

# Western Front

Newsletter for ex-servicemen / women who were called up or who volunteered to serve their country, South Africa, in the SADF / SANDF, SAP / SAPS, or the South African Correctional Services, and who now reside in Western Australia.

*"In grateful recognition and memory of our countrymen, the Immortal Dead of South Africa, who, at the call of Duty, made the supreme Sacrifice on the battlefields of Africa, Europe, Asia, on the Sea, and in the Air. 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."*



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## Ben se Pens

*An email sent out by the Chairman serves as an answer as to what matter to address in this month's newsletter as the contents were thought to be appropriate and the message quite clear. As an organisation, SAMVOA WA is not immune to problems that plague organisations, associations, clubs etc. The message goes like this:*

A man, who regularly attended meetings with his friends, suddenly without any notice stopped participating. After a few weeks, one very cold night the leader of that group decided to visit him.

He found the man at home, alone, sitting in front of a fireplace where a bright and cozy fire burned. The man welcomed the leader. There was a great silence.

The two men only watched the dancing flames around the logs that crackled in the fireplace.

After a few minutes the leader, without saying a word, examined the woods that formed the fire and selected one of them, glowing most brightly of all, removing it to the side with a pair of tongs. Then he sat down again.

The host was paying attention to everything, fascinated. Before long, the lone member flame subsided, until there was only a momentary glow and the fire soon went out.

In a short time what was previously bright light and heat had become nothing more than a black and dead piece of coal.

Very few words had been spoken since the greeting.

Before preparing to leave, the leader with the tongs picked up the useless coal & placed it again in the middle of the fire. Immediately, the member piece of wood was rekindled, fuelled by the light & heat of the burning coals around him.

When the leader reached the door to leave, the host said: Thank you for your visit and for your beautiful lesson. I'll return to the group soon.

Why is the group extinguished.....?

Very simple:

Because each member that withdraws takes fire & heat from the rest.

(Continue next page)

## Guess Who? / Raai Wie?



Answer on last page / Antwoord op laaste bladsy



It's worth reminding group members that they are a part of the flame.

It's also good to remind us that we are all responsible for keeping each other's flame burning and we must promote the union among us so that the fire is really strong, effective and lasting.

The Group is also a Family.

It doesn't matter if sometimes we are bothered by so many messages, quarrels and misunderstandings. What matters is to be connected. We are here to meet, learn, exchange ideas or simply to know that we are not alone.

Let's keep the flame alive.

THANK YOU FOR BEING A PART OF THE SAMVOA WA FIRE



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## Minutes of SAMVOA (WA) Veterans Meeting - 8 September 2020

### Opening

· Meeting at Belmont RSL, 22 Leake Street, Ascot called to order at 19H00 by Chairman, Veteran Dave Stevenson requesting Master-at-Arms Veteran Ian Higley to light the Flame of Remembrance.

· Veterans called to order by Master-at-Arms for the reading of The Ode by the Chairman followed by singing "Old Soldiers Never Die, Never Die...."

· Veterans called by Master-at-Arms to stand at ease and to take their seats.

### Attendance

Close onto 60 Veterans and guests.

### Welcome

Veteran Dave Stevenson expressed his delight to see the large number in attendance and welcomed all SAMVOA members and guests for the evenings program.

'n Hartlike welkom aan al ons Afrikaanse lede – lekker om julle hier by ons te hê vanaand.

A very special welcome to David Malan and thank you for making this time available to us.

It's great to see so many folks join us this evening, and the interest shown in our recent series of talks that started with Op Gatling in July, John Gartner and The Fading Light in August and tonight's very interesting topic about Sailor Malan's life!

A very special welcome to Tasia Nicolau (Michael Sutherland's aunt). Tasia was born in 1932, she lived in Boksburg. The mother of her best friend was the Mayor of Boksburg and she used to be involved in

various civic activities. In 1947, Tasia met General Smuts, went to see the Royals at the Zoo Lake and remembers Sailor Malan and the Torch Commando.

Brian Daniel and Brian Halstead – great to see you all up from Margaret River

### Apologies / New Members

How many new folks here tonight (haven't attended any Samvoa meeting before)?

Please take the opportunity to complete an application form on our website [www.samvoint.org](http://www.samvoint.org). It will only take a minute but it puts you on our mailing list for future events like this.

For those that never received their SADF/SANDF medals, we have an application form and many of our members have successfully received theirs.

Thanks to Gavin Neunborn for the snack packs, and Ian Higley / Steve Toon behind the bar.

### Important Announcements

Thanks to everyone that supported our call to support the 61 Mech Veterans Association who held their annual commemoration services on the 22<sup>nd</sup> August. Thanks to Ben who drafted the photo collage from SAMVOA WA. It was very well received by our 61 Mech Brothers brothers back in RSA.

I did share the video sent by Colonel Jan of the 'virtual' service that was held.

### Feedback on Events in the last month

A good turnout was had at the SADF 2,4km on Saturday.

### Update on Other Events coming up

i) Military History Quiz Evening planned for Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> October. We are looking for teams from the RSAWA, MHSWA, Army Museum, AFAWA, RSL Belmont and a few others.

There are 50 questions with a total of 72 points and the questions are all military related, covering the period 1914 to 2020.

- Each Association can provide a maximum of 2 teams with a maximum number of 5 persons

- Cost is \$10.00 per person

- Cash prizes will be available to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd placed teams and will be determined by the number of contestants on the night

Bar facilities will be available and teams can bring along their own snacks for dinner

ii) Southern African Braai evening being planned for 24<sup>th</sup> October

### Donations

We are kicking off the ticket sales for our annual Samvoa Raffle. This year the raffle is being held by SAMVOA HQ and all the regions are participating. The prize is one of the last collections of the 2 volume hard cover boxed set of "The Terrible Ones" authored by Piet Nortie!

You can purchase tickets from Ronny Fouche at the break. \$15 per ticket or 3 for \$30.

We also have the "Ammo Box" on the Bar Counter for donations and spare change.



## Minutes of SAMVOA (WA) Veterans Meeting - 11 August 2020 (Continue)

### SAMVOA Display Cabinet

Please take some time to go and see how the display cabinet is progressing.

The next batch of mannequins are being prepared and painted. My kids will no longer be nervous of entering the garage after dark!

A number of our members have provided us with items to display. Thanks Brian Daniel for the SAAF items which will draw a lot of interest!

We still need a SAAF long-sleeve step-out shirt and tie.

Others that may have something to display, please consider doing so – especially for our Unit flashes and stable-belt display wall.

### Western Front

Once again, you would have received the August edition of our own SAMVOA WA newsletter, Western front.

Please let me know if you are not yet receiving the newsletter.

If you have your own business or wife has her own business, please let us have your business card and we will publish it in the advert section – All we request in return is a donation based on sales generated from this exposure

Ben publishes and circulates the newsletter in the last week of the month. Ben

has requested members to please provide him with articles for the newsletter

### Acknowledgements

Thank you to Gavin Neunborn for making up the 'snack packs' this evening.

\$2 gets you a packet and that's just to cover the costs

### Recruitment

We are on a recruitment drive at the moment

Please find and bring a friend along to our functions or a Saffer that you may know through work, school or kid's sports club

I'll hand out a recruitment card to each person at every meeting

Your objective, should you accept it, is to hand that one card out to one person that would be eligible for membership

### Special Guest Speaker

A very special and warm welcome to David Malan

David was born in Johannesburg in 1973, 10 years after his grandfather had already passed away, so unfortunately he never got to meet the legendary Sailor Malan.

David grew up in the 1980s and 1990s in central Johannesburg, and saw first-hand many of the socio-economic and political issues come about that his grandfather had fought hard to try and prevent dec-

ades earlier, both fighting for freedom and democracy in the air in Europe in World War II in the 1940s, and later fighting in a political context to democratically protect freedom and representation for all people in his beloved home country of South Africa in the 1950s.

Conscription ended in South Africa in the 1990s, and neither David, nor his brother, sister or cousins, were enlisted. This was the first in four generations of Malans to not be called on to serve their country in a military context. For this, and for all of the freedoms that we now so easily take for granted, David will always be grateful to all servicemen and servicewomen who have sacrificed so much for us all in the past, and who still do to this day.

To all the Malan grandchildren, Sailor Malan was more than a grandfather they never knew, he was an almost mythical role model, and with his incredible legacy, being the example to the world of the kind of moral character, bravery and fortitude we could all measure ourselves against.

Please join me in welcoming David

### Adjournment

Meeting was adjourned at 9.30pm after which members engaged in last minute conversations and a few more beers before leaving. The next meeting will be at 7pm on Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> October 2020 at the RSL Belmont.



Dave Stevenson, Philip Niman, Connor Malan (Great grandson) and David Malan (Grandson)





## SADF 2,4 - 5th September 2020 - Kings Park, Perth

Daar's hy manne....Perth's Es-Ay-Dee-Ef 2,4km run-jog-walk for the first month of Spring done and dusted. Spring was literally in the air with many people taking advantage of the crisp clear morning to go walkabout-runabout-jogabout on the many foot paths around Kings Park.

A good turnout was had with the boys enjoying the brisk ascend up Riaan-sekoppie to Tim's tower and a much more tolerant way back. There were a few AWOL's with a valid excuse here and there but as usual no names no pack drill. Oh....and we had one newcomer Craig Basson, joining us on our early morning excursion.

A much needed and enjoyed brekky was had with much laughter and forces banter....not forgetting Covid-19, politics etc.



Why we do this one might ask? Well, precisely to prevent what happened when fellow veterans march off into the mists of history, here one moment, gone the next. No chance to ask how they were or to have a nice chat or do something together, just gone forever with only memories left and If there are no memories there is nothing..... Lest we forget. In light of that we as veterans need to take time off and spend time together where we get to

know each other better and possibly support each other or someone in ways not thought of. We may never know the extent or outcome but who cares....so long someone in need benefitted.

So, 15 veterans managed to make the 'aantreelyn'. All the regulars were there bar one and one new face. In usual order Vintcent Redpath, Vic van Loggerenberg, Craig Goodson, Dave Stevenson, Christo Miller, Craig Basson, Stephan Higley, Philip Niman, Ian Higley, Johan Burr-Dixon, Zander Opperman, Craig Howard, Ben Opperman and Bill Mullany. Johan Jankowitz had to leave early and missed the photo shoot (and brekky).

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## Part One - A South African Korean War hero....killed in the Vietnam War by Peter Dickens

*In this three part series we look at Everitt Murray Lance and his distinguished career. The article was copied from another newsletter and all credit to the author - Ed.*

What! South Africa never took part in the Vietnam War, true – but some South Africans did, and two of them lost their lives. Of the two South Africans sacrificed in this rather misunderstood, baffling and brutal war, it is this one – Everitt Murray Lance (called 'Lofty' because of his height) who really stands out for two reasons – he served as a pilot in the South African Air Force prior to fighting in the Vietnam War and he served with the South African Air Force's 2 Squadron with distinction in the Korean War (yes, for those who did not know, South Africa did take part in the Korean War).

So, who is Lofty Lance and how the heck did he land up in both the Korean War and the Vietnam War? Let's have a look at him as his story is an absolutely fascinating one and we hope to do him a little justice in this article.

Lofty Lance was born in the Western Cape, South Africa on 29th April 1928. After his schooling he his career followed a rather convoluted route, the adventurous life loomed large and he initially joined the



Navy and trained on the S.A.T.S General Botha (Cadet 1305) joining the ranks of many 'Botha Boys' who would later advance prestigious careers in the military, he then joined his 'first' Air Force – The South African Air Force as a fighter pilot.

By 1950 Lofty found himself in his 'first' war serving with the SAAF. War broke out in Korea on 25 June 1950 and on 4 August 1950 the South African government announced its intention to place an all-volunteer squadron at the disposal of the United Nations to fight in Korea.

On 25 September 1950, SAAF 2 Squadron (including Lofty), known as the Flying Cheetahs, sailed for Japan. On arrival at Yokohama the squadron proceeded to Johnson Air Base near Tokyo where they completed their conversions on F-51D Mustangs supplied by the United States Air Force (USAF). SAAF 2 Squadron served as one of the four squadrons under the command of the USAF 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing and flew their first mission in Korea on 19 November 1950 from K-9 and K-24, Pyongyang.

The SAAF flew with the distinctive Springbok in the centre of the roundel, introduced when 2 Squadron, was sent to Korea. Their role was interdiction against the enemy's logistic and communication lines, providing protective cover for rescue operations, reconnaissance flights and interception of enemy aircraft.

However, the main the SAAF mustangs

took part in 'close air support' operations in support of ground troops, often sarcastically referred to them as "mud moving" missions, they were highly dangerous as the aircraft has to get right into the battle at very low altitude and speed. It was a 'baptism of fire' for the SAAF.



Before moving onto jet propelled Sabre aircraft, the propeller driven Mustang phase of the war saw SAAF pilots on these sorties coming in 'low and slow' into the range of enemy ground based anti-aircraft fire which proved highly dangerous and in operations of this kind using the Mustangs, the SAAF lost 74 of its 95 aircraft – nearly the entire squadron's allocation.

Epitomising the attitude of the SAAF pilots at this time was Lofty Lance who maintained that for all the Mustang's downsides on the upside it was an excellent aircraft to have a crash in. He would



## A South African Korean War hero....killed in the Vietnam War (continued)

know, during the war he wrote off, not one, but three Mustangs.



Fellow pilot Al Rae recalled Lofty Lance returning his Mustang to base after it was shot up during a sortie. When Lofty selected 'undercarriage down' only one wheel, the one on the starboard wing, locked into place. Landing on one wheel he kept the aircraft level as long as possible bleeding off as much speed as possible before the wing dropped, and the aircraft went into the much-expected ground-loop. As the fire engine arrived to pull the pilot out, foam down the aircraft and as the dust settled, the firefighters were surprised to find Lofty as a spectator standing with them. He had long since exited the aircraft whilst it was moving and jumped clear.

On another one-wheel landing, Lofty Lance's mustang spun off the runway and ripped through a nearby armoury (which luckily did not explode), tearing off both wings and the rear fuselage. Continuing to slide on for some time was the armoured cocoon containing the cockpit and Loft, once it finally came to a rest and he climbed out completely unscathed.

2nd Lieutenant E.M 'Lofty' Lance, for his

actions in Korea became the 23rd South African to earn the American DFC (Distinguished Flying Cross) in Korea (out of a total of 55 South African pilots to receive it) and the American Air Medal with Oak Leaf Clusters – a brave man indeed.

### RCAF, RAF and RAAF

At the end of the Korean War on 27th July 1953, Lofty Lance decided to advance his career in his 'second' Air Force – The Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF). Wanting to be a fighter pilot he had to start at the beginning and initially landed up flying RCAF Canadair CP-107 Argus (CL-28) maritime



reconnaissance aircraft. After a few years of flying the Argus his aspiration to become a fighter pilot led him to become RCAF instructor as a next step. His wanderlust overcame him and he then joined his 'third' Air Force – the Royal Air Force (RAF) in 1962.

As with the Royal Canadian Air Force, when arriving the United Kingdom and

joining the RAF Lofty had to advance his career using the same routine, flying instructor first, and he landed up as a flight instructor at RAF Leeming flying RAF Jet Provost trainers. His attitude however remained that of a combat pilot and he was often heard to say, "sod the briefing, let's fly".

He eventually got a break to become a fighter pilot in the RAF and was posted onto the super-sonic and extremely quick RAF EE Lightnings (capable of Mach 2) on which he did two very successful tours. Along the way he married Margaret and

had three children. Margaret was an Australian and Lofty and his family took the decision to move to Australia.

In Australia he joined his 'fourth' and final Air Force, the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) and starting from the bottom again on his quest for a fighter pilot role he found himself instructing and flying RAAF helicopters. So how did our hero Lofty find himself in the Vietnam War? (To be continued.)





## Staaltries uit my 'army' dae - Starry Nights on the Kaplyn by Veteran John Niemeyer

*Om 'n storie met oorgawe te vertel sodat dit darem geloofwaardig klink vat 'n spesiale persoon. Feitelik korrek of nie, die lees of aanhoor van so 'n storie moet die leser positief stem, laat beter voel, laat lag en sommer jou wêreldse probleme vir 'n wyle laat verdwyn. 'n Vriend het vir my die onderstaande staaltjie aangestuur van so 'n iemand wat 'n storie kan vertel! Lees gerus en dink terug aan 'n ander wêreld waarin ons onself bevind het toe ons nog jonk was - Red.*

Setting the scene. It is towards the end of 1988 and Oudtshoorn Infantry School have deployed to sector 10 near Okalanga. I am in B Company, platoon 2 and at that stage we are all candidate officers. After the first 4 weeks of unrelenting foot patrols where we are out of base for 10 days at a time, we are given buffels. Absolute luxury.

Now B company had an interesting 2IC. One Captain Volgraaf, AKA Dowert, AKA .303. None of us ever knew what to make of the man. In platoon 2 we also had a bloke called Scholtz. He did not fit in at all and he and Dowert made a fine pair. Dowert liked to think that he was Rambo reincarnated and that he was single handed going to defeat SWAPO. He asked for Scholtz to join him as security as he drove around the bush in Sector 10 in a buffel looking for intelligence. We gave up Scholtz gladly.

Platoon 2 B Coy are in a TB. At about 22h00 a radio call comes through from Capt. Volgraaf.

"I have a situation. I need Platoon 2 at grid

reference ? by 24h00."

We do some map work and figure out that .303 is about 15 kms away.

The next radio call comes through. "Manne, julle moet nie sekerheid weggee. Julle moet vining beweeg maar moet nie die buffel se ligte gebruik." It is pitch dark, no moon and overcast, so no stars either.

We start driving, 4 buffels in convoy. I am tasked with the navigation. (not yet a Lt. so I can still do it.) After about three hours and almost flattening a couple of Ovambo kraals in the dark we finally decide that we are close to .303's position. The bush is thick and there is no sign of him.

Lt. Willemse gets on the radio, "Kaptein, skiet asseblief 'n pencil flare, sodat ons kan jou vind"

.303 - "Nee, dit sal sekerheid weggee"  
**Bertie Willemse** - "Kaptein, gebruik jou flits op 'n boom."

.303 - "Nee, dit sal ook sekerheid weggee"

**Bertie Willemse** - "Kaptein, dan het ons 'n probleem. Ons sal nooit by jou uitkom."

### GOOK WAKE by Veteran Slade Healy

Carl Volker was one of the many "slopehead" Alo drivers in the SAAF detached to the Rhodesian Air Force in the 70's, helping out 7 Squadron on the borders. One of the forward bases was in the small town of Mt. Darwin, where the army were lucky enough to have us to share their camp with. The layout sensibly had the *brownjobs* mess and main base across the road from the turf of the *bluejobs* and helipads.

While stationed there, and true to form as always, Carl became the most enthusiastic sponsor of the pub's profits, and usually was there right to the bitter end – which meant that he then had to stagger home in the dark to our 5 star prefab rooms after lights out.

The army side was actually pretty well organised, and had real neat gardens and paths surfaced with crushed stone - and it did not take Carl long to seize on this opportunity and stir things up. One night he had a brainwave, as can only happen after much consumption of the clever juice, and threw a handful of stones

onto the zinc roof of one of the barracks. As one can imagine, this mini barrage made the most almighty clattering racket – naturally causing those young and invincible 17/18 year old RLI troopies to hover above their beds in trained reaction. Carl really took to this new form of nightly entertainment, and even got to vary the roofs on his zigzag routes home, so as to give all the boys a turn at a rude awakening. A fair sport in other words, and most equitably considerate coming from a *jaapie*.

The message came down of course, and Carl was asked to go easy, as many of these youngsters had just come in out of the bush and were still very much on edge. But our very own homegrown bombardier was only just getting into his rhythm, and building up steam, knowing now that he was one up on the browns and literally had them rattled.

Now comes the day there was a contact with terrorists in the area, and a few dead bodies are brought into the local morgue. Our troopies spied Carl in his usual corner

.303 - "Staanby, Scholtz het 'n plan"

We wait a couple of minutes. The clouds have cleared to a beautiful Southern Africa night sky. We are tired, gatvol and just want some sleep. .303 is back on the radio and we listen to the plan in the hope of something brilliant that will guide us to him.

.303 - "Manne, sien julle daardie ster?" He proceeds to describe a bright star in the night sky. We wonder why!  
**Bertie Willemse** - "Ja Kaptein, ons het daai ster."

.303 - "Manne, ek is regs onder daai ster. Julle kan my nou seker vind"

We had to explain to him that the whole of Southern Africa was directly below that star. He then proceeded to shine a torch on a tree. He was about 300 meters away. It was now 02h00. We got to him and he explained the "situation". He was out there with a Buffel, driver and Scholtz. He had heard a noise in the bush which later turned out to be a couple of PB's walking to their kraal and had been nervous about his security.

in the bar that night, and set up an ambush of note - they casually liberated one of the bodies and laid it out on his bed.

On later flopping down onto his bed to take off his shoes in the early hour darkness, Carl realised somebody had had the audacity to **pass out** – so he thought – on his bed, and simply tilted the bed and rolled the intruder off and onto the floor. He then did his daily straight roll and promptly passed out into a deep sleep.

Next morning had his doorway and window completely browned out by most of the camp assessing this very successful ambush. As luck would have it, this *gook* died with his eyes open, and Carl was lying spreadeagled with his head off the edge of the bed – neatly lined up with that dead stare. It could not have been better stage managed, when Carl was finally roused by all the raucous glee, and to find that baleful look only inches away from his face.

That must have been the fastest end to a hangover and, needless to say, Carl never again threw stones on roofs again.

## Van bo na Onder

(Hier is 'n ou storie met 'n les.....so goed dat dit eintlik gereeld herhaal moet word!)

### Opdrag van die kolonel aan die majoor:

*"Halley se komeet sal môre-aand om 20h00 met die blote oog sigbaar wees.*

*Hierdie gebeurtenis vind net elke 75 jaar plaas en juis om hierdie rede wil ek die troepe, gekleed in uitstapdrag, op die paradegrond hê. Tydens die parade sal jy die seldsame verskynsel aan hulle verduidelik. Sou dit reën, moet jy die parade verdaag en reël vir 'n filmvertoning in die versamelsaal."*

### Opdrag van die majoor aan die kaptein:

*"Volgens 'n opdrag van die kolonel sal die Halley-komeet môre om 20h00 op die paradegrond verskyn. Sou dit reën, word die parade verdaag en die troepe marsjeer dan in uitstapdrag na die versamelsaal. Hier sal 'n seldsame verskynsel plaasvind wat net elke 75 jaar waargeneem word."*

### Opdrag van die kaptein aan die luitenant:

*"Volgens 'n bevel van die kolonel geklee in uitstapdrag sal die fenomenale Halley-komeet môre-aand om 20h00 in die versamelsaal verskyn. Sou dit toevallig reën, sal die kolonel verdere bevele gee, iets wat net elke 75 jaar gebeur."*

### Opdrag van die luitenant aan die sersant-majoor:

*"Môre om 20h00 sal die kolonel saam met Halley se komeet in uitstapdrag in die versamelsaal verskyn. Indien dit reën, sal die kolonel opdrag gee dat die komeet na die paradegrond verdaag."*

### Opdrag van die sersant-majoor aan die troepe:

*"Sodra dit môre om 20h00 reën, sal die fenomenale generaal Halley, wat nou 75 jaar oud is, met die kolonel in sy komeet oor die paradegrond ry. Altwee sal gekleed wees in uitstapdrag en daarna na die versamelsaal verdaag."*

## Top to Bottom

(An old story with a lesson....to be told more often, it's so good!)

### Colonel's orders to major:

"Halley's comet will be visible to the naked eye tomorrow night at 20h00. This event takes place every 75 years and for this reason I want the men assembled on the parade ground, No 1 dress. You will then explain to them the phenomenon. If it rains the parade must be adjourned to the drill hall for a movie show."

### Major's orders to captain:

"By order of the colonel Halley's comet will be on the parade ground at 20h00. Should it rain the parade will be adjourned and the men will be marched to the drill hall in dress No 1. There they will witness an event that only takes place every 75 years."

### Captain's orders to lieutenant:

"By order of the colonel who'll be dressed in No 1's, the phenomenal Halley comet will be present in the drill hall tomorrow night at 20h00. Should it rain, the colonel will give further instructions, something that happens only every 75 years."

### Lieutenant's orders to sergeant-major:

"The colonel, dressed in No 1's, will be present in the drill hall tomorrow at 20h00. He will be accompanied by Halley's comet. Should it rain the colonel will order the comet to the parade ground."

### Sergeant-major's orders to troops:

"As soon as it starts raining tomorrow at 20h00, the phenomenal 75 year old general Halley will be on the parade ground, accompanied by the colonel. Both will be dressed in No 1's and will then adjourn to the drill hall."

## Wanneer die beste nie goedgenoeg is nie.....

**Anderkant Aranos, Suidwes-Afrika, 1975** - Ek en fotograaf Deon Mulder spandeer drie weke lank saam met 45 en 46 Opmeting-eskadronne in die woestyn waar hulle besig is met opmetingswerk vir die weermag. Die manne gebruik hoogsgespesialiseerde opmetingstoerusting (vir daardie tyd) en so ook hulle kommunikasieuitrusting—net die beste en nuutste wat in die weermag beskikbaar is. So gebeur dit dat one eendag ver uitry en soos die noodlot dit maar wou hê kry ons 'n pap wiel. Die sandpaadjie is nou en diep uitgetrap en die wiel word sommer daar in die pad omgeruil. So gebeur dit ook dat die boer op wie se grond ons werk met sy Ford F150 daar aangery kom. Die Fordjie het beter dae geken. Die oubaas is vriendelik en daar word land en sand aanmekaar gepraat. Die oubaas het egter net oë vir die radio's wat op ons Jeep gemonteer is. Dit is net knoppies, meters en lug-

drade waar jy kyk en dit suis. Die seiner probeer die basis wat ongeveer 12km weg is roep maar wat wou! Dit is net 'n geraas (squelch) en daar is geen 'comms' nie! Die seiner word desperaat en maak allerhande verskonings. Skielik begin die oubaas se ou Motorola'tjie in sy bakkie praat - klankhelder! Dit is mammié wat wil weet waar pappie is. Pappie verduidelik hy is hier by ons maar sê darem hy's oppad en sy moet die koffie en brekfis reghou. "Nou oom, hoe ver het oom nou met die tannie gepraat?" wil een van die ouens weet. "Nee kyk boetman", reken die ou plaasboer, "as ek dit reg het is die tannie so 34km hier van ons af." Nou ja toe!



## Military Quiz (Answer on the last page)

What did an enemy have to be, for a US soldier to call him a "Believer" during the Vietnam War?



Run silent, run deep . . .

• Article: Lt Cdr PETER KEENE, 21C SAS MARIA VAN RIEBEECK

# A glorious moment for a

IT IS A quiet Wednesday afternoon at 80 m below the rippling surface of the Indian Ocean. Forward, the dim glow of the red lights indicates that the two off watch watchkeepers are recharging their bodies with precious sleep.

In the operations room, (commonly known as the ops room) bright neon lights illuminate the equipment-packed interior. The watch, consisting of the Ops room supervisor; his assistant; a sonar operator and the Officer of the watch quietly go about their business of navigating the submarine, and listening on various sets for ship HE.

Two more days to surfacing and the first cigarette in a week. Drawing the acrid smoke into your lungs and laughing when it goes straight to your head like the first one did when you were a kid.

"Possible HE on tracker, Sir. I have faint trace but no audio yet."

"Roger. Any bearing movement?"

"Negative Sir, Steady."

"Roger. Forward sonar investigate three four zero."

"Roger forward sonar investigate three one zero to zero one zero."

The sonar operator trains his transducer to the required bearing and slowly traverses the arc, ears straining through the sea noise for the thump of propellers.

## CHEWING GUM

The clomp of teeth on chewing gum is just audible over the hum and whine of equipment. Issue, dental chewing gum. Submarine teeth have been found to be decaying at a higher rate than is normal. It helps to forget the cigarettes too.

"Forward sonar are investigated. No HE."

"Roger. Forward sonar search passive."

While the ops room team continue with their search for, and analysis of the various noises picked up by their equipment, the Control Centre Team is maintaining the depth and steering the course ordered by the Officer of the watch.

The Control Centre Chief stands, inevitable cup of coffee in hand, watching the trim and passing the occasional good humoured remarks at the aft planesman who keeps the submarine at its depth.

"Well done. I see we're passing through 80 metres again. Going up. Seventy nine metres. Shrimps, catfish and assorted seaweed. Going down."

The planesman smiles. He is good at his job.

"It's the chef, Chief. He's baking rock cakes again and upsetting the trim."

Laughter. The comment is passed aft to the gallery from whence come loud altercations and threats to go on strike.

## GRIMY HAND

There is a tap on the hatch in the deck of the Control Centre. It opens a few inches and a grimy hand clutching an equally grimy cup emerges. The cup is placed on the deck and the hatch shuts. The Control Centre electrician moves from his corner, picks up the cup, and looks down through the mesh-covered glass hatch. White teeth smile up at him. He sighs. Coffee to be made for the senior auxiliary watchkeeper.

The watchkeepers in the Auxiliary Compartment work in a world within a world, within a world. Surrounded by bilge pumps, air compressors, oil pumps, fresh water tanks, valves, dials, switches, wires, they carry out the Control Centre Chief's order to pump water, pass water, blow heads, pump bilges and whatever else they are required to do. There are two of them in each watch and each has a particular brand of humour. For their four hour watches in their tiny compartment they need it.

Aft of the Control Centre in the galley flat there is a queue outside the two heads.

"C'mon in there. Have you fallen in?"

"I think he's fallen asleep."

Loud banging on the door.

"Wakey wakey. You're going to cause an awful accident out here if you don't hurry."

More loud banging. The door opens an inch and a jaundiced eye peers out.

"Oh I'm terribly sorry, Sir. I didn't realise you were in there".

Door shuts.

Laughter. Regular body functions could be a problem in submarines.

Opposite in the galley, sweat pouring down, the two chefs fry chops for dinner. The heat is amazing. The ladder which is used to gain access to the store below the galley is securely lashed down. It has a habit of disappearing. "Baiting the chef" is a popular game in submarines.

In the propulsion compartment the senior diesel watchkeeper and his assistant read gunnery manuals (J.T. Edson, Louis L'Amour etc). At 80 m their diesels are not required and after squaring off their compartment they lock themselves in a world of fast guns, slow draws and school marm. There, 80 metres below the surface, the assistant diesel watchkeeper with a .44 strapped to his thigh, a cheroot in his thin-lipped mouth and a sweat-stained stetson pulled down over his sun creased eyes stalks across the dusty road towards the saloon.

## TELEGRAPHS

Behind them the two motor watchkeepers wait, alert for any motor orders relayed from the control centre on the telegraphs. Every now and then a cool blast of air indicates that someone has emerged from the aft mess, opening the water tight door, and allowing cool air to enter the hot propulsion compartment.

In the aft mess, as up forward, off watch crewmen are stretched out on their tiny bunks sleeping or lost in a world of fiction from the fast pens of pulp writers.

In the ops room the tracker trace has now developed and become an audible HE as a ship nears the submarine. The Officer of the watch moves forward into the wardroom and pulls back the curtain of the Captain's tiny cabin.

"Sir".

Slight pause.

"Yes". Eyes red from too little sleep.

"We have an HE on tracker Sir, bearing steady, nothing on sonar yet".

"Roger".

The Officer of the watch returns to the ops room, and shortly afterwards the Captain enters.

"There she is, Sir. Rev count 180 diesel."

"Roger. Still nothing on sonar?"

"No, Sir".

"Roger. Start the GZ."

The GZ, an equipment used to accurately ascertain the bearing movement of a contact, is started. After watching the situation for a while the Captain reaches a decision.

"Right. Let's go up and have a look."

"Roger, Sir. 50 metres."

# SA submarine

Motors ahead two. Assume the ultra silent state".

The orders are repeated and while the submarine glides up to 50 metres the watch are switching off the equipment required to assume the ultra silent state. At 50 metres the speed is reduced, and a careful check made on all equipment for other ship HE's.

"For'ard sonar one all round completed no HE".

"Slow tracker one all round completed in manual one HE skunk alpha bearing three four zero".

"TUUM clear".

"Velox clear".

"Self noise clear".

The submarine's stern arc is cleared by altering course 60 degrees and another check is made. At last the Captain is satisfied it is safe to come to periscope depth.

"Prepare to come to periscope depth. Motors ahead three". The orders are passed and repeated and when ready the Captain orders "12 metres".

On the way up all equipment is constantly checked for ship HE's. At 12 metres the search periscope breaks the surface and the Captain does an all round check. When he has seen it is safe he orders: "Clear the surface".

"Assume the patrol silent state".

The Captain trains onto the target ship and indicates it to the plot table.

"Top alpha".

"Top alpha, Sir, bearing three four one".

"Range 12 000 metres inclination 5 right. It is a very large tanker. Stand by range APA, 15 000".

The APA, the periscope radar, is used to obtain an accurate range of the target.

"APA ready".

"Roger, Squirt!"

"Echo, Sir. Range 12 500 metres".

"Roger, call the ship's company to action stations".

The sleep-filled silence of the messes is pierced by the nagging two-tone action alarm.

"Ship's company to action stations, ship's company to action stations!"

Heads crack on bunks overhead. Wide eyes stare out from behind curtains in the second before the order infiltrates sleep-fogged minds. And then . . . Seeming confusion. Legs fly, shirts flap, trousers wave, lights flick on and with amazing speed 50 bodies fly through the cramped pressure hull to their appointed places.

Momentary pause and then orders are passed.

"Target is alpha bearing three four one. Set these elements. Range 10 000, speed 15, inclination 10 right".

Rapidly the ops room settles down for the attack. Information from

the periscope and sonars is plotted on the plot table and the picture develops.

"For exercise prepare two torpedoes for'ard, two torpedoes aft".

The orders are relayed to the torpedo teams for'ard and aft, but as this is a peace time exercise the torpedoes will not be fired from their tubes.

The Captain, now on the attack periscope, continually updates the information, and manoeuvres his submarine into the best position for the attack.

"Inform the ship's company we are carrying out an attack on a 100 000 ton tanker".

The broadcast is made.

At last the best firing position is achieved.

"Fire!"

"Roger".

"Tube 7 channel one, Fire!"

## YEARS OF TRAINING

The moment has been reached. The culmination of years of training. The uniting of a 1 000 ton submarine and her 50-man crew as one soul in a glorious moment when their existence is justified.

"Whose chewing gum is this?"

"Er . . . mine, Sir".

"Well, kindly refrain from stowing it on the periscope saddle!"

The firing elements are noted and an analysis made of the attack.

"Inform the ship's company the attack was successful".

The broadcast is made, followed by ragged cheers.

"Secure action stations".

A thousand metres away a friendly super tanker continues on her voyage from the Persian gulf to Western Europe unaware that she has been added to a list of submarine practice kills.

The sinking report is made and the submarine glides back to 80 m. The watch takes over from action stations. The messes are now alive with conversation and good natured ribbing.

In the ops room the Captain gives his instructions to the Officer of the watch.

"Remain at 80 m on this course. Come down to motors ahead zero when we're trimmed up".

"Aye aye, Sir".

"I want to be at periscope depth to snort at 1 300 on both diesels. Call me for all HE's".

"Roger, Sir".

"By the way, is there a movie tonight?"

"Affirmative, Sir, 'MURDER AT THE GALLOP'."

"Charming".

The hands are piped to dinner, and a queue forms outside the galley as those detailed collect the food.

"But PO, I don't eat pork chops".

"If you don't eat them, you don't get pudding".

"What is it?"

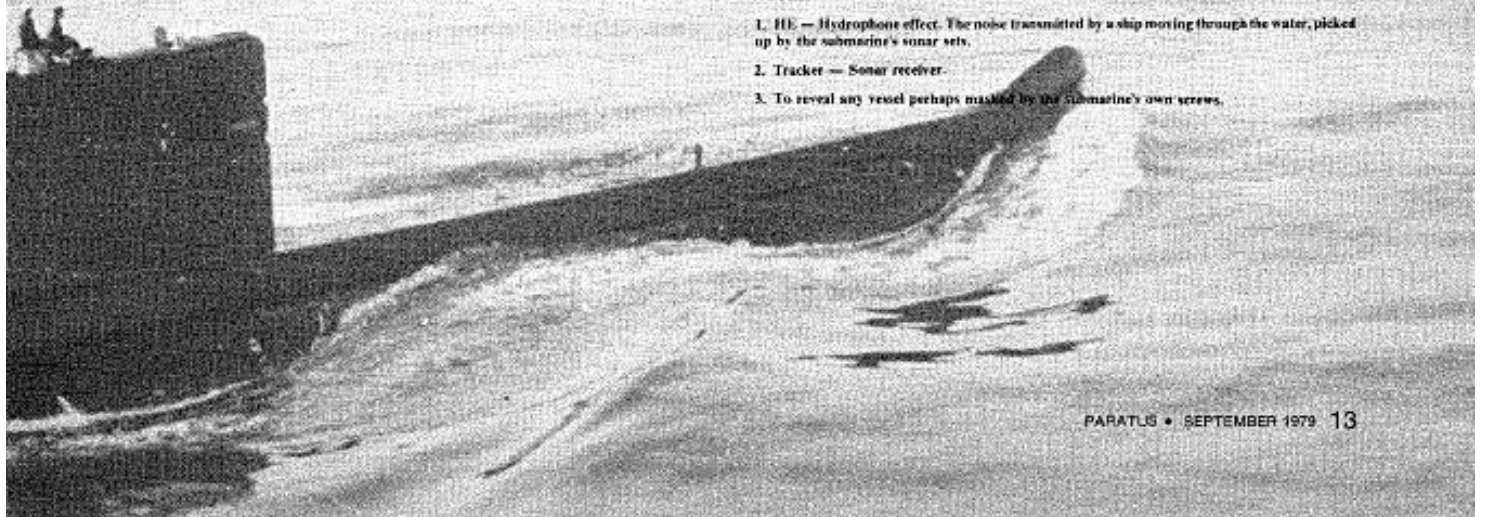
"Banana custard".

"Pass the bread and jam".

It's a quiet Wednesday at 80 metres.

## NOTES:

1. HE — Hydrophone effect. The noise transmitted by a ship moving through the water, picked up by the submarine's sonar sets.
2. Tracker — Sonar receiver.
3. To reveal any vessel perhaps masked by the submarine's own screws.





## World War 1 As Seen Through The Camera Lens - Part 1

In the lead up to the Anzac Day for the 93rd year since the end of World War 1 the Australian War Memorial opened their archives to bring to the public extremely rare pictures from the nation's photo record. The pictures were colourized. This is a two part series bringing you 16 memorable photo's of what life looked like for the soldiers. There are undoubtedly many more unseen photos not in circulation apart from those available on the internet and maybe a visit to the Australian War Memorial will reveal many more. - Ed.



Official photograph at Gallipoli taken in early 1919 for The Australian Historical Mission showing a landing barge, wire and entrenchments. Picture: George Hubert Wilkins



A thigh bone and other skeletal remains near the Turkish war memorial at the Nek are a grim reminder of the fighting in this photo taken Feb/March 1919. Picture: George Hubert Wilkins



Stretcher bearers of the 13th Field Ambulance resting at a dressing station on Westhoek Ridge on the Western Front. Picture: Frank Hurley, October 1917



Soldiers, mules and carts stopped on a street in the ruined village of Voormezele on the Western Front in Belgium. Picture Frank Hurley, August 1917



The derelict hulk of a British tank on the Pozieres battlefield - a battle in which four Australian troops distinguished themselves but suffered heavy losses while taking the French village and ridge from the Germans. Picture: Frank Hurley, 1917



An Australian Light Horse Field Ambulance wagon on the Philistine Plain, Palestine. Picture: Frank Hurley, 1918



French Premier Georges Benjamin Clemenceau on his only visit to the Australian front at the Somme, pictured with 4th Division command including Brigadier General Thomas Blamey, CMG, DSO, second from left. Picture: Unknown, July 7, 1918



Scattered graves marked by simple white crosses on the old Somme battlefields in France. Picture: Frank Hurley, September 1917



## 80th Commemoration of the Battle of Britain by Veteran Garth Pienaar

**Jandakot, Perth** - Veteran Philip Niman and myself were invited by Veteran Braam Coetzee, our pilot to be part of the 80th commemoration of the Battle of Britain. There were 25 planes flying in various formations from Jandakot Airport to Observation City and then along the coast back to the airport, followed by coffee and breakfast. The "Few" were not forgotten.



**SAMVOA**



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of Australasia

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**THE TERRIBLE ONES - A Complete History of 32 BATTALION**

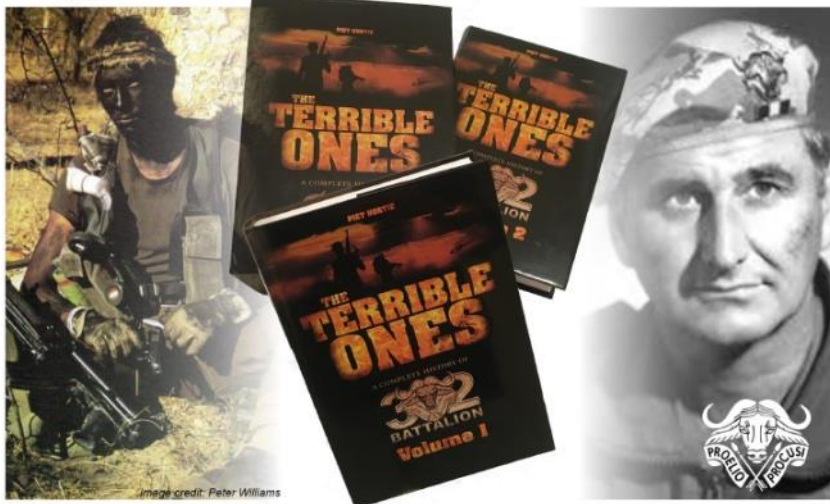


Image credit: Peter Williams

**SAMVOA is offering you the chance to win this exclusive hardcover box-set**

These volumes capture the heart of 32 Battalion's history with never-before released details of covert operations, including the personal recollections of the fearless men who were part of it all.

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**Closing date: Thursday 15 October 2020**

**Draw date: Saturday 17 October 2020**

The winner will be announced via email and our Facebook Group.

**Good luck and thank you for your participation!**

© SAMVOA 2020

### Tribute to the Crew of Puma 164

**Shot down at Mapai, Mozambique 6 September 1979**

Capt Paul Velleman (SAAF), Lt Nigel Osborne (SAAF), Sgt Dick Retief (SAAF), Capt Johannes Matheus du Plooy (1 RLI), Capt Charles David Small (RhEng), 2nd Lt Bruce Fraser Burns (RhEng), Sgt Michael Alan Jones (RhEng), Cpl Leroy Duberly (RhEng), L Cpl Peter Fox (RhEng), Cpl Gordon Hugh Fry (1 RLI), Tpr Jacobus Alwyn Briel (1 RLI), Tpr Aiden James Colman (1 RLI), Tpr Jeremy Mark Crow (1 RLI), Tpr Brian Louis Enslin (1 RLI), Tpr Steven Eric King (1 RLI), Tpr Colin Graham Neasham (1 RLI), Tpr David Rex Prosser (1 RLI)

"They shall not grow old  
As we who 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."





## Words of Wisdom by a Grumpy Old Veteran.....

*I don't know who wrote this, but I think it is brilliant! Shared from someone else.*

I am over 60 and the Armed Forces thinks I'm too old to track down terrorists. You can't be older than 42 to join the military. They've got the whole thing backwards. Instead of sending 18-year olds off to fight, they ought to take us old guys. You shouldn't be able to join a military unit until you're at least 35.

For starters, researchers say 18-year-olds think about sex every ten seconds. Old guys only think about sex a couple of times a month, leaving us more than 280,000 additional seconds per day to concentrate on the enemy.

Young guys haven't lived long enough to be cranky, and a cranky soldier is a dangerous soldier. 'My back hurts! I can't sleep, I'm tired and hungry.' Were bad-tempered and impatient, and maybe letting us kill some \*\*\*hole that desperately deserves it will make us feel better and shut us up for a while.....

An 18-year-old doesn't even like to get up before 10am. Old guys always get up early to pee, so what the hell. Besides, like I said, I'm tired and can't sleep and since I'm already up, I may as well be up killing some fanatical son-of-a-bitch.

If captured we couldn't spill the beans because we'd forget where we put them. In fact, name, rank, and serial number would be a real brainteaser.

Boot camp would be easier for old guys.... We're used to getting screamed and yelled at and we're used to soft food. We've also developed an appreciation for guns. We've been using them for years as an excuse to get out of the house, away from the screaming and yelling.

They could lighten up on the obstacle course however..... I've been in combat and never saw a single 20-foot wall with rope hanging over the side, nor did I ever do any push-ups after completing basic training.

Actually, the running part is kind of a

waste of energy, too..... I've never seen anyone outrun a bullet.

An 18-year-old has the whole world ahead of him. He's still learning to shave or to start a conversation with a pretty girl. He still hasn't figured out that a baseball cap has a brim to shade his eyes, not the back of his head.

These are all great reasons to keep our kids at home to learn a little more about life before sending them off into harm's way.

Let us old guys track down those terrorists..... The last thing an enemy would want to see is a couple million hacked off old farts with bad attitudes and automatic weapons, who know that their best years are already behind them.

HEY!! How about recruiting Women over 50.... in menopause! You think MEN have attitudes? Ohhhhhhhh my goodness!!! If nothing else, put them on border patrol. They'll have it secured the first night!

## My Business / My Besigheid

Members who have their own businesses are invited to submit their business cards for publication in the advert section with the only request in return that a donation be made towards SAMVOA WA based on sales generated from this exposure. The other members are likewise encouraged to support those members.

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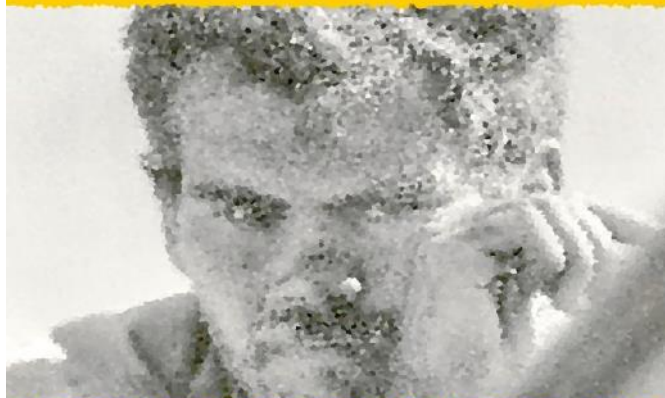
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## ☺ How to make your Editor happy

- Please submit something with a military slant, anything....no really!
- Please send text in a Word document
- Please send photos as separate JPEG's at high resolution
- Please do not embed your photos/images in a word document
- Please do not send me links to online services
- Last but not least – ALL errors of whatsoever kind in the Newsletter are SOLELY the fault of your humble Editor. So if you find an error – give yourself a pat on the back...!

## Letter to SAMVOA (WA)

*The email below speaks for it self and is testimony of the goodwill that exists between SAMVOA (WA) and many other armed and veterans organisations purely because we choose to involve them or get involved whenever invited. We were all soldiers once and speak a common 'language' and share the same interests.—Ed.*

Hi Dave,

Would yourself and members SAMVOA be interested in attending a Happy Hour at the SAS House (home of the Australian SAS Association) at a time and date to be determined?

I was very impressed by your organisation when I attended John Gartner's talk and would like to strengthen bonds and friendship between our organisations in WA.

We already have a strong bond with C SQN Rhodesian SAS.

We have our own function centre at the SAS Barracks at Swanbourne. Due to COVID restrictions and being on Defence land we can only accommodate 40 of your members in addition to our own members, so we may have to have a first come first served booking system which your team can organise once we set a date.

If you are agreeable, I will plan and get it approved at our next committee meeting and we will fix a date for your consideration..

Kind regards

Troy

**Troy Simmonds**

**PRESIDENT**

**Australian Special Air Service Association (Western Australian Branch) Incorporated**

## Military Quiz

Answer : Dead

## Humour in Uniform



Luister roof... Ek het my diensplig begin in die dae toe 'General' Motors nog 'Corporal' Motors was.

## Guess who? Raai Wie?



**Veteran Ron Fouche**