

1960 (R McDonald)



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Monthly Meeting

1st NOVEMBER, 1960

MONASH CLUB — GUEST SPEAKER

MONSTER WORKING BEE

SUNDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1960

WORKING BEE at KINGS PARK at 9 a.m.

You are being pleaded with to attend to get the area properly
planted

SUNDAY, 11th DECEMBER, 1960

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY at SOUTH PERTH ZOO

Editorial

What's Wrong With the Association in W.A.?

Since the bumper Annual Re-union things have gone from bad to worse with regard to Association affairs in W.A. The meeting immediately following the Re-union was attended by only a handful of members, then the Sports Night was a long way below expectations. Ladies' Night which took a tremendous amount of organising, was patronised most poorly and if it were not for the influx of country folk would have been a complete frost. Then to cap the lot a working bee called to clean up the area in King's Park and get grass planted at the right time of the year was a true fiasco, only four members saw fit to make the effort to get along and although they did a tremendous amount of work they could not possibly cope with the amount of work to be done. No further comment on this atrocious effort as elsewhere in this issue "Anonymous" has a few well chosen words to say regarding this working bee.

The foregoing is enough and plenty to show that all is not well in the State of W.A. What is the reason? Pure apathy. Leave it to the other bloke. No further interest in the Association. Television. Nobody seems to be able to put a finger on the real root cause. It may be a combination of all the foregoing and then again it may be some completely different reason.

If the Association is not to their liking members have plenty of opportunity at the Annual General and monthly meetings to air their views for changes or even for disbandment if that is the desire.

It seems passing strange that an Association which for 14 years has mustered members far in excess of other associations should suddenly get the go-backs. This writer would be most glad if members would only state a reason or so to give the hard working Executive some lead to future activities.

Members rally round with regard to finance and the annual sweep is always an outstanding success, which seems to point that members are after all quite eager to see the Association keep going and not fold up. But they stay away in droves when some activity is arranged for their pleasure or for the beautification of the Kings Park Honour Avenue.

If you, dear reader, as a member of the Association, have any ideas to make for the betterment of **YOUR** organisation, which has worked solidly for you in the past, then the Executive would be only too pleased to listen. If you cannot attend these functions please, just out of common courtesy to the organisers, send along an apology for your failure to attend.

Members are sincerely requested to put their backs into the work and back up the efforts of your newly elected President who at this moment is feeling well and truly let down.

Heard This?

The psychology expert was present at the interview for the boss's new typist. In turn he asked the three applicants what two and two were. "Four," answered the first. "It would be 22," said the second. "It might be four, or 22," replied the third cautiously.

Turning to the boss, the expert said: "There, you see the difference in mentality. Now, which one will you choose?"

"The blonde with the nice legs," promptly replied the boss.

* * *

Old Yodel: "I remember when I could walk right round the square, but now I can only walk half-way round and back."

* * *

Luscious Lucy: "He offered me a diamond necklace with the same old-fashioned catch."

West Australian Whisperings

HONOUR AVENUE

("Anonymous")

I'm writing this in a spirit of shame, and as a sort of apology to those members who have done, and are continuing to do, so much for our Avenue, but who are being let down by the apathy of our metropolitan members.

This scheme, which started off in such splendour and with such big ideas, appears to have become too much for us; the hundreds of pounds and the countless man-hours poured into it are to be forgotten and the area allowed to lapse into its former weedy, unkempt state with the name-plates of our dead comrades on a tree as our sole token to their memory.

At this stage you are probably asking: "What's this all about? What's he worked up about?"

Well this is it! The Committee called a busy bee for Sunday, Oct. 2, and publicised it to the maximum. Guess how many turned up? Four. Yes four, to do the work that had been planned for 30-50 men. Dear reader, if your wife or a child was ill that day or if you had a broken limb, don't read on—this is not for you. But all you others, be my guest!

You see, this year, the Committee you elected to direct your activities, planned an all-out effort to grass that area; the efforts and ideas of the past either hadn't worked out or hadn't been enough, and instead of nibbling at it once or twice a year, they hoped to really concentrate on it before Christmas with two or three well attended bees, get the grass planted and racing and then relax with a minimum of upkeep. Once we had the area covered you know the small amount of effort needed to keep it going, practically nothing!

But you can't expect four men to do it. The majority of these four men, I'm positive, haven't missed one working bee in the Park. Their reason? I think it's their sense of duty and their dedication that keeps them coming in face of the apathetic indifference of the 40 or 50 who could come.

Your Committee asks only one

Sunday afternoon a year for our annual Service in August, and, to date, one or two Sunday morning working bees. Surely it's not too much for most metropolitan members to get up to the Park for a 9-12 bee now and again. Sure it can be hard work if you work hard, but I know it's not that you're afraid of. We've found it pleasant work in lovely surroundings, good company and with the thought of why you're doing it giving that extra gratification.

As I said before on that last Sunday, I felt a little ashamed that more of us weren't there. No doubt the Committee will continue to call working bees. No doubt most of those four will turn up. They, and some other regulars will not give up their ideas, but, hell, they could use some assistance. Four, or even ten men just can't do what's necessary, but we feel it's our duty, repeat duty, to do something up there, and even if you others won't (only a very few could say "can't") come along, no doubt we'll nibble at it as we've been doing, but the sense of frustration grows.

Isn't it about time we **ALL** started to do something about protecting the investment we have up there?

Committee Comment

The usual monthly Committee meeting took place at Monash Club on Oct. 18, and a good turn up of members showed the evident interest of Committee members.

A lot of the evening was taken up holding essential post mortems on recent functions. The Committee was at a loss to understand the poor attendances at recent meetings and most especially Ladies' Night and the working bee at Kings Park. Many and varied reasons were put forward for the poor roll ups, T.V. being the most popular whipping horse. The actual organisation and venue of Ladies' Night was voted as excellent and those present stated that the evening was most enjoyable apart from the poor attendance.

It was decided that it was abso-

lutely essential to hold a further working bee at Kings Park to get the area effectively grassed and the date for this was fixed at Sunday, Nov. 6.

The November meeting to be held on Nov. 1, was arranged as an evening with a guest speaker if a suitable one is available.

Much discussion then took place on the general doings for the Children's Christmas Party and it was finally decided that the time had arrived for a change of venue and it was unanimously decided that this year's function take place at the South Perth Zoo where most suitable grounds are available. A general programme was worked out which will ensure an excellent day for both parents and children.

Finally the meeting dealt with the Empire Games Convention to be held on late November or early December, 1962. Certain general plans were made which will be dealt with elsewhere.

A most effective meeting closed at 10.30 p.m.

Association Activities

LADIES' NIGHT

This popular function was held as usual on the Tuesday of Royal Show Week. With the change of venue it was hoped that the attendance would improve but the Committee was sadly disappointed. The roll up was even less than last year.

The A.N.A. Club proved an ideal spot and the appointments were excellent. Dancers were well catered for by an excellent band, the floor was good and the Bar was ably manned by Clarie Varian and Curiy Bowden. As for the catering—only one word can describe it—it was superb.

As usual the country folk were well represented but city members were sadly lacking. What is the matter with you fellows? Is the lure of T.V. too great?

Among those present were Don Turton, Wendell Wilkie, Peter Campbell, Vince Swann, Mal Herbert, Stan King, Charlie Sadler and Gordon Barnes. The city was represented by the usual batch of stalwarts but even so some familiar faces were missing. Those noticed particularly were Joe BurrIDGE and

Fred Napier (in good form), Arthur Smith, Gerry Green, Alf Walsh, Merv Ryan, Percy Hancock, Dave Ritchie and Bill Epps.

All in all it was voted an excellent night, spoilt only by poor attendance.

Your Committee has already held a post mortem and several ideas have been discussed for next year.

WORKING BEE KINGS PARK

The working bee arranged for Sunday, Oct. 2, hit an all-time low for attendance. Only four turned up but they hopped in and cleaned up a large area but found it impossible to do anything about grassing any of the area not already showing signs of lawn. It is essential to get stuck into this area NOW as if the planting of grass is left much later then another year will have been wasted. The Minister for Water Supplies has assured the public that severe restrictions are most unlikely to happen this year so the excuse of last year of water restrictions is no longer valid.

A new effort has been called for Sunday, Nov. 6, to get the area under way and you are requested, nay demanded, to be present just this once. If all the metropolitan members make a real sincere effort to be present (such as they were when the pipes were laid) there should be no trouble in getting at least 50 people there. Bring along your children, their efforts will also tell. Don't for God sake leave it to the "other bloke" otherwise it will be like the previous effort and there won't be any other blokes.

Remember King's Park, Sunday, Nov. 6, at 9 a.m., with shovels, rakes, etc. Liquid refreshments will be provided so be in it and work up a thirst.

NOVEMBER MEETING

A guest speaker will attend this meeting at the moment just who it will be is in the lap of the Gods, but you can rest assured that somebody with something interesting to say will be at Monash Club on Nov. 1. Roll up and give your Committee the backing they deserve and give the speaker a decent sized audience to talk to.

EMPIRE GAMES RE-UNION

The Committee agreed to the following general plan as far as the Empire Games Convention which will be held in Perth in late Nov. and early Dec., 1962:

1. Accommodation:

The Association members will be prepared to billet any interstate members who may be able to make the trip. This will also apply to West Australian country members who find accommodation difficult to obtain at this time of the year. Therefore you interstate lads, don't let the bug bear of accommodation worry you, you will be well and truly looked after and this will prune your costs.

2. Tickets for the More Difficult to Book Events:

It was decided that the Association would view the programmed events when these were available and would initially finance the booking of tickets for days and nights that might prove difficult to obtain the necessary bookings. These events could most probably be: (a) Opening ceremony, (b) Certain swimming events, (c) Certain track events which would have a wide appeal, i.e. such as the potential appearance of Herb Elliott, (d) Possibly some of the cycling events. Members would of course be expected to purchase these tickets from the Association but it would ensure that interstate visitors would certainly be able to view the most sought after events.

3. Entertainment:

The following entertainment was listed as the probable minimum that would be put on by the Association for members during the Games:

(a) Annual Re-union Dinner. (Also on this evening a night for wives would be arranged.)

(b) Ladies' Night to take the form of a ball or cabaret.

(c) A Sunday barbecue picnic run to an approved sight-seeing area to enable family groups to have a day out. There would be no difficulty with transport as most members now have cars and those without would experience no difficulty in fitting in to the transport available.

(d) A business session at which delegates from each State would have an opportunity to discuss the

future welfare of the Association.

Generally it was thought that entertainment provided under the auspices of the Association should be kept to a reasonable level as it was thought that the primary object of visitors would be to see the Games and this should be kept in sight at all times and Association activities should be so placed as to interfere as little as possible with complete enjoyment of the Games. It was also felt that if visitors from other States came here with their families they should be given the greatest possible opportunity to see as many of their old mates as possible and the Annual Re-union would offer the best opportunity of seeing the greatest number.

Members will see that if they make the trip their welfare will be well and truly cared for and they can assure themselves of the holiday of a lifetime.

You will be further advised of this unique opportunity each edition of the "Courier".

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

This function will take place on Dec. 11 at South Perth Zoo. It is generally thought that a change of venue is called for and the beautiful grounds of the zoo with the near proximity to the city and ample parking area could not be bettered. A full programme of enjoyable events will be there for the taking, including running, etc., for the children.

The official time of starting will be 3 p.m., it being thought that parents might like to leave home at the usual time straight after lunch give the children a look see at the zoo then proceed to our party by 3 p.m. The only expense as far as parents are concerned will be the entrance to the grounds as the Association has been unable to get entrance gratis. Mothers are requested to bring a plate of refreshments for afternoon tea. This is an event to look forward to so keep the date in mind—Dec. 11 at the zoo.

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Personalities

In town for the big rifle shooting Queens Prize meeting was Mal Herbert, from Nungarin. Did very well too, scored 233 and the winner scored 241 which shows that he can still handle a .303. Add to that Mal has been selected to captain the State team which leaves for Hobart in January. Congrats in a big way, Mal. Incidentally the manager of the rifle team is one Neil Scott, of Merredin, but have not been able to discover if he is identical with Neil Scott who was also an old "B" Platoon member. Neil is also school teaching in Merredin, I think.

A couple of the lads are at present in Hollywood, namely "Ajax" Harrison and "Wock" Crossing. This news came to me secondhand so cannot chronicle their particular disabilities but if any of you have a second or so to spare they are in Ward 2.

Down in town for Ladies' Night were Don Turton and Vida, from Wandering; Peter Campbell, from Gibson (Esperance Plains to you); Vince Swann, from Salmon Gums; Mal Herbert, from Nungarin; Gordon Barnes, from Rocky Gully; Charlie Sadler, from Wongan Hills; Wendell Wilkerson, from Armadale, which shows that the country folk were not behind the door and did make an effort to be present.

Noticed that Tommy Martin took quite a few prizes with his Landrace pigs at the recent Perth Royal Show.

Rumour has it that Doug Fullerton is to stay on permanently in Australia having given away the job at Borneo.

Barry (Bloss) Lawrence is now Station Officer in the Fire Brigade at Northam and expects to be in that centre for some considerable time. Barry is still continuing on in the new army. Has the rank of Captain and is 2 I/C of the Engineer Unit. Has passed all the necessary exams for his majority.

Rumour has it that the new Rivervale Hotel is getting to be a regular rendezvous of a small party consisting of Geo. Strickland, Fred Sparkman, Dutchy Holland and Keith Hayes. On Saturday last Bill Epps blew in and added his quota to the ear bash.

"LEST WE FORGET"

OCTOBER

Wordie, Pte. R. D., died of illness, New Guinea, Oct. 30, 1943. Age 23.

Brown, Tpr. H., missing, New Guinea, Oct. 25, 1943. Age 29.

Mitchell, Pte. P. R., killed in action, New Guinea, Oct. 25, 1943. Age 20.

Nagle, Lt. V. F., killed in action, New Guinea, Oct. 4, 1943. Age 28.

COMMEMORATION DAY

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Over the past few years this place, now well-known to all of us, has been the scene for a number of Remembrance Services such as this, but I feel, and I am sure you do too, that each one of them has had its own significance for us, each has been new in a very real way, each has brought back a memory to inspire us to greater things for the future.

The ground on which we stand is sacred to the memory of those who fell during the Second World War, sacred to the memory of those who died in the fight for freedom, who died that we might be able to go on living.

We are here this day to pay tribute to them. What more can we say than that "greater love has no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends". We, who remain, are those friends. We, who are here this day, are the friends and loved ones for whom they gave their lives.

They died so that we might live in a world of freedom and love, to carry high the banner under which they fought.

In remembering them there are two things we should keep in mind—the dedication of ourselves to the fight for peace and security.

Those whom we remember fought for world peace, but as yet this has not been attained. Since the World War there have been other occasions when Australians have been called upon to continue that battle. There was Korea, for example, where again many gave their lives; and in Malaya, where they are helping to fight communist rebels. The

whole world seems to be like a seething mass, for outbreaks and skirmishes are breaking forth in numerous places. The fight for peace is still in progress—we who are left are called upon to carry on where they left off. They did their bit, now it is our turn to do our share. One important step in this direction, one that I feel that we must take, is for better understanding amongst the peoples and nations of the world, so that we may all live together in this peace and security.

Surely this is not too big a thing to ask. It could be done if we were prepared to make the effort. No better illustration of this would be given than in the case of our own Commando Squadron. There we were, men from all walks of life, having different beliefs, different temperaments, and from all States of the Commonwealth.

But we were given a task to do, and putting aside all our differences we set our hearts and minds to the job. The more we lived together and fought together, the more we understood and respected each other's opinion, and the closer it brought us together.

This is what is needed in the world today—a greater understanding and respect for the other man and other nation, and this can only be achieved by working together as we did for the common aim of peace and freedom.

Where there is peace there is security—security for ourselves, our homes and families, and also for our nation.

The thing that can give us greatest hope for the future is the thought that we live in security, that our job is secure, that we can provide for our wives and families, and live in the comfort of our own homes, knowing that they will not be destroyed by enemies.

It is now 15 years since the war ended, and now many of our children are approaching the age of those who died during that war.

What of their future? We cannot afford to let that happen all over again—it must not happen again.

Although we as an Association hold many functions in the way of socials and other outings, I think that, besides this Remembrance Service the most important meeting of the year is the children's Christmas party. This, as much as anything, brings us together and causes us to look to the future, and I am sure, inspires us to greater heights to ensure that the future is safe and secure for them. We must be very thankful that we live in a country where our children are able to have a good education and have every prospect of obtaining suitable jobs, and for this we owe a great debt to those who were prepared to fight and die that it should be so.

May it never be that we take these things for granted, but ever remember, and not only once a year, those who made these things possible.

Since the war there have been others who have died as the result of war injuries—these too, we remember, for they also gave up the best part of their lives for the sake of freedom.

We who are left pay our respects to them, and one practical way of doing this is to ensure that their wives and families are taken care of, so that in some small way they may be compensated for their great loss.

During the years the Association has done much in this regard, but I feel that a great deal more should and could be done if every one of us was willing and prepared to do just that much more. In this Remembrance Service, I, as President of the Association, do sincerely call upon each one of you not only to think of our lost comrades but also those who they left behind, and try to do for them as they would have done.

Today we remember the past, and dedicate ourselves to the future. In thinking of those who have gone before us, we are inspired to act for those amongst us.

In saluting them for their courage and sacrifice, let us carry on where they left off.

SUNDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1960
WORKING BEE at KINGS PARK at 9 a.m.

Historically Yours!

CHAPTER 9 AFTER THE STORM

The initial Japanese thrust after the capture of Dilli was short lived and after extensive patrols as chronicled in previous chapters they withdrew to Dilli and allowed our company to lick its wounds and re-group and re-organise for the future.

Captain Dunkley set up hospital at Villa Marie to care for the badly wounded of which there were now more than sufficient. Alan Hollow, with his jaw shot away in urgent need of highly specialised attention which was not available; Eddie Craghill shot through the sciatic nerve in the shoulder and most definitely hors de combat; Keith Hayes shot and bayoneted through the throat; Tom Nisbet wounded in the thigh; also Mick Morgan with a bad leg wound. All most troublesome cases which required skilled handling and some secure of tenure by the hospital. This was not possible as the Company was not of sufficient strength to give the full defense cover to the hospital. There was nothing for it but to stay as mobile as possible and give all the care and skill of which the redoubtable Dunkley was capable. His able assistants, Alan Luby, Cliff Paff and "Boy" Coates were ever on hand to help. This was to be but a start to the marvellous saga of our medical staff, headed by Capt. Dunkley.

Capt. Laidlaw set off from Hatoia with "B" Platoon to base himself on Alas towards the south coast. Boyland's "C" Platoon were spread far and wide, the sadly depleted 7 Section going to Cailaco, 8 Section Morobo, 9 Section to Fatu Besi. "A" Platoon were also in the same area as "C" Platoon, and later in this episode an account by Merv Cash of the doings of 1 Section will be included.

Company H.Q. was based on Bob inaro, the Sappers taking up their position at Atsabe. Capt. Callinan set off for Dutch Timor to try and contact Brig. Veale who was known

to have escaped imprisonment and Callinan was to advise him that the 2nd Ind. Coy. was still a fighting force and had every intention of continuing the war in the way it had been taught to conduct such a campaign. Unfortunately for the Company Capt. Callinan's visit to Veale was just too late as the remnants of the forces from the Dutch end had already been dispersed by the Brig. with the words: "Every man for himself," and a most valuable wireless capable of contacting the outside world had been destroyed.

At about this time the Nipponese Commander decided on the first of his surrender offers to the Company. Dave Ross, the beleaguered Australian Consul in Dilli, was despatched to contact the Company Commander with a surrender notice couched in the most flowery terms offering the tender mercies of the Japanese Imperial Army if we surrendered, or to be considered bandits and shot on sight. We were advised that we were the last of the forces now holding out as Singapore had surrendered, which we well knew, and Java had turned it up which was news to us but not altogether unexpected. Major Spence called his Platoon commanders to conference at Ailiu to consider this magnanimous offer and they promptly and swiftly turned it down and advised Dave Ross to inform the Jap commander that the war was still on as far as we were concerned. Poor Dave Ross had to trudge his way back to practical captivity bearing the message. He could only hope that the Jap reaction would not mean a swift beheading for Dave Ross!

The Company having spent so much of its initial time on recon in mapping in the precincts of Dilli and knowing the area like the back of their hands, Capt. Callinan decided the time had arrived to do something about a raid on the area.

The Jap was using the Dilli drome as a base for Zero fighters and many were known to be parked there and making general sorties from the strip. Callinan, Turton and Campbell O.P. Pipped the area of the drome for a full day and noticed at least a dozen planes and also the guard was of the meagre variety as the Nip was supremely confident that he had this area to himself. Here was a prize for the plucking. Destroy these planes and the long training in demolition raids indulged in at Foster would have been counted as well worth while. Callinan and Turton evolved a general plan of silently stalking and overpowering the guards and then hanging necklace charges of P.E. explosive on the propeller bases, blowing these with pencil switches allowing the raiding party ample time to make their escape before the noise of the detonation gave the game away. Callinan thought the task could be easily accomplished by about 12 or 15 men using a man to overpower each of the plane guards and the others to attach the charges. The party was assembled; unfortunately many of the names now escape the writer but among those to take part were Callinan, as leader; Turton as 2 I/C; Campbell, Ron Dook, Lt. Ken Mackintosh, Cpl. Jerry Haire, and Spr. Bob Williamson. (If any member of this party can advise the complete list of names it will be more than useful for the record.)

The whole party was taken forward to the O.P. and viewed the scene of operations and all were certain that this would be a resounding success and as easy to accomplish as the stunt on the Tarwyn River bridges at Foster. There they were a dozen gleaming Zeros with a guard to each and nothing else in sight! Just too easy!

But it was not to be! A message from Major Spence, who had been advised by Capt. Callinan that the raid was to be attempted, that it must be called off for the present. The excuse was that Company re-organisation was insufficiently complete and stores not yet properly disbursed. So there was nothing for it but to withdraw and dream of what might have been.

The party withdrew to the safety of a nearby native village and had

a barbecued goat and a sing song to drown their sorrows. Later events were to prove just how easily this task could have been accomplished and the step up to morale at the particular moment would have had an everlasting effect. I know it is easy to be wise after the event but surely at that time any positive approach that took the war to the Jap would have been worthwhile.

Also at about the same time occurred the saga of the Bols Gin. Arch Campbell and his depleted band were at Liquisa at the time and came upon a hoard of Bols Gin cached by the Dutchies. Arch and Co. promptly snared, purely for medicinal purposes of course, and advised Major Spence that they had so many cases of Bols and requested orders for dispersal among the Company. The Dutchies had already got to Major Spence's pink ear about the purloining of the precious spirit and the Major rapped Arch over the knuckles for doing such a thing to our "gallant" allies. Just for the record the Bols was never returned to the original owners it being dispersed at a later date among all the sections.

Brig. Veale had set up his H.Q. at this time at Maucata, a Posto on the Portuguese-Dutch border. At that time the incumbent was one Capt. Lopez, an ex-commander of the Portuguese army, who had a farm of sorts at Suia on the coast down from Maucata and bred a type of Timor pony mule. Rumour had it that Capt. Lopez indulged in a nice line of smuggling tobacco, etc., over the Dutch border. At this time Maucata was one of the plum postos and the food was terrific which of course suited the Brig. Soon after he decided that he had better get into closer contact with our Company and set up his H.Q. at Mape, the next Posto to Bobinaro where our H.Q. was ensconced. It was while he was here that he berated some of Lt. Dexter's men for not shaving and was promptly told that: "We threw away our razors, not our weapons," being a sly dig at the unarmed state of the Brig's party on arrival.

Many of the lads from the Dutch end had managed to get through to the Porto end ere this and many still had their arms. Major Spence

decided that he wanted the hole in his defensive posts at Maliana blocked up as this gave the Nip a great chance to come in from the Dutch end from Atamboa through the reasonably vast Nancura Plains without being seen. These Nanura Plains extended for many miles from Balibo on the Dutch border, through Maliana to the hills below Cailaco. The grass grew well over head-high and the whole Jap army could have approached through this savannah without giving any warning of approach. Major Spence wanted a small force stationed at Maliana to patrol repeatedly in the direction of Balibo, Memo and other frontier Postos, so that any approach by the enemy would be known in advance. Col. Van Stratton, the Dutch commander from Dillili, was requested to take his force to this area but he was too wily a bird to be caught like that. He probably knew the country well and did not like its prospects one little bit. Don't remember his excuse for declining but sufficient to know he was asked and didn't accept. Major Spence then called in Lt. Doig, who had returned from his wanderings in Dutch Timor and attempted to reach Australia, and ordered him to select a band of men from the remnants from the Dutch end and base his force on Maliana.

Once again the names of all the men in this band escapes the writer but some wonderful men who stayed the full journey either in Timor or even later were among them, notably Sgt. Max Davies, Pte. Jim Griffin, Pte. Eric Herd, Pte. Ron Trengrove, Pte. Mark Conroy, Spr. "Tiny" Bowman, and many others. All these were men who had carried their arms through from the fiasco of the Dutch area and were mostly out of hospital suffering from malaria and other troubles. This small force patrolled day and night at Maliana, it had to, there was no high eminence here to provide an O.P., only long range patrolling to effectively give the desired information of Jap movement. On top of this Maliana was not well stocked with food. No rice in the area, only food being goats.

Meanwhile all sections were patrolling strongly from their various bases, as this was a time when it was essential to know if the two

Jap forces at Dilli and Koepang intended to link up and attempt to take complete possession of the whole island or whether they were going to be satisfied to hold the strong points of the two main ports and not worry about the rest of the outposts.

Now that most of the sections had reasonably firm bases from which to operate the question of food and subsistence became one of prime importance. Although the Company was living off the country that is probably a misnomer as more correctly we were living off the natives and the Portuguese. Just as here in Australia practically every acre has an owner, at least the arable acres, so in Portuguese Timor every square yard of country was owned by someone and every coconut tree and every rice paddy was the property of one or other of the natives so therefore when we ate rice or maize or coconuts or goat we were eating at the expense of a native or Portuguese. They naturally expected some payment and those things purchased at the native bazaars had to be paid for in money of which we had very little as mentioned previously. No show ever left Australia as broke as we were and we had accumulated little enough in the way of cash after arrival in Timor so the tiny reserves soon were to run out. Then the famous "surat" system started, a kind of I.O.U. signed by one of the boys which was accepted by the natives as payment. Luckily at this time all of our operations were being carried out in the Province of Frontierera which had as its Portuguese Principal one Sousa Santos who was second only to the Governor of Portuguese Timor. Sousa Santos's H.Q. was at Bobanaro and Major Spence and Capt. Callinan arranged with Santos to O.K. these "surats" with the native population thus making our living possible. It is pleasing to record that the vast majority of the "surats" were redeemed after our first contact with Australia when big sums of small silver money was given to the natives in exchange for the "pieces of paper". The natives got to treasuring the surats not all of which were "notes of trade". Many times a native would pull into an Aussie camp, proudly produce a

surat on which someone had written: "Give this bastard a kick in the arse and send the useless bugger on his way". It all added to the general enjoyment of the hard, dull work of the days patrolling.

This period extended right through late March and the whole of April, 1942, and Anzac Day came and went practically unnoticed as calenders were extra scarce and one seldom knew even the day of the week if it were not for the inevitable bazaar with the natives moving in with their wares to sell such as eggs, bananas, coconuts, woven baskets, etc. The bazaar of course was marked usually by an afternoon cock fight.

Each little hamlet had its own day for the bazaar and one was thus able to know the days of the week. If you were near one of the larger Postos which had a mission (all were Catholic missions) then you were practically in civilisation and living a normal every day life. But these were few and far between.

To put you in the picture of what was happening to the sections here is Cpl. Merv Cash's report of the doings of No. 1 Section.

It was at this time that the general idea was for the Coy. to move to the south coast, to rest and reorganise. The impression we gained of the south coast from here, say, was something one might see in an American Travelogue. The only things missing, so we were led to believe, was some more convenient method of transport other than foot to get us there.

At about this time "A" Platoon landed at Cailaco after a hell of a pull up that dirty big hill. A few days here and the Platoon split up—1 Section to Morobo, 2 Section to the flat at Maliana, and 3 Section out in the bush somewhere on the other point of the triangle.

The trip to Morobo, as I recall, was in blinding rain, and the most we expected on arrival was a cluster of huts. However it turned out to be one of the most comfortable spots on the island. Four or five houses completely equipped with kapok beds, chairs and chinaware (plates). Besides that the warm springs passing through had been diverted into concrete baths. Tucker was good, beds warm, and we prepared to settle in. These things

never did last. Some peanut decided that the stores, explosives, etc which had been buried back in our old hide-out should really not have been left there and must be procured forthwith. Gordon Hislop, self and (?), were delegated to retrieve this stuff, and so back over the hills we went. It was at Eramera that the wog finally pinned me down, and I collapsed into the arms of a Porto medico. I was hustled out of town to a coffee plant and deposited in an outhouse amongst the machinery. A bed was forthcoming together with blankets and quinine. The last I remember for a few days was the Dr. Johnny's needles in me and his off-siders wrapping me in red flannel.

The Porto family looked after me for about five days, but by then they were becoming anxious as Nip patrols were in the area.

On leaving they brought my shorts, shirt, socks, boots, etc., all scrubbed, ironed and mended which in those days was something to boost anyone's morale.

In the meantime the other two lads had proceeded back to the hide out and salvaged what they could. We met up again at Villa Marie. A very creditable performance on their part under the existing circumstances.

Arriving back at Morobo we found to our disgust the Section had moved back to Bobanaro. We therefore proceeded only to find that place in the hands of the Portos, the Section having moved to Mape. At Bobanaro the Commandant treated us royally, and we three dined with him and his wife, to a slap-up feed.

It wasn't long before certain H.Q. staff became aware of the hospitality extended there and the place was practically out of bounds to O.R.'s. (Remember Sig. Press—sorry—Sgt. Press.).

Mape was a hell of a long pull after being on the track for about three weeks. However it was worthwhile. Here the Commandant Fastina really had the niggers bluffed. We used to sit down to huge feeds the likes of which one is not likely to see or taste again. Fastino felt that the only way to overcome the stomach troubles we all suffered from was more and more food. We sure depleted the

pig population in that area. The cooks (boong) suffered in every direction. If we left any tucker on our plates it indicated that the food was not cooked to our liking. If we cleaned it all up the cook had not supplied enough and which ever the case may be the cooks received a lashing with a handy switch. The poor cows couldn't take a trick.

At this time "they" decided that the planes on Dilli strip were just waiting for us to put a necklace of P.E. about them and Tommy gunners were in demand. Tom Foster was called upon and left us for parts unknown only to return a few days later, the project having been abandoned. Jack Denman and two or three others were at this time down on the beach at Beco awaiting to signal those friendly ships

Heard This?

Three elderly gentlemen were seated before the window of their club where they could watch the pretty girls go by. Two of them were more chirpy than usual and the reason for which was soon forthcoming.

"Gentlemen," said the first, "I'm 75 today, and last month my wife presented me with a baby daughter. The drinks are on me."

"Good business," said the second, "and the next drinks are on me. I'll be 80 next month and last Saturday a little son was born to my bride. Eight pounds and the living image of his mother."

The third gentleman smiled musingly. Then he said: "I'm just on 85 and I'm reminded of an experience I had earlier in the year. I was walking along a country road when a rabbit came bounding out of the gorse on the side of the road. I raised my cane as if it were a gun, took aim, and cried 'Bang!'—and over rolled the rabbit. A few minutes later I saw another rabbit and again I simulated the rifle with my cane, and cried 'Bang' Again the rabbit rolled over dead! What magic, I thought. What strange spell is this. Then, gentlemen, I glanced behind me. Partly hidden in the gorse on the side of the road was a young man with a real rifle!"

which after all were only the figure of someone's imagination. I believe he was most unhappy about the sand flies.

Word got back to H.Q. about this time that Mape was not a bad spot and so H.Q. started to dribble in. Firstly a big fat Brigadier by the name of Veal blew in. He didn't look like a Brig. and was not treated as one, especially by one Rod Dhu who had a habit of making caustic remarks about high ranking officers. I'm sure the Brig did nothing about it only because he knew we were his salvation.

Later a couple of H.Q. Sigs came to live with us and then it was time for us to move out.

We retraced our steps to Cailaco, passing through Morobo on our way. No. 3 Section were here, also a couple of Porto families with, of all things in that area, daughters. I didn't see it myself, but from good authority there were some funny things going on, especially where the officer types were concerned. It appears that a quantity of Bols made its appearance which could account for strange behaviour.

Settled at Cailaco in Chow shop away from the Porto. It evidently had been decided that it was an ideal position to defend. We were to hold it to the last, etc., etc. If necessary planes would come over and make a drop. To that end we prepared signal strips out of matting splattered with whitewash. The R.A.A.F. would have had to be pretty smart to have dropped anything within such a small perimeter. How ever it gave us the impression of not being on our own.

From here we patrolled down to 2 Section at Malliana and down towards Atsabe where we would R.V. with the Sappers—at least we did once. They were just as surprised to see us as we to see them.

It was here that Dave Dexter and Jack Denman left us to take over the Platoon. Doug. Fullarton took over 1 Section. We became very light hearted at Cailaco, must have been the altitude. Sing songs in the evening, invitations to dine at the Posto with a particularly greasy Porto and his native wife. In the daytime we would amuse ourselves by gathering around the cock-pit and in the midst of an exciting duel

push the natives into the ring with the cocks. Jack Maley caused much concern amongst the locals by whipping out his false teeth, holding them in his hand and biting a female's bottom. Thence back into his mouth.

Jack and Freddy Ottway would pose as doctors, grab a great buck negro and proceed to examine him. Their method of examination was not exactly orthodox but most effective. The usual treatment was up to seven or eight cascaras taken on the spot. At one time we had a line-up of patients but they ruined the show when one of the local beauties put in an appearance. She was not impressed with their examination and showed them up as charlatans.

A few bottles of Bols turned up at this time but there was only enough for a taste.

Gordon Mulqueeny spent most of his time carving out a wooden spoon or spoons. Soon as he had one completed sure enough it would go off. I think he intended

carving the fork and knife too, but someone must have been fascinated with his spoon carving as they wouldn't allow him to complete the set.

Tucker consisted of pork and fried pumpkin leaves at this time, and if one is partial to this diet for weeks on end then it would be grouse tucker. We also found a couple of tins of Dutch horse meat which we felt, after tackling it, the Dutch were welcome to keep.

* * *
(Editor's Note: Readers are requested to assist with this feature as the present writer is not fully familiar with events of the Timor Campaign during the period at present being written. Previous appeals for assistance have fallen on deaf ears but hope always springs eternal. There are probably bundles of errors of fact in the above so if you know of any write in and let me know, especially names of personnel in the Callinan proposed raid on planes and those making up the section at Maliana. —Ed.)

Random Harvest

WARWICK CROSSING, of 71b

Todd Ave., Como, writes:—

Herewith sweep butts.

Am shearing around Cranbrook and send this off during the lunch hour as I don't look like seeing Perth for a couple of weeks.

MAL HERBERT, of Box 41, Nun-
garin, writes:—

Herewith sweep butts and cheque

Had high hopes of making the Re-union this year but find that the date clashed with a trip I had to make to Kalgoorlie. I am representing the N.R.A. at the annual Union Shoot there. Have found it much more difficult to make a Re-union since you have got away from Royal Show week.

We seem to be set for another good year here. Had some really good rains lately. Everyone has the tail well and truly up.

Every time I get a "Courier" I realise what a wonderful job you chaps are doing keeping the show together. Please accept my congratulations on your efforts.

TED CHOLERTON, of "Bookra,"
Carcoar, N.S.W., writes:—

Am enclosing sweep butts and a quid. The "Courier" is really appreciated as is all the toil you and the other sandgropers have put in for the Association over the years.

Have been sheep cockying on this War Service Land Settlement block for the past eight years and it's a cracker bit of country, bar the climate in winter which is a bit on the rugged side with cold, rainy periods lasting for weeks and with occasional snowfalls.

We have two offspring, a boy of two, and a girl of four, and we are all well although Julianna (the daughter) is a bit on the slow talking and has us rather worried. We have had her to specialists who can find nothing wrong physically so here's hoping she soon gets over it.

Leading a very quiet life these days until the infants get to be less a tie than they are now.

Hoping you are keeping fit and regards and best wishes to all.

E. HOFFMAN, of P.O. Porphyry, writes:—

After 10 years chasing the ever elusive colour on the Margaret, which is my gold mining lease, is nearing an end. Unlike the cocky who reaps the golden grain and moans if it's too wet or too dry and the squatter who shears the golden fleece, who roars like a bull if the blowfly take to the sheep. They can utilise the same place again but the poor old prospector after he digs his hole it's the finish. The bloody gold won't grow again. The Margaret has been good. It has produced 3,000 tons of ore going little over 1/2 oz. to the ton but costs are ever increasing to such an extent that it doesn't pay to stay in the bush.

Give my thanks to the Executive for the good work they are doing.

SLIM WEBSTER, of 22 Frederick St., Miranda, writes:—

This is the one and only Slim Webster reporting (thank God there ain't no more of them). Enclosed find sweep tickets and cheque for same.

Due to circumstances outside my control I have not been able to take an active part in any of the events of the Association.

At present I am engaged in a parcel delivery business. Unfortunately I was delivering Pace lawn mowers and the great Victa had to buy them out and I was left flat on my puss, but things have been moving along nicely. I have been able to do without the Pace, Mr. Victa.

We have a boy who has just turned 14. He has been a great joy to us. The only trouble is that he will persist in asking me about my various stages of the war and I am afraid that he thinks that the 2/2nd won the war. I think that I will let him go on thinking the way he does.

I am afraid that my letter writing has not improved any since the old Timor-New Guinea days. So I will sign off wishing you all the best and every success in the sweep.

K. A. JONES, of "Nurrawallie," Edgoroi, writes:—

Enclosed please find cheque for tickets and back subs.

I read the "Courier" with great interest and must congratulate all

W.A. personnel responsible

I had a very back breaking time after my discharge and won a block on the Edgoroi estate and naturally haven't looked back since. Angus Evans also has a block and lives about ten miles from me. Have a thousand acres of wheat in this year and it looks well at the moment but will need more rain to finish it off.

Saw Alan Luby whilst holidaying in January and had a few noggins and a chin wag with him.

How is Peter Campbell these days? Have seen his name mentioned a few times.

Must away now to take the kids to school, have five, three boys and two girls.

LES COLLINS, of 128a Dawling St., East Sydney, writes:—

Just a short note to tell you how much I enjoy receiving the "Courier" and all the great news which comes with it.

I would like to ask a favour, and that is, is it possible to get a photo taken of all the boys at your next Re-union? It would be nice to see old faces again.

Well a little news about myself. Married with a darling wife and son. Work for the City Council of Sydney as a trade refuse inspector and a member of the C.M.F. as a Lt. in the Field Artillery.

How are the boys of 1 Section, the Baron, and all the boys?

I like to say to the boys in N.S.W. I'm sorry I could not attend the march as I was away in camp at the time.

Well cheerio, hoping to hear more good news in the "Courier".

JIM RITCHIE, of 106 Rintoul St., East Cannington, writes:—

I'm writing this short note on the train coming down from Mullewa. Not feeling very alert mentally as I open another bottle. I'll be very brief. Later I'll expand a bit and help provide material for the "Courier".

Enclosed is a cheque for cup tickets and towards making me financial again. Next time I write I'll give you some details about the super hospitality I received from Irish Hopkins and his friend, Betty, and a few words about Don Young who is head stockman at Daisy Downs where I was shearing.

E. R. JENSEN, of Box 45, P.O. St. Helens, Tasmania, writes:—

Enclosed ticket butts and money. Sorry have not written before, but things just go on here and before one realises what has happened another week has gone and nothing done.

Well old pal, I am glad to get the "Courier" and hear a bit of news of the mob. I have not seen any of the troops over here although the 2/40th haunt the place. We have a decent club here where I spend a few of my leisure moments, and have been president of the R.S.L. for the past two years. I find that the end of my bit of spare time while the other part is taken up in the old hash house which the wife and I run so if anyone at any time wanders over this part of the island can be assured of a good feed and a bed to lay the head on. We are flat out through the tourist season though have a lean old winter but still I like this place and could never settle anywhere else. Our girl goes to high school in Launceston so we only see her every few weeks. She is rather a smart kid and we hope she will turn out a good one.

Well, old mate, I am not much with the pen so I will close now with regards to all

NORMA HOOPER, of McDowall St., Roma, Queensland, writes:—

Neil has been going to write to you for about 10 years and has never made the grade, however the book of tickets has done the trick, or should I say almost, for it would seem that I am the one who has to do the letter writing.

The "Courier" is always waited for and carefully digested not only by Neil but by the family as well. We have two children, both away at boarding schools on the coast so we don't see much of them. However we have a store in the main street of Roma and we both work in it so we do not have much spare time. Neil has been Mayor for nine years now and although he declares that he will not stand again at the next election (April, 1961) I think that the public will eventually talk him into having another go. He had worked very hard at the job and we now have an excellent water scheme working with a £750,000 sewerage scheme just about com-

pleted. You have probably read about the gas strike in this area, and as the town council controls the electricity in this area, Neil has been very busy working out plans to utilise the gas in the power house. It will be quite a big thing really as it will be the first time in Australia that natural gas has been so used. The past nine years have really been very interesting for us as there have been so many Royal visits to this State and we have been fortunate enough to meet most of the visitors.

Roma has a population of about 5,000 and after being here for about 12 years I think that we know nearly everyone in the place so as you could imagine we have a very full life.

Neil says that we will be seeing you at the Games in '62. We have thought many times about going over for a trip but everytime we save up for ourselves there always seems to be a pile of school fees to pay. However here's to 1962 and we might make it this time.

Best wishes for the continued success of the "Courier" and regards to the Editor.

ERIC HERD, of 23 Broughton St., Glebe, Sydney, writes:—

The pen has had the stork so hence the pencil. Please find enclosed butts, plus £1.

You probably don't remember me but I was part of your gang in the early part of Timor when we were at Maliana. I had the only Tommy gun at the time and had to sneak out one day through the coconut plantation and out onto the flats in front of the Posto and learn how to fire it. You roasted me just a little for firing off precious ammo, but I had to learn how to fire it and also see what happened when it did fire. That is 18 years back now. Time certainly flies.

I am working with the Sydney County Council in the transport section as a driver. A good job, no complaints, pretty good health, married, one boy, the apple of my eye, so I reckon I am pretty well off.

Hoping this finds you in good health and everything you wish for yourself and family from a pal who has fond memories of you and all the other villians of the 2/2nd.

Victorian Vocal Venturing

Victoria is obviously living up to its reputation of doing things and saying nothing—this is particularly evident in regard to our fellow members, as we constantly hear that so and so has been promoted, some one else has been on an extended trip, the other bloke has done such and such and you know has had an addition to his family. Unfortunately these whispers are mostly second hand and as we don't wish to offend by publishing unfounded statements, we constantly find ourselves very short of news for our journal and with this in mind I'd beg all to consider the situation in this light—the "Courier" is extremely popular, because we all are happy to read the odd bits and pieces about each other so please bear in mind that there are many who would be most interested in what occurs inside "your" little sphere. Don't stop and mutter "oh, they won't be interested in that," just write it down and send it along.

The reader has probably gathered that local news is scarce—shamefully so in fact. A letter from Lionel Newton enclosing subs, indicates all is well at Broken Hill—ditto from Norm Tillet discloses the wedding of his son, to whom we extend our belated congratulations and best wishes, and Stan Weppner wrote to say that in spite of the wet conditions the season has been satisfactory.

Our last committee meeting was held recently and, although the roll up was meagre, we managed to make the necessary arrangements for both the Sweep Draw and the Annual General Meeting. Both events will be held on the same night, 27th October, at 2 Commando Drill Hall, Ripponlea. Some members will complain that the rendezvous is hard to locate and we grant that it isn't considered central but I want all to know that this unit has been extremely generous and most helpful to our Association in every way possible. The following letter, regardless of the donation will indicate just how keen they are to be associated with us in the future.

"Gentlemen, On behalf of all ranks of 2 Cdo Coy may I offer our,

thanks for the splendid donation of £22 to the relatives of Warrant Officer "Taffy" Drakopolous, by your Association.

"Apart from your loyal and valuable support to our own efforts, the spirit in which this cheque was donated is truly indicative of the fine traditions of loyalty and comradeship established by you all years ago.

"We are very proud to be a part ner in the strong affiliation which exists between us.

(signed) Phillip Bennett, Major."

The little, we can do for them surely gives us an incentive to assist on carrying on the tradition begun during the 1939-45 war.

Charles Brown and Ron Eastick have found a common interest in camping and are often out on the highways in search of faraway places of interest. Bill Tucker, an executive with Turner Industries is seen occasionally and I believe, attacking his golf with new found vigor. John Southwell will probably be in his new home at 2 Terry Street, Balwyn, by this reading. Peter Krause looking fit and prosperous at the football and Harry Botterall is as unchanged as ever. At this writing my left hand is still attached to my stomach in an attempt to graft a little to the damaged thumb and although uncomfortable, is apparently going well at this stage.

In closing I would like to ask one and all to hop in and get right behind the Association for our future mutual benefit. Write soon and tell all, Cheers for now,

→Jock Campbell

Heard This?

First Student: "What kinda guy is your roommate?"

Second ditto: "Well, last night he barked his shins on a chair and said, 'Oh, the perversity of the inanimate objects!'"

* * *

"Waitress, bring me a ham sandwich."

"With pleasure, sir."

"No, with mustard!"