



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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West Australian Whisperings

ANNUAL RE-UNION

Once again our members turned out in great strength to our annual "do" and had a rattling good time.

The venue was the same as last year, namely Shenton Park R.S.L. Hall, on Saturday, Feb. 5.

Country folk flocked to Perth and many made a trip of several hundred miles to attend this function.

Many telegrams and telephone calls of regret at not being able to attend were received.

The catering was ably carried out by Ron Dook and his henchmen and a special word of praise should be given for this mighty effort. The tables were loaded and as fine an array of foodstuffs as you could wish for.

Mick Calcutt, Col Doig's right hand man was for ever in attendance doing those chores which go to make a function of this nature, a success.

The president handled his job in fine style and rattled through the toast list with rare ability.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

Sunday, Feb. 6, was the date set for the Commemoration Service. There was a large attendance to hear the President, Mr. Colin Doig, make his address and also after the simple service to officially open the King's Park Water Scheme.

Members were formed up by Geoff Laidlaw who had charge of the marshalling. After the reading of the President's Address members

were marched past the trees and returned to the area where the guests were gathered and the President officially opened the Scheme with a short address and then the water was turned on at a given signal. It was a time of great pride for an achievement we should be proud to be associated with.

Hereunder are reprinted the President's addresses.

Today we come together at this particular spot to do honour to those comrades of ours who paid the supreme sacrifice. We come to this spot because it is the place that has been made dear to us by the living memorials of the trees which grow in hallowed ground. It is our corner in God's acre and it stays here during the years to remind us of those who did not return.

This month of February is a month of anniversary for us as it was at this time that we as a fighting unit met the blast of the enemy's guns for the first time and were blooded in the heat of battle. We suffered our greatest casualties during this month in Timor and were welded into a strong and purposeful band bent on taking full vengeance for the casualties inflicted upon us. This we did on the hills and dales of Timor and the mountains and rivers of New Guinea and New Britain. We have chosen this month of February to be our particular anniversary and to hold this Commemoration Service.

This is a time of Remembrance of those who have gone to Valhalla, to that Mecca of good soldiers, and they were good and true soldiers.

We like to think of them as good mates who we will meet again when our turn comes to depart this vale of tears. These trees acting as living memorials help us to remember them to better advantage.

It is a time of Dedication. This is when we should dedicate ourselves to work and service which will perpetuate the memory of those who have gone before. It is not enough just to hold an Anniversary Service or to Remember on one or two days a year, we must work and strive to do things which will be befitting of those grand souls who are our silent shadows. We must strive for a high ideal and we must always keep our eyes turned to that ideal and serve with common purpose the self-imposed task of sacred duty. To this we must dedicate ourselves.

It is up to us who are left behind to make certain that those who have gone did not die in vain. They gave their lives in what was thought would be the war to end all wars. Such has not proved to be the case but to date the conflagrations have at least been of a confined nature. It will have been a wilful waste of human lives if we allow the sacrifices of our good friends to have been without object.

We are a strong body of men and women, we are welded into a single entity by our war service and our trials and tribulations. We may only be humble people without a great deal of say in the power politics of the world, but we can exert influence in quite a number of places to try and avert a third world war. If we can by example start other organisations such as our own to also work for this most desirable end then we will have done something of moment to the world in general. We must strive to use our effectiveness as an Association to bring about a better understanding among the peoples of the world. It is useless to bind together without using the power that is generated by such a machine. It must not be allowed to remain dormant.

We must do everything in our power to overcome the errors of the past and believe me they have been plenty. Most of the wars with their consequent loss of life and property have been the result

of little faith and of less understanding of the problems of the day. Little men with big greeds have been too often allowed to lead nations by the nose into the cockpit of world war sometimes for nothing but personal ego such as Mussolini and Hitler did in the past war.

It does not follow that extending the olive branch is all that is required. Far from it. If you will cast your minds back you will remember that the last war came when the British Commonwealth, America and France were at the lowest ebb of preparedness. It was this lack of military readiness that encouraged the despots to try and conquer the world by rapid fire tactics before the opposing nations could build up their potential. The lesson to be learned from this is the old Boy Scout motto: "Be Prepared". We must encourage a degree of preparedness in our growing generations, not to make them into cannon fodder, but to be a deterrent to would-be aggressors.

It is only human nature to try and pick upon the weak and this applies as much to nations as to individuals. We must be strong and prepared and then you will find the danger of a major conflagration will disappear. Don't be beguiled by those who seek disarmament. It didn't work prior to World War II and will not work now. Let us be prepared and the other fellow will smartly look the other way.

Although world events have shown an improving tendency over the last 12 months and at last we can say that the "shooting war" is over in Korea and Indo-China, the general armistice is a little uneasy. Indo-China particularly gives us plenty of food for thought as the victory in this instance is not what we would have preferred it to be. We cannot be at all blasé about world conditions as they affect Australia. To our near north we have countless millions of people who no longer accept a hum drum existence it is as the stirring from sleep of a mighty giant and we will have to look with a wary eye to this potential hot-bed for many years to come. Until we can attain a population basis which will make us secure we must all be prepared to defend this country which is judged by other standards, an absolute paradise. Our forebears have cre-

ated for us in these southern seas a heritage which is the cynosure of all eyes and we can only hope to keep it that way if we are prepared to put plenty of our efforts towards things of a national character. We must first of all be citizens of Australia and then after that we can think of our own pleasures. An aura of prosperity permeates the general atmosphere of the Australian scene today, we pray that the years in front of us will continue to bring that same feeling of prosperity to everyone. I do not wish to appear to be pessimistic but there are some small signs in the distance of a potential lessening of national prosperity and it behoves us all to work a little harder to do all we can to keep production costs in such a position that we can compete with all others on world markets and so keep the spectre of depression well in the distance.

I would like all assembled to reflect for a few minutes on the plight of those who have lost those who are near and dear to them in our Unit. It may be a mother, father, sister, brother or wife who has lost someone. To them our thoughts should go on such a day as this. Let them take consolation in the thought that an ever loving Divinity will look to their problems for them and we as a body will do all in our power to assuage their sorrow and loss. It is not enough for me to say that we condole with them on this day but I would like to say that their loved ones were more than worthy of them in their hour of greatness and in the words of the poet "And how can man die better than in facing fearful odds for the ashes of his fathers and temple of his Gods". Please take heart from this fact and let it help to make your life a little more bearable.

OPENING OF WATER SCHEME

At long last and at considerable cost our area in King's Park is now reticulated. A small area has been planted with runners and the rest has been seeded. We can confidently expect in the near future to have a beautiful green sward of grass to really beautify this area which we so much revere. The sincere thanks of the Association goes to all those who gave so gen-

erously of money and time to make this scheme possible. There still remains a debt to be paid on this scheme to recoup Association finances for moneys already laid out and it is hoped that those who have not yet contributed will find it within their power to do so in the near future.

It is now my most pleasant duty in a long association with our organisation to officially declare this water reticulation scheme open.

To ensure that the area is always under surveillance we appoint a Warden of our area each year. This Warden swears to do his best to keep the area in the manner in which it should be kept and to report to the Association at frequent intervals upon the area. We change our Wardens at this service each year and the retiring Warden hands his duties to the incoming occupant of the position. This year Mr. Bill Willis retires and Mr. Gerry Green takes up duty.

OBITUARIES FEBRUARY

Pte. Donald H. Airey, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 21.

Pte. Frank J. Alford, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 21.

Sig. B. I. Gannon, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 29.

Pte. A. J. Lane, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 21.

Pte. R. H. Murray, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 23.

Pte. J. A. Pollard, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 22.

Cpl. J. F. Simpson, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 36.

S/Sgt. J. W. Walker, died as P.O.W. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 23.

Pte. R. Chalmers, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 23.

Sgt. G. A. Chiswell, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 23.

Pte. C. L. Stanton, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 22.

Pte. H. W. Marriott, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 35.

Pte. K. T. Hogg, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 22.

Pte. F. T. Crowder, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 25.

Pte. R. G. Alexander, K.I.A. Timor, Feb. 20, 1942, age 24.

OLYMPIC GAMES RE-UNION

Do you remember receiving a questionnaire at the Annual Re-union regards the Olympic Games Re-Union to be held in November-December 1956?

Well the return of these questionnaires has been very poor so buck up and do your bit and fill it in pronto.

Reminders

April Meeting:

Guest Speaker.

Anzac Day Parade:

Don't forget to roll up for the Parade on Monday, April 25.

Subscriptions:

If your subs are not up to date contact your secretary and clear this little matter up.

FOUND AT RE-UNION

Anyone having lost a grey overcoat with the name J. R. Fletcher printed on, or a grey hat, size 6 $\frac{3}{4}$, can retrieve same at Gordon (Blue) Pendergrast, 16 Henry-st., Subiaco.

Personalities

Bill Howell:

Had a yarn and a noggin with Bill the other day and he tells me that he has relinquished his interests at Mandurah and is now truck driving in Perth. Bill is anxious to attend more meetings and functions now that he is domiciled in Perth.

Doc. Wheatley:

And his brother who served with the army's small ships, duly arrived at the Re-union. Doc looks as lean as a whippet and it is not hard to surmise that he is working the old clock a bit hard. Better lay off a bit Doc, or you will be running yourself into the ground. Thanks for the donation of a fine case of tomatoes to the Re-union dinner. They were beautiful.

Bill Drage:

Made the trip from Northampton and as usual had a whale of a time.

He was sorry Irish Hopkins wasn't down as he would have liked to have tossed him for a quid or two. Irish was always a sucker for a couple of quid, Bill says.

Eric Smythe:

Another of the northern area brigade who made the trip from Geraldton and as usual with Eric had a good browse around amongst the lads and swapped a yarn or two.

Stan and Charlie Sadler:

Came down from the Wongan area for the Re-union and were also seen at the Commemoration service.

Ray Aitken:

Hadn't seen the busy Ray for quite a few years and had quite a lengthy chat over a glass or two. Ray has put on quite a bit of weight but it doesn't seem to be doing him any harm.

Jack Hasson:

Of course, made the trip from Ballidu. It's just a matter of letting Jack know there's a "Do" on somewhere and he is already revving the car up and itching to be away. There's very few functions held that Jack and Norma Hasson don't manage to get along. Good for you Jack, we can use plenty of your kind of enthusiasm.

Jack Fowler:

Also from the Wongan area, is another of the stalwarts from the country areas who rarely misses the chance for a spot of conviviality when there is a re-union or ladies' night, etc., on. Jack had a great time at the Re-union and was also at the Service on the Sunday.

Don Murray:

Has thrown in his chips at York and is now a country representative with Ampol. The skipper, Geoff Laidlaw lending a friendly hand where it will do the most good. Hope you make a success of it Don, and all the best.

Bert Burges:

Of Broomhill just couldn't miss the Re-union if he tried and was seen getting quite a laugh at some of the reminiscences which are part of our shows.

Arch Campbell:

Although not able to attend the

Re-union was recently in town and managed to sip an odd amber with the Doig. Arch assures Col that the farming game is good to him. Had been carting water in a big way but now of course, along with sundry others is flooded out.

Among the many country folk at the Re-union were seen E. R. Bingham, Reg Harrington, Mal Herbert, Alf Hillman, Gordon Holmes, Bob Palmer, Stan Payne, G. H. Smith, Fred Sparkman, Ron Sprigg, Norm Thornton, R. Walkerson. Hope I haven't missed any of you country folk but if I have accept my apologies and drop me a line. I could use a bit of copy from the country lads.

A baby daughter to Edith and Gordon Pendergrast. Congrats. to you both.

GERALDTON CORRESPONDENTS

Further to the Geraldton Convention it was decided by the Geraldton members that they would form a news syndicate scheme and collate all their news and send it in to the correspondent of the month.

Hereunder is reprinted Eric Smythe's letter.

All 'locals' have agreed, or should I say that no negative answers have been received, to the news contribution scheme and the draw is as follows: In time for March issue, J. Denman; April, W. Drage; May, F. Griffiths; June, B. Fagg; July, N. Cunningham; August, E. Smythe; Sept., Hopkins; Oct., B. Giles; Nov., R. Pepper; Dec., J. Brand; Jan., J. Denman.

You can publish the list if you like and I will advise the draw and send reminder notices.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Denman have increased their family to four with the addition of their third daughter—both doing nicely I believe. Jack was in Perth for the big event but has since returned to a temporary bachelor existence in Geraldton.

Herby Thomas is in town looking after a couple of gee-gees down from the north-west to contest the local races. I have not run across him yet so I cannot explain how he has managed to escape implication in the numerous murders, etc.,

that have gone on in those latitudes during recent months.

Mal and Eleanor Herbert, of Nungarin fame, spent a couple of weeks enjoying Geraldton's sea air. Mal spent a deal of his time renewing acquaintances including a trip, in company with Nip Cunningham, to Northampton. When the Northampton trip was first mooted a mention was made of fishing but I understand that nobody wasted time fishing. Mal and Eleanor did make a couple of trips on a local fishing boat chasing the big fish that abound (?) in these waters and they can produce the necessary photographic evidence to prove that they did not all get away. At this stage I should suggest that you ask Mal who won the biggest fish competition but I won't.

Bernie Giles has been working for some time on the Meekathara Hospital construction job. He came back to the coast for the Xmas-New Year holiday break and no doubt the cool weather experienced here was a break.

I saw Irish Hopkins yesterday. He was drinking beer at the time, believe it or not, and I think he must be ill or is sickening for something. I am sure that in girth he is slowly but surely fading away to an elephant.

Heard This?

He was moody and glum after the dance, and his friend could hardly get a word out of him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Didn't you get on well with the girl I introduced you to?"

"Well," said his friend, "I asked her three or four times if I could see her home, and then she said that if I was as keen on her home as all that she'd send me a photograph of it."

* * * *

"I wonder why Dr. Miller has suddenly started calling himself a specialist?"

"Perhaps he's only got one patient."

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Random Harvest

TEX RICHARDS, of Beradshaw-st., Latrobe, Tasmania, writes:

Have been going to do this for quite some time but never got to doing it. We have a peaceful house for a while, the kids have gone shopping, Mums reading, the day a beautiful one not a cloud in the sky, in fact quite a warm day, so I will now say hello pals. Has been years since I last saw any of you. I see the Sappers are to the fore in the Committee. Cheers. Gig and Stricky, also Blue is an active member. We have certainly scattered since our first couple of years together. Things have been pretty fair for me but for the last year the rot set in and I was out of action for seven months. Had a few trips to Repat. Went back to work in Sept. but had to have a "sting" every week for three months. A man is getting like a horse. Am due back again any time now but when a person looks around can always find someone worse off than ourselves. Enough about my hurts and on with some news.

Latrobe, the little town I live in, is in the north west of Tassy, more or less God's own spud kingdom. Also in this valley we grow fair apples and there are some extra farms about the place. Myself, I am a maintenance fitter at the Goliath Portland Cement Company at Railton about seven miles away. Have my own home also three children, boy eight years, girl seven years, boy five years, and (?) in the near future. Hoping for a girl. Mum is doing fine.

I would like to say Cheers to Don Turton, Col Doig, my Sapper pals, also fellows of the No. 2 and 4 Sections. We certainly had some fun together. Things went off with a "bang" now and again. While in Hobart ran into Sig. Brown, Vic Pacey, missed Joe Loveless, but Vic tells me his only worry is at the present time that he is too fit. Hope this letter gets to you prior to your Annual Re-union. Please convey my good wishes to all for a very successful year. If there is any chaps of the 2/6th Company about a little news for them. Harry Miller of 2/6th, has a pub in this fair town, an extra place for a drop.

Generally have a few of a Saturday morning.

Haven't run into any of the Melbourne boys for years but hope to have a few days over there this year. Would like to meet you all again one never knows how things are going to turn out in the future. Perhaps we shall all meet again in the next couple of years.

So now, here's wishing you all the best of good things and many cold beers, etc.

HASH JENSEN, of Box 60, St. Helens, Tasmania, writes:

Just a few lines to let you know I am still in the land of the living, and feel quite a dog that I have not written before but the pressure has been a little bit more than on since I returned from my holidays and that is my story and I am going to stick to it. After arming myself with all those addresses of other boys in other States I am sorry to say I had to blow through by air from Adelaide owing to a very urgent wire from the Top Dog to return immediately or else, so I had to break away from quite a lively time and get back to business a week overdue.

Well, I hope you are all doing well. The little news I get from the 'Courier' tells me you all are.

I am tip top myself, only that busy I have not had time to enjoy the Xmas much but will have a bit of a flutter for the Launceston Cup and probably back all the losers of the day but will make up for a good feed of Boags and a headache.

Enough of this drivel. I intend to return to the West about June.

I feel as if I should come over and look after my mother for her last few years. My wife has consented to my request to come and we are a bit fed up with this continuous hum drum life trying to make some stranger at home every night of the year. So have decided to give it away and start afresh. So I was wondering if you could by any chance find some sort of a job for me over there. I am a fairly clever sort of a cove at anything at all, of course, getting a bit old for the pick and shovel touch, but could earn my money at most things. So if you could find some-

thing to keep me out of mischief I would be most grateful.

I have lost touch with a lot of my friends in Perth but may be able to find them after a while.

I have not seen any of our mob at all over here but I hope to have a weekend in Hobart shortly so will try to dig up one or two.

I see you have The Bull over there now so you will all be under control.

Having a very hot spell here and looks like getting warmer so most of the Tassy mob are melting fast. Can't take it.

JACK HANSON, of 5 Squad, 12 Platoon, 'C' Coy., 1 R.T.B., Kapooka, N.S.W., writes:

You will no doubt be very surprised to hear from me and especially as you've probably noted from the address that I'm back in the army. In the last 12 months a lot has happened in my little world, so I decided to make a fresh start all over again and I'm finding that it has paid dividends.

I have been here four months and will probably be here for another month at least then as I've been allocated to 2 Battalion I will prob-

ably go to Canungra once more and then if things work out right it should mean a trip to Malaya.

Among some of the new march ins the other night was Dick Burton looking as fit as a fiddle but I have not had a chance to have a good yarn with him yet but it'll be on down at the canteen on Saturday night. Most of the West Aussie recruits have seen previous service and of all the recruits I'd say that almost one in three are ex-service.

I haven't seen any news letters for some time so if you get a chance will you send some over this way please and also I'd like the addresses of any of our chaps in Sydney or Brisbane so I could look them up as I go through if I get the time that is, for the army has not changed much in that respect.

When I first came here I was told that I would be doing a six weeks' refresher course but instead I've gone right through every lesson from the right turn to firing EY rifles, etc., and I can still run a mile in under six minutes, so I must be fit again.

Well that's all for now so I'll close hoping to hear from you all in the near future.

New South Wales News

Hello Everybody.

I am standing in again for Jack Hartley as N.S.W. correspondent.

Jack was married last Saturday at Lane Cove. In all the years I have known him it was the first time that I had ever seen him nervous. He sat in the front pew of the church and twisted his gloves into a knot, all the while glancing towards the door.

In keeping with tradition, his bride, Maria, a charming and attractive girl, arrived a few minutes late.

Jack then appeared to become his usual self. They were married—and it's my bet that they'll live happily ever after.

Bill Coker, Merv Jones and myself, with our wives, represented the Unit at the wedding and later at the reception.

So ended Jack Hartley's days as a bachelor.

I know that it's customary to eulogise people at two particular

ceremonies—marriages and burials—but I can assure you that the following praise of Jack Hartley comes from the heart and not custom; and there are many 2/2 members in this State who will bear me out.

Jack Hartley and Jack O'Brien kept the Association going here after the war. They were the two best workers we had.

When Jack O'Brien died, Jack Hartley assumed the major burden.

In addition to this work he was well tied up in civic affairs, being the secretary of his local bushfire brigade, bowling club and God knows what else.

Jack frequently was the guiding hand behind many functions we had—and boy, what functions they were!

I can recall him many a time leading bodies into the back of his truck, putting them off and depositing them on doorsteps.

I have heard many a woman say: "Well, if Jack Hartley is going to that turnout, you can go. At least you're assured of getting home."

I've heard him square off for late and battered arrivals.

In brief, Jack has always been reliable.

But don't think that boy is going to get praise unlimited.

Of late you've probably noticed that the N.S.W. news has fallen off, that there were fewer functions.

The cause of it all, of course, was Maria. I realised that the first time Jack brought her to our place, and she was the best excuse ever.

Now they're married, and good luck to them both, not only from the N.S.W. members, but, I'm sure, from all the 2/2nd.

Now we'll probably get more N.S.W. news and, who knows, one of these nights we may be able to repay some old debts and load Jack onto the back of a truck and escort him home safe and sound.

At Christmas, I got a card from the king of the bushies, Jim Griffin. In it he enclosed sundry scraps of timber and twigs, what he called part of "the glorious bush". On the face of the card was a picture of a couple of angels in the act of ringing heavenly bells. Griffin, of course, had inscribed the words, "Bush Angels" on each of them.

I'm thinking of taking up a subscription among the townies so that we may send him a neon light—glorious symbol of the city.

Make no mistake, fellow townies, he's still plotting and planning against us, and he's as crafty as ever.

Cecil Charles Anderson, a townie true, is soldiering on in Brisbane, waiting to go to Malaya. In a letter headed "Dear Moose Head", he tells me of a harrowing 25 mile march he did recently, and of some of the "weakies" falling by the wayside. Ah, that Griffin had been there. Charles will be down at Easter for some high level discussions aimed at destroying that mythological monster.

There was a party recently at Ron Host's place for Tony, who was on a trailer trip to C. land. I was away on a country job that week, but I heard that the party was very good. At this point, here's my apologies to the host and guest of honour.

Kiwi was back in town this day, a day.

but like the snows of yesteryear, he's gone. I think he's at Bulli now. And I hope to hear from him soon. I'm afraid that I have laboured too long. I began a month's holiday last Sunday, and tomorrow I leave for Grafton. I hope there to see some of the boys, including Snowy Weir, a publican now, who I'm told worries about the pennies in the morning and says, "To hell with the pounds" in the afternoon. The unchangeable Snow.

I'll fish at Grafton, and fish again when I return because I'm third-shares in a 14ft. open launch here. I can't wait to get that country boy Griffin into it.

To all of you (particularly Jack and Maria Hartley this month) the best, the very best. Regards—"CURLY".

A DONATION RECEIVED

Major Love (from Foster Camp days)

Writes to Col. Doig enclosing a draft for £6/2/2 from Mr. P. H. Wakefield, Northwick Lodge, Worcester, England. Mr. Wakefield was one of Major Love's Subalterns in the 1914-18 scrap and they had a number of tough assignments together which made Major Love describe him as a very good and tough fighter. In the last war Mr. Wakefield was over age but was put in charge of an over-age Sapper Unit and sent to France to build aerodromes in back areas. When the Hun broke through the Unit found itself fighting a rear-guard action until they were eventually evacuated from Calais at about the same time as Dunkirk was becoming famous.

Major Love sent Mr. Wakefield a copy of Bernie Callinan's book and he was so interested that he asked how the toughs of Timor were settling down in civilian life. For answer Major Love sent a couple of copies of the 'Courier' in one of which he read an appeal by Jim Smalles for funds for the Association. The result was a draft for £5 sterling sent to Major Love to be passed on to the Association. This donation reaches us as £6/2/2 after exchange has been added.