heard of yoghurt.
- Healthy food consisted of anything edible.
- People who didn't peel potatoes were regarded as lazy.
- Indian restaurants were only found in India.
- Cooking outside was called camping.
- Seaweed was not a recognised food.
- "Kebab" was not even a word, never mind a food.
- Prunes were medicinal.
- Surprisingly, muesli was readily available: it was called cattle feed.
- Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than petrol for it they would have become a laughing stock!!
- The one thing that we never ever had on our table in the fifties....elbows!





Field of Remembrance

In his article Harry Bell commented that I was at St. Andrew's Cathedral. I was helping at the kiosk of the War Widows' Guild of Australia NSW's Field of Remembrance. As most of the members of the Guild are over 80 the staff of the War Widows' Guild help man the kiosk while it is open.

Each year a Memorial Service is held in St Andrew's Cathedral several days prior to ANZAC Day, followed by Dedication of the Field and the planting of official crosses. The State Governor, who is also the Patron of the Guild, plants the first cross for the Unknown Warrior, followed by representatives from the New Zealand Government, City of Sydney, the three Armed Services, RSL and the War Widows' Guild. The Field is then open to associated bodies and members of the public to plant small wooden crosses or tokens, which are available from a kiosk staffed by Guild members.

The Field remains open until sunset on ANZAC Day. Throughout the intervening days, hundreds of crosses are planted by the public, providing a quiet and

personal way of remembering those who gave their lives in the service of their country. A special closing ceremony is held usually the day after ANZAC Day.

The Field of Remembrance has taken place every year since 1952, the same year as Queen Elizabeth II ascended the throne. In 1977 to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen, a Visitor's Book was presented to the Cathedral. In 1978, a commemorative plaque was set into the base of the flagpole and unveiled by His Excellency Sir Roden Cutler VC KCVO CBE, Governor of New South Wales, to mark the Field. In 2011 a plaque was unveiled by Her Excellency Professor Marie Bashir AC CVO, Governor of New South Wales, to commemorate the 60th Anniversary of the ANZAC Field of Remembrance at St Andrew's Cathedral.

The service recognises the loss experienced by war widows and their contribution by continuing their lives and supporting their families without their husbands and partners.



KOKODA MILESTONE BY ASSOCIATION MEMBER

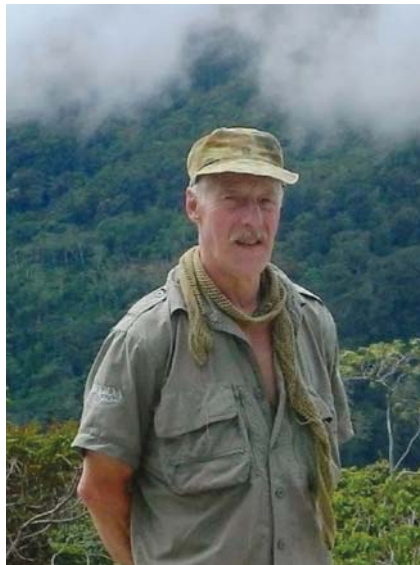
Several years ago I advised members of the Association of a fantastic achievement by Committee Member, Richard Godden, who at that time had completed his 50th crossings of the Kokoda Track in the capacity of a trek guide.

I'm now happy to advise that Richard has completed his 60th crossing since 2001. The man is a "trekking machine"!!

This achievement equates to the following statistics:

- A total of approximately 5760k of arduous trekking!
- 480 days of trekking which is 16 months on the track!
- Completed an average of 5 treks every year for 12 consecutive years!
- Led over 700 trekkers.
- Has destroyed pairs of boots too numerous to mention over the journey.

I'm aware that many of you who are reading this article have had the



wonderful experience of trekking Kokoda. Some of you trekked with Richard and myself in the Commando Association treks of 2001 and 2002. Others would have trekked with Richard or me in the years that followed.

In 2001 only 35 people trekked

Kokoda (12 were from the Association) compared to around 2500 in the 2013 trekking season. The facilities along the track have certainly been developed to cater for the increased popularity of this very Australian activity, however even with these changes the track continues to physically, emotionally and even spiritually challenge those who take it on.

Congratulations Richard, your achievement is something to be justifiably proud of and we all salute you. Well done mate and keep on trekking safely!

There are two groups of people in this world, those that have walked Kokoda and those that haven't. Its time you all joined this first privileged group!

Best regards to all.

Drew Gordon

2 Commando Company 1975 - 82
Kokoda Trek Guide

Victorian court case

How could you keep a straight face!

Police work must be entertaining as well as dangerous.

Recently, a female police officer arrested Patrick LAWRENCE, a 22-year-old male, who was caught fornicating with a pumpkin in the middle of the night.

The next day, at the Horsham Court (Victoria, Australia), LAWRENCE was charged with lewd and lascivious behaviour, public indecency and public intoxication.

LAWRENCE explained that as he was passing a pumpkin patch on his way home from a drinking session, he decided to stop.

"You know how a pumpkin can be soft and squishy inside... well, there was no one around for miles – or at least I thought there wasn't anyone around..." he stated.

LAWRENCE went on to say that he pulled over to the side of the

road, picked out a pumpkin that he felt was appropriate to his purpose, cut a hole in it and proceeded to satisfy his pressing need.

"I s'pose I was really into it, you know?" he commented with evident embarrassment.

In the process of doing the deed, LAWRENCE failed to notice an approaching police car and was unaware of his audience, until Senior Constable Brenda TAYLOR approached him.

"It was an unusual situation, that's for sure," said Senior Constable TAYLOR.

"I walked up to LAWRENCE – and he's just banging away at this pumpkin..."

Senior Constable TAYLOR went on to describe what happened when she approached LAWRENCE...

"I said; 'Excuse me sir, why are you having sex with a pumpkin?'"

"LAWRENCE froze.

He was clearly very surprised that I was there, but then he looked me straight in the eye and said,

"A pumpkin? Shit – is it midnight already?"

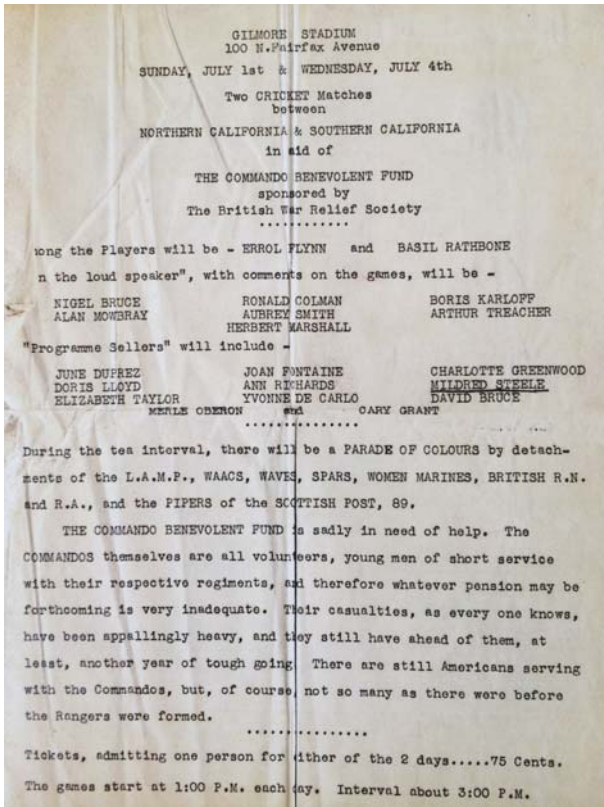
The court (and the magistrate) could not contain their mirth.

The Geelong Post wrote an article describing this as *'The best comeback line ever'*.



A blast FROM THE past

Cricket Match in the US during the war years



Please take note of some of the names in the list. Celebrities.....? You be the judge.

SICK PARADE

Tony Scudder 1965 - 1969

From Kevin Hulton Smith



G'day All,

Tony Scudder is in Royal North Shore Hospital. He is very ill with Cancer. He can talk on the phone.

Call 02 9016 0900.

When asked for patient Number press 1284993.

Or drop in and say hello, if you are in the area.

I'm sure he would be happy to hear from any of his old Cdo mates.

JOKE

Why I am not telling who is in the will.

What is the reason baby nappies have brand names such as "Luvs" and "Huggies," while undergarments for older people are called "Depends?"

When babies crap in their pants, people are still gonna Luv'em and Hug'em.

When older people crap in their pants, it "Depends" on who's in the will!



VALE



Lindsay Cottee of "Z Special Unit" passed away recently.

Lindsay deployed by submarine on 6 October, 1943, into East Borneo on Operation PYTHON. Successful up until 16 February, the Japanese discovered their location and the party went on the run eluding considerable Japanese forces trying to catch them.

The remnants of the party were finally evacuated by submarine on the fourth attempt in June, 1944. PYTHON was considered a successful mission providing the only intelligence on British Borneo at that time and reporting over 80 shipping sightings in that period.

* * * * *

Also regret to advise notification received recently of the recent passing of Queensland member **Raymond Middap (2nd/5th Independent Coy)** formerly of Maroochydoore.





AUSTRALIAN COMMANDO ASSOCIATION (NSW) INC

EVENTS CALENDAR FOR 2014

- JULY 6 (Sunday)** **RESERVE FORCES DAY – SYDNEY**
Jacket, beret, medals and black shoes
Meet in Hyde Park North near the Archibald Fountain
1000 hours
Look for banner with 8th Brigade
- SEPTEMBER 26 (Friday)** **JAYWICK DINNER**
Onboard the ferry "South Steyne"
DARLING HARBOUR
1830 Hours for Dinner at 1900 hours
\$60.00 per head. Drinks at bar prices
Guest speaker will be COL John Hutcheson AM (Ret'd)
Topic will be on "Australia's Amphibious Capability"
Also in attendance as our guest will be his father,
COL. John Hutcheson MC (Ret'd)
Former OC 2 Commando Company Melbourne 1956-1958
Bookings should be made to the secretary, see below.
- OCTOBER 18 (Saturday)** **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF ASSOCIATION**
To be held at "Simpson VC Club"
1st Commando Regiment Randwick.
1030 hours
- NOVEMBER 11 (Tuesday)** **REMEMBRANCE DAY**
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM
DARLING HARBOUR
SERVICE HELD AT THE "KRAIT"
Service starts 1030 hours
- NOVEMBER (TBA)** **ASSOCIATION XMAS DINNER**
CARNARVON GOLF CLUB
Families always welcome
1830 hours for 1900 hours

Please direct your enquiries to our Secretary, Kevin Mahony

Home: (02) 9644 8794 or Mobile: 0425 279 111 or Email: kevin.mahony1@bigpond.com





**AUSTRALIAN COMMANDO ASSOCIATION -
NEW SOUTH WALES INC.**

Incorporated New South Wales:

Patrons: Brig W.H. "Mac" Grant OAM RFD
Brig Keith Stringfellow RFD ED



The Secretary
PO Box 1313
SUTHERLAND NSW 1499
Telephone (02) 9644 8794
0425 279 111
E-mail - starlightcdo@gmail.com

"COMMANDO FOR LIFE"

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION/RENEWAL

<u>SURNAME</u>		<u>RANK & GIVEN NAMES</u>	
<u>DATE OF BIRTH</u> / /		<u>REGIMENTAL NUMBER or PM KEYS</u>	
<u>ADDRESS</u> (For Correspondence)			<u>Post code</u>
<u>CONTACT DETAILS</u>	(Home) ()	(Business) ()	
	(Mobile) ()	(E-mail)@	

NEW MEMBERS TO COMPLETE THIS SECTION

<u>UNIT DETAILS</u>	<u>ENLISTMENT DATE</u>	<u>DISCHARGED/CURRENT</u>
Nominated by	Signature	Verifying Unit e.g Commando Unit
Seconded by	Signature	Position/contact details e.g RXO
Date / /	Signature of applicant	Signature of verifying officer

By signing this application you agree to be bound by the constitution of the Australian Commando Association (NSW) Inc.

**Financial year 1st January to 31st December – Annual fee \$30.00 + \$25.00 joining fee for new members
Annual fee subject to review by committee.**

**Banking details. Australian Commando Association (NSW) Inc.
Police Bank BSB 815 000 Account number 41117**



COMMANDO FOR LIFE
Australian Commando Association New South Wales Inc.
“Q” Store Order Form

Name:
Address:
Contact Phone:
Email Address:

Price list effective from June 2014

ITEM FOR SALE	POST	QTY	PRICE	\$\$\$
Association Green Jacket pocket (For new jackets)	\$ 3.00		\$ 80.00	
Association Green Jacket pocket (Replacement pocket)	\$ 3.00		\$ 15.00	
Association Green Jacket, complete with pocket			\$ 350.00	
Badge - Cloth - Commando Parachute	\$ 3.00		\$ 6.00	
Badge - Beret (New Design)	\$ 3.00		\$ 15.00	
Badge - car window decal - NEW	\$ 1.00		\$ 2.00	
Badge – Lapel – 1 st Commando Regiment	\$ 3.00		\$ 10.00	
Badge - Lapel - Australian Commando Association	\$ 3.00		\$ 10.00	
Badge – Lapel - Para Wings	\$ 3.00		\$ 10.00	
Badge - Name			\$ 20.00	
*Beret - Green Qualified members only (Size required - see below)	\$10.00		\$ 32.00	
Book 'Strike Swiftly' "The Australian Commando Story"	\$18.00		\$ 70.00	
Caps - Black – Australian Commando Association	\$10.00		\$ 20.00	
Coasters - set of 6 - Gold anodised aluminium	\$10.00		\$ 25.00	
Coasters - single	\$ 3.00		\$ 5.00	
Plaque - 1 st Commando Regiment	\$15.00		\$ 50.00	
Shirt – Grey with Australian Commando Assn logo	\$10.00		\$ 48.00	
Shirt – Polo (Grey with Australian Commando Assn logo)	\$10.00		\$ 40.00	
Tie - 1 st Commando Regiment	\$10.00		\$ 20.00	

Total \$

Send cheques/money orders payable to Australian Commando Association (NSW) Inc
 The Treasurer, Australian Commando Association (NSW) Inc.
 PO Box 1313, SUTHERLAND NSW 1499, AUSTRALIA

Internet banking details (Australia)

Australian Commando Association (NSW) Inc.
 Police Bank: BSB: 815 000 Account No.: 41117 – Quote your name and Subs/Qstore etc.

Internet banking details (Overseas)

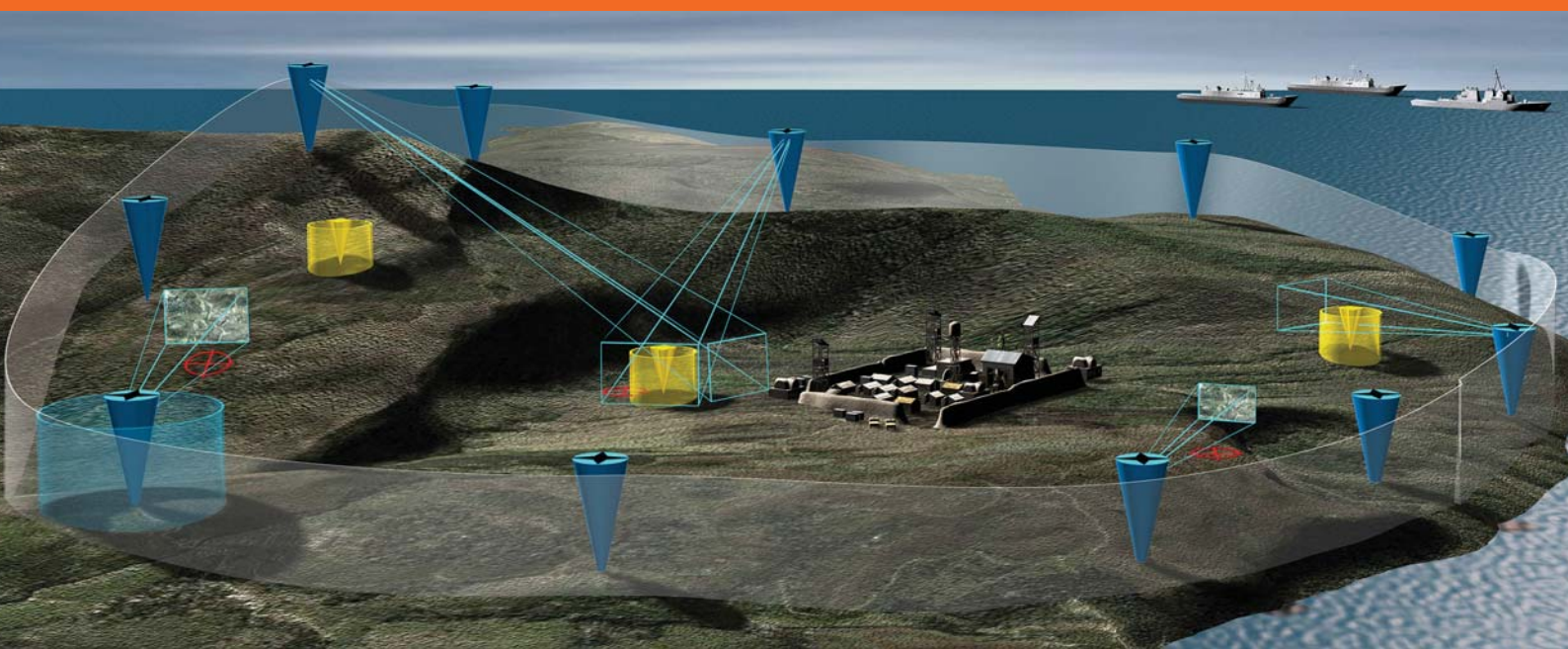
Account with institution/swift code – ANZBAU3M
 BSB: **012010** / Account Number: **777000675**
 Beneficiary customer – **Police Bank**
 Details of payment – **Account Number 41117, Australian Commando Association (NSW) Inc.,**
Quote name and subs/Q store etc.

Your order will be processed by Norm WOOD, Quartermaster, (02)9545-0484 or 0419-484-541 or newood@ozemail.com.au

*Nominate Size (beret measurement around head cm)



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