

CASCABEL

Journal of the

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION
(VICTORIA) INCORPORATED

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Fort Gellibrand, Williamstown, Vic. 26th January 1943. Gun crew firing a demonstration of newly introduced weapons.
(Photo I.D. 029452) Photo Courtesy Australian War Memorial

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Submissions for the **July 2005** issue are required no later than **1st June 2005** unless otherwise arranged with the Editor.

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The President Writes

Things have been relatively quiet over the Christmas New Year period. The only Association activity was the Church Parade held on the 6th February at St Bartholomew Anglican Parish Church, Burnley. Father David Patterson conducted the service which was attended by about 40 members of the Association and the 2/10 FD REGT Band.

At the time of writing we have had only one Committee meeting so far this year and so a number of items are still to be decided.

However, I can tell you that the format for Anzac Day will be similar to last year, depending upon any changes made by 2/10 FD REGT. A wreath will be laid at the dawn service held at the depot. Following the march, a gathering of Association members and other interested people will be held at the depot.

The planning for this year's Gunner Dinner is well advanced, and an invitation and replyform is printed in this edition of *Cascabel*. We had a good response last year, and we look forward to an even better one this year. I believe the Association's decision to make the Gunner Dinner an all ranks function last year was well supported by the membership.

The AGM is expected to be held at the Oakleigh RSL on the 10th Nov this year.

The Annual Golf Day has been booked for the 11th Nov.

Regards to all

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Neil Hamer".

Neil Hamer
MAJ (R)



Membership Report March 2005

Current Membership

Life Members	217
Annual Members	84
Affiliates	46
Others (CO/CI, Messes, etc.)	11
Libraries	4
<u>Total</u>	<u>362</u>

We welcome GNR H F Holzer as an Annual Member of the Association.

The total membership, as you can see, remains fairly static from year to year. Our Vice-president, MAJ Jason Cooke, has plans to institute a recruiting drive to improve our membership numbers.

The number of members who have access to an e-mail address is steadily increasing. This then allows us to give out information at short notice. If you have not notified us of your e-mail address, and you would like us to send you information, could you please do so.

The usual reminder about the proforma on the last page below the Parade Card. If you have not already done so, it would be appreciated if you would provide the information requested so that our files can be kept up to date. This proforma should also be used to notify us of any changes in the future.



Neil Hamer
MAJ (R)
Membership Co-ordinator

Contact: Telephone: 9702 2100
E-mail: nhamer@bigpond.net.au

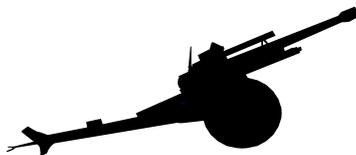


RAA Association (Victoria) Inc
Corps Shop

The following items may be purchased by mail, or at selected Association activities.

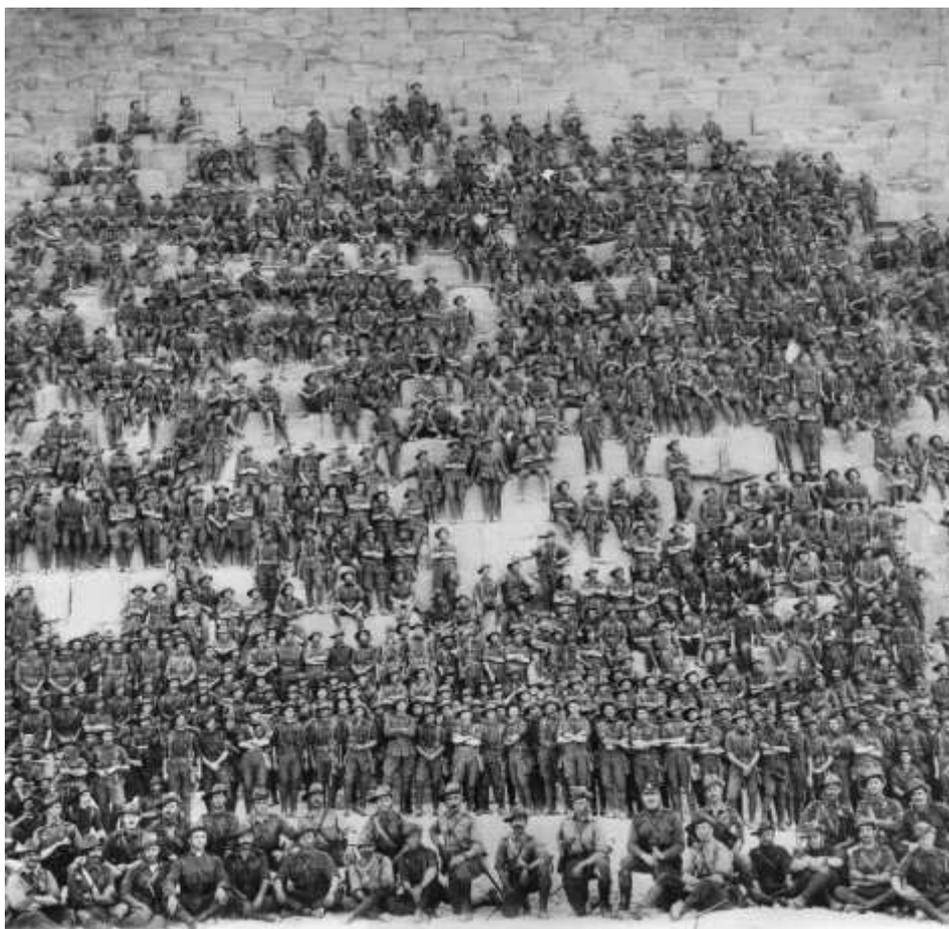
PRICE LIST

<p>Badges, etc</p> <p>RAA Assn (Vic), members \$5.00 RAA badge cuff links \$9.00 Key ring, RAA badge \$4.00 Key ring, RAA (Pewter) \$4.00</p> <p>Ties</p> <p>Blue with single red gun \$30.00 RAA Burgundy with gold gun \$43.00 RAA Navy with gold gun \$43.00 St Barbara Stripe \$43.00</p> <p>Books</p> <p><i>Kookaburra s Cutthroats</i> \$39.00 <i>Aust Military Equip Profiles</i> \$13.50 <i>AMEF Profile Leopard Tank</i> \$17-00</p> <p>ENQUIRIES:</p> <p>BRIAN CLEEMAN (03) 9560 7116 REG MORRELL (03) 9562 9552</p>	<p>Stationery</p> <p>Card, RAA badge, with envelope Christmas message \$0.20 blank inside \$0.20</p> <p>Stickers</p> <p>Bumper: <i>Gunners do it with a bigger bang</i> \$2.00 Square: gold badge, red and blue background \$2.00</p> <p>ORDERS: Most orders will require an additional FIVE DOLLARS packing and postage, which will cover one to several small items. If in any doubt concerning this, or availability, please contact one of the enquiries numbers above.</p> <p>Cheques should be made payable to RAA Association (Victoria) Inc, and be crossed <i>Not Negotiable</i>.</p> <p>Orders to: Mr B. Cleeman 28 Samada Street Notting Hill VIC 3168</p>
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Barrow Boy who made it to the Top

David Simcock 11th Battalion AIF



11th Battalion AIF at the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt prior to leaving for Gallipoli

Not many privates in the Australian Imperial Force would have a Colonel hold up the taking of an official group photograph while he climbed to the top position, but that's exactly what happened to Private David John Simcock in Egypt in 1915.

David Simcock or "Pink Top" as he was better known, had so endeared himself to his fellow soldiers that the Colonel insisted he should climb up the pyramid at Cheops to be the highest point in the group of 740 troops from the 11th Battalion.

He also warranted a 13-line reference in CEW Bean's *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18*.

David Simcock had been born in Callington, South Australia, but moved to Perth in 1906 and established a fruit barrow business which proved to be incredibly popular and successful. He called himself "the little boy with the Pink Top" due to his bright red hair, and the name stuck.

His outgoing nature and natural cheek and wit appealed to the Saturday night crowds that thronged the streets of Perth before World War I. His natural patter had people crowding round to buy his fruit, with many spilling out onto the road as they tried to get closer.

Apart from his entertainment value, Pink Top always supplied top quality with his "bob a bag" fruit being snapped up by keen buyers. He was a shrewd businessman and soon established a shop in

Barrack Street between Murray and Wellington Streets.

He continued to expand and had opened a second shop in Fremantle when World War I broke out.

Never one to shirk his duty, he left his wife and his thriving business behind and at the age of 32 signed up with the AIF, travelling by ship to the Middle East.

During training in Egypt the 11th Battalion posed for its historic photograph, using the pyramid at Cheops as its stage and once Pink Top had climbed up to take his place, the scene was recorded for posterity.

From there the troops were sent to Gallipoli with Pink Top a popular member of his unit, always full of fun, always ready to crack a joke or to help out a mate.



If, as the saying goes, "the good die young", Dave "Pink Top" Simcock was proof. He lasted just a short time on Gallipoli, being killed on the Sunday night, 25 April 1915 aged 32.

CEW Bean outlined the events leading up to the death of Simcock in the chapter *The Story of Anzac*, in his *Official History of Australians in the War of 1914-18*.

"At certain points of Walker's Ridge the Turks attacked fiercely. In parts the gullies in front were too steep to allow of organised assault. But near its foot and near the Top they constantly approached. In the lower third of the spur was a single post, about thirty strong, under Captain Critchley-Salmonson of the Canterbury Battalion. This post was continuously pressed. Salmonson's men consisted partly of New Zealanders and partly of men of the 11th and 12th Battalions from Baby 700 and The Nek. One of these was a

red-headed fruit-seller well known in Perth, Western Australia, as Pinktop, under which name he traded. He was a strange, ungainly, splay-footed soldier. His main anxiety sedulously encouraged by his mates had been how he should face barbed wire, and he had solved the problem by putting tin guards beneath his putties. His sergeant had ordered him to remain on the Beach as a sentry over the men's packs, but he refused, and came on with the rest. In the fighting on Sunday night in an endeavour, it is said, to bring a wounded man into cover Private Pinktop was killed."

He was buried at Baby 700 Cemetery on Gallipoli but his memory lives on. Even today there is a fruit shop on Barrack Street, Perth, bearing the name Pink Top.

The material for this article was supplied by Mr Allan Ellam of Western Australia. Mr Ellam and his late wife, Raye, established a museum of memorabilia from World War I at their home over seven years ago.

Reprinted from

Australians at War

Australian Government Department of Veterans' Affairs

<http://www.australiansatwar.gov.au/stories/stories.asp?war=W1&id=147>

Governor Sir Dallas Brooks and a Guard of Honour at Dandenong

The closure of the old Dandenong depot in 2003 brought back memories of the time, some years earlier, when Dandenong was to be declared a city.

At that stage, the depot and any unit in occupation was most unpopular with the Council, as being next to the then swimming pool, the depot inhibited plans for expansion. However, suddenly we became flavour-of-the-month, as the Council discovered they needed a guard-of-honour to do the job properly.

I was fortunate enough to be selected as Guard Commander, with Lt. Joe Thursky as Deputy Commander.

Budgets being budgets, there was no money for daylight rehearsals, nor transport to take us to town, so on a number of parade nights the guard marched up the Prince's Highway - two-way traffic, in the dark, but, obeying regulations by having a "Lamps, Hand, Electric". hanging on the belt of one of the leading row, with a similar lamp, with red Fordigraph paper cut to cover the lens, on the belt of one of the last row technically, we were then a vehicle but with about 60 or 70 legs!

The actual guard went off well, with the inevitable incidents happening, one of which brought home to me how alert and on-the-ball some senior officers are, particularly in the role of Governor.

The Governor of the time was the very popular General Sir Dallas Brooks. My orders to the guard seemed to ring around the centre of Dandenong, but before I could get an inflated idea of my vocal power, I noticed a microphone about a metre in front of me. One of the Governor's aides had arranged to give me a sign when the Royal Salute should be ordered, as the Governor was to be greeted by the Shire President, etc., well past the end of the guard, out of my sight.

Just as it became obvious things were about to happen, a photographer squatted down in front of me, where my sword tip would finish in the salute. Due to the microphone, I was unable to tell him, loudly, to move, etc., but eventually several "ppssts", etc., and advice that a sword would be in the middle of his back any moment, he duck-waddled about a pace to his right. The sign was given, the order given and my sword swished down to oscillate gently beside his left ear!

Much to the delight of the nearby crowd, his response was to turn, squint at the sword tip and exclaim "Christ, he really meant it!"

Then, marching up to the Governor, and presenting the guard for inspection, I was stunned when he winked at me and said, "That was a close one, Captain!" and this from all of 30 - 40 metres away.

The Governor showed great interest in the members of the guard, and expressed concern about the physical condition of one member, who had got out of bed with 'flu to be there, but when told of this expressed his thanks and appreciation for the gesture! Quite a man, and, understandably, one of Victoria's most popular Governors.

The Council hadn't finished with us yet, however, as when the guard entered the Town Hall for the reception afterwards, we were put in a side room, where no refreshments were forth coming for sometime. Going to the door of the main hall, I managed to catch the eye of the afore-mentioned aide, who, being told of what was not happening, must have "yanked" a few strings, because an abundance of "goodies" suddenly descended on us, with apologies from the said aide - as though it was his fault!

To this day, I do not know whether the unit received thanks for the effort at least, we were never told if it did. However, I think I am right in saying the unit did receive the Freedom of the City some years later perhaps some recompense for services rendered!

Ian Beith

Light Horse Memorial Park - Site 17

A Memorial Park has been created at Seymour on the old Site 17 Military Camp adjacent to the industrial area which occupies most of the camp.

The memorial comprises of a stone en faced with many plaques indicating the units that have trained there over the years.

It is proposed to arrange for a plaque listing the RAA units that trained at Site 17 during the early years of the CMF.

I have listed those that I know of or have been told of. If there is an artillery unit that I have missed please let me know ASP. Phone 9598 8452 or write to 5 Faulkner Street, HAMPTON VIC 3188.

Suggested Plaque

BADGE

This plaque is placed in memory of the units of the Royal Regiment of Australian Artillery that trained at this camp between 1949 and 1960.

HQ RAA 3 Division

2 Field Regiment.	10 Field Regiment.
15 Light Regiment.	132 Div Loc Bty

HQ 2 AGRA (Field)

22 Field Regiment (SP)	2 Medium Regiment. (4 Medium Regiment) ()
31 Medium Regiment.	8 Medium Regiment
10 Medium Regiment	

HQ 2 AGRA (AA)

2 LAA Regiment	19 LAA Regiment
40 HAA Regiment	



Gunfire Breakfast at 2/10 Fd. Regt. Chapel Street Depot

The Association is invited to attend a Dawn Service with 2/10 Fd. Regt. at 8 Chapel Street East St Kilda on ANZAC Day.

A gunfire breakfast commences at 0520 hrs. Visitors for the Dawn Service are to be seated by 0550 hours. The service will commence at 0600.

2/10 Field Regiment will be participating in the march in Melbourne.

Association members are welcome back to the Chapel Street Depot after the March. Members interested in attending the Dawn Service should contact Maj. Robin Smith 9435 6352 to register their attendance.

War Trophies allotted to Castlemaine

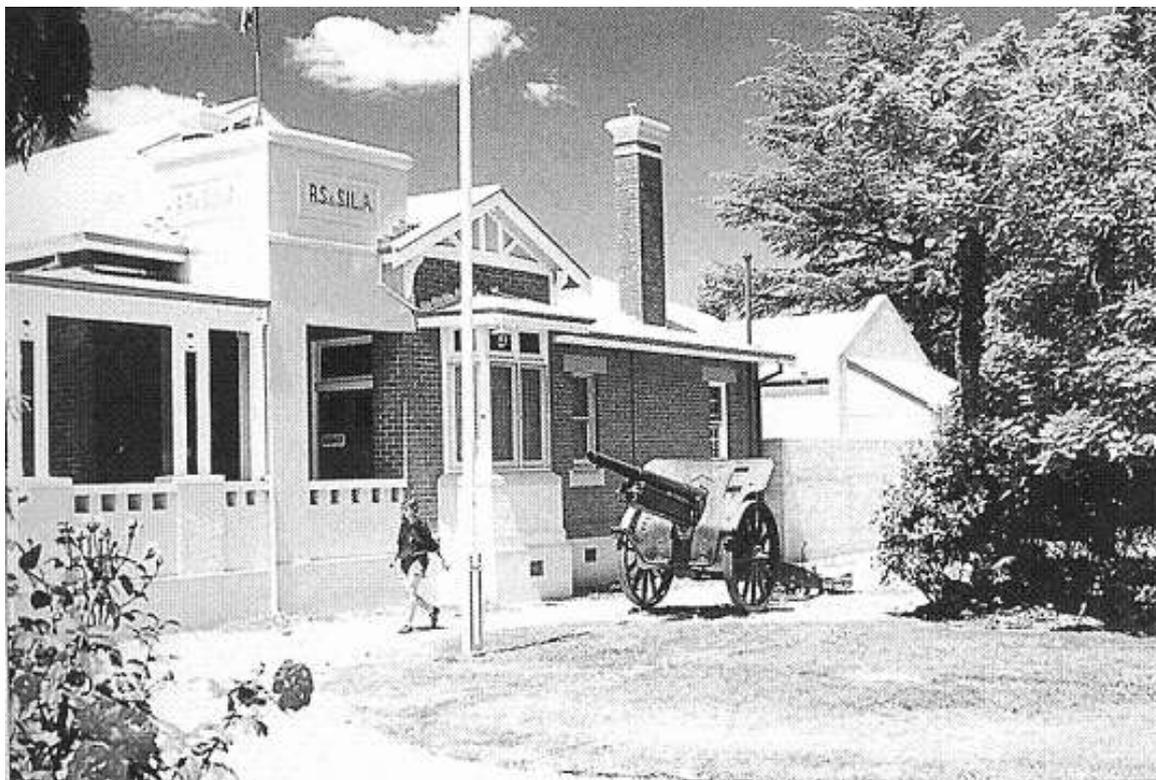
- 150mm Howitzer number 803 is shown as being ceded to Castlemaine.
- 105mm gun number 759 Ceded to Castlemaine 105mm gun number 759 no detail on who or where captured
- 77mm gun number 121 ceded to 2/7 Infantry Regiment captured by 1st Division AIF. No date or where captured is shown. Allocated in the first distribution which was to unit associations with the unit which captured the weapon ie 7 Battalion.
- 75mm gun number 91 captured by 18 ALH in Palestine ceded to Castlemaine.
- 75mm gun number 84 captured by 21 ALH. No date and where captured is shown. Ceded to Castlemaine High School.



Kalimna Point at Castlemaine, Victoria in 1949. A man wearing his "Returned from Active Service Badge" poses with a German FK16 77mm field gun. This model was introduced in 1916 as an improved version of Krupp's 1896 - model field gun. Scienceworks (MM008116)

Ceded to 2/7 Infantry Regiment 77mm gun number 121 Captured by 1st Division AIF
date unknown
First distribution which was made to unit associations that captured the weapon probably 7
Battalion

War Trophies from WW1 by Major RS Billett



Castlemaine Victoria. A 105mm gun, number 759, by the Returned Services League (RSL) Hall. The wheels have recently been refurbished and placed on concrete supports. Bill Billett (RSB/027) War Trophies from WW1 by Major RS Billett



Left 100mm K 04/14 No 759 Field Artillery Right 150mm Short Range Howitzer
 Photo from Cascabel ed. 82
 Information Kindly supplied by Jim Killender

INVITATION

Gunner Dinner 2005

You and your gunner guests are extended a warm invitation to attend the
2005 All Ranks Gunner Dinner
to be held at the Prahran Town Hall, corner of Chapel and Greville Streets, Prahran
on Friday 24th June, 2005 at 1900 for 1930 hrs.

Dress is Mess Dress, Black Tie with Miniatures, Lounge Suit, or Jacket and Tie.
Serving members may wear polyesters.

The Banner of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II will be paraded.
The Band of the 2/10 FD REGT will provide music.

Entrée is \$68 per person and includes pre-dinner drinks, hors d'oeuvres, three courses, table wines,
port, coffee and cheese.

After dinner drinks will be available at reasonable prices.

Please return the form below, together with a cheque made payable to the RAA Assoc (Vic)
not later than Friday 3rd June 2005.

The Association looks forward to your support for this year's Gunner Dinner.

The Commanding Officer and the Presidents of the Mess Committees have kindly made available
the Chapel Street Depot and Messes at the conclusion of the Dinner.

Any member who requires assistance with transport should contact MAJ Jason Cooke on
Home: 03 9705 1155. Work: 03 9282 4937. e-mail: jason.cooke@defence.gov.au

Carers are also welcome to attend, but the entrée must be paid.

Enquires and return address: 6 Melissa Street Mount Waverley 3149, Phone 9702 2100,
e-mail: nhamer@bigpond.net.au



GUNNER DINNER 2005

Rank _____ Name _____

Address _____

I accept your invitation to attend the 2005 Gunner Dinner.

Enclosed is a cheque for \$ _____ which includes entrée for my guests:

Rank _____ Name _____

Rank _____ Name _____

Special dietary requirements _____

If possible I wish to seated near _____

From: MAJ N Hamer RFD
For Convening Committee
Gunner Dinner 2005

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Rank _____ Name _____

Rank _____ Name _____

Special dietary requirements _____

If possible I wish to seated near _____

**BRAVEST of the BRAVE!
A TASMANIAN WINS THE V.C. - A SPLENDID RECORD.**

LT COL H.W.MURRAY VC. CMG. DSO & bar. DCM. Croix de Guerre



Reserve Forces Day 1st July 2000

Saturday 1st July 2000 a ceremony was conducted at the Boer War Memorial in CITY PARK, LAUNCESTON commemorating the contribution of Australian Reserve Forces to the Nation (200 years of service). The mayor of LAUNCESTON Alderman John Lees to mark the occasion unveiled a plaque. The opportunity was taken to remember one of Launceston's most famous Reservists: LTCOL H W Murray Victoria Cross, Companion of the Most Distinguished Service Order of St Michael and St George, Companion of the

Distinguished Service Order and Bar, Distinguished Conduct Medal and Croix de Guerre.; the most highly decorated soldier in Australia's History.

LTCOL H W Murray acknowledged his initial and early training to the Launceston Volunteer Artillery.

Henry William Murray was born at Clareville, Evandale (now LAUNCESTON AIRPORT) on Dec 30 1885, and joined the Launceston Volunteer Artillery as a teenager. He later re-enlisted in Western Australia and served in both World Wars.

It was February, 1917. at a place Army records identifies as "Stormy Trench, North-east of Gueudecourt, France"

A war was going on. The worst war ever. And there - so very much there! - was a 32-year-old Australian, an AIF captain- who really shouldn't have been there at all.

He should have been in hospital. The Medical Officer said so - on February 3. But the AIF captain wouldn't hear of it.

."I'm not going," he said.

"Not going?." said the M.O. "You'll get pneumonia if you don't. I'm not certain you haven't got it already!

"Pneumonia or not, I'm not going to hospital,. said the captain. "I'm going to take Stormy Trench tomorrow".

"Don't be silly. You're not fit. All you're going to take is a pill."

"I tell you," said the officer, "I'm going to take Stormy Trench tomorrow; and what's more, I'm going to keep it.

Bravado.....? Big talk.....? Numbskulled recklessness.....?

Not this Time. In a smaller man, any of those things might have been true. But Captain Henry W Murray was anything but a small man. In a violent period that produced many heroes he emerged as the giant of them all - the most highly -decorated soldier in Australia's fighting history!

In 1915 he landed at Gallipoli as Pte H.W.Murray, 16 Bn. AIF. When shooting ended in Europe in 1918, after years of devotion to duty in the face of appalling risk, he was Lieutenant-Colonel Murray VC, CMG, DSO and Bar, DCM, and Croix de Guerre.

On January 7, 1966, Harry Murray died, aged 81.

With respect, it can be said in effect that he died with his boots on - a sudden, violent death on a Queensland road far from the battlefields where he so often gambled with death and won, though the odds were so heavily stacked against him.

Take the action that won Murray his VC.

On February 4, 1917, he took 140 men into the attack to take Stormy Trench. When occupying that position, he was relieved at 8 o'clock on the night of February 5, he led only 48 men out again!

In the hours between he had fought like a fiend.

He was everywhere - encouraging his men, spurring on, setting an example of fighting leadership impossible to describe in detail.

He headed bombing parties, he led bayonet charges, and he rescued wounded men and carried them to safety. He crawled across the frozen waste of No-man's Land on fantastically perilous reconnaissance missions.

Once, on that fearful night of February 4, his company gave ground in the face of enemy fire power causing terrible casualties. They could have retired with honor, but in the words of the citation to Captain Murray VC:

"This gallant officer rallied his command and saved the situation by sheervalour....."

It is sadly true that Australia as a whole knew too little of Lieutenant Colonel Murray. Others, while richly deserving the fame that came to them as a result of spectacular deeds, fell short in terms of personal achievement when compared with the incredible Murray - the man who received more fighting decorations than any other infantry soldier in the British Army in the Great War! - the man immortalised by C.E.W.Bean, Australia official war historian, "the most distinguished fighting officer in the AIF....."

Henry William Murray was born at CLAREVILLE near Launceston Airport entrance, Tasmania, on December 30, 1884, and had his first taste of service life in six years of training with the Launceston Artillery

From Tasmania he went to Western Australia, where he led a lonely and rugged outback life in wild country - the kind of country where only the physically tough can survive.

When he enlisted on October 13, 1914, he gave his occupation as -getter.

Private Murray moved into Blackboy Hill Camp, near Perth, where 16 Battalion was forming. There he met a young chap named Percy Black. Both were posted to the battalion machine-gun section and quickly became mates. Both were destined to distinguish themselves as fighting men and outstanding leaders.

Both landed at Gallipoli on April 25, 1915. And within a month both had been decorated with the Distinguished Conduct Medal. (Murray also got a mention in Corps Orders.)

By May 13, 1915, Murray was Lance-Corporal. Three months later he rose from Lance-Corporal to Sergeant and was appointed 2nd lieutenant - all on the one day. And it was being said of him: "He'll get a VC, or be killed".

Twice wounded on Gallipoli, Murray was promoted to Lieutenant in January, 1916, and to Captain two months later.

So the man who landed at Gallipoli as Private Murray, left there less than a year later as Captain Murray DCM. He was bound for France - and for the career of fighting leadership that was to distinguish him forever.

It is worth pausing at this point and returning to the early Gallipoli days to have a look at Murray and his mate Percy Black: the two had so much in common that each was to some extent a reflection of the other.

Historically they first came under notice early on April 26, 1915, when the Gallipoli campaign was only one day old - and dawn saw the Turks launching a counter-attack.

The men dug in on what was known as "Pope's Hill" were well entrenched to meet a frontal assault, but soon men at the rear of this unit - 16 Battalion - were being killed by rifle fire. It was then realised that khaki clad figures seen earlier stealing through the scrub at the rear were not New Zealanders, as had been thought : the Turks were attacking from the rear!

Lieutenant-Colonel Pope, commanding 16 Battalion, ordered his entrenched troops to fire to the front and moved his two machine guns to the rear to deal with the infiltrating Turks. One of these guns was manned by Lance-Corporal Percy Black ("Number 1") and Private Henry Murray (Number 2")

Both won a DCM that day. They fought until their gun was literally smashed to pieces by Turkish bullets. Black, one arm disabled by Turkish fire and later shot through one ear, refused to leave his gun. "It wasn't necessary", he said.

Black said it, but in its spirit of determination and devotion to duty it could just as easily have been Murray speaking: they were two of a kind if ever there was such a thing.

In a letter dated May 31, 1918, and written from "Australian Corps HQ, France," General Monash had this to say about the dauntless pair: "..... You mention Lt-Col Murray. Of course he is one of the best known men in the AIF. He was originally a private in my 13th Battalion. He now commands the 4th Machine Gun Battalion. His faithful friend and colleague, Lt-Col Percy Black, a miner from Western Australia, who also started as a private, unfortunately lost his life last year at Bullecourt. There are few finer Infantry leaders than they....."

(Australia's official war history records Percy Black as a Major at the time of his death. It also indicates that Murray was already commissioned when he was transferred from 16 to 13 Battalion. General Monash is quoted from a personal letter written from memory.)

From the time of his arrival in France, Murray took part in every major fight to which 13 Battalion was committed. Memorable among these, in addition to the Stormy Trench affair that brought him his VC, were Moquet Farm, Pozieres and Bullecourt.

When Moquet Farm was attacked in August, 1916, the Germans resisted stubbornly. They were still there in strength when Murray, exhibiting the ferocious determination so characteristic of his fighting leadership and so inspiring to his men, stormed the smoking remains of the farm.

The enemy was there in overwhelming force. Murray fought his men back in a classical retirement that not only got them back safely, but also brought back a number of German prisoners.

The extraordinary thing about this engagement was that Murray took less than 100 men into the attack and actually reached objective which was later unsuccessfully attacked by 700 men and was finally captured by about 3000.

For this remarkable feat Captain Murray was awarded the DSO (Distinguished Service Order).

In February, 1917, Murray's outstanding bravery at Stormy Trench brought him the VC. Two months later came the valiant disaster at Bullecourt.

Here Australians faced a barrier of bitter memories - the Hindenburg Line.

When the attack was launched Murray's unit followed directly behind 16 Battalion.

He could see the 16th caught against the barbed wire and suffering terrible machine gun fire about 300 yards ahead.

Murray's reaction was immediate - and typical. "Come on, men!" he shouted, "the 16th are getting hell!".

If ever there was a trial by fire, here it was. It was planned that tanks would advance through the wire first, but they were soon knocked out. There was no artillery cover.

The Infantry had the suicidal task of forcing a passage through the maze of wire while the Germans poured machine gun and rifle fire into their ranks. Incredible as it seems, some troops did get through and into the first of two German trenches. Later they moved into part of a support trench 200 yards further on.

Murray, up with the forward troops, surveyed the situation, sent back a message that the first and part of the second objective had been taken and asked for more grenades and ammunition.

He then added the laconic comment: "With artillery support we can keep the position till The cow's come home".

But the artillery support did not come. Confusion about the state of the advance kept the guns out of action.

The Germans had no such inhibitions. They retaliated powerfully. Heavy artillery wiped out a British force and laid down a terrific barrage. Small arms fire poured across the Australian position from three sides. Soon the line of communications was completely closed by continuous fire.

Murray, the realist, could see the answer - the only answer. "There's only two things now. Either capture - or go into that fire."

In an every-man-for-himself movement, the Australians left the Hindenburg Line.

That was April 11, 1917. On that day Henry Murray received a bar to the DSO. On that day he was promoted to temporary Major. And on that day he lost his friend Percy Black.

Black was killed early in the attack, leading his men in search for a gap through the wire.

When Murray heard the news he responded with one brief comment: "The bravest man I ever knew."

When the war ended Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, was, it is worth repeating, the most highly-decorated soldier in the entire British force.

But for him the war was over. He was content to move back and disappear quietly into civilian life.

He was a soldier who had done his duty to the best of his ability, and that was that.

He was not anxious to discuss his AIF career and the distinction it had brought him.

There was even some doubt that he would make a trip to London to attend the VC Centenary celebrations in 1956 with other Australian VC winners. But in the end he went, accompanied by his wife. It was the first time he had been abroad since 1919.

In the years after the war Lt-Col Murray had little to say about soldiering, but one thing he did say - in the magazine *Reveille*, in December, 1935 - is worth repeating:

"Throughout history, great generals have always recognised the supreme value of discipline. It has been alleged that although Australian troops made good soldiers they lacked discipline"

This I could never agree with; because I maintain that it was the discipline, traditions and code of the AIF that enabled Australia to play a creditable part in the Great War.

"Without discipline, one man can never have an army - nothing but a rabble.... For my own part, without discipline and training I could never have done my day

the system of discipline enforced by the AIF that I lift my hat, because it transformed thousands of men - nery and highly-strung like myself - enabling them to do work which without discipline, they would have been incapable of performing."

On Friday, January 7, (1966) this year, Henry Murray and his wife left their 80.000 acre station, "Glenlyon," near Richmond, North Queensland, and were traveling along the Condamine Highway near Miles, in Queensland's Darling Downs.

Mrs. Murray was driving the car when it turned over. The 81 - year-old colonel suffered a heart attack and died.

Perhaps, somewhere, the ghost of Percy Black said simply:

"The bravest man I ever Knew".

Article

Courtesy

Norm Andrews OAM

Sec

RAA Assoc of Tasmania

Unnamed Photo



22 Field Regiment (Self Propelled) (1954?)

Rear Row

Bill Myers, unknown (LAD Officer), unknown (RMO), Graham Farley, unknown, Bill Fletcher, unknown, Ray Smith, unknown

Centre Row

Lt. Doery, unknown, John Moore, Ralph Bailey, Bill Allen, Bob Sealey, unknown, Val Stokes, Frank Halliday, Dennis Elliot, Des O'Neill

Front Row

Capt Parker (or Trevor Craven), John Cox (or C Gaudion QM), Tex Morton BC , George Bolitho Adjt (or W Hatton Adjt or R Ramus), Dick Eason CO, Peter Turner 2IC, Bert Cuthbert, George Dean, Alan Anderson

Many thanks to all those who responded with helping identify the names of people and the date of the photo. The photo also appeared in Jim Killender's book, "The Gunners of Victoria 1948 - 2000" a few additional names have been added and some are in dispute. The date that the photo was taken is in dispute also. Recollections have it from 1954 to 1957. I do not know myself the names of the Officers in the photo and have as such published all that were supplied.

Lindsay

6th Heavy Brigade Artillery and the Defence Department of Supply and Development

I had three mates, two were in the Naval Reserves, the other was Artillery, so I was more or less "inspired" to do something. No. 21 City of Melbourne Squadron, RAAF appealed to me so I fronted up to the Drill Hall which was just outside North Melbourne Station on their drill night, it was also their induction night for new members. I didn't know this. Out of all the men that had applied, they only wanted four, who until then had not had their medical. After having a talk with the RAAF staff they said that if I liked to hang around if one of the four failed their medical I was in. They would do the paperwork afterwards...they all passed.

I was in the local pub drinking with my mates, they new my story. My mate in the Artillery said to me. "Listen Ed, stop crying in your beer and come down with us, knowing you I know you will fit. You have to be recommended to the unit by at least two attending members, so we'll make it three, that should do it". On the next drill night I went down to fill out the necessary paperwork and wastold I was on three months probation. Then if everything was satisfactory I would get my uniform. Three months went by, I had attended all the drill nights. Each drill night there were fellows outside the hall wanting to join up, to no avail.

I was called into the Q store and told I was to be fitted for my uniform, I think everyone tried to get in, Officers as well, this was a special occasion. A new member had not been taken on for some time. Talk about willing hands make light work, everyone was helping, even the Officers. Everything had to be tried on, cannons on the cap and helmet, flashes on the collar. Soon I had everything on. One of the Officers said now that you have it on why not wear it home. Everyone agreed. My suit was stuffed into my kit bag, along with my other under clothing and white helmet. We had to pull it all out again. My keys, rail ticket and money were in the pockets. At last I was a Gunner. I was welcomed by everyone, it was a good feeling. Gradually I became aware of why they were so selective in the first place.

The uniform I was issued with is almost the same as what or was worn at Duntroon RMC, so that looks like being on show as part of our heritage for years to come. A lot had been written about the Artillery (RAGA) of the time. Over the years there have been many different uniforms, especially in the Officer ranks and our Artillery Unit could stand tall amongst them all.

When I became a member of the Defence Dept, Dept of Supply and Development, you were photographed and given a number. All of this was recorded. You were questioned about your family, had any of them had any thing to do with communis. You were given a paper with all the rules and regulations, then you took the oath. Your description was put into a small heavy duty folder along with the wording."in case it should be lost to be returned to the nearest police station". It was then put under a press, and when it came out, embossed across everything was "Commonwealth of Australia Defence Dept." You carried this with you at all times. Later I was to have another one for the Navy Dept.

All defence sites in Australia were Strictly Prohibited Areas. The article in Cascabel Oct 2004 page 9 "Defence sites off limits for cameras. brought back lots of memories."

Seeing I was in the Reserves, 6th Heavy Brigade, Forts Gellibrand and Queenscliff. I was called up for active service. Report to Fort Queenscliff immediately. Release denied. Here I was fighting to get out of a protected industry and others fighting to get in. soon we had people from all walks of life, even girls off the streets of St. Kilda, Ministers sons, people who had never worked a day in their lives, even some service personnel. It was like the League of Nations Australian style.

I was connected with the Fuse Shop making fuses for all the armed services, Navy Army, Air Force projectiles. We turned out the 9-½ lb practice bombs for the RAAF, by the thousands. I never did see them in action, but I understand when released and they made contact with the ground, they released a white smoke, thus giving the pilot some indication of his strike.

The Fuse Shop was spotless, a crew of men went around cleaning the floors all the time, every thing had to be spot on. One thing that intrigued me greatly was in those days all machinery was operated by belts, needing many big motors throughout the factory. Not like these days every machine having its own motor. They had shafts running across the ceiling of the factory, with pulley wheels on. All these shafts glistened like silver, they had a man, and it was his job to see that they were kept shiny. How did he do this? He had a long pole. At one end it had a cross section that formed a seat, on the other end it had a curved and cupped section. In this you could put emery paper. This curved section went up and over the shaft. All this was done while the machinery was in operation. The operator sat on the other end, the emery paper did its work and you had a shop of steel shafts glistening like silver.

I did help organise a trip by the RAA Association, so they could see how and what happened to supply them with ammunition for the guns. Without supplies, nothing moves. It was a very important part of the defence system from all angles. Brigadier Rossi attended and presented the Defence Dept staff with an Artillery plaque. These types of visits were usually reserved for high ranking officials and then not to often.

The next shop down was the Case Shop, this is where they produced a lot of the shell casings used by the Army and Navy. All this is now gone and is in the hands of the housing developers. Part of the establishment has gone to Benalla. The RAA Association has had two visit there. This Dept of Defence had served Australia well and was proud of its reputation.

6th heavy Brigade.. I began to understand why it was so selective, they considered that they had a good team and they wanted to keep it that way. They seemed to have some special bond and it worked.

We did lots of ceremonial marches in the City of Melbourne, mainly on a Friday night, forming up at the fire station in William Street, moving down along Bourke Street to Swanston Street. The crowds loved it, they clapped and cheered, the band excelled itself on these occasions. The uniform, white helmets, brass buttons, yellow piping, high collar, bomb flashes, red stripe down the leg of our pants, we must have looked good. My father, who had been in the permanent British Army, gave us 10 marks.

In those days, all the different Army Regiments had different uniforms, but without being biased, I must say the Artillery was the best. For practice we marched around the streets of Williamstown, the people thought we were excellent, so one night we marched up to the Williamstown Hall, and after a lot of speeches we were presented with the "Keys to the City".

What comradeship that existed within the 6th Heavy Brigade Reserves would be hard to find anywhere. That's why when at the outbreak of the 1939 - 45 war, I received a telegram to report to Fort Queenscliff immediately. The Defence Dept. refused my release for active service, I felt irate, but there was nothing I could do. (For the time being anyway.)

Little did I know that the time I had spent with the Reserves were disappearing forever, never to return. Putting on that uniform and walking down the street, you felt you were somebody, people got out of your way, and when you stepped onto a train, people would go silent for a while. The children were the best, if they were in the seat opposite, their mouths would drop open and they digested every inch of the uniform. The mother would say. "don't stare" and put her hand under their chins. They didn't even notice, they were in another world. I think it was the white helmet that did the trick.

Our annual trips to Fort Queenscliff, we travelled down by train and when we reached Queenscliff Station we assembled outside, and with our band, we marched straight down the main street and into the Fort. The towns [people lined the street, they shut the shops and they gave us a very warm welcome. We didn't stay at the fort, but went around to the "crows nest" under canvas. We packed a lot into the short time that we were there. Firing the old 6 inch guns. The ammunition was so old that when the gun was fired, some times the shell would go one way and the driving band the

other. The Mars, the tug belonging to the Fort, towed the target up and down the rip. You were not to hit the target, but allow so many degrees off. Some one allowed the degrees the wrong way and cut the tow rope in half. Seeing it was Easter time, they allowed the general public so they could see the gun crew in action at close quarters. To make it a bit interesting, they were going to fire a salvo, the three 6 inch guns. As we all know the Fort is on ground that is pitted with caves (and pirates treasure?), so the towns people were notified to take down their pictures and hanging lights in the Fort were unhooked. We were ready for the big bang, and the day had arrived. The public came and the guns were ready. All it needed was the order to fire from the Battery HQ.

Fire!The three guns fired simultaneously, what a blast, more or less in a confined area, I was standing slightly on my toes, to lessen the pressure on your ears, that was the theory, so we did it. I don't know if someone told the general public.

The general public, I don't think that they were ready for what happened when the guns fired. As one fellow put it "strong men went white, women screamed, children and dogs ran around in circles". I think they decided then and there that it was the last time that the general public was to be allowed in while a shoot was on.

We did have guns at Fort Gellibrand, Williamstown, but I can't ever remember them being fired. Then a smaller bore gun was introduced that screwed into the larger one. This was used for a while. All this happened before I became a member of the Reserve. The smaller bore inside the larger worked for a while, but with small boat movement on the water and a few mishaps it was decided to abandon firing altogether.

With our exercises over it was time to return to the city. I did mention that we came down by train, but when we marched out of the fort, we went down to the pier. We were going back on the paddle steamer Weeroona. All the Senior Officers were there to see us off including Padre Stroud (who I met later at Darley Military Camp). When we were all aboard and the Weeroona began to pull out, we raced down to the toilets on board and got some of the toilet rolls and threw them, to Padre Stroud. He entered into the spirit of the thing, we then sang "now is the hour and we must say Goodbye". Arriving back in Melbourne, we marched up to Port Melbourne Station. We were then told that the exercise was over and to make our own way home.

As the 1939 - 45 war went on, I received notification in the mail to return my uniform to Fort Gellibrand, Williamstown, as the Defence Dept had no intentions of releasing me.

It was a sad day for me, but at least I had taken part Artillery's colourful history.. The end of an era.

Seeing what I have written is mainly about the early war years 1939 - 45, and a lot of these people are no longer with us I thought the following might be appropriate.

Dedicated to the memory of fallen comrades

As one by one the autumn leaves fade in the forest deep,
So one by one to each of you, must come the touch of sleep,
As one by one the roses burst in the morning light,
So one by one your soul shall wake again beyond the night

Lest we Forget

Edmund Ingouville - Williams

MY SERVICE CAREER

By COL Graham Farley, OAM, RFD, ED (Rtd)

Part 19 Administering Command, MUR, 1977

In January 1977, I was invited to attend the MUR camp for part of it. I was told that I would administer command while the CO, LTCOL Bill Myers was in the UK for a university course. It would be for a period of a year. I expect that I had to get the approval of my employer, the Board of Governors of Braemar College.

There were also rumours that the artillery hierarchy would see changes. COL Jim Barry, then COL ARTY was favoured to proceed to the rank of Brigadier and follow BRIG Grant as commander 3 Div Field Force Group, which had previously been designated as a task force, and before that a brigade!

Monash University Regiment was also in camp, under the command of LTCOL Noel Danne. I shared quarters with the two university regiment COs and also with COL Neale Bavington who, as Commander, Officer Training Wing, commanded the two university regiments. The 2ic of MUR was MAJ W. Fernando and the Adjutant was CAPT John Klopper.

On the middle Sunday there was a large parade. The inspecting officer was the MUR Honorary Colonel, LTGEN Sir Edmund Herring, KCMG, KBE, DSO, MC, ED, KStJ, MA, DCL. Sir Edmund, who was Lieutenant Governor of Victoria, had been honorary colonel for many years. The file, with the details of his planned military funeral were passed from one CO to another. He had been a very famous Australian general and MUR was proud to have him in this r

I recall females being on this parade as soldiers as distinct from their former classification in the Women's army corps. There was a considerable height difference between the front and back files of men and the shorter ladies marching in the centre. Shirley and our son, Roger, came up to view the parade. We later picnicked on the banks of the River Goulburn.

That night I was able to see a film shown under typical "military. Conditions" It was *Guns at Batasi*. Whereas *Zulu* had been shown efficiently, this time we were to see this wide screen film through a normal lens, the wide lens being no where to be found. It gave the impression that the actors in the film were on short rations, judging by their slimness. The screening was outdoors onto a sheet. To add to this was the discovery that the second reel had been wound on to the reel from the wrong end. I am not sure if it was not back to front in addition. We waited patiently for the projectionist to set it up correctly. But, even for those events, it was still a good film. One of the Training Group officers, MAJ Richard Muirson, had been present at the real thing

A day or two later I went into the field to visit an exercise conducted by MAJ Mike Gaylard. The return trip was by helicopter. If one thought that a eucalypt tree could hide a vehicle, then one would have to think again. From the air one could see clearly every person and vehicle in sight, notwithstanding the so-called thick canopy of the trees.

We had a visit from the Chief of Reserves, (C Res), MAJGEN R. L. Hughes, CBE, DSO, (supported by his staff officer LTCOL R. P. Kudnig). This took place over the two days, 18/19 Jan 77. On the way home from the camp in Shirley's Ford Capri, I listened to the test match between Australia and Pakistan, the latter getting three of the Australians out as they tried to achieve the impossible of stopping Australia from getting about twenty-four runs to win. Then came the news of the rail disaster at Granville in New South Wales, when a freight truck derailed and knocked down the upright of a bridge. The concrete bridge crashed down on a waiting passenger train, resulting in many dreadful deaths. There were instances of great heroism as rescuers crawled at seat height through the crushed wooden carriages to minister to the injured and dying. I returned to the camp on the Sunday to be paid. I had not realised that it was a 16-day camp.

The MUR depot is a fine three-storey brick building in Grattan Street, sited towards the Exhibition Gardens. At that stage the RAAF occupied the top floor. The army was always agitating to get them out, something that was eventually achieved. The parades were held on a Wednesday night. It was convenient for me to stay overnight at my parent's home in Elwood, thus permitting me to be in Melbourne the following morning for both educational and military obligations. From a utilitarian point of view, the depot provided parking space should I be in Melbourne during the week, together with first class shower and toilet facilities.

As with Monash University Regiment, the main task of the regiment was to produce officers, but there were also infantry-training programs, such as mortars. I attended my first conference on Sat 5 Feb 77 and was disappointed to find that the conference was conducted down the sides of a long table. I made sure that the "square" layout of a conference was the norm from then on. I have notes that there was some friction between the 2ic, the adjutant and the RSM, which is always a pity for a unit. I introduced the style that I had successfully used in 10 Medium Regiment. People could freely have their say. Nothing would be adopted that could not be achieved and for which everyone had pledged their support. Then the decision, once made, carried the status of being a formal order, but I had overlooked a tradition of the unit.

It would seem that in a university regiment a formal written order is the basis for further discussion! This might be seen as an exaggeration but several times I witnessed it amidst discussions in the mess. It was a characteristic of the unit that it attracted personalities with considerable intellectual prowess. These persons carried their tertiary approach to the accumulation of knowledge into their military hobby. In order for the CO to achieve his and the army's will on these occasions, he had to call upon his own intellect and will, to say nothing of wheeling and dealing.

On one occasion, BRIG Kevin Cooke¹ visited and inspected the unit. When he asked to see the training program, I stood there almost dumbfounded, when one of the company commanders commenced a discussion with him as to whether such a program was necessary! I do not think that the officer was trying to re-write military training but he could not pass up the opportunity for an academic debate on the matter.

Each Friday, the regiment would host a "Happy hour" I would endeavour to attend these where it fitted in with my Braemar College commitments. The mess, which shared a common folding wall with the Sergeants Mess, also contained the regimental colours in their glass casing.

I was informed that there would be a weekend conference of COs of Australian university regiments to be held at the University of New South Wales' depot in Sydney. This was to take place on the weekend of 26/27 Feb 77. In addition to the formal presentations from the "powers that be", each of the CO's was tasked to present a paper on a given topic. Mine was to be on recruiting.

Knowing that an overhead projector² presentation would be expected, I had to find some material to support my paper. My eyes lighted on a "Mad" magazine that had a series of cartoons on "mad" recruiting through the ages. I recall that one of these related to the One Hundred Years War, with the caption mentioning that the need for recruits was because the war was "to go on and on and on"...

I had these copied on to transparencies and somehow they followed me up to Sydney in time. I had planned to go up Saturday morning, but my bones told me that I should make it on Friday night. Transport to the airport and from the Sydney end to the university was OK, but at the university in Sydney, no one wanted to know me. But it was finally sorted out and I found that I

¹ Later MAJGEN Kevin Cooke, AO, RFD, ED, Comd 3 Inf Div

² Nowadays, it would need to be a "power point" presentation, but those gadgets had not come on to the market

was sharing an executive room with LTCOL Graeme Standish, CO-elect of Monash University Regiment. It was like old times, considering our association in 10 Medium Regiment, RAA.³

I am not sure how I had the nerve to present that paper and keep a straight face at the same time, but apparently I bluffed my way through it and the conference proceeded. I returned to Melbourne but not without a further transport muddle. About this time I was told that I would be converted from administering command to be that of officially CO of MUR and that I would serve a full term of three years. I was quite gratified about this as it all seemed to fit in neatly with my civilian professional commitments. I had been brought in out of the cold, having endured the warmth of Birchip. Now living at the elevation of eight hundred metres on the northern slopes of Mount Macedon, I had formally adopted "Long Johns". as climatic gear in winter!.

It was arranged that I would meet with BRIG Bell at The University of Melbourne and the adjutant escorted me there. On the same day, Her Majesty, the Queen, was visiting the Royal Women Hospital. I was one more in the group of monarchists who enthusiastically welcomed her!

One of the MUR officers, Dick Castles, owned a restaurant near the corner of Bulla Road and the Calder Freeway. He hosted for the officers a rather marvellous night, when his chef and staff really laid it on in our honour. I could take a lot more of this and it was quite acceptable as a life-style. It all helped, as did my training work with the Scout Association, to offset some of the pressures under which I was coming in the fledgling independent school, Braemar College, where I was headmaster.

Barely three months were about to pass before "rumours. started again" I got a tip-off that my papers had gone in for colonel's rank, as COL Jim Barry was as expected being promoted to brigadier, as per an earlier rumour, and I would become the Colonel Artillery (COL ARTY) from 1st July. I was never given the option as to whether I wanted this advancement. I think if I had been, I would have been very inclined to stay at MUR for the full term, and take my chances.

On Fri 25 Mar 77, BRIG Kevin Cooke advised me of my appointment and promotion. The occasion was the final parade for LTCOL Noel Danne and the first parade for LTCOL Graeme Standish as CO Monash University Regiment.

The following day I was invited to attend the artillery mess dinner at Puckapunyal for the artillery group of units in camp. Little was said at the dinner, although there was a degree "nudge nudge, wink-wink" amongst the full-time army staff. The following morning COL Jim BARRY briefed me.

It had been anticipated that the most eligible officer to follow Jim would be LTCOL Mike Vincent. He was senior to me. Mike and I had often crossed swords in the honourable cut and thrust of a TEWT and shared drinks since we had first met. My first memory of him was in the 2nd Field Regiment's officers. mess, with him joining in and exhorting a group of officers to take part in a charge of the Michigan Cavalry. This demonstration required sufficient officers with linked arms to gather at one end of the room across its width. Then after much chanting and stamping, this human charge of "cavalry" would race to the other end of the room, scattering persons and furniture alike.

Another memory of Mike was when he being was woken up at a camp in Puckapunyal on a weekend that BRIG Dick Eason had ordered a CRA's exercise. The non--camp officers had come by bus from Melbourne all bright eyed and bushy tailed. Enough said!

But his bank had advised Mike that he would be posted to Singapore. In turn Mike informed the army that it would be incorrect for him to accept either the military appointment or rank in view of this situation. I have always admired him for this act.

³ I also have a manning detail for the MUR Artillery Troop for January, 1956. It lists a Bombadier Standish!

Those who are conversant with *Yes, Prime Minister*, may recall the first episode where Jim Hacker becomes PM mainly because sections of the party would not accept the two other obvious and more qualified choices. But Jim Hacker had not offended anyone. I hoped that I was not in that situation when the system selected me to be promoted in Mike's absence. But did it matter? My "red cap" was on its way with substantive rank and the Colonel Artillery did not have to cope with command responsibility!

On Anzac Day I was invited to speak at the unveiling of a plaque at MUR to honour the training team in Vietnam. On the 15th June, I had my last opportunity in MUR to leave behind my "credentials" and a memory. I decided that it was appropriate to give a lecture on the importance of artillery to the officers. It was not precisely a send-up, but it was light-hearted. I endeavoured to include all the "quiffs" of the corps, whether it was a lace handkerchief up one's sleeve or red and blue socks. The lecture was accepted by most in the spirit in which it was offered, but not by all. The 2ic could not accept the presentation. I understood why, but that is not a matter for this account.

On Friday 17th, Shirley and I attended the 3 MD Ball. It was arranged that I would liaise with BRIG Jim Barry's aide, who would pass to me the colonel's shoulder boards from Jim's mess kit, items of clothing that I have worn with pride ever since.

Meanwhile I was measured for summer service dress and issued with all the badges and other accoutrements for a colonel. It was heady stuff. My 1966 Herbert Johnson cap would be of no further service to me. I was able to pay the stores clerk to have the battle dress pips professionally sewn on.

My last parade with MUR was on Wed 29 Jun 77, when some very pleasant things were said. We were due to have a visit from BRIG K. Cooke, but he was not able to attend. The supper in his honour was very acceptable in mine! I went to sleep on the 30th with mixed feelings. I would be a substantive colonel on the morrow.

On 1st July I was only one day older. The MUR sergeants gave me a farewell lunch at which I was presented with an MUR plaque and a lace handkerchief! Fellow guests were LTCOLs Graeme Standish and David Bullard (who succeeded me as CO) and BRIG Kevin COOKE. Both Bill Myers and I had been gunners. At least two more gunners would command MUR. After all, our Honorary Colonel, LTGEN Sir Edmund Herring was one, as would be a subsequent one.



Parade Card

JAN 2005

APR 2005

21 Committee
25 ANZAC Day

JUL 2005

03 Res Forces Day
21 Committee

OCT 2005

20 Committee

JAN 2006

FEB 2005

06 Church Parade
17 Committee

MAY 2005

19 Committee
16 Committee

AUG 2005

07 Regt Ball
18 Committee

NOV 2005

06 RSL Springvale
10 A.G.M.
11 Golf Day
17 Committee

FEB 2006

05 Church Parade
16 Committee

MAR 2005

17 Committee

JUN 2005

07 3 DIV lunch (all ranks)
24 Gunner Dinner

SEP 2005

15 Committee

DEC 2005

07 St Barbara's Day
08 Committee

MAR 2006

16 Committee

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Brief Service History _____

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AUSTRALIA**

