



Hauraki News

“Whaka tangata kia kaha”

August 2021 Issue No 101

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

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

Heritage Platform Pae Korokī at the following location.

<https://paekoroki.tauranga.govt.nz/nodes/view/46751>

President's Report

Unfortunately, the Editor has had a minor accident to his right arm (the one he does his typing), so I have taken over to complete the August Newsletter, in this critical time of the 6 Hauraki Association.

Thanks to all the members who assist in sending articles & photos. Without your support the Newsletter would not be able to continue.

At the AGM it was disclosed that the CO 3/6 Battalion RNZIR has notified us that as of the end of November 2021, the bar at Tauranga will cease to operate. The 6 Hauraki Association Museum will be allowed to operate, but under the supervision of a Regular Force Snr NCO/Officer.

Our Patron, Judge Honorary Colonel Chris McGuire has the lead role of negotiation to gain an extension: hopefully to allow the Association more time to sort out the Museum & meeting room, so as to continue operation in a more favorable environment.

The 123rd Birthday of the Hauraki Regiment went off well, thanks to all those who attended.

Kia Kaha

Des Anderson

Hauraki Regiment 123rd Birthday



The 6 Hauraki Regiment Birthday Cake



Cutting of the cake by the youngest member of the Hauraki Company, 3/6 Battalion, present: and the Hon Col Kenneth Brown.



Members enjoying luncheon at the Tauranga RSA.

Speech Holy Trinity 11 July 2021

Hon Col Kenneth Brown 3/6 Battalion

Good morning ladies and gentlemen and thank you for the opportunity to speak today. As was mentioned I am Colonel Kenneth Brown, a former Commanding Officer of the 6th Hauraki Battalion, a battalion formerly based here in Tauranga but more recently based in Auckland following a merger with 3rd Auckland Northland Regiment to form 3/6 Battalion for which I am currently Honorary Colonel. This position is largely ceremonial but has an important role to maintain the traditions of the Battalion and mentor officers and other ranks. The best part is you get to watch and sometimes partake in all the good stuff but not actually need to work at it.

The 6th Hauraki Association was formed in 1995 with the object of promoting and fostering comradeship among past and present members of the Hauraki Battalion. For those of you who haven't seen us here before, at this time each year part of the Battalion's birthday celebrations is to attend a service here at Holy Trinity. The reason we come here is due to the Tauranga link with the Battalion and more importantly a set of our Battalion colours (or flags) are laid up here in this church. In military organisations, the practice of carrying colours, standards or guidons, is thought to have originated in Ancient Egypt some 5,000 years ago. The Roman Empire also made battle standards a part of their vast armies. The New Zealand Army is very much based on the British Army model with Companies, Battalions, Regiments, Brigades etc and incorporating many of the British military traditions including Battalion or Regimental Colours.

Back in time as armies trained and adopted set formations, each Battalion or Regiment's ability to keep its formation was critical to its and therefore the army's, success. In the chaos of battle soldiers needed to be able to determine where their battalion was. Battalion flags are generally awarded to a Battalion by a head of state during a ceremony so they are therefore treated with reverence as they represent the honour and traditions of the Battalion. Colours may be inscribed with the names of battles or other symbols representing former achievements. Battalions adopt "Colour Guards" comprised of experienced or elite soldiers, to protect the colours. As a result, the capture of an enemy's standard was considered as a great feat of arms.

Due to the advent of modern weapons and subsequent changes in tactics, Colours are no longer carried into battle but continue to be used at events of a formal nature. They are never capriciously destroyed – when too old to use they are replaced and then laid up in museums, churches or other places of significance to the Battalion. Infantry Battalions generally have two colours, one being the Kings or Queens Colour representing the military's loyalty towards the Queen with the design of the Union Flag with a gold circle in the centre within which the battalion's name and number are inscribed. The second colour is then designated the Regimental colour representing the Regiment or Battalion and has their insignia in the centre.

The Hauraki Battalion has been presented with Colours on four occasions. On the first occasion, on 26 September 1907, only a Kings Colour was presented and had been paid for by the Government.

During February 1913, the Battalion was presented with a new set of Colours and formally presented on 3 May 1914 at Hautapu Camp, Cambridge. On 21 February 1930, the day after the third set of Colours were presented the 1913 Colours were handed over to the Mayor and Councillors of Paeroa for safekeeping, where they remain today.

The third set of Colours were formally presented at Paeroa on 20 February 1930. They had been paid for by members of the Paeroa Returned Soldiers Association and given by them to the Battalion in 1929. The Battalion Colour included the battle honours won during World War 1. These are the Colours now laid up here in Holy Trinity having done so on 2 December 1973.

The current Colours, now held in Auckland were presented on 10 March 1973, at Smallbone Park, Rotorua. They were largely funded by members of the Battalion themselves. One unique feature are that they are mounted on pikes carved with Māori motifs. This was done at the instigation of the Commanding Officer at the time of their presentation, Lieutenant Colonel AP Coster, to recognise the contribution of Māori soldiers to the Battalion through the years. A few years ago, Colonel Coster's funeral was held here in this church when I had the privilege of giving his eulogy.

The 6th Hauraki Battalion traces its origins to 9 July 1898 when it began as the 2nd Battalion (Hauraki) Auckland Rifle Volunteers. With the introduction of Compulsory Military Training and the formation of the Territorial Force in 1911, the Battalion became sixth in order of seniority. It retained that status with the formation of the Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment in April 1964. The infantry units then became:

1. 1st Battalion, RNZIR (a regular force battalion),
2. 2nd Battalion (Canterbury, Nelson-Marlborough and West Coast) RNZIR
3. 3rd Battalion (Auckland (Countess of Ranfurly's Own) and North Auckland) RNZIR
4. 4th Battalion (Otago and Southland) RNZIR
5. 5th Battalion (Wellington, West Coast and Taranaki) RNZIR
6. 6th Battalion (Hauraki) RNZIR
7. 7th Battalion (Wellington (City of Wellington's Own) and Hawkes Bay) RNZIR

Numerous soldiers from the Hauraki region served in South Africa as mounted riflemen. One of these volunteers, Trooper George Bradford, became the first New Zealander to die in an overseas war when he died of his wounds.

The Hauraki Battalion provided 250 man companies for the three battalions of the Auckland Regiment during World War 1. These companies fought with distinction throughout the war and the battle honours they earned are part of the unit's history and adorn the Colours.

Soldiers from the region fought in the 18th, 21st, 24th and 29th Battalions during World War 2. Also, many soldiers from the Battalion served with the 28th (Māori) Battalion, two of whose companies were drawn from the Hauraki Battalion area.

Soldiers from the Regiment also volunteered for service in Korea, Malaya, Borneo, South Vietnam, East Timor, Bougainville, Solomon Islands, Timor Leste and Afghanistan. The Battalion was also one of the first territorial infantry battalions to send officers as observers to United Nations missions in the Middle East.

Two famous former Hauraki's are Lieutenant General Lord Bernard Freyberg VC. General Officer commanding 2nd (NZ) Division during World War 2 and Governor-General from 1946 – 1952. He was first commissioned into the Hauraki Battalion in 1911 while working as a dentist in Morrinsville.

The second is Corporal Willie Apiata VC who joined the Battalion in 1989 and in 2000 was a member of the Coster Contingent made up of a platoon from the Battalion which served as part of the third battalion group in East Timor. Subsequently he joined the Special Air Service and served in Afghanistan, where he earned the Victoria Cross.

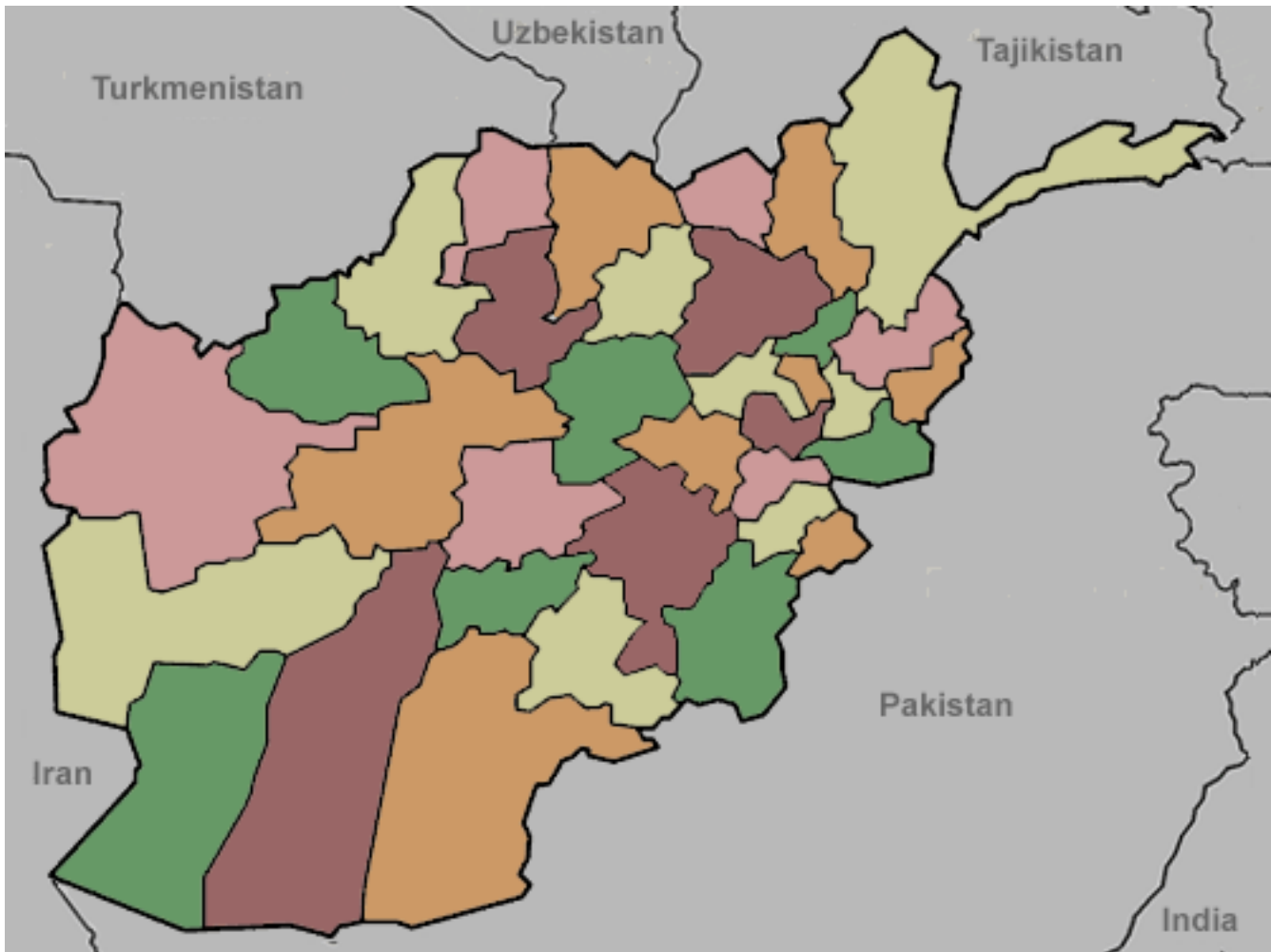
The 6th Hauraki Battalion was the last battalion to merge with another battalion, which only occurred in recent years following a restructure of all the units. The battalion joined Auckland based 3rd Auckland/Northland Battalion to become 3/6 Battalion. Sadly, this has meant Tauranga and the Hauraki region has lost its home based battalion, nevertheless there remains a Tauranga based company and the locally based Hauraki Association also endeavours to keep the traditions alive and current. One of those important traditions is the laying up of the Colours and as mentioned before we have a set laid up here in this church, hence our connection to the church and our desire to attend a service here at least once a year.

I trust this gives you an insight into why we are here today and the significance of our former Colours, laid up here in your Church. Thank you for the opportunity to do so.

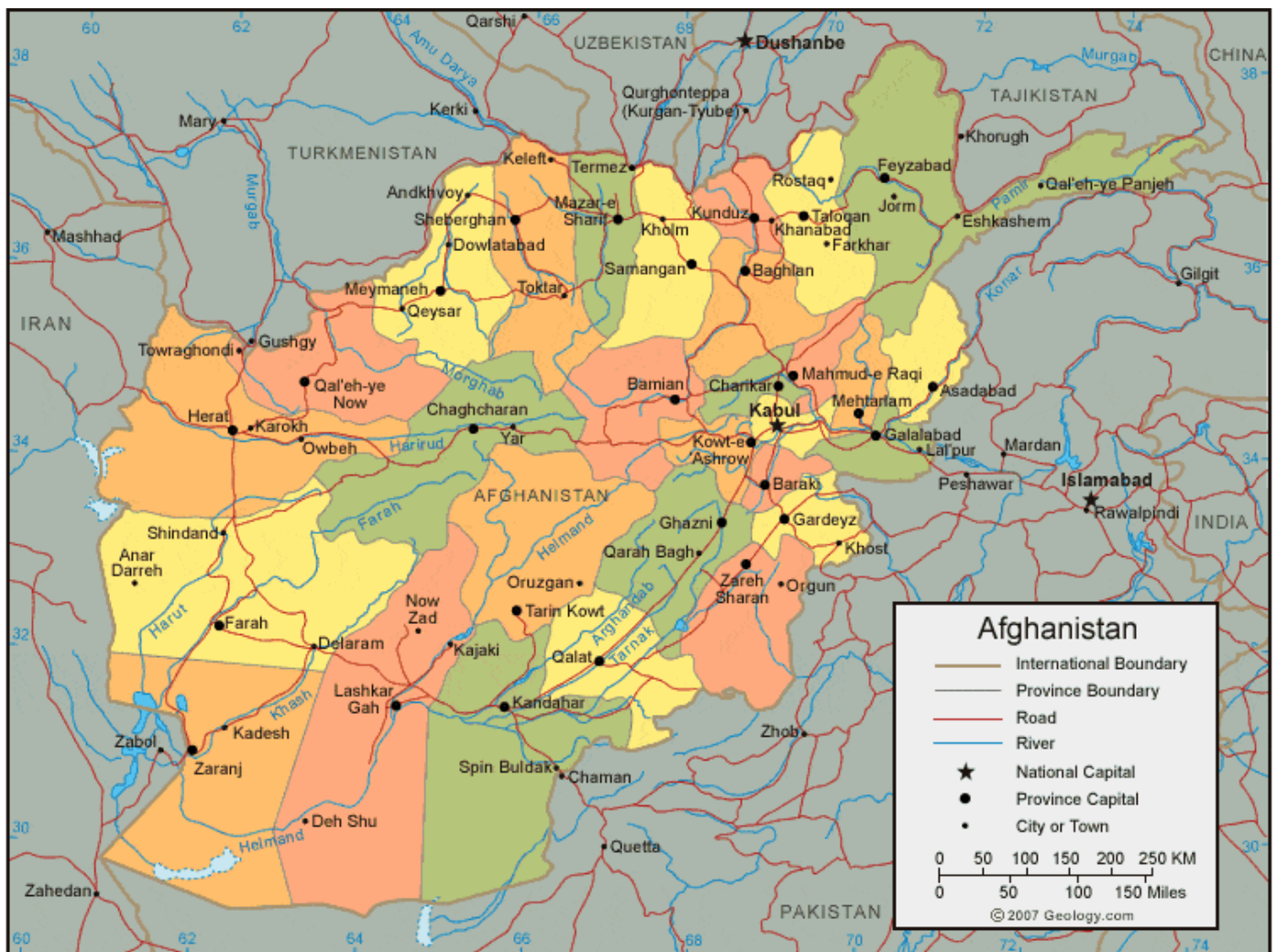


Members of 6 Hauraki Association, family & Tauranga Cadet Forces

AFGHANISTAN



Map of land locked Afghanistan & countries surrounding



Map of Afghanistan showing the Provincial Boundaries.

As I watched the Chinook rise up from the compound on my TV I couldn't avoid thinking back to when I was a young child, watching but not really comprehending similar events played out in black and white in April 1975.

Back then it was the US evacuating Saigon at the end of Vietnam, this month it was again Americans exiting, joined by a who's-who of the so called civilised world also scrambling to leave but this time the stage was set in Afghanistan.

As a former Hauraki who served in this land locked Central Asian country of around 38 million souls in 2006 and visiting for a short term with another nation's mission to the East in 2012, Des Anderson thought I might want to share my thoughts.

Hmm, week 2 of a humanitarian tragedy which appears to be teetering on the brink of the world's next genocidal disaster and I'm not sure just what my thoughts are. Well first up, cards on the table, never mind what our and other government official positions are, the writings of an imminent collapse have been on the wall for quite some time.

In 2004 I was sitting on my porch at home in Te Awamutu recovering from a night shift when the phone rang. I'd been out of the full and part time NZDF for quite some time so when a soldier introduced themselves, I was somewhat surprised.

I recalled the officer from the Intelligence Corps, she had been given my name by a so called mate as someone who might be interested in returning to the fold and perhaps deploying to Afghanistan?

For good or for bad I agreed. I'd spend all my leave for that year and 2005 re-skilling, pounding the pavements to lose weight and prepping.

PDT for Crib 8 was based out of Burnham but for the months leading up to that I was busy at Force Int Group's Trentham base doing pre- pre-deployment training, studying the country, some languages, customs and recent history.

We arrived in Afghanistan via Australia, Malaysia then a Middle Easter host, switching over to an RNZAF C130 for the flight into Bamian Province. After a rather steep descent we arrived at Kiwi Base on 23 April 2006.

I was the only TF member of our contingent but the Boss's protection officer was a Navy Reservist who was a PPO for Prime Minister Helen Clark in his civilian role.

To offer some background the country I arrived in is a mountainous landlocked country bordered by Pakistan to the South and East and Iran to the West. To the North lie the former Soviet republics of Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan and Tajikistan while China borders a North-Eastern corner of Afghanistan.

Poverty is rife with over 54% of the population living below what we call the poverty line. Since the outbreak of Covid this figure is believed to have risen to 72% while Afghanistan has one of the world's lowest literacy rates at 43% which is likely to get worse with the Taliban declaring their support for females being educated, generously announcing girls will be able to attend school up to age nine.

Broken down to 34 Provinces which administer 421 Districts there have been few censuses carried out in the war torn country however the population is believed to be about 38 million with 4.5 million living in Kabul, the capital.

Putting it in a way your average Kiwi patrol member could understand, I remember briefing our guys that; "the average 'Haji' you meet will be lucky to make \$US30 a year, it's extremely unlikely he can read or write and he ekes out enough to survive via subsistence farming."

I remember adding that Afghanistan was second behind Sierra Leone in terms of the infant mortality rate and while NZ would expect a mother mortality rate of 9 deaths per 100,000 live births, in Afghanistan this figure was 638.

So, having painted a reasonably bleak picture of the country infrastructure, it wasn't long before the first patrols interactions with our indigenous allies suggested the best idea might be to start all over again with a blank canvas.

The Afghan security forces could be broken down into 3 tiers. You had the Army (ANA), the Police (ANP) and the Soviet era National Directorate of Security (NDS). Because of the ethnic divide (Kiwi Base being in the Hazara dominant province of Bamian), there were no ANA there during my 2006 tour. What I did see of the ANA was while in Kabul and Khowst Province in 2012. They were a mixed bag with their Special Forces appearing well equipped and motivated while their regular battalions or Khandaks were a real mixed bag.

The ANP in Bamian could only be described as a motley grouping of malnourished, ill-equipped, illiterates whose presence and capabilities were solely determined by the ability and efficiency of their O/C. If the O/C of an area was switched on then his troops reflected this, if this wasn't the case then sadly this was also apparent. The issue of ghost soldiers was an issue even back then and I imagine was a considerable factor in the fighting, or lack thereof, in recent weeks.

Frequently we would encounter local ANP with no webbing, one magazine on their rifle which may or may not have any rounds in it and no means of communication.

With no banking system ANP troopers relied on what their commander doled out to them and when. To subsidise their keep is it little wonder reports of 'taxing' on remote roads and trails were common?

The NDS on the other-hand were a different kettle of fish. General Wasiq was running the show when we were there. It took a bit of mental calculations to work out when he told me he had been trained in Germany that he was talking about 'the East' and his mentors would have been the Staasi.

I came away with the impression the NDS were the switched on cookies of the show, not a lot happened without them knowing, they were well equipped, had comms and their own system of backup and reinforcement.

Traffic- ability was a real issue in Bamian in 2006 while there was a really heavy dependence on US air support in the East in 2012. Major roads could be compared to a NZ Class II gravel road on a good day and I well remember a patrol breaking an axle on a switch back road that was higher than the peak of Mt Cook and waiting for an American Chinook to appear and recover the armoured Landcruiser.

It was US rotary support that came to our rescue in Panjaw Warras when a Kiwi patrol vehicle crashed and rolled down a gully injuring two of our guys who had to be medevac'd out. If New Zealand had such a heavy dependency on US air support under an ISAF run operation, imagine what it was like for the Afghan forces when this tap was abruptly tuned off?

I say that because in 2007 I was fortunate enough to be invited to Ft Bragg in North Carolina, the home of the John F Kennedy Special Warfare Centre & School (JFKSWCS). While there I noticed a small number of Allied troops including a group of Afghan Commandos.

One thing I noted back in Afghanistan and there at JFK was the heavy reliance of all parties on air support not only for insertion and extraction but in terms of fire support as well.

I watched them put through their paces in terms of prepping for patrols, Kiwi platoon & section commanders would have felt at home as they GSMEAC'd their way through the planning but I was left wondering if this heavy reliance on Western doctrine, equipment and assets might come to bight them in the... well we'll say foot eh Des?

A few years on and it looks like the issues of nepotism, ghost soldiers and lack of air and logistical support have come to the fore.

All the armchair generals and 'expert commentators' have been caught on the back foot first with the untimely rapid withdrawal of the US, and hey let's not forget us and a whole host of other Allies and the leaving of our Afghan allies to it.

I feel our Government dropped the ball somewhat. The time to act was in May, but we didn't. Instead, it appears to me we were shamed into acting by other Allies as they scrambled to apply a modicum of dignity to the abandoning of Afghanistan.

Don't be tricked by the media. It is not just 'interpreters' whose lives are at risk.

Many Locally Employed Contractors (LECs) worked on Kiwi Base for well over 10 years. They fed us and cleaned, built various sites for us and generally enabled our mission to succeed for the 20 years of respite we were able to give to this troubled land.

That we turned our back on them as recently as May is a cross we will have to bear, let us hope that the 80 New Zealanders deployed on Op Kokako can redress this wrong and bring themselves and 'our people' home.



CRIB 7 on ANZAC Day 2006.



Afghan Commandos



ANP contingent Panjaw KT4 patrol base.



A female trainee being instructed in the procedure of hand cuffing a prisoner



Children on the way to school, meet a Kiwi Soldier.



Young children talk to Kiwi Soldier.



Local Afghan workers on base



The ever-present C130 dropping flares against anti-aircraft missiles.

CRIB 2 PADRE

Salam walekum!

In 2003, deploying RF Chaplains on future Operations had become a contentious issue within NZDF. Previously to my deployment to Afghanistan (Nov, 2003), NZDF Chaplains had generally done a 3-month deployment and Army Chaplains were primarily selected due to these predominantly being land operations. The arguments for and against within NZDF/Joint HQ also created much angst within RNZChD (Army) as it underestimated our capability, value, and the historical narrative of being present with our troops in the midst of challenging circumstances on the battlefield and/or in peace times.

The upshot of the robust discussions within NZDF/Joint HQ was that Snr Chaplain Stephen Carney Class 1 (E, Col) was to select an Army Chaplain who would set a solid platform for future deployments for RF Chaplains. Padre Carney made a direct approach to me and asked if I would be open to the idea of deploying to Afghanistan with Crib 2 and with the possibility that it would be for a period of 3 months with a review. At this stage in my Chaplaincy career, I had been posted into Linton Military Camp after previously serving in Burnham (4 years) and Waiouru (4 years) Camps respectively. Linton Camp had by this stage become the operational Camp.

After several lengthy discussions with Chaplain Carney about the current discussions around the value of deploying RF Chaplains, I accepted the opportunity and challenge with both excitement and an uncomfortable level of anxiety. I felt the enormity and weight of this decision as it meant that the future deployment of RF Chaplains lay with me, and I also wanted to honour Chaplain Carney's faith in my ability to succeed. I always love a challenge and have never back down when the odds were against me.

Once the green light was given, I was determined to fully immerse myself in the Pre-Deployment Training and be a part of the contingent that meant building and establishing a rapport with the Command Team and the contingent personnel. Secondly, I did not want to be a liability and it was important from day one that I bring all my Pastoral and Chaplaincy experience to the fore.

Pre-deployment training for Crib 2 took place in Burnham Camp and the field phases in Tekapo. After 4 weeks intensive training and a week standdown completed, Crib 2 re-grouped in Burnham Camp. After a few more days to complete final administration, we were ready to deploy.

At the Christchurch International Airport, we waited patiently to board our Air Force Boeing aircraft with varying levels of excitement and anxiety. The CDF at the time, Major General Jerry Mataparae delivered his farewell speech and then we waved at the large group of well-wishers as we walked out onto the tar mat and to board the Boeing. Unfortunately, and unexpectantly we were asked to dis-embark

the aircraft as it had not been refuelled. So back inside the terminal we return with embarrassment until the Boeing had been refuelled. As you can imagine this situation was often raised in jest whenever there was a discrepancy about the capabilities between Services. At the time of the incident, I don't think the CDF was impressed and nor were those who came to farewell us. This was just one of many funny situations that occurred during our deployment.

We landed at Bamyán airport after spending a few weeks in Bagram. We were greeted with dust and the altitude (2,550m). Once we farewelled the first contingent it was head down bum up. My next step was getting involved with various tasks and activities when we arrived in Afghanistan. One of the most rewarding activities was building a working and social relationship with the local people of Bamyán. This led to initiatives such as building a relationship the local Mullah (religious leaders), Government officials, village elders, local shop keepers in the Bazaar, visiting the local Hospital with our medical team that included our Kiwi civilian Dr and involved with the teaching of basic English lessons.... all these activities and more paved the way for future RF Chaplaincy deployments.

Students keen to learn English were enthusiastic always attending with their homework completed. Many of whom had to be turned away due to limited space. As I reflect to those early days, I can see how many of the young students later became PR Kiwi Base interpreters. Many of who I still have over the last 10 years left their homes and loved ones to come and live in New Zealand. Other students I taught and befriended remain in contact with me on Facebook.

Recent weeks have hi-lighted just how volatile Afghanistan has become with the insurgence of the Taliban. I have received numerous calls and messages from several the English class students and the Interpreters. All wanting to escape the tyranny of the retribution that would soon fall on them and their loved ones as the Taliban gain more control. My thoughts and prayers go out to all the local Bayman people who provided selfless support to all NZ Crib contingents.

Near the 3 month point of my deployment my RTNZ came up for discussion at Joint HQ. By that stage I was fully immersed in my role and had made numerous inroads into the community that with the support of both the CO (Col Riley) at the time and Crib 2 personnel I was permitted to remain with the Crib 2 contingent until we RTNZ.

After the handover with Crib 3, I was proud to have received along with several other contingent members, the Commander's Commendation certificate for my Chaplaincy work. We returned to NZ in April a week before ANZAC day 2004.

In 2010, I was privileged to have returned to Afghanistan with Crib 17. Another Winter deployment there. Whilst the opportunity to return had a lot of excitement it is also a deployment that we lost Pte Mila who tragically died due to a LAV accident. My Pastoral and Counselling skills held me in good stead and contributed to the over wellbeing of the Contingent. The groundwork that I had set

up during my Crib 2 deployment had and continued right up to the last Crib to be present in Bamyan.

In closing, my thoughts return to the local Bamyan people who supported the Kiwi PRT there. The deep relationships formed throughout the 20 years the NZDF were there is 2nd to none. We would not have achieved as much as we did it had not been for our local Bamyan interpreters. They placed themselves in harm's way as much as we did. It was and still is a privilege to have served with them.



TG CRIB

The circular shape of the main body represents the letter 'O' as in operation. It could also symbolise unity.

The Koru shape on the left hand inner part of the letter 'O' symbolises two arms and the ends curled represent hands. The idea behind this pattern refers to assisting, securing and building relationships with people, eg. Afghan, NGO and Coalition partners. The shape suggests an open gesture which could also be taken as a vulnerable position. Lastly the Koru shape forms the shape of the letter 'C' as in the word CRIB.

The fern is next to add an identity and well known icon both nationally and internationally. Wearing a fern adds to the pride we take when representing our country.

The base of the logo speaks for itself, representing the JFHQ that makes up the TG CRIB contingent. You will notice the No. 2 is placed in the centre of the triangle to represent the second rotation. It is the JFHQ that gives support and stability to this mission.

In order to enhance a New Zealand flavour a kiwi head is added to the logo. With beak pointing down, it symbolises the typical Kiwi soldier/sailor/air person's ability to get stuck in when things need to be done, in short, our instinctive work ethic. Thirdly the head and beak have the idea of seeking food for nourishment. As far as the mission of TG CRIB goes, it's about seeking ways and means to foster better relationships both here as a Defence Force and with other nations.

Letters to the Editor

British Army Bands

It's been a while since I mentioned cutbacks and changes in the UK – well there's been a further cutback and change again!

For quite some time now all British Army musicians have come under the Corps of Army Musicians or CAMUS – now “Royal”.

Under RCAMUS all musicians are trained at the Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall. But the army plans to sell off this base next to Twickenham rugby stadium. I have been there and yes it has come to the end of its usefulness. No new venue has been found yet but rumours of a merge with the Royal Marines School is but one. It can take anything up to 3 years before a bandsman is ready for a posting.

When a bandsman is posted, they are not attached to that regiment but merely wear their uniform. This has been a farce for some years now. Bandsmen have no loyalties or feel part of their new regiment and before long will be promoted to another band – and may have to learn to play ‘Men of Harlech’.

So, the army has decided to get away from bands attached to regiments and brand bands as **British Army Band** (location).

The Band of the Household Cavalry is a merger of the Life Guards and Blues & Royals. A 65 piece band, half the band wear one uniform one day and the other half the next day. They are based at Hyde Park and Windsor. And of course, they mostly play on horseback. This is the lead band in the British army and is protected by the Queen.

Guards' bands. There are 5 foot bands totalling over 200 musicians all based at Wellington Barracks next to Buckingham Palace. They are split into the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, Irish, Welsh bands all playing separately but sharing facilities and merging and swapping players often.

The Countess of Wessex's String Orchestra (COWSO) has taken over the Artillery band rooms at Woolwich now that the Artillery has been moved. In the past most bands had their own salon orchestra to sooth HM at dinner parties. This is now the only orchestra in the British army and is of world standard.

The Band of the Royal Regiment of Scotland Edinburgh is nervously waiting to see if there will be a vote for Scottish independence as this band is definitely Scottish! They are a symphonic band (that is have brass and woodwinds) and have a few bagpipers and wear kilts. With this regiment merging a few years ago the well-known old regiments – Black Watch, Argyll & Sutherlands, Highlanders etc are now battalions (Like Hauraki eh). Each of the Scottish battalions have their own Pipe Bands.

The Band of the Prince of Wales Division serves Wales.

The Band and Bugles of The Rifles at Winchester operates separately as does the **Gurkhas**. The Rifles was a merger of many infantry regiments and bandsmen getting posted to this band have to learn to play on the run (more than a quick march but a very fast trot). It is a normal symphonic supplemented by a bugle line up from serving soldiers within the regiment.

Most battalions in the UK have their own drum corps and some of those have bugle and Fifes (piccolos). The 2 regular NZ battalions had their own drum corps up till recently.

The rest of the bands have now been rebranded geographically.

British Army Band Catterick Yorkshire, has the bands that used to be the Royal Armoured Corps, King's Division and REME (which became a pop group).

British Army Band Tidworth, has the bands that used to be the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers and the Adjutant General's Corps (which became a pop group)

British Army Band Sandhurst, has the bands that used to be Signals, Logistics

British Army Band Colchester, has the bands that used to be Queen's Division, Parachute Regt and Army Air Corps (which became a pop group).

There has been a problem in UK army regiments at parades where often their own band was away and another band had to play. As the regiment didn't own the band, RCAMUS did, there was an occasion where that band just borrowed the uniform for the day. So, in practice the band belonging to a regiment was a farce anyway. Now bandsmen feel better attached to RCAMUS than any field unit.

But there are still many reserve and voluntary bands and I shall mention these later.

from [Gavin Marriott](#).

The Wounded

The soldier rouses in a place of order and discipline; a place that suits his soldier's uniform behaviour and bearing; but a place undeniably different from that which he has just come; this place, clean, at least so far as a field hospital can be. His cot is level and steady, with sheets and a pillow. He can hear the soft tread of purposeful footfall on a board floor – and perhaps the murmur of voices – if he listens, he may hear concern in the tone.

His new world is a daze – drifting from consciousness to not – perhaps surreal. The soldier may not be fully aware of the place or his reason for being present – or he may be. The bloodied uniform ripped or cut; bandages over his face; or maybe a flat sheet where a leg ought to have been – a presence felt but a reality absent. With eyes closed a world is his but his thoughts may not be. He has no control now – nor has he since putting on his uniform. On the Peninsula or in the trenches of the western front he was a commodity; without a mind, without senses; at least not for those who had a care – a care to survive unscathed.

On the Peninsula a man stripped himself to endure the harsh summer conditions and the ceaseless toil. A man also stripped mentally, to endure that which was not able to be endured – not in the ordinary course of a man's ordinary existence – on the farm, in the office, on the street, in the factory, in the bush.

Such things as a Mother nurtured in her young men; love, care, empathy, compassion, respect; these things that are the hall-mark of a decent young fellow who might make himself a future with a wife and a family – those things that give our ordinary life meaning and purpose and dignity – those values by which we might be measured as being successful; it is those things that must be buried in the detritus of war if a man is to survive. A man must shed these things – so greatly desired in peace; he must strip down to primal man – perhaps better animal – in order that he survive war. To the extent that he loses these things he is able to survive, as a shell, able to do those things for which he is trained; to wear the remnants of his fellows upon his soiled uniform without for weeks without end. With conscience gone, all hell maybe endured – and is.

The combatant's future remains little more than the next objective – the blue or green line, the feature, the attack; the pulsating bombardment; the cascade of grenades and the hail of machine gun bullets.

Where future becomes futility, inextricably bound together.

Perhaps there will be no future?

But inevitably, the soldier's future arrives, as of course it must: "a blighty" for those lucky enough, or for the many, the summary execution of the enemies' work – extinction in an instant, or perhaps the slow delirious passing of the souls from this mortal world to, for most – the unknown. And so, it comes to be: the .303 slug hits;

the shrapnel tears; the grenade eviscerates; the bayonet plunges and cuts.

Consciousness fades; duty done.

When the soldier wakes, he is only dimly aware; with eyes closed he floats on an imagined reality – quite disconnected from his present – but not from his past. The past remains stubbornly present – a parade of grisly images that the soldier is not to be free of – ever; kept at bay only by his duties as a soldier – but for the fact that his gallery of images will be constantly added to; ceased only with his death in battle: or his descent and destruction into mental illness, or alcoholism, or suicide: that is the future for such men as the combatant soldier. For the moment however he regains consciousness, his eyes open, but not with any sense of a connected reality - either to his recent past, or, more significantly, to a future. Comfort comes from being tended to – or more ominously – “comforted”, made comfortable; a euphemism expressing his imminent demise. But being tended to gives cause for hope, at least for those sufficiently alive to be aware of the difference. And so, we arrive at the future and what might give the wounded soldier cause to think that they may have one – the nurse.

It ought to be said that the absolute manifestation of care, compassion, duty and sympathy resides in the person of the nurse, and this never more so than during World War One.

It needs to be completely understood that the soldier's life in the trenches was little more than the monotonous torture of routine interspersed with episodes of cataclysmic violence – that might shatter a man's equilibrium. The restoration of a man's equilibrium is no easy thing, especially not in a field hospital and by a nurse: not because they can't but because it is not within their professional role. But it is within their compass as a human being, and I might add, especially as a woman. The thought that the grievously wounded soldier might have some sort of future finds expression in the human values that form the foundation of the nurse's role in their provision of care – respect, compassion, empathy, dignity, and – dare I say this – implicitly, love.

As the wounded soldier emerges from the no-man's land of grievous wounding to re-enter the struggle of existing, surviving the wound and rehabilitating both the physical body and the mental self, he needs a reason to re-assert his control. That

reason may be hope. And hope is delivered in mortal form by the presence of the nurse. As the soldier shakes off the notion that he is but little more than an expended commodity, to be used as commander and politician see fit, he re-inhabits that part of his soul that he cast aside when putting on his military garments – his supposed shield against the vicissitudes of combat. Within the orbit of the nurse, the soldier's foundation shifts from the trench floor, exploding bomb, rattle of machine gun fire and the rigid structure and discipline that cocoons him, to the hope of resuming a normal life – a life given fullness by opportunity, and framed by love, justice, equity, respect, compassion and loyalty.

Those amongst us who have not suffered the perils of combat cannot know how far a man may fall from his normal self, and therefore how high is the climb back to his normal. Nor can we know how great is the step the wounded soldier must first take in making that climb.

Let us be reminded that the light that illuminates the wounded man's climb to recovery is hope, and that the holder of that illuminating hope is, for many, the nurse.

It is equally true that those who have not lost their normal self cannot know how important it is to build a firm foundation upon which recovery and rehabilitation might be built.

For many young soldiers who suffered grievous wounds, the nearest they may have come to soul sustaining care and compassion was from a maternal figure, so that in times of mortal peril, the presence of a nurse providing tender ministrations – both so very far away from the comfort of their familial home, substantially eased the burden of bearing such suffering alone.

For a wounded soldier, the constant purgatory of both actual and imagined injuries is sustained during those dark periods of psychological torment - when their eyes are closed, their senses are dulled by pain and their physical presence isolated by predatory thoughts and imaginings – sustained by the absence of anything outside their imaginings. It is only with the revelation of hopeful care and comfort that darker forces are kept at bay – and with constant support – defeated.

But the building of the foundation of recovery, brick by hopeful brick, begins with the nurse and the moment of light that falls upon the wounded soldier, when the

revelation that there is a reason to recover, shines. The hopeful future personified in all that the nurse is, or at least appears to be through the eyes of the stricken – a reason; a reason for being; a reason for being beyond that which we are at this moment – wounded, disfigured, tortured, without hope.

Des

Attached is something I penned three years ago, as I was waiting on a bed in Waikato Hospital. While I was waiting, I was also reflecting – on a wounded soldier's lot.

Russell Skeet

Thames Naval Volunteers, a snippet of their history.

Compiled by Russell Skeet.

The Thames Naval Volunteer unit was gazetted on the 8 October 1869, with Captain George Best in command:

*"... The Thames Naval Volunteers, under the command of Captain Best, paraded in the drill shed, Grahamstown. The muster was very good—about 45 men being present. This is very satisfactory, considering the short time it has been formed. After the inspection, it was handed over to Instructor Grant for manual and platoon exercise, and company drill. At the termination, Major Cooper highly complimented them on the efficiency displayed in so short a time. ..."*¹

Other officers included Lieut. Nicholson and Sub-Lieutenant Bruce. By February 1870 it was reported as being seventy-five strong. Initially the unit paraded in "Finnimore's old warehouse in Albert Street" and "Fraser and Tinne's building" By July of 1872 the Navals' were drilling in the new Volunteer Hall in Brown Street.² It seems that the unit were active in the community, and certainly assisted in celebrating public holidays like Queen's Birthday;

"... The Thames Naval Brigade have decided to celebrate the Queen's Birthday by a ball to be held at the Academy of Music on Monday evening. It was originally that the celebration should be merely a company dance, a kind of periodical evening party frequently given by the brigade. We do not presume to say that the ball has been resolved upon in consequence of a suggestion we threw out some time back, but certain it is that after the first announcement was made, we hinted that the ladies of the Thames would be disappointed if the brigade cheated them of their annual birthday ball, and the company dance developed into a ball, numerous invitations for which have been issued. Arrangements have been made to ensure the usual success of the blue jackets' ball, and we expect to see the Academy of Music

¹ Russell Skeet, *Thames Naval Volunteers*, p. 1.

² Russell Skeet, *Thames Naval Volunteers*, p. 2.

thronged with a brilliant assemblage on Monday night, and the Navals shall have credit of providing for the due celebration of the Queen's Birthday. ..."³

They took their training seriously also:

*"... A detachment of the Naval Brigade, under the command of Lieut. Bennett and Petty Officer Thomas, mustered on Saturday afternoon for shell practice. They only worked one gun in consequence of the other being quite unfit for use. The limbers are in a very advanced state of decay, although it has been repeatedly repaired by the corps. The guns and carriages bear the mark of 1855 upon them, so that we cannot be surprised at the timber becoming useless. The crew made some excellent shots, and the gun seemed to be laid in an able manner. We think for the credit of the district the sooner this corps is served with a couple of light pieces the better. There can be no pleasure in hauling a couple of crumbling heavy howitzer frames about, and men must be good Volunteers to muster for practice with such pieces, as it takes about two crews to drag a gun into position. ..."*⁴

In due course they received their new gun boat;

*"... As previously advertised, the Naval gunboat was launched from the yard of the builders, Mr Savage, about two o'clock yesterday, amidst a very heavy fall of rain. Notwithstanding the weather, there was a large crowd of people present, amongst them being a good number of ladies. The boat was christened the "Victoria," by Mrs Ehrenfried, amidst loud cheering. Three cheers were given for the ladies present, and for Mr Savage, the builder. After an appropriate speech by Captain Brassey those present partook of champagne and the success of the craft and other toasts were duly honoured. We understand this vessel will make her maiden trip today, being engaged, with the company's gig and another large boat, to carry the company and honourable members on a picnic up the river, and we sincerely trust the day will be fine for the occasion. ..."*⁵

In 1881, the Navals were called out to active service to go to Parihaka as the Native minister, John Bryce, sought to deal with Te Whiti and Tohu at Parihaka. Also called to active service [from Thames units] were the Hauraki Engineer Volunteers, Nos 1,2, and 3, companies Thames Scottish Battalion Rifle Volunteers; Thames Rifle Ranger Volunteers; and the Thames Native Rifle Volunteers.⁶

The unit declined, but only just, to support the burning of an effigy of the Hon. Defence Minister Bryce in Sept. of 1882 as a result of Bryce's indifferent treatment upon their return to Thames regarding the payment of wages:

"A MEETING of Parihaka volunteers and -other volunteers was held last night at St. George's Hall. About 40 persons were present, and Captain Schofield presided. Mr Rowe, of the Naval Brigade, explained that at a meeting of that company, Captain Wildman had warned them not to take part in the effigy burning. He would try to obtain a legal remedy, and was about to proceed to Auckland to consult Mr Hesketh. Perhaps the Governor might induce Mr Bryce to apologise for the slanderous

language he was reported to have used. Some discussion afterwards ensued, in which about half the members took part. Some nice things were said about the Hon. the Defence Minister. One person suggested that a subscription of one penny a piece be made to present him wherewith a rope to hang himself. A member of the Navals said he would not disobey his Captain, as he did not wish to be drummed out, but he would contribute a match to light the effigy.”⁷

In March of 1883 the Thames Naval Volunteers was disbanded and the Thames Naval Artillery was gazetted, with many of the Navals joining the new unit - All Naval Volunteers in New Zealand were formed into a Corps on 17 June 1885 as the New Zealand Naval Artillery Volunteers under the command of Rear Admiral RAE Scott, R.N. The Thames Volunteers were part of the Auckland Division, Naval Artillery Volunteers.

The first parade of the new Naval Artillery unit was held on the 8th March; it seems that there may have been some drill issues that needing addressing:

“At the inspection of the Naval Artillery last evening, there were present 35 of all ranks. The men were put through manual and platoon exercise, and marched out headed by their band. We would suggest to the officers the desirableness of causing silence to be observed in the ranks, and the utility of teaching men the difference between "attention " and " stand easy.”⁸

It seems that the unit contained some excellent rifle shots:

“The Thames Naval Artillery have won the match between the Dunedin, Wellington, Nelson, and Auckland Companies. The scores are :—Thames, 701; Dunedin, 694; Wellington, 691; Nelson, 656; and Auckland 585.”⁹

It seems that training was kept up in the latest technology:

“... Captain Wildman of the Thames Naval Artillery has selected Acting P.O.’s J Floyd and R Wilson, and Gunners J. Allen, J. Berryman, O. Clarken, R. Herivel, T. Johnston,, J.W. O’Sullivan, T. Radford and R. Preece for torpedo practice and submarine mining, as requested by the Defence Department. The men will probably have to proceed to Auckland to receive it. ...”¹⁰

In the 1884 return the strength was 53,¹¹ and for 1885, 59.¹²

Their strength remained fairly constant: the Thames Naval Artillery in the following years was; 1890, 65; 1891, 60; 1892, 59; 1893, 75; 1894, 72; and 1895, 58.

On November 15, 1901, the Thames Naval Artillery (formed in 1869 as the Thames Naval Volunteers) changed its identity to become part of the 2nd Battalion (Hauraki)

Auckland Rifle Volunteers as No. 1 Company Hauraki Rifle Volunteers,¹³ the Hauraki Rifle Volunteers having formed in 1897.

The old Colours of the Thames Navals were deposited in St George's Church in Thames on 13 October 1901.¹⁴

“... The colours, which consist of company flag and the Union Jack, are of silk, handsomely ornamented, and picked out on silver buttons, and it may truly be said that there is not a company in New Zealand rejoicing in the possession of such handsome colours. ..”







Hi Paul, Peter and Des,

I hope this email finds you all well. It has been a while!

I'm pleased to tell you that TCC have agreed to pay for an interpretation panel for the Tauranga Domain Memorial Gates which will highlight the significance of the gates and include names of the men, who for a variety of reasons, were not included on the role of honour back in 1921.

The plan is to put the panel to one side of the gates outside of the Domain so those walking past will see it - see below. The Tauranga Historical Society would like to organise an event to mark the 100 years of the gate which will be 11 December 2021.

I wanted to let you all know and thought there might be others we should let know about these plans. And perhaps, if you think appropriate, put everyone in touch with the right person/people at the Historical Society – Julie Green (President) and/or Beth Bowden (committee member) to discuss a possible event (possibly an unveiling).

Look forward to hearing your thoughts.

Again, I hope you are all doing well.

Fiona



We swept over the ridge and into a leaden hail

By Sergeant Julian Brook, 15th North Auckland Company

Morning August 7, first assault on Chunuk Bair

We were told that evening [Aug 4] that the enemy would be attacked at every point in the line and at Cape Helles. At 10.30pm on August 6 we marched out, still to the left, and at midnight passed our last outpost.

We could hear British cheers ahead. The South Island infantry battalions and mounted infantry, the Māori, and Gurkhas were ahead of us and it was their cheers we heard as they captured position after position.

Soon we began to meet strings of prisoners coming in and shells from two warships flew over our heads. We went on slowly over the newly conquered ground, and at daybreak found ourselves in a Turkish rest gully. There were a lot of prisoners there, who had been so surprised that our advance guard had captured the stew for their morning's breakfast.

We went on up the valley, and, after wearisome climbing, halted for breakfast.

We got orders to climb to the left, and finally reached the most advanced position possible under cover.

We were drawn up in platoons, in single line. As the 3rd Auckland Company was away on escort duty, there were 12 lines, each a yard apart, the 6th Haurakis under Major Sinel being the first four lines, then the 15th Company, and then the 16th Waikato's.

Being in the 9th platoon I was thus in the fifth line, and acting as platoon sergeant. A half battalion of Gurkhas was dressed up right against our left. Our Colonel – Colonel Young – addressed us: "The Auckland Battalion and the Gurkhas will charge in five minutes' time, over this hill into a valley, across which is a hill with two Turkish trenches; the 6th Hauraki will take the first trench and the 15th North Auckland the second, the 16th supporting."

Really it was quite a dramatic moment. I knew that it would be no child's play to charge a prepared position that we had never seen, in broad daylight.

A sort of hush fell, and probably some of us were thinking and wondering which of us would not see the sun set that night.

Five minutes up we all stood up, and suddenly the Gurkhas slipped out and got into their favourite diamond formation. They whipped out their kukris, Major Sinel said something, and we all bounded forward.

A few seconds brought us to the top of the rise and the front line began to fall.

"Come on, men," Major Sinel yelled.

We pulled ourselves together and swept forward over the ridge into a leaden hail. Down the hill we went and across a flat and up a rise.

Going up the rise, I could see the two Turkish trenches 50yds away, and the Turks in the top one blazing away while machine-guns hammered at our flanks. Following old soldiers' advice, I had my head up, and of my own company no one was ahead of me.

I had done nearly a hundred yards, but felt as if I was running on air, when all at once someone seemed to hit me in the face with a pick, and my head hit the ground.



TAURANGA LIBRARY

I thought I'd let you know that I've gathered the Hauraki Regiment images and publications, including the older newsletters from 1995-2012, together within the library's Heritage Platform Pae Korokī at the following location.

<https://paekoroki.tauranga.govt.nz/nodes/view/46751>

The url should be reliable so you are welcome to refer your association's members to this rather than the old Tauranga Memories site, which is now no longer. You and your members can make suggestion for changes to any of the content on Pae Korokī by looking for the following icon (a pen hovering over a pad).

Harley

Harley Couper

*Heritage Specialist | Tauranga City Libraries | Mob. 0211094667 or 07 5579717
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Association Library

The Association has a number of books, DVD & VHS tapes.

Tauranga Army Cadets



No. 16 (City of Tauranga) Squadron Western Bay of Plenty Cadet Unit Cadet Unit

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This newsletter is compiled by Des Anderson, President, of the 6th 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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