



# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Price 1c

## *Editorial*

### TIMOR MEMORIAL FUND

Readers will have to excuse the fact that for two issues in a row your Editorial has been based on the Timor Memorial. Every now and again we do find that there is a subject that at the moment is more important than any other subject and we do have to labour it to a fantastic degree.

The Timor Memorial is just such a subject and we do have to draw the attention of readers to this vital matter until we can bring the whole project to a successful conclusion. Money, of course, is the big thing as far as we are concerned. The Timor Authorities will have no difficulty in building the memorial but we have to finance it.

Apparently the Timor Government is not overburdened with finance and it will be necessary for us to keep them fed with money until the Memorial is completed.

To date the response has been excellent as far as it goes. The big trouble is that the minimum of members have made a maximum of contributions. On paper we are going well but when one stops to analyse the position it is found that a very few persons who are deeply involved in the project have put in a great deal of money and the main

body has refrained altogether. This is not the object of the enterprise.

We want this to be a memorial from ALL who served on Timor to those gallant people who did so much to ensure that we are alive today, not just a minority show from a very few.

There is no doubt in my mind that a few stalwarts will see that the project is a success but this in my mind only adds up to the fact that the Association only concerns a few people. Surely this is not a fact! Surely you are all concerned that this, the biggest project we have ever undertaken, should be something that is for us all

We want your contributions irrespective of how big or how small they are, so that this Memorial can be truly said to come from the Unit—not just a small coterie.

At the moment we have Ray Aitken in Timor taking up all the administrative details which concern the future of the project. He has been briefed to tell the Portuguese Authorities just what we want and all to bring back to us the details we require. I am sure no better person could represent us on this project.

It is hoped that as a result of this visit the Memorial will be well under

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**Please return those Pledges as soon as possible and send along your Donations. These are URGENTLY REQUIRED so that we can meet our commitments as they arise**

way before the New Year. If this be so then funds are the essential portion as far as we are concerned.

Please pause a while and think on this business and work out just how much it concerns you. You can quite easily come up with the answer that if the "Jack System" is applied it is a case of "go root your hat", but if you think just a little bit longer you will come up with the idea that you and yours are here because of the fantastic assistance we were given by the Portuguese and natives of Timor.

If you have children and hope to

have grandchildren then they are here just because we are alive today and we are in the land of the living because of the efforts of these people in Timor who saw to our welfare.

This, like a gambling debt, is a debt of honour and any Australian worthy of the name pays his debts of honour.

From now on it is up to your conscience and I safely leave it there knowing what a great bunch of chaps served under the Double Red Diamond.

—C. D. DOIG, Editor.

## West Australian Whisperings

### Association Activities

#### NOVEMBER MEETING:

This was held at Anzac House Basement on Melbourne Cup Night and was the final night of the Calcutt Memorial Trophy Games. The roll up was very good considering that it was so close to the picnic held on the previous Sunday.

As the result of the night's competition Bill Epps becomes the winner of the trophy for 1967. Arthur Smith was second and Ron Kirkwood third.

Our most sincere congrats to Bill who was runner-up to Mick Morgan last year and has always been a consistent competitor. I am sure Jess will find a prominent place to display the trophy during the coming year.

The competition winners for the evening were:—

Bowls:	Quoits:
G. Maley.	W. Epps.
R. Kirkwood.	P. Hancock.
J. Hasson.	L. Bagley.
P. Hancock.	D. Geere.
Darts:	Table Tennis:
A. Smith.	H. Sproxton.
J. Poynton.	G. Maley.
L. Bagley.	R. Kirkwood.
J. Carey.	R. Parry.
Rifle Shoot:	
W. Epps.	
J. Poynton.	

Final points: W. Epps 16, A. Smith 11, R. Kirkwood 9, R. McDonald, C. Hancock 8, R. Geere, J. Poynton, G. Maley 7, D. Fullarton 6, L. Bagley, R. Parry, J. Hasson 5, J. Carey, H. Sproxton 4, R. Dhu, C. Varian,

J. Denman, R. Darrington 2, D. Ritchie 1.

You will note that your Editor, who is also Marshall of the sports, was not among those scoring.

We can only hope that this sports series will go ahead year by year and become bigger and brighter with the passing of the years. We have had a really good bundle of fun this year and it appears that the boys like these nights and the competition that goes along with them. So make it a must next year to be in the Calcutt Memorial Trophy Games and try and have the trophy on your sideboard.

#### CAR RALLY PICNIC:

This is becoming an annual event and this year it was held on Sunday, Nov. 5. The turn up was terrific.

We started out from the Causeway Car Park at 10.30 a.m. with a bundle of full cars and proceeded to our rendezvous at Gidgegannup by a scenic drive arranged by Bill Epps. This only served to show us that metropolitan Perth has a great deal to offer if only you know where to go. Bill mapped out a course which gave the maximum of interesting viewing and was most appreciated by those participating as they had not done this particular course before.

The point of destination was as for last year and was a beauty. We had plenty to eat and plenty to drink and the kids were fully catered for so all in all it was a most interesting day.

It seems that these car outings

could be the answer to most of our social trouble in the future.

Mick Holland was to the fore with the kangaroo steak once again.

Syd Jarvis, although not present, sent along a case of oranges and believe me they really went down well.

#### TIMOR MEMORIAL FUND

The list of contributors to Nov. 21 is as follows:

	\$
Ray Aitken	200
Harry Botterill	50
Joe Burridge	100
Len Bagley	20
Bernie Callinan	50
Ray Cole	15
Col Doig	50
Dick Darrington	7
Jack Denman	10
Bill Epps	20
Jack Fowler	20
Fred Gardiner	10
Dick Geere	20
Happy Greenhalgh	50
Reg Harrington	40
G. C. Hart	10
Jack Hasson	20
Gerry Haire	20
Percy Hancock	10
Mal Herbert	20
Ernie Hoffman	20
Syd Jarvis	10
Paddy Kenneally	20
Ron Kirkwood	60
Bernie Langridge	10
Gerry Maley	20
Arthur Marshall	20
Tom Martin	20
Dr. Ian McPhee	20
Gerry O'Toole	20
Joe Poynton	40
Jack Penglase	2
Steve Rogers	10
Robbie Rowan-Robinson	10
Arthur Smith	20
Chas Sadler	50
Stan Sadler	50
Ron Sprigg	5
Henry Sproxton	100
Clarrie Turner	20
Eric Thorlander	10
Lew Thompson	5
Doc Wheatley	10
City of Perth Sub Branch	20
Le Feuvre (of Sub Branch	1
From Games Night	20.40
Receipt 1109	
(undecipherable)	20

TOTAL ..... \$1,255.40

#### DECEMBER MEETING:

This will take the form of a Bucks' Night on Dec. 5 at Anzac House Basement. We will take the opportunity on this evening to present the Calcutt Memorial Trophy to Bill Epps and you can be assured that a most adequate programme will be arranged for your entertainment, so do your utmost to attend.

#### THE GREAT SAFARI

I suppose you participants realise that it is less than six months before we take the big plunge. Your Organiser will be on your hammer early in the New Year for your fares for the trip, also to find out when you want to be booked back from Sydney. Give this matter your fullest attention in the next couple of months so that when you get a circular asking for your attention to these matters you can give a quick reply—and I mean QUICK.

Interest is just terrific by W.A. bods at this stage and I can only hope it remains so and that all who have intimated that they will be in the safari will send their money in as soon as it is requested.

In this issue is printed a rough idea of what men should take in the way of gear and luggage. This is only a rough guide but it may assist you in packing for the trip. Being no ladies man I can't do much for the ladies in this matter but perhaps one of my female scribes can assist so that we can print it in this next issue of the "Courier".

#### HOW TO PACK THAT TRAVEL SUITCASE

"Travel light — Travel right" is a sound slogan unless you are going by sea. Aboard a ship you need extra clothes, and one of the advantages of sea travel is that there is no problem about taking an extra suitcase.

Whether you are flying to New York or driving to Kalgoorlie for the racing carnival there are certain basic needs which you must take and certain basic principles which you would be advised to follow. In short, you must have the correct selection of clothes and accessories, you must keep your luggage down to certain weights, and you must reduce the laundry problem to its minimum.

If you are going abroad by air

you are allowed the following weight of free baggage: (a) first class 66 lb.; (b) tourist or economy 44 lb. In addition you can carry an overcoat, umbrella, small camera and binoculars and a book or two.

#### Round the World:

This is the travel wardrobe which "Togs" suggests for a man who plans to be away for three months on a round-the-world travel ticket. It is assumed that on departure he will wear a pure wool suit of at least medium weight and will carry an overcoat (with scarf in pocket) and an umbrella.

Here is what we think he needs to pack. First, a second suit. We suggest a lightweight 45/55 blend of pure wool with "Terylene" because one cannot circumnavigate the globe without meeting hot weather somewhere. Next, a sports coat and slacks for informal occasions. The slacks would be most suitable in the wrinkle resisting 45/55 blend in a medium weight; and the sports coat (or club blazer) could be either pure wool or a blend.

In addition to the white shirt he is wearing, he needs two more of the same kind plus another white shirt with short sleeves and one casual shirt for leisure wear. All shirts should be made from nylon or "Terylene".

He needs to pack two sets of nylon or banlon underwear, two pairs of drip-dry cotton or nylon pyjamas, gown, pullover or cardigan (he should be wearing a vest or cardigan when he boards the plane), toilet gear and smaller accessories.

#### Shoes:

Shoes are a major problem. We think that a second pair of walking shoes must be packed (the pair he is wearing will get wet if he runs into rain!) plus casual shoes to wear with sports togs. Slippers must not be forgotten.

Swim trunks and Bermuda shorts are a matter of individual choice and perhaps of itinerary.

Luggage might consist of an air-travel suitcase and an overnight bag.

The packing and weight might finish up like this:

	lb.	oz.
Suitcase	8	—
Light suit	2	10
Slacks and sports coat	3	10
Gown (cotton)		14
Pyjamas (see below)		13
4 shirts (various)	2	—
2 sets nylon underwear		8
Pullovers or cardigan		10
Walk shoes	2	8
Casual shoes	2	2
4 ties		6
6 nylon socks	1	—
12 handkerchiefs		7

Swim trunks	4
Bermuda shorts	7
Overnight bag or small suitcase	3 —
Second pr. pyjamas	13
Slippers	1
Toilet gear, brushes, etc.	3 8
Stationery, etc.	8
Special sundries, say	1 —
Total weight	36 —

There is therefore a balance of 8 lb. even on the tourist allowance to provide for overseas purchases or for extra clothes if anybody thinks we have underestimated minimum requirements.

The travel wardrobe listed above would—as we have said and subject to obvious modification—cover a trip round the world or a fortnight in Kalgoorlie, Albany, Geraldton or Sydney. It is also recommended as what the traveller should take on his tour of the Continent.

### Committee Comment

The October Committee meeting was held at Anzac Club on Oct. 17. In the absence of the President through illness, Bill Epps took the chair. The main business comprised details of the Timor Memorial project and the movement of Ray Aitken to Timor also details of the Car Rally and the final night of the Calcutt Memorial Trophy Games. The Treasurer's report showed that finances were in a reasonable condition and that the Timor Appeal was definitely progressing.

This was one of those meetings where most things had reached finality and there was not much to discuss for the immediate future and we were able to handle everything to advantage in double quick time.

### Personalities

It is with extreme regret that I have to advise of the death of Mr. Wilfred Ferrier, late secretary of the City of Perth Sub-Branch R.S.L. Wilf took over from our good friend Bill Holder when he went to his last resting place. Wilf was a very good friend to the Unit and did all that was humanly possible to make our tenancy of the Basement of Anzac House comfortable. He was a big man in every way. My first encounter with him was when we were

chasing tickets for the Commonwealth Games and he was in charge of this and he was fully responsible for our success in obtaining tickets at a stage when these were hard to obtain. I would like to extend to his family and to the City of Perth R.S.L. our most sincere condolences in the passing of a great bloke.

Had the good fortune to run in with Gordon Hislop and his wife during the month. Gordon was until recently mine host at the Gingen Hotel. They are about to take up the licence of the Mt. Tom Price Hotel/Motel which opens a week before Christmas. They have the highest hopes of great success here and I am a bit with them as this is an expanding area which offers great hope for the future.

Congrats to Mal Herbert on winning the Duke of Edinburgh aggregate at the Queens Prize Shoot recently and also on being selected to represent Australia at Bisley. At the moment poor old Mal is the centre of a storm of protest and trouble in this respect but I know he will ride out the storm without losing his ability to hit the target. All the very best Mal and I know you will do well.

Ray Aitken has just returned from a tour of Europe and U.K. and is currently renewing his acquaintance with Portuguese Timor and will be doing a job for the Association as far as the Timor Memorial is concerned. We know that we could not have got a better man to go to Timor for us. Ray is very conversant with Portuguese and can still speak Tetum like a native.

Bill Rowan-Robinson called in to see me the other day. Reports a good season down his way. He and

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## 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**

## 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**



his wife are contemplating a trip to the U.K. next year. Robbie got "conned" into running the Crossbred Shearing Competition at the Bridgetown Show and says it has entailed a terrific amount of work but the result has been most satisfactory.

Glad to report that Fred Napier is out of Hollywood once again and although not 100 per cent fit he looked very well and took part in quite a few of the games at the

November meeting. Alf Walsh has also been discharged from Hollywood and I believe on the mend although I have not seen him recently.

This will be the last issue of the "Courier" prior to Christmas and all connected with the "Courier" would like to wish all readers and members the very best for the Festive Season and the fond hope that the New Year will bring you all that you wish for.

## Historically Yours

### "MY EARLY DAYS ON TIMOR"

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

(Continued from Last Issue)

Up at Soe after the message arrived about the surrender, with advice for us to do the same from the Jap commander. Brigadier Veal said "No", but his staff advised him to throw in the sponge.

We were given, we being all ranks under officers, a sales talk about surrendering according to the military code. But Yours Truly had other ideas. While one was free one had a chance of getting back to Australia. Once a prisoner one may not even have had the chance of life, let alone escape. I told Laurie that I had no intention of giving myself up as I reckoned I could live in the hills and make for the coast to see what the chances were of getting a boat of sorts to get to Australia as we had compasses and well knew where Darwin was, but any part of the coast was good enough for me.

Laurie, a married man, was all for it and we were stripping our packs of things we didn't want or could do without and putting food in tins in their place. Capt. Neave did his best to dissuade us from going bush, but I had made my mind up and was going even if I went alone. As Eric and the others in the L.A.D. were not at all keen on it remembering the recent experience, later changed their minds, and by that time it had been decided that we would retreat still further to Atamboea. This was decided in the afternoon and then everyone seemed to be racing around putting gear back in

trucks and taking unwanted gear out.

We in our truck left a good portable sigs wireless behind on orders, of course. I won't tell you on whose orders because you will think him a bigger dope than he was and if you think that you're right, he was. A brilliant officer of the C.M.F. who wouldn't join the A.I.F. unless he could join as an officer. Those last few words I heard that man say in Darwin. Needless to say he was an absolute panicky, nervous, dithering, fool whose money got for him anything he wanted. There was not one officer who I knew who had any time for him and would go the other way rather than see him or have to speak to him. He was later mentioned in despatches or commended, which will only show that not all medals are won by the right men, but in this case no one should have got anything. We all did a job and it was all for the one reason, safety first, and by first I mean every man for himself, but later on I will tell more of this brilliant piece of work.

We were all ready to go late in the afternoon. Every truck, ute, and man loaded with as much as they could carry. The truck I was in was a three ton Chev loaded with petrol. We were about in the middle of the convoy of some 25 vehicles. It seemed strange at this time of the afternoon for a few minutes before the first truck pulled out a fog started to come in one end of Soe while we were going out the

other. Just as if it had been sent to cover our withdrawal. I wonder if it was?

We got to Atamboea some 100 odd miles early after midnight, not without mishap. My truck bogged going around the sharp turn off at Kafemonanoe, but was soon pulled out by another. A Dutch Sgts. motorbike would not take the grade up one mountain so it was sent over the side to hurtle down the valley. A ute was overturned but no casualties sustained. It was righted and continued on its way.

It was a nightmare drive as I seemed to have had very little sleep for a week and I hadn't really had much during the days. Had been doing something all day long. I don't know how the driver kept awake but I was nodding every few miles. That was the reason why I never drove and because he had had more experience in the three tonners than I. The three ton trucks we had over there seemed to have a nasty habit of turning over for no reason at all as Eric well knows because he had had many a sleepless night on the road to Tenaure salvaging them.

At Atamboea we were eventually organised into small parties with an officer or Sgt. in charge and given various buildings around the town to sleep in. Guards, of course, had to be maintained and various other duties performed.

The heads, Brig. Veal, Capt. Arnold, Brigade Major, Capt. Neave and a couple of other Majors and Captains, stopped at Capt. Van Sweetman's house and the Pashen Grande. Sweetman's house was in the centre of the town overlooking the park and most of the town. Situated in a lovely garden and lawns the house was very pretty and sprawling like one would imagine a big sheep station house out west to be.

We had a big wireless set with us which was very heavy and took eight men to lift off the truck. It was set up a mile or so Dilli side of Atamboea. We waited for what seemed years but was only two or three days for news that someone would hear our calls, and as time wore on men's spirits became lower and lower. Then a ray of hope. Bandeong in Java was raised. They said they would tell Australia. They never got the chance, I guess, because it was not so very long after this bright news that we heard over the radio that

Bandeong had been taken and the Japs were invading Java. All hope vanished with this news and I had never had a feeling like I had then and I know everyone else did.

What was the use? We couldn't speak to the outside world. We could expect nothing from them. It was with a bitter laugh that we received the news over the B.B.C. and A.B.C. that Australians and Dutch were still fighting valiantly in Timor. This news after about five days of wondering whether we were going to share the same fate as all of our pals had received some days before. Soon to be written down or written off should I say as dead loss prisoners of war. Some missing believed killed. Some missing believed prisoners of war. Great comfort those few words to our relations.

Well by the end of the week it was decided that we get out of Atamboea.

I mentioned before that we were all split up into small parties in different buildings about the town. Some of us out of each section, myself included, were shown how to get to the rendezvous from our various places around the town, the Sgt. and myself being the two selected to know our route out to the rendezvous. All this in case of a moonlight flit and the O.C. of some of the sections did not happen to be in the vicinity of his particular section, well, then another man who had been shown the route could lead them out.

The day after this had been done, Sunday, I think it was, sections were told they would be moving out. I knew where they were being sent. To the swamps at Batapoetie where the Kittyhawks were. What a place to send men ill equipped for such a place. One of the worst places on the island. Rotten with flies in the day and millions of mossies in the night. Very few mosquito nets amongst the boys, and the water down in the area was scarce and not of the best quality. Not quite rotten and not for from it.

I wondered at the time why we were being sent in that direction. I wasn't left long wondering. My section was all doaded up with packs, rifles and ammunition, ready to move out when Ron Mears who had been Don R at Capt. Van Sweetman's house since arriving at Atamboea, came up and told me I was wanted at the house immediately with my gear.



There I was interviewed by Capt. Neave and asked would I be prepared to go with the Brig. and party and if necessary fight to the death for him if we ran into Japs? Which ever crowd I went with it didn't matter much, so I said I would be in it. I owed all this to Laurie Ross who had spoken to Capt. Neave about it and he in turn had spoken to Capt. Arnold who had given his consent which made the party as follows: Brig. Veal, Capt. Arnold, Capt. Neave, Staff Sgt. Laurie Ross, Sapper Tom Thick, Sapper Les Moule, Pte. Joe Young Arnold's batman, Pte. Jim Clout Brig's batman, Lance Cpl. Cam Robertson, Pte. Col Mackenzie, Pte. Ron Mears, and Pte. Ron Trengrove—12 of us altogether.

It was nearly sunset when the last section moved out past the house and Brig. Veal waved them goodbye. We just walked around until it was time to get some sleep and be waked up for our turn on guard in front of the house.

We all arose very soon after midnight and had breakfast and coffee. Then we proceeded to do the trucks over, by over I mean letting the oil out of the sump and water from the radiators then starting the motors up and letting them seize up. You can't imagine the din that was caused unless you have heard a motor seize up. If you have imagine 25 or 30 trucks with throttles half out racing engines until the pistons seized.

I must go back a couple of days to tell you about Loss, one of our sigs. from Chumpalong who had been left behind. He walked from the latter to Soe, some 40 odd miles, and got there too late to catch us again, and was driven from Soe to the bridge our engineers had blown up where he was let down by a rope to the bottom of the gorge and then hauled up the other side where some of our chaps had been sent back from Atamboea to pick him up. It took 2½ hours to get down and up this place so will give you some idea of the trouble it must have caused the Japs.

On Loss's arrival at Atamboea he had to go and tell the Brig. and company all that he knew, and when he came out I was sitting in the ute outside, and he said to me: "What happened to that wireless set that was put in your ute at Champalong?" I told him it was left at Soe. Loss walked away singing "I lost my hopes

on Blueberry Hill", a song which will always bring to my mind Loss and that wireless set. Loss had got Australia on that set which was supposed to only reach about 30 miles in its wave length.

We moved out from Atamboea at 4 o'clock in the morning in a truck up the old Dilli road. Stopped to disable the wireless set, then turned off and went as far as we could in the truck, and then transferred our gear to a couple of horses we had managed to get. We went as far as the road went and then two of us were sent on ahead to scout and when we reported all O.K. we moved on, each man of us loaded down under more than we could carry. The lower ranks were not allowed to throw anything away. I eventually got rid of a spare bayonet. Capt. Arnold threw his rifle away as soon as we got out of the truck, hence the spare bayonet. I had to carry that but as I have no love for a bayonet I got rid of it at the first opportunity.

The Brig. was going to throw his rifle away, thinking the same as Arnold, that a revolver was enough hardware for him, but Capt. Arnold said: No, he had better keep it, which we all were very amused at. The Brig. kept it.

After a bit it was decided that I should stay hidden with all the gear while the rest of them moved on and found a place to camp for the night. They were away about five hours in which a couple of times I got the jitters and thought I saw Japs but they turned out to be Aussies, and the next lot were Javanese going bush.

Capt. Neave, Laurie and Cam came back just when I was quite convinced I had been ditched. I'll never forget that first night or day. When I got to the camp they had selected my legs were jelly. We had walked up a dry river bed with great stones that one finds in the Nepean River in New South Wales and what with stumbling along up this river leading a stubborn horse and a great pack that seemed to be stuffed with lead, I was in no condition to fight a snail that evening.

It was dark when we got to the camp where tea had been prepared for us. We had taken as much tin food as we could put on the horses and we could carry in our packs. We went to bed that night very tired.

Capt. Arnold took one of the guards that night and very pleased everyone was because that meant a few minutes less for each one of us.

We arose early next morning and after breakfast and we had packed everything together on horses and ourselves we set off once more. It was easy to see now why the others had been sent to the north coast and us making for the south coast. 260 odd men being sacrificed for the sake of one man. The reasoning was this that if the Japs got into Atamboea very soon they would find out from the natives which way the men had gone and would go after the big party rather than the small one. It's nice when you think of it. One man was supposedly worth roughly 260 men, because he was a Brigadier. A similar story to Malaya.

They didn't think to get Lt.-Col. Anderson out. The man who really knew what the Japs were like and who hadn't sat at a table to visualise how they fought.

Likewise Lt. Sharman, of the 2/40th Btn. who knew by practical experience how they fought. Why wasn't he taken instead of Capt. Neave or Arnold or even the Brig.? None of these three had any idea what a Jap was like even to look at except in all probability that they were supposed to wear glasses and had buck teeth.

Sixty of those men or thereabouts were later caught by the Japs and everyone of those who had fought their way through the Jap lines at Koepang, Baboe and Penfoie were caught. Good battle experienced men.

People wonder why I am so bitter against untried officers who didn't get the commissions in the battle field. In my opinion that's enough reason and I will give you some more reasons if I finish my story.

We had been walking on the flat all the previous day but were now about to go mountaineering and the tracks the natives used were made by mountain goats and our first climb was up about 4,000 feet. Climb, climb, climb, and here we were. We had been riding in trucks for 12 months and the walking we had done in 12 months was harmless.

We climbed all that day with frequent rests, and dinner. After lunch Cam and I went on ahead. When I say went on ahead I mean we staggered on with our packs on our back

and rifle, looking for horses to buy or, if possible, catch, but none could we buy, borrow, beg, or steal. Had we known what we knew some months later we would have taken what we wanted from the natives. Cam and I walked many a weary mile of the track that day, climbing and crawling up to native huts and villages without success.

Later on the rest of the party caught us up and Les Moule and Tom Thick went ahead and had all the luck.

We stopped by a fast mountain stream, had a bath and tea and by then it was dark. Tom and Les came back after dark with the good news that they had struck some Javanese soldiers in a native village who had persuaded the native chief to lend them as many horses as we wanted which was 11. Capt. Neave, Les, Cam, Col. Joe and myself went on up in the dark to this village for the rest of the night.

When we awoke in the morning I for one got a surprise to find what a natural fort we were in. Two huge boulders were facing out towards Atamboea and overlooking the track and behind us was clear open space also sloping away and in the village plenty of big rocks to get out of the way of rifle fire and return same. I would have been quite willing to have stopped there with the Javanese boys.

The rest of the party arrived early and we had something to eat. A boiled egg and some bully beef.

We then put all the gear on the Timor ponies and it was here that I really saw how good these horses really were. Up and down the narrow mountain tracks with these great loads and never a stumble or a falter in their steady gait. Nose to tail plodding along with a native to each horse.

We descended from our home of the night before. It reminded me of a Zane Grey story and still does. It was grassy and tree dotted this side of the mountain and away in front of us stretched more mountains and valleys. The mountains immediately in front of us were barren and seemed like old volcanoes, but red clay was their main composition, studded with small tufts of grass. Down the bottom of the mountain we had just come down there was a creek and on all sides were signs of soil erosion.

The track wound up this creek for

a little way, then crossed over and straight up the aforesaid volcanic looking mountain and I mean straight up. It was a goat track. The horses went up it though. We went up at a smart clip at first and were exhausted when we reached the top and the old Brig. sure felt the pull.

We went on after a spell up and down until we thought we would never get to our set destination which was a Chinese trading post for the natives. The Chinese had built a big bamboo hut, two in fact, which he called the Pashen Grande. We arrived there at dusk, tired and fed up, but after a great feed of rice, a boiled egg and some tinned herrings we got off the Chow we went to bed and slept well.

The natives call the Chinese on the island Sheena, meaning, of course, China. Next morning we again set off and we had a great climb up, and what a climb up and up until I thought we would never reach the top. We did however, and after a rest, while we drank some coconut milk and the boys ate some bananas which natives brought out, we moved on again still going up. We stopped frequently and had some coconut milk and bought eggs from natives who offered them when we passed through their villages, also chickens.

I don't remember now whether we reached the first Portuguese fort this day or the next but I know we got our first view of Portuguese territory this day. We walked along the ridge of a clear mountain and it was a lovely view. We had valleys and mountains on all sides and

across to our left was the Fort Lebos but we had to go around another mountain and over a ridge upon which we got our view of the sea that stretched away to Darwin and then the sea behind us where the Japs had full command of Java, Sumatra, Bali and all those other islands.

We wondered what was going on. Whether Darwin had yet been attacked and invaded.

We sat below this ridge for a fair while looking and a great crowd of natives gathered around us.

We got to Lebos after Capt. Neave had gone up with Jim Clout and had a look see. There was no one there except the old native telephone operator. We took up residence in this place which was built like a fort such as one sees in the Foreign Legion pictures. It had walls about three feet thick with great sloping sides outside and a path or concrete ridge inside for the guard to walk around and the wall was loopholed like around the parapets or ramparts of an old English castle.

The entire structure was built up high with steps on one side and a ramp some 75 yards long to the front.

These great structures had been built because of the native uprisings in the early settlement of the island.

It was at this point our party joined up with the lads of the 2nd Ind. Coy., and from there on my experiences were their experiences.

(Thanks Ron for many columns of enjoyment. —Editor.)

## TIMOR MEMORIAL FUND:

Please return those Pledges as soon as possible and send along your Donations. These are **URGENTLY REQUIRED** so that we can meet our commitments as they arise

## DECEMBER MEETING:

This will be our final meeting for the year and will be a **BUCKS' NIGHT**. We will take the opportunity of presenting the Calcutt Memorial Trophy to this year's winner.

## Victorian Vocal Venturings

Must apologise for lack of news this year as Olive's mother who had been very ill since the beginning of the year passed away last August, and it was not possible for us to go to some of the outings.

However on Sunday, Oct. 1, at Bachus Marsh a barbecue was held and a very enjoyable day was had by those present—Kevin Curran and wife, Bluey Sargent and family, Johnny Southwell and family, Jim Robinson and family, Bert Tobin and family, Jim Wall and family (Jim only returned from the West that same day, but still made it), and George Kennedy. My spies tell me that there was a bit of football kicking going on and the Curran showed some of the old form, also the Robinson girls were kicking it further than some of the boys.

We held our annual Cup Sweep drawing on Thursday, Nov. 2, at No. 2 Commando Drill Hall. The following were present: Bert Tobin, Alan Munro, Jim Wall, George Kennedy, Alex Boast, Jack Renehan, Gerry McKenzie, George Robinson, Alf Grachan, Bill Tucker and two friends, Jim Robinson, Mam Smith, Johnny Southwell, Wally Wordie, Paddy Wilbey and self. We had a very good night and the Commando boys came in and joined us after their parade as usual. The sweep, judging by the big box full of butts, looks as though it will be a huge success, and when drawn it was noticed that the N.S.W. boys got their share of horses.

It was very pleasing to see Jack Renehan once again looking very fit and carrying a good bit of weight. He was asking if anyone has seen or heard of Mick Wellings. So if anybody who reads this can give us any information on Mick it would be appreciated.

Paddy Wilby was a welcome visitor also down from Queensland on a spot of leave. Looked very lean but he assures me he was feeling very fit and passes his best wishes on to all the boys.

Mam Smith tells me he has joined the bludgers brigade and is working for the Board of Works as a clerk but wishes everybody to know that he is not to be held responsible for

the lack of rain and the water restrictions that have been imposed on us so early.

Alex Boast wishes to have his latest address registered on the "Courier" mailing list. He now resides at Flat 2, 26 Pearson St., Nth. Brighton.

There was a lot of interest shown in the plans of the proposed Memorial in Timor which we had out on display and I would strongly recommend that you return your donations to this very worthy memorial as quickly as possible to show that we are right behind it.

Well, fo'ks, that is all the news I have for the moment.

Just remembered, George Shields from Bowen, Queensland, was down here recently doing a course at Mt. Macedon. He rang me asking for Jack Renehan's address. I couldn't help him but he managed to get onto Jack and they had a great time together.

So until next time cheerio and I take this opportunity to wish you all a very Happy Christmas and all the best for 1968.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

## Heard This?

The hillbilly father was furious. "Which one of you pushed the outhouse into the creek," he asked. "Me, paw," spoke up Zeke.

"Wal, boy, come into the woodshed. I'm gonna tan your hide good."

"But, paw," countered young Zeke, "George Washington's paw didn't lick him when he told the truth."

"Maybe not," replied the father, "but when George cut down the cherry tree, his old man wasn't sittin' in the branches."

Write to Your Editor:

Col Doig,  
Box T1646,  
G.P.O., PERTH.

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## Random Harvest

**RAY AITKEN, writes from Darwin:**

Just a line or two to let you know that I'm well on my way. Will not know whether my passport has arrived from Sydney until TAA office opens this morning. However Pat Luz says not to worry. I'll get there in any case, he says.

Yesterday he took me down to Adelaide River to see the Memorial. We went in the afternoon so we missed the service. I found the set-up rather unusual as I'm unfamiliar with how the War Graves Commission worked. I found only one actual headstone which reads: VX30708, Corporal K. J. Richards, 2/2nd Ind. Coy, 3 Feb. 1943. Age 22. His duty nobly done on Timor.

The main honour roll has no mention of Mitchell or Waller or indeed Knight or Ewan. These last two may have presented special difficulties.

Here is the Roll as it appears:  
2nd Ind. Coy.:

Staff Sgts.:

VX41872, Walker J. W. E.

L. Sgts.:

VX38419 Chiswell G. A.

Cpls.:

WX8341, Simpson J. E.

Pts.:

WX12316 Airey D. H.

WX191 Alexander R. G.

WX10460 Alford F. J.

VX34811 Chalmers R. S. R.

WX12318 Crowder F. T.

WX8339 Hogg K. T.

WX12342 Lane A. J.

WX13354 Marriott H. W.

WX7906 Murray R. H.

WX12342 Pollard J.

WX5537 Smeaton A.

WX12840 Smith F. C.

WX10955 Stanton C. H.

VX33731 Swift R. R.

Yesterday, Remembrance Day, service was attended by everybody and their mother including the Administrator. Sorry I didn't make it. Pat got his times wrong.

Will try to keep some sort of diary of the trip as it may be of use to you. Have to work with Pat on names today. Many of those supplied by Joe are kaput having left the island. Even the Army C.O. is no longer there.

Please tell John that Atsabe Erncarnacao is Deolindo's brother as I

suggested. It's only his Porto accent which is at fault. When Deolindo renders his name in English he spells it Erncarnacion. Re Deolindo—please see that he gets an Address Book. This bloke can be of great future use to us and indeed intends to be. He has just never been aware before that there was an easy way of renewing contact. He is dead serious about attending our next dinner and he and Pat Luz can be very good friends to us indeed.

Off to the island tomorrow.

Regards to all the boys.

**PETER BARDEN, of 6GN Geraldton, W.A., writes:—**

The most important news from "Where the North Begins" concerns a Double Red Diamond personality, Eric Smyth. This well-known Geraldton accountant hit the headlines (and, of course, my radio news bulletins) when as a Legacy representative he raised the most money in a "Walkathon" conducted by the Apex Club to help a fund which is aimed at providing an olympic swimming pool. Eric clearly illustrated the toughness of 2/2 Commando types by walking 36 mile to earn \$1,096.20 from the various sponsors he obtained. Hearty congratulations from us all, Eric. (They tell me you were "fresh as a daisy" when you finished.) With 249 participants, representative of 35 organisations and with about 3,000 individual sponsors the "Walkathon" was an unqualified success. Over \$9,000 was raised and more than \$6,000 will go to the pool fund. They certainly rear them tough at Geraldton—7 year old Debbie McCamish walked six miles without any apparent effort, while 59 year old Ewart Jones displayed stamina of a high order for a "collar and tie" type by handling 24 miles.

Have seen quite a lot of Nip Cunningham lately and he appears to be "in the pink". His youngest daughter, Francine, is now nursing in Perth after having been in the news some time ago when she was made a Queen's Guide, the highest award in the Guiding Movement. His other daughter, Jan (Mrs. Allan Johnson) was also in the news recently winning both first and second prizes for

decorated cakes and first prize for duck eggs at the Northampton Show.

Saw Gerry Edwards today and he said he would like to thank those who called on him at Hollywood Hospital. Gerry has been having a tough spin and underwent a major operation on his latest visit. Keep up the old chin, Gerry. They can't keep a good man down.

Had the pleasure of the company of Bruss Fagg at the R.S.L. Re-Union Dinner at Geraldton. Bruss spent quite some time in hospital in Perth with his leg complaint and has been told to let up on the hard work. He had been working long hours with the Water Supply Dept. at Northampton, but says he's definitely going to take his doctor's advice. Bruss was in good spirits at the R.S.L. Re-union—his only regret was that illness had interfered with his job as property man for the Northampton Football Club, which, incidentally, won both the "A" grade and "Thirds" premierships of the Great Northern League and was runner-up in the "Seconds".

Irish Hopkins, of Morawa, hit the front page of the local newspaper recently. He was pictured feeding detonation wiring into a drill hole at the iron ore mine at Koola Nooka in preparation for a "big bang".

As a selector of the Great-Northern Football League, "Yours Truly" is at present enjoying a round of wind-up dinners. There's no doubt about it—as far as good fellowship is concerned, there's nothing like a footie get-together and the post mortems which invariably predominate the discussions (but, wow, things are a bit heavy next morning).

We're very proud of our football set-up: seven "A" grade teams (including four in Geraldton itself), eight "Seconds" teams (including St. Pat's College), eight "Thirds" teams and eight "Nippers" teams. Next year we're going to have a crack at the Country Championships in Perth (the last time we competed we won both our games but were eliminated on percentages).

Well, must be away for now, as it's time for my regional news. Kind regards to all the boys.

**BERNIE CALLINAN, of 380 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne Vic., writes**

Here is a contribution to the Timor Memorial Appeal.

The design is excellently appropriate and I hope you can push ahead with it.

I, and I am sure many others, will watch the appeal and it will not be allowed to fail.

All good wishes.

**MADGE FIELD, of "Tara", 3 Palmerston Place, Seaforth, N.S.W., 2092, writes:—**

In sending the attached cheque as a small contribution to the stamp box I would ask you to record a change of address from Taylors Point to the above. I am not sure whether Robert has advised you of the move, but as the "Courier" is still being addressed to our former home it would appear that he missed out on this.

Robert is at present en route to Hong Kong, Taiwan and Japan, and will not be home until early December. I have just received a letter from him in which he mentions his stay in Port Moresby. He took the opportunity of visiting the cemetery, of which he writes: "It is very beautifully kept and the flowers are a picture—however it is also a sad and lonely place where many good lads rest."

I am waiting on news from Jack Hartley re next year's Safari, and if Robert is in Sydney at the time we shall certainly pull our weight.

With best wishes and apologies for upsetting the Address Book.

**DIXIE BENSON, of 13 Cranbourne Road, Frankston, Vic., writes:—**

Am writing to let you know that my husband, John Frederick Benson, late 2/2 Commando, died last Aug. 18. Apparently you were not aware of this and your paper is still arriving and by my letting you know of his passing will save further postal costs.

I know there are a few mates of the war years living over in the West who would be shocked to know of his passing so perhaps you would like to mention same in your paper. You have my consent to do so. He is sadly missed here. He left behind two daughters, Joy, 20 years, and Shirley, 11 years. He was father to my three sons who are all married with the result of our being fond grand parents of five grandchildren including twins.

He was active right up to the time of entering hospital presumably



to have an ulcer (stomach) operation but the resultant finding was cancer.

I have been allotted a war widow's pension and am trying to obtain a home through war service.

John was active in the sporting world. He was vice president of the Frankston V.F.A. Club and was instrumental in the football team transferring from local football up to the V.F.A. He played, and was to continue on playing with the R.S.L. cricket team.

He had a good contracting (electrical) business but of course I have to close this down as I am afraid I am not equipped to handle anything like it.

So with closing one of your papers have arrived and I see that my cousin, Mrs. Brown, had told you of our sad loss. I will still forward this on as maybe the little bit of history might be of interest to you.

**HAPPY GRENNHALGH, of P.O. Maclean, N.S.W., 2463, writes:—**

Please find enclosed my donation towards the Timor Memorial. I sincerely hope that I may be able to get over there to see it being handed over to the people concerned.

No news of any consequence from these parts. All the local menaces like Ron Orr and company are keeping low. I think they're all putting in some solid practice with the April shindig in view. Taking a line through the 1956 Melbourne event and the one in 1962 over there it should be some event. I have taken steps to try and get my leave organised so as to be down either in Melbourne or Sydney or perhaps both. Time will tell.

Give my regards to the boys in the West.

**THEO ADAMS, of Box 2, Goroka, New Guinea, writes:—**

Thought yourself and the boys may like to read the copy of this local paper. The photostat copy of "Guinea Gold" is of interest I think.

Still receiving the "Courier". Nice to know how the boys are going.

You may correct the present address of mine, and if possible air-mail my copy of the "Courier", sea mail takes a long time.

The country up here is becoming more and more civilized as the years go by.

Regards to all.

**J. P. KENNEALLY, of 28 Wilkins Street, Yagoona, writes:—**

The "Courier" arrived today, and as I have nothing to do at present, I'd better jump right in and return that pledge for the Timor Memorial. All the particulars are on the form.

Work is very patchy at present. I put a couple of weeks in up at Newcastle. Noel Buckman, Des Isenhood and myself had an afternoon and half a night out, quite enjoyable. To clear the cobwebs I put a few hours solid work behind me next day (Sunday). I have great faith in a cold shower, a bottle of milk and plenty of hard yakka to get rid of that morning after feeling.

Buck looks well. He is working for the P.W.D. on Ash Island (a future industrial site on the Hunter River). He has enough earthmoving equipment at his beck and call to set him up in the earthmoving business.

Complained there wasn't enough work for the machinery on the job at this stage. He's put in roads and railways and looks like being there for a while yet, and a dreary old place Ash Island is. Of course Buck only puts in his working time there. His leisure is at the Stockton Bowling Club. His home is not far from that. Plenty of sea breezes. The drawl is still there, but Buck just isn't as keen as he was and that applies to us all. He looks well. I reckon you'll see him at the Safari.

Des Isenhood is just as broad as ever in the shoulders with a pair of arms as thick as telegraph poles. He's a busy man running his own trucking business. Does most of his work for the Education Dept. He had a trip to Japan recently. Was impressed with Japan but glad to get back to Newcastle. He's talking about a trip to Honolulu next. I'll bet Irene doesn't let him out of her sight too long up there. Iren (Des' wife) reckons the Japs were very poor competition. Des should also be down for the Safari. He wishes to be remembered to all No. 4 Section, particularly Norman Thornton and Keith Dignum.

Dignum—that name brings back memories. I see by his letter he's months behind in his correspondence. I agree whole heartedly with the scamp. So long since I heard from O.K. I thought he must have sailed away. I'll be writing him

shortly. His ears can start burning now.

Had I delayed this another week I'd have had more news. I'll be at the next meeting here. Sure to see the old faithfuls then and get a bit of news.

My father sailed off on his last voyage on Oct. 11. Just eight days before his 86th birthday. It took a lot to finally put paid to his body and spirit, a stroke and double pneumonia. He had a hard life but a good one and enjoyed amazingly good health right up to the last. Many a good laugh I enjoyed with him. We saw more of each other over the last 15 years than all my previous life. He'd given up wandering and working then. I'd given up wandering and for once in our lives we were sharing the same city, week in, week out for 15 years. I miss him, but I'm glad he didn't survive the stroke. May God rest him.

All the best to the Association. A merry Christmas and happy New Year to you and all the members, wherever they may be.

**SNOWY WEIR, of 2 Wonderland Avenue, Bondi, N.S.W., writes:—**

As I write my first letter thoughts drift to safarists and of the nostalgia which will draw them, as it did me, last autumn, to the southern most projection of the mainland, Wilsons Promontory.

These are excerpts I made from notes written at the time.

So down through the mountains to disturb the Sunday slumbers of Meeniyah and Fish Creek and a final drive through the scrub covered hills until, there before, unfolds the choppy expanse of Corner Inlet, the isthmus, and in the distance the blue, bold risings of the Promontory now there, now gone behind the cloud encapements and again to re-appear 2,000 feet and more high.

Across the plains where wonderments of pasture improve had turned the scrub of ti-tree of the heathlands into fertile of soldier settlement. A waste but a few years gone and now the neatness of prosperity; to bear witness, the fat lambs, cows in full milk and rounded steers. Yet a few patches of scrub with epacris, pink in bloom, native roses and boronias, so very early. Thence to the swamps and on both sides the sea then through the gates of the reserve past

the ranger's hut and a halt at the foundations of the old base camp and orderly room.

Here memory prevailed as, with the war half done, on a time basis only, I began my Commando days and I was anxious to see what had happened since those autumn and winter moons a quarter century before. These isolated camps in the wilds, their fellowships in the bright days and cold nights were all so new, so remote from the tropics of Ceylon, the holdings in Syria and so soon before the snowy retreats in Crete and Greece and before again the arid ferocity of nature in the Western Desert and of the mortal blows of man exchanged on that dusty arena.

A climb over the mountains through showers, to Derby and then over the saddle then down to the Tidal River. Behind was Latrobe, 2,400 feet high, rugged monster, green clad with bony fingers of dead gums, fire victims, piercing the clouds and then, a-sudden, the sun to wash the gaunt slopes with winter gold. Over there, Oberon, not quite so high, a rounded mass of tree and stone and atop our old friend the trig sign of punishment station memories.

I drove to roads end and gazed into the distance toward the light-house. Out to sea, rising out of scudded cloud, to flash in the sun, the Glennie and Anser Islands, fat, lazy whales now aglisten, now submerged in a white wreath of cloud. There the golden strips of sand lining the surf where you swam, like it or not, since this was Commando country.

To Sparkes lookout; half an hour's walk the sign post said; the years have gone but why not! So up and on through arched trees, gums then oaks with a mat of needles to absorb all sound. Wrens and honey eaters note my presence while gangangs black and white and red crested, crunch gum nuts but a few feet away. A shiny brown wallaby watches with open curiosity and you sense the total lack of fear in this rugged preserve where the gun is forbidden.

A long last steep climb up to the bare rocks of the lookout from whence stretches the glorious vista of mountains behind, down to the

flats and out to sea where kindly nature had shone sun to illumine the beaches, bejewel the isles and beyond the distances of Bass Strait.

Surgeon Lieutenant George Bass sighted and rounded this most interesting promontory in the January of 1798 and gave his name to these straits. Here the ships must wide sweep on their way north and to the Pacific. There is constant danger in these waters, recent news to prove, but today they are placid with ever the alternates of cloud down thrusting to sea and then withdrawing to leave the brightness again to light this scenery of delight.

You will be very pleased with the natural preserves of this rugged reserve, of the controlled order of Tidal River and of the quiet dignified simplicity of the obelisk with its embellishment of diamonds; all double, with colours ranging from green through to white.

Here were nurtured the friendships in other days where the holiday maker now rules. From here came the troops shaped into Commandos—the Monks and Hassons, the Campbells, Morgans, Doigs, hosts more—and an occasional Joe Poynton. The ghosts must surely be pleased with the setting for their memorial.

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**DECEMBER MEETING:**  
**THIS TUESDAY — DECEMBER 5th**  
**ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT**

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**THE PRESIDENT AND THE EDITOR**  
**WISH YOU ALL**

**A**

**MERRY**

**XMAS**

**AND THE VERY BEST IN 1968**

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**TIMOR MEMORIAL FUND:**

Please return those Pledges as soon as possible and send along your Donations. These are **URGENTLY REQUIRED** so that we can meet our commitments as they arise

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