



## Hauraki News

“Whaka tangata kia kaha”

**May 2015 Issue No 79**

Official Newsletter of the 6th Battalion (Hauraki) Regimental Association Incorporated

Compiled & Edited by Des Anderson

Secretary: Mrs M Kareko, 91 Windsor Road, Tauranga

Registered with the Charities Commission # CC35879

Website: **6haurakiassoc.org.nz**

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/6th-Hauraki-Association/230175227024470>

[tauranga.kete.net.nz/remembering War](http://tauranga.kete.net.nz/remembering-war)

**To review Hauraki News prior to 2008**

[http://tauranga.kete.net.nz/remembering\\_war/topics/show/1287](http://tauranga.kete.net.nz/remembering-war/topics/show/1287)

### President's Report

The ANZAC Day observation around the country was the largest ever. No more so in the Tauranga & Mount Maunganui Area. the Mount Maunganui RSA and the Tauranga RSA are having their own separate dawn services, and then combining for a civic parade at the Tauranga Domain.

Thanks to all of you who have sent me photos & articles from their area.

I have received a number of articles and photos from many members, thank you for the assistance. Only a limited number of photos are in the printed version of the Hauraki News. More articles and photos in the PDF version, and then send the Newsletter out to the members. Later I place more article and photos on to the website, so you can see them at your leisure.

One our members receive a Queens Birthday Honours. See article.

The Committee is intending to have small informal get together at such places like the Waihi Beach RSA, for lunch. Under this plan, if you can attend an event, please advice. If not this time maybe the next time. It is the intention to have events in different areas. If you have a suggestion of a venue, please advice, anything will be considered.

The 3 ANR Association has invited us to join in their events. It is our intention to co ordinate with 3ANR Association when ever we can.

It has been suggested the Hauraki News places a “where are they now” article. If you would like to find some one, drop me a line.

Until the August edition.

Kia Kaha

Des Anderson

# Hauraki Regiment 117<sup>th</sup> Birthday & AGM

To celebrate the 117<sup>th</sup> Birthday of the Hauraki Regiment the 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion (Hauraki) Regimental Association will conduct the following events;

## **Thursday 9th July 2015**

**1600hrs** Fellowship.

**1800hrs** To celebrate the 117<sup>th</sup> Birthday of the Hauraki Regiment, the Senior Member present from the 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion (Hauraki) Regimental Association will call for a toast to all Hauraki's that have "passed". The Senior Member from 3/6 RNZIR will call for a toast to the Regiment.

The President will "shout" all those present.

## **Friday 10<sup>th</sup> July 2015**

### Garrison Club

**1600hrs** Open

**1800hrs** Read any messages received

**1815hrs** Cut the Regimental Cake (Senior Member, 3/6 RNZIR)

**1830hrs** Pizza - free to all participants

Continuation of fellowship

### **Note:**

To assist with catering please advise of your attendance.

## **Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> July 2015**

**1100hrs** Hauraki Experience XVII, Final Parade held at Waiouru Military Camp. Presentation of the "Hauraki Sword" to the top cadet, by the President.

## **Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> July 2015**

**0800hrs** Church parade at Holy Trinity Church (holder of the retired Colours)

**1030hrs** Annual General Meeting at 6<sup>th</sup> Hauraki Association Museum

**1115hrs** Committee Meeting at 6<sup>th</sup> Hauraki Association Museum

**1200hrs** Luncheon at Garrison Club. "Pot luck". Supplemented by the Association

### **Note:**

To assist with catering please advise of your attendance.

## ANZAC DAY































Cadets and uniformed youth groups were among the marchers at the Anzac Day service at Tauranga Domain.

A "significant moment in our history" was witnessed by about 7000 at the Anzac Day Civic Memorial Service at Tauranga Domain on Saturday.

The grandstand and surrounding areas were packed with people of all ages for the first joint Tauranga and Mount Maunganui civic service, marking the centenary of the Gallipoli landings.

The Tauranga public have exceeded all expectations with more than 8000 people packing into Tauranga Domain for the city's "significant" combined civic service.

The combined service, between Tauranga and Mount Maunganui, was in a move marking the historical significance of the War Memorial Gates and the 100th Anniversary of the Anzac Cove landings.

And it was standing room only well ahead of the scheduled 9.45am start with the grandstand and VIP seating in front of the stage snapped up quickly by those wearing red poppies or medals to remember those who have fallen.

Starting with the Anzac Day parade, led by veterans and RSA members, this was followed by the New Zealand flag being raised and a karakia, or prayer, recited by Komatua Huikakahu Kawe from Ngati Ranginui.

Tauranga Mayor Stuart Crosby, welcoming dignitaries, veterans and invited guests, says today is a significant moment in the country's history and also for the community of Tauranga.











ANZAC DAY Held Mid Morning AT WAIOURU



The image comes from the “Fields of Remembrance” outside the Q.E.II Army Museum at Waiouru and was taken on Anzac Day. I attended the Dawn and mid-morning services there.  
Russell

Major

F.

STUCKEY

Officer in  
Command



- [Gallipoli 100: Birth of the Anzacs](#)
- [Hawkes Bay Today](#)



Part of the massive 10,000 crowd which packed Napier's Memorial Square - a similar number attended the Hastings Dawn Service.

The huge Anzac Day crowds which turned out to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Gallipoli landings clearly underlined the last words of the Ode of Remembrance - lest we forget.

The numbers at the dawn services and late morning civic services were estimated to be the largest ever seen, making the commemorations even more special and memorable.

Veterans stand to attention during the Hastings Dawn Service.

Communities have made it clear they will not forget the sacrifices made by so many for their country in times of war.

For one of the guest speakers at the Napier Civic Service of Remembrance it was an especially moving moment.

The First Councillor for the Turkish Embassy in New Zealand, Aziz Sevi, said it was a great honour to be part of the service.

"Our grandfathers were introduced to each other at a time of war - but they were denied friendship," he said.





Thousands of people attended the service at the cenotaph in Havelock North.

But he said today New Zealanders in Turkey and Turkish people in New Zealand were "surrounded by friends".

Five hours earlier an estimated 10,000 people packed central Napier for the Anzac Dawn Parade - leaving Napier RSA president John Purcell both astonished and proud.

"I have never seen that many people at our dawn parade and I've been to a few now," he said.

"It was just fantastic, and so good to see so many young ones there."

Memorial Square was filled to the limit, as were the streets surrounding it as people took up every available vantage point to witness the 100th anniversary of the Gallipoli landings.

Mr Purcell welcomed the crowd after pipers led in a parade of veterans, air force, army and navy representatives, cadets and special guests.

"We had so many wreaths laid it was quite remarkable, and quite emotional,"

Among them was guest speaker, Australian Federal Police liaison officer Jonelle Lancashire.

"It's good to see the younger generations attending today as we remember those of every nation who suffered, and continue to suffer, from war," she said in her address.

"The spirit of Anzac is invincible."

As the dawn broke a firing party unleashed a volley of shots which brought home the stark sounds of combat.

The Last Post was played, followed by a minute's silence to remember the fallen, before both the New Zealand and Australian national anthems were played.

At the conclusion of the 30-minute service many people stayed at the square to take in the small field of white crosses, while many children had their photos taken alongside the soldiers in attendance.

"I have never seen anything like this - it's remarkable," was how one man, with his poppy-wearing youngster at his side, summed it up. "It is so special."

About 3000 people turned out for the civic service later to hear guest speakers which included Napier Boys' High School student Sam Hiha who read the speech he wrote for the national RSA competition which focused on an old boy who was awarded the Victoria Cross, and how he inspired generations since through his devotion to the school motto - Do Right and Fear Nothing.

Several dozen wreaths were laid at the conclusion.

The crowd for the Hastings Dawn Service was described by Hastings RSA spokesman John Stables as "massive".

"Over the years we have been getting 5500 to 6000 people along but this was huge - we estimated around 10,000."

Apart from a good turn-out of veterans and the medal-bearing families of those who have passed, the service saw representatives from all the services, as well as two soldiers from the Royal Gurkhas who led the parade.

"We had so many wreaths laid it was quite remarkable, and quite emotional," Mr Stables said.

"And the numbers of young people are growing which is very good."

He said one young man, now 19, had started going to the dawn services when he was six, and at his age now could proudly wear his great grandfather's jacket from the Maori Battalion.

"He is a proud young man, and we have seen a lot of that."

Hastings Mayor Lawrence Yule and Colonel Grant Motley from the New Zealand Army addressed the crowd.

The late morning service in Hastings also drew a larger than usual crowd, and many thousands also turned out to be part of the Havelock North service, staged at the cenotaph.

There were larger than usual numbers at the dawn Lone Pine service in Taradale and the 9am War Memorial Service, as well as those staged in smaller regional centres. A historic canon was fired by the ex-Royal Navalmen's Association.

“The mark of a decent human being.”

A speech by Russell Skeet

The Australian Prime Minister, Tony Abbott, speaking at Gallipoli said; “So much has changed in 100 years, but not the things that really matter. Duty, selflessness, moral courage. Always these remain the mark of a decent human being. ... They did their duty, now let us do ours. They gave us an example; now, let us be worthy of it. They were as good as they could be in their time; now, let us be as good as we can in ours.”

Stirring words indeed, and fitting for such an event.

But my wonder is – was anyone actually listening?

The speeches I heard were delivered by important leaders, who represent nations, and lead peoples – they were articulate, lofty, noble, impassioned – maybe even ‘statesman like’ – but, all of them, it seems to me, were composed and delivered from a bubble – a small piece of their world that is as far away from our ordinary everyday existences as it was from the ordinary soldiers on Gallipoli.

In 1914, ordinary folk like us were seduced by beguiling words into going to war. The rhetoric may have been noble but the reality was not.

During the war, and no less at Gallipoli than any other theatre, the ‘dinkum’ Aussies, the Kiwi ‘diggers’ and the Ottoman Mehmets were ordinary blokes doing what they had to do to get by.

But they were doing it in vile and extraordinary circumstances.

Let me tell you that they were not all emboldened by such things as God, King or Empire, or the righteousness of the cause, or anything so lofty.

Whichever way the boys, on both sides, turned, they faced death, shot either by the enemy, or by their own commanders; that was the soldier’s reality.

Not so much death and glory, as much as Field Punishment No. 2 or the firing squad.

On Anzac Day both Prime Ministers elevated the efforts of our Anzac soldiers to mythical proportions – almost to the cult of hero worship.

I am not entirely comfortable with this notion.

There can be little doubt that our boys did not see themselves as hero’s, waging a war between ‘good and evil’, between right and wrong, in defence of the Empire; rather, they were simply soldiers, there ‘to do a job and then go home.’

The epithet ‘hero’ sits uncomfortably upon the shoulders of an ordinary kiwi bloke doing his job... no less in war than at any other time.

There are plenty of words that we might use to describe our boys – brave, determined, reliable, aggressive, tenacious, adaptable, and so the long list goes. That list may also include ordinary – but if the sum of all those words amounts to heroism for people, then I guess they were heroes.

There is no doubt that our citizen soldiers proved themselves first class in the craft of war and were amongst the best fighting divisions seen on the battlefield.

But to class them as hero’s fighting on the side of God and Right is to mythologize, and so to strain the bounds of credibility and diminish the grim reality of loss and sacrifice.

For us to understand the extent of the sacrifice offered during the First World War, both those who perished and those who returned home, we ought to read the transcripts of the many fine words spoken this Anzac Day, alongside those written and spoken by the soldiers who served – the difference in perceptions is immediate and obvious.

The sacrifice appears deep, wounding and enduring.



To understand how our men felt during, and after the Great War, you need only compare the past deeds of our current leaders, with the words they have uttered in such measured and respectful tones, this Anzac Day.

The difference between doing and saying resonates now, as it would have then. The hollowness in sentiment expressed is manifest in the actions demonstrated. Prime Minister Abbott said “because they rose to their challenges, we believe it is a little easier for us to rise to ours. Their example helps us to be better than we would be otherwise.”

Recent political events in both countries tend to suggest that our respective political leadership does not fully understand, or has forgotten, the lessons that are to be drawn from the sacrifice of war.

But we, the citizen’s of this fine little country, ought not to forget. To forget imperils the enduring nature of the sacrifice made by all New Zealanders during, and after, the Great War.

Prime Minister Tony Abbott offers a fitting conclusion to these few remarks.

I return to his sentiment:

“So much has changed in 100 years, but not the things that really matter.

Duty, selflessness, moral courage. Always these remain the mark of a decent human being.”

New Zealand’s sacrifice during the First World War was on the back of physical courage. The flaming torch the Anzacs passed to us when the last surviving Anzac died is moral courage, and it is now, very nearly extinguished.

Our obligation to the men of Anzac, no less than to all those who serve in war, is to ignite the ember of the failing torch and return New Zealand to a land of decent human beings.

Thank you.

Russell Skeet U752026

<b>Queens Birthday Honours list 2015</b>
--

## **MNZM**

### **Queen's Service Medal**

### **BAKER WILSON, Ms Susan Eileen (Sue)**

For services to historical research and war commemoration

Ms Sue Baker Wilson has carried out extensive research on the New Zealand Engineers Tunnelling Company (NZETC) of World War One.

Ms Baker Wilson has communicated with families and descendants of NZETC and the New Zealand Pioneer Battalion and organised a visit to France where the men served. Her research led to the identification of Sapper Michael Tobin as the first New Zealand Expeditionary Force death on the Western Front, resulting in his grave being officially recognised. She has cultivated contacts with the city of Arras in France, contributing to a visit of representatives from Arras at the opening of the Arras Tunnel in Wellington in 2014 and a Mayoral delegation to Waihi in April 2015. She is project manager for the construction of a permanent memorial to the NZETC, which will be dedicated in 2016. She has helped raise awareness of WW1 suicides, with soldiers now officially recognised as deaths

attributable to war service. She developed what is believed to be the country's first e-memorial to World War One enlistments. She successfully lobbied for a Council-owned archive room for historical material from Katikati to be stored and readily accessed. Ms Baker Wilson has researched and written numerous historical stories which have been recorded for radio.

Sue is an Associate Member of the Hauraki Association. Her late Father Doug Baker served with the Hauraki Regiment.

## Fifty years service

### Fifty years' service recognised

Major Terry O'Neill was farewelled from the Army earlier this month after 50 years' service. Family, friends and colleagues attended a lunch in his honour at Papakura Camp.

RNZIR Colonel of the Regiment Colonel (Rtd) Baden Ewart said MAJ O'Neill's legacy for the regiment was in the lives of the soldiers he has influenced. "I have been thinking about just what a half-century of service means in real terms. If a generation is about 20 years or so, then Terry's service is about two and a half generations; but for infantry soldiers, the generations pass much more quickly. If we assume five years is a generation of soldiers in our regiment; then Terry has made a difference to ten generations.

"Much of Terry's life has been an example of service. What he will never know is the extent of the positive impact his personal example has, and will continue to make on the current and future generations.

"I recall when we were both young NCOs we were guided by some people who at the time appeared to be hard and difficult. Fact is they too set an example which, though our generation, finds expression in the soldiers of today. That's a pretty good legacy.

"For Terry, whose service has not been without personal tragedy, our Regiment recognises your example, your commitment, and your legacy. Few among us have made the journey you have made, but all of us have made many of the same patrols. Look into the trees, watch for sign of friendly ahead, and know that we watch out for you.

"You have enriched the lives of all the infantry soldiers you have touched; and made mine better for knowing you. Well done, thank you, our regiment salutes you."



Major O'Neill and his wife Makaara.

Letters to the Editor





Hi Bob,

Here's my write-up from the survival phase of the Aumangea programme:

How does being paid to do a 5 day hunting trip up the Whanganui River sound?

What about if all you had was the clothes you stood in, a knife, a flint and a pot? That's what I had to do last month with 21 other men while completing the survival phase of the NZ Army's Aumangea Programme.

The Aumangea programme is a comparatively recent addition to the army's training system, only starting in 2009, but already it's gained an international reputation for harsh training that pushes soldiers past their mental and physical limits. The aim is to toughen soldiers and build their resilience so that they have the ability to push through and win, regardless of the circumstances.

This means being able to survive without any of your usual kit. But being Aumangea, going straight in to the bush would be far too easy, so we had a week of 'fatiguing' first - 3 days of deathwish PT in Waiouru - think 3 Crossfit workouts back-to-back . . . before breakfast. That was followed up with 4 days of swimming across the Whanganui River, dragging jerry cans up gorse-covered slopes and a bit of close country bush bashing all on a couple of oranges a day if we were lucky.

By the end of the week saying we were 'fatigued' was putting it mildly. It was at that point that we put packs on and did a bushbash over a ridge, swam across the river again and marched in to our survival location. Little did we know that night was the last we'd have with our sleeping bags, or I may have tried to appreciate it more.

The next morning we had a couple of lessons on uses of plants we may find in the bush, and some tracking techniques. It turned out we were at the site of an old commune. I don't know what sort of person would want to live here but they'd managed to haul in enough to cobble together a huge roundhouse and a few other dwellings, and an old air tank they obviously used as a gong. It also meant there were a few exotic plantings, including some walnuts, so any spare time we had was filled looking for these gems of sustenance.

But there was no putting off the inevitable and soon we were marched down to one of the houses, put our packs away, put on all our warm kit, then took it all off when the staff told us not to even TRY smuggling anything in (although I admire the courage of the chap that wanted to put an unsheathed knife down his undies). We had a test on our native plants lesson which my section won, so we got the biggest pot and the best knife. From there, it was on.

We were taken down a hill to a space that had a bit of a flat, a steep area covered with ferns, and a large open area across the stream. On our first night I thought a small fern bivi would be the go so it would heat up quickly. As it turned out it was one of the most terrible nights any of us have spent in the bush. It took about 30 minutes and a lot of swearing to get the fire started, and the bivi was so cold, small and uncomfortable that we all ended up sleeping around it.

As for food, we'd managed to find a few mushrooms on the way in, and a bit of mamaku (black tree fern) while collecting materials for the bivi. I'd had a run-in with mamaku about 8 years ago and remembered slime and retching. However the instructor had said it was like potato when cooked right. I gave him the benefit of the doubt and actually tried some of this stew. If you want to recreate the experience at home, grab a block of polystyrene, put some toothpicks in it, soak it in sock juice for a day then take a chew. I don't think there's ever been a better way to convince someone that man is not meant to be vegetarian. All credit to the one man in our patrol who managed more than two spoonfuls.

Thanks to that the next morning we were all raring for a hunt. Not having our rifles we had to get a bit cave man, so we all chose a good-sized stick each and a couple of stones. We moved across the river and found that the open area was home to a few goats, but they quickly moved up in to the steep scrub and out of reach. However as we moved further onward we found that on the banks of the stream there was a colony of geese. The majority of birds flew off, but they left behind a few that just hid rather badly. One of the men jumped on one and wrung its neck, but then saw another one right in front of him. What do you do when one hand is full of dead goose? Hit the other one with it! After whacking the second bird we thought that was good enough, but in the mean time our comrade from the navy had stripped to his undies and was doing a stealth swim across the stream to grab a bird that was hiding in a bush on the bank. As soon as he was under it he jumped out and karate chopped this thing in the neck! If you were wondering, yes you can dispatch a bird in one blow.

Three birds in hand we returned to our camp. No one had much experience cooking geese and let me tell you there's a lot of plucking to be done. The whole place was covered in feathers by the end of it, but we had two birds in the pot, one in an earth oven, and a good amount of guts to stock an eel trap. Maybe it was the fact that we hadn't eaten all day, but

goose stew with a bit of manuka isn't half bad.

While out hunting we'd also found a derelict old shed so we dragged some sheets of corrugated iron back to make a better shelter. However that night we still all ended up around the fire.

The next morning we found an eel in the trap. A couple of our patrol members were experts with these so within a couple of hours we were eating some of the best smoked eel I have ever tasted - soft, juicy flesh with crispy skin, all with that hint of manuka smoke.

The rest of us went out looking for other game but once again the goats proved elusive. It didn't seem to matter how fast we moved, they could trot off at walking speed and still beat us up the hill. We had to settle for only four geese. When we took the catch back to camp it was obvious we had too much for ourselves, so we tried smuggling some to the two other patrols in the valley. As it turned out they were doing it tough, and one had been subsisting on nothing but mamaku and berries for the last couple of days. Knowing how much we hated it after just one serving I can only imagine how bad it was for that long.

That afternoon one of the men tried going on a solo mission after the goats. Perhaps the lack of carbs was getting to him but we found him creeping up a hill stripped down to his undies. Apparently his uniform was 'rustling too much'. He didn't get any goats but someone did take his pants and hide them a suitable distance away.

By the third day we'd turned our biv in to a bit of a palace, moved the fire inside, added a bit of a chimney and fern mattresses. No one really cared any more that we were sharing one spoon in the patrol of eight and all drinking out of the same jam jar. Likewise we were ready to take on the goats.

When first light came eight soldiers armed with staffs had already moved in to position on the outskirts of the open area. Stealth meant we came over the crest to find eight goats unaware of what was about to happen. On the signal, we moved in and drove them to the cliff. I found myself running full tilt at a bunch of three stinking billies. The cliff turned out not to be steep enough for them to fall off, and the goats looked like they'd get away up through some cliff scrub. Would it all be for nothing? Some of the faster men managed to head them off on the stream bank. Two got away but one of the boys kicked one in the butt and got it in the water, then grabbed it around the head. Our knives were all completely blunt and his was no exception, so he stabbed the billy in the neck until it stopped fighting.

Fresh kill in hand, we gutted it on the bank then hauled it back to camp. On inspection it turned out to be about 7 years old, and stank! With our blunt knives it took a few hours to do the butchering. We even sent a man up to the staff to plead for a sharpening stone, which actually worked. Even so, the best we could do with the legs was to leave them just about whole in the pot. Knowing this thing was probably going to be as tough as boot leather I left it in the pot for about 4 hours, and added about half a manuka tree to the cooking water.

That evening, not having much hope, we pulled the legs out to get the meat off. It was one of the best meals I have ever had. There was no trace of the billy smell, and the meat was as soft as fillet steak. If ever there was a case for game meat this was it. I feel sorry for kids that spend their whole lives eating meat that's come from polystyrene trays.

The next day we thought we'd have a rest, since we had a leg of goat smoking over the fire for jerky. However by mid-afternoon we were so bored we ended up going out hunting just for something to do. Our well-practiced operation bagged 3 geese within an hour. When



we came back to camp the staff had also dropped us off a leg of venison, so between that, the goat and the geese we had the rather unexpected scene of men saying they were actually sick of meat. Of course, it didn't help that I completely botched up the geese so badly they ended up like old boots.

On the last morning we met the other patrols for the first time in nearly a week. One had bagged one goat the whole time, and the other had only bagged a possum. They had a hollow, empty stare in their eyes, and some were unsteady on their feet. Time for an energising meal? No, a bit of meat and cheese, packs on, then we were issued picks and shovels for 3 hours of road repair work on the march out.

That's Aumangea.

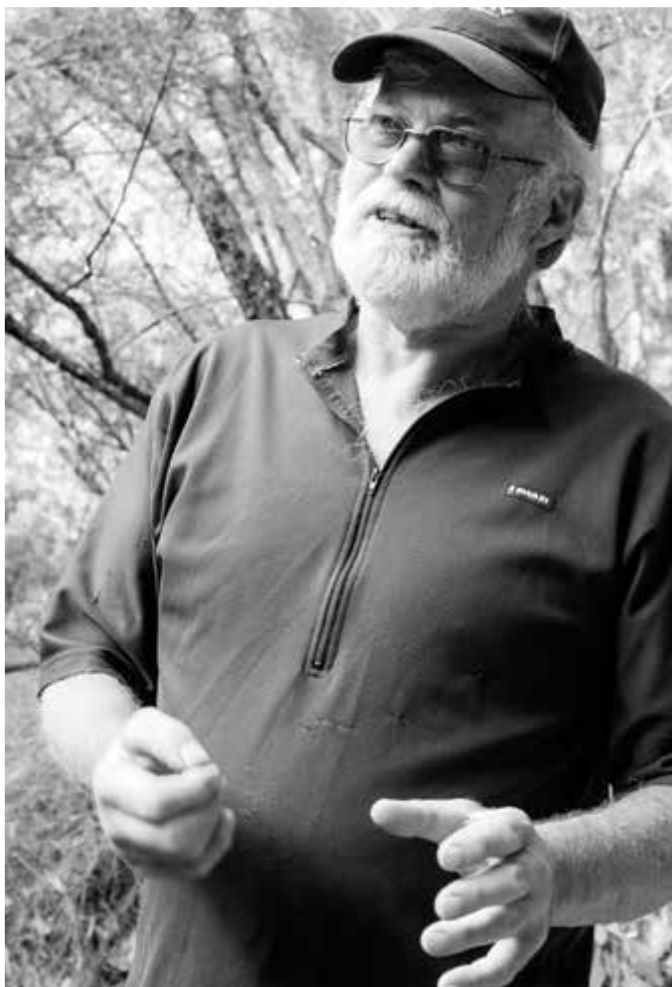
Regards,  
Deborah Kendon

"I truly believe that Aumangea makes good soldiers better.

The challenge of conflict today and in the future is as much mental as it is anything else. Aumangea provides the opportunity for a soldier to develop and test his or herself in the physical and particularly the mental dimensions of our profession. It instils in the individual the confidence to say, when asked, "pick me, I will go for you."

Aumangea is an experience that every soldier and officer should be putting themselves forward for. You will be better for it."

– MAJ GEN Dave Gawn.



1080 Bob Mankelow

Hi Des,

I thought that I would contact you to let you know that Robert Watson was my great uncle. I was brought up in Tauranga and some of your members may remember me from my time at Tauranga Boys' College. I was a member of the the College Cadet Unit and still have the hat badge.

I have been to Gallipoli and have seen my great uncle' name on the Lone Pine Memorial. For some time I have marched on Anzac Day wearing a replica set of Robert Watson's medals ( the originals having been split up between the three nieces my mother being one...Hilda Watson) I also wear the Hauraki Association tie that I bought when I called in at your Headquarters a couple of years ago.

I have been living in Australia since 1968 however I get back to Tauranga occasionally.

Kind Regards,

Brett Denholm



### **Robert Watson**

Born March 1893. Wounded at Gallipoli Turkey 25<sup>th</sup> April 1915. Died 26<sup>th</sup> April 1915 on board HMT Lutzow and was buried at sea. His name appears on the Lone Pine Memorial. Robert Watson was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland. His mother was Martha Watson of 17 Volcanic Street Mt Eden Auckland New Zealand and his father was James Watson who was deceased at the time of Robert's passing although he nominated his father as next of kin on enlistment. He had a brother, William Watson who was my Mother's father thus making Robert my great uncle.

Robert's medical record on enlistment on 15/ 8/14 indicated that:

Age: 21yrs 5 months

Height: 5ft 6ins

Weight: 148 .5 lbs (67.5 kgs. or 10 .6 stone)

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Complexion: Dark

Religion: Presbyterian

Occupation: Farm Labourer from Tirau

Military Service: 2 years with the 6<sup>th</sup> Hauraki Regiment (also in the Defence Cadets)

It is interesting to note that the order of battle indicates that the Hauraki Regiment did not land until 11:00am on the twenty fifth of April 1915. One always presumed that the landings took place at dawn and under the cover of darkness. At 11:00am the Turkish reinforcements would have been in place.

As discussed I had a photo taken on this ANZAC day wearing the Hauraki Regiment tie and Robert Watson's medals with Major General Low Choy an Australian Army Reservist officer in front of the Springwood Cenotaph.





## TALKS WITH THE MEN

### **TALKS WITH THE MEN.**

Auckland Star, Volume XLVII, Issue 1, 1 January 1916, Page 9

### **TALKS WITH THE MEN.**

**ROTORUA LAD'S ADVENTURES.** Sergt. Wm A. Mills, of the Sixth Hauraki Regiment, who returned on the Maheno, has had more than an average share of adventures whilst on active service. The only son of the editor of the Feilding Star, he was on the staff of the Bank of Australasia, at Morrinsville (previously at Rotorua) when the war broke out. He took part in the first landing at Gallipoli. and during the first three weeks' fighting there (including one day's fighting with the Australians. "The best fighters ever!" he calls them), he had three rifles smashed to pieces whilst in the trenches, and two nine-inch shells fell within a couple of yards of where he was standing. on two occasions. Thanks be!" he says, they were made-in-Germany shells—neither exploded, or I wouldn't be here to tell the tale." A bullet finally found its billet— he was shot right through the buttocks- in the famous Daisy Patch, on Krithia Hill, where he lay bleeding for eight hours before first aid arrived. After three months in Malta he returned to Gallipoli. On the voyage from Alexandria he saw the great Canadian liner, the Royal Edward, sunk by a torpedo from a submarine. His own transport was also twice threatened by a submarine on that voyage, and also just missed piling on the rocks by a few feet. "It was some voyage," is how he summed up that trip. On reaching the Suvla front he was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and had served another exciting three weeks, when he had a serious attack of tonsillitis, and was again sent to Malta where he was operated on several times and then ordered back to New Zealand as 'permanently unfit'.

# What ANZAC spirit?

On one day each year NZ strangely becomes Australian.

And many NZ memorials permanently display the Australian flag.

## WHY?

NZers talk about an "Anzac Spirit" – not a sole NZ one. They make out this "unique spirit" is not seen anywhere else in the world. To quote from recent statements "NZ stood side by side as comrades with the Australians through 2 world wars with values of courage, camaraderie, compassion, commitment, multi-cultural, multi-generational, inclusive with a stand against loss of community connection, isolation, loneliness and selfishness".

*This poetic and eloquent garbage emanates each April in NZ from eminent people who patronise audiences perpetuating an embellished legend.*

### **Let's look at 3 major flaws in our commemoration history ....**

**(1)** April 25<sup>th</sup> as the date for NZ's national commemoration day was not chosen because of Gallipoli but due to the accidental late arrival of the Poppies for Armistice day 1921. Even Australia sell their Poppies in November. We are the odd one out in the world.

**(2)** It was the Australians who landed at dawn at Gallipoli and not the NZers. NZ didn't even have dawn services until we copied Australia nearly 2 decades later.

**(3)** NZers fought and died under the NZ flag solely as NZ soldiers. We stood "side by side" with many nations, not just Australians.

How can there be a different "spirit" to any others or anywhere else?

Why is our "spirit" only possible combined with the Aussies?

Does it include our Maori culture? No, and they made a significant role in NZ's war effort.

What about calling it a "Kiwi Spirit"?

### **But our flawed history doesn't seem to matter to Kiwis as we are sucked into this hype which is now referred to "as our psyche".**

■ NZ did not become a nation as a result of Gallipoli. There were 3 generations of European NZer before WW1 and the Boer war was 16 years before.

■ The current NZ flag was 13 years before Gallipoli.

■ NZ became a dominion 8 years before Gallipoli.

■ Our first All Blacks went to Britain in 1905, a decade before Gallipoli.

■ Much evidence shows that Australia & NZ soldiers did not get on together in WW1 or 2, to the point they were mostly separated.

■ Most NZers don't even know where Flanders is? Nor name our most significant loss. They have no NZ pride – only wanting to hide behind the Aussies.

## News from the Regiment



26 February 2015

ANZAC 2015 Canberra

Hi All,

This Month I had the privilege of being sent to Canberra for Anzac day.

Even better they sent us a week in advance.

I am sure there will be an official write up in the Army news, so I will give my version of events.

After a fairly interesting night following a unit ANZAC prep training in Tauranga I woke up exactly 9 minutes before the bus was due to leave downtown.

On suspicion of something like this happening I hadn't dressed down the night before, leaving my bags strategically packed and ready to go.

After organizing one of the boys for a ride earlier, he could not be roused, so I grabbed his keys and thankfully Bonk who was security the night before drove. We dove in Pudneys wife's car and shot down, with approx. 30 seconds to spare.

I won't go into detail beyond that except to say the bus ride was a test.

The next day at Ohakea we had a meeting at twelve to make sure that A: everyone was here and B: We were all up to scratch.

The Navy ran the drill. (At the command 'Dis-mis' approx. half the company advanced into line and strolled off while the Army carried out the correct drill as best they could and walked into everyone else).

The next day we were up at the crack of dawn ready to jump on our flight, to find that at 2am word had come of rescheduling and we were to wait until 12.30. On the plus side they allocated us a Boeing, which compared to the Herc is luxury itself (provided you aren't sitting between league players who need approx. 1.5 seats each).

Anyway away we went. Upon arrival in Canberra we were issued vans between seven(two of), and command got a sweet commodore we never got to drive. We shot off to HMAS Harmon (a Navy camp), where we were shown our two man rooms. (bunk beds).

From there (Tuesday) our next timing was Thursday afternoon. We were invited to the War Memorial on Wednesday which everyone went to and there really could be an article about that alone. It was very good.

In the interim timings the Junior Sailors bar opened at 1630 daily and 12 of the 16 of our detachment quickly established a spot in a side room to build inter-unit relations which was great.

The first night (Tuesday) the TF unit there were having a night parade, after which they come into the bar for a debrief. On talking to one of them their job role is operating as dismounts from 'bushmasters' which are basically an Australian MRAP except better looking. Similar to us really.

To say they were aloof would be a polite way of putting it, I won't be offering them a beer anytime soon should they come over this way.



During the days we took advantage of the fantastic mess food and saw the sights i.e drove around town, and once got geographically embarrassed and ended up significantly outside of town. No matter.

Thursday was a memorial service of which a few rugby teams, including ours attended. We were there in our SD's with a bunch of Australian officers who I assume came from Duntroon.

Anyway that was great and following it was went back to the Junior Sailors and had a good old time until ten when we changed and went to experience the nightlife.

That was an experience in itself, which we won't go into too much detail, other than the drinks were cheap, the people were friendly, everyone had fun and we all made it back before morning. (Just)

The next night was Rugby night. NZDF vs the Australian forces. After a good haka to start things off we had a hard won victory which the boys should be proud of. That was followed by the Highlanders and let's not talk about the \$100 on them.

Saturday morning we were in the cars at 0330. About two hours were spent in the dark listening to different dignitaries read accounts of Australian diggers from WW1. As the sun began to break the horizon the bugle was played and we retired back to the RSL for the traditional coffee. It was a very good, and very full service with I would estimate well into the tens of thousands of people being there.

At the conclusion of the service I got pulled aside by a Polish gentleman with more medals than he had room on his chest, who regaled me with stories regarding boys from the Maori Battalion trading cooked pig for vodka and being at Monte Cassino with the Kiwi troops. He was very interesting, clearly had a lot of love for the kiwi soldier and frankly looked more mobile than people half his age in the crowd (I saw him walking in the parade later in the day). I suppose he must have served under British command but didn't think to ask what he was doing there at the time. I found it difficult to pull myself away and as a result nearly lost the rest of the guys who had taken off to the RSL.

From there back to our lines and prep for the main service.

I am sure there are many professional photos to google regarding the main service but to sum up there was a march past of thousands of people representing different groups, a great band and some very sharp looking drill from Australian cadets on a hot parade square. The service was among the best I have seen and It was great to have NZ represented in such numbers there.

A few of you will know Damien Jones who taught at TAD a few years ago who was there to march with the Kiwis.

Anyway ISIS didn't manage to foil the plans for a good parade and it all went well.

From there we were invited back to O'malleys pub, and embraced the local culture, who also embraced us. And shouted us a few free beers. All day.

After a couple of hours playing 2up (a fantastic gambling game we seem to have forgotten in Middle earth – which I will do my best to bring back) – in which I took money off some unwary Australians (tails never fails) we went to the Queenbeyan RSL.

That was pretty much occupied by the Australian navy who had been there taking advantage of a very generous tab all day. The banter was running extremely high and 2up was in session. We gave as good as we got and made some firm friends by the end of the day - who I am sure all promptly forgot about each other in the morning.

The next day we were back to Ohakea on a c-130 and got told the wrong pick up address by a chief and a squadron commander and as such missed my bus.

While hitching home (which was better than the bus to be honest) I had a good amount of time to reflect on an awesome week courtesy of the NZDF.

In summary, it was a shame to not spend Anzac with the Hauraki's, but you can read it was a great trip. I am sure I am missing a lot and could write a lot more. We certainly saw the sights and all that good stuff, but overall the camaraderie was the highlight. Great bunch of guys (and girls) coming together from all services and trades and all getting to know each other and representing NZ with pride (which I think was what we were there for) Between Boyd, Paiere and myself we made a good crack at representing the TF as professionals with fully developed social skills, and I got a few shout outs to the Hauraki's and Hauraki News should anyone want the footage.

Scott  
Lcpl Reardon  
6 Hauraki



## Museum

### Projects under construction:

The **Lecture Room** is being upgrade with the assistance of the 6 Hauraki Assoc. When complete I will place photos in the next Hauraki News.

Other projects are: upgrade the **former Commanding Officers Photos**; by digital enhancement & framed with ultra light glass.

Create & upgrade the **book/ video library**.

Create & upgrade a **digital unit history**.

Upgrade the **museum data base computer system**. This now for consideration at the next committee meeting.

All **unit photographs** (about 5,000) are now at the Hauraki Museum having being converted into the digital form, as part of the project of recording unit history by the Tauranga Public Library

### Tauranga Memories

Go to

**Tauranga.kete.net.nz**

Choose **remembering War**

If you have some photos we can use to record unit history, they will be returned without damage: please contact Bob Mankelow.

Without the donation of items, money & voluntary time your museum would not be the show case it is,

Thank you everyone

Des Anderson

President

## **Tauranga WW100: Remembering WW1.**

Their Mission Statement;

“Tauranga WW100 will provide a forum for networking amongst organisations that intend to mark the 100 years of World War One. It will provide an opportunity to discuss ideas, receive assistance with planning, and create opportunities to work together on ceremonies, events, projects, activities and education programmes that commemorate World War One”.

## **CADET**

In January this year I enlisted into the New Zealand Army as an Officer Cadet and one week into the Joint Officer Training held at Woodbourne, Blenheim I along with two other Officer Cadets was selected for a scholarship to attend the Australian Defence Force Academy. For the past four months I have been training and studying in Canberra, Australia and am in the first semester of an Information Technology Degree. Having been a member of the Western Bay of Plenty Cadet Unit throughout my years at college I would like to thank the Hauraki Staff I have had the opportunity to work with. Many of whom have been my inspirations and role models to joining the New Zealand Defence Force. Bob Mankelow and LT COL Warren Banks in particular who taught me a lot about leadership and working hard to achieve goals. The time I got to spend with them on Hauraki Experience, Physical Training sessions held on Wednesday nights at the Tauranga Army Hall and regular Thursday night parades has meant a lot in guiding me towards where I am now and I am sure will continue to throughout the rest of my Defence Career.





## **COMMITTEE 2014- 2015**

**Patron:** Honorary Colonel Graeme Vercoe  
**President:** Des Anderson, tel. 07 571 1951 Home 07 571 7403 Work 0274 764 073 Mobile  
[des.anderson@actrix.co.nz](mailto:des.anderson@actrix.co.nz)  
**Vice President:** Kenneth Brown  
**Secretary & Treasurer:** Marion Kareko, tel. 07-576 0277 Home  
[mkareko@hotmail.com](mailto:mkareko@hotmail.com)

**Committee:**

Bob Mankelow	Mike Purcell
Kevin Hayden	Erik Kristensen
Ray Crafts	Janet Crafts
Karen Cross	David Cross
Rueben Kelly	Paul Couch
Tony Brooke	Mike Halliday
Lee Morgan	Charlie Harrison

Penny Burgess (Welfare Representative)

**Area Representatives:**

Auckland:	Paul Couch,
Coromandel:	Russel Skeet
Tauranga:	See Committee
Whakatane	Bazz Porter
Rotorua:	Te Kei Merito
Rotorua:	Dave Galvin
Rotorua:	Mike Purcell
Hamilton:	Vacant – need a volunteer
Te Aroha:	Gordon Eagleson, tel. 07-8846675
Gisborne	Dave Greaves
Linton:	Charlie Harrison
Waiouru:	Mike Halliday

**Museum Curator:** David Cross

This newsletter is compiled by Des Anderson, President, of the 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion (Hauraki) Regimental Association Incorporated. It contains many personal views and comments which may not always be the views of the Association or Committee.

If for any reason you would like to be removed from the mailing list, please send an email to [des.anderson@actrix.co.nz](mailto:des.anderson@actrix.co.nz) with the word 'remove' in the subject line or body

## Application Form

New Membership  
**Full**

Renewal Membership  
**Associate**

Regimental Number

Date of birth

Full Name

Partners name (if applicable)

Full Postal Address

Telephone Number (home)  
Mobile

Business  
Email

Brief resume of service with 6 Hauraki  
(Include dates & appointments)

Highest Rank Held

Service in other Units

(If Associate member - your association to 6 Hauraki Assoc.)

### OFFICE USE ONLY

Date Joined

Receipt Number

Membership Number

This information is collected for the purpose of the 6 Battalion (Hauraki) Regimental Association Incorporated and is strictly Confidential. It will not be supplied to any other person or organisation in compliance with the Privacy Act.

Post Subscription to

**Secretary M Kareko**

**91 Windsor Road Tauranga**

Electronic payment to 6th Battalion Hauraki Regimental Assn:

Westpac: Number: 03 0435 0509893 001

Reference: Your name

<b><i>Subscription Rate</i></b>	New Member	\$20.00
	Renewal	\$15.00
	Perpetual Member	\$150.00
	Service Member	\$10.00

**UPCOMING  
EVENTS**

**2015**

**May**

1st	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
8th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles Committee
12th	Tuesday	1900 hrs	Garrison Club	Meeting
15th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
22nd	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
28th		Newsletter printed & posted		
29th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Finger Food

**June**

5th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles Committee
9th	Tuesday	1900 hrs	Garrison Club	Meeting
12th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
19th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
26th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Finger Food

**July**

3rd	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
9th	Thursday	1600 hrs	Garrison - PMC SHOUT	Regimental 117th Birthday
10th	Friday	1800 hrs	Garrison Club	Pizza & Birthday Cake
10th	Friday	1900 hrs	Hauraki Museum	Slide Show - Hauraki Regiment Presentation of Hauraki
11th	Saturday	1000 hrs	Waiohuru - Hauraki Cadets	Sword
11th	Saturday	1800 hrs		Hauraki Company
12th	Sunday	0800 hrs	Holy Trinity Church	Church Parade
12th	Sunday	1030 hrs	Hauraki Museum	AGM Committee
12th	Sunday	1115 hrs	Hauraki Museum	Meeting
12th	Sunday	1200 hrs	Garrison	Luncheon - POT LUCK
17th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
24th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
31st	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Finger Food

**August**

7th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles Committee
11th	Tuesday	1900 hrs	Garrison Club	Meeting
14th	Friday	1900 hrs	Hauraki Museum	Nibbles
21st	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Nibbles
27th		Newsletter printed & posted		
28th	Friday	1600 hrs	Garrison Club	Finger Food



