

Vale – Charles Alfred SADLER

Charles was born in Victoria on 6th June, 1915 and died on 8th September last at the age of 82.

The Sadlers were a family of farmers firstly in Goomalling and then at Wongan Hills. Of the six Sadler boys, and one sister, Charles was the last remaining member. He and his brother Stan joined the 2/2nd Independent Company at its formation and both became members of 8 Section. Charles proved an excellent soldier in Timor and New Guinea. His brother Jack manpowered him out of the army in 1944 and Charles remained in Wongan Hills virtually for the rest of his life.

Like many of the Sadler boys, Charles was a quiet man but with a very strong character. He was a sincere, honest man and completely dependable and reliable in a time of emergency. He (and his brother Stan) and their families were strong and generous supporters of the Association and in 1990 were both made Life members. Like so many members of farming communities Charles was a keen sportsman and at various times participated in football, tennis, cricket, golf and bowls. He was a keen East Fremantle football supporter from way back.

Charles married Mavis in 1946 and they were blessed with three children – Joan, Kay and Don. They were, and are, a very close family which will mourn his loss for a very long time. This is demonstrated by the following beautiful and loving memorial to her father which was written by his daughter Joan.

The Voice of my Father

*The voice of my father sighs with the east wind
that blows across Danubin Hill.*

*As the sun rises, peach and yellow,
the voice of my father calls with the magpies
on the lawn,
whispers through the waving wheat and stirs
the treetops gently.*

*The strength of my father lives in the rocks
that tumble across Danubin Hill.
In the blue arc of the sky
the strength of my father curves clear and clean.
It beats with the heat of a February day,
and soaks the earth with a good winter rain.*

*The love of my father soars with the eagle
that nests behind Danubin Hill.
When the sky is inky black in a summer storm
the love of my father lingers with the smell
of the rain.*

*It glows with the white light of the full moon
on the paddocks
and settles with the blanket of night on
the family and farm that are
the love of my father.*

This sense of loss is shared by every member of the Association who knew Charles and remember him as a firm and loyal soldier and friend.

The Funeral and Thanksgiving Service for the life of Charles Sadler took place at Karrakatta on 12th September, 1997. Although it was a private funeral Mavis suggested that some of his old Unit might be sad at missing the opportunity to say goodbye. Accordingly, the following attended the ceremony:

Ray Aitken, Tom Bateman, Tony Bowers, Jack and Delys Carey, Jess Epps, Ralph Finkelstein, Tom and Mary Foster, Alby Friend, Reg Harrington, Laurie Harrington, Keith and Val Hayes, Bernie and Babs Langridge, Gerry Maley, Wilf and Lorraine Marsh, Jim McLaughlin, Ted Monk, Joe Poynton, Steve Rogers, Dusty Studdy, Don Turton, Roy Watson and Doc Wheatley. Apologies were tendered by John Burrridge (overseas), Mark Jordan, Don Murray, Bob Smyth, Henry Sproxton and Clarrie Turner.

Another good man is resting in peace.

We will remember him.

John Burrridge.

**Mrs M. Sadler
PO Box 108
Wongan Hills 6603**

Dear Jack and all the 2/2 families who have had us in your thoughts, sent messages and attended the funeral of my much loved husband Charles, the father and grandfather of our children and grand children.

From us all, our sincere thanks.

With love,

Mavis Sadler

PS: We hope to see some of you at Kings Park in November.

Vale: Kenneth James MONK 4.8.1921 - 18.9.1997

Ken was born in Cheltenham and went to the local state school until he was 10 years old, then the family moved to a farm at Athlone and he went to the Athlone state school. On leaving school Ken worked on Margaret's family farm at North Poowong. He joined the local Militia Battalion in 1938. He joined the 2/2nd in Timor in December 1941 with other reinforcements and stayed with the Unit until the end of the war. He was a very good and reliable member of 3 Section 'A' Troop throughout the war years, reaching the rank of sergeant. He was discharged in January 1946 and returned to Athlone.

Ken married Margaret in April 1947 and moved on to their own farm in Poowong East. It was very hard work getting established, living in a humble dwelling and they had to carry the milk by hand from the milking shed to the roadway for pick up in the early years until they had a very nice house built later. In the meantime they had four wonderful children, Barbara, Elva, Colin and Robert – a very loving and well knit family. Olive and I and our three children had many a great time visiting them.

Ken and Margaret were great supporters of our Association and hardly missed a function and went to most of our safaris around Australia and Ken served on our committee until his passing.

We of the 2/2nd have lost a good comrade and friend and he will be sadly missed. We extend our deepest sympathies to Margaret and family.

Ken was a good man, soldier, father and I have lost a good mate.

Vale Ken

Harry Botterill

Vale: WX11951 Jack WICKS 13.8.1922 - 20.9.1997

Jack was born in Bassendean, W.A., the youngest of four children, and had a close knit caring family. He was only six years old when his father died from double pneumonia and in those days it was a hard row to hoe without the breadwinner.

Jack attended school at Bassendean and for a short period at Guildford, leaving at the age of fourteen to start work. He had various jobs from working for a butcher in Inglewood, a short time at the Midland Workshops and Fowlers Engineering at Bayswater.

Jack joined the AIF in April 1941 at the age of 18 and was drafted into the 7th reinforcement for the 2/28th Bn. After a few weeks Jack was getting itchy feet and when recruiting began for a special hush crowd he quickly volunteered and within days was on his way to Wilsons Promontory in Victoria. On the formation of the 2/2 Independent Company Jack became an original member of 9 Section 'C' Platoon and remained with that Section until the Company was disbanded in Rabaul, so becoming one of the few who served in the same Section from go to wo.

As a young man he was extremely fit and took the rigorous training at Wilsons Prom. with ease. After completing training the Company enjoyed two weeks leave back in the West, followed by a few weeks at Wayville, South Australia and then to Katherine in the N.T.,

finally arriving at Koepang in Timor on 12th December, 1941. A few days later Jack's platoon embarked for Dili in Portuguese Timor and established camp alongside the aerodrome in a coconut plantation. The mosquitoes were prolific and the water situation was grim and Jack was among the earlier ones to succumb to dysentery and malaria. He was so thin every bone in his body was visible and we thought he may die. After a few weeks in the hills at Three Spurs Camp he gradually regained his health just in time for the arrival of the Japs.

Jack was a good soldier and became an important cog in 9 Section. He was well liked and respected for his quiet courage and willingness to accept any task allocated to him. He carried on in the same vein through New Guinea and finally New Britain and could look back on a job well done.

After discharge from the Army Jack found it hard to settle down and his wandering took him as far as N.S.W. After returning to W.A. he met and married Hazel Johnson, also of Bassendean, in 1949. They had the tragedy of losing their first born daughter Robin soon after birth and while Hazel was still very ill in hospital Jack had the sad task of handling the funeral all on his own. They were later blessed with a son and three daughters and became a united family as they are to this day.

Jack had various jobs in the metropolitan area and at one stage owned his own truck which was fully engaged carting steel and metal castings to and from Chadfields Engineering Works at Bassendean. Later on he took the family to the wheat belt and was share farming for some time. Eventually they moved to Albany and, as Jack had a boiler attendant's ticket he was able to secure a job in charge of the engine room on a whale chaser. The family spent six or seven years at Albany during which time Jack was chosen to go to Durban in South Africa to help bring back a new whale chaser. The little ship sailed a long way south before heading for Australia and was quite an adventure. During all these years Jack had a problem with alcohol and heavy smoking. With a lot of help from Hazel he overcame the alcohol and at the time of his death had had nearly 20 years of total abstinence. However, smoking was a different matter and he could not beat the addiction to nicotine which, I am sure very much contributed to his death.

Jack finally returned to the metropolitan area and spent some time employed by Tomlinsons Steel Industries in Welshpool.

As the years passed we could all see that Jack was gradually losing weight and the old sparkle was gone from his face. After several visits to hospitals he was finally diagnosed with renal cancer. By this time it was too far advanced to