

Commonwealth Hill - a cattleman among sheep.

Lyle soon became overseer. Gordon was born while they were there. Two years later Lyle was offered a job as manager of Kenmore Park. Beautiful country between the Musgraves and Everards near the NT border. Sheryl was newborn during the shift and Peter was a two-month-old when they left - so you see it was all so easy for Lois.

They shifted because of a deal, which didn't eventuate on Horsebend. Back to Glengyle and then as manager of Clifton Hills.

No sooner settled at Clifton than Mundowdna came on the market, which to them was a suburb, a city with a school and a hospital.

As was to be expected the Litchfields were main players in the welfare of their community. When the RDN Service was about to close, they called all their friends together, organised the fund raising gymkhana, and were part of all activities for the good of the cause.

Lyle was president of Stockowners Assoc. He was also a JP and as such was always called upon to mete out justice. He nearly always knew the defendants and as most offences were petty minor he would prescribe a few days cleaning up around the town.

However some were sent to Leigh Creek k-up and the more serious to Green-bush in Port Augusta. They didn't like Leigh Creek and would ask to be sent Green-Bush. Facilities were better there; they had a TV.

Lyle loved the bush - his wife and family.

Lyle never discussed his war service but now he was highly regarded by his friends of 7 Section.

I leave you with that picture of a man I was so proud to know and I thank the Litchfields for the privilege to say so.

Arthur Whyte.

A Tribute to Lyle.

Lyle Litchfield joined the 2/2nd at Canungra, Queensland, when it was reformed after service in Timor.

He was posted to 7 Section, "C" Troop and served in New Guinea with distinction. "Litchy", as he was known to one and all, was a fearless soldier. If anything needed to be done he was the first to volunteer and became a very reliable and well-respected member of his section. Lyle, a natural sportsman, showed his skill as an Aussie Rules footballer and was a member of the Unit's team.

After leave in Australia, the Unit was sent to New Britain and Lyle now a Corporal stayed with the section and his mates until discharge.

The rest is history, Litchy the competent soldier became Litchy the competent farmer/grazier at Marree - devoted husband - father - loved and respected by all.

Tony "Basher" Adams, former Captain of "C" Platoon.

To Lois, his devoted wife of 51 years, Gordon, Sheryl, Peter, Jeffery, Ian and their families, the Association extends its deepest sympathy. Lyle's ashes will be spread along the Channel country rivers.

Lest We Forget.

.Vale Peter Alexander WX12344

2/4/1918 - 12/9/2003.

Peter passed away in Kalgoorlie on Friday 12th September at the age of 85.

His daughter Margaret has kindly provided the following on his life.

Peter was born in Boulder on the 2nd April 1918, one of ten children born to Peter and Catherine Alexander. He grew up in Trafalgar; a small town situated about two kilometres east of the Golden Mile. Peter had wonderful stories to tell of his childhood in Trafalgar and as a kid growing up there never found life boring. He and his friends would spend the weekend out in the bush trapping rabbits, which they would clean, skin, and sell in the neighbourhood for threepence. Swimming in the mine vats, playing all sports, breeding pigeons, musical concerts and school kept him busy.

At age 23, in 1941, Peter enlisted with the Australian Army and after training, departed to Timor and landed at Dili. Shortly after the Japanese invaded and Peter was taken as a Prisoner of War. Time spent labouring on the Burma Railway and in Changi jail was faced with courage and long-life friendships were formed. Peter served his country from May 1941 to February 1946 and was honoured to receive a Life Membership of his Commando Association in 2001.

Peter had varied occupations, his last employment being with Western Mining at Kwinana before retiring in the early 1980's.

Peter married Shirley Tillet on July 3rd 1948 at Queen's Methodist Church in Boulder and they were happily married for over 35 years until Shirley's untimely death in 1983.

Peter's hobbies mainly involved sport - playing football and cricket in his younger days and later, golf along with watching and attending the trots, fishing

and his love of gardening. His garden was always filled with colour.

He loved his home and garden, but unfortunately in January 2003 after he had suffered two previous strokes and Parkinson's Disease had started to take its toll on his body, the decision was made to move him to Kalgoorlie to be closer to family. Peter moved into the Edward Collick Nursing Home in March and was settling in well when sadly a third stroke in September was too much for him to overcome.

Peter is survived by his daughters Nola and Margaret, two sons-in-law, and six grandchildren who adored their Pop.

A wonderful gentleman who loved life and was happiest spending time with his family and playing golf. He had a touch of larrikin about him, with a great sense of humour to the end.

He is so sadly missed by his loving family.

Keith & Val Hayes and John Sweet, an old POW mate, attended Peter's funeral at the Kalgoorlie cemetery's chapel on Wednesday 17th September.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Margaret, Nola, and their families on their sad loss.

Peter's graphic story of his 3½ years as a POW under the Japanese which appeared in the April and August 1989 issues of the Courier is a monument to a man of great courage and endurance. Lest We Forget.

FOND MEMORIES OF A GREAT FRIEND AND BATTLER.

A Tribute from Keith.

It was in Northam Army Camp where we did our basic training in May 1941 that I

met Peter Alexander. During this time a request was made for volunteers for a special unit. We applied and were accepted along with others and were sent to Foster in Victoria to carry out our specialised training. It was here that we were formed into 7 Platoon of approximately 20 men, a wonderful group. During our training there and up to our departure to Katherine we formed a wonderful friendship with many a laugh.

Peter was captured on East Timor on Feb. 20th, 1942 and spent 3 1/2 years as a POW being entertained by the Japanese.

I met again with Peter on his return by ship to Fremantle and from then on had an ongoing friendship with him on my fairly frequent visits to Kalgoorlie. We also met up on his holidays to Fremantle where the family holidayed at South Fremantle and the Davilak Hotel became a meeting place. It was when the family came to live at Forrest St. Palmyra that from then on until Saturday night was transferred to Friday night, that we went most Saturday nights to the trot meetings with his wife Shirley, daughters, Margaret and Nola, his sister Janet and brother-in-law Bill.

I forgot to mention that we had mumps together at Foster and malaria in Dili at the Dutch Hospital.

Peter enjoyed his outdoor activities, fishing, football, cricket, golf, and the odd wager. He received trophies for cricket and cycling in Kalgoorlie. He also loved music, was an avid reader, and was also a fair hand at writing a good story.

He worked on the mines in Kalgoorlie on his return as a POW, went to Quorn in South Australia for a while, and eventually came to Palmyra when he worked for W.M.C. KWINANA, then

British Paints, and W.A. Newspapers if my memory is correct.

In later years he suffered a stroke and then Parkinson's Disease, during this time, good and bad, he never complained of his troubles, was always a happy person. No bad word of anyone, a fiercely independent person, so much so he could have named the Unit!

One incident that his daughter, Margaret and her husband Kevin did not know of, or he would have been in Kalgoorlie much sooner than he was. It was on his return home from hospital after his stroke that he decided to take a bath. No trouble getting in the tub, but getting out was the issue. He just did not have the strength to get out, so no trouble for Peter, he simply turned on the taps, filled the bath to the top, and slid over the side!

Another episode was his 82nd birthday. A cake had been provided and Peter went to the kitchen to cut it. He appeared in the doorway with a large carving knife waving to all points of the compass and as he advance on those present, asked as best he could, would anyone cut the cake. But due to his difficulty with speech, by the time he had completed the sentence he had all present baled up against the wall! Wonderful times.

PETER YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED.

Keith Hayes.

Vale Tom Bateman WX29436

Members will be sorry to hear that Tom Bateman collapsed and died at his home late in the afternoon on Saturday 27th September. He was 81.

His sudden death came as a great shock to his wife Jean and family and his many friends. Jeff, his eldest son, said it might have been caused by a blood clot. Tom had a benign brain tumour removed in