



JEEP news

**The e—Newsletter
NOVEMBER 2020
Volume 222**

*What are you viewing through
your windscreen— Arson Swane?*



PRESIDENT

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The Lost City, north west of Lithgow.
Still showing the effects of last summers Bush
fires, which make it easier for the views.
One of many photos shared on Facebook by John
and his mates, getting Out and About and
exploring his patch. Onya Fellas'

STATEMENT and FINE PRINT Information

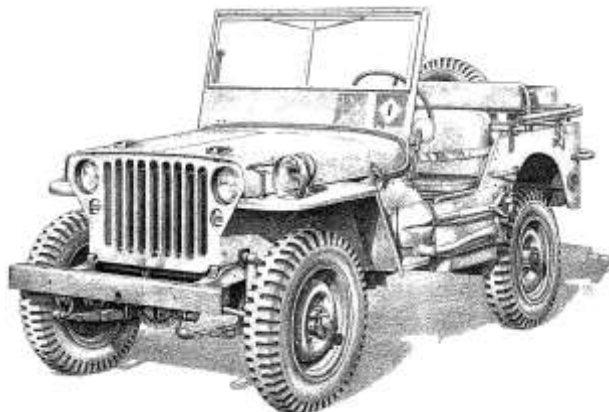
World War 2 Jeeps NSW is **NOT** a formal Motor Vehicle Club, but more an "Association" of WW2 Jeep enthusiasts, bonded together by this e-newsletter. It's sole intention is to share information about their vehicles, future displays, trips and events. It was founded in 1991 by the late Peter Walker in an effort to bring together **genuine** users of the legendary Jeep. Contact can be made with the current "Committee" as per the email addresses on the cover.

Joining information for new members is, a sense of participation and contribution to the Association for your benefit and that of others, your **email address** for sending of the newsletter, (this can be of a family member or friend if you don't have one—Don't forget to tell them!), a good colour picture of your Jeep along with a few words of your Jeep related history, so we can introduce you via a "Member Profile". If you have any Jeep related restoration talents, please let us know and whether you are prepared to offer any advice to fellow members. If you really like what we do, then a "Donation" towards our HQ development.

Members, their relatives, friends or guests are reminded that some Four Wheel Drive activities, events or trips notified herein, can be extremely dangerous. Participation in any activity, event or trip is entirely up to the individuals discretion and that no responsibility, what so ever, can be held against any land holder, group or individual, for what ever situation that may arise, in travelling to or from or during the course of that activity, event or trip. If we are participating in an activity, event or trip organised by others outside of the Association, we do so as a group of individuals at their invitation. Prior contact with the person organising any particular activity, event or trip advertised herein is mandatory, to avail yourself with the most up to date and correct information, as dates and itinerary can change due to unforeseen circumstances.

Finally, views expressed in our newsletter are also individual and do not necessarily reflect the Association as a whole. Membership lists forwarded from time to time are for the benefit of those listed for contact purposes amongst each other only and are not intended for dissemination to third parties or to be used for soliciting of unrequested services and or advertising material.

The image of the Jeep below under the banner "Keeping The Legend Alive" and on the front cover is from an original drawing by Krystii Melaine and is used with permission. Prints on quality art paper, ready for framing are available by contacting Krystii at krystii@krystiimelaine.com



**Dedicated to wearing out yesterdays legend,
today for some bugger to preserve tomorrow!**



Cliffs Say....

Hello all. Hope you're keeping well.

Well Clarence Town Swim In has been and gone. It seemed to be the only thing not cancelled this year. Apparently it was able to go ahead as it was held in a caravan park as opposed to a residence.

There was a good turnout to the event including 2 GMC DUKWs, 4 GPAs, 1 Jeep trailer in the water with a tiny outdoor motor, Bren gun carriers, assortment of Chev trucks, Dodge trucks, 1 Kuble wagon and of course a few military Jeeps and the obligatory collection of Perentie Land Rovers.

Friday saw the vehicles travel into Newcastle after being split into groups for a visit to Fort Scratchley, Church of Christ Cathedral and Anzac Walk. It was very windy at the Fort but well worth a visit when you're next up that way. After Fort Scratchley people made there way back to Clarence Town to socially distance mingle and chat. A few DUKWs tested out the water in the afternoon.

Saturday the vehicles participated in the parade to the main street. I am certain some additional military vehicles turned up for the parade from the local area. The formation in the main street was impressive, especially the 5 Bren gun carriers parked in front of the pub. In the afternoon the flotilla hit the river and water battles ensued.

Because of Covid 19 the usual organized Saturday night meal could not occur so people did a whole lot more mingling from camp to camp. All socially distanced of course!

Sunday morning saw the majority of people packing up and leaving to go home.

All in all it was a great weekend and I will certainly be there next year. Hope you can as well.

Thanks to the organisers who had done a great job. Let's hope 2021 is a better year for us all.

Cliff B

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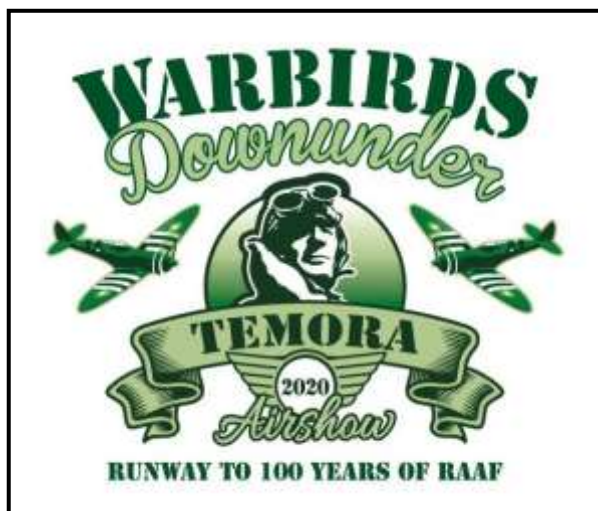


STANDING ORDERS



THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT BIT OF YOUR "NEWS" - Read it and act! No use having a Jeep tucked away in the shed if you don't use it!! REMEMBER THE SLOGAN!!! STICK THIS ON YOUR BED HEAD

EVENTS TO WATCH OUT FOR in 2021



With Corowa—Year of the Jeep and RAAF being postponed until 2022, there maybe Camp Coffs?
Check out the flier elsewhere within.



WW2 Jeeps NSW XMAS BASH

Well, I have to concede defeat.

I tried to keep it alive in the hope of relaxed restrictions by then encompassing our normal numbers of around 50 and even investigated what was involved in registering a Covid Safe Plan, which didn't seem to be too much drama, however, I have been unable to raise the interest of those whom have responsibility of the site. So Merry Christmas—Ceeya next year.

Warbirds Downunder Airshow

at Temora 6th - 7th March 2021 is still a goer. The Military Vehicle Display for 2021, will be a max of 40 vehicles. Due to the proposed location, (the Museum carpark), the following requirements must be met, without exception:

1. Bump in on Friday 5th March by 5pm.
2. Bump out on Sunday 7th March after airshow has finished and only if security permits vehicle to be moved. Crowd safety is our first priority.
3. No vehicle movement is permitted between Bump In and Bump Out. Please note, there will be security present overnight.
4. 2 exhibitor passes will be included with each vehicle, and 1 vehicle pass.
5. There is no camping permitted near cars. We will provide all Ex-Military exhibitors with a campsite if required. The site is approx. 500 m away from the event site.
6. If the exhibitors need to get to town they can either use the shuttle bus service or taxi. The Airshow's Military Vehicle co-ordinator for all military vehicle clubs is

Jan Thompson-Creamer. If you would like to enter your military vehicle, contact Jan as soon as possible: 0412 078 096 or email at jan.thompson1@optusnet.com.au

Hi all,

Due to current circumstances the 2021 Guyra Military Vehicle Gathering in January has been cancelled. Both of our contributing sponsor events – Guyra Lamb & Potato Festival & the Guyra Antique Machinery Club have cancelled their events as well. We just aren't able to conform to current Covid 19 requirements under our usual format.

Thanks for your continued support of our event.

Don't be afraid to get out on the Australia Day Weekend in your military vehicles & enjoy, wherever you may be at the time.

Cheers,

Rob Williams—Guyra.



Today we are sad to announce that **The Dig For Victory Show** (UK), will not be returning in 2021. We have given this a great deal of thought and have not reached this decision easily, but with the current COVID-19 regulations that we would need to follow to keep our visitors and volunteers safe, the content and atmosphere of our wonderful event would be massively impacted and we do not feel we would be able to successfully run The Dig For Victory Show that we all know and love. In addition, we are concerned that without a clear way forward through the current pandemic, we do not feel that as a volunteer team, we can commit the considerable amount of time and resources required to plan and run the show as we would want to.

We recognise this will be a huge disappointment but we know it is the right decision to pause at this time and only move on with the event when there is a clear path ahead. We want to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has been involved with the show, including our wonderful volunteer team, our caterers and stallholders who have supported us, the exhibitors that brought vehicles and displays, the musicians that kept you all dancing and entertained and our visitors who bought tickets and filled the showground.

We will contact stallholders, caterers and ticket holders directly in the coming weeks to arrange refunds for any pitch and ticket fees that we currently hold. This is not a goodbye from The Dig For Victory Show, rather a cheerio until our next, when we can bring the generations together to learn, remember and have fun!

With kindest regards, James Shopland—Show Organiser

And yet another deferral Corowa 2021



OFF THE INTER WEB Err Cam

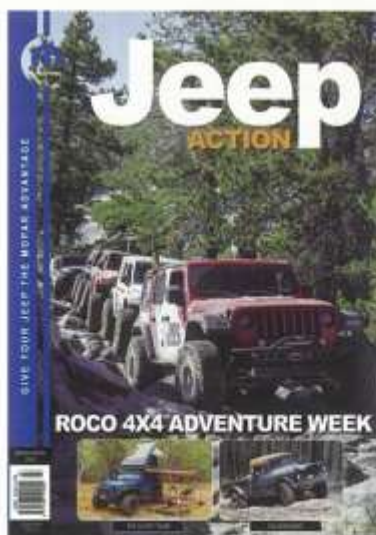
But pleased to report this lassie hasn't deferred.
Makes your stars that more important,
especially knowing who has done it for you and
its meticulous placement

You will need this for Camp Coffs next year

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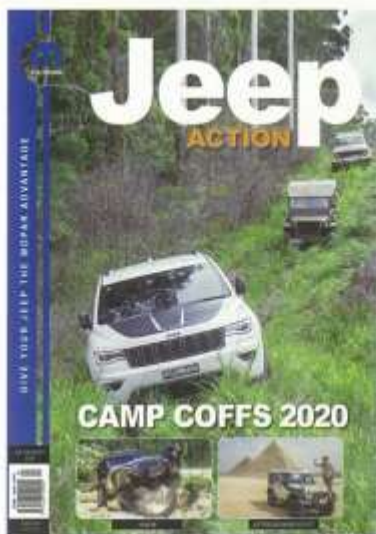
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JEEPACTION | 77





Are you ready for the next edition of the **Fighter Femmes 2021**?

Covid-19 didn't stop progress on this great little charitable activity.

Next year we have a stunning full glossy colour A4 calendar to enjoy with 12 of the best models in SA (many past favourites)

For just \$20 plus P&H which will work out at \$5 for all Australian orders per copy.

If you are keen to order 3 or more, let me know and I will help the sale along as well....

As usual payments can be made to the following account:

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Reference your name and FF2021

Send me a mailing address via email, and then it's just waiting for the postman

Looking forward to hearing back from you all, and I hope 2021 brings a lot more freedom than this tough 2020 did.

Please forward this email to people you think may be interested...

And hopefully the Femmes can brighten your days.

Cheers and thanx Jim Verbinyecz (Verbz) - verbz1@bigpond.com

What a wonderful story on Graham Meyer in the Land Newspaper's magazine. I particularly enjoyed his company, as did Wally Brandis. Due to our interest in Military Vehicles.and BEER. Happy Trails Digger.

And, I remember Jimmy Boyd and his yarns, mostly about Marrickville Council, who were investigated as the most corrupt Council in NSW history!

His story: The Lions Club were conducting a raffle.

1st. Prize was a lifetime position on Marrickville Council.

2nd Prize was an all expenses paid 3 month trip around the world.

Also, thank you Scotty for looking after "Gladys". I have read in the News that her rejuvenation is progressing nicely. Hope to see some more photo's later. Cheers from The Bush Telegraph or Digger Ian.

REMEMBERANCE DAY—The 11th Hour of the 11th Day of the 11th Month.

For all our Gallant Soldiers

Whose graves are not known

You have my gratitude

So that I may know my own,





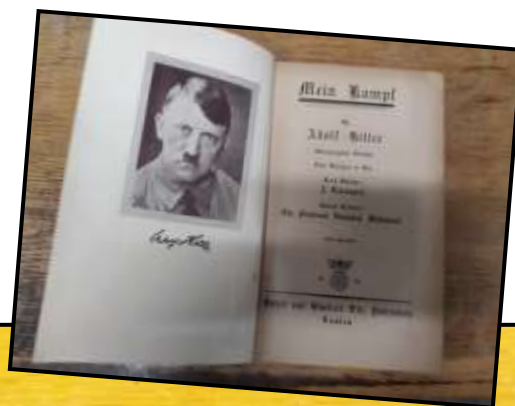
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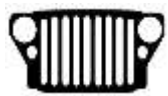
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Kind regards
 Ken Whyte
 0418 260013
Jeepmad16@optusnet.com.au

*(How does it go?
 "Who are you kidding
 Mr Hitler!" Ed)*





"OUT AND ABOUT" **CAMP COFFS & THE CELLS**



Just a selection of pics plucked from various Facebook sites of some recent and some not so recent Jeep Trips to fill the pages and a lack of a report or story to share. Speaking of which

BILLYCAN! Where are the words mate.



Cams Corner Cam Finlay

On the corner of Steenstraat near the Musis Sacrum in Arnhem, the German Kriegsberichter Lt. Erwin Seeger took a photo of two British prisoners of war paratroopers, who were taken away by German soldiers in a captured British jeep. Late September 1944

The British take a seat on the back of the jeep, as can be seen, the atmosphere is relaxed. The British are probably from the Musis Sacrum. During the war, the Musis was used as a 'Wehrmachtsheim' (Wehrmacht rest home) and during the Battle of Arnhem served as a collection point for British POWs. From Musis, the POWs were transported to various barracks outside Arnhem, from where they were transported by train to large prisoner of war camps in Germany.

The jeep originally belonged to the 1st Airlanding Light Regiment, this was an artillery regiment that used the jeeps to transport cannons. For most of the Battle of Arnhem, the guns of this regiment were stationed at the Oude Kerk on the Benedendorpseweg in Oosterbeek.

Leutnant Erwin Seeger was with the Luftwaffe Kriegsberichter Abteilung of the Fallschirmjäger AOK.

Update the German on the left is in fact one of a group of Naval Personnel (Marine-Artillerie-Abteilung) that were attached to the 9th SS-Pz Div., there were over 2000 "Marines" fighting in and around Arnhem. They fought as cohesive units supplemented with Heer or SS NCOs attached for leadership and direction (naval personnel not so well trained in street fighting). They were also thrown into Kampfgruppen already fighting in situ. They wore a golden eagle, buttons and shoulder board insignia.

(Photo source - Bundesarchiv Bild 101I-590-2330-12)

MP from the 175th MP Patrol Platoon (left) and the 699th MP Service Company (on right) check out the latest information before heading out on a joint patrol along the Stilwell Road, ca 1945. (US Army photo)



The general got another star, so Corp. Paul R. Miller of Jackson, Mich., promoted Elmer, Lt. Gen. Hapgood L. Devereaux "Peep", by adding another constellation to its red identification plate. The Chief of Armored Force is the youngest Lieutenant General in the Army Ground Forces.





“OUT AND ABOUT” CLARENCE TOWN SWIM IN



*Pictures from Cliff, Les, Gadget and Mitch
with additional ones via facebook and in
particular George Holiday Glass*





*Now you see him
Now you don't!
Gadgets take on the launch pad
Should have gone to spec
savers and looked at the jetty
deck b4 the drenching ol mate!*



*What are you viewing through
your windscreen— George?*





Les's Harem followed him around everywhere. That'll teach you to keep your hands out of the bread basket!
He tried to pass them off as Shorty, Perry and Mitch, but they saw through that and waddled back to his camp!!!

This is a very interesting read !!!!

(Sent by Phil Heesh)

**THEN US PILOTS SAVED MY LIFE SOURCE: QUILLETTE (CANADIAN)
CANADA, HISTORY, TOP STORIES**

Published on August 15, 2020

On This Day in 1945, Japan Released Me from a POW Camp. Then US Pilots Saved My Life
written by George MacDonell

It was noon on August 15th, 1945. The Japanese Emperor had just announced to his people that his country had surrendered unconditionally to the Allied Powers.

To those of us being held at **Ohashi Prison Camp** in the mountains of northern Japan, where we'd been prisoners of war performing forced labor at a local iron mine, this meant freedom. But freedom didn't necessarily equate to safety. The camp's 395 POWs, about half of them Canadians, were still under the effective control of Japanese troops. And so we began negotiating with them about what would happen next.

Complicating the negotiations was the Japanese military code of Bushido, which required an officer to die fighting or commit suicide (*seppuku*) rather than accept defeat. We also knew that the camp commander—First Lieutenant Yoshida Zenkichi—had written orders to kill his prisoners “by any means at his disposal” if their rescue seemed imminent. We also knew that we could all easily be deposited in a local mine shaft and then buried under thousands of tons of rock for all eternity without a trace.

We had no way of notifying Allied military commanders (who still hadn't landed in Japan) as to the location of the camp (about a hundred miles north of **Sendai**, in a mountainous area near **Honshu's** eastern coast), whose existence was then unknown. Because of the devastating American bombing, Japan's cities had been reduced to rubble, its institutions were in chaos, and millions of Japanese were themselves close to starvation, much like us. The camp itself had food supplies, such as they were, for just three days.

Lieut. Zenkichi seemed angry, and felt humiliated by the surrender. Yet he appeared willing to negotiate our status. And after some stressful hours, we reached an agreement: The Japanese guards would be dismissed from the camp, while a detachment of Kenpeitai (the much feared Military Police) would provide security for Zenkichi, who would confine himself to his office.

To our delight, the local Japanese farmers were friendly, and agreed to give us food in exchange for some of the items we'd managed to loot from the camp's remaining inventory—though, unfortunately, not enough to feed the camp. Meanwhile, through a secret radio we'd been operating, we learned that the Americans were going to conduct an aerial grid search of Japan's islands for prison camps. We followed the broadcasted instructions and immediately painted “P.O.W.” in eight-foot-high white letters on the roof of the biggest hut.

Two days later, with all of our food gone, we heard a murmur from the direction of the ocean. The sound turned into the throb of a single-engine airplane flying at about 3,000 feet altitude. Then, suddenly he was above us—a little blue fighter with the white stars of the US Navy painted on its wings and fuselage. But the engine noise began to fade as he went right past us. Please, God, I thought—let him see our camp.

Then the engine sound grew stronger, and changed its pitch as we heard the roar of a dive. The pilot had wrapped around a nearby mountain and came straight down the centre of the valley, his engine now bellowing wide open. From just over treetop altitude, he flew over the centre of the camp. We all went wild: Our prayers had been answered.

Then he climbed to about 7,000 feet while circling above us—we assumed he was radioing our location to base—before making another pass over the camp, as slowly as he dared, this time with his canopy back. He threw out a silver tin box on a long streamer that landed in the centre of the camp.

Inside, we found strips of fluorescent cloth and a hand-written note: “Lieutenant Claude Newton (Junior Grade), USS Carrier John Hancock. Reported location.”



The instructions for the cloth strips were as follows: "If you want Medicine, put out M. If you want Food, put out F. If you want Support, put out S." We put out "F" and "M." Once more, Lieut. Newton flew over the camp, this time to read the letters we'd written on the ground. Wagging his wings, he headed straight out to sea to his floating home, the John Hancock.

Seven hours later, two dozen airplanes approached the camp from the sea. They were painted with the same US Navy colours, but these were much larger planes—Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers with a crew of two. Each made two parachute cargo drops in the center of camp, leaving us with a ton or more of food and medicine. The boxes contained everything from powdered eggs to tins of pork and beans. There was also something called "Penicillin" that, I later learned, doctors had begun prescribing to infected patients in 1942. (Our camp doctor had understandably never heard of it.) That night, we had a feast and a party. Despite the doctor's warnings not to overdo it, we did. The sudden calorie intake nearly killed us.

But it was one thing for the Americans to drop supplies, and another thing to get to us. The days passed, until one sunny morning we had another aerial visitor from the east. He circled the camp and dropped a note: "Goodbye from Hancock and good luck. Big Friends Come Tomorrow."

The "friends" arrived at about 10am the next day, and they were indeed big: four-engine B-29 Superfortresses. Like the Penicillin, this was something new: These planes hadn't entered service till 1944, and none of us had seen one.

Their giant bomb-bay doors opened and out came wooden platforms, each loaded with parachute-equipped 60-gallon drums. These were packed with tinned rations and other supplies, including new uniforms and footwear. None of this was lost on nearby Japanese villagers, who saw us POWs going from starvation to a state of plenty. Since our newfound wealth was scattered all over hell's half acre, we asked these locals to bring us any drums they might find, which they did, in return for the nylon chutes (which local seamstresses and homemakers would put to good use) and a share of the food.

That night, we had another party, except at this one, everyone was dressed in a new American uniform of his choice: Navy, Army, or Marine.

The next day brought another three lumbering aerial giants—from the Marianas Islands, it turned out. Again, the local Japanese residents helped us, amid much bowing, collect the aerial bounty. By now, the camp was beginning to look like an oil refinery, with unopened 60-gallon oil drums stacked everywhere.

When the daily ritual was repeated the day after that, some of the parachute lines snapped in the high winds, and the oil drums fell like giant rocks. Several hit the camp, went through the roofs of huts, hit the concrete floors and exploded. One was packed with canned peaches, and I don't have to describe what the hut looked like. There were several very near-misses on our men, Japanese personnel and houses in the nearby village. When the next drop generated a similar result, I looked up to see that I was right under a cloud of falling 60-gallon oil drums. It was a terrifying moment. And I imagined the bizarre idea of surviving the enemy, surviving imprisonment, and then dying thanks to the kindness of well-meaning American pilots.

We now had tons of food and supplies—enough for months, and more was arriving. The camp had begun to look as if it had been shelled by artillery. So we painted two words on the roof: NO MORE! The next day, the big friends came from the Marianas and, as we watched from the safety of a nearby tunnel, they circled the camp and, without opening their bay doors, flew back out to sea, firing off red rockets to show they'd received the message.

It was a surreal scene. But it didn't distract us from the fact that the generous and timely American response saved many of our lives. In the days that followed the drum showers, we settled down to caring for our sick and to some serious eating. Thanks to the US supplies, we began to gain a pound a day. The American generosity was especially notable given that few of the prisoners at Ohashi were American. Almost all were Canadian, Dutch, or British.

At about this time, I decided to go back to the nearby mine where we'd worked as prisoner labourers. I wanted to say goodbye to the foreman of the machine shop, a grandfatherly man who'd called me *hanchō* (squad leader), and had been as kind to me as the brutal rules of the country's military dictatorship permitted. It was both joyous and sad. We were happy that the war was over, yet sad at the knowledge that this would be our last meeting. I promised him that I would take his earnest advice and return to school as soon as I got home. "Hanchō, you go Canada now," he said.

I later learned that about three million Japanese soldiers and civilians lost their lives in the war. Millions more were left wounded. The country had been hit with two atomic bombs. Whole cities had been gutted by fire. At every level, the war had been an unmitigated disaster for Japan. Its people had become cannon fodder in a cruel and pointless project to conquer East Asia. My fellow ex-POWs and I visited the camp graveyard, and said one last goodbye to our comrades who'd found their last resting place so far from home. It was an unjust reward for such brave young men. And it was then that tears I couldn't control welled up in my eyes and streamed down my cheeks.

On September 14th, 30 days after Emperor Hirohito had publicly announced Japan's surrender, a naval airplane flew in from the sea and dropped a note to inform us that an American naval task force would evacuate us on the following day. Sure enough, on September 15th, landing craft beached themselves and hastily disgorged a force of Marines. Their motorized column sped inland to the Ohashi camp, led by a Marine colonel and armed to the teeth.

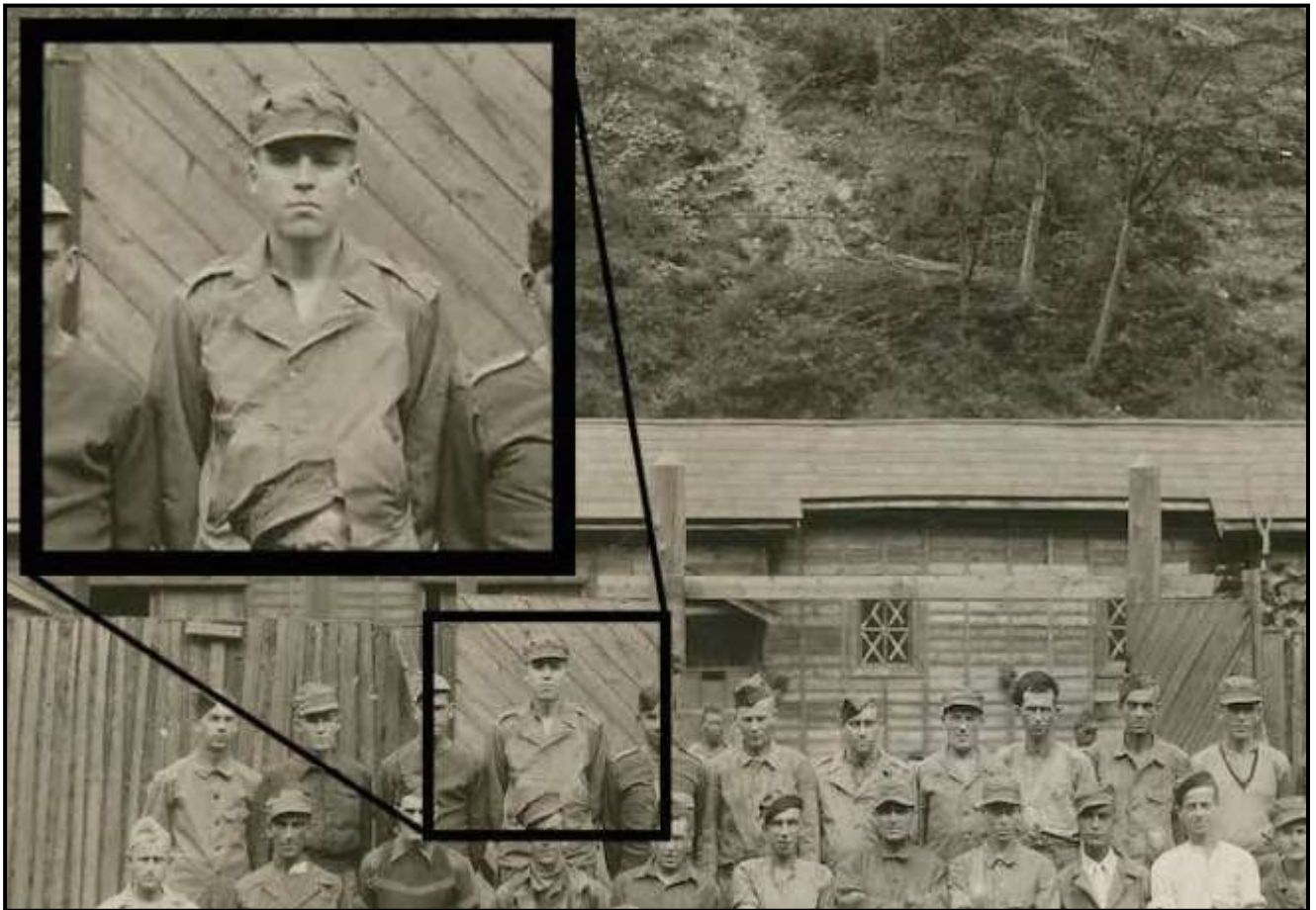
These were veterans of the long Pacific campaign. They'd survived many terrible encounters with the Japanese in their westward campaign across the Pacific, and they looked the part. After our captain saluted the colonel, they embraced, and the colonel told us how he planned to evacuate us, giving specific orders as to how it was all to be accomplished.

After he issued his orders, the Colonel asked, "Are there any questions?" Our captain said, "Yes, I have one. Sir. What in the hell took you so long to get here?" That at least brought a smile to those tough, weather-beaten Marine faces.

Following the Colonel's instructions, we mounted up, said *sayonara* to Ohashi and, after almost four years of imprisonment, began the glorious journey home to our various loved ones. I was in the last vehicle that left the camp that day. And as we departed, I observed a compound that was now completely empty—save for one forlorn figure, who'd emerged from his office and now stood at the center of a camp that once held 400 men. It was Lieutenant Zenkichi.

George MacDonell was born in Edmonton, Alberta in 1922. He served in the Royal Rifles of Canada, which deployed to Hong Kong in 1941 as part of C-Force, shortly before Hong Kong's capture by the Japanese army. More information about his story may be found [here](#) and [here](#).







Just in time for Christmas

Gadget has come through with his mission to get a fresh batch of our great Hats. Jackooo's hat opposite, is typical of many of our members atm. Showing their age.

Priced at a mere \$20 they come with 2 styles. (See the picture below)

A gents regular style as per our past versions but with a Velcro fixing and a "Ladies and long hair lout style", which are basically the same, but the size adjusting strap does not have that annoying Velcro stuff that tangles in your hair. (It is like Velcro but without the spikes).

Currently for those that are quick off the mark, for the added price of a Crispy Crème Donut, (so \$25 all up), for the Men's or Ladies (or the long hair louts), versions will come with an added extra! If you wish, a second hat.

This is a stone washed version that the colours are guaranteed not to run.

Be quick—Reply to Mitch or Gadget at "sales@mytabs.com.au" to secure yours. Postage will be extra of course depending on the Aussie Post satchel size and the number requested.

Well done Mr. Gadget.



Jeep Action subscribers are invited to attend

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March 2021

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FORM WITH THEIR FIRST ISSUE**

REGISTRATION CLOSE 05/02/2021

Showers and toilets on site. No powered sites, generators OK

A couple of yarns from Stevie C. and Lewy

Four married guys go fishing. After an hour, the following conversation took place...

First guy, "You have no idea what I had to do to be able to come out fishing this weekend. I had to promise my wife that I will paint every room in the house next weekend."

Second guy, "That's nothing; I had to promise my wife that I will build her a new deck for the pool."

Third guy, "Man, you both have it easy!"

I had to promise my wife that I will remodel the kitchen for her."

They continue to fish when they realized that the fourth guy has not said a word!

So they asked him. "You haven't said anything about what you had to do to be able to come fishing this weekend. What's the deal?"

Fourth guy, "I just set my alarm for 5:30 am. When it went off, I shut off my alarm, gave the wife a nudge and said, "Fishing or sex," and she said wear sun-block!"

Paddy had grown depressed with the world

All its Covid restrictions, Chinese aggression, Global Warming, Trump's campaign, lying politicians and all the rest of the negative news that fills our media.

Paddy drove his car into his garage and sealed every door and window as best he could.

He got back into his car, wound down all the windows, selected his favourite radio station, and with a bottle of Bushmills in his lap, turned on the engine.

Two days later, a worried neighbour peered through his garage window and saw him in the car. She rang the police who broke in, and finding Paddy still alive, just somewhat dehydrated, gave him a drink of water.

It turned out Paddy was in perfect health and his Tesla still showed 99% charge!

TIMING CHAIN SET



NOW AVAILABLE FROM M.V. SPARES & MARATHON SPARE PARTS FOR \$AU300.00 + GST





Family Owned Since 1908

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4d

The Bush Telegraph

NEWS - PICTORIAL

SUPPLEMENT TO THE JEEP NEWS



25 AUG 1942

9 DEC 1942

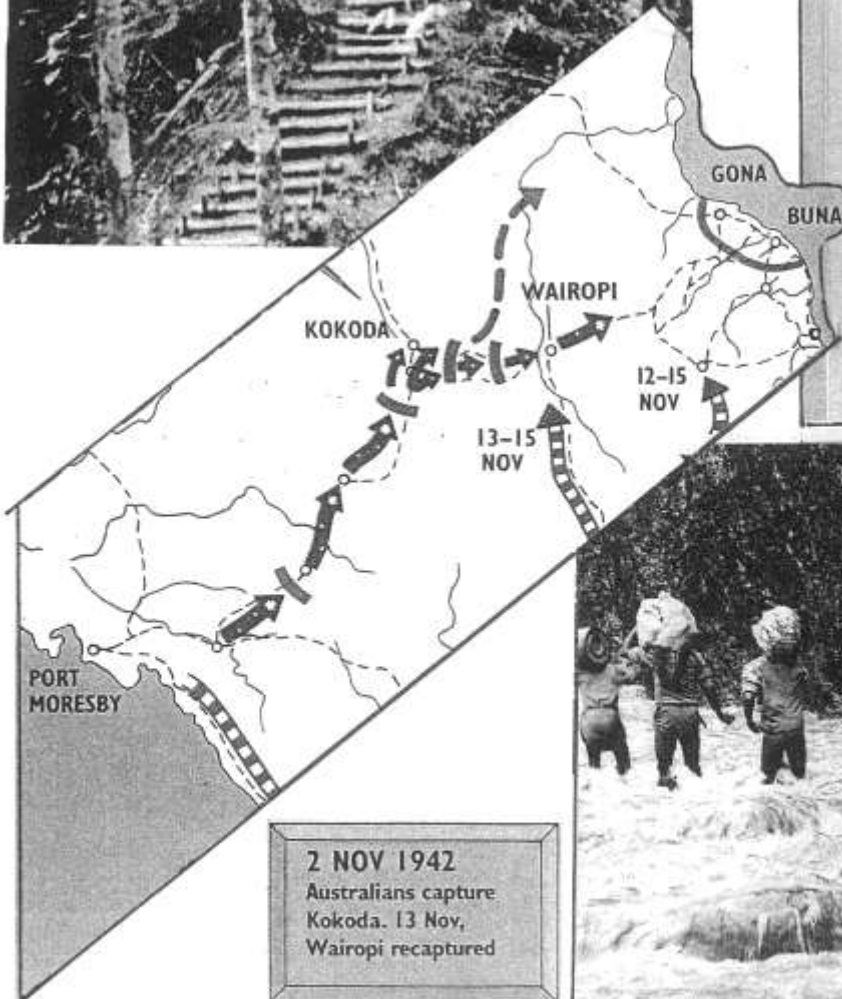
KOKODA



PORT MORESBY



SANANANDA POINT
BUNA



The Spearhead reaches SOUTH - ALWAYS SOUTH!



IT'S TOTAL WAR

YOU MUST OBEY THESE RULES

- STOP STRIKES**
Keep our production & sell point. No strikes in any industry. No sympathy strikes.
- STOP WASTE MONEY. YOUR BEST FRIEND IS THE PENNY.**
Help your local A.P. Warranting all you can. Don't waste a penny on luxuries. Don't waste a penny on food. Don't waste a penny on drink. Don't waste a penny on entertainment. Don't waste a penny on anything else.
- IN AN EMERGENCY SWAY FOR ANY THING**
Don't waste a penny on luxuries. Don't waste a penny on food. Don't waste a penny on drink. Don't waste a penny on entertainment. Don't waste a penny on anything else.
- KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT**
Don't waste a penny on luxuries. Don't waste a penny on food. Don't waste a penny on drink. Don't waste a penny on entertainment. Don't waste a penny on anything else.

EVERYONE must Fight or Work!



The Bush Telegraph



Allied troops advance along a jungle trail in New Guinea, November 1942.

OWEN SMG

OWEN SUB-MACHINE GUN

CALIBRE: 9mm
LENGTH: 813mm
LENGTH OF BARREL: 9.84in (250mm)
WEIGHT LOADED: 10.6lb (4.815kg)
MAGAZINE: 33-round vertical box
RATE OF FIRE: 700rpm
MUZZLE VELOCITY: 1,380ft (420m) per second



OWEN SUB-MACHINE GUN

Realising in 1940 that they would be getting few arms from a beleaguered Britain, the Australians were forced to develop their own weapons. Named after the Lieutenant Evelyn Owen who had pressed so hard for its development, this sub-machine gun was both robust and handy - ideal equipment for the cramped and tangled conditions of jungle warfare.



The Australian flag is hoisted at Kokoda, only feet from a monument raised by the Japanese to honour their dead of the July-August battle.



Eli Dickson was a Milne Bay villager of mixed race. His brother tells of Eli's capture by the Japanese, after which he became an undercover agent behind the lines for the Australians and, with several other Milne Bay villagers, was awarded the Loyalty Medal.

“ The night the Japanese came, Eli thought they were Australians and went out to look. He had a cigarette in his mouth and he was seen in the dark. They talked to him in a strange language and grab him and tie his wrists, then took him away to be ‘interviewed’. He don’t want them to shoot him, so he say he would do as they ask.

They wanted to know where to find the Australian first line and they take Eli with them, tied a rope to a bodyguard. When they got near, everybody lie down and suddenly a flare shoot up and the Australians open fire. They can’t run away because the place was full of spiked sago palms and swamps. Eli know there is nowhere to run, so he feels for the drain at the side of the road and slides into it. The bullets they fly over his head and he was safe.

When the firing stopped, the Japanese moved on and Eli was dragged along with them until they reach the Australian soldiers at K B Mission. Somewhere around they got near and Eli told them that the Australians were about another 100 yards away.

The Japanese officer told everybody to lie down while they waited for another line to come up, then another line—and the officer signalled with a yellow torch light towards the Australians. Then red flashes came back, with all machine guns and everything firing. When the fighting started, Eli’s bodyguard is frightened. Eli tell the Japanese to untie him and give him a rifle to fight with. They untie him, but instead of a gun, they give him a big battery to carry so that he don’t run away from them.

Eli, he know there is another drain nearby and he feel for it and go inside. The bodyguard moved away from Eli, so he started to follow the drain down to the creek and then upstream—right up to the mountain.

”



The Back Panel



Robert Udovicic
October 28

Hey everyone
Up for sale are some repro No4 trailer plates. These bang on the same in terms of numbering and lettering. We did make them a little shorter on purpose so they can't be passed off as originals as these are made exactly the same way. If these sell well we will considering doing other tags.
60\$ each plus post 2 for 100\$ plus post.

560 -
trailer

Message

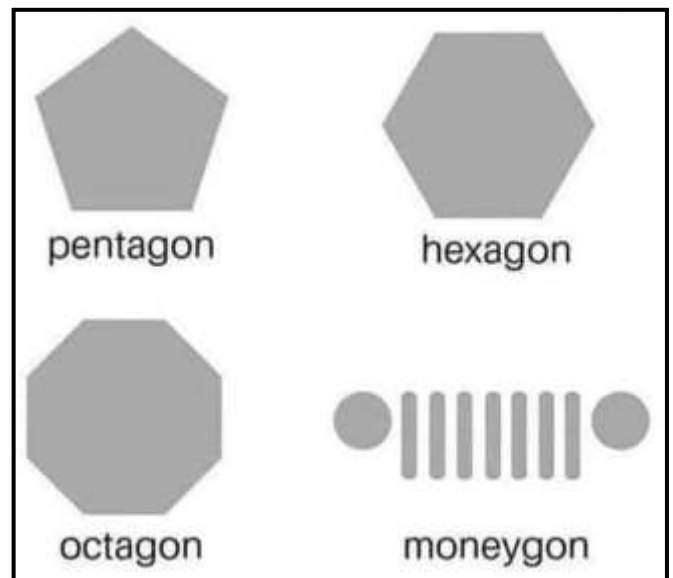
Mitch Holland and 5 others

1 Comments

Like Share

Bert Ernie You have 8cwt, it should 8cwt, that's 800 hundred weight

Like · 1w



Whoops!
BUGGER

