

'Paludrine Parade'



Official Newsletter of the Royal Australian Army Service Corps
Vietnam Supply Platoons Association

Patron: MAJGEN David McLachlan AO (Rtd). Web Site: <http://raascsupply.asn.au/>



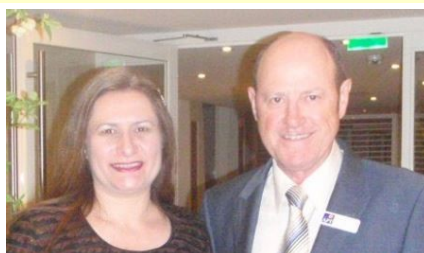
PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

"A very MERRY CHRISTMAS to
one and all and a safe,
prosperous and
HAPPY NEW YEAR"

Well it's hard to believe that 2016 has almost past and we are welcoming 2017. Maria & I hope that Christmas is a happy time for everyone, a time to rejoice and catch up with family and friends. Christmas can be a difficult time for those of us who have lost loved ones, we remember them, but we must reflect on the good times past and plan ahead to make the most of the coming years.

Maria and I have just returned from our trip to Nice, Monte Carlo, Amsterdam to Budapest (via APT River Cruise) and Dubai, 22/11/2016. We left very excited with great expectations. The trip was quite amazing. On 11/11 we had a short, respectful service on board and I was asked to recite the ode. Travellers were mainly Australians and New Zealanders. However, unfortunately, Maria & I both caught the flu, which later went to a secondary infection, so we are both on antibiotics and hope to be fully recovered in a week or so. The risk of cruising I guess.

Dates are set for our Hobart Reunion with our Remembrance Day venue booked together with some limited accommodation near the city. We are currently looking at other venues, to affordably accommodate all. Likely we will be in two locations, relatively close to each other. We are also progressing well with proposed tours. Full itinerary will be provided in the Autumn



edition of Paludrine Parade which will be out in early March, 2017. We are still costing things out and if you have suggestions, feel free to share them. By all accounts our Perth Reunion was a great success.

**I ask all to make contact
with fellow members and
encourage attendance
to Hobart.**

**GET EXCITED,
IT IS GOING
TO BE GREAT!!!!**

Should anyone have any queries etc., please feel free to contact me direct via:
Mobile: 0411 797 036, Email: graemesherriff@optusnet.com.au

Best Wishes to all

Graeme Sherriff
PRESIDENT

**Free
Offer**

Sorry No Free Offer!!! but now that I have your attention, there are a few members who have yet to bring their membership fees up to date. If your copy has a BIG RED DOT on the cover sheet. You're on that list!

Issue No: 45 Summer Edition
December, 2016

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NON-LIABILITY HEALTH CARE FACT SHEET

NEWS FLASH

The Department of Veterans' Affairs has released a factsheet about non-liability health care treatment available to current and former members of the ADF, which includes details of who is eligible and how they can apply to access treatment. All current and former members of the ADF with continuous full-time service are eligible for treatment of the following conditions: post-traumatic stress disorder, depressive disorder, anxiety disorder, alcohol use disorder, and substance use disorder. Find out more about Non-Liability Health Care via – Fact Sheet HSV 109 – Non Liability Health Care.

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Story continued from Page 4.....

By far the largest pieces were the two engines, which were in excellent condition complete with a number of propeller blades. After a couple of hours at the site we started our descent. Our original belief that the going would be easier on the way down quickly disappeared. The weight of our packs helped push us off balance and combined with the previous night's rain made for treacherous footing. At a number of spots the track followed a razor-backed ridge which narrowed to about a metre with 100m drops on either side. When Ted Richards passed this spot with his mule train, he lost a donkey over the side, which was a comforting thought for the entire party. It took more than eight hours to arrive at the base of Mt Bartle Frere, exhausted but with a real sense of achievement. WO2 Morison described the exercise as a success. The crew members of American B25 Mitchell bomber serial number 112455,

which crashed into Mt Bartle Frere on April 7, 1942. All crew died on impact.

Lt. John Keeter (Pilot)
Capt. Glenwood Stephenson (co-pilot) - was posted as Captain but undertaking his first flight in this aircraft as familiarization.
Sgt. D.C. DeArmand (Rear Gunner)
Sgt. J.P. English (Engineer)
Sgt. W.H. Lancaster (Bomb aimer)
Sgt. J.P. Morris (Gunner)
Lt. E. T. Tisonyi (Navigator)

Addendum. When the article appeared in the Army Newspaper entitled "*Diggers climb mountain of death*", we were inundated with calls to join up for the 2nd phase, the actual recovery of significant pieces of the aircraft. However, not to be outdone, the Qld Environment mob rejected any calls to start Phase 2 as they were more worried about the entry into the jungle, cutting bits down to access the aircraft from the air. So it never got any further, except that I presented the B25 pitot valve to the brother of Glenwood Stephenson (the Captain) when I went to America six months later. Secretary ex-WO2 Russell Morison.

Gallipoli Grub

Recipe for French Rissoles

Ingredients - One tin of bully-beef, any brand. Little bit of biscuit powder; a couple of onions and a little bit of thyme to flavour. This grows plentifully about the hills. No need to add salt, as the bully contains too much. Treatment; Chop up onions very small and mix the lot together. Have it just a bit sticky. Make into small pasties and roll in flour. if one is lucky enough to pinch some off the beach without getting pinched himself. Fry well in lid of mess tin. To get fat for same, render down bacon from breakfast which was too fat to eat.



Story below written by a recon Marine .USA Forces in Afghanistan — From the Sand Pit.

Rewritten from Issue 68 September edition of VVAA ACT 'Warefare to Welarfe'.

It's freezing here. I'm sitting on hard cold dirt between rocks and shrubs at the base of the Hindu Kush Mountains, along the Dar'voi Pamir River, watching a hole that leads to a tunnel that leads to a cave. Stake out, my friend, and no pizza delivery for thousands of miles. I also glance at the area around my ass every ten to fifteen seconds to avoid another scorpion sting. I've actually given up battling the chiggers and sand fleas, but the scorpions give a jolt like a cattle prod. Hurts like a bastard. The antidote tastes like transmission fluid, but God bless the Marine Corps for the five vials of it in my pack. The one truth the Taliban cannot escape is that, believe it or not, they are human beings, which means they have to eat food and drink water. That requires couriers and that's where an old bounty hunter like me comes in handy. I track the couriers, locate the tunnel entrances and storage facilities, type the info into the hand held, and shoot the coordinates up to the satellite link that tells the air commanders where to drop the hardware. We bash some heads for a while, and then I track and record the new movement. It's all about intelligence. We haven't even brought in the snipers yet. These scurrying rats have no idea what they're in for. We are but days away from cutting off supply lines and allowing the eradication to begin. But you know me; I'm a romantic. I've said it before and I'll say it again: This country blows, man. It's not even a country. There are no roads, there's no infrastructure, there's no government. This is an inhospitable, rock-pit shit-hole ruled by eleventh century warring tribes.

There are no jobs here like we know jobs. Afghanistan offers only two ways for a man to support his family, join the opium trade or join the army. That's it. Those are your options. Oh, I forgot, you can also live in a refugee camp and eat plum-sweetened, crushed beetle paste and squirt mud like a goose with stomach flu, if that's your idea of a party. But the smell alone of those 'tent cities of the walking dead' is enough to hurl you into the poppy fields to cheerfully scrape bulbs for eighteen hours a day. I've been living with these Tajiks

and tell Wolf and Anderson and that awful, sneering, pompous Aaron Brown to stop calling the Taliban "smart". They are not smart. I suggest CNN invest in a dictionary because the word they are looking for is "cunning". The Taliban are cunning, like jackals, hyenas, and wolverines. They are sneaky and ruthless, and when confronted, they are cowardly. They are hateful, malevolent parasites who create nothing and destroy everything else. Smart? Bullshit! Yeah, they're real smart, Most can't read, but they've spent



US Soldiers Man Outpost in Afghanistan's
Hindu Kush Mountains

their entire lives listening to Imams telling them about only one book (and not a very good one, as books go). They consider hygiene and indoor plumbing to be products of the devil. They're still trying to figuring out how to work a Bic lighter! Talking to a Taliban warrior about improving his quality of life is like trying to teach an ape how to hold a pen.

and Uzbeks, and Turkmen and even a couple of Pashtu's, for over a month-and-a-half now, and this much I can say for sure: These guys, are Huns, actual, living Huns. They LIVE to fight. It's what they do. It's ALL they do. They have no respect for anything; not for themselves, their families, or for each other. They claw at one another as a way of life. They play polo with dead calves and force their five-year-old sons into human cockfights to defend the family honor. Just Huns, roaming packs of savage, heartless beasts who feed on each other's barbarism. Cave-men with AK-47's. Then again, maybe I'm just a cranky young bastard. I'm freezing my ass off on this stupid hill because my lap warmer is running out of juice, and I can't recharge it until the sun comes up in a few hours. Oh yeah! You like to write letters, right? Do me a favor, Bizarre. Write a letter to CNN

Eventually he just gets frustrated and sticks you in the eye with it. OK, enough. Snuffle will be up soon, so I have to get back to my hole. Covering my tracks in the snow takes a lot of practice, but I'm good at it. Please, I tell you and my fellow Americans to turn off the TV sets and move on with your lives. The story line you are getting from CNN and other news agencies is utter bullshit and designed not to deliver truth but rather to keep you glued to the screen so you will watch the next commercial. We've got this one under control. The worst thing you guys can do right now is sit around analyzing what we're doing over here. You have no idea what we're doing, and you really don't want to know. We are your military, and we are only doing what you sent us here to do.

I had just volunteered to join a group of soldiers to trek the steamy jungle-covered mountains of Queensland in search of the wreck of a WW2 US bomber. The goal of Exercise Relic Search was to bring back what was left of the aircraft back to present to the Australian War Memorial (AWM) to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of WW2 and America's support in that conflict. Why the aircraft from the US 3rd Bomb Group (3 Bomb Gp), an American B25 Mitchell bomber serial number 112455, crashed into Mt Bartle Frere on April 7, 1942, will probably never be known. A slight navigation error, equipment failure - who knows? What we do know is where the aircraft had been and where it was going to. The B25 was returning from a three-day patrol which originated from Charters Towers in Queensland.

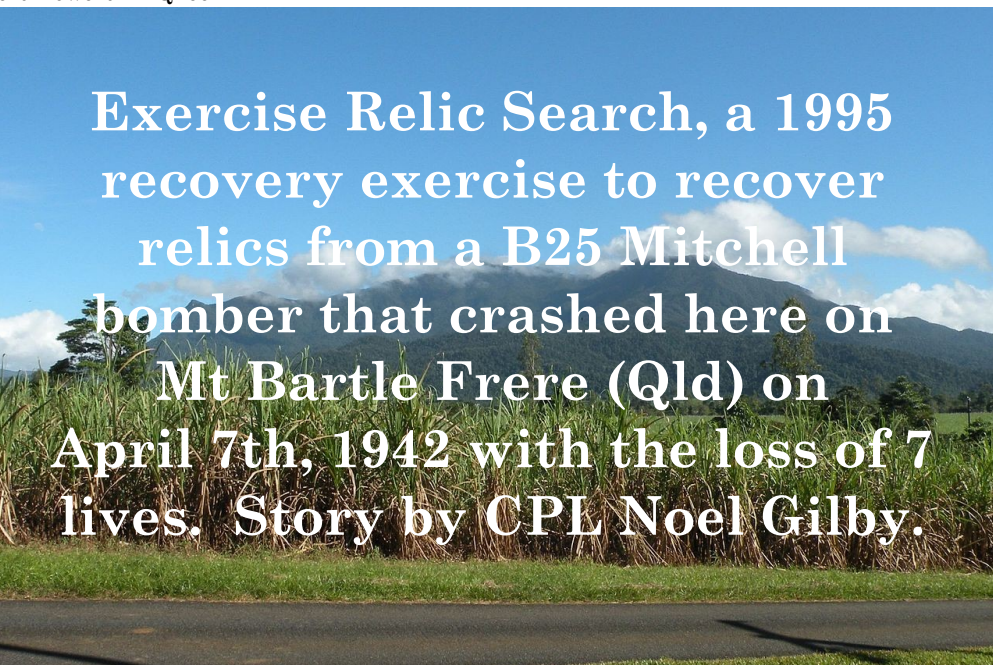
In the early part of WW2, when the Allies had their backs to the wall, aircraft would fly to Port Moresby in Papua New Guinea (PNG) where they would refuel and then fly a search patrol for about 10 hours. The crews would then return to Port Moresby before refueling and flying back to Charters Towers. It was on this return leg that the Mitchell bomber came to grief and flew

into Mt Bartle Frere, the highest mountain in Queensland at an elevation of 1,622 metres (5,322 ft). Noel Tunny, an avid historian and writer of two books on the aircraft and personalities of the US Forces in Australia during WW2, explains why this aircraft holds a significant place in history. *"This particular aircraft was one of the first B25 raid of the war and was one of 11 Mitchell bombers to attack the Japanese in the Philippines from Australia,"* Mr. Tunny explains. As Murphy's Law would dictate, the aircraft did not crash at the base of Queensland's highest mountain, not even halfway up but smack bang on top. It was obvious special equipment would be required for the job, but alas, upon arriving at the quartermaster's store, the best they could come up with was Gore-Tex bevy bags, space blankets, the latest in civilian-style trekking

packs and an assortment of survival equipment. It would have to do. The first phase of the plan was to travel 250km to the north of Townsville to the tiny town of Babinda in the heart of Queensland's sugarcane region. As we headed north on the Bruce Highway, looming mountains kept us company, each one larger than its predecessor. Things took an ominous turn as we neared our destination and entered Mulgrave Shire--"The Jungle Shire" a brightly painted sign boasted to the world. Surely the shire had something more to be proud of than thick jungle! Phase two of the exercise was the move to the crash site itself. The assault on the mountain was to be spearheaded by two State Emergency Service (SES) volunteers -- Fred McCulloch and Gerry Camilleri who would blaze a trail leaving markers while a third SES member, group leader Wayne Tuttle, would act as guide. One of the intrepid

"Relic Search came about after talking to the curator of aircraft at the AWM, Mr John White, and I said to him that I was prepared to run an exercise as long as there was something worthwhile at the end of it--I wasn't going to go climbing mountains for the sake of it." We wanted something with national significance and he came back to me with this aircraft. Another reason for selected this crash site was the fact that it is so hard to reach. The locals believe no more than 100 people have been to the site, which equates to about two people each year since the end of WW2. On entering the jungle it soon became obvious why it was rarely visited: the jungle was incredibly thick and the track almost non existent. Even markers left by

our vanguard quite often we would have to prop and search in all directions to pick up the trail once again. The SES members pointed out some of the nasties not to touch, including a stinging plant which some members of the party had close encounters with later on and some became



Exercise Relic Search, a 1995 recovery exercise to recover relics from a B25 Mitchell bomber that crashed here on Mt Bartle Frere (Qld) on April 7th, 1942 with the loss of 7 lives. Story by CPL Noel Gilby.

into Mt Bartle Frere, the highest mountain in Queensland at an elevation of 1,622 metres (5,322 ft). Noel Tunny, an avid historian and writer of two books on the aircraft and personalities of the US Forces in Australia during WW2, explains why this aircraft holds a significant place in history. *"This particular aircraft was one of the first B25 raid of the war and was one of 11 Mitchell bombers to attack the Japanese in the Philippines from Australia,"* Mr. Tunny explains. As Murphy's Law would dictate, the aircraft did not crash at the base of Queensland's highest mountain, not even halfway up but smack bang on top. It was obvious special equipment would be required for the job, but alas, upon arriving at the quartermaster's store, the best they could come up with was Gore-Tex bevy bags, space blankets, the latest in civilian-style trekking

explorers made the observation that the mountain didn't 't look that big , only to be informed by a local that he was only looking at half of Mt Bartle Frere and that the rest was well above the heavy cloud cover. Ever helpful, the locals told of tales of leeches the size of boa constrictors, ticks that could paralyze a man in an hour and men who had never returned from "the hill". Spoken in hushed, almost reverent tones. As I shouldered my pack on preparation for the 1690m climb, I had to remind myself what the activity was all about. WO2 Russell Morison, Exercise Director, said Exercise Relic Search was an adventurous training exercise. *"The idea of adventurous training is the activity be mentally and physically demanding and place participants in high-stress situations which call on them to demonstrate the qualities expected of them in battle--probably more so than any other form of training,"* explains WO2 Morison.

almost paranoid about. It all came down to a private psychological war. It's just a matter of how you look at it. For those unused to the "scrub" everything stings, bites or wants to suck the lifeblood from you. Others enjoy the jungle as a place of quiet beauty and for most of the SES volunteers this would appear to be the case. At first going was easy, but the terrain took a serious turn in the up direction. Pieces of equipment thrown into the large civilian-style packs "just in case" suddenly became a major handicap. Envious eyes scanned the SES packs which were small in comparison and loaded with only the bare essentials. After six and a half hours of climbing we still appeared to be nowhere near the top but well above the cloud cover with the jungle in constant

mist. Everything was wet and dripping -- the home and hunting ground of the leech. The party started to get a grasp of what it must have been like for our diggers fighting the Japanese in PNG in places like Shaggy Ridge. The going was hard enough without having someone trying to kill you as well. The final stage of the ascent was conducted on hands and knees it became so steep. Someone sarcastically remarked all they needed was rain to make their day when the heavens opened up making foot and handholds even more difficult. After nine and a half hours and just on dark we reached the summit. However, after climbing all day and completely exhausted we were met only by disappointment. The crash site was still another 30 minutes climb down a re-entrant and on advice from the SES that it would be too dangerous in the poor light, it was decided to wait until morning to climb down to the aircraft. The first priority in diminishing light was to set up a sleeping spot for the night with the main criteria being leech-free and, using a caterer's pack of salt, made the line of defences

around his sleeping bag but to no avail. Somehow they still managed to breach the obstacle. No one escaped unscathed. I had a leech in my bellybutton and someone actually had a leech to the gum inside of their mouth! Even the SES had their share of casualties: above each eye, Gerry Camilleri had a tick firmly attached to his backside and another member of the party, upon looking down to check his privates for leeches, came face to face with a massive spider. The next

morning we made what seemed nearly an anti-climactic climb down to what was left of the B25 bomber, serial number 112455. The party was boisterous as we sensed victory and approached our prize. But everyone fell silent and a somber mood came over the party as we took in the scene before us. It's quite eerie to stand among a wreckage and debris of a plane in the very spot seven men died. Just about every week in the

craft they were further guided by the smell of decomposing bodies. There was a swathe cut through the trees for about 100m and the width of the plane and everything in front of the bomber was charred. When they found the bodies they were spread all over the place in bits and pieces. The bodies weren't burnt but were dismembered. One bloke's feet were still in his shoes but separated from his body; the pilot's



news you see somewhere in the world an aircraft has gone down, but here we were standing at such a site. Noel Tunny recounts what happened when the original search party arrived at the site: "It was eight days before they finally got to the site. Two parties had tried previously to go in on foot but were unsuccessful, and then the third party was directed to the spot by the Commanding Officer of 3 Bomb Group by dropping flares. As the ground party closed on the downed air-

head was still in its flying helmet but up in a tree. "There were seven crew members all up. They didn't bury the bodies straight away, instead they wrapped them in blankets before a ground party returned on another occasion with crosses and name plates and buried them" Mr Tunny says. For the crewmen it would not be a resting place for long. On a subsequent trip, a local, Ted Richards, took a mule train to the graves, and after flensing the bones of excess flesh returned with the victim's remains. The bodies were then buried at Ipswich near Brisbane before once again being disturbed and finally being interred at Jefferson Barracks National cemetery at St Louis, Missouri, in the US. As part of the overall plan to eventually remove parts of the wreck to the AWM, a small team from the Air Movement Training and Development Unit - whose specialty it is to conjure loads that are to be slung loaded below aircraft -- was on hand to cast an eye over the site and make recommendations for further recovery operation. The aircraft itself was scattered over an area of about 100sq m, with the force of the impact breaking the bomber up into relatively small pieces.



Story continued on Page 2.....

Boats, Planes and Car Hire Hobart Reunion Nov 2017.

It's already nearing the end of the year and before long, we'll be well into 2017. Time doesn't stand still and our thoughts need to be focused on our 2017 Reunion in Hobart Tasmania. On Page 7 of this edition, you'll find more draft information (yet to be finalised), but as there's a fair bit of water between mainland Australia and Tasmania, I thought I would look at some fares (rates correct as at mid Nov 16). So let's look at the Spirit of Tasmania (SOT).



Airfares: Once again, the variables are many and the booking calendars hadn't opened up for November 2017 as yet. There are return airfares for both one person and two persons, but as the fares haven't

Car Hire: Planning for the Hobart 2017 reunion is well under way and one aspect of the reunion is that we're are trying to keep everything fairly central to minimise the need for hire cars and the like. Accommodation is central, venues will be central and tours will be all pick at accommodation. So unless you really need a hire car to do extra trips before or after the reunion period, you don't really need to hire a car. However as a guide, current hire car costs in Hobart. Pick up Airport to Drop Airport. 7 day car hire (Nissan Micra), Manual. \$491.92. There are many different types of cars, manuals versus automatics etc. Then there's two doors, four doors and the list goes on and on. The price shown is the minimum I could find, but doesn't necessarily cover insurance. There are probably better deals out there and they seem to change

Spirit of Tasmania. The SOT has many variables and it's not easy to get a single one off price. I looked at Group Bookings, but there needs to be a minimum number of people travelling on the same day. I don't think we could achieve their minimums. Savings are minimal and about the same if you booked as a pensioner or veteran. Mind you both the pensioner fare and the veteran's fares are exactly the same. The only advantage here is that if the pensioner quota for that particular trip has been filled, then as a veteran – you still get the pensioner fare. So as a guide, I've used my details as follows. Overnight journey to and from Tasmania taking my Suzuki Vitara on a veteran/pensioner fare travelling in a recliner chair overnight will cost me \$356.00. If you have two of you going by the SOT – total fares would be around \$556.00.

been published as yet, it's pointless looking at current specials etc. Mind you, as we get closer to the dates, fares do change - so you might still get some good deals. Keep an eye open for websites such as Flight Centre, Jet star and Virgin. They are constantly offering up cheap fares they often call 'Happy Hour' fares, so keep your eyes on the websites and strike when fares go low.



**Great value
car hire**

day by day. The information on this page is shown only as a guide so you can work out a rough budget. If you do come across some better deals that we might be able to use, send me a line at nuidatvet@gmail.com and I'll get our hard working secretary to send everyone a News Flash.

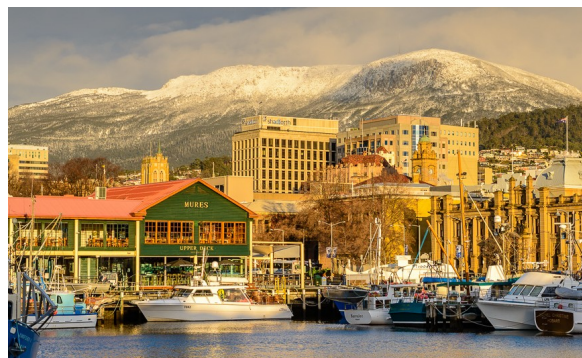
Draft Itinerary for our RAASC Reunion Hobart Tasmania, Mon 6th - Mon 13th November 2017.



All Members please note that is a draft proposal only. Final accommodations and tours are yet to be determined. This is your opportunity to make suggestions etc so we can formalize details in the coming months.

NOVEMBER 2017 – Member Group Accommodation Booking 7 nights

MON 6 TH	IN – Members start arriving.												
TUE 7 TH	Registration during the morning followed by a visit to a local venue for an afternoon of 'Melbourne Cup' Celebration and some mayhem. We'll run a couple of good sweeps with some appropriate prizes. Fun for all.												
WED 8 TH	TOUR to be determined (See suggested list below)												
THU 9 TH	AM - FREE TIME – Hobart City etc. PM – FORMAL DINNER (Venue to be determined)												
FRI 10 TH	TOUR to be determined (See suggested list below)												
SAT 11 TH	REMEMBRANCE DAY Commemorative Service.												
	<table> <tr> <td>10.30 am</td><td>Service at Cenotaph</td></tr> <tr> <td>12 noon</td><td>Arrive Glenorchy RSL</td></tr> <tr> <td>12.30 pm</td><td>Lunch</td></tr> <tr> <td>2 pm</td><td>Plaque Dedication</td></tr> <tr> <td>2.30 pm</td><td>AGM</td></tr> <tr> <td>3.30 pm -5 pm</td><td>Fellowship</td></tr> </table>	10.30 am	Service at Cenotaph	12 noon	Arrive Glenorchy RSL	12.30 pm	Lunch	2 pm	Plaque Dedication	2.30 pm	AGM	3.30 pm -5 pm	Fellowship
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SUN 12 TH	TOUR to be determined (See suggested list below)												
MON 13 TH	OUT - Members depart												



Some general notes on accommodation and tours.

- Interim enquiries have been made in the Battery Point area 500m to Wharf area, but no firm recommendations yet – will be affordable & relatively centrally located.
- Tours have not yet been determined or costed. Sat 11th – Remembrance Day: We envisage a bus for our use for the day – yet to be costed for pickup & drop offs for 11/11.
- Members have the option to 'arrive early or stay on', for private touring of Tas.

PLEASE DO NOT BOOK ACCOMMODATION AT THIS STAGE

SUGGESTED / POSSIBLE *TOURS

- Richmond / Wine Tour & Mount Wellington
- Huonville. Airwalk & Apple Cider Venue

Please give us feed back relative to your thoughts/suggestions for possible tours, ASAP! To:
graemesheriff@optusnet.com.au
Mobile: 0411 797 036

- Port Arthur, Blow Hole / Lavender Farm. Food van for Fish & Chips/Hamburgers. \$35 entry fee (Possible discount) includes island cruise.



Membership Application/Renewal Form

New Application or Renewal (circle which ones) 2016/17 or 3 years

Surname:

Given Names:

Address:

State: Postcode: Date of Birth:

Phone No. (Home) (Mobile)

Email Address:

Vietnam Service Details:

Dates: From To

Spouse/Partner's Name:

Membership: 1-year membership (Vietnam Veterans and Associate/non-Vets) \$20
 3-year membership (Vietnam Veterans and Associate/non-Vets) \$60
 Association Badge \$10 – Free badge to new members

Payment details:

- By **cheque** payable to: RAASC Vietnam Supply Platoons Association, PO BOX 207 Mitchell ACT 2911.
 (include this form).
- Or **Electronically** by direct credit to:
 Westpac Bank, BSB 032 713 Account 434593.
 (Provide name etc as reference and send this form by post or email)
- Or **Cash Deposit** at any Westpac Bank, BSB 032 713, Account 434 593.
 (Provide 6 digit DOB as ddmmyy as reference and send this form by post or email).

Office Use Only: Member Number/Receipt:.....

Membership Card issued/date.....Database.....Banked.....

Scan/send to Area Reps.....Membership Mgr Notified.....