



## Official Journal of the Royal South Australia Regiment Association Inc

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### 10 RSAR, the SLR and you

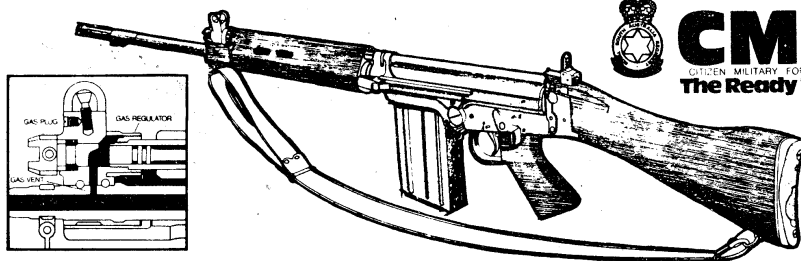
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I came across this advertisement whilst reminiscing about the "Good Ole Days!" Wow! \$300 in your first year? But is WAS Tax Free! We certainly didn't join or serve for the money back in 1972, but it's good that our current serving men and women are getting better reimbursement than those in the past!

### Inside this issue:

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### The ANZAC Day that never was!



In the May issue each year I would normally include the photos of us marching on ANZAC Day, or pics of the Dawn Services we have attended. For obvious reasons we won't be continuing down that road this year. Pun intended. There have been many reports from the media about how we should act on ANZAC Day, but we don't need them to lecture us on what we should do! We will each commemorate and remember in our own way, and no one will tell us that what we did was wrong. A member has sent in the advice printed on Page 6.

It's about time the media got it correct!

**LEST WE FORGET.**

### HOW TO PAY YOUR FEES.

Fees and Merchandise can be paid by EFT through the following Bendigo Bank account:

**RSAR Association**

**BSB 633 000**

**Acc. 1616 585 88**

Cheques etc can be mailed to David Hope at:

**The Treasurer RSAR Association**  
**20 Katoomba Rd**

**Beaumont SA 5066**

## Australia Under Attack 1940 - 1945

The Japanese first attacked the Australian mainland on 19 February 1942 when they launched a devastating air raid on Darwin in the Northern Territory. Two weeks later, more aircraft attacked Broome in Western Australia killing about 70 people. By the end of September 1943, Japanese pilots had flown 97 air raids against towns and bases in northern Australia. On 31 May 1942, the war came to the east coast when three Japanese midget submarines entered Sydney Harbour. In June 1942 a submarine lightly



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

012427

HMAS Kuttubul, the RAN accommodation ship sunk by a Japanese torpedo in Sydney Harbour on 31 May/1 June 1942. [AWM 012427]

shelled the eastern suburbs in Sydney and then Newcastle. Japanese submarines also attacked coastal shipping, causing the loss of some 60 lives and 29,000 tons of shipping during the two months after the midget submarine attack on Sydney Harbour.

### *Journey's end for a mother*

Lieutenant Kieu Matsuo was the commander of the midget submarine from 'the mother sub', I-22. He and his crewman had shot themselves to avoid capture. Their bodies and those of two other submariners were recovered from the submarines and cremated with full naval honours and their ashes were returned to Japan. The Japanese Ambassador, Mr Tatsuo Kawai, and his staff, who had been trapped in Canberra since the outbreak of the war, were offered their return passage to Japan in an exchange of Allied and Japanese diplomats. Ambassador Kawai carried the submariners' ashes back to Japan. In 1968 Mrs Matsuo travelled to Australia to see where her son had died. During her visit she presented a number of gifts, including this handwritten poem, to the Australian War Memorial in Canberra.



Image of handwritten poem in Japanese by Mrs Matsuo. [AWM 3DRL/7999]

I nurtured my son just as I grew precious flowers So that he could dedicate himself to the Emperor. Now that the storm has passed. And all the cherry blossoms have blown away, The garden looks very deserted.

Lieutenant Matsuo's mother wrote this poem to commemorate her son's death in the midget submarine attack on Sydney Harbour on 31 May/ 1 June 1942. [This translation was provided by the





The HMAS Kuttabul could carry 300 as a transport ferry, but only 60 sailors as an accommodation barge. Thankfully very few sailors were on board the night of the Japanese attack.



After the outbreak of World War II, *Kuttabul* was requisitioned by the Royal Australian Navy on 7 November 1940, and moored at the Garden Island naval base to provide accommodation for Allied naval personnel while they awaited transfer to their ships.

On the night of 31 May/1 June 1942, three *Ko-hyoteki* class midget submarines of the Imperial Japanese Navy entered Sydney Harbour with the intention of attacking Allied warships. According to the official account, only one of the submarines, designated *M-24*, was able to fire her torpedoes, but both missed their intended target: the heavy cruiser USS *Chicago*.

The torpedoes, fired around 00:30, continued on to Garden Island: one ran aground harmlessly, but the other hit the breakwater against which *Kuttabul* and the Dutch submarine *K-IX* were moored. An alternate conclusion, fortified by the contemporaneous log of the diver who found *M-24* later on the day of the attack, was that *Kuttabul* had fallen to a five-inch shell from the *Chicago*. In either case, the explosion broke *Kuttabul* in two and sank her.

The attack killed 19 Royal Australian Navy and two Royal Navy sailors asleep aboard the ferry, and wounded another 10. It took several days for the bodies of the dead sailors to be recovered, with a burial ceremony held on 3 June. One of the ferry's wheelhouses was salvaged and used as a naval police guardhouse at the Garden Island naval base; the base was commissioned on 1 January 1943 as the stone frigate HMAS *Kuttabul* in commemoration of the ferry and the lives lost. The wheelhouse later came into the possession of the Australian War Memorial, and is on display alongside a composite submarine built from the wreckage of two of the Japanese midget submarines.



The Kuttabul is secured where it sank, the morning after the attack.

## Captain Paul McKay. The Disappearing Soldier

By Kathryn Joyce - The Advertiser 2016

On the second-to-last day of 2013, when the glow of Christmas had passed and there was nothing to do but settle in for months of unbroken winter, a stranger arrived in Saranac Lake, a 5400-person mountain town 70 miles shy of the Canadian border. Set amid the patchwork of forest preserves and villages, Saranac Lake is the self-appointed “Capital of the Adirondacks”, a one-time best small town of New York, and the place I come from.

The stranger was a 31-year-old infantry captain in the Royal Australian Regiment who had been diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder after returning from Afghanistan two years before.

He arrived at 6pm on the one bus that comes through town each day: an Adirondack Trailways coach that chugs slowly uphill from Albany, stopping in what seems like every town along the way.

To get to Albany, he'd taken a bus from New York City, and before that planes from San Francisco, Sydney, Canberra and Adelaide, his hometown, more than 10,500 miles away. He was male-model good-looking – wholesome and tidy, with intelligent eyes, though he'd recently grown shockingly thin and had cut his brown hair so close it was nearly shaved.

He'd been a battle captain in Afghanistan's Uruzgan Province, just north of Kandahar, working as part of a NATO coalition force. But he had a medical review coming up in January and, his family would later tell the police, he feared he might be discharged.

The bus stopped in front of the shuttered Hotel Saranac, its six-storey bulk standing dark and silent over the town. From what police would later determine, the stranger probably walked down Main Street, past the fogged windows of bars, under the yellow face of the town hall clock tower, then traced the curve of Lake Flower back in the direction from which his bus had come. He might have stopped in a liquor store and the shopping plaza at the edge of town, then walked a little farther down the road toward neighbouring Lake Placid before turning around where the snowploughs do, at the crossing of the old railroad tracks.

Somewhere around nine, he returned to one of the last motels he'd passed, a two-storey Best Western, and asked the clerk how far the woods extended past town. Hearing the answer – nine miles to Lake Placid – he said he'd stay the night. At 10, he emerged briefly to use the lobby computer.

The next morning, on New Year's Eve, he bought a shovel and a decorative fleece blanket at the shopping plaza and set off on foot. People would later say they'd seen him pass, dressed in snow pants and a black winter parka, and carrying a large, brown backpack as he walked toward the crossing.

The snow was spotty due to a pre-Christmas thaw, but weather was coming. Weather was coming to the whole country, in fact, as a polar air mass descended from the Arctic.

The railroad tracks cut through a marshy area, continued through the smattering of houses that make up the hamlet of





## Captain Paul McKay .....continued.

Ray Brook, and past the gates of the federal penitentiary. At noon, two guards on their lunch break saw a man in winter gear walking steadily east.

Just beyond the prison was the trail to Scarface Mountain. Broad but not tall, with no real view, Scarface isn't majestic, but on the slope facing Saranac Lake there is a distinctive, rocky cliff – its eponymous scar. From the trailhead to the summit, it's a 3.5-mile climb that takes around two hours in summer. In late December, it would have been slower going, the route covered by snow, crisscrossed with misleading animal trails, and slick with ice. At some point, the man walked off the trail and into the woods.

On a shoulder just below the scar, he stopped, and beside a cluster of mossy boulders laid down his pack, took out his shovel, and began to dig in the frozen earth. With what had to be monumental effort, he cleared a narrow trench the



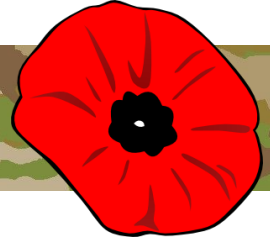
length of a tall man's body. In the rapidly cooling evening, he stopped to eat tinned beef stew. Perhaps just intending to rest, he covered himself with the thin moose-print fleece. One hundred feet ahead of him, the mountainside dropped off sharply. Beyond it, the sodium streetlights in town flicked on, glowing brown through the dampness that hangs in the air before a snow.

The snow came as predicted. Three days later, the news would hit the town paper: A young Australian named Paul McKay had gone missing in the North Country, last seen in Saranac Lake.

McKay's father had traced an email his son had sent him back to the motel, and called the Saranac Lake police. In the email McKay said that everything was OK, but that he had some "housekeeping issues" to clarify. What followed was a two-page list, transferring all of his belongings, from his car to his Kindle account, to his father and he authorised his parents to access his civilian email account. Inexplicably, he wrote about what would happen if his body was never found.

Continued next month

## Dear Australian Media, It's time for an education.



Just some things that current and former, members of the Australian and New Zealand Defence Force would like to point out about ANZAC Day on 25 April:

1. We commemorate ANZAC Day, not celebrate it. It's not a bloody party.
2. Wednesday 25th April 2020 marks the 105th anniversary of the landing of ANZAC Soldiers, Sailors, Medical personnel and animals on Gallipoli.
3. Sailors rowed Soldiers ashore during the Gallipoli landings, under heavy fire, without outboards motors. The little boats they used are called 'lighters'.
4. It's a bugle, not a trumpet, and the Last Post is sounded, not played. It's not a bloody dance tune.
5. Not every serviceman/woman was a 'soldier'. Some were Sailors, Airmen and Nursing Sisters. Please take the time to ascertain what Service they served in, and use the correct terminology. It means a lot to them/us!!!
6. No, I am not wearing my father's medals, they are mine. I earned them during Active Service while you were enjoying all the comforts that I was dreaming of.
7. They're medals, not badges. They're citations, not pins.
8. Please don't try to draw comparisons between civilians and war veterans, I've never seen a civilian perform acts of heroism whilst under fire to protect their fellow service personnel, Flag and Country.
9. Medals, ribbons and Unit Citations are EARNED, not WON. It's not a bloody chook raffle. They are awarded to the recipient, not given to them.
10. The RED POPPY symbolises peace, death and sleep of the fallen servicemen/woman. While the PURPLE Poppy represents remembrance of the animal victims of war. Learn the difference.
11. 'Lest We Forget' isn't a throwaway line, it actually has meaning: it's an expression of remembrance, par excellence. It has dignified origins, a rich history.
12. Yes, I am allowed to wear my 'Return From Active Service' badge on any day of the year that I choose to wear it.
13. Australian and New Zealand soldiers didn't retreat from Gallipoli, they withdrew.
14. It doesn't matter which side you wear your Poppy on, as long as it's worn with pride.
15. The 'Ode' comes from the poem "For the Fallen", which was written by Laurence Binyon. The verse, which is commonly known as 'The Ode Of Remembrance', is as follows:

"They shall grow not 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 will remember them."

### Lest We Forget

**Here endeth the lesson.** Sent to Rod Beames by a fellow RSARA member.



## PRIVATE TED'S HUMOUR



"My memory really sucks Mildred, so I changed my password to "incorrect." That way when I log in with the wrong password, the computer will tell me... "Your password is incorrect"



**I SWALLOWED A  
DICTIONARY. IT  
GAVE ME  
THESAURUS THROAT  
I'VE EVER HAD**

**I WENT LINE DANCING  
LAST NIGHT.  
WELL, IT WAS  
A ROADSIDE  
SOBRIETY TEST...  
SAME THING.**

Q: My child doesn't want  
to eat meat. With what  
can I replace it?

A: A dog. Dogs love meat.

**Told my wife I wanted  
to be cremated. She  
made me an  
appointment for  
Tuesday.**

**Confuse your doctor  
by putting on  
rubber gloves at the  
same time he does.**

## Royal South Australia Regiment Association Inc



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Hard copies of this newsletter are kindly printed by the office of the Member for Barker, the Honourable Tony Pasin MP, in Murray Bridge.

Some members don't have internet access or email, therefore the only way we can keep them informed is by snail mail hard copies. This is made much easier thanks to Tony and his hard working staff.

*Thank you Tony Pasin MP and Staff.*



*The views, stories and comments expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the RSAR Association. Our team work hard to deliver good quality information of a local and/or military format. However, if you decide that you no longer wish to receive such emails from us, feel free to email the Secretary and put UNSUBSCRIBE in the subject line, and we will bother you no more  
Thank you.*

## Editorial

Wherever you look today, the talk is still about the Corona Virus or COVID-19, its scientific name. We can't turn on the TV or radio without hearing about the pandemic, and we are assured it will get worse before it gets better. That's not good news by any means, but we must adhere to the directives of the health care professionals, and place the health of everyone foremost in our minds.

And while we're talking about the virus and its implications: recent advice from the PM and senior health care professionals tell us all to simply...STOP IT! Stop panic buying all the goods you won't use within 12 months. STOP IT! Stop buying toilet paper like the factory just burned down. STOP IT!!! Stop bulk-buying up on hand sanitizer, when you've probably never used it before outside of a hospital! STOP IT!!! And stop bulk-buying babies nappies, even if you don't have a baby! STOP IT!!! If we all use a modicum of common sense there will be enough stock to last until 2050! STOP IT!!!

My wife and I decided to meander down to the local shopping centre whilst visiting the daughter in Adelaide. We only shop once a month, so we needed to stock up on a few items, NOT including toilet paper. She went one way with a trolley, and I the other, as we don't like hanging around in case we catch "you-know-what!" I had my list of two minute noodles, milk, canned tomatoes for Spag Bol, and a some parmesan cheese. No 2 minute noodles, no canned tomatoes and no parmesan cheese! I walked quickly to the Service Desk and demanded to know why the items were not available!! The lovely young lady smiled at me and said "because you're in the Chemist." Geez, ya gotta larf!

The recent BBQ Support Exercise at Keswick Barracks showed just how all 3 Associations could work together. And that's what we do well! I sometimes harken back to "the Old Days" when the Infantry were always at the "sharp end" of the convoy, blah, blah, blah! That may have been the case, but not far behind were the Engineers with their graders and backhoes, and sometimes they even had the airfields and harbour areas prepared before we arrived. At other times we were told we had 20 miles to our overnight harbour, and that meant a long trek with pack on back. Then at the last minute, a dozen APCs appeared out of the dust and saved our souls, and soles! A 2nd class ride was always better than a 1st class walk! And nothing has changed! We still work as one group with the welfare of our soldiers foremost in our minds. Thank you to the Turretheads and the Ginger Beers. We Grunts reckon you aren't too bad after all.

That's what I think!

*David Laing* - Editor



## Letters to the Editor

Greetings All

Firstly just to advise that the Army Museum has enforced a 30 day closure in response to the current virus situation. (The 30 day closure may be extended as required. Ed)

So apart from normal domestic duties which she-who-must-be-obeyed places upon me, I can at least still do some limited research work from home.

The RSAR Historical collection has many, many photographs taken over the years which simply have no indication of Names, Dates or places.

I would like to try and implement some sort of programme to rectify this situation.

Would like not only your thoughts but also that of our Web master Jesse and even Trent Bernard to see if there is any way we can use our current "IT platforms" to be able to upload some of these photos and have them posted to see if members or friends can give me relevant feedback.

It may be in the form of a Historical Photo Archive – so long as if there is a response I can receive it and manually update caption/date to original photo held in our collection.

Over to you

Regards



Des Hawkins

Curator

Royal South Australia Regiment Historical Collection.

Army Museum of South Australia

Building 201, Keswick Barracks

KESWICK SA 5035

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**The drop in petrol price during the lockdown is like a bald man winning a hairbrush**

**QUARANTINE DAY 20:  
TODAY, I MELTED AN ICE CUBE WITH MY MIND JUST BY STARING AT IT. IT TOOK A LOT LONGER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD.**

**Three weeks of home schooling my 7, 9 and 12 year olds went surprisingly well! They have all graduated High School and are now ready to move out and get jobs when quarantine is over!**



## YOU THINK ENGLISH IS EASY?

This explains why a lot of immigrants to this country have trouble learning our language. Check these out!

- 1) The bandage was wound around the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
- 7) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 8) A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
- 16) To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
- 18) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
- 19) I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
- 20) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

Let's face it - English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple.

English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France.

Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat.

We take English for granted.

But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?

If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth?

One goose, 2 geese. So one moose, 2 meese? One index, 2 indices?

Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend?

If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?

If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane.

In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital?

Ship by truck and send cargo by ship?



Have noses that run and feet that smell?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which, an alarm goes off by going on.

English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race, which, of course, is not a race at all.

That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible.

PS. - Why doesn't 'Buick' rhyme with 'quick' ?

You lovers of the English language might enjoy this .

There is a two-letter word that perhaps has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that is 'UP.'

It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP ? At a meeting, why does a topic come UP ?

Why do we speak UP and why are the officers UP for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report.

We call UP our friends.

And we use it to brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver; we warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen.

We lock UP the house and some guys fix UP the old car. At other times the little word has real special meaning.

People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses. To be dressed is one thing, but to be dressed UP is special.

And this UP is confusing: A drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP. We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night.

We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP.

To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP, look the word UP in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes UP almost 1/4th of the page and can add UP to about thirty definitions. If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more.

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP . When the sun comes out we say it is clearing UP...

When it rains, it wets the earth and often messes things UP.

When it doesn't rain for awhile, things dry UP.

One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now my time is UP, so.....it is time to shut UP!

Oh . . . one more thing:

What is the first thing you do in the morning & the last thing you do at night? U-P

*Editors Note: Sent in by RSARA member Lee Rossetti, who has nothing better to do with his time!*

*Thanks Lee.*

# The Colours of Courage

The 27th Battalion SA Scottish

Throughout history, the two special banners or "Colours" as they are known, have been awarded to Infantry units in two forms. The Colours are rectangular in shape and comprise firstly the Sovereign's Colour based on the Union Flag, denoting loyalty to the Sovereign, and known either as the Queen's or the King's Colour. The second is the Regimental Colour marking loyalty to the Regiment. They are both consecrated objects that have been blessed and dedicated in the name of God, and in times past they were regarded as a rallying point or safe haven in battle.

Embroidered on each Colour is the name, badge and motto of the Regiment or Battalion together with the names and dates of battles for which the unit was awarded a Battle Honour for distinguished service. These provide a fascinating historical record of the places where the unit has served and played a significant part in the particular battle.

When new Colours are presented, the old ones are "laid up" in a moving ceremony in either a Church or a major public building. Since both of the Battalions raised for service in the 1st and the 2nd World Wars were disbanded shortly after the end of the wars, the 27th Battalion, (The South Australian Scottish Regiment) became the custodian of the honours and traditions of both the 1st and 2nd AIF units.

Because of the strong Scottish heritage of the 27th Infantry Battalion (The South Australian Scottish Regiment), the old Colours were laid up in Scots Church Adelaide on the 22nd of November 1964. These Colours in fact provided a history of three South Australian Infantry units:

- 27th Battalion (South Australian Scottish Regiment), which served between 1938 and 1965, including active service in World War 2.
- 27th Infantry Battalion 1st AIF who served in World War 1, 1914-1918.
- 2nd 27th Battalion who served in World War 2, 1939-1945.

The original Sovereign's Colour had been presented to the Regiment in 1920 to honour service in World War 1, and the Regimental Colour was provided a little later by public subscription.

In August of 1983 the Queens Colour was stolen from the church and in spite of diligent efforts by the church, the police and the Regimental Associations, this act of criminal vandalism has remained unsolved. The theft resulted in the loss to South Australia of a significant part of our military history and the record of the endurance and sacrifice of the men who had served under the Colours.

**27 Battalion, 27 Scottish (Later 27 Aust Inf Battalion). 2nd 27 Battalion AIF.**

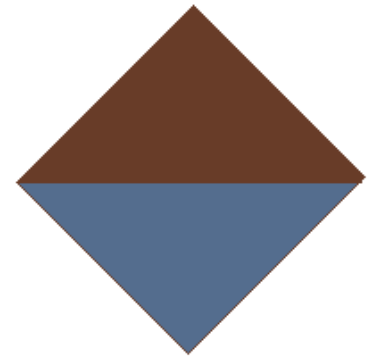
The units represented by the Colours are as follows:

## 27th Battalion (South Australian Scottish Regiment)

This unit was formed in 1938 as a Militia Battalion; they wore the MacKenzie tartan and were affiliated with the Seaforth Highlanders. At the outbreak of World War 2 they provided protective duties in South Australia. Two days after Japan entered the war the 27th was mobilised and sent to Darwin where they established a number of defensive positions and were in action during the bombing of Darwin in 1942. In 1943 they were sent to the Atherton Tableland for jungle training before being sent to the Solomon Islands and Bougainville where they filled a series of defensive, surveillance, patrolling and combat roles. In 1944 the unit was redesignated as the 27th Australian Infantry Battalion (AIF), and at the end of the war they had lost 22 dead and 54 wounded. For their service they were awarded the Battle Honour **Liberation of Australian New Guinea**.

## 27th Infantry Battalion 1st AIF.

The 27th Infantry Battalion was raised in South Australia in March 1915 and left Australia in June, and after two months training in Egypt; it arrived on Gallipoli on 12 September, where it served until December. The 27th proceeded to France as part of the 2nd Australian Division and in the ensuing years it participated in some of the major actions on the Western Front. They lost 762 men killed and 2155 wounded, and the Battalion was disbanded in June 1919.





# The Colours of Courage

Ten of the Battle Honours awarded to the Battalion are emblazoned on the Regimental Colour.

- Gallipoli 1915-16
- Pozieres
- Bullecourt
- Ypres 1917
- Menin Road
- Broodseinde
- Amiens
- Albert 1918
- Hindenberg Line
- Mont St Quentin

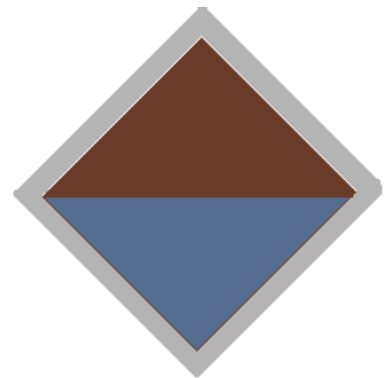
In addition the Colour carries the Honorary Distinction **South Africa 1899-1902** which was borne for the South Australian Infantry Regiment.



## 2nd 27th Infantry Battalion 2nd AIF

The 2/27th was raised at Woodside in the Adelaide Hills in May 1940, and sailed for overseas in October. The Battalion disembarked in Egypt before moving to duties in Palestine. After service on the Egypt-Libya frontier the 2/27th participated in the invasion of Syria and Lebanon and fought in several major actions, remaining in Lebanon until January 1942. It returned to Adelaide in March 1942 but only briefly before being despatched to Port Moresby to confront the Japanese threat along the Kokoda Track, where they suffered many casualties. After rest and retraining the Battalion was sent to Gona where the action was so severe that by the time they were relieved the Battalion numbered only 70 men. Casualties were replaced and the 2/27th continued to serve with distinction until the end of hostilities, at which time they had lost 268 killed and 607 wounded. The unit returned to Australia and was disbanded in March 1946. Ten Battle Honours awarded for World War 2 were emblazoned upon the Queens Colour, which was stolen in 1983 and never recovered.

- Syria 1941
- Adlun
- Sidon
- Damour
- Kokoda Trail
- Gona
- Liberation of Australian New Guinea
- Ramu Valley
- Shaggy Ridge
- Balikpapan



PRO PATRIA



# From a Lady of the 60's in isolation

I'm normally a social girl, I love to meet my mates  
But lately with the virus here we can't go out the gates.

You see, we are the 'oldies' now, we need to stay inside  
If they haven't seen us for a while, they'll think we've upped and died.

They'll never know the things we did, before we got this old  
There wasn't any Facebook So not everything was told.

We may seem sweet old ladies, who would never be uncouth  
But we grew up in the 60s - If you only knew the truth!

There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll !! The pill and miniskirts  
We smoked, we drank, we partied, and were quite outrageous flirts.

Then we settled down, got married, and turned into someone's mum,  
Somebody's wife, then nana, who on earth did we become?

We didn't mind the change of pace, because our lives were full  
But to bury us before we're dead is like red rag to a bull!

So here you find me stuck inside for 4 weeks, maybe more  
I finally found myself again, then I had to close the door!

It didn't really bother me I'd while away the hour  
I'd bake for all the family but I've got no bloody flour!

Now Netflix is just wonderful, I like a gutsy thriller  
I'm swooning over Idris, or some random sexy killer.

At least I've got a stash of booze for when I'm being idle  
There's wine and whiskey, even gin If I'm feeling suicidal!

So let's all drink to lockdown, to recovery and health  
And hope this bloody virus doesn't decimate our wealth.

We'll all get through the crisis and be back to join our mates  
Just hoping I'm not far too wide to fit through the flaming gates!



sex  
drugs  
&  
rock  
-n-  
roll



## RSAR Association - Financial Members as at April 16, 2020

### Honorary Members

Wilson	Neil
Morgenthaler	Peter
Craig	John

### Life Members

Acton	Chris
Ayles	Jeff
Beckett	David
Blackmore	Bill
Boscence	Bob
Bourne	Colin
Brookes	Philip
Burnard	Trent
Burns	Wayne
Carnachan	Ian
Dart	John
Davey	Trevor
Elliott	Graham
Gaborit	Lyndon
Hawking	Don
Haynes	Malcolm
Hogan	Mark
Hook	Alan
Hope	David
Horseman	Ian
Hudson	Rick
Jackson	Aaron
James	Grant
Johnson	Barry
Klopf	Alex
Laing	David
Lakin	Bruce
Marlin	Robin
Moore	Terry
Paul	John
Pollard	Barry
Sanderson	Max
Stewart	Robin
Stewien	Peter
Vella	Joe
Waters	Ian
Westover	Rhys
Wilson	Graham
Yorke-Simpkin	Reg

### Associate Life Members

Field	Shirley
Phillips	Heather
Sanderson	Lorraine

### Members

Abel	Colin
Abraham	Michael
Attenborough	Geoff
Bampton	Michael
Beames	Rodney
Bennett	Christian
Blondell	Mark
Bras	Riley
Brown	Bruce
Burnard	Saxon
Burton	Ray
Buttars	Erik
Carpenter	Ian
Carlisle	Lesley-Ann
Collins	Peter
Cooke	Nat
Cotton	Bob
Cram	Kevin
Demosani	Tony
Dew	Trevor
Domanski	Glenn
Dunn	Bob
Dunn	Peter
Eva	Keith
Ewens	Mimi
Faunt	Joshua
Faquiri	Reshad
Foy	Erin
Gatley	Graham
Gill	Graham
Goodwin	Graham
Gordon	Frank
Harris	Lachlan
Harrison	John
Harrison	Keith
Harrison	Nigel
Hawkins	Des
Heath	Jonathan
Hill	Max
Jones	Brett
Loveder	Peter
Matchett	Bill
McCulloch	Don
McIver	Bill
Mitchell	Barry
Morony	Frank
Mulroney	Dennis
Oakley	Andrew
O'Daly	Ryan
Orrock	Alan
Parslow	Howard
Parsonage	James
Pascoe	Michael

### Members (ctd.)

Payne	Bob
Pexton	Timothy
Phillips	Colin Rex
Portakiewicz	Anthony
Portakiewicz	David
Preece	Brian
Rado	Stephen
Ramm	Hank
Ranger	Denis
Rathmann	John
Rathmann	Norm
Rijken	Paul
Robertson	James
Rossetti	Lee
Smith	Ryan
Sage	Andrew
Sanders	Ashley
Scott	Rhys
Slocombe	Leigh
Standing	Michael
Tasker	David
Thomas	David
Thomson	Jim
Tiller	Garth
Tregenza	Norm
Treize	George
Tucker	Belinda
Wheeler	Chris

### Associate Members

Abel	Karen
Beames	Cheryl
Carnachan	Dom
Elliott	Julie
Hook	Philippa
Johnson	Margaret
Laing	June
Toy	Jill
Tregenza	Lyn
Winger	Kathleen

Honorary Members	3
Life Members	34
Serving Life Members	5
Associate Life Members	3
Members	59
Serving Members	22
Associate Members	10
<b>Total financial members</b>	<b>136</b>

### Prepaid Members

2020/21	#
2021/22	Σ
2022/23	^

**APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP***Membership Category*

<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Full Membership</b> \$20 (Former member of the RSAR)	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Current Serving Military Member</b> Must have served with the RSAR or a sub unit. FREE 1st year. \$10 thereafter while still serving
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Non Voting Associate Member</b> \$10 (Spouses, non former members of RSAR)	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Life Membership</b> (Once only payment) FULL Member \$200 ASSOCIATE Member \$100

*My Details*

Full Name:	Postal Address:
Date of Birth:	Email:
Mobile No:	How did you hear about the Association?
Period of Service     /     /     to     /     /	<input type="checkbox"/> Current Serving Member of the RSAR or Sub Unit
What date did you first join the RSARA     /     /	Have you been a member since then? <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO

*Method of Payment*

<input type="checkbox"/> Cheque or Money Order - Payable to The Treasurer RSAR Association Inc 20 Katoomba Rd Beaumont SA 5066	<input type="checkbox"/> Electronic Funds Transfer Royal South Australia Regiment Association Inc BSB 633 000 Account 1616 585 88 Include your name as an identifier								
<input type="checkbox"/> CASH (In person to the Committee)	<input type="checkbox"/> Automatic Deduction (The Fire & Forget option) <table border="1"><tr><td>Account Name:</td><td></td></tr><tr><td>Bank:</td><td></td></tr><tr><td>BSB:</td><td></td></tr><tr><td>Acct #</td><td></td></tr></table> Funds will be deducted at the start of each financial year and can be ceased on written notification to the Secretary	Account Name:		Bank:		BSB:		Acct #	
Account Name:									
Bank:									
BSB:									
Acct #									

☐ I understand that receipt of this application constitutes my acceptance of the Associations Rules as set down in the Constitution found at the website address below. I also authorise the processing of my preferred method of payment and acknowledge that I may be required to provide proof of past or current military service as required.

Website: [www.rsara.asn.au](http://www.rsara.asn.au)Please send this completed application, with any proof of service to the RSAR Association Secretary at [davidlaing49@bigpond.com](mailto:davidlaing49@bigpond.com)