



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

Your Duty To The Association

As Major Geoff Laidlaw once remarked, we not only belonged to a good Unit but to the best b— Unit in the A.I.F. We are all agreed on that point and are justly proud of the fact.

It can be said without fear of contradiction, that our Association, considering the size of the Unit, is the strongest of its kind in Australia. This shows that we are still proud of having been members of a fine Unit.

But have YOU ever stopped to consider why our Association is still strong? The answer lies in the efforts of a small band of stalwarts who have striven unceasingly for the past 15 years. If you care to inspect the minute books you will find that all the work done during those years has fallen on the shoulders of about 20 men. Are YOU proud of that? Are YOU still going to sit back and allow the same ones to carry the burden?

Your Committee has worked hard during the year to keep your Association going but it is disheart-

ening to find their efforts lacking in appreciation. Attendance at monthly meetings has continued to be poor. Are YOU not ashamed? Anzac Day showed one of the best roll-ups for years but why is this not so at all functions? Even the Annual Re-Union showed an attendance below average!

Those remarks are not addressed to country members. Their support always has been and continues to be invaluable. Surely you metropolitan dwellers are ashamed of the fact that the country boys accounted for a large percentage of all who attended the last Re-Union. If they can come hundreds of miles for one event, surely YOU can leave your fireside and T.V. set at least once a month to help keep your Association alive.

It is your duty to keep strong those bonds forged in war. Don't forget the Annual General Meeting at Monash Club on Tuesday, July 15. Come along and put your shoulder to the wheel.

This means YOU!

SPECIAL MENTIONS:

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING — TUESDAY, JULY 5

ANNUAL RE-UNION — SATURDAY, AUGUST 20

COMMEMORATION SERVICE — SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

Your Committee met during June.

The main items on the agenda were preparations for our Annual Sweep and the Annual General Meeting to be held next month.

The sweep will be held on the Kalgoorlie Cup again this year and a record return is hoped for. As you can imagine, preparing sweep tickets for despatch to members is a big job and all hands rallied around to make short work of it.

The Annual General came in for quite a lot of discussion—mainly on the themes of attendance and new blood on the Executive.

Tom Nisbet reported that no further information was to hand concerning our claim for Battle Honours but the matter is not being allowed to rest.

The financial position of the Association as disclosed in the Treasurer's annual report (published elsewhere in this issue) was discussed. Although the position is not as good as it might have been, it was a matter of some satisfaction that our overall position is only down about £20. When the rising costs of all functions are taken into account the result could have been much worse.

Association Activities

KALGOORLIE CUP SWEEP

By now you will have received your sweep tickets. You will note from the financial statement printed in this issue that ready money is getting light on. Push the sales as hard as you can and send the butts and money back pronto. Don't wait until the deadline. If you want more books don't be bashful about asking. Country members are also requested to drop a line when returning their butts.

JUNE MEETING

This was to have taken the form of a Games and Picture Night with members of the Maimed and Limbless and a return visit.

Unfortunately Arch Campbell was

unable to make it with the films, but the games proved a great success.

Attendance was poor and we were only able to match the dozen visitors who turned up. Perhaps the weather had something to do with it.

Everyone present voted it a good show, so good that I am unable to remember who won the games. It is mooted that the meeting with the M. & L. will become an annual event.

JULY MEETING

This will be the Annual General Meeting and all members are ordered, requested and implored to turn up.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I have pleasure in submitting the President's Report for the year ended May 31, 1960. During the year we held 11 meetings of the Committee and a great amount of work and time was given by these men.

From the pages of our "Courier" you will have gained all the information on what the Association has done this year, but I would like to bring the more noteworthy of our occasions to your notice once more. Your past Committee took office in July, 1959, and organised events as set out hereunder:—

Annual Dinner:

Always a very enjoyable evening. Our numbers fell off a little but several we hadn't seen for years turned up. Our expenses went up as we had to engage an outside caterer in place of Bill Hollis.

Commemoration Service:

A good number were there but attendances at this service could not be called satisfactory until every member—at least metropolitan ones—are on parade. This service should be a must to us all for obvious reasons.

Ladies' Night:

In spite of shocking weather, we had an enjoyable night. The attendance was not as great as expected, but we do see a lot of country members and wives at this show.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE, YEAR ENDED 31/5/60.

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURE	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Funds as at 1/6/1959:			
Commonwealth Savings Bank	138 1 5	Annual Re-Union	90 9 11
Com. Savings Bank Reserve Ac.	96 9 9	Less Receipts	42 0 0
Com. Bonds (Face Value)	550 0 0	Courier	132 9 8
Cash on Hand	2 1 3	Less E.S. Payments	36 10 0
Loan	30 0 0	Meetings	124 0 4
Kalgoorlie Cup Sweep	262 7 0	Less Receipts	50 6 0
Less Expenses and Prizes	65 0 10	Christmas Tree	137 8 5
Donations Received	42 15 6	Less Receipts	54 0 2
Less Given	10 0 0	Ladies Night	84 15 6
Subscriptions	42 15 0	Less Receipts	38 3 0
Bank and Bond Interest	24 5 1	Administration	71 7 0
Turton's Scheme	97 3 2	Legacy Day (Turton's)	65 11 6
		Anzac Day	
		Less Receipts	
		Funds as at 31/5/1960:	
		Commonwealth Savings Bank	8 13 10
		Com. Savings Reserve Ac.	190 2 8
		Com. Bonds (Face Value)	550 0 0
		Cash on Hand	19 0 0
		Loans	45 0 0
			794 15 6
			£1,210 17 4

Cash on Hand represents Petty Cash held by Editor

(Sgd.) F. W. E. NAPIER, Hon. Treasurer.

Legacy Children:

At Don Turton's instigation we gathered about 40 wards of Legacy and took them by bus to Don's place where they had an unforgettable day. This was fully reported in the "Courier" and was, I consider, perhaps the best thing we have done to give the most pleasure where it was most needed. Once again, the Association is indebted to Don and Vida.

Children's Christmas Party:

This is always a happy show—the finale of a lot of hard work and worry on the part of those organising it. We increased the cost of the presents this year and the standard seemed to meet with the approval of all. The sub-committee responsible also brought our list of children up to date—a terrific job in itself. I think parents will agree that the sub-committee did a grand job.

Annual Sweep:

A success—as indeed it must be. The Treasurer will tell you of this and Col Doig will no doubt submit a separate report. Each member by doing his best can, and has, helped Col in an arduous task.

Country Convention:

With Jack Fowler and the Sadler boys as hosts our convention at Wongan Hills could not have been anything but a successful weekend. To these people and their wives go the thanks of the Association and, especially, the thanks of those attending.

Honour Avenue:

Water restrictions have curtailed any planning we wished to do but the Committee has our area in mind at all times.

Pt. Peron Scheme:

It appears, at the moment, that

Random Harvest

B. J. (Peter) BARDEN, of Box 310, Geraldton, writes:—

I've had two pleasant surprises during the past month. Eric Weller and his wife called on me, and then Johnny Moore from the Forestry Dept., Dwellingup, dropped in. After building some houses at Dumbleyung, Eric had joined a big contractor, George Thompson, at Geraldton, and they're building a big group of houses for the State

we may have been refused any portion of this area, but we will continue our efforts if the Annual Meeting considers it warranted.

Theatre and Battle Honours:

In true army style, we have been messed around a little, but are continuing to press our claim.

Anzac Day:

A well organised and enjoyable day with the usual ear-bashing and vagueness about the time one reached home.

During the year we assisted some members with money as we thought necessary. Our financial position towards the end of the year caused us many qualms, but the cause of our low balance will be apparent from the balance sheet and must be expected from the complexities and increased scope of our activities throughout the year.

Finally, to all members of the Committee, I offer the Association's thanks for the job I have seen them do throughout the year; my personal thanks go to all those who have helped me as President throughout my term and my best wishes go to the incoming Committee.

—R. S. KIRKWOOD.

Personalities

In town this month was Arthur Marshall looking younger, fitter and more prosperous than ever. Was having a spot of bother with the Taxation Dept. but assured me he likes paying his tax. Definitely a rare type.

Had a note from Peg Monk with news of the latest addition. Says Ted's chest is out a few more inches as though it was all his own work.

Housing Commission. Thompson has another contract for State houses at Port Hedland, and Eric will be joining him there later. Eric and "Yours Truly" had a good yarn about our football days in the South-West. Eric, who used to be a crack centreman for Bunbury, did not know that I was in Harvey from 1947 to 1952 and that I was in five South-West Carnival teams as a member of Harvey-Brunswick Asso-

ciation—including the 1947 team which toppled Bunbury Association at the Donnybrook carnival. It's certainly a small world. Eric's wife Margaret, whom I had not met previously, attended the Dominican Ladies' Convent at Dongarra at the same time as my sister, Tess, who later joined the Dominican Order of Nuns. Now a bit about Johnny Moore. He's been with the Forestry Dept. at Dwellingup for 13 years (here again, he didn't know until well after I had left Harvey, that I had been editor of a newspaper there for five years), and he and his wife and family motored up to Geraldton in his newly acquired car and enjoyed a couple of weeks at a beach cottage.

Eric Smythe has lodged a test appeal as to whether Geraldton is in or out of Zone "B" for taxation purposes. The Junior Chamber of Commerce, of which Eric is a particularly active member, has told the treasurer that it considers the wording of the Act is ambiguous—so much so as to be impossible of clear interpretation in regard to the

area. If the Jaycees are successful in their endeavours it will be equivalent to the introduction of a new industry to Geraldton, because the inclusion of the town in Zone "B" income tax allowance would conservatively mean the saving of £20,000 a year, which as clear spending money would be a tremendous boost to the town.

I have a recollection that mention has been made in someone's letter in the "Courier" that a 2/2nd tie (the one you wear) is worn by some members. If there is no such tie, I suggest that we obtain one, for wearing similar to the way a tie is worn by R.S.L. members. The R.S.L. tie has become very popular, and I suggest a 2/2nd tie bearing the famous colour patch would be just as popular, and it might result in the renaissance of old acquaintances between ex-double red diamond types (with the years rolling by, and some of us a "little" heavier these days, some of us might pass others without realising it).

Historically Yours!

HISTORIC WITHDRAWAL (Continued)

It was like the passing of an era to lose Paddy Knight. He had been so much one of the "characters" of the show. His influence not always good, it must be admitted, but influence never the less. If ever there was one man in the A.I.F. on whom a book could be written it was this enormous Irish-Australian. It is recounted that even towards the end his terrific humour and quick wit was evident. Pte. Allan Hollow who was a real master gambler in a humorous way was grizzling about the lack of mail and being cut off and everything else and Paddy piped up and said: "Well Allan, we have still got one thing left. We can write to Smiths Weekly about it. They're supposed to be the soldiers' friend." Yes, we were going to miss big Paddy! It was natural that with his enormous bulk that he would present a target which could not be missed even by a short sighted Jap. Pte. Eric Mitchell was as different from

Paddy as chalk from cheese. A quiet, likeable chap always doing the right thing, no trouble to his leaders, and as efficient as they come. Eric had been a junior bike rider in his pre-war years and was as fit as a fiddler's bitch. We would miss him in a big way, too.

Sgt. Mick Morgan had been wounded in the same action and Pte. Eddie Craghill had been badly wounded as result of concentrated heavy fire on his isolated position. Another of the serious casualties was Pte. Allan Hollow who had his jaw blown away by a burst of L.M.G. fire. Although the section casualties were two killed and three wounded it had taken a heavy toll of the attacking Japs. Subsequent reports stated that the number of enemy killed was in excess of 30, including an officer, but just what the real score was will never be known.

The section withdrew to a position astride the Bazaar Tete-Mali-

know track and set up an ambush position while the wounded, still able to walk at this stage, were sent back to Pln. H.Q. The Japs made no effort to exploit their success in this direction and the section and platoon were given a brief breathing space.

The next day after commencing the move back, sounds of firing could be heard in the distance and in the general direction in which the platoon was moving and it was assumed (and later proved to be correct) that "A" Platoon were engaging the enemy who had moved on from Bazaar Tete through the Nasuta Saddle. Carrying and caring for the wounded made movement slow and at dusk on the second day of the move back a camp was made in a patch of trees on a river bank. Positions had scarcely been taken up when it was reported that a party of enemy were approaching down the road. A hasty stand-to! Thank God it was not to be the enemy. It was a party from "A" Platoon and some Sappers under Sgt. Gerry Green who had become separated from "A" Platoon.

Appreciating that the river bed was not the best place to be, come daylight, "B" Platoon continued the move and late that night after a difficult and slippery climb with the stretchers, the platoon camped the night on the ridge above the Glano River across from Villa Maria.

Dawn next day found the platoon tired, hungry, but still in good spirits. The wounded were making out surprisingly well and even Allan Hollow, seriously wounded though he was, was standing up to the jolting and swaying from the inexperienced stretcher bearers without a murmur. Allan Luby was performing prodigious work in keeping the wounded dressed. He had saved Hollow's life by tying the arteries that ran down the jaw and stopped the bleeding without which attention he must surely have bled to death. He was fed with a straw and spoon with what food was available.

Mid-morning brought a report that a large column of Japs were observed coming along the ridge in the general direction of the Platoon. Positions were hastily changed and everybody had that feeling

of foreboding that this was it! The enemy were seen approaching but when within a few hundred yards of the position they went off down a branch track and passed by the waiting ambushers. A good fairy was on our side at that moment. Undoubtedly we could have added to our score of Japs killed but what would have been the cost? To celebrate the goodness of fortune later in the day a goat was slaughtered and distributed amongst the sections but this made little impression on the ravenous appetites of the gang.

Towards evening the Glano River was crossed with difficulty and the platoon settled down for the night. The wounded for the first time in three days had shelter for the night in a welcome native oomah which was nearby.

The following morning the long drag out of the Glano valley was begun. All were on their toes as it was expected that at any moment we would be attacked. Little did we know that the Jap had had enough and had returned to Dilli to lick his wounds.

At a village arrangements were made to get some rice and for the first time since leaving positions near the coast a reasonable meal was made available for everybody. It was now we heard that the enemy had turned tail and headed back to Dilli.

The platoon however, still moved and deployed tactically and later that day moving along the road toward Hatolia the "C" Platoon standing patrol was encountered. The platoon moved into Hatolia and Capt. Dunkley took charge of the wounded. The sections were allotted positions and billets in the houses of the town and a real chance of relaxation came at last.

Once again the Company had proved to be made of the right stuff. First 2 Section, then "B" Platoon had met the enemy and proved more than equal to the task.

* * *

The move back was such an epic that to do full justice to it here is a version as told by Sgt. Dudley Tapper who at that time was in command of 5 Section.

LIDLAW'S MARCH BACK

After 4 Section's action at Baz-

aar Tete and their withdrawal to Platoon R.V. we had Alan Hollow and Mick Morgan wounded and the march back commenced about 3 p.m. We didn't get far that day. I would say about two miles, camping the night in a thicket. Morning brought the sounds of rifle fire and mortars. 5 Section were sent on a recon to overlook Railaco, ex-Coy H.G., from a high point. We could see Japs in the village and reported same to "The Bull". As rifle and mortar fire continued we advanced along a river bed in the direction of same, 5 Section bringing up the rear. We came to rest in a grove of pines on the creek bank around 4 p.m. Rain had settled in and we were all hungry (no food left in our gang). Just after dark we had word from 6 Section in the front that someone was coming down the river. We "stood to".

I could just make out a couple of figures in the dark and these apparitions decided to have a spell and parked themselves about six feet in front of our Bren gun, Geo Merritt and Ted Loud respectively 1 and 2 on the gun. Geo whispered to Ted: "Will I give them a burst?" Ted said: "Wait a moment," and said louder, for the apparitions: "Who are you?" The bodies leapt several feet in the air and on hitting dirt identified themselves (I think one was Merv Cash) I don't know the other and would not be sure of Merv. They had been split up from their section earlier in the day. I think Gerry sitting around about 1,000 yards away across a valley. I moved to "The Bull," who was only about 20 feet from us, who incidentally had just shut his eyes for the first time for 48 hours, and gave him the information of enemy whereabouts. I can still see the three of us standing under cover of trees viewing the enemy and hearing "The Bull" saying to himself: "If I didn't have the wounded I would go and have a crack at them." As he pondered the Japs made to move off and we were ordered to stand to for the (?) many times since leaving our camp.

We were arranged in a triangle defence and the Japs moved along a track below us, out of my sight. After a countless time a rifle shot rang out. I thought: "She's on now," but after a time nothing

more and then I perceived a figure I never want to see the likes again, stood up and threw his rifle to the ground with stark terror on his face, charge down towards us. It was our late departed member, the "Duck". The nerves had really sold out. "The Bull" intercepted him and praise to "The Bull," pacified him. I heard every word and to satisfy myself, said to "The Bull": "Is it on or not?" My nerves must have been strained too. Anyhow the Japs marched passed us with their flag bearer out in front ignoring the two shots and we never saw them again. Alan Luby was dressing the wounded Allan Hollow every four hours so progress at any stage was slow. We stayed the day on the ridge and captured a goat which was killed and every man handed a piece. A goat is not very big when there are 60 men to share it.

Some time that day we were joined by Lt. Dexter and McKenzie who had been split up from their gangs. Early next day I was sent with Alex Thompson and Reg Harrison (6 Section fellow) to go forward to Emerera to ascertain if Japs were there. Our boong guide gave the game away just after leaving. He met a few of his clan and after a discussion with them refused to go further saying that the Japs were there, so we returned to "The Bull" who said he would take it for granted that the Japs were there. As it turned out they had left earlier.

About noon 5 Section were sent forward to the Glano River to establish a crossing, having a party either side of the river and the other side to prepare a camp for the night. We set out in good weather and crossed the water knee deep. It rained that afternoon and the river rose about two feet. Geo Vandeleur was washed off his feet and Alex Thompson managed to grab him as he was going down stream. He lost what little gear he owned.

We camped in some native huts that night and proceeded next day along a graded track. The natives carrying the stretchers reached the end of their tether and we were called on to take turns at carrying. From memory at this stage we had had only one meal in three days.

That afternoon we arrived at a

Portuguese mansion at "Aifoo" and were treated to a feed of rice and pork, as much as we wanted, or could eat I should say. They were marvellous hosts.

From here it was just a matter of route marching to Hatolia. Pro-

(To be continued)

New South Wales News

Once more to pen you a few lines so that you will at least have some news from the East.

You know, at different times I've tried to talk some of the scribes and some who should have been, into taking over the job of correspondent, in N.S.W., so that there is at least some mention of local news in the esteemed "Courier," but to no avail.

For centrality, it must be someone in Sydney that being the focal point, and one to which most of us journey at some time or another each year. However, the way it has been over the past four or five years, one would not know whether any branch of the 2/2nd Commando Association ever existed.

I don't know why, perhaps it's the fact that Sydney has grown so rapidly that we have been unable to keep pace with it, or our family commitments have erased from our memories those dearly bought friendships, or perhaps we just don't bloody well care.

Even some of the Sydney fellows don't know when the last meeting was held, and as for we country dwellers, the only time we have any indication that there is any organisation, is when the Melbourne Cup Sweep tickets are sent around—usually direct from Victoria.

So hows about some of you City Slickers extracting the digit and doing something about it?

Fortunately being close to the Pacific Highway we do occasionally have visits from those who venture this far north, and we are mighty pleased to see them.

Round Christmas time Bill Walsh, Jim Cullen, Blue Westerweller and Rus Symons called in. Rus was on his way to Solitary Island to spend a week with Bob "Beaky" Smith at the lighthouse so we put in an order for a 4lb. schnapper. Rus was as good as his word and

gress was slow and it rained all the way. We were all glad of the rest and food we had there.

Arch Campbell ran all the way from Hatolia to a place I can't name to contact the doctor and bring him back to tend our wounded.

dropped one in on the return trip. 4lb. to the scale. Thanks Rus.

During January we were holidaying at Yamba where we were joined for a couple of days by Bill Bennett and family. They had only just departed when who should I run into but Ken "K.D." Jones who is one of Angus Evans near neighbours out Edgeroi way and living on the sheep's back.

More recent visitors have been Ross Smith, Andy Beveridge and Arthur Birch and on a trip to Lismore I enjoyed a noggin with Col Knight.

Anzac Day we could only muster a parade of three when George Mathieson, "Doc" Fredericks and myself got into trouble—think it must have been the peanuts, it couldn't have been the grog. At one stage I had a beer with Sandy McCulloch, ex-2/7, who is with us in Legacy and Governor of the local gaol. Also enjoyed one with Peter Cooper from Perth, who sends his regards to you.

All the foregoing looked fit and prosperous but odd ones were growing up through their hair. As with the rest of our families, all the babies are growing and in many cases the "small fry" are as big as their parents. I've reached the stage where Darrie borrows my shoes, but fortunately he still has a fair way to go before shirts or suits will fit, anyway my tastes wouldn't be bright enough for the youth of today.

Life is busy as usual but can sometimes fit in a game of bowls or throw a line in the water—don't know why I do the latter, there's always too much water mixed up with the fish. —ALAN LUBY.

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