



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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SEPTEMBER, 1967

Price 1c

Editorial

ANNUAL RE-UNION

The W.A. Branch will be holding the Annual Re-Union this year on Sept. 30. We have been forced by circumstances beyond our control to alter the venue to the R.S.L. Hall, corner Anstey and Angelo Streets, South Perth. This is a very nice little hall and will provide us with a very comfortable Re-union.

This Re-union is being held on the night of the football grand final and will provide country members with a dual purpose for making the trip to the city.

To date Steve Rogers, Jack Shehan, Jack Spencer and Eric Thornander have signified their intention of coming down from Kalgoorlie to attend. Surely if chaps like this are prepared to make such a long trip then persons living in the city should find it no trouble to make the grade.

Every year we have hopes of a record attendance and for 20 years

we have aimed at having 100 present but to date we have always been well and truly frustrated. This is your big chance to make it a record this year.

Country members are asked to make up car loads from their areas and come and enjoy a real night out with their mates. City chaps should have no trouble in grabbing a cab and heading for South Perth.

We also wish to draw your attention to the Commemoration Service to be held at our area in Kings Park on Sunday following the Re-union, Oct. 1, at 3 p.m. Your hard working President goes to a fantastic amount of trouble to prepare for this day and he merits your attendance to show your homage to our gallant dead.

This should be a must for all metropolitan members—so paste this date in your hat.

ANNUAL RE-UNION

SATURDAY, 30th SEPTEMBER

R.S.L. HALL, SOUTH PERTH
(Cnr. Anstey and Angelo Streets)

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

SEPTEMBER MEETING

We hit the all time low in attendance at this function held at Anzac House Basement on the 5th. Jack Carey had gone to considerable trouble to provide good tape recordings which were really appreciated by the few who made the effort to be present.

I think the least said about this function the better.

ANNUAL RE-UNION AND COMMEMORATION SERVICE

This is sufficiently covered in the Editorial. So just remember — Re-Union, R.S.L. Hall, Cnr. Anstey and Angello Streets, South Perth, this Saturday, Sept. 30. Commemoration Service, Kings Park, this Sunday, Oct. 1, at 3 p.m.

CAR RALLY

This is not a car trial but a Picnic Rally. Cars will move off at 10.30 a.m., Sunday, Nov. 5, from the No. 1 car park at the western end of the Causeway. The picnic spot is the same property as last we visited in Gidgegannup but the Rally will proceed there by a specially selected route.

For those who wish to proceed direct to the picnic site your easiest route is straight up the Toodyay

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Road over Red Hill until you reach the 23 mile peg. About 100 yards past this peg you turn right into Stoneville Road and proceed for approx a mile until you see the familiar Double Red Diamond. Turn right through the gate and follow the track (a good one) until you reach the shed (about half a mile).

Join in the fun and go with the Rally. We can assure you you will see places you never knew existed.

NOVEMBER MEETING

The final round of the Calcutt Memorial Trophy for this year.

The date: Tuesday, Nov. 7.

This is your last chance to try and win this trophy this year.

Remember it can be won with one good night's performance, so do your best to be there.

THE GREAT SAFARI

Plans are now well in hand for this great trek East and its success is assured. You will read more of this in the next issue of the "Courier".

TIMOR MEMORIAL

This project is rapidly coming to fruition and next issue of the "Courier" will be devoted largely to giving you all the facts and figures regarding this terrific project.

Committee Comment

Your Committee met as usual on Sept. 19, at Anzac Club. We were most fortunate to be able to welcome Jim Wall who was over from Victoria on business. We were able to put Jim in the picture regarding the Safari and also the Timor Memorial project so that on his return to Victoria he will be able to pass on his knowledge to the lads in that State.

The main business of the meeting was in regard to arrangements for the Re-Union and Commemoration Service and the Timor Memorial project. A working bee was arranged for Sunday, Sept. 24, to put the area in Kings Park in good shape.

A Car Rally Picnic was arranged to take place on Sunday, Nov. 5.

Personalities

Real good to see Jim Wall over in W.A. Jim is with the Taxation Dept. and was in Perth on business. We managed to combine a bit of pleasure with it for him. Jim is mostly unchanged except of course a few grey hairs. It is visits of this nature which makes the Association worthwhile.

Ted Monk and self had a wonderful night out recently and got into a bit of trouble of the enjoyable type. Really bashed one another's ears to a state of cauliflower. Ted said the season had opened well up

at Latham but they were badly in need of rain right now.

Gordon Holmes dropped in to see me the other day. He hopes to make it for the Re-Union.

Had a most enjoyable run down to Caple with Jack and Norma Hasson to see Clarrie and Grace Turner. Bit heavy but still very good.

Congratulations to Dot Bagley on taking out second prize of \$1,000 in a recent lottery. Be very nice for the Safari Dot and Len.

Gerry Edwards is currently in Hollywood where he has had considerable treatment for his back trouble.

Historically Yours

"MY EARLY DAYS ON TIMOR"

(By NX42322, R. TRENGROVE, 75 L.A.D., Later 2/2nd Ind. Coy.)

(Continued from Last Issue)

We had had an early breakfast, we being all personell at Champalong which included a section of Engineers, A.S.C., L.A.D. and other odds and ends who were there. This was before 7 o'clock Jap planes had been over in large numbers and were still over dropping those things that don't care who they hit. Anti personal I believe they call them, also a lot of other names but as they say in Hoyts, unsuitable for general exhibition. High explosives were also being dropped in large lumps as well.

It was just on seven when some terrific explosions were felt and heard. Everyone looked at everyone and said, there goes the drome at Penfoie which had been mined for the past six weeks with more dynamite than Whelan the Wrecker could have got rid of in his busiest wrecking mood. Enough to have delighted Lawrence of Arabia for years to come could he have but seen it. Also a bomb dump was blown to blazes and various petrol and oil dumps in the vicinity of Koepang and Penfoie.

I was ordered back to my precious

ute. If I drove it ten yards I had to fill it up with petrol. Capt. Neave was not going to be caught with a light tank of petrol.

At about a quarter to eight Jap bombers came from everywhere. They didn't touch Champalong. Whether they knew the hospital was there we don't know but we guessed that they saw the A.S.C. stores were there and a huge ammo dump and petrol was about a mile further up from Champ. The island was rotten with spies and fifth columnists.

Things started to get a bit hectic here and so much went on that I have difficulty in remembering what followed, what with it being such a long time ago and so many events following one another in quick succession. But I will try and set it out as it happened. I may have to go back on myself occasionally but that can't be helped as one thing brings to mind other events which have already happened and I temporarily forgot.

At 8 o'clock I was sitting in the ute still waiting for Capt. Neave to get permission from the Brig. for us to go down, when someone shouted

paratroops are being landed. I went to get out of the truck to go and see them but Reggie appeared and told me to stay put. While everyone else rushed down behind the hospital to see the spectacle of some 600 paratroops dropping from the sky. They dropped from some 25 or 30 transport planes preceded by a severe ground strafing of zeroes and other Jap fighter planes.

They dropped onto an open and clear piece of ground about 130 yards from Baboe on the Champalong side and about the same distance from our L.A.D. store van and breakdown waggon which were opposite the house we had commandeered.

From here I will tell it as Eric Herd, my pal, experienced it and saw it personally.

He had been out nearly all night dragging trucks in and his last job on the breakdown truck was to bring a disabled Bren Carrier from Klapalima. When the raids started on Baboe he was in the house and the rest of the boys were there also. Naturally they all went for their slit trenches that we had dug outside. I had dug one when I had been stationed there and unfortunately it used to leak in the bottom and was at this time rather slushy on the bottom. It was also the rainy season over there.

Joe Dean, who was Eric's offsider on the breakdown, had only a few minutes previous changed into a clean outfit of clothes. When the first alarm went Joe, who didn't like aeroplanes, especially unfriendly ones, bolted for the first trench which happened to be mine. He dived into it and low and behold was smothered in sticky, watery mud. Joe, from all accounts did not appreciate this at all and after the first wave went over and the all clear was given Joe went and changed into another clean outfit. He did look nice and away went the alarm again and so did Joe to repeat his first performance. Sort of act 2, scene 1, sort of style or maybe it was just practice. Anyway Joe once more got into a clean change or put his original clothes back on, I'm not too sure which.

Eric who had been on the ground in one of these raids with a handkerchief rolled up in a pad fashion between his teeth and slightly raised up from the ground on his hands, was getting a good shaking up from the

explosions that were going off round him and he was biting so hard on the old handkerchief that a gold filling he had in his teeth popped out never to be found, alas, alack and alaska. The loss of this made him very annoyed and determined to get a Jap one day for it. Personally I think the gold was worth half a dozen of the yellow men, but who am I to quibble.

Don Company of the 2/40th Btn. were the roving company at Baboe. That is wherever the Japs struck Don Company was to go.

Well some 20 minutes or so before the paratroops dropped Don Company got a message supposedly from an ally in the shape of a Timorese native Rajah of Koepang, that Japs had landed at some place on the south coast, the name of which I cannot remember. Anyway it meant that Don Company had to go and go they did. The distance would be some 20 miles or more.

No sooner had they left than the raids started in earnest and the Zeros and dive bombers gave everything a pasting. This was when Eric lost his gold filling. He said every time the dive bombers started their dives he was sure it was coming straight for him. They however were bombing the kitchens which were all under one roof and the food was sent out in trucks which to my mind had been a mistake from the first as if the Japs found out it would be one of the first places to go, and evidently they had found out because that was their target. It was machine gunned, dive bombed and severely knocked about.

The babbling brooks (cooks) were sheltering in holes near the cook house, except Ace who was in a sort of a washaway in the bank at the back of the cook house and he reckoned that one of the dive bomber pilots had seen him and I guess Ace was correct because as that worthy lad said after: I said to myself, Ace, that bloke has taken a definite dislike to you and is out to get you so move boy, and move he did into the nearest slit trench which he had no sooner reached than a bomb landed in the exact place where he had been crouching.

In the meantime bombing was going on around Baboe and by this time there were only about 12 or 15 men left in this little town and it was nearly 8 o'clock when Eric sung out

to the boys that some more bombers were on their way. They were strung out in a long line and imagine everyone's surprise when instead of bombs bodies began to fall with great white billowing parachutes opening up behind them. What could they do, those few men in Baboe against 600 paratroops with zeroes circling and straffing every blade of grass that moved, so they decided to beat a retreat for the rocks up the back of their sleeping quarters, but not before W.O. Willersdorf had set fire to the store van. They never had time to burn or put out of action the breakdown. That was done later by Don Company men, I think.

Capt. Neave's batman would not go with the rest of our L.A.D. boys. He went across the road into a slit trench with one of the Sigs and the last we heard of him some days later was that the last some of the 40th had seen of him was in Baboe with a bullet wound high upon his left shoulder.

We at Champalong, after two days of waiting to hear from the L.A.D. boys, gathered that they were either killed or taken prisoner.

Now to continue my side of the story of the next two days and Friday.

The first Japs, which were paratroops landed at about 8 o'clock on the Friday, 20th February, 1942, just two months and eight days after we landed.

We at Champalong waited all day for news of how the fighting was going. Planes roared overhead all day but none of them had that colour patch we longed to see.

The bombing was terrific and it now sounded as if naval guns had been added to the din and we knew that they were not ours.

The few Dutch troops comprising Dutchmen and Javanese, came through on their trucks and by all accounts had a bad time. They later in the day tried to go through the Jap lines but were stopped by a road block. A concrete block which a Bren Gun Carrier tried to tow off the road but without success. The block was later blown to pieces by our engineers.

About 9 o'clock in the morning Capt. Neave came to me and said that we of the L.A.D. and two Tommy Gunners making five men in all, were to go out past Champalong on the road to Soe to look for a para-

trooper who was supposed to have landed behind us. We searched the road either side for some miles and questioned one or two natives but saw no sign of the suspect. Expectancy and nervousness was reaching a high pitch as we could get no information from below as to what was going on.

Everything was set to blow our ammo dump, petrol and ordnance stores sky high, likewise the house we slept in with all our tyres and spare parts. This was later abandoned because the hospital would have been flattened, so the Japanese got all these supplies which were to have lasted us for six months, including food supplies.

No one seems to know why the hospital was so close to all these stores, but there it is, it was and what's the use of saying or blaming anyone then or now.

Night came and a very nervous night it was. There was roughly 200 men at Champalong including hospital staff and sick and a few wounded. The Major of the Fortress guns and one corporal had been brought by ambulance from Klapalima seriously wounded. Both died after a few hours, wounded by bombs. The driver of the ambulance was driving along near Baboe when what he thought were Dutchmen fired on him. He stopped to abuse them heartily, wanting to know who and what the so and so blazes they thought he was and when these supposedly green clad Dutchmen arrived closer he amazingly stared, then in double time jumped back into the cab and drove away. These green clad men were Jap marines.

Another attempt was made to bring wounded to Champalong but the Japanese refused to let any more go through to hospital. All our natives of Champalong had said goodbye and taken to the hills.

All the natives when we came to the island and up to when the Japs landed thought that one Australian was as good as 100 Japs. Their disappointment must have been terrific when after three hard days of battling against odds of nearly a thousand to one Col. Leggett had no alternative but to surrender.

Saturday morning brought more paratroops and supplies by air for those already established. A rough guess of how many were or had been landed in this fashion between

us and Baboe was 1,200 Japs, and now we had good reason to believe that some 18,000 seaborne troops had been landed somewhere near Koe-pang but nowhere near where our boys had expected and prepared for them. The two six inch fortress guns had already been blown up without firing a shot as no crews could have withstood the bombing they received. Although the Japs never actually hit the guns our own men blew them to pieces.

I don't know whether our anti guns ever went into action but some day I hope we will know much more than anyone knows now.

We got orders to evacuate Champalong to Soe which we did sometime on Saturday. I can't for the life of me remember whether it was daytime or night time. I think it was early in the morning on Saturday in darkness, but that is open to contradiction.

I, for one, could not but help feel badly about Eric and the other boys of our outfit at Baboe. It seemed like desertion. We had all been together so long and now when we were in trouble and meeting the enemy, here we were split up, one half not knowing what had happened to the other half.

We arrived at Soe, the L.A.D. ute with Reggie driving, took up last position as an L.A.D. should. We took everything we might need in the way of spare parts and personal gear, the latter being cut down to a minimum, one complete change of shorts and shirt and a couple of changes of socks. I took five new tooth brushes I bought in the canteen a week or so before and about three tubes of toothpaste and three or four cakes of soap. My shaving outfit that I had given, to me in 1941 and my writing case that my sister gave me and some photos of Mum and Dad.

We did nothing at Soe but walk round and later in the morning we, that is Laurie Ross, and Col and Harry, Norm and myself, went for a swim in the lovely concrete and tiled pool that was fed by a stream from up in the mountain.

During the day we saw some Jap planes going towards Koepang but not as many as on Friday.

I don't remember that we did anything special on Saturday other than go around the various trucks and check them over and walk around passing and listening to various opin-

ions from everyone who knew as much as the heads themselves knew.

A guard had been placed on the road some few miles out of Soe and this was maintained up to the last minute that we evacuated Soe.

Sunday morning arrived bright and clear when it was decided that the L.A.D. personnel would return to Champalong for more spare parts and information. We left Soe early and when we got to the guard Capt. Arnold pulled us up and told us that a phone message had come through to say that some of the L.A.D. and some cooks had turned up at Champalong. I was so pleased that tears came to my eyes and for once Capt. Neave could not drive fast enough to please me.

When we arrived at Champalong those of us in the back of the ute nearly broke our necks getting out to greet our mates. I saw Eric and Roy and Cam before the truck stopped. I dived on to them and felt like kissing and hugging them and for the life of me I couldn't stop sniffing and laughing. More like crying, I guess.

W.O. Willersdorf in charge of the party of L.A.D. and cooks had walked all the way inland to Champalong which had taken them 2½ days with little or nothing to eat, dodging the planes and Japs who at times were very close to them. The Japs had a series of bird calls such as owl hoots

and other types of birds, as signals to let one another know where they were and quite a number of times the small party had had Japs on either side.

There is a lizard on Timor which because of its queer noise, we named Choco and made a call which sounded just like the word Choco only dragged out much more than that and repeated about five times. Whilst they were settling down for the first night, using banana leaves for blankets, Eric said as one of these lizards started its croaking cry: "If he goes five or more we will know the Japs are not near."

It was only said in a joke, but as the boys said after everyone unconsciously counted every lizard they heard and heaved sighs of relief when it reached five. They cursed Eric heartily for ever saying it.

We got the things that we came back for and waited until evening before we moved out.

I forgot to tell about what happened before we left Champ the first time. We destroyed three new Chevrolet motors which were still in their crates, by giving them some gentle taps with a 14 lb. hammer and ditto the diesel motor Col and I had lost so much sweat over. As we left all other things intact we may just as well have left these intact.

We had, we being our fitters, fixed

a motor bike up during the day also a couple of heavy trucks. I was to ride the bike back to Soe and as it was getting towards evening and the light on the bike was nearly useless I was told by Reggie to leave immediately the time then being about 5 o'clock Sunday evening. I was kicking the bike over when a dumb cluck of a driver batman came up the road on a push bike and said the Japs were at the bottom of Champalong hill and that the Yanks had landed at Koepang.

Well it caused a stir believe you me and I was further ordered to move away with the news to Soe, for what it was worth. It wasn't worth anything as the Japs did not arrive up there for another couple of days at least.

I reported to Capt. Arnold after reaching Soe and told him who had given the information and he said he didn't believe it especially the Yank part of the message. This chappie who gave the alarm was later severely tongue lashed for his stupidity in not verifying the fact about the Japs and for starting a false rumour about the Yanks. The Japs he supposedly heard were some of "C" Company men who had battled their way through the Jap lines and got to the bridge near Champalong and it was these chaps being challenged by the guard down there that this brilliant specimen of manhood had heard and taken for granted that they were Japs. Where he got the rumour about the Yanks no one, not even himself, seemed clear on.

But he started a panic at Champ. All trucks were ordered to leave with or without their load and Eric was to drive our ute out and some of our lads were a bit slow getting some thing and a certain Captain who I have mentioned quite often wanted to leave them behind but Laurie said to Eric, don't move off until I tell you, and this made the Captain very wild, threatening nothing short of a firing squad for Staff-Sgt. Ross and Eric, but wait they did and it was all later forgotten when it was found that certain officers had allowed the panic to spread.

As the last truck raced away from Champalong the chaps from "C" Company, about 13 in all, saw the last one race away and shouted out to it but it never stopped. However they caught us later at Atamboea

(To be continued)

NEW SOUTH WALES

MEMBERS

(SYDNEY)

HAVE YOU ACCOMMODATION?

IF SO CAN YOU PUT UP
SOMEONE ON THE
SAFARI?

Contact:
J. F. HARTLEY
19 Elva Street
Cabramatta
N.S.W.

URGENTLY

VICTORIAN

MEMBERS

(MELBOURNE)

HAVE YOU ACCOMMODATION?

IF SO CAN YOU PUT UP
SOMEONE ON THE
SAFARI?

Contact:
H. E. TOBIN
15 Beatrice Street
Burwood
Victoria

URGENTLY

Random Harvest

RAY AITKEN, from Somewhere in England, writes:—

After wandering round Greece, Italy, Spain, France and Portugal I am now more or less firmly established in the U.K. That is to say I've rented a house here, about 20 minutes by tube from the heart of the metropolis within walking distance of Kew Gardens where I've been doing some careful brain sucking on my pet hobby of growing native plants.

As a result of the overtures of John Beard and Charles Gardner I've had the red carpet treatment at Kew and am now full of new techniques and gimmicks. They have been very successful, for example in grafting eucalyptus and also in growing them from cutting.

My greying blonde has led me over all the ruins and through all the old churches we were unfortunate enough to pass in Latin Europe. We've climbed the walls of castles and ogled the houses and indeed the bones of pre-historic man.

You'll be pleased to know that I left my camera at home. So many people have subjected me to "slide evenings" in my life time that I promised myself I would never do it to anyone else.

We went down to Eastbourne yesterday to spend the day with a friend and had a go at Pevensey Castle which started as a Roman set-up on the site of a Briton defensive position, then was taken over by the Saxons and later re-built by the Normans. The ammunition, large round stones, for the bombardments and trebuchets, are still stacked up ready in case the "bomb" throws us back a thousand years and we have to take to bows and slings again. It's an interesting historical commentary in stone to see above the vertical loop holes for cross-bows and arquebus, the transverse ones for Vickers with the label 1939-45. This was, of course, the "invasion coast" and the castle was occupied throughout.

Last weekend Scotty Taylor came up from Bristol and spent Saturday and Sunday with us. Scotty hasn't changed much apart from the loss of more hair. He remains a batchelor. He has retired as a shopkeeper because his partner, who was

his uncle, was anxious to retire, and Scotty is now foreman of a set-up doing queer things with plastic sheeting, chiefly making rick covers.

His weekends are fully occupied as he has a caravan and car to tow it with and waves a fly over the water wherever there is a stream or lake.

Bill is convinced he is going to get back to the West one day. Indeed he was on his way when some clot gave him this job he has and kept raising his pay to keep him in England.

He has lost none of his burr from living amongst the sassenachs, and the words come out as if he had spent all his life north of the border.

A couple of years ago Bill had a very odd experience. He was at the races with some friends when he caught himself staggering. He did not feel ill or short of breath, so he was amazed to find himself on the ground. His mates got him to hospital all right but the thing was disconcerting. He could understand what was happening but couldn't speak. Further, though he was able to listen to nurses and doctors he had a memory that stopped in 1942. He had the clearest picture of his whole life from the age of 2½ until about the middle of the Second World War.

The doctors assured him that it was not a heart attack and that since it hadn't killed him in the first place he was in no further danger. A blood clot from an old injury had moved to the brain and had now been dissipated naturally. In its passing it had wiped out a good deal of Scotty's memory. The "good deal" included the names of all common objects.

Scotty wanted to know how long. They told him not to worry as they had a bloke there who was recovering the art of speech and recall after only a matter of three years. They took Scotty to see him.

That was enough for our dour Scot. He took himself off to the country for a walk and he sat down and tried to recall the name of some green stuff on the ground. He kept pointing at it and fighting for recall. After a while he got it "grass". He then pointed with some concentra-

tion at some taller things and finally came up with "trees". The only trouble was that when he went back to it had forgotten the name of the green stuff. It took him half a day to master both and a further three months to rebuild his total memory. He is still careful with unfamiliar objects and is an avid reader of labels.

What annoys him most of all is that he now has a normal memory, i.e. the one he had before the day at the races and has lost the complete picture of his life from 2½ to 24 which used to slide through his mind on an endless screen as he lay wondering if he'd ever talk again.

Scotty now finds the whole business mildly amusing and it is doubtful if he sees what an exciting character study it is.

Try to picture one man in bed mouthing nothings and our William, with the sun on his bald head, out in the paddock fighting his personal battle with his own memory.

There's nothing wrong with Bill's memory now. We went over you all far into the night and he raced from one name to another with great interest. He sends his best wishes to all the boys and wishes me to convey particular regards to your good self, The Imp, Doc Wheatley, Joe Burridge, and the I.O.B. I don't know whether Doc Dunkley will recognise his own initials but Paddy always called him the Irascible Old Bastard and quite frankly there were times when I thought Paddy was quite right.

Well, I must knock it off. I'm being dragged off to Windsor to see another bloody palace. I hope they have got something exotic in the garden.

Leave for Scotland on Saturday and fly out of England on Sept. 22. Will stop off in Vienna, Istanbul, Teheran, New Delhi, Bangkok, Singapore, Darwin, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne and so home by Oct. 26. Couldn't fit Adelaide in. Wanted particularly to see the Imp but will have to wait for another trip.

I'll be in Timor some time in November, possibly within a week of arriving home. Will see you before I go.

ALAN THOMPSON, of 20 Elizabeth Parade, Lane Cove, writes:—

Well, it's been a long time. I think it was Canungra when we last

saw one another and probably a bit under the weather then as well. However most of that can wait until Anzac Day 1968.

Firstly, congratulations on the Great Safari idea and programme, and I wish you every success.

It was good to receive the "2/2nd Courier" (which I had not seen before) and the tickets which our Association here purchased. Harry Brittain has forwarded the necessary return.

I was most interested in the Commemoration Service Address given by your Vice President, and in your monthly meeting programme on the back of the "Courier".

However to return to the Safari. As President of the N.S.W. Commando Association I want to extend an invitation to you and to all 2/2nd personnel to join us at our Annual Re-Union on Anzac Day 1968 and naturally at the march beforehand.

Undoubtedly you have been in touch with the 2/2nd Association here—you probably know more about them than we do—and already know that they march in our group but do not come with us on the ferry afterwards. Each year we charter a ferry, roll the barrels on, stock up with eats and leave about 12.30 for a trip around Sydney Harbour. We take a pipe band and each year we muster between 200 and 250. You are most welcome to join us and as each Unit gets together you would in effect be holding your own re-union.

However we do not want to cut across any plans the 2/2nd here have for you but to let you know we would be most happy to have you aboard.

Joe Tell and Alfredo De Santos are the only 2/nd-ers we have in the Association and both are staunch supporters.

Well, that's the position and if we can do anything to assist please let us know.

Personally I look forward to seeing you and many others and reviving some memories of Darby, Timor, etc, etc.

BERT MATTHEWS, of 185 Raven-scar Street, Double View, W.A., writes:—

Enclosed is ticket butts and dollars for same and I hope the sweep is another success.

MICHAEL CALVERT, of The Flat, Beech Hurst, Old Avenue, West Bybeet, Surrey, England, writes:—

The enclosed photograph might amuse you.

You can get any sort of sign post set up with a direction to your home town. They have a table of distances to places all over the world and this, to the Prom., is via Panama.

Bernie Callinan and I had a couple of meals together during his recent visit here. He looks very well and decisive.

I have been swimming as part of my fitter-Calvert campaign and took part in a club half mile handicap race in the Serpentine in Hyde Park. I started first and came in last in 19 mins. dead. I am starting in a mile race tomorrow evening but I may go



into the shallows and walk the last bit.

I am very pleased to receive your "Courier" regularly.

I got a nice letter from your Commissioner General to whom I showed past numbers of the "Courier" asking him to let me know if any member of the 2/2nd Commando to his knowledge came to London. He told me that he would let me know.

I am still a Highways Engineer of a minor sort in the Greater London Council, and obtained my A.M.I.C.E. the other day, partly due to Bernie Callinan being one of my sponsors.

I have got fed up with commuting and am moving up to less salubrious surroundings in London, but I hope then to afford to get away to the coast most weekends.

I did some spear fishing last year and my best catch was a Balan Wrasse which on looking it up, I found was a lazy old ruminant scavenger, something between a pig and a cow which no true sportsman would ever shoot!

I am going down to Devon in August but I have too long and powerful a spear gun and either the string catches in my ears, or the fish swim between my goggles and the point of my trident.

Well, all the best and best wishes to everyone. You're doing a great job keeping the "Courier" going. Thanks for the Address Book.

R. H. BURTON, Allies Creek, via Mundubbera, Qld., writes:—

After such a long time it is quite hard to know what to write about, especially after not seeing any of the boys over there for so many years. Any way I do hope everything is going well for the Association over there. I miss the West very much. I don't know if I shall ever get back there.

I have sold my tickets. Am enclosing the butts and the money. The little extra can go to a good cause. I wish I could afford more.

As you can see I am out of the army now and am working at this saw mill. Mundubbera is about 200 miles from Brisbane and Allies Creek is about 24 miles from Mundubbera.

I am in quite good health even though I have just turned 45.

My good wife is in Brisbane undergoing different tests and seeing different doctors. She has been back and forwards about three times now.

It's a bit hard with six kids on your hands, but still I am making out O.K.

Please excuse the paper as it was all I could find.

The job here is not too bad. I am out in the log yard. I clear about \$95 a fortnight. No rent to pay, free electricity and fire wood, so one can't grumble.

Well, that's about it for this time, so will say cheerio and all the very best to you and all my old cobbles over there.

FRANK A. CRAIGIE, 236 West St., Rockhampton, Qlds., writes:—

Sorry I have been so long in dropping you a note but since last writing I have had a spell in Green-slopes Repat. Hospital and am now working on a job that is 25 miles from home, so that by the time I get home at night I just feel like taking it lightly. However I hope to be able to put more to paper soon but must now get these butts back to you in time.

Remember me to all the boys and sincerely hope they are standing up to time and wear.

Please note change of address.

Believe you have Association Tie and Badge. Would be proud to wear them. Let me know how much.

GEORGE STRICKLAND of 15 Dudley Street, Rivervale, W.A., writes:—

Am enclosing the sweep butts plus cheque to cover same. Hope I've returned them before the death knock, I usually get caught.

Don't know if you have heard that I've sold out at Ready Mix. Eight years is long enough to have my bones shaken to pieces in a truck. Also there is too much country work involved now, these wheat silos are coming too thick and fast. I have reverted back to the old hammer and saw after all these years. Cabinet making at Allwood Industries just 100 yards from home.

I haven't been able to make any Unit shows lately but hope to now that I have settled down to regular hours once more.

We haven't received a "Courier" for ages, about Christmas time was the last one.

Well must get this note off. Hope the sweep is once more a great success and hope to see you at footie one of these days.

ANNUAL RE-UNION

SATURDAY, 30th SEPTEMBER

**R.S.L. HALL, SOUTH PERTH
(Cnr. Anstey and Angelo Streets)**

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

SUNDAY, 1st OCTOBER, at 3 p.m.

KINGS PARK

CAR RALLY PICNIC

SUNDAY, 5th NOVEMBER, at 10.30 a.m.

**Commences from No. 1 Car Park
Western End of Causeway**

CALCUTT MEMORIAL TROPHY

Final Night For 1967

TUESDAY, 7th NOVEMBER, 1967
