Cpl. Lewis Stanley Cole

VX30682

War Service Record

[11 November 1990; revised May and July 2002.]

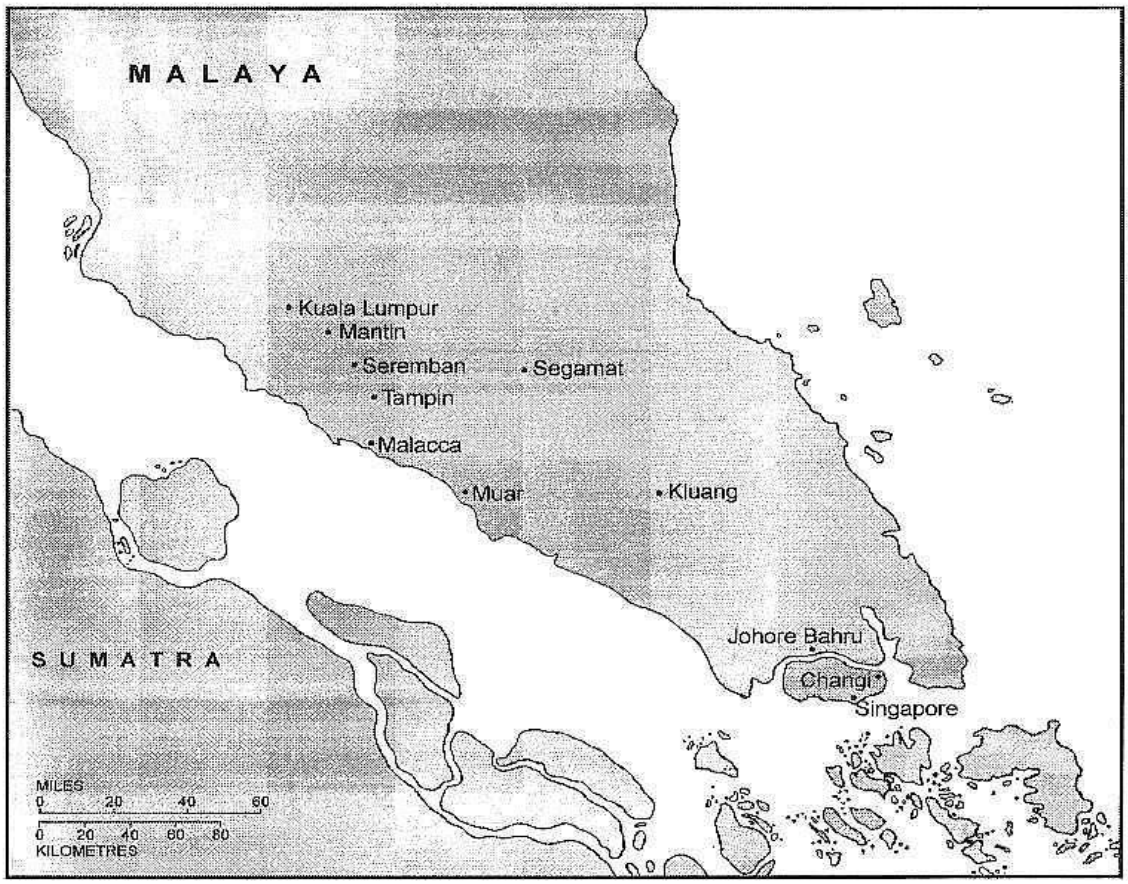
8th Division A.A.S.C. Petrol Company
27th Brigade — C.O. Major Parry
Enlisted 11-6-1940 Discharged 14-1-1946
Embarked 7 - 8 - 1941 at Fremantle

I will endeavour to write down a record of my war service. My memory (of these years) is not 100% but it will be fairly accurate.

I was 24 years old. I was an employee in the family orchard and nursery business. The war in Europe was not going well. I had no ties and considered it my duty to join one of the armed forces. I enlisted at Royal Park on June 11, 1940 and was allotted to the Australian Army Service Corps — A.A.S.C. We were sent to the Bendigo racecourse where we started a new camp. I was in a horse stall that had a temporary wooden floor installed, at least an inch between each board. The frost did not melt until 10am and we used to go out on route marches wearing greatcoats. After a few weeks there, we were moved to the old Seymour camp. This is where our training really started. After some months of hard work at Seymour we moved to Bonegilla, Hume Weir. At Bonegilla our training continued at solid pace, our accommodation was good, and as we were on the edge of the weir could cool off in the water in the evenings.

Again after a few months, we moved on to Bathurst N.S.W. Winter was approaching and it gets very cold at nights. The radiators of our trucks had to be drained nightly because of the severity of the frosts.

We covered a lot of the country during map reading and mapping exercises. While at Bathurst I was one of 120 O.Rs who did a crash course in physical training. I was fortunate to be one often selected to go to the finishing P.T. school at Randwick racecourse in Sydney, from where one would have graduated as a fully fledged A-grade physical training instructor. Bradman and some other members of the Australian test cricket team were the chief instructors at the school. At this stage I was an acting corporal.
However fate stepped in and I broke my leg the day before I was due to go to Sydney. The leg was put in plaster and I was sent home. I had not been home long when I received word that I was on final leave. On returning to Bathurst we packed up and moved by rail to Northam in W.A. After a couple of weeks in Northam we embarked on a Dutch ship *Sibijak*, a 14,000 ton passenger ship Aug 7, 1941. On the trip from Northam to Fremantle I had to cut the plaster from my leg and get my boot on and be able to carry my gear on board to get away with my mates. From time of enlistment to departure from Australia was a period of 14 months. The doctor did not put my leg back in plaster, told me to be careful, and put me on no duties, so I had a very pleasant trip across the Indian Ocean to Singapore. We were at sea about a week.



We went to a new camp in Johore-Bahru, where our boots turned green and grew fur overnight, for a few days and then went on to Malacca on the west coast. The 22nd brigade had been in Malaya for about 6 months and they moved out of Kubu Park right in the town of Malacca and we moved in. We remained in Kubu Park until we moved out after the Nip invasion was under way. While at Malacca the main railway station we used was Seremban. I will never forget the noise of thousands of spinetail swifts roosting at the station and being disturbed in the middle of the night. Until our own (27 brigade) petrol-oil dump was completed at Segamat, about 120 miles from Malacca, we had to draw our supplies from the Indian Army dump at Mantin, just south of Kuala Lumpur. It was a beautiful drive through Seremban and the Mantin Pass where some of the scenery was very similar to the timber and fern gullies in Gippsland.

Segamat is in hilly country, beautiful surroundings and lovely fresh air. We only operated at Segamat a matter of weeks before we had to abandon it and begin our painful retreat down the peninsula.

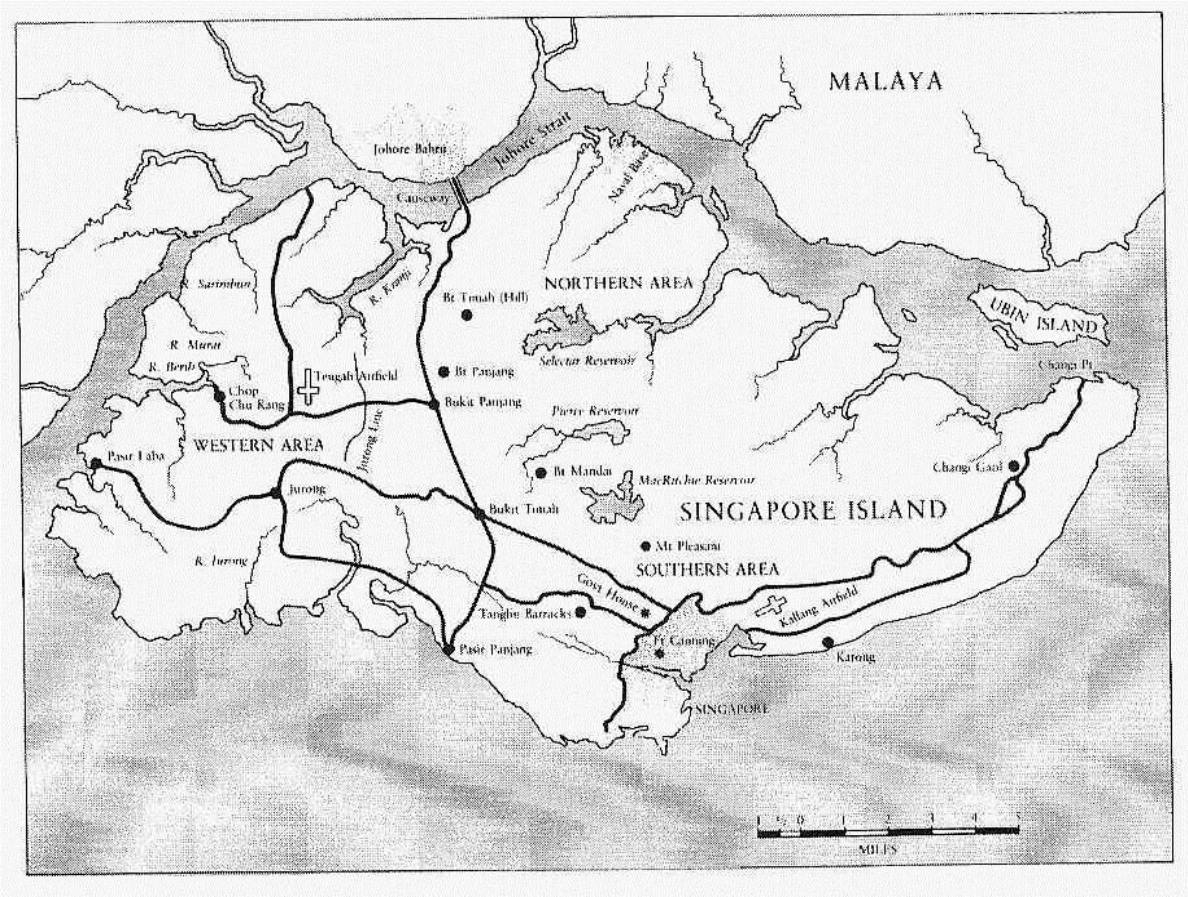
We moved into a rubber plantation near the Kluang airfield which was bombed fairly regularly. We were quite safe as the canopy of the rubber tress made it impossible for us to be seen from the air.

Then the inevitable move southwards to establish ourselves in the Soc Fin oil plantation. Here again we had good cover. The Nip bombers never once got onto us, the only trucks we lost were ones out individually at petrol points with other units.

Then followed the final retreat to Singapore island. There we destroyed all our trucks and prepared ourselves as a fighting infantry unit. When we arrived in Malaya my rank of corporal was confirmed. We were sent into a position behind the Tengah

airfield, between the airfield and the straits of Johore. I was in command of a rifle unit consisting of 6 men and myself. I had never seen a map of our position so had to do a lot of guesswork. I was on the extreme left of the thin line that faced the Nip army. There was very heavy fighting 250 yards to our right and the A.A.S.C. suffered many casualties. As the Nips come into view we expected this to be the end of the road for us, but fate intervened and they retreated in another direction. I cannot ever forget the support I had from Bernard Hodgman and Vie Jondahl, the other four were jelly. Just at that time Capt. Milner (Qld. Ammo. Co.) came along and led us out to Reformatory Rd and we came out to the junction of the main North-South Rd and then on to the Tanglin Barricks. Records show that at the time we came out Bukit Timah was already in Jap hands.

At Tanglin we were guards on A.I.F. and Malaya Command H.Q. We were under constant shell and mortar fire until the fateful surrender. When the action started on the Island one of the first things the Nips did was to set on fire all the oil storage tanks and the dense black smoke settled like oily soot and blackened everything. At night everything was lit up like daytime as the flames would burst out of the smoke thousands of feet high. Some of our fellows looked like Negroes.



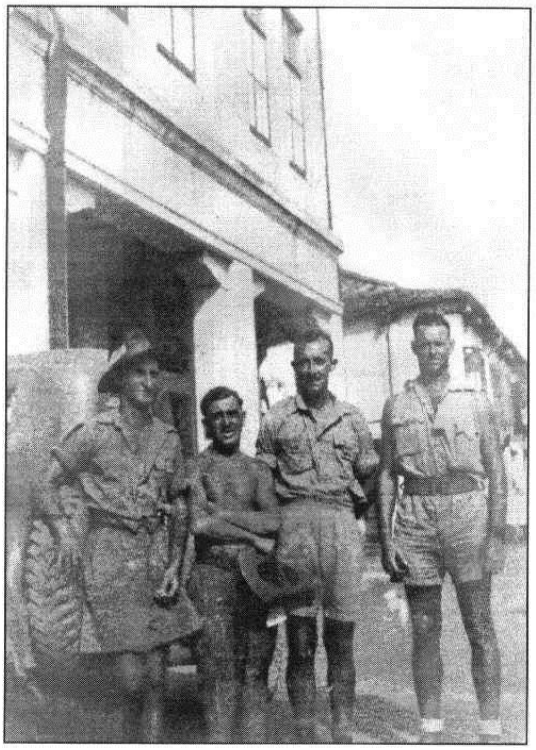
Singapore Island

Map taken from Bowden, T. (1984). Changi Photographer: George Aspinall's Record of Captivity. Sydney: Australian Broadcasting Commission.

When we were told on the day of the surrender that the cease fire would operate from 2000 hrs, the feeling was indescribable. The numbing and hollow sensation was devastating. I suppose it was partly my determined and stubborn makeup, but I resolved that I would never be a prisoner, but if the time came I would prefer death, and here I was a prisoner of war, no say in it and nothing I could do

about it. I always carried in my haversack a bit of spare food, just in case, and as I had very little sleep for a few days, the first thing to do was eat and then sleep, as one had no idea what the next day would bring. If I was to be shot next day I was not going to finish up tired and hungry. I ate a tin of bully beef with army biscuits, then a tin of pineapple with a tin of cream, and I slept like a log. Next day all weapons had to be stockpiled and that night we were marched out to Changi. We went via the coast road and the sight of millions of fireflies in the low-lying areas was unforgettable.

After a couple of days working parties were sent back into Singapore to clean up the mess, and what a mess! A lot of chaps were not strong enough in the stomach to stand up to it and were sent back to Changi. We also loaded ships with plunder to be sent back to Japan. However our work paid off, as after a couple of months the Nips decided to form a P.O.W. transport company. This company was under the command of Chue (?) Horikoski, the officer who was in charge of all Nip transport including tanks and armoured fighting vehicles during the campaign. He said he had nothing but admiration for the A.A.S.C. and the 4th Anti Tank regiment. He admitted that not once were they able to get onto A.A.S.C. (ie, they could not, by air or ground attack, inflict casualties that hindered our effective operations), and that every tank that tried to get through the Aust. line was destroyed. He said that he did not regard us as P.O.W.s but as "bloody good soldiers". The trucks were to be manned by A.A.S.C. and Anti Tank drivers. The trucks were a motley collection of 50 vehicles from utes to 4 tonners, mostly in bad and indifferent condition. The team consisted of 100 O.Rs, 15 N.C.Os, and 3 officers.



Lewis Cole (right), Roy Brown (left) with two English prisoners in September 1942 (6 months after the fall of Singapore) while loading goods from the Patterson-Simon Warehouse onto ships to be taken to Japan. This photograph was taken by George Aspinall of the 2/30 battalion. Taking photographs was of course quite illegal. The story of this courageous man and the times he risked his life to record incidents during our time as POWs is one of the highlights of our internment.

Now we were greatly encouraged by the fact that we had a friend at the top, so the first thing we had to do was to get these vehicles going and make sure that each one had a (concealed) scrounge box that would pass any inspection by the Nips. We soon had a black market operating with the civil population, mostly Chinese. A group of Malays were decapitated and their heads were displayed at all the major intersections in the city. We were taken round and showed all the heads as a warning. Here is a quote of what one driver said to his co-driver: "Vic, if ever they get my head up there will you see that my hair is neatly parted in the middle, that is how Mum likes it".

We did have some hair-raising moments but somehow fate and sometimes Horikoski saved us. We operated from The Great World amusement park for nearly a year. It was during this time that the Lee brothers, Choy, Kee and Mun, were such a

tower of strength to us, as they used to sell most of our loot for us, it is always easier to survive if you have money in your pocket.

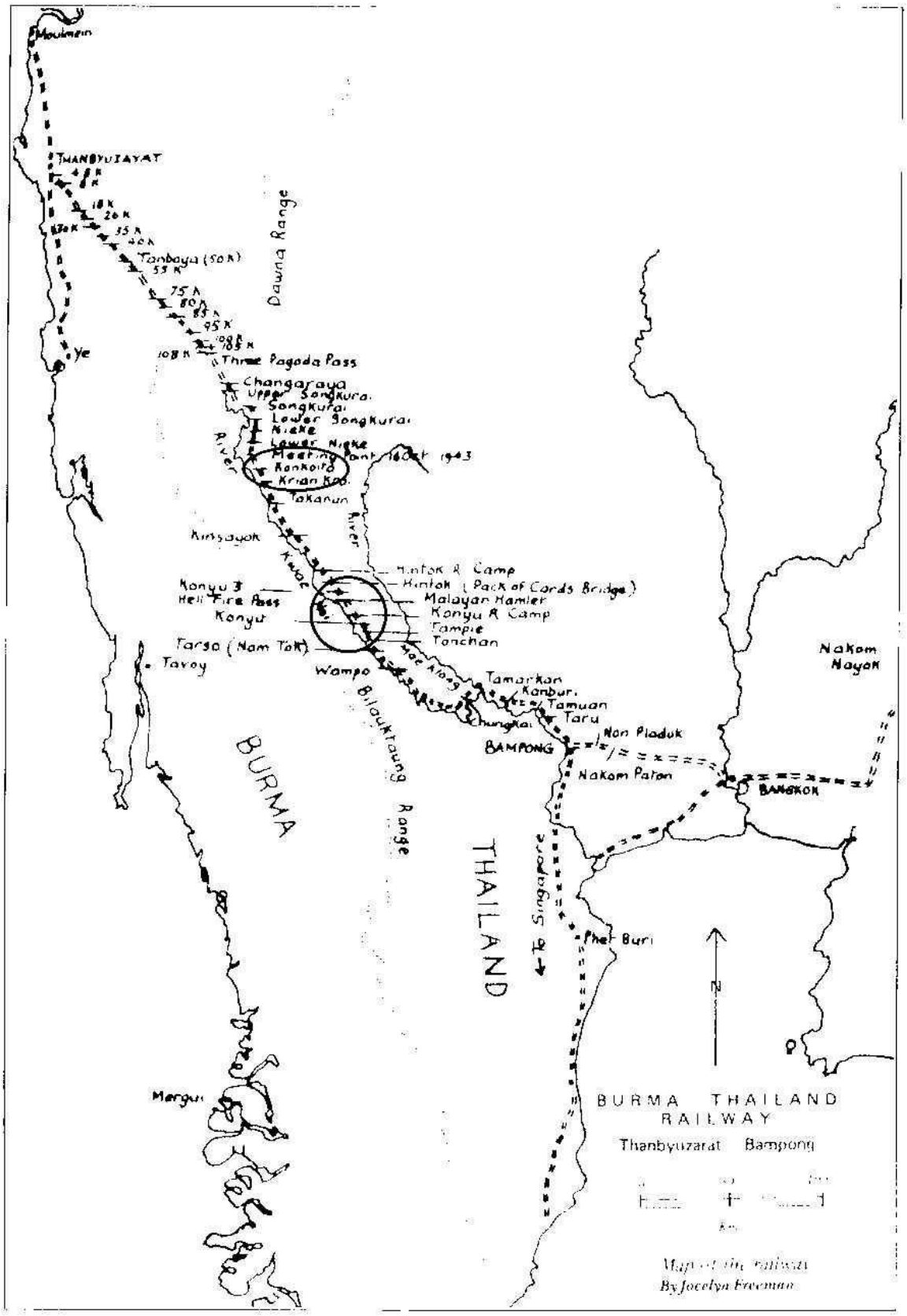
When we left The Great World we moved to the Jap. headquarters in Outram Road. In Outram Road we were right beside the notorious Outram Road prison. We were only a couple of months there when we all moved back to Changi. Back at Changi we had a vegetable garden going and I worked in it and extended it. During this time forces were being assembled and moved out to various destinations such as the railway in Thailand, Japan, and Borneo. I was in the last force to go to the railway job, H. Force[1]. We went from Singapore to Ban Pong by train, squashed into small enclosed steel trucks, the only ventilation being the doorways. No room to lie down and just enough food and water to keep you alive. This was in May 1943. On arrival at Ban Pong we were all searched again and all our gear gone through. That night the party I was in was marched out to we knew not where. We moved at night and rested during the day. After about five nights of travel over rough track and little food we arrived at a place called Kanu[2]. It was on the first night at Kanu that I was smitten with dysentery. I was still fairly fit and had helped and encouraged a lot of chaps along the way. At one stage I dislodged a cartilage in one knee but Major Pagan got it back OK and I had my own bandage to secure it with.

At Kanu we soon learned what it all was about. Lt. Col Humphries, the officer in charge of our party of 450 men, came to me and said I was to remain with him at the administration camp on the river, a very pleasant spot with lovely surroundings. He said that I would work around the camp and have special privileges, and have the power to order any Nip away from his tent. This worked alright while Humphries was around, but after a couple of days Humphries had to go back down the line to a conference. I was a marked man, as soon as the boss was gone I was bunged off to the work camp a couple of miles up the line. I, along with half a dozen others, arrived at about 4pm and we were immediately put on the night shift. In theory the night shift worked from 6pm to 6am. In fact we rarely, if ever, got back to camp before 10am, then as everyone who could stand up was on the day shift, we became the carrying party for the day's rations and essentials for ourselves and the Nips. We had to go back to the landing jetties on the river where all the supplies were brought up by boat and unloaded, this was about a mile and a half walk each way. Food was very scarce and being on the carrying party gave us the chance to buy a few duck eggs to supplement our own meagre rations. Everything was in large baskets like coal baskets and carried on a pole between two men.

For the first couple of weeks men were able to cope, but from there on things rapidly got worse. Men were all much weaker form lack of food and exhaustion, plus beri-beri, malaria and other tropical diseases, and everyone had dysentery, and men were dying off. This meant more pressure on the job, drilling holes 1 metre deep through the rock for blasting. Then after blasting all the rock had to be moved by hand and tipped over the other side of the cutting. If you were caught using a lever or any device to make it easier to move the large rock you would cop a whack over the back with a pick handle. The smaller stuff was shovelled into hand baskets and had to

[1]F. force destination just south of Burmese border. F. Force left Singapore in 13 train loads, first train April 18, 1943. H. Force left Singapore May 5, 1943; destination Kanu area. My section under command Lt Col Humphries.

[2]There were at least three camps at Kanu, and I was in camp number 2. The different camps operated independently, so I never saw the other camps.



The Burma-Thai Railway (from *Railway of Death* by EK. 'Ban' Hall)

Note: On this map Kanu is spelt Kanyu (spelling inconsistencies are common in accounts of the railway camps). The circled areas indicate the parts of the railway that I worked on.

Map reproduced from *Hellfire Pass Memorial – Thai-Burma Railway* (2nd. ed.) by Ken Bradley (1990). Bankok: Australian-Thai Chamber of Commerce.

be carried and tipped. All this was done by the light of flares, a piece of bamboo filled with diesel fuel with a piece of bag stuck in it for a wick.

One night when blasting, I was hit on the head by a piece of falling rock. It was a severe injury and I refused to go back to work. I had a confrontation with the Nip basher and with bluff and a veiled threat I won3[3]. However the next night I was back on the job again although I was a bit vague with concussion. I never had a day off work, continued wielding the 8-pound hammer and holding the drill, then moving the rock with concussion for 6 days, before my head cleared and I was back in the real world again. On the third day after I was struck Major Fagan opened up my skull and removed a piece of rock the size of the end of my little finger that was embedded in there. All the time the other work went on the same, carrying parties, burying the dead, getting firewood, digging graves, etc. By this time things were more complicated by the fact that it rained almost non-stop day and night for weeks. All the roads, the camp site, and surroundings were ankle-deep in mud, everyone had dysentery, beri-beri, etc, and were too weak to make it to the latrine, so this was all mixed up with the mud. This did not make it very pleasant on the nose, with the smell of the ulcers thrown in for good measure! We were fortunate in one respect, we were in tents with wooden floors, so when you did get the chance to lie down you were out of the mud.

As things got worse, there were fewer men able to do the work, so on them fell more and more tasks. Towards the finish of the job one was very lucky to get three hours sleep a day. Each day one was eaten by sandflies at daybreak and dusk. The whole time it rained the monkeys never stopped calling. Everyone who survived Kanu has a lot to thank Kevin Pagan, Parahra (an Indian doctor), and Father Marsen for they were magnificent in their support for their men. The job was completed in ten weeks, and in that time we had buried 150 out of the original 450 men, twenty to the grave. There are not a lot of survivors of that job now as most of them did not recover and died off soon afterwards. The basic cause of death was starvation and exhaustion, with dysentery, malaria, beri-beri, ulcers, cholera, pneumonia, etc, just finishing them off. Of the 300 left I was one of what were called the “100 fit men” who were then sent off up to Konkoita to build a series of bridges.

We were taken up on river boats. These boats were about 50 feet long and the one I was on was crewed by a couple of young Thais who did everything they could to help us. We arrived at our camp site in the afternoon, and had to set to work and clear a site with our hands. Mostly it was bracken fern about 6 feet high. We erected a square marquee that the 100 men slept in. That evening all the sandflies that we had disrupted came out in their millions and almost ate us alive. The rain by now was only intermittent and we only worked during daylight hours and could sleep at night. The food was also a little better than at Kanu and the whole atmosphere of the place was fresh and clean and we soon started to feel better.

My first job was to go out into the bush in a party of about a dozen, with a Nip who selected a tree to be felled. We would fall the tree using a crosscut saw, then a

[3]Lewis later expanded on this incident, indicating that he told the Japanese guard that the guard's superior officer had told Lewis he could have the day off work. The guards were afraid of their superiors because they knew that they would be treated in a similar manner to the prisoners if orders were disobeyed.

gang of either Chinese or Indians would cut and firstly remove the bark. Then the engineers would mark out the pieces to cut out (scarf), the length required, and then the end was sharpened to that they would become a pile for a bridge. We then had to haul the pile back to the bridge site where it was required, using a hand winch and long steel cable. Sometimes this meant crossing several ridges and gullies and was very heavy going. This went on for about a week because one lot of Nips would not let the engineers use their telephone to get the elephants up to haul out the piles. When the elephants arrived they took over from us the job of getting the piles out. Then we went on to pulling the ropes on the hand-powered pile drivers. Even this was much better than the cursed cutting at Kanu. There were thousands of Chinese and Indian conscripts on the job there. One day a tiger casually walked across the line between a couple of bridges and the Nips were absolutely terrified.

The Chinese and Indians died in thousands with cholera, as the source of the infection was the river, and without any supervision and discipline they would drink the water if they were thirsty. One day after I had been wet for a long time, when I took my boots and socks off all the skin came off my feet with the socks. This upset the Nip guard so, that he said: "yasme (rest), tomorrow yasme also". Now back at the camp site I had to go out and get bamboo, fuel for the Nip cook house. While out in the bush bare footed, a scorpion stung me in the joint of the big toe on the left foot, this destroyed the nerve that controls the blood flow to part of my foot and I still have to be very careful in the cold weather, or I could lose my foot. Many years ago I was told of a cream to rub in when in trouble to help the blood flow, and I have managed to keep it out of trouble.

I always carried a fishing line and hooks with me. I gave them to two young Thais on the river boat. I used to collect tit-bits for bait while out in the bush and pass on to them. They caught the fish, and at about midnight Jack Behan from Sydney and I would slip out of bed and down the steep river bank to the boat. They would help us on board and we would enjoy a good feed of freshly cooked fish. When the job was completed the engineers put about 5 bombs in the river at the camp and they brought up enough fish to feed the thousands of civilians and us for a couple of days.

Immediately the bridges were finished the line was joined on Oct 17, 1943. We were then taken down to a recovery camp at Kanchanabury by train. This camp was of about 100yd long attap buildings[4], with a bamboo platform wither side and a path down the centre. Most of the men were by now in various stages of dying. Here once again I was in luck as I had a bout of appendicitis, but after about 24 hours of severe pain it all stopped all of a sudden and I have had no further problems. I also had the severest bout of malaria I had experienced, blood test showed I had B.T.+++ MT+++ and QT+++ at the same time. I think my platform mate Gaston Verboom, a Belgian, a master of large ocean going Dutch tugboats who had a lot of experience with malaria in the Congo, saved me. I have never felt so cold in my life and Gaston had me wrapped in five blankets, I don't know where he got them from. My temperature was above 105°F.

However I survived that and after a few weeks we were entrained back to Singapore. At Kanchanabury we were beside the Chinese camp and each night as the trains went through we would hear the thumps as about a dozen of them would crawl

[4]Attap was roofing and wall material made by palm leaves being fixed to a cane stick about 3 feet long and laid like tiles. It was very effective, insulating, and good for rats!

out to the line to relieve them of their misery. At daybreak each morning the vultures and crows would come down and clean up the bodies.

Back in Singapore again about mid Dec 1943, we went to a camp in Sime Road. By this time I was in a very bad way with beri-beri, legs so swollen that I could just see the end of my toes sticking out. To walk up steps I had to help lift up each leg up with my hands.

Also was suffering from constant malaria, but I was too stubborn to submit, you don't die easily if you are determined not to die. Here at Sime Road I teamed up with a Canadian, Stan Weston, who had been resident in Malaya in peacetime and who had fought with the Malay volunteers. Stan was a very highly trained agriculturalist and was on the Rubber Advisory Council of Sime Darby & Co, a large British trading company. As my condition improved Stan and I composted everything we could muster in the camp and grew mainly sweet potatoes. This was a good crop, as well as being quick growing, the young leaves were also a source of green feed with all the important value of fresh vitamins.

Just when we were settling in there we were moved out the Changi gaol, and the civil internees from the gaol moved into Sime Road.

After some weeks at the gaol I was sent out to a P.O.W. hospital at Kranji, not far from the causeway. At that time I weighed just 6Yz stone. Kranji was badly run, the neglect by the M.O. Capt Carl Jutner ("The Flying Doctor") was scandalous.

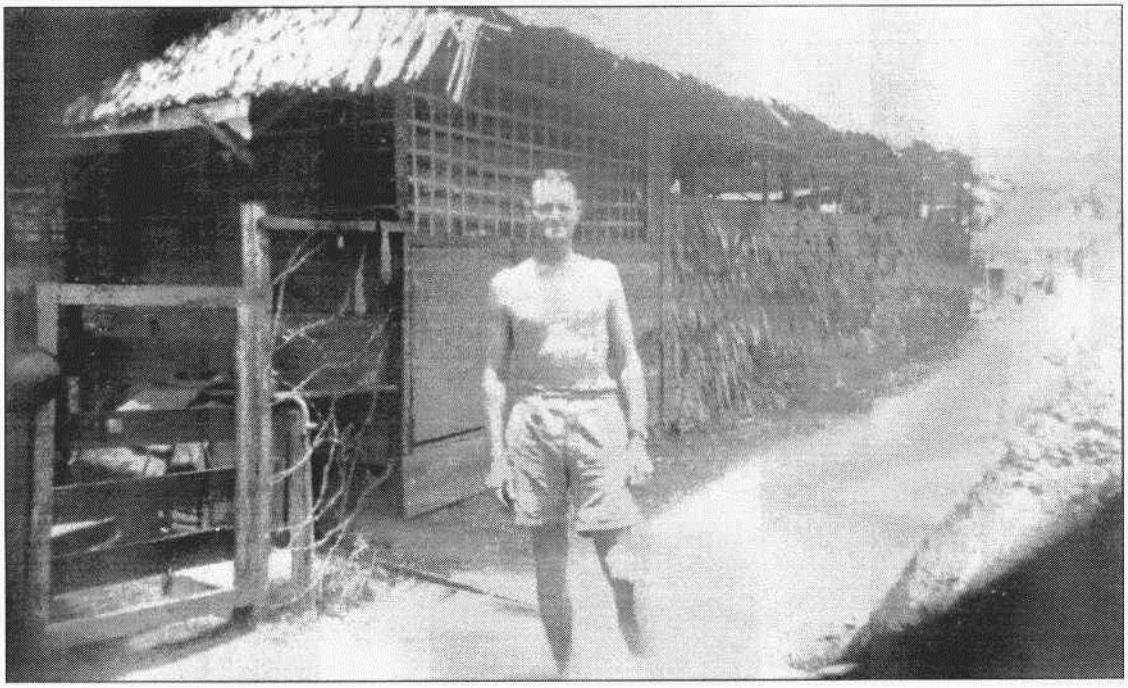
However we had some diversions while there. The Americans bombed the Naval Base which was only a few miles away and caused a lot of damage. Pieces of shell cases from Naval shells that were blown up in the raid landed in the vegetable garden, some of the pieces took several men to lift and had travelled for several miles through the air. A shell, a spent anti-aircraft one of about 3in(ches) diameter, landed alongside one of the huts in smooth, clean hard ground. The Nips came along and said dig it out. Eventually when the hole was about 20ft wide and 15ft deep they said enough, fill it in.

I got out of Kranji as soon as I could and back to Changi gaol. Here I was befriended by Major Bruce Hunt, from Perth, one of our best medical specialists. He helped to get me back on the road to recovery again.

I got onto the working party that was building the new aerodrome at Changi. If you were on a working party you had a better opportunity to get extra things to eat. For instance the soft pith at the top of a coconut palm when cooked was good eating and was a big boost to the midday meal. Also we had access to the beach and was able to get a 4gal(lon) tin of salt water and boil it down till we had some salt, which was almost not existent. Because of the humidity we sweated a lot and the lack of salt caused all sorts of problems. We had an extensive garden in front of the Changi gaol and I worked there for a while, there was no pressure, and no contact with nips. By now my condition was the best I had been since before we went to Thailand. Again I was on another party out from Bukit Timah along Jurong Road where we were tunnelling into the hills. While on this job one of the party, Scotty Fenwick, one of the Qld. Ammunition Co. who was a bit of a gambler, went most of his time out stealing food. We were in a guava orchard and next to it were market gardens. We had to cover for Scotty on the job, and he boosted our food supply considerably. We all were picking up in strength at this time and an Indian had told us that the end was near. The next thing was Nip guards were brought in to keep an eye on our Korean guards. The

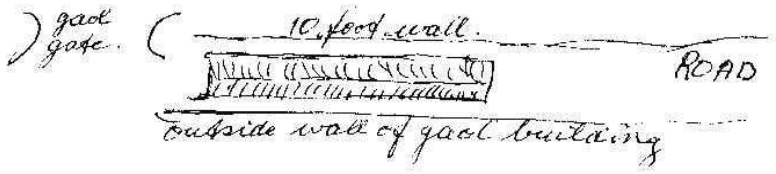
next significant thing was an American plane, a twin fuselage Lightning, flew over unchallenged and then we were convinced that the Indian was right. The next morning we had to assemble on the parade area and a Nip staff car drove in with a flag flying and all the hullabaloo that goes on with the presence of a ranking officer. This monkey in all his splendour, jack boots shining and sword dragging on the ground, solemnly told us that because of all the rain lately it was too dangerous for us to continue working and that we would be picked up in trucks and taken back to Changi. In fact it had not rained for nearly a week. He could not admit to us that the Japanese had surrendered. The information we were getting from the civilians was correct but we were not told officially (that the war was over) until we got back to the gaol. We had been through hell and back so just try and imagine our feelings now.

Back in Changi it was not easy to keep everyone in check and some of us were out knocking-off chooks, vegetables and anything we could get to eat and were immediately putting on weight. We broke into Nip food stores and got cheeses and stuff they had locked up for years. I cannot ever forget the luxury of a slice of cheese about 7 inches in diameter 1/3in thick spread with thick apricot jam.



Lewis Cole, picture taken outside the Nail Factory, Changi Gaol 1945, after the Japanese surrender. Weight gain had begun just before the surrender because his work party had been able to steal food.

Our first visitors were two New Zealanders who flew in a Mosquito bomber. On leaving they said that would give us a thrill. They took off from the Changi aerodrome and rapidly climbed to a fair height then came down in a power dive headed for the flagpole on the gaol tower. Everyone hit the ground, when a hundred yards from the pole they just tipped the plane sidewards and slid past the pole only feet away, flattened out and roared off at a speed we had not seen before. The blast from their propellers flattened the big bamboo and attap hut (built for sleeping quarters about 50 yards long) in the courtyard inside the wall next to the main entrance.



We had a visit from Lord and Lady Mountbatten. Mountbatten told us a brief history of the war after Feb. 15, 1942 that we had missed out on while being POWs. We did know about the European war, but he told us all about the conflict in Burma. A wonderful, practical down-to-earth man, who was able to communicate so well, who knew what he was talking about, and meant what he said, his wife was exactly the same, they were really super people. He said he had no idea why he was chosen to push the Nips back in Burma, because as he said "I was not a soldier, I was a bloody sailor!".

I received an invitation to meet Annie Sage in Singapore when she arrived. Annie Sage was Matron in Chief of the nurses in the Aust. Army Nursing Corps, a relative and a very close friend all my life. I got a lift from Changi with some Indians in a jeep and spent the day with her. I was not even missed at the gaol. Another day Syd Olsen, Jack Pettigrew, Mick O'Callaghan and I went into Singapore and had lunch with the Lee family. Choy was then about 23 years, Kee about 17 and Mun 14, it was such a relief to know they had all survived.

I had dysentery from our arrival at Kanu until I boarded the *Duntroon* to come home5[5]. I was given sulpharguanadine tablets and they solved the problem like turning off a tap. Can you imagine the relief after all that time I began to function like a normal human being again. There was also available plenty of anti-malarial material. I got a stock of that and took it for over two years at home and have never had malaria again.

Every night on the *Duntroon* Syd, Jack, Mick and I would get a tin of K.Y. peaches form the canteen, sit on one of the after seats and share the tin of peaches between us last thing before going to bed. I put on a stone in weight on the return to Darwin, then one more by the time we get to Sydney. We stayed one night at a camp in Sydney, I think it was Liverpool, then next day by train to Melbourne. It was strange to be among people again and it took time to get used to it. There is no doubt that what we had been through made us different. Peoples' attitudes were so different, they had not suffered and took so much for granted. All the survivors had a true sense of belonging to one another, it is an unbreakable bond.

Those of us lucky enough to survive had an education that no one else in the world would ever have. I mean survivors from all parts of the world who suffered the brutality and humiliation that one lot of humans can inflict on another, but still people do not care, and do not want to learn from it.

The details that I have not gone into are all documented in Stan Arneil's diary *One Man's War*[6,7]. Sometimes things were a little better and sometimes a lot worse (than depicted in his account).

In spite of everything I have said, having been one of the lucky ones who did survive, I would not have missed it for quids.

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[5] The surrender was on Aug 15, and we left for home about mid October. The journey took one week from Singapore to Darwin, and one week from Darwin to Sydney.

[6] Arneil's experiences F. Force were similar my experiences in H. Force. Arneil was in a working party at The Great World in Singapore at the same time that I was there.

[7] Arneil, Stan F. (1980). One Man's War (2nd, ed.). South Melbourne: Sun/Macmillan. ISBN 7251 0391 4.