

official diary, notes, coded messages, requisitions, maps and diagrams, and reports. These documents clearly show the 2/2 Independent Company as the backbone of Sparrow Force from 23 February, 1942 onwards, and that an aggressive campaign was waged against the Japanese.

The documents show a strong force, refusing to admit defeat or consider surrender, and a determined resolve to take the fight to the Japanese on terms and in tactics decided by the Australians.

Discipline, mateship and courage are the consistent descriptors of the men of the 2/2 and the remnants of the original Sparrow Force.

These documents also clearly show how the men suffered but persevered – there was no gilding of the lily or overstatement of courage and success on the battleground, but a dogged determination that the 2/2 would stand and fight in its own way and utterly frustrate the enemy.

Nevertheless, no matter how courageous and smart the Australians could be in battle, it was clear that the campaign could not have been sustained for the whole of 1942 without the support of the RAAF and especially the navy after radio contact was established with Darwin on 20 April, 1942.

Reading the War Diary and the Naval Logs of HMAS Kuru and Vigilant was illuminating. The combined efforts of those little ships in OP HAMBURGER helped sustain a highly mobile and aggressive guerrilla force against the Japanese.

The ability to re-supply and also take off civilians, wounded and other personnel as well as intelligence kept the 2/2 able to ambush, disrupt and frustrate Japanese operations for the critical period of 1942 when all other allied forces had collapsed throughout SE Asian and in the islands.

The records also show just how sick the men were by the time the 2/2 was evacuated in mid December, 1942, yet they were still determined to hit the enemy as much as possible. The drive and willpower of the men

to take the fight to the Japanese, combined with the dynamic leadership of Callinan, Geoff Laidlaw and others, is quite astonishing.

I pay honour to the men of the 2/2 as well as to all those who helped sustain the force on Timor in 1942 for their service and sacrifice.

We must also never forget the sacrifice and suffering of the Timorese people throughout the war years. They endured much more than the Australians, and to them the Debt of Honour is not yet fully discharged.

When the Indonesians occupied East Timor in 1975, dad was devastated and angry, just like so many others in the 2/2. He lobbied long and loud for justice and the redemption of the Timorese, just as others did.

Dad was able to visit Timor in September 1995 along with Alan Luby and Gordon Hart. He came back saying that the Indonesian Army stopped them from travelling freely around the country, and that the Timorese they did share time with were a miserably oppressed people. He often said that the Timorese mood or spirit was lower than in 1942.

Dad was appalled by the violence of August 1999, and also elated by the Australian intervention in September 1999, but still said that Australia was over 50 years late in doing something positive for Timor.

When he died in June 2000, at least dad was satisfied that a new nation was finally underway in Timor-Leste.

In closing, dear Jack and all the 2/2 fraternity, thank you for the friendships and deep appreciation of the Australian character and identity that you have given me and my family throughout the years.

I do hope that it remains possible for the surviving 2/2 family to maintain contacts with one another, even if the 2/2 Commando Courier is no longer published.

Hopefully the strongest links in WA will be able to make this happen.

In the meantime, as a Defence member serving to develop Australian Navy Cadets here in NSW, I wish you all 'fair winds and a following sea'!

God Bless you all, and Lest We Forget.

Yours aye, **SBLT Chris Hartley, ANC. XO TS Sirius, Smithfield, NSW 2164**

Dear Jack – Please find enclosed a small donation, as requested in the September issue of the Courier for your last appeal. We send this donation on behalf of our late husband and father James Joseph English who was a proud member of the 2/2 Commando Sqn.

Our family has enjoyed keeping in touch with the news of the 2/2nd via the Courier and would like to thank all involved for keeping it going for so long.

We would like to wish members and families the very best for the future.

Warm regards from **Jean Greg and Pauline English, Peakhurst, NSW**

Dear Mr. Carey,

My friend Clinton Fernandes recently informed me that you will soon be publishing the final edition of the Commando Courier.

I had the great privilege to interview several 2/2 veterans in Perth back in 1995. Several of whom made a lasting impression on me and even altered the course of my life. Hearing Archie Campbell speak of his experiences in Timor inspired me to show the East Timorese people that their friends never forgot them, even in their darkest days. I and all of my family are very grateful for your courageous service to Australia in our darkest days.

Sincerely, **Justin Woodruff, 1111 West 15th Street, Houston TX 77008, USA**

EAST TIMOR TRIP

Robert and Colin Monk provided an interesting report on their two week trip to East Timor. Their late father Ken was always appreciative of the help the people gave the 2/2nd during its campaign there in 1941/42. He named his property at Poowong, Ermera in their honour. Margaret Monk was also a staunch and generous supporter of the Timorese.

12.07.2010

Stepping onto Timor soil on 12th July at Dili was emotional but equally so was sighting our tour guide. Caetano. Twin share means a double bed, not even when we were kids did we share a double. Thank God we were both stuffed from no sleep the night before. We awoke, still virgins.

After our midday Dili tour we sought the refuge of a seaside caf   bar where a few Bintang and Tiger beers were consumed. Kicking back and enjoying the ambience of Dili Harbour. As the evening meal would not be obtainable until 6pm we vacated to give the Tigers a rest.

Back at sunset, and what a sunset. Red skies over a receding tide. How romantic, on top of the double bed, what a waste with brothers.

13.07.2010

Still with no watches or time appliances, our judgment of brekky was fairly spot on. Then Caetano and friend Umo arrived to pick us up for our foray into Ermera District. The roads were narrow, winding and audible, every corner a toot. Caetano's driving was very good so that concern drifted away. Finally arrived at Ermera, the main street reminding us of a gangster wildwest movie set. Even had the village idiot pester us for a while much to the amusement of the many unemployed, local layabouts.

Bought \$1. worth of doughnut type cakes. \$1. buys one hell of a lot of doughnuts, very nice and didn't waste any.

Placed our bags in the priest's house behind the church which would be our abode that night then off to Fatubusse. Passed many secondary school age children in beautiful uniforms, white op, blue skirts or shorts. How the hell they get them so white and keep them so white is beyond my comprehension. They are all immaculately groomed, the boys with litres or kilos of hair product and the girls with a huge array of styles.

The road to Fatubusse increasingly became a challenge. For one hour puddles, deep ruts, broken sections, drops or rises of 30cm or more causing very slow manoeuvring as well

as meeting an assortment of vehicles on a one lane road was far more thrilling than anything Walt Disney could throw up. Held up for a while as one of the little trucks, whose role was people, produce and anything mover became stuck in deep ruts on a slippery slope. With the assistance of 1 of 2 dual wheels and about 27 robust Timorese yanking on a rope on about the 8th attempt the transporter was on its way. Then it was our turn, but our Jack Brabham mastered the challenge with minimum effort.

Back in Ermera with the afternoon to absorb the sights and sounds we wandered up the intimidating main straight. In need of nourishment we decided to purchase a box of remotely familiar biscuits.

Met an Aussie couple, Gerard, a sixty year old school teacher and his wife Ingrid. He being based in Gleno and moving around teaching English to the local English teachers.

Just behind the accommodation were the middle school and a playground with a cow and calf tethered in the middle. We decided to grab one of our Aussie Rules footballs and went to test the rusty technique. Within minutes, after much mirth from the kids, half a dozen joined in. One little bloke had exceptional skill. They asked our names in English as they are learning English, Portuguese, Indonesian and Tetum which is their own dialect.

Next, our booked evening meal at the only restaurant in town right next to the church. It was dark, the power had gone off and with the slight assistance of a candle we had one of life's biggest challenges to confront. Rice not a problem, but the unknown state and history of the chicken proved too much. Not an easy situation to evict ourselves from. As I tried to do a closer identification with the candle it fell between my legs causing 'Black Saturday' memories to surface!

With the fire out and us having extreme difficulty suppressing our mirth, Robert created a diversion that allowed us to vacate the table, but at a cost. Pictures on the wall indicated the premises were also used for a

sewing business, hence the purchase of items for the ladies back home.

Lucia who looked about 12 but had been out of secondary school for 2 years spoke reasonable English and was the chief negotiator. \$70 odd in the gift department and \$20 for the aborted meal seemed a reasonable way to shed some cash.

Time to retire, toilet did not work and no shower.

Then he clambered aboard the Tjerk Hides With the Second Independent men

And they sped back to Australia

Hoping like hell they were not sunk.

And we thank everybody, for the life

14.07.2010

Breakfast didn't eventuate. Lucia was at the door saying she made a mistake with our purchases the previous evening, sorted the dilemma out and then off to school to hand over footballs. Head teacher Alex seemed very happy and so did we, less to carry. Drove for several hours winding either up or down, this is one hell of a steep country, not for the faint hearted. No wonder pop had an extreme aversion to anything with altitude, especially steep roads. Our destination for the morning was Hatolia. Then drove back the same way before arriving at Eraulo which was a wide flat valley. Very swampy, great for water buffalo, pigs and anything that liked swamp conditions.

Our home for the night was Eraulo Bahkita Centre. This was established several years ago by a Timorese called Eddie who as a 6 year old refugee with his mother, came to Australia. He returned in 1999 as an adult to help his new country.

He erected a hospital with Dr Anders, nurse Felicity, dentist Donna and sewing and English teacher Georgina. Robert and I walked up the hill to a cross on the top. Great views all around.

Offered our services to do jobs but nothing eventuated. Had another walk into town and wore out our

'Botarde', Timorese for good afternoon.

After tea which was another mystery dish, we yarned with Eddie on a great range of subjects mostly relating to the huge challenges this country has as its average age is 16 years old.

Yesterday we had to pull over for a convoy that included the Prime Minister Gusmao. He waved. Today different road, same situation, had to repeat our waving.

Beds were great, Robert a double, me a bottom bunk, cold shower but the toilet worked and for once in my life I didn't need it. Also washed clothes in the arvo.

15.07.2010

Up at 6.30 to a breakfast of nice rolls and a piece of egg. Coffee is Timorese coffee and we are seeing it drying everywhere.

Said ooroo to everyone and backtracked a few 'k' to see where the Aussies ambushed the Japs on the bend of the Gleno road.

Then off to Atsabe. The big church in Letefohu was having the bishop come in the arvo for the confirmation of 500 kids. We saw lots already arriving in their beautiful white dresses. Some would take half a day to walk there. Little Mineena in a purple dress had the biggest smile. She features in several of Robert's photos.

Passed a bloke who had an array of pigs for sale by size. \$380 for a big one down to \$100 for a small one. The drive to Atsabe was the most dramatic so far for steepness like we have never seen before. Maybe they should have the Swiss here for infrastructure advisors. Same terrain just different trees.

Caetano our driver has been renamed Dakar as he relishes this rally driving. Thank God he is good at it. It is now about 5pm and he is fast asleep, wish he hadn't locked the car as we have some snacks that would be very handy now.

Little restaurant cleverly disguised as normal street shack provided an excellent midday meal. Yes rise, best yet, beef not bad and an egg pretending it is something else, okay and chips. \$10 for 4 people. Then up the hill to

our lodgings. Big house, lucky again'—a bed each.

After lunch we were informed of an Aussie soldier's grave about half an hour away. Picked up a local bloke, Mr Thomas who knows where it is. Dakar drove several kilometers in extremely challenging conditions until we could not go any further. We are now at a great height with distant mountains and plunging valleys.

Half an hour of walking in rugged mountainous terrain and we eventually come to a small wooded area where the grave is. We will find out whose grave when we get home. We had a little prayer and placed some wild flowers and took some photos. What a peaceful resting place. Mr Thomas said he thinks we are the first Aussies to visit the grave.

On the way up and back we saw several water buffalo. Seemed unusual at these heights. The grave is south east of Atsabe in line with Mt Ramelau. Dakar got us back safely.

After another mystery tea dominated by rise we decided to shower. The shower did not work so back to the bucket of cold water trick. As the Indonesian movie was not to our taste we adjourned to the sleeping quarters.

16.07.2010

Left Atsabe just before the Prime Minister arrived. Off to Bobonaro another winding mountainous journey. Lots of people walking to Atsabe to see the PM. Down by the river there were lots of vegetable gardens, cabbages dominated, lucky it was not meal time. Just on from Bobonara, down the bottom of a treacherous track was a hot sulphur pool, too hot for a swim. Robert said is smelt.

Next we met some locals in a traditional round straw roofed house. The bishop was in the next town, people everywhere and raining heavily. Had a lunch stop at Zumali, very nice.

Now on the flat flood plain, rice growing. Huge wide river, hundreds of metres wide. After following river for some time started to climb quickly, we then stopped at a precipice which

is called Jakarta One. This is where the Indonesians shot Timorese and threw them over, or just pressured them to jump. What a terrible chapter in history.

Rolled up mid arvo at Ainaro. Met some Aussies that were part of a Ballarat teaching program, most were recently retired and thought one last teaching effort would ease their Aussie conscience before they hooked the caravan up. Also met Michael Stone who is an ex army major, 30 odd year old who speaks fluent Tetum and is now the Presidents right hand man. He said he had a fair knowledge of the 2/2nd Australians but unfortunately for us had to leave Dili.

Had a room each and enjoyed another sumptuous rice dish and a banana for pudding. Afterwards yarned with the Aussies. Dave and another woman were integral organizers for the Tour Timor Leste last year and are planning this year now. World class cyclists from all over the world participate. Dave reluctantly relinquished his 2 tiger beers and shared them with us.

17 - 7 - 2010

Breakfast of roll and cold fried egg was the start of the day, then ooroo to Aussies. Because only a week or two ago a bridge fell into the river, our route to Betano, Quelan Eiver had to be diverted to Same then to Betano. My God, this new route had some steep mountains. Great scenery for taking photos if you could stop shaking the camera.

Got into Same about midday, checked into our lodgings, luck in, and a bed each. Then drove on a relatively flat road to Betano Beach. Picked up a local bloke to show us Quelan River where the Aussies left the beach to be shipped back to Darwin. We had to walk for 20 minutes along a muddy swamp track to the beach at the river mouth. Had about 10 young kids accompany us which created some amusement. Back to Same for a venison, chicken, vegetable and rice plus chips lunch. Then a wander around Same which is a really pleasant place.

Waiting for dinner now. Usual fare but still good. An Aussie couple, Stan and Jen Brown

from Merton Victoria are here for 12 months joined us for tea. He is an electrical advisor and she a nurse or health advisor. They have done similar work in Mongolia working in minus 35 degrees, bugger that.

We wiled away the afternoon in the lodging establishment which had a varied collection of books. Found one called

'Precious Bodily Fluids' by Charles Waterstreet. It's about an eleven year old growing up in Albury in 1961. The brief reading created much mirth.

18- 7- 2010

Left Same and headed for Ramalau the 3000m mountain that in October the locals climb for their pilgrimage. Had to wait for another driver to come as Manuel hadn't been there before.

While waiting we availed ourselves of the bush toilet. Robert let the dunny roll go, I didn't see it, but what a sight it must have been, steep as buggery, pants, mid ceremony. Luckily stalled at rock, toilet roll that is, before it reached the creek.

The driver rolled up and we picked up our guide. As we took our first few strides we were short of breath and struggling. We put it down to the fact that we left sea level and then didn't get out of the car until 2000m.

As the walk progressed we acclimatized with the breathing but it was bloody hard going, Manuel was stopping every 50m but we weren't arguing. About 2 1/2 hours later finally got there, Manuel was dragging the chain now. Beautiful sunshine, what a view, clouds swirling around creating interesting vistas.

Manuel and guide went down to set up camp about 100m below where there was a hut built for the Catholic big chiefs to hold their mass. We stayed and waited another 2 hours for the sun to set. It went from shirt warm to coat cold but what an experience, seeing the changing clouds, the changing colours, from light to shade and working out locations.

Sun gone, down to the hut to see where Manuel had set up the tents. No tents, decided we were sleeping in the hut on wooden planks. He and the other bloke slept on the floor and got the thin rubber

mattresses. Robert and I had the tent bags as pillows and a very light sleeping bag each. After sharing a can of cold baked beans 4 ways and a slice of crappy white bread, followed by warm coffee (1 inch in bottom of cup) the others decided it was bedtime. We decided to look at the stars for 10 minutes then retired. What a bloody long hard night. Even my ample pork didn't make the boards any softer. Probably had about 10 short sleeps with the strange dreams punctuated by about 10 long bursts of wakefulness, poring over one's life.

Eventually heard the tin door open, which prompted my roommate Manuel to switch on his head light and ask if I was awake. Didn't have any alternatives as he had it on full beam a metre away from my face. "Sorry, sorry, sorry, Mr. Colin" My brain by now was x-rayed.

19 - 7 - 2010

With the mountain top in full fog they were keen to descend. Manuel led all the way down and with the sniff of diesel in our nostrils, started to bolt, had the car running by the time we got there.

Hata Bulilco is the nearest village to where the mountain walk starts. Dad spent time there as he traversed some pretty steep stuff from Atsabe.

It was a really nice area, most houses had quite sizeable veggie gardens, lots of cabbages and carrots. We both thought this is one of the better places. On the drive out, as there is only one road in and out we had to pull over for President Horta to pass. Same as the PM he waved.

Staying at Maubisse tonight and just happen to be staying and eating where the President slept and ate last night. Could have had the same bed but as it was only a Queen size and the bed across the hall was a king and we are brothers and not lovers we allowed Manuel the pleasure of the President's dirty sheets. I think we had the Mexican Consul's sheets.

Manuel took us to see a traditional village, but no-one was at home, probably saw us coming.

Down the road where we parked, the man of the little house asked us in for coffee. Had about 15 neighbours' kids standing around watching. They were very pleased also with photos. Coffee was good but Robert said they loaded it up with sugar.

Back to Maubisse for lazy arvo, as sleep the night before up Ramalau was non-existent. Manuel is sleeping now. We got out in town and wandered around buying lollies and a can of Fanta.

Walking back to guest house which is perched on its' own hill, we yarned to a Portuguese family who live in Sydney. Their daughter has been doing aid here.

What extremes, last night 2/2nd accommodation which Robert said he could get used to after 40 years, to President's King bed. Choices you make. Plank on your own or sharing one of the best King beds in the country with your brother.

Sitting in the lounge, having a couple of Tigers before tea we were discussing different travel destinations, one being Norway, same time a 21 year old Norwegian girl walked in looking for dinner.

They said they had finished cooking so we shared our meager offering of rice. Her ambition is to travel to every country in the world and she is already up to 60.

Most mornings the procedure for waking up is church bells which kick start the dogs, the dogs activate the roosters and the next 50 minutes is like a knockout that's got the talent.

Caetano has been named Dakar for his rally driving ability and has added Manuel to his list of names, as often our queries get the Manuel blank look featured in Faulty Towers. He has now been upgraded to Mr President since he has slept in the President's bed.

Coincidentally all the dogs have the same name. When the skinny mongrels approach they all get greeted and addressed with bugger Off.

20 - 7 - 2010

Up at 7.30 to dine with 'Mr President' and Christine on bread rolls and Kraft cheese slices plus some jam. Gave Christine a ride back to Dili, poor bugger felt crook all the way. Stopped at Aileu, saw the church site where the Japanese slaughtered Portuguese Priest and nine others.

Next stop Dare where the 2/2nd memorial is situated half way down the hill overlooking Dili. Watched a video of the 2/2 involvement.

Now in Dili, checked in at the same hotel as on arrival. Crossed the road and have just consumed some bonza Thai tucker on the waterfront. While Robert and Christine checked one another's photos I caught up with this epic. Wiled away a couple of hours kicking back here having the odd Tiger. Manuel picked us up at 4pm to drive us around to the point above the far end of the harbour. A huge 27m statue of Christ over Dili Harbour was the object of the venture.

Manuel dropped us off at the Sparrow Force Museum but it was just closing. We decided to walk the length of Dili Harbour back. Manuel dropped Christine back at her youth hostel. Stumbled across Hotel Dili that has been owned by an Aussie family since 1970/Antonio the son of the original owner, we had met earlier in Ainaro. Hotel Dili sounds a great name for a movie. Robert and I could be extras.

Finally arrived back at our familiar patch of the waterfront and regained our positions at the same table at Thai Moon. Good feed and several lubricants later we soon were ready for another bed encounter.

The waves here are like a normal Port Phillip bay wave, gentle and soothing to the soul, possibly because 30km. out is a sizeable island. The island boasts world class diving, and is only just being tapped into now.

21 - 7 - 2010

Had brekky and organized the washing we did the night before. Manuel picked us up at 8.30 and went to the Eco Tour office to pay for the trip. Aussie dollar today was up to 88c against the US\$. Highest it's been for 3 weeks or so.

Maria, Manny's wife was in the office to settle the account. She and Manny had lived in Charman Rd, Mentone for 20 odd years. She had loads of knowledge from both perspectives about Timor history and future. Over the road was Sparrow Force Museum, not much there but interesting.

Manuel then picked us up and we drove east out of Dili along the coast for an hour to see some more coast. Beautiful beaches but a fair bit of broken coral in the sand.

On return had lunch at the Thai Moon, fed Manuel to keep him on the right side of the ledger. We decided to do a bit more washing which necessitated the abduction of 2 neighbouring chairs as drying lines. Bowl of chips and a few spring rolls for tea at restaurant next to Thai Moon.

Bedtime for the last time in Timor. We had to be ready at 6am and told Manuel to knock on Room 142 to pick us up.

The Timorese do not swim as their culture believes Timor is a large sleeping crocodile called Grandfather Croc. They think Malay (foreigners) that swim in the sea, are crazy. Most often they are probably right.

22 - 7 - 2010

Up up and away to Darwin. Shuttle bus was going to be \$24 and as it just disappeared around the bloody corner, opted for a taxi at \$24. Taxi driver, who was a Pilipino, joined in some frivolity on the way, which created a good start to Darwin.

Checked in at Meluluka Backpackers. Left bags in storage, as room wasn't available till 2pm. Wandered across the road and consumed an egg and bacon breakfast, bloody wonderful.

23 - 7 - 2010

Robert managed to secure 2 Qantas seats for Sydney then Melbourne for about \$250 each more. My role was to be in the Tiger queue to receive the options. The options being, rebook for the next flight being Tuesday, take a refund form or take a credit form. I was going to take all three but was promptly told that wasn't possible. So I took

the refund form. For the third time went through the scanner at check in, fortunately didn't need an explosive check.

24 - 7 - 2010

Now into the wee hours of the morning we are up up and away with the big kangaroo and like the Singapore Tiger of '42, the Singapore Tiger 2010 ended the same way, stuffed.

Eventually landed in Melbourne about 10am. Dropped Robert off at Garfield for his footy and after expressing our mutual acknowledgement of a fun, emotional adventure I wandered home.

Later in the afternoon I returned to Mum and our late Dad's Ermera completing the 'Ermera to Ermera' round trip.

Robert and Colin

NB: Thanks boys for the article. Your dad was a good soldier and a fine man. Editor

NEWS FROM THE STATES

QUEENSLAND

Dear Jack - on behalf of our Queensland members, relations and friends we want to say **A VERY BIG THANK YOU to JACK CAREY** for the wonderful service he has given to our Association since its inception and particularly your 2/2nd Commando Courier. We are also aware of the **EXTRA** he has done over the last few years after the loss of his very dear Delys. Our Courier has been the link which kept us together.

We all sadly miss **Gordon Stanley MID** who passed away. He had a private funeral and only his family and very close friends were present. We have sent our deepest condolences to **Joan, Helen, Christine and Graham**.

Bulla and Jean Tait - Bulla is still in very poor health and probably sleeps more than he is awake. His medical and mental conditions mean that Jean's visits to see him are partly limited as to whether he is awake or not. Jean had a bad fall at the Townsville Hospital some time ago but is better now and

their children lead busy lives in Brisbane and Townsville. Ayr is getting very heavy early rain now.

Jewell Soper is still managing okay in her ILV. She fortunately has a large family nearby and is overall very well looked after. She has had knee and hip replacements so that arthritis from her waist down is her main problem.

Lucky and Doreen Goodhew are still reasonably well and with seven grand children and three GG's all living in Townsville they are looked after very well, that is except for one grandson who still sails his boat at Darwin.

George and Margo Shiels keep well. They have retired from their mango crop now but George keeps busy with his lodge and legacy duties. The latter includes six at Collinsville. They have three daughters in Brisbane and one in Mackay. It is only two hours from Bowen to Mackay so there is a lot of contact between these two towns. North Queensland is starting to get heavy rain (Brisbane too). It is some thirty years since we have had a normal 'rainy season', so there is a lot more yet to come with a good chance of at least one CYCLONE.

You will be aware that our East Timor Ambassador, Peter Heyward, will be delivering the Graduation Address at the Don Bosco Technical Training Centre, Comoro in December. This shows the importance of our Australian help for this school and you will note that as from this year this school now starts in January as in Australia.

Our Archer Memorial East Timor Scholarship students are some of the school's scholars each year. A capital of \$300,000. has been provided for this Trust, with a donation of \$10,000.PA to train 26 students per annum. Already some extra funds have been added to this capital and that will allow for inflation and hopefully some extra scholarships.

Yvonne Walsh as Director has been very helpful.

If any organisations or people wish to support the fund the money should be sent to