



# Hauraki News

“Whaka tangata kia kaha”

February 2019 Issue No 92

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

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<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>

## President's Report

I wish to thank those who have sent articles, stories & photos into the Hauraki News. Some of you may not realised your photos & stories would become part of the Hauraki News. In particular those who placed them onto Facebook. As the Editor is part of the Facebook group, I had to bow to his superior knowledge and allow the articles and photos to become part of the Hauraki News.

As John Dick told me a number years ago, "Get into the modern world! Facebook is the way to communicate". Who am I to disagree with a Former Commanding Officer of 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion (Hauraki) Group? Well may the President may: but I would never allow the Editor to!

You will notice the 3/6 Battalion RNZIR, has started the first edition of the 3/6 Battalion Journal 2018. The Editor of the Journal being CAPT Barry Samu, OC of Hauraki Company. The Hauraki News Editor has shown a copy of the front & rear pages. The President was given a couple of copies which you can read in the 6 Hauraki Association Library. The President is awaiting an electronic copy which can be sent out to members and placed in the Hauraki Website.

I mentioned in the November 2018 Hauraki News about the upcoming Veterans Advisory Board has the task of "**Who should be considered a veteran in New Zealand**". As members or former members of a Territorial / Reserve Unit; it would be of great interest to gain your views. Reply using all means of communication, email, Facebook, text or handwritten correspondence. Does the 6<sup>th</sup> Hauraki Association make a submission? Submissions close in March 2019. **To date I have received no submissions or enquiries?**

The Association is still going well. A number of other Military organizations have asked us to assist them with their Reunions & get togethers. Also don't forget Reunion ANZAC 2020. For more information get on their Facebook 6 Hauraki 2020 ANZAC Reunion.

Kia Kaha

Des Anderson

3/6 BATTALION

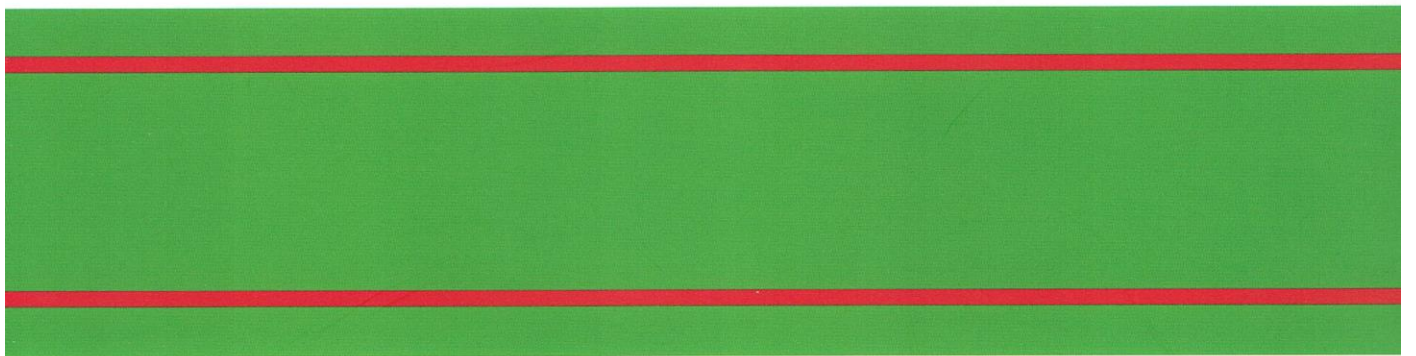
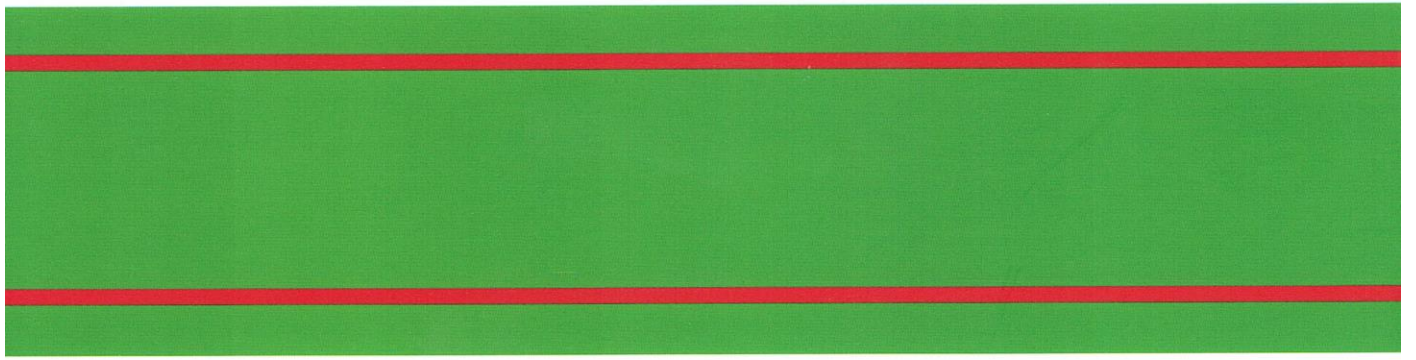
ROYAL NEW ZEALAND INFANTRY REGIMENT



2018

THE YEAR THAT WAS









The latest [3/6 Battalion - Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment](#) recruits who are on the TF Basic 163 along with our current CO/RSM and our incoming Commanding Officer Lt Col Grant Arrowsmith. The troops have just successfully completed their Live Firing Testing. A moment in history that these soldiers will look back on fondly when they graduate into the Battalion. Best of luck to all our 3/6 Battalion recruits who are in the final phase of their basic training in Waiouru. In a matter of weeks these women and men will join a platoon and be part of 3/6 Battalion RNZIR.





18 January 19: Army Reserves All Arms JNCO Course marched out.  
30% of students were from 3/6 Battalion RNZIR  
Top student award went to LCPL Viliami Taliauli, 3/6 Battalion RNZIR





Our 3/6 Battalion soldiers just completed their Junior Leaders course at Whenuapai Air Base and Riverhead Forest. Learning the fundamentals of leading soldiers within the New Zealand Army. The first step towards becoming an Infantry Section Commander.

Lance Corporal Burges topped the course. Thanks to all the Staff who conducted planning, delivered lessons and provided mentoring throughout. Everybody passed the course. Well done! Of course, they enjoyed the “square bashing”!



## Heather McLean 1937-2019

Members will be saddened to learn that Heather McLean, genealogist, researcher and friend of the **6 Hauraki Association**, passed away on 31 January 2019, at Waipuna Hospice.

Born in Tauranga in 1937, Heather's childhood was spent playing in and around the Te Papa Peninsula, a place and time she always remembered as idyllic. Heather attended Tauranga Primary School in 5th Avenue which was a short walk from her home in Cameron Road. In 1951 Heather started at Tauranga College and after leaving school she joined the New Zealand Post Office as a telephone operator. In 1954 this work took her to live in Wellington. Heather returned to Tauranga in 1964 and met her future husband Bill McLean at an Orange Festival dance.

Settled back in Tauranga, and with two young children, Heather's interest in genealogy began. In 1972 she joined the Tauranga Branch of the New Zealand Society of Genealogists and the New Zealand Society of Genealogists in 1973.

Her research skills and sincere desire to help others would lead Heather to volunteer her time to many groups and organisations, including the **6 Hauraki Association**, and since 2012, the **WW100 Tauranga committee**. From the outset, Heather was a dedicated and valuable member of this committee. She was involved in organising exhibitions, lecture series, commemorative events and school competitions. Heather was responsible for a project that saw the reinstatement of three WW1 soldier's graves. This included raising the funds required and tracing the soldier's relatives, who had lost touch with their family history.

Recently Heather's work was officially recognised, first with the Tauranga Heritage Award and then in the 2019 New Year Honours List, a **Queen's Service Medal** for her services to genealogy and historical research.

Heather will be greatly missed by her friends, who offer their condolences to her family.



Heather McLean visiting one of the WWI soldier's graves she had restored in the Presbyterian Cemetery, Tauranga. Photo: Supplied, private collection.

## History of the Military Tattoo

A Tattoo is a military performance to the public of music and display. It started during the '30 Years War' around 1600AD in Flanders (where have we heard of that place before – exactly a hundred years ago!) where the Dutch fortresses were garrisoned with mercenary troops that had become a federal army (consisting mostly of Scottish, English, German and Swiss mercenaries) but commanded by Dutch officers.

Drummers from the garrison were sent out into the towns at 2130 hrs each evening to inform the soldiers that it was time to return to barracks. The process was known as **doe den tap toe** (Dutch for "turn off the tap"), an instruction to innkeepers to stop serving (that lovely Belgian) beer and send the soldiers home for the night. The drummers continued to play until the curfew at 2200 hrs.

Over the years, the process became more of a show with bands and displays - often conducted by floodlight or searchlight. Tattoos were commonplace in the late 19th century with most military and garrison towns putting on some kind of show or entertainment during the summer months.

Between WW1 and WW2, elaborate Tattoos were held in many towns, with the largest in Aldershot, England.

Everyone today associates Tattoo's with Edinburgh. But this event, certainly not the largest or the best, started only in 1950 and is now more civilian than military or Scottish with more ethnic themes and modern music.

Another misnomer is that a Tattoo does not have to be held outdoors. It can be held indoors and on a stage.

Other reputable Tattoo's known to me are the Royal Tournament in Earls Court London, held from 1880 to 1999.

The Birmingham Tattoo held annually at the National Indoor Arena has been attracting large audiences since 1989.

**The Basel Tattoo Switzerland** is probably the best. It has grown to be the world's second-largest military Tattoo in terms of performers and budget after Edinburgh and is militarily traditional.

The next best would be the **Canadian Royal Nova Scotia** International Tattoo which is the largest annual indoor Tattoo in the world today.

Others warranting a top mention are the Virginia International Tattoo held every year in Norfolk USA, the Norwegian Military Tattoo Oslo, Finland, the Spasskaya Bashnya Moscow, Ahoy Rotterdam, Japan, Korea and one frequently featuring NZ bands – the **Hong Kong Nan Chang** Military Tattoo.

I tell a story outside the Mess here. An unnamed Base Commander of Whenuapai agreed for his Band to attend this Tattoo - as long as he could attend. This was duly arranged and on a Boeing he goes. This guy knows nothing about music. On arrival at the Tattoo he is honoured to be told in Chinese that he will be the flag carrier. He had brought his finest uniform anyway. However, the NZ diplomat to Hong Kong grabs the flag stating it is diplomat's duty. The Chinese then insist he marches in the parade as a bandsman. "Only Chinese officer marches without being in band". So Base Commander is given an old bass drum with no skin on which he pretends to play the whole



parade. Now I reckon I could have trained John Dick to do this in Tauranga. The story doesn't finish there. Oh no. Base Commander enjoys this and on return, the Whenuapai Band is tasked to parade before an All Black game at Eden Park to a full house no less. The music is all pre-taped and mimed. A similar bass drum is again given to this subject who pounded in silence his way through the Dam busters March and God Defend. Base Commander enjoys this new role and so insists he plays for a Hockey Test in Albany. This was his last performance. As the band was perched on the artificial hockey turf and he belted out a silent 2/4 beat while the band played 4/4 – all on live TV – oh dear – the sprinklers came on and bursting out of the turf, right under his sporran, was blast of cold water. “The nearest thing to an enema but with freezing water” I am told. Thank goodness the music is again pre-recorded as bandsmen a p - - - ing themselves laughing. “Are you playing during the half time break boss? Boss, boss, where are you?”

from [Gavin Marriott Christchurch](#)

Des

Update from a fortnight ago. (29-30 Dec 18). The Waikato University Company had our first reunion. It's been 30 years since the first of the 6Hau pers went to intake. 35 attended of the 50 we had contact with. An evening function on the Saturday and then a BBQ at my place in Pirongia on the Sunday. A positive response from those who attended, with our next get together being in 5 years' time. With the hints from the attendees we had there, we now have contact with 70 pers. There were only ever 130-140 of us. I found the old nominal rolls and have created an attempt at a combined one. The word is out on this 6Hau reunion. The furthest traveller was Cpl Vic Middlemiss from the UK. If anyone on here has run into any of the past members of the sub-unit in the last ten years and can remember anything about where they live or what they are doing then please get hold of me on [rashirley54@gmail.com](mailto:rashirley54@gmail.com). The simplest hints, with some time and effort can lead to success. Thanks to Lindsay Amner for helping out big time - Lindsay is back in Hamilton after 10 years with NZ Army and 13 years with the Aussies.

Cheers [Rob Shirley](#)

Good evening Russell (& Des)

I really appreciated your notes about your trip to Crete and Greece. I can easily relate to the special 'moments' and your observations about how strenuous it must have been for our ANZAC soldiers repositioning equipment and themselves under constant threat. I have been to Crete three times. The initial trip was in 2006. My brother and I were on a Tempo tour in 2011 and then we were on the trip in 2013 hosted by Ian and Lala Frazer with the primary purpose of visiting Tripiti and villages in that area where our soldiers were evading capture after being left behind and some got off the island at Tripiti. You are probably aware that Ian co-authored the book "On the Run". As a matter of fact, Ian and Lala are coming up from Dunedin for the November meeting and will stay two nights with Pat and I. Incidentally, there is an unusual connection between Ian Frazer, Peter Moss (our President) and ourselves. We all worked in the Solomon Islands about 45 years ago although Ian was an anthropologist on a different island in the chain and Peter was there a few years later.

My relation through marriage was Humphrey Dyer and he was the last soldier to join the official disembarkation from Sfakia. He swam out to the last boat as was hauled on board. I can relate very well to your comments about that special long day you had visiting Sfakia etc. Just for interest, I will attach my notes from our 2006 trip to Crete. We stayed in Loutro, which you mentioned, on this trip and it was special too. There is some detail of Humphrey Dyer and many magic moments we had on this trip. Wearing a Kiwi hat opens doors and we still have contact with people we met in 2006.

Incidentally, I should explain that I only have one leg after a tree-felling accident in 2002. That will clarify the comment made when I walked the Samaria Gorge.

I sincerely hope you can attend our Christmas Luncheon on 13 November. It would be good to meet you and the program is promising.

Kind regards and thank you

Colin Henderson  
NZ Battle of Crete Association Secretary/Treasurer

## **CRETE**

**Notes after visiting Crete for the first time in September 2006.** (This was a unique holiday hence the separate notes.)

**by Pat Henderson with inputs added by Colin.**

### **Why Crete?**

In 2006, Ewen and Alyson were planning their overseas trip and part of this involved visiting Crete. Ewen was particularly keen to visit the area where True's grandfather, Colonel (still a Major in Crete) Humphrey Dyer, served during the Second World War. Ewen and Alyson had asked us if we would like to come. I, Colin, was very interested.

I was sitting amongst the flax outside the courtyard houses when Pat stopped in the car. I said, "you know I really would like to go to Crete". Pat was not keen at first because she had little interest in war history. However, she went home and did her google search and discovered the total attraction of the area. After a short time researching, she became enthusiastic.

### **The Appeal**

We were quite keen to make our next overseas holiday more of a single destination so we could identify more thoroughly with the destination. We quickly recognised that Crete could ideally fit the criteria. This southernmost Greek Island was small enough to embrace in a three-week holiday. At approximately 260km long and an average of say 30km wide, and with one main arterial road west to east it was of an excellent scale. We always seemed to enjoy Mediterranean countries too. The mix of interesting people, warm late summer climate, varied scenery included mountains, villages with delightful churches, monasteries, Venetian ramparts and beaches appealed. The Mediterranean cuisine, the rich history and the strong New Zealand wartime connection was bonuses. In summary, there was something for all of us to enjoy.

### **The People**

Cretans are proud, independent, hardworking and basically have simple lifestyles. In



the past they have been prone to having blood feuds and they are pretty good liars when it suits. This is just part of the culture. They love Kiwis so it pays dividends to wear a Kiwi hat. They are friendly and hospitable and music, art and cultural activity are part of the fabric of life.

Pat would love to spend more time in the villages talking to the women and learning first-hand about their lives and their cooking. The women work **hard** and the older ones are very work-worn. The men in the western end of the island in particular, and certainly, in the mountain areas (which is most of it) work hard too – when they are working. When Pat would love to spend more time in the villages talking to the women and learning

first-hand about their lives and their cooking. The women work **hard** and the older ones are very work-worn. The men in the western end of the island in particular, and certainly, in the mountain areas (which is most of it) work hard too – when they are working. When they're not, they're sitting around together drinking raki and playing games. They are such wonderfully proud people, and it just shines out of them. Again, more particularly in the west, there are still blood feuds and the police there are apparently the most depressed people on the whole island. Up until I think the 80's no-one was prosecuted for shooting others in a blood feud. Now they'd like to but have a difficult job getting any cooperation and information from anyone.

## **Climate**

Crete has a healthy temperate sea climate. Hot summers, cool winters, and warm shoulder seasons are the norm. We would be visiting in late summer and there would be reducing numbers of tourists by then. Temperatures still often reach near 30 degrees in September.

## **The Food**

On the food side, Crete is a veritable Garden of Eden. Despite the fact there is often no rainfall for 4 or 5 months over summer, winter rains in the mountains replenish the artesian reservoirs and there are an abundance of fruits, vegetables, nuts, olive oil, honey, herbs and fabulous thick Greek yoghurt. Our breakfast every day was great globs of Greek yoghurt with thyme honey plus, in Pat's case, nuts and cinnamon. Pat and I reckon we came home oozing the best olive oil and the best yoghurt from every pore. It's also a great place for vegetarians. The traditional diet comprises loads of the above foods, good black bread, herbs, wine and raki with meat only a few times a year on feast days. Now of course that is changing in the towns but not so much in the mountain villages. There is a big move afoot to promote the traditional Cretan diet as the healthiest diet there is. They have a Minister of Taste!!!

Cretan people are still about the healthiest people in the world. The incidence of coronary disease is very tiny compared with a lot of the countries we know including New Zealand. There are a combination of factors contributing to this such as a good climate, outdoor activity, fun, and siestas but the traditional Mediterranean food must be the prime factor.

We loved the outdoor restaurants in all the villages and towns where you get great moussaka, fresh vegetables (aubergine or egg plant is my favourite), the best in the world, and the fruit, nuts, cheeses and wines.

## **Books, Films and TV Shows**

We bought a lot of books about Crete or stories set in Crete and usually based on fact. One of Pat's favourites was a book we bought in a monastery in the eastern district. The book is called "Winds of Crete" by David Doren. It is written by an American who, together with his Swedish partner, lived in Crete for 6 years 30 years ago? It helped so much for us to see more of the overall picture because we visited many of the place she described. Another recommended book is "The Island" by Victoria Hislop. This fairly recent book is about the former leper colony on Spinalonga Island.

The old novel, "Who Pays the Ferryman?" by Michael Bird is based on his excellent TV serial. Another more recent book by C K Stead called "Talking about O'Dwyer" is loosely based on the story of Ewen's family relation, Major Dyer. There are of course some good books about the Second World War period and the Cretan Resistance Movement during the German occupation. A film of note was "Zorba the Greek" A TV series we remember was the "Lotus Eaters".

## **Rich History**

### **□ Neolithic Period 5000 to 2600 B.C.**

Stone tools, pottery show a primitive people living in communities.

### **□ Minoan Period 2600 to 1100 B.C.**

Ancient Greece. Trojan War and the Dorian Invasion. A large population of Greek people on Crete. Very strong naval power. Little fortification needed as dominant. Knossos the famous city of the time. Palaces everywhere with fine frescoes. This period may have declined due to invasion or fire, earthquakes and tidal waves.

### **□ Greek Period 1100 B.C. to 67 B. C.**

Dorian Greeks from the mainland. Inter-marriage with original population Iron and metal tools. Rivalry between cities.

### **□ Roman, Arabian, Byzantine Period 67 B.C. to 1204 A.D.**

The Romans invaded Crete to get strategic control of the East. It took them three years to achieve their goal. Saracens (The Moors of Spain) and Arabs also had there influence and occupation periods. Crete became part of the Byzantine Empire about 961 A.D. when invaded by 3,300 ships from Constantinople.

### **□ The Venetian Period 1204 to 1669**

With the capture of Constantinople in the Fourth Crusade, the Byzantine Empire was divided. Crete was sold to Venice. The Venetians kept Heraklion as the capital but fortified it to the max. It was the centre of the slave trade in the earlier Saracen medieval period. They built castles all over the island. Franciscan Monks built monasteries and spread the Roman Catholic Church. You see lots of Venetian forts and ramparts in the main cities today. The Greek Bishop was sent away and Latin bishops were established. However, the Greek Orthodox Churches were retained for the Cretan people. Venetian knights became the land owners and most the Cretan people were essentially slaves and paid high taxes. You can imagine the resentment from the fiercely independent Cretan population.

### **□ Turkish Occupation 1669 to 1898**

The Turks were tyrannical rulers hence many uprisings from the Cretan populace occurred throughout this period. Greeks from the mainland finally intervened and the Ottoman reign ended.

### **□ Contemporary Crete**

The period of trying to establish autonomy and then the eventual union with Greece.

## **The New Zealand Wartime Connection**

During the Second World War, the Germans, after occupying mainland Greece, wanted to occupy Crete as a jumping-off point for an Egyptian invasion. They had really no naval power available so they dropped in via a huge parachute invasion using the elite 7th Airborne Division (the flower of the German army). For ten days the battle raged. British, Australian, Greek and New Zealand forces did a valiant job trying to defend Maleme airfield but really, they had insufficient force and very limited fire-power. The island succumbed to German occupation but the Cretan resistance was legendary and an inspiration for other occupied countries.

During the Crete campaign 930 New Zealand soldiers died, 1,350 were wounded and approximately 4,000 end up as Prisoners of War, mainly in Poland. Of course, many of these soldiers also perished.



## **Getting There**

Our strictly limited destination simplified our pre-planning. Basically, we were intent on getting to Crete and back efficiently.

We flew via Melbourne and Dubai to Athens by Emirates on Saturday 2nd September. After two nights in Athens, mainly to visit the Acropolis, we took an Olympic Airways 737 flight to Iraklion, the capital of Crete. We came back the same way but of course, there are lots of options. For example, Ewen and Alyson left earlier than us and caught a ferry to Santorini before flying to Italy. On the return journey we spent two nights in Dubai.

## **Athens**

We were to meet up with Ewen who had flown into Athens a little earlier via Hong Kong and Munich, and Alyson was arriving on a later flight.

Colin and I arrived in Athens about 1.30pm. There was a huge number of people trying to clear immigration and it looked like we were in for a major processing delay. However, a man who obviously had some connections rescued us and we went quickly through an express lane, met Ewen, and within a few minutes we were out in the sunshine. We took a taxi to our hotel.

We stayed in the Austria hotel and this proved ideal. It was within an easy few minutes' walk from the Acropolis. The rooftop garden had a spectacular view over Athens and the Acropolis which was lit up at night.

Unfortunately, Colin's small bag, containing credit cards, reference books and a plaque intended for Crete were left in the taxi's boot and there are apparently about 30,000 yellow taxis in Athens. We cancelled the cards. Later, the taxi driver noticed the bag and returned it to us. We were very grateful and gave him a twenty euro reward for his honesty and extra effort. We had dinner at a Greek restaurant on a rooftop and walked around until Alyson arrived after midnight. Restaurants were closed so Alyson had to settle for a takeaway.

The next day we all had an absorbing look around the Acropolis area. In fact, we were so absorbed, we were separated from Alyson and Ewen. We think they were in a museum but we could not find them. We walked down to the Plaka area and Ewen and Alyson were contacted by mobile and joined us for lunch.

## **Crete**

### **Agios Nikolaos**

In the afternoon we transferred by taxi to the airport and flew to Heraklion in Crete where our host, John picked us up to take us the 40km to Agios Nikolaos. Ewen and Alyson were staying at a timeshare called Mirabello whereas we were at a small hotel/apartment complex called Mantraki. They hired a car.

Immediately, we discovered that Crete was different from any of the other Greek Islands we had visited previously. It was much more like being in parts of Turkey but without the voracious, albeit polite, retailers. Tourism has distorted parts of it of course but it was so easy, particularly in the mountain villages, but also in the bigger towns, to find the traditional Crete and the Cretan people.

Initially we stayed one week in Agios Nikolaos in the east and enjoyed it immensely, visiting such delightful places as the Lassithi Plateau, Zeus's cave, an unexpected religious celebration in the village of Lithines and Spinalonga Island.

We enjoyed the busy streetscapes. Often dining tables are located on narrow roadways and vehicles can barely get past. Our apartment was located on the second floor and we got there by squeezing into an 800mm square lift. We had a beach and a small supermarket nearby. There did not seem to be many British or American tourists in this area. Mostly they were Spanish, Italian, German, French and Scandinavian. The British tend to congregate in specific touristy beach areas much like they do in Turkey and Spain. The Americans probably are more likely to visit on cruise ships from other Aegean islands and stay a day in each port.

Years ago, in the 1970's, we watched the television series, "The Lotus Eaters". It was a fabulous series with beautiful Greek music and was filmed in Agios Nikolaos. Right next door to us in Agios was a tiny stone Byzantine church, over one thousand years old, with crumbling frescos and stone courtyards full of aromatic basil. On our last day in Agios the church was actually used for a service (they are often used just once a year on the birthday of the saint they're named after) and we were able to see inside. The frescoes were beautiful and the vases were full of fragrant basil.

### **Lassithi Plateau**

In the Lassithi plateau area we had a lovely time all day. We drove through Lagou and stopped at a small taverna just past the turn-off to Malia. We had beautiful fresh vegetables of the best you could ever taste. The owner gave me a recipe. The waitress, went with us to the souvenir shop next door and we purchased a small windmill. Lassithi is a famous area for windmills which were once the main method to raise water from the underground reservoirs. Near Mesa Potami we had stopped earlier and purchased honey and nuts from two old ladies running a roadside stall. Later in the day, on the return journey, we stopped at Mesa Potami again at a taverna for dinner. We took some photographs of some grandchildren playing and mailed them back to the family. We met an 83-year-old gentleman who served four years in the war and reckons an Australian soldier saved his life. He cracked open some nuts with his knife on the back of his chair and gave them to us. After the meal, it was dark so the grandchildren got torches and escorted us to our car.

### **Lithines**

Returning to the religious celebration in Lithines, on another day, we were passing through this village when we realised that the whole village was preparing for a religious festival. They were celebrating the birthday of Mary, the mother of Jesus. People were arriving from all directions and crowding into the town. The Police were extremely helpful and escorted us to a special carpark. We visited the church and had a cheap simple meal at a taverna. In the evening, they were setting up long lines of trestle tables and chairs in the village square and preparing for a free meal, music and dancing. We were invited but reluctantly decided not to stay because we were still a few hours from home and it was clearly going to be a very long night.

### **Spinalonga**

Spinalonga Island is very beautiful but haunting. It was first occupied by the Venetians in 1579 as a fort (there are Venetian forts all along the north coast) and was handed over to the Turks in 1715. Then it was the last leper colony in Europe from 1903 to 1957 - and the lepers were treated horribly at first until some wealthy, educated lepers were sent there and they managed to bring about some very positive changes. Our English-speaking guide on this trip was a wonderful young Scottish woman who is passionate about Spinalonga and active in raising money for the Leprosy Mission to try and stamp out leprosy. She introduced us to one of the other guides whose uncle had been a leper on the island, fortunately during the more enlightened times, and she showed us his house which was located in one of the Venetian ruins.

We know a lot more about leprosy now and have been disabused of our previous perceptions. It's a cause I would support as, apart from anything else, there are still millions of lepers in the world and each and every one could be cured for just UK£20 each.

Read Victoria Hislop's book "*The Island*" to find out more. We met a very nice English couple in a monastery in the east and she too had read the book – said everyone in the UK was reading it! The author wrote it apparently primarily to raise the profile of people with leprosy and to try and erase some of the stigma attached to them.



## **Knossos and Chania**

After a week, we caught a bus to the capital, Iraklion, where we were picked up by Alyson and Ewen (dubbed “the emergency department” because I had shortened “Alyson and Ewen” to “A & E”). The timeshare accommodation in Agios had run out before our booking ended so they pottered along the south coast for a couple of days before meeting up with us again.

We visited Knossos and a number of Minoan archaeological sites and Venetian ramparts then drove west to Chania (pronounced “Harnia”). Here we had a little difficulty agreeing on accommodation. Alyson really wanted to stay somewhere authentic and funky, preferably in the old city (which was almost impossible to drive in and totally impossible to park in) but when we had finally exhausted ourselves – and no doubt the car too – we agreed on the modest little Hotel Samaria, which turned out to be the best choice ever.

At breakfast, Colin got talking to the housekeeper, Poppi, and explained that we were in Chania primarily to find the spot in a particular creek bed where a member of the 28th Maori Battalion had died during the war on Crete. Poppi explained that Yianni, the 79-year-old owner of the hotel, had a particular interest in the war on Crete and that we should meet him. We met Yianni at the hotel shortly after and, with Poppi and Voula, the receptionist, interpreted. Yianni was very interested in what we had to show him and invited us to his home (mansion more like it) that evening to see his private war collection. Wow!

After lunch we set off for Souda Bay to visit the Allied Cemetery. It was very beautiful and very moving. Many graves were marked, “An Unknown Soldier – Known unto God.” Colourful flowers, herbs and NZ hebes were planted between the graves and the whole place were beautifully maintained. Then we drove around to find the site of the boy’s death. We were burying the plaque on the site where we think Lemuel Mahanga was buried. The whole area is now quite built up (in a Cretan Village sort of way). Nobody here could speak English so we had to do our own fossicking. We eventually found the area, scrambled down the bank through the trees, Ewen dug a hole, Colin read from the plaque we’d had made, then Ewen buried it. All very moving and will have great significance for some members of the extended family. Ewen is related by marriage to the Pakeha Major Humphrey Dyer who was present when the boy died under very unfortunate circumstances. Humphrey went on to lead a rear-guard action while as many allied troops as possible were evacuated to Egypt when Crete fell to the Germans.

The plaque was made of New Zealand Kauri and the inscription on it, supplied by a A representative of the 28th Maori Battalion supplied the following inscription:

“MOE MAI TETAHI O NGA KURU POUNAMU AA TE 28TH AHAKOA KUA  
TIRAHIA MAI KOE I TETAHI ATU MOUTERE KUA EKE KOE KI TE PAI O  
MAUMAHARA

E KORE RAWA KOE E WAREWARETIA E TO WHANAU”

Translation: Sleep a treasured man from the 28th Maori Battalion. Although you lie in another part of the world you have reached the summit of remembrance. You will never be forgotten’.

## **An Elaboration on the War – Dyer Family**

This would be the best opportunity to elaborate on the War as it affected Ewen’s wife True’s family.

Humphrey Dyer was True Henderson and Bid O’Loughlin’s grandfather. In the Crete campaign he was the Major in charge of D company with the Maori Battalion. (28th Battalion). Later in North Africa he was the Lieutenant Colonel for a relatively short time. He was a well-trained soldier having graduated from Duntroon in Canberra as the top student in 1918. He was European. In May 1941 he led D company on the counter-attack to Maleme airfield. The Maori Battalion provided most the key resources for the attack and they made some brave sorties with several bayonet charges and noise which often frightened the Germans into flight.

Dyer's notes are available from Archives New Zealand. Here are a couple of excerpts from the counter-attack. "At this stage Jim Tuhiwai came to me in some excitement saying that there were many parachutists in the area (F) who were shooting our people up. I ran over to the well at (E) firing a tommy gun. I told Tuhiwai to lie on the bank and shoot at him and called to a soldier to run out with me and we would rush the man from either side. We did that. As we got to him, he crouched shamming dead. I told the Maori to bayonet him. As he did so he turned his head away, not bearing the sight. Tuhiwai had now joined us and we rushed out among the Germans scattered every 15 to 20 yards. This was partly in Ormond's area. He and some of his men popped their heads up under their cover (Cook was one) and enjoyed the fun. One at 15 yards instead of firing his tommy gun started to lie down to fire. I took a snap shot with a German Mauser. It grazed his head and missed between his legs. My back hair lifted, but a Maori got him. (I had no bayonet). We rushed on...some tried to crawl away. A giant of a man jumped up with his hands up like a gorilla shouting "Hants Oop" I said "Shoot the bastard" and the Maori shot him."

Dyer's notes say: "The Maoris in a scattered mob under the trees going forward crying Ah! Ah! and firing at the hip. The Huns with their fat behinds to us going for there lives down the gully and then our job to hold the Maoris in. When one considers what the Maoris had been through and the position and state we were all in and think of the spontaneous nature of that charge – the ancestral fighting urge, was a truly magnificent thing. .... two occasions Pakeha troops refused to join us in a charge....at Maleme as we went forward, yelling, European troops on our left stayed bunched behind their olive trees and would not come forward.... secondly at 42nd Street. I had arranged with Major Blackburn on my left and Scott on my right that if the Huns attacked we would go for them with bayonet. Then the Colonel called D company back into reserve. I sent them back and called to Mathews and Jack Hemi to stay with me. We went forward yelling and struck the first bunch of Huns a few yards ahead. I then saw the 19th men behind their trees not advancing. We yelled "Charge! Charge! The buggers are running." But they didn't come. I suppose we advanced about 1,200 yards. Then a party of 19th under a lieutenant who had been in permanent staff came up. I handed over and came back with my men. I should not say that the 19th came to close quarters with the Hun. However, it is no use passing that on as it would make bad feeling. These troops later in Africa performed well."

(There is a map in Dan Davin's book, 'Crete', showing Maleme Counter-attack 21-22 May).

After the first charge noted above on the 22nd May, Dyer's notes say "Rewi and I returned to (D) and curled up behind an olive tree and slept all night. In the morning when I woke the other battalions had already gone. I went to the Colonel Dittmer and was told that the Maoris would cover the withdrawal back to a brigade position at Platanias and that I was to take command of the rear-guard, consisting of one section of infantry from each company, each under an officer."

I, Colin, want to make mention of the Counter-attack in relation to A Company of the Maori Battalion. These Maori soldiers were Ngapuhi from Northland. Their route towards Maleme airfield in the Counter-attack was just inland and parallel to Dyer's D company. The following notes are almost entirely based on an email received from Dyer's son Rob who was living in Paris. A Company's route passed through an area held by the 7th Field Engineers under Colonel Ferguson. The engineers had been informed that the Maoris would pass through their area before midnight so, punctually at midnight, they laid a perimeter of booby-trapped mines all around them and went sound asleep. They were awakened an hour or two later by the sound of their mines going off and at once assumed it was Germans and opened fire without asking questions. As it happened it was the Maori's who triggered the mines. They had been late moving forward because of prior circumstances. When the order came to advance on Maleme, many Maoris were out and about and needed gathering up first. Most of them had been out in the night tracking down sleeping German paratroopers. This was

a good Maori tradition! There was hot competition as they were counting their victims by chopping off an ear and stringing the ears together. They departed late and arrived at the 7th Engineers area well after midnight. At least two Maori's were wounded by the mines. One poor lad, Lemuel Mahagana, had his stomach ripped open, leaving him enveloped in a wiggling mass of his own innards, vividly described by Major

Dyer and rendering him impossible to carry in any fashion and open to swarms of blowflies. Not pretty. It took about half an hour before the confusion was sorted and A Company was able to continue its advance. This delay may have been a crucial contributor to the fact that at dawn Freyberg's HQ were under the impression that the counter-attack had not achieved its objective. The retreat was ordered.

Dyer's rear-guard group gathered from remnants of A and D Companies found that badly injured soldier on the retreat on 23rd May. The area was on a dry creek bed on the perimeter of the 7th Engineer's former position. The terrified critically injured lad pleaded to be put out of his misery and there was no opportunity to carry him out. Rob Dyer goes on to explain the situation thus: "Sorry to have to be so vivid, but it helps to understand the terror of the lad and the dilemma of the group of retreat, who, or so the Major said, took a vote on whether to give him his own wish to be out of it all. Dad acted at once after the vote, saying, "It has to be me. I am the senior officer here. This is what you want?" to the lad. "Kia tere, e pa!" (Make it quick my father). Poof! BUT through the brain." A shallow grave was dug and a substantial stone cairn erected.

Humphrey Dyer told his son about the above death and we are sure it later gave rise to the Makutu (Maori curse on Dyer) because the head is tapu (sacred). He also admitted it in a Dawn Service address in Rotorua after the war. However, Humphrey Dyer mentions in his archived records another soldier he put out of his misery on 25th May. C K Stead in his fiction "Talking about O'Dwyer" mixes elements of the two soldiers deaths. When I contacted C K Stead, he said he now believes there were two deaths. We have two names, Lemeul Mahanga from Napier but formerly from Patau South near Whangarei Heads where the main road is named Mahanga and Heta Thompson from Whangaruru in Northland. We are now certain that Dyer shot the first soldier, Lemuel, during the counter attack when he was found mortally wounded on the perimeter of the 7th Engineers area of mines.

Two days later, he shot Heta Thompson who was badly injured in the legs. They were trying to carry him out but the delay was putting the rear-guard action at serious risk. Dyers written record records the second event. He said: "A man in the centre section was badly wounded in the legs. The men, to their credit, refused to leave him when ordered to do so. When we moved again, they tried to carry him but being exhausted would go 20 to 30 yards and then rest a few minutes. We were now getting far behind the flanks and the enemy were close up in the trees. I ordered Private Parata to put his rifle to the back of the man's head and shoot him but he only stared at me. As Hawea and one other were trying to carry him with his arms round their necks I put me revolver to the back of his head and shot him. I collected his pay-book...Thompson...

We then pushed on and caught up with the main party who were resting. I told them what I had done. Sergeant Skipper said "Sir, I wish you had not told us." I replied "Well Sergeant if I am badly wounded and delaying the rear-guard you must do the same to me". (Later that day, Skipper was decapitated by a captured Bofor gun shell.)

At the time that we buried the plaque for Lemuel, we only had Rob Dyer's emailed information. We buried the plaque in the approximate correct location of his grave and had a brief emotional ceremony. We could be fairly confident that, his remains were moved to the Souda Bay cemetery at a later date although Lemuel is not mentioned on the cemetery data base which suggests that his remains were unidentified and he is one of the 'Unknown soldiers'. A map provided showed the perimeter of the 7th Engineer's area and the dry Modhion stream. Rob Dyer pinpointed for us a place on the west bank about the point marked on the map as the south-eastern perimeter where it touches the Modhion stream. The string of mines was probably at the crest of the bank. It is quite near a bridge. This is where we had our ceremony and buried the plaque.



Humphrey Dyer was a brave and competent military man and many of his actions saved the lives of colleagues. He was well regarded by the Maori soldiers. The actions he took were undertaken in extremely demanding wartime situations and as senior officer he had to make some painful, strategic decisions.

The significance of the shooting of the soldier in the head was serious for Humphrey Dyer and his descendants. Eventually, on his return to NZ, Dyer visited the soldiers family in Northland. When he explained that he had shot the Maori soldier through the head, instead of the heart, they felt obliged to put a Makutu or curse on him. This affected him for the rest of his life. The Makutu was finally lifted in the 1980's at a ceremony at a Ringatu church in the Eastern Bay of Plenty conducted by Reverent Dellamere. Humphrey's son, Rob, was visiting New Zealand at that time and was in attendance.

### **German Cemetery on Hill 107**

After burying the plaque, we went to the German Cemetery as this was also very moving. There was a mini-museum display which was really promoting peace between peoples and countries. All the graves here had colourful portulacae planted between them. One message on the museum wall was very appropriate and noted below:

"If we accept that life is worth living and that man has a right to live, we must find an alternative to war." Martin Luther King.

### **Yianni's Museum**

In the cemetery toilets we changed into our glad rags for the visit to Yianni's "house" which is on Hill 107 overlooking Maleme airfield which was central to the German paratroopers' invasion of Crete in May 1941.

His museum is exceptional, even for people like me who are just not into war. Much of the memorabilia relates to the Second New Zealand Infantry Division of the 20th, 21st and 22nd Battalions and the 28th Maori Battalion. Apart from the items in his basement he had a hilltop area with a Bofor gun, a tank, reconstructed 22nd Battalion officers' bunker. The 22nd Battalion was originally placed on Hill 107 to try and defend the airfield. The museum is extraordinarily presented and must be worth millions.

Yianni's nephew, Stavros, a banker, interpreted for us. After the tour out came the hospitality – salted almonds, pistachios, hazelnuts, sesame seed cakes (delicious), chocolate covered ice-creams and raki. It was a fantastic evening.

Stavros suggested we have dinner at a place called Milos – and it was the most amazing place. It was huge, set in and around a 13th Century Venetian building.

Every fruit, vegetable and herb known to man was artfully displayed, the service was top notch and the food great.

If we were forced to choose a day that was the "**best day**" I think it would have to be this one. It was very, very special.

### **Samaria Gorge to Loutro**

The following day we walked the spectacular Samaria Gorge, the longest gorge in Europe – about a 17km hike through extraordinary scenery on very rocky, and often steep, tracks. Colin did well to complete it on crutches (but then you know he's as stubborn as a Cretan mule) and many people, including locals, commented on the feat, once in hilarious terms: the Greek ticket collector in the booth at the end of the walk bellowed, "**JEEEEESUS!!!**", and swung open the doors so his colleagues could ogle too. We all felt like 'ancient Minoan ruins' at the end of the walk and Colin sustained very deep blisters on both hands, despite the bike gloves we bought in London last year, and lost the toenail of his big toe. Even in this seemingly inhospitable region there were tiny little Byzantine churches and ruins from thousands of years ago. We staggered out of the gorge with still 2½ km to walk to the village on the coast.

Some enterprising chap could be making a fortune charging weary hikers €5 a pop to take them to the village. We'd have happily paid.

It was very worthwhile at the time but we are unlikely to walk the Samaria Gorge again – surprise, surprise! However, it was definitely worth doing once.

A & E swam at the beach here but Colin and I just tottered to the nearest taverna and had a cold drink. Another of the wonderful things about Crete is that you're never far from a taverna. They're so big on food and hospitality that you'd have to have your mouth sewn up to starve to death. Then we boarded a ferry and travelled up the coast to the tiny fishing village of Loutro where we stayed the night. No roads, no cars – magic. When we saw we had to climb what seemed like a massively large number of stone steps to our funky accommodation we all just about collapsed on the spot!

### **Back to Chania**

The next day we took the ferry from Loutro to Sfakia. Sfakia is the place where they got as many soldiers as they could off and evacuated to Egypt. We caught a bus over the narrow winding road back to Chania.

Ewen and Alyson left the next day as they were catching a ferry to Santorini then flying to Italy. We hired a taxi and drove out to Stavros where a lot of 'Zorba the Greek' was filmed. The taxi driver was swigging down a beer as he drove and talking on a mobile phone besides. When he discovered that we were Kiwis his eyes lit up and he rubbed his hands (after putting down the beer and the telephone). Apparently, about ten years ago he was working on a cargo ship and he visited Whangarei, Auckland and Wellington.

### **Rethymnon**

Pat and I took a bus to Rethymnon. We were staying for a few days so we picked a nice resort type hotel at the eastern end of the town. We had a multi-layer experience in the town of Rethymnon (Reth-em-non) near the end of our trip.

We spent a hot and dusty time looking through the ruins of the Venetian fort in the old harbour city part of the town. Dimitra Labretsa, a lovely young Athens woman was using the mosque (because the Turks had also been there of course) in the fort as an art gallery. Colin wanted to buy one of her paintings but we didn't have enough cash so, we arranged to come back after lunch. The fort is up on a hill – of course – so he parked himself in a nearby taverna and had a cold drink while I went in search of an ATM machine. Unfortunately, I didn't take a map. Every town has heaps of ATMs because hardly anyone accepts credit cards but this time, they were all hiding from me.

It was the middle of the day and very hot. I walked through the tiny lanes of the old city, which was very interesting, came to a more modern part where surely there would be an ATM, kept asking, kept being sent this way and that until finally, after about 40 minutes, I found one. Joy! I attempted to take a cab back so walked back to where I had seen a whole line of them earlier only now of course there wasn't one.

Finally, one pulled up and I was asking the driver, through the passenger side window, whether he could take me to such-and-such a taverna when another woman, who couldn't see me, was asking him if he could take her to the bus station. He said to her that I had asked first, then drove off at speed leaving the other women – Greek – and me staring at each other! Her words were something like, "Pfoufff – Crete! I'm walking to the bus station". Maybe he thought we would have a fist-fight over his cab – Greek women can be awfully fierce – but the silly thing was the bus station and the fort (or fortezza) are close together and so the cab could have been shared.

I finally made it back and we had a delicious lunch. Then we went back into the fort and bought the painting. Later, as we wandered through the old city, and I heard the most glorious piano music coming from somewhere. We tracked it down to the Byzantine church which had been converted into a mosque and then into a concert hall. We were able to go in (for free). On the stage there were three magnificent grand pianos and a young man were playing like an angel. We sat down, totally awed. It

turned out there was an international competition on and these people – he was followed by another young man, and then a girl – were practicing. There was a whole series of concerts on at night at various locations and they were all absolutely free.

**Rethymnon** is regarded as the cultural and intellectual capital of Crete and it certainly seems so. When we finally wandered out, dazed but happy, we tottered down the lane a little way and had a wine at a beautiful little café named the “Art and History Café”. It was obviously frequented by university students, none of whom were drinking alcohol and all of whom were conversing studiously. What a different scene it would be in NZ and no doubt Australia! Opposite, there was a little shop where the owner was sitting at the back-playing music. This was an arty town.

The contrast between our hot and dusty exploration of the fortezza, my meltdown hunt in the heat for an ATM and the sophistication and beauty of the playing in that glorious church/mosque and the artwork in it was mind-blowing.

We took two excellent, reasonably priced, guided bus tours on two separate days. The first one to the south west, to a beach at Elafonissi. The second tour was to Plakias on the south coast and Preveli beach which also entailed a short boat trip. It was windy on the return boat trip and we got drenched in spray. These bus trips enabled us to see a few other places on the island and we travelled over more narrow mountain passes and visited more pretty hillside villages.

### **Iraklion**

After a few days, we caught the bus to Iraklion, the Capital of Crete and spent one night there in a small central hotel. We wandered the waterfront and visited the famous archaeological museum. The next morning, we flew back to Athens for the start of the return journey.

### **Dubai**

We spent a couple of nights in Dubai in a lovely hotel and went on the obligatory dessert safari.

Remember the bag which was left in the taxi in Athens? We think that bag did not want to be in NZ because in Dubai, the day we were to fly back to NZ, a bellboy picked up two of our bags (including *that* one) and put them in the taxi of someone else who was also going to the airport. The client recognised the big bag as not being his but didn't notice the small one. I, Pat, had the merriest dance at the airport trying to retrieve it. I know Dubai airport like the back of my hand! I walked for many miles and I told our story to many, many people because no-one knew where I should be going or who I should be seeing. I finally ended up with the Police where there were other, more scary dramas going on. I was reunited with the bag at last and returned, triumphant, to the departure lounge.

### **Travel Notes**

- ☐ Remember siesta usually lasts from about 3pm to 5pm.
- ☐ Locals dine out after about 9pm.
- ☐ Greeks don't often dine alone so you will get faster service if you are with someone else! Otherwise they assume you are waiting for someone.
- ☐ Tipping is about 10%.
- ☐ The currency is the Euro.
- ☐ If a Cretan person takes you out to dinner, they would be embarrassed if they did not pay the whole bill. The same applies to most European people.
- ☐ Pay bills with cash in preference as credit cards are seldom used.
- ☐ White tree trunks are lime used to discourage ants.
- ☐ Cretan men may fiddle with rosary beads but it is more to do with the fiddling and killing time than religion.
- ☐ Public toilets are not ideal for private jobs. Use the toilets at your accommodation



or at restaurants and tavernas.

☐ At beaches expect to pay for a sun bed or an umbrella. People lease parts of the beaches to provide these facilities. The tourist police check to see the leasers do their job properly.

☐ Drive on the right. Roads can be slippery and narrow over the mountains. Public transport is cheap and efficient. Average speed can be nearer 50km per hour.

## Conclusion

Crete was absolutely fantastic and we thoroughly recommend it as a destination for a specific holiday. It was quite the best holiday we have ever had and we have had some very nice holidays. We had at least four lucky breaks which added regular highlights. The size of the island at about 260km long to 60km wide (but mostly considerably narrower) means it is possible to poke into many corners of it over two weeks or so, but it has a mountainous backbone and many gorges and switchback, narrow roads so it is a bit deceptive. We travelled around a fair bit because Ewen and Alyson hired a car for a week and later, after they left, we moved around happily on public transport which was excellent and cheap and did a couple of guided tours.

Colin Henderson

Des

In 2015 my wife, Sue, and I did a 4-month long trip which started with a month on a Chartered cruise ship from Freemantle to Rome called the "Gallipoli Cruise". Afterwards we visited most of the places NZ Soldiers were in combat in Greece, Italy and to the west. Not North Africa, aside from the Temple of the Kings/Luxor and the Pyramids. Crete was one of the early places we visited. I return to Europe in July where I intend to follow the route the WW 1 Mounted Rifles followed from the Suez Canal to Damascus. I have decided to take the advice of friends who are still in the intelligence game to not cross the border into Syria.

Cheers  
Rob

The following article was taken from Bushlife NZ, November 2018. It was written by Lt Colonel Aubrey Balzer, Former Commanding Officer 1959 – 1962 and Honorary Colonel 1974 – 1978 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion (Hauraki) RNZIR



**A Pākehā goes AWOL to join the Māori Battalion.**

"I don't know how many people know that we had a full Pakeha fighting with us in Italy. He was Lance Corporal C.J. McCalman - Mac as he was called by all, joined us during the Sangro action. He actually belonged to 27 Battalion but was frustrated by the fact that they actually saw very little real action, so Mac went AWOL and joined 28th Battalion and saw action with "B" company at Sangro and Orsogna. To avoid his being charged as AWOL or a deserter, Monty Wikiriwhi applied to have Mac transferred to the Battalion and this was duly done. Mac soon became very adept at Homai and other hand games and could out-cheat most of us. He was built like a front row All Black and going into action was always loaded down like a pack-horse: Food, ammunition, weapons, cooking utensils, you name it, Mac carried it.

He always carried a Bengazi Burner and base, a Billy and pot for tea and fowls and a frying pan for pancakes. You can imagine the clanking of this collection going into action. But we only had to stop for a few minutes and Mac had a cup of tea ready - a chook on the boil and his masterpiece pikelets. He always carried a supply of flour, egg powder, milk powder and a tin of fruit salts (in lieu of baking powder and a tin of butter, and given sufficient time the platoon would soon be sitting down to hot pikelet covered in butter and jam and a cup of hot tea.

On our long marches and going into battle you would find Mac carrying not only his own heavy load, but also packs or heavy weapons belonging to some of the smaller members of the platoon. Mac served with the Battalion from the Sangra to the final stages of the advance on Florence, when Mac, with several members of his platoon received a direct hit and died on the 1st of August 1944. A wonderful mate and soldier and respected by all who knew him.

I feel that his story deserves to be told, particularly in these times, when there seems to be so much tension between the two races. Here was a Pakeha who showed his love and respect for our people in a countless number of ways, and whose blood finally mingled with ours on the Field of Battle.

Aubrey Balzer"

This article appeared in the April 1992 NZ 28 Maori Battalion Reunion booklet.

<https://bushlifenz.com>

Hit the hills, live the BushLife!

Des please publish the letter I received: in the Hauraki News. Thanks

Sgt Morgan

Re our talk regarding the letter and American Dog Tags please find attached information on them.

In 2017 just after my father passed away, I was doing a bit of tidying up in one of Mum and Dads sheds. The house my Mother lives in was built and owned by my late fathers' parents.

I happened to come across a letter (see photos attached) from a Pte Kalika Poi 24238, who served in 24 Battalion, 3rd Echelon, 2 NZEF in WWII.

The letter basically is asking my grandparents John (Jack) & Nellie O'Halloran to look after/ help his wife.

I have tracked down Pte Poi on Cenotaph online (see links below) and have found that he was unfortunately KIA in Greece in 1942.

Both my mother and I feel that the original letter should be given to Pte Poi's family as it is a bit of their history.

I was wondering seeing as 24 battalion was recruited from the Waikato, Hauraki, Auckland areas if it is something that the Hauraki's 3/6 would like to get behind in finding Pte Poi's family and helping return the letter.

I see it as a good bit of hearts and minds with the public especially if we can get local and possibly even national media behind it.

On a side note, my grandfather John O'Halloran due to the fact that he had lost his right arm in a shooting accident aged 11 could not serve overseas.

He owned an auctioneer/ grocery store in Te Kuiti and while my own father never really said much about his father, he and others have stated John & Nell made up food parcels etc of food that hadn't sold and give them to those in need so I like to think they followed Pte Poi's wishes and looked after his wife in that regard.

Also, when my dad's mother passed away, we had tidied her house out and I had found a set of US Army Dog Tags belonging to a Richard C Dunn [39310510](#). It would seem that he had possibly served in the Pacific and possibly came to NZ on R&R.

Supposedly many US servicemen were encouraged by the American Red Cross to go and stay with NZ hosts and it could be possible that Richard was hosted for a weekend by my grandparents who were very active in the NZ Red Cross. I can't think of any reason that his dog tags would have ended up at my grandparent's place.

Again, I've always felt that the dog tags should go back to his family if they'd like them and also wondered if it is something that Hauraki, 3/6 would like to get behind as in my opinion it could be a good bit of hearts and minds plus good will with our American allies if we could track any family down.

In May 2017 I was invited to Memorial Day at the Auckland Museum by a friend of mine who is former US navy who introduced me to some American officials in the consulate/ embassy. They did some research but I've lost contact.

I remember guiding an American chap who worked with the likes of Veterans Affairs to repatriate things like dog tags to family members so am trying to see if I have his contact to maybe help.

Please find attached photos of the letter & one of the Dog Tags as well as some web links in regards to the letter and tags.

I also understand if they are not a plausible idea.

Regards

Pte Ross O'Halloran  
027 291 3078  
07 878 5208





From Facebook

6 Hauraki 2020 ANZAC Reunion



**6th BATTALION (HAURAKI)**  
ROYAL NEW ZEALAND INFANTRY REGIMENT  
**"B" COMPANY 1990**  
WINNERS OF SKILL AT ARMS SHIELD  
WINNERS OF EFFICIENCY SHIELD (BEST COY)



PUBLIC RELATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY

**Rear:** PTE S. FOX, PTE R. RAUKAWA, PTE J. HAPE, PTE B. KING, PTE W. HUNT, PTE M. McKAY, PTE T. HATI, LCPL M. DIMITROF, PTE T. TUNA, PTE A. WINIATA, PTE P. SEMMENS, PTE B. ASHFORD, PTE C. KERRISON.  
**2nd Row:** PTE B. HUTCHINSON, PTE J. TEMOANA, PTE L. SMITH, PTE W. PIO, PTE K. BELSHAW, LCPL S. VOWLES, PTE J. TAI, PTE W. TANGIRA, PTE W. APIATA, PTE D. PIO, PTE A. WHARIRIMU, PTE B. DAY, LCPL R. WHAREPAPA.  
**Front Row:** CPL T. MASON, LCPL J. HAPE, LCPL W. TEKII, LCPL P. PARURU, CPL R. ANDERSON, WO1 MORUNGA (RSM), Lt V MEAGHER, WO2 P.J. KNIGHT, SGT B. KUMEROA, LCPL A. FINAU, PTE R. WHAREWERA, PTE V. HOETE, CPL M. HUNAPO.



## B Company, 6th (Hauraki) Battalion RNZIR

1991 — 1992

Winners of: Battalion Efficiency Shield, Most Improved Company at AFE Section Skill at Arms, Best JNCO, Battalion Inter-Company Rugby Trophy.



Back Row: Cpl D Davidson, Pte S Hape, Cpl T Faulkner, Pte G MacMillan, Pte G Smeal, Pte M Newton, Pte P Pittams, Cpl F Tunui, Pte S Semmens.  
 Centre Row: Pte R Wharewera, Cpl P Paruru, Pte A Jones, Pte B King, Pte W Morgan, Cpl T Hope, LCpl P Semmens, Pte E. Nikora, Cpl T Mason.  
 Front Row: Mr M Mason (Kaumatua), Sgt N McBurnie, SSgt W McClutchie (CQMS), Capt J Hireme (Officer Commanding), 2Lt R Anderson,  
 SSgt P. O'Neill (Cadre), Sgt M Hunapo.

*Barry Jones Photocraft*





**6th BATTALION (HAURAKI)**  
ROYAL NEW ZEALAND INFANTRY REGIMENT  
TRANSPORT 1990



PUBLIC RELATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY

Back Row: L. to R. CPL D.G. WISE, DVR H.P. WIARI, L/CPL P.C. FLETCHER, PTE B.G. BELL, DVR E.F.P. POKA, DVR (W) R. MURRAY.  
Middle Row: PTE MAJ PELLOW, L/CPL I.P. HOWARTH, L/CPL H.S.A. TOKA, L/CPL E.W. HUTCHISON, PTE B.T. KEREL, PTE A.R. HERMOND, PTE R.W. McLEAY.  
Front Row: PTE H.J. RUKA, CPL P.T. JENKINS (RF TPT NCO), CPL W.P. ORMSBY (Dispatch NCO), CAPT P.A. BOS (MTO), SGT G.M. DICK (TPT SGT),  
CPL R. BUSHELL, CPL R.A. HOUIA (RP), PTE R.B. LITTLE.  
Absent: PTE V.C. BENNETT, PTE S.J. DUNLOP, PTE F.P. KOHA, PTE J.W. PEEK, PTE B.A. SHAW, PTE L.H. TAITAPANUI, PTE M.D. YOUNG.

# DELTA (WAIKATO) COMPANY

## Annual Camp 1982/83, Waiouru



Fourth Row: Pte L B J Amner, Pte A D Storey, Pte A J Hunt, Pte M T Keep, Pte H T Taylor, Pte E W Hutchison, Pte I K Crutchley, Pte T R Norton, Pte K J McLeod,  
 Lcpl R F Berratt, Pte C H Simek, Pte T E Brown, Pte R J McQuitty, Cpl K R Just, Pte P J K Simek, Pte F J Kumeroa, Pte J W Pratt, Pte M P Head, Pte G Caldwell.  
 Third Row: Pte B L Goodall, Pte D T McKinnon, Cpl D S Hall, Pte J A Williamson, Cpl K I Tisch, Pte D T Crosby, Pte B L Martin, Pte J B Hill, Pte N Whitworth,  
 Lcpl P T Costelloe, Pte D M Lockett, Pte B C McKinnon, Pte P S Watson, Pte R J Hogg, Pte A A Aish, Pte A M Banks, Pte D W Hetet, Pte P Flavell, Pte D C Boyd,  
 Pte A T Perima, Pte S R Flowerday, Pte J T McKewen, Pte N B Mair.  
 Second Row: Cpl S J Mounsey, Pte P D McKinnon, Pte T J Pratt, Pte A P Patterson, Sgt D S Sandford, Cpl G A Ellis, Sgt L Binks, Sgt L H W Moore, Lt L L Storey,  
 Capt J Jones, WO11 W T Michie, 2Lt M B Raethel, Sgt D S Bloodworth, Sgt B J Siviter, Sgt N I Haworth (BEM), Pte J R Parker, Pte R P Verstraten, Pte D C T Adam,  
 Lcpl J P N Barton, Lcpl J T Huirama.  
 Front Row: Pte K R Pavich, Pte M Ivory, Pte T P Toimata, Pte P D Gregory, Pte A R Hardy, Pte R T Smallman, Pte B M Hunter, Cpl C Heu, Lcpl K W Tumohe,  
 Pte P P Kupe, Pte P D Ill, Pte D Williams, Pte L G Brown, Pte J P Anderson, Pte M I Flay, Pte K R Hawkins, Pte N R Herewini, Pte L H T Kaa.  
 Insets: Lcpl N I Bradnock, Pte K E Plas, Pte N R Fuller.

# Western Bay of Plenty Cadet Unit



WBOPCU following the recent inspection by SMA, WOI Clive Douglas, for the National Efficiency Trophy.



# PATRIOTS DFMC HAURAKI CHAPTER



Full story line provided by Burger (**Patriots DFMC Hauraki Chapter**))

Saturday 9th February 2019 we all arrived at Opotiki for the annual" Hudda Run" (**Sgt Ken Hudson, GC**).

We had 33 in total attend - which included 9 from the Auckland Chapter and Sheryl from Manawatu Chapter.

Always good to see three of our "life members" Petchy, Winny and JB on the ride. As well as our senior in years Koro. (**Eric Kristensen**)

We visited the Opotiki RSA for lunch.

After the service at the cemetery a compulsory 'ToT was raised, thanks Petchy for the ToT glass and Darryn for the Patriots Bourbon.

Everyone headed back to Whakatane where we had organised to stay the night.

The Whakatane RSA were expecting us and made us very welcome. The dinner was at a reasonable rate and very generous helpings. The band was good value and put everyone in the mood to drink more. The RSA had prepared a very good breakfast for 8:30 on Sunday morning. Bronwyn should always remember the 2019 Hudda Run as we took advantage of this muster to fully badge her.



## **COMMITTEE 2018- 2019**

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Whakatane	Bazz Porter
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Hamilton:	Barry Ngaheu
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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 the views of the Association or Committee may not always be.

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**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**

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