

grandchildren and great grandchildren, and dad tried to educate the young ones in his own way and got a lot of pleasure watching and guiding George over his veggie patch.

After lots of long talks and laughs, they each have some memories to go on with.

Then it was time to go to Bethanie. Dad was staying in Perth with me in August 2005 when he said, "I think it is time for me to go to care". So after much deliberation we made the move.

From here we took one day at a time. Dad's days at Bethanie were good. He loved the girls there, they cared for him very well. Then came that weekend we were dreading. "Time to say Goodbye". Thank God we had that time, we were all there and saw dad off on his journey.

As he peacefully left us, Coleen & George told him, it's okay to go and make it snappy, Mum would be waiting and have the kettle on. We all hope the journey was smooth and no bumps. We all did our very best to make the last years as good as we possibly could.

We all have some very special memories and will treasure those last hours of Saturday night and Sunday morning. So sorry dad I could not meet your last request for Saturday lunch, red cabbage, red onion and a nice juicy tomato.

***Love you dad, Kathy, Coleen and George.***

He loved a great cuppa and a chinwag with anyone who was willing to listen. He also enjoyed his "**Harley**", a gopher given by Ray.

Blue was an original and served in No. 6 Section 'B' Platoon under Ken Mackintosh, Jerry Haire, Bill Drage, Bert Burgess, Mal Herbert and other good men made up for a fine section. Blue was a good soldier and his happy nature

made him popular with his section mates. As mentioned in his "Vale", Blue attended our early reunions after the war but we eventually lost him although he always received his 'Courier'. Like Lazarus he did return and was given a warm welcome. A good bloke, he will be sadly missed.

Arthur Marshall who played cricket against Blue after the war was our sole representative at his funeral service. Arthur said it was a most impressive service with a large attendance of his many old friends in the South West district.

**"LEST WE FORGET"**

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to all members of the "**Wilks**" family.

**"MAY HE REST IN PEACE"**

**Vale - Clarence William Turner - WX7291**

**30.10.1917 - 30.08.2006**

**Eulogy (delivered by his eldest son LTCOL. Terry Turner (Retd))**

Our Dad was much loved by all of us and we believe much admired by those who knew him. As someone recently said, he "was a good bloke". He nearly 89 years old when he passed on and in that time he created a lot of memories for those who knew him. This is part of his story.

He was born in 1917, the fourth of eight children and was educated at Capel School and later, Narrogin Agricultural College. He greatly enjoyed his time at the Ag College, but remembered being very homesick. His claim to fame was holding the record for the longest cricket throw (yes, you guessed it, nearly 89 yards).

At seventeen, he returned home to work in the family Butcher shop and did both shop work and slaughtering until he joined the Army in December 1939.

He completed his elementary and Non-Commissioned Officer training and in late 1940 completed his Officer Training on the banks of the Hume Weir at Albury-Wodonga.

He underwent commando training in 1941 at Foster on Wilson's Promontory in Victoria and the 2/2nd Independent Company of commandos was formed shortly thereafter. The unit traveled by train to Alice Springs and then by truck to Katherine in the Northern Territory.

Along the way, Dad's butchering skills were called upon to slaughter an alleged stray sheep. It was later discovered that the sheep was half of a local farmer's flock and there was hell to play. The commandos embarked for Timor from Darwin in December 1941 and Dad told me that the officers had to draw their own maps of the area, as there were very few maps of Timor in existence at the time. He used this map throughout his time on Timor and brought it back to Australia with him.

After the tough Timor Campaign he arrived home in early February 1943 and on the 27<sup>th</sup> of that month married Mum in "All Souls" Church across the road from the Murnane horse stud. They only had a three-day honeymoon before Dad had to report back. He left the Army a year later, but continued his association with the commandos for the remainder of his life. He and Mum enjoyed great friendships and many good times with them and their partners for many, many years.

When he left the Army, Dad returned to butchering, and when Mum was also discharged from the Army they made

their home on the Bussel Highway across the road from the Catholic Church in Capel.

In March 1946 they went to farm with Roy, Mum's father. On the racehorse stud in Stratham.

Dad was an effective farmer and eventually introduced dairying to the horse stud. He became and remained a stalwart in the local community. Many there today would know that he was a great participator.

He was Fire captain, an accomplished sportsman and administrator in many different sports, and an active contributor to the infrastructure of Elgin and surrounding communities. He was Master of Ceremonies for many weddings and other social functions (particularly in the Elgin Hall), a great charity worker and vestryman of the "All Saints" church.

He was also an innovator, with his home-made hay rack on the back of the Fergie tractor, and his railway iron triangle to get rid of the anthills in the home paddocks. He started using artificial insemination when it was in its infancy and was one of the first in the area to see the value in using plastic piping. There are many other examples, but these demonstrate his openness to new ideas.

He would probably run foul of Occupational Health and Safety these days. I remember when I was about five years old that Dad started rolling clover to get some extra money – there was never enough of that in those days. He would start the pattern in one paddock and show me how to follow it. He would then jump off the tractor and jog back to the dairy to milk the cows. When I had finished going round and round, all I had to do was steer the tractor through the

gate, drive back to the dairy and switch the key off when I got about fifty yards away. All three of his children drove the tractor when we were very young – with some interesting results at times! It might have been child-labour, but we loved it, and loved him for trusting us and letting us help.

One of my most enduring memories was when the farm still had a large herd of thoroughbred mares and their foals. When it came to bring in the horses so that the yearlings could be separated out for the sale, it was a great day and there was much excitement. We would eventually hear the thunder of the horse's hooves and run down to the yards and climb up on the fence.

Watch and listening to 60 or 70 strong herds of horses and seeing Dad standing up in the stirrups at full gallop with his stock whip whirling above his head, and hearing the crack of the whip ringing across the paddocks, was stirring stuff.

### **The Man from Snowy River had nothing on our Dad!**

It was at Elgin that we three children grew up, and Mum and Dad spent 27 mostly happy years there. During that time and at all others, Dad always tried to be a good neighbour and help out when necessary. This paid off when he broke his neck, as neighbours and relatives rallied and ran the farm for the whole time that he was incapacitated. And he simply said to us – “You get back what you give”.

He was a good man and I never heard anybody say a harsh word about him or his actions.

He was a great provider for us and we had a pretty good childhood. As we grew up we all benefited from his unconditional support for any, and all,

of our aspirations. He and Mum gave us the foundations with which to make a success of our lives – the rest was up to us – well, *with an occasional helping hand from home.*

Dad was different things to different people, but there were certain characteristics that he possessed that remained constant throughout his life.

He lived his life from the basic premise that people are essentially good. So he constantly looked for the best in others and, as a result, they usually gave it.

Dad was honest – I never knew him to do anything that could ever be interpreted as dishonest.

He was also very fair. He went to great lengths to ensure that people received their just portions.

Dad was loyal. His unconditional love for Mum and all his family was an inspiration to us. It never wavered. His support for his friends was also unqualified.

He had a sense of honour and he possessed that intangible thing we call integrity. There was a soundness and uprightness about him, and his dealings with people were a powerful example to us.

Dad was courageous. I never saw him frightened of anything, until towards the end of his life, when he was fearful of leaving Mum alone. But throughout his life he never lost his dignity, his pride, or his desire to do “the right thing” – no matter what the cost.

As his family, we all learned these and many other things from him. Many were practical. I still remember my son saying to a friend with a broken tricycle “my Dad will fix it for you with a piece of wire” I learned that from Dad.

Other things were more intangible. He taught us to seek and accept

responsibility. Many of the subsequent roles that we have had in life have stemmed directly from his learning.

He taught us to accept what we could not change and to get on with life rather than bear grudges that might make you become embittered. He showed us that we controlled our own destinies.

He and Mum gave each of us the life skills and tool that have enabled us to participate fully in life and community. And for that we are grateful.

Dad loved to dance. As a young man he would have danced with Mum all night – as they were good dancers – but he was always conscious of spreading his company and his dances fairly evenly amongst his friends' partners, his sisters, and nieces and so on. He was a very social person – sometimes to Mum's detriment; for the favour was not always returned.

He and Mum thrived in Elgin until they retired in 1971 and moved to Peppermint Grove beach, near Capel. Here they spent the first twenty five years of their retirement and Dad in particular, played a significant role in the establishment of the communities' character.

During this period, he returned to part-time butchering and caught heaps of fish in his spare time. He took up bowls and enjoyed it hugely. He and Mum also hosted many a memorable party at the Cottage.

Mum and Dad spent five pleasant years in a retirement village in Mandurah and in 2001 moved to Tanby hall in Rockingham, to be near Noel and I for support that we could offer.

Dad always loved nature. Trees, crops, flowers, birds and animals and all those other things that make it up were always of great interest to him. Even toward the

end of his life, he would comment upon the lovely green trees and say that the Council had done a good job with the nature strips. And he loved to sit and watch the sea, and the sky and the birds in the lake.

Although he struggled a little towards the very end, he never complained and he always had a smile or 'chiack' for the 'Carers', or anybody who visited. He passed on peacefully with Mum at his side – and for that we are grateful.

Dad had many grandchildren and great-grandchildren that he loved dearly - and he spent time with them as often as possible. He was very proud of all our achievements; very content with his lot in life; satisfied that he had a good life, and reveled in his great enduring love of Mum. They were married for sixty three and a half years.

We will miss him terribly, but also rejoice in the fact that his life was a life well-lived – and a love that was unconditional.

Dad, you survived many near misses and crises in your life; and you always came up smiling.

We couldn't have wished for a better example, or a better father.

So rest easy. You were a fine man and your work here is done.

### ***"Terry Turner"***

Clarrie had No.3 Section of "A" platoon in Timor which included Bernie Langridge, Arthur Marshall, Bill Rowan-Robinson, Eric Weller and Alf Hillman to name a few. Clarrie was a good officer and was well respected by his men. Clarrie and Grace were loyal and generous supporters of the Association of which he was a Life Member.

Eric & Twy Smyth, Julie-Ann, Helen Poynton and Wyn Thomson attended Clarries funeral service at Bunbury and

Stuart "Pip" Dunkley said the Ode and was a pallbearer which was good of him.

The very large attendance was testimony of the respect that Clarrie & Grace were held in Capel and the surrounding districts.

The Association extends its Deepest Sympathy to Grace and the family.

**"LEST WE FORGET"**

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### **LATE NEWS**

**Betty Hopkins**, widow of John (Irish) and sister of Peter Barden (Dec.) passed away peacefully on Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> September. Betty was 87.

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to all family members. May she -

**"Rest In Peace"**

**Ron Morris** passed away on 5<sup>th</sup> September after a long illness. A Vale for Ron will be in our next issue.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Hazel and family.

**"Rest In Peace" - Ron.**

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### **NORMA HASSON DAY**

The long dry spell we had in June continued on into July and it was another delightful sunny day on the occasion of our 19<sup>th</sup> Norma Hasson Day held at the GoodEarth Hotel on Friday 7<sup>th</sup> July. With our numbers diminishing as each year passes the attendance of 27 was pleasing. Those who made it had a very pleasant 2-1/2 hours socializing in the 2/2<sup>nd</sup> way as we have been doing now for close on 60 years.

The Hasson family, all looking well was present in strength with Ken & Rhonda,

Fred, Robyn & Kaye attending. Doug who is soldiering on in Melbourne being the only absentee. Kaye, her usual effervescent self made the ladies day with her traditional gift of an orchid corsage for each lady. What a delightful personality is our Kaye.

The luncheon went off very well. The friendly staff attended to all our needs and we thank them for that. Our evergreen M.C. Len was in good form and President Jack welcomed all present making special reference to our oldest member, Fred Humfrey. Fred who was 93 in June came in on the local bus being one of the first to arrive. He reveled in the attention he received from his old mates and the ladies and though partially deaf communicated with all pretty well. Bert Mavrick topped off his day by giving Fred a lift home – Thanks Bart. Among the lucky raffle winners were L. Bagley, Kaye Hanson, Robyn Hasson, Jack Carey, Elvie Howell and Dot Maley.

The Mandurah 2/2<sup>nd</sup> were well to the fore with Helen Poynton and daughter Julie-Ann, Dot Maley, Don & Ida Murray, Vera Watson, Elvie Howell, Jim Lines, Bart Mavrick and Len Bagley making the trip up. What great stalwarts they have been over the years. Others present were John & Olive Chalwell, Dick Darrington, Beverley Frankee, Elsie & son - David Jordan, Nellie Mullins, Clare West, Bernie & Babs Langridge and Jack Carey.

With out time slowly running out, The Committee appeals to Members to make every endeavour to attend our remaining two functions in 2006 - **The Commemoration Service on Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> November and Christmas Special on 1<sup>st</sup> December.**

**"God Bless"**

**Jack Carey**