

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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COMING EVENTS FREMANTLE CONVENTION

SEPTEMBER 18th, 19th, 20th, 1990

Members who intend booking accommodation at the Trade Winds Hotel (09) 339 8188 are asked to do so without delay

For particulars re rates etc. refer to your June Courier.

ITINERARY

DAY 1. TUESDAY, 18th SEPTEMBER:

Sightseeing tour of Fremantle which includes meeting the Mayor, and a luncheon at Cicerellos.

DAY 2. WEDNESDAY, 19th SEPTEMBER

Guided tour of the Garden Island Naval Base, including a barbecue lunch.

Bus leaves the Trade Winds at 9.30am.

Evening is free.

DAY 3. THURSDAY, 20th SEPTEMBER

Morning: Three hour river trip on the Swan.

Vessel leaves East Street Jetty at 10.00am

Afternoon: Free.

Evening: Wind-up social at the Trade Winds Hotel commencing at 6.30pm.

John Poynton has prepared two tour guides of the Fremantle City area, which should be of great benefit for Members.

A GOOD CONVENTION IS ASSURED SO BE IN IT!

MENS ANNUAL DINNER

**Friday, October 19 at the Lions Club Hall, Park Road, Mandurah,
commencing at 11.00am**

TOO GOOD TO MISS!

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

TUESDAY, 22nd MAY, 1990

There were 21 members at this important meeting and 9 apologies were received.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP was bestowed on two of our outstanding country members, Stan and Charlie Sadler, by President Archie Campbell. He eulogised the contribution both had made to our Association over the years with their invaluable support and that of their wives, Blanche and Mavis. All members wish them good luck and plenty of years ahead to enjoy the comradeship of our grand Association. Congratulations on a well deserved honour.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

President	Don Turton
Vice President	John Poynton
Secretary	Jack Carey
Treasurer	John Poynton
Editor	Archie Campbell
Warden	George Fletcher
Auditor	John Burrridge

COURIER COMMITTEE

Archie Campbell	Len Bagley
Gavin Bagley	Betty Illsley

COMMITTEE

All of the above plus: Colin Doig, John Fowler, Wilv March, Jim Smailes, George Bayliss, Dick Darrington, Les Halse, Ralph Finklestein, plus any member who wishes to attend.

COUNTRY VICE PRESIDENTS

Goldfields-Esperance	Peter Campbell
Northern	Peter Barden
Midlands	Reg Harrington
South Coast	Bill Rowan-Robinson
South West	Clarrie Turner
Mandurah	Joe Poynton

RETURNING OFFICER: Our thanks to Ray Aitken for his efficient handling of this facet of our meeting.

OUR PRESIDENT. HAIL DON TURTON!

It took a long time for Don to agree to filling this position for he has been so busy organising his Keysbrook property.

Don will bring to the position a great deal of expertise with his tidy mind and organising ability. The Association can only progress further and prosper in every direction accordingly. His eulogy to our late esteemed member, Jerry Haire, was a classic example of his wisdom, dignity and ability to put everything into its right perspective.

Welcome Don, we are lucky beyond compare and moreso to have Vida along with you. We pledge our full support in all your undertakings.

Archie Campbell

PRESIDENT'S REPORT 1989-90

Members of the 2/2 Commando Association.

The 12 months taking us into the 90s has been one full of interest made possible by the loyal support of each and every member. I would like to thank you all for your interest which has been the hallmark of our Association right across Australia.

What a programme of events was organised for the West Australian Branch, and the response to them was first class.

Geraldton Country Convention was an outstanding success, efficiently organised by Peter and Joan Barden, ably supported by Tom and Mary Foster, Eric and Margaret Weller, Nip Cunningham, Bluey and Edith Prendergast, with Bruss Fagg lending his support. Small in numbers, big in endeavour, it was indeed an enjoyable experience, further cementing the great friendship of members who attended. The people of Geraldton were kindness personified, adding lustre to a great Country Convention.

Mid-Year Social goes from strength to strength. If ever there was a right decision made, this function is a perfect example. One word covers it — outstanding!

Annual Reunion Luncheon was again a highlight of our activities, confined to the men of the Association. It was, as usual, a time for reminiscing, taking a walk down memory lane, making sure our friendship remains rock solid — a much looked forward to function.

Commemoration Service held in Honour Avenue, Lovekin Drive, Kings Park, is our most important day and members rallied to our Memorial in record numbers — 130 were present. It was a heart warming experience. The area was manicured and is a real tribute to the Kings Park Board and we thank them for their ready co-operation. George Fletcher does a noble job as our Warden and we are indebted to him for his long and dedicated contribution.

Christmas Social is a misnomer, it should be "Christmas Delight." It is a real Christmas present to us all, so much do we enjoy every minute of mingling with each other and the ladies really put the icing on the cake, so sprinkled with happy, bubbling members. The Christmas spirit truly lives as does the message "Peace and goodwill towards mankind."

Barossa Safari climaxed the year and what a tremendous show it was. We are indebted to our South Australian team, led by Keith Dignum, for their excellent organisation. A full report appeared in the June Courier of an event that captured the imagination right across Australia. Long live Safari as a means of bringing us together at least every two years.

Colin Doig's Unit History continues to be in great demand and the Association is deeply appreciative of the gesture by Colin to augment our finances to a remarkable degree.

The Courier continues to be our communication lifeline and has had a real face lift by being computer oriented, courtesy of Len Bagley's son Gavin, who has streamlined our Courier production. The Courier team, Len Bagley, Betty Illsley and Archie Campbell have done a fine job indeed. The work of Gerry and Mary McKenzie who have moved off the Courier team due only to Gerry's indifferent health, must be recorded. Thank you for the many years you have contributed to getting the Courier on the road.

New Address Book was an achievement by a handful of people, Gavin Bagley, Len Bagley, Keith Hayes, Betty Illsley. Set in train by Len, supported by Betty, with Gavin supplying the computer know-how and Keith tying up the production side, saw it come to life ready for Australia wide distribution. Special thanks to Peter Eps for his almost unbelievable alacrity in getting the Address Books circulated to all points of the compass. Team work is ever present in the 2/2nd and this was never more fully demonstrated than in this exercise. Our warm thanks to you all.

Jack Carey is a Secretary unsurpassed in any service organisation — his long years of service have in no way diminished his efficiency. My particular thanks to Jack for his unswerving support in all areas and love to Delys for being so tremendously helpful. Members everywhere would applaud his sustained efforts over the years, he has served the 2/2 Commando Association faithfully and loyally.

John Poynton our high skilled Treasurer is of tremendous value to us, not only in the fiscal field, but over the whole operation of the Association. John's Attention to detail in the accounting, handling and disbursement of our funds is par excellence. We are blessed to have a Treasurer with such ability and our love goes to Gloria in her supporting role.

Our Committee augments two such outstanding members. They turned up in numbers on a regular basis, weighed in with solid ideas and were prepared to accept responsibility when required. All members are deeply appreciative

of the contribution they have made to the Association in this year 1989-90.

RSL Headquarters in Anzac House have our sincere thanks for enabling us to hold our monthly meetings in their Club, plus our social activities, and the first class catering provided. It is good to have a home with such facilities.

Special Air Services Regiment and the 2/2nd continue the tight links that have been established over the years. The C.O., Lt.Col. Jim Wallace, his officers and men, are a great bunch and we thank them for the support they so willingly give us. To be recognised by such an elite group is indeed an honour.

Our Members are the lifeblood of our existence, they make up the happy family that exists throughout Australia and who, in their separate states, meet on a consistent basis, thus keeping the foundation of the Association unbreakable. To all members, their wives, their families, our widows, may God bless you always.

My personal thanks to you all for having me as your President for the year 1989-90. I am deeply honoured and most humble to have served in this position. I wish all the good luck in the world to my successor and can assure him of my continued support.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL
President

MID-YEAR SOCIAL

This wonderful event seems to grow in popularity each year, and we have to thank Norma Hasson who originally suggested we hold such a social. The weather proved to be most kind and there was no reason for anyone to stay away on this account.

Thanks to Terry Paull who arranged for a bus to come from Mandurah, the denizens of that recently proclaimed city turned up in wonderful numbers. Even Gordon Barnes and his good wife Chloe made it for the first time for ages. Hardly knew 'Barney' as he did not have a hand rolled fag hanging out of his side lip. Reckons he turned up the nicotine habit some time ago but hasn't convinced Chloe of the necessity to give the fags away. There is not doubt, when Mandurah turn up in droves the party is always an assured success.

John Poynton was grinning like a cow in a cabbage patch as the personnel filed past the cash box. John reckons he doesn't care if it's Mrs Chisholm or the Queen on the new \$5 note as long as they roll through his bankers hands and of course in Association coffers.

2/2 COMMANDO ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Payments for the year ended 31 January 1990

RECEIPTS	\$	\$	PAYMENTS	\$	\$
BALANCES FORWARD AT 1/2/89			GOVERNMENT CHARGES		
Working Account	(700.08)		F.I.D. and F.D.T.		18.50
Imprest Account	100.00		ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSES		
Savings Invest A/c	4962.51		Rent Box GPO	70.00	
Debentures T & C Building Society	10,885.71	15,248.14	Stationery and Postage	79.50	149.50
INTEREST RECEIVED			SUNDRIES		
Working Account	11.22		Subs — Aust CDO Assoc.	20.00	
Savings Invest A/c	371.97		Subs — RSL Listening Post	15.00	
Debentures T & C	1,209.47		Donations — Viet. Veterans	250.00	
	1,592.66		Donations — T.B. Legacy	50.00	
Less Alloc to States	1,581.00	11.66	Wreaths — Anzac Day	50.00	
COURIER			Wreaths — Deceased Members	56.20	441.20
Donations for the year	3,927.00		ADDRESS BOOK		
Less Costs Printing, Postage, etc	4,360.26	(433.26)	450 @ \$2.46 each		1,106.50
There were seven issues in this accounting period.					
C. D. DOIG BOOK					
(Stock: 39 @ \$20 = \$780	1,153.50				
Less printing, etc	1,272.50	(119.00)			
SALE OF TIES					
(Stock: 10 @ \$8 = \$80		21.00			
ASSOCIATION EVENTS					
Loss for the year		(168.40)			
Less printing, etc		(119.00)			
SALE OF BADGES					
Less Purchases	55.00				
(Stock: Life member 47	345.00	(290.00)			
Ordinary 48 @ \$5 = \$240			BALANCES AS AT 31 JANUARY, 1990		
S.A.S. SAFARI			Working Account	3,025.27	
Bus Trans.	3,850.00		Imprest Account	100.00	
Less payment Deposits	650.00	3,200.00	Savings Inv. Account	1,534.26	
			Debentures T. & C.	11,094.91	15,754.44
					17,470.14
		17,470.14			

The drinks flowed in true 2/2 style, especially a lady, who can comfortably look Tony Bowers and Mick Morgan in the eyeballs while wearing low heel shoes has got to be W.A.'s tallest stewardess. The beer tumbled from the jugs to the classes like a small cascade from Lesmurdie Falls.

Speaking of Tony and Mick, it was great to see them present and looking so well, especially Mick after all his big operations. Tony, wearing a turtle neck sweater, said he was short on ironed shirts. He went in to Perth's King Size Menswear shop to buy some shirts and the salesman said "This is a King Size not Elephant Size shop." He rapidly headed for the back of the shop before Tony could clobber him.

The ladies all looked in marvellous fettle and the dressing was something to lick the chops about.

Everyone did justice to the great meal provided by the R.S.L. Caretaker, a hot fish entree, choice of roast beef or steak and kidney pie, with hot vegetables, followed by sweets.

Len Bagley as M.C. introduced our recently elected President Don Turton who, in his maiden address as President, excelled himself in thanking everyone present and hoping they had an excellent day. He then called on Jack Carey to give a run down on forthcoming events. Jack, in his usual competent manner outlined the future Christmas party, the Commemoration Service, the Annual Dinner, to be held at Mandurah this year to repay those sturdy members for coming to Perth so well in the past, and the Convention to be held at Fremantle in September. John Poynton gave a fairly detailed account of events that would occur at this Fremantle Convention (for once this "Money Man" didn't mention costs — wonder why!). Then it was Col Doig's chance to put the assembly in the know of the recently re-published Jim Smailes narrative poems *"The Independents."* He pointed out the advantages of purchase of this little volume with an eye to giving it to the younger generation as a valuable keepsake.

Then the real business of friendliness took over, with large serves of ear bashing.

What a really marvellous day, only ending when Terry Paull advised that the Mandurah bus was due to leave. This signalled the break up of the gathering. Rumour has it that this was not quite the end for some of the Mandurah citizenry who, having arrived nearly home, made it to the Silver Sands Hotel.

VALE JERRY HAIRE

The 4th June, 1990 saw the passing of one of nature's greatest gentlemen in the person of Jerry Haire. A really humble, private and wonderful man has gone to his eternal rest. Everyone will agree that this world has never seen a better example of the true gentleman than Jerry Haire. He was so genuinely sincere in all that he did. He never had a hard word to say about anybody and was everyone's friend.

Jerry was really a most brilliant person but was so humble about his talent that few knew of his excellence. He was an outstanding teacher of the English subjects, having been English Master at that superb academy, Modern School, for many years, turning out great students year after year and then finally he became a tutor at Claremont Teachers College where again his talents were to bring outstanding results.

That is just some of the story. In sport he was up at the top of his particular sport. He held the State High Jumping Title for quite a few years before the War and was the Coach of John Winter when he won the High Jump Gold Medal at the London Olympic Games in 1948. In his spare time Jerry coached athletics at quite a few schools including Scotch College and Aquinas College, and helped many lads to major High School Titles.

Jerry joined the 2/2nd as an original, going to Wilsons Promontory with the original Cadre and, on completion of that course, became a Corporal with 6 Section 'B' Platoon with Ken Mackintosh. He served the Unit with great distinction in Timor and returned with several others to do an Officers Training School in South Australia. Why Jerry didn't get a commission before joining the 2/2nd I will never know, with his education and general ability. He was eventually commissioned but, because he was considered to be over age to be a Lieutenant in a Service Zone, he was transferred to the Allied Geographical Unit then based in Brisbane, and here his all round talents were used to great advantage in mapping and sundry other methods to plot the course of the War.

After demobilisation he returned to his teaching profession and served at Modern School for many many years.

Jerry married soon after the War ended and, with wife Norine and daughter Mary, lived at 59 Monk Street, South Perth for most of his married life. Unfortunately Norine was to predecease Jerry in January 1984.

Jerry Haire took a keen interest in the 2/2 Commando Association from the day of its formation and was among the early committee men until pressure of duties forced him to take a less arduous role until his

retirement from the Education Department. In latter years he returned to the Committee and was Vice President for year 1989. Jerry was made a Life Member of the Association in 1980. He was of great assistance in the early years of the 2/2 Commando Courier and his advice on the set up of our journal was of great significance, as can be imagined with his great knowledge of the English literature.

There was never a working bee conducted anywhere and especially at Kings Park, that Jerry did not attend, and work with a great will.

One of Jerry's last acts, in fact the last act for the Association, was to lead this year's Anzac Day March. His courageous effort in overcoming a partial collapse to finish the leadership of this March staggered all who saw this amazing effort. No one knew at that time that his health was so materially impaired.

Goodbye dear Jerry Haire. Everyone who came in any way under your influence is the better person for it. So goes a great but truly humble person to rest with the God he so revered.

Jerry Haire, gentleman supreme, great teacher and scholar, loving husband and father, brave soldier and remarkable citizen Vale.

I have lost another dear friend.

Col Doig

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to daughter Mary, Sister Anne and brother Jack.

FUNERAL SERVICE OF THE LATE JERRY HAIRE

On the 7th June 1990, after a Requiem Mass in South Perth, a grave-side service took place at Karrakatta Cemetery. The following acted as Pall Bearers: President Don Turton, Arch Campbell, Col Doig, Stan Payne, Tom Martin, Les Halse, Jack Carey, Bernie Langridge. John Fowler provided the Last Post and Reveille and Don Turton gave a Eulogy as follows:

"Friends. On the 31st January 1984 many of us here today met at this spot to pay our last tribute to a fine lady, Norine Haire. Today we are here again to farewell her loving husband, a great friend and mate to all of us, a wonderful father to Mary and a loved brother to Anne, Bridgette and Jack.

To view the number of you gathered here with sorrow in your hearts is testimony of the love and esteem we all hold for this man. He has left a record few of us can emulate. A quiet man, a distinguished man in his profession and in the state sporting arena.

Jerry was an exceptional, considerate and kind man. Never a harsh word passed his lips — never! But, notwithstanding his gentleness and peaceful nature, when Army duties demanded, he had the strength to steel himself and carry out those duties which made him a most reliable, efficient and trusted member of our Unit.

Jerry was Vice President of our Association and was to take the Chair this year, but regretfully withdrew his nomination. We now know why. His determination to take our Anzac Day March, and the strength he had to muster to complete it will forever be remembered by his Army mates.

My memories of Jerry go back sixty odd years when I was a little heathen in his first class, but even then when he had every excuse to chastise me, his nature beamed out friendship and help.

To Mary and members of the family go our deepest sympathy and love.

May I refer you to the last line of our Ode — "Les we forget."

*I can say we will never forget **Jerry Haire**.*

The following attended: Len Bagley, Betty Illsley, Tony Bowers, Arch Campbell, Jack Carey, Colin and Bonnie Criddle, Col Doig, Ron Dook, Jess Epps, George and Joan Fletcher, John Fowler, Doug Fullarton, Beryl Griffiths, Les Halse, Percy Hancock, Keith Hayes, Mick and Jean Holland, Bill and Elvie Howell, Don Hudson, Bernie Langridge, Tom Martin, Terry Paull, Stan and Barbara Payne, Joe Poynton, Gordon Rowley, Charlie and Mavis Sadler, Stan and Blanche Sadler, Bob Smyth, 'Dusty' Studdy, Don Turton, Roy Watson, Jack Wicks, Norm Nicolay (2/4th Squadron). An apology was received from Clarrie Turner.

Genuine sympathy was expressed to Mary Haire and other relatives.

VALE ERNEST (Willie) WILCOX

Members were deeply saddened to learn of the passing of Willie Wilcox on the 10th June 1990. Thank you Keith Wilson for conveying the news to us, it is much appreciated.

Willie was part of the Unit in their three campaigns of war. Originally he was a member of the Writer's No. 7 Section in Timor and from the outset proved to be a fine soldier and an acquisition to the Company.

At the tender age of 17 he was among the very young group coming as a reinforcement prior to the Japanese invasion. He was allocated to

7 Section 'C' Platoon after the tragic loss of the originals and he proved an excellent replacement, readily accepted by all for his sincerity, ability, humour and loyalty.

Time with the Unit showed that he was courageous, disciplined and ready to help his mates at the drop of a hat. These attributes were exemplified in the three campaigns, Timor, New Guinea, New Britain, and this young boy matured immensely, through the rigors of war and the mateship he experienced, into a fine young man. He had athletic prowess of no mean order and was at his best when there was any sign of a challenge.

We saw very little of Willie after the war but, like many others, he had to rebuild a life in civvy street, accept family responsibility which he did with distinction and his family loved him deeply, as Keith Wilson's letter conveyed.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to his wife and family in their sad loss of one so young, who had been subject to a heart complain for some years and put up a fight typical of his character. A special message of condolence goes from the heart of the Writer of this Vale to Willie Wilcox, soldier, man and friend.

Archie Campbell.

TIMOR MEMORIAL

EDITOR: Since the Association received the letter produced hereunder the Secretary, Jack Carey, has written to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Senator Gareth Evans, advising him that some restoration work has been done on the Memorial in recent months. Paddy Kenneally, on his recent trip to East Timor, visited the Memorial and reported it to be in a reasonable condition. He suggested further work needed to be done and his recommendations were conveyed to the Minister.

We thank Mr Spillett for his interest and assistance in connection with the Dare Memorial, it has been deeply appreciated by this Association.

Museums and Art Galleries of
the Norther Territory

P. G. Spillett, A.M.
History Department

Further to my letter of 16 December 1989 relating to the memorial to the Portuguese and Timorese people at Dare, Timor, I would like to let you know that I returned to Dili at the end of March this year.

On enquiring from a friend of mine — Arsenio Horta — a member of the House of Representatives for the Regency of Dili, about the state

of the memorial since I last complained about its neglect, he told me it had been restored so I determined to see for myself.

On arrival at Dare I inspected the memorial and was extremely surprised and really gratified to see that the memorial had not only been repaired and restored very well but had been cleaned and tidied up and was looking as good as new. Trees had been planted and the grass cut and no weeds were evident. The two unwanted military plaques had been removed, the water was running freely and the pool was being used by mobs of kids and adults resting, as was intended.

I sat with friends enjoying the view and delighting in the happy friendliness of the people relaxing there. One young lad by the name of Bernadino, no more than 14 or 15 years old was the 'Curator' for the local headman. He was so happy and proud to show off his handiwork in keeping the place so clean, I congratulated him and gave him a gift of appreciation. He did say rather shyly to me that he charged everyone a small entrance fee to use the pool — to pay his wages! I remonstrated with him and said it was meant to be free for everyone to use and then he said that if anyone hadn't any money he let them in free anyway. He'd be lucky to make 50 cents a day. But still the place is well kept and everyone there was happy enough.

I shall be going back to Dili at the end of August should you have anything for me to do.

Yours sincerely,

P. G. Spillett
Hon. Research Fellow

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER

T. Adams
PO Box 1
Goroka PNG

This is a thank you letter to all who showed concern for me during my recent operation. Am now able to do the normal things in life without that b----- pain. Every day sees me a little better and looking forward to making the next Safari. It was a big blow to miss the Barossa which was planned from the outset, but one's health is more important, so if any of you ever get a pain, don't think it might go away, see a doctor for a stress test.

Don't know how I would have managed without the sterling assistance of Angus MacLachlan and his daughter Janette, who provided accommodation during my convalescence period.

Thanks to all who sent the get well card and dinner menu card — great to have so many good mates.

Theo

R. Harrington
MacPherson St
Bolgart 6568

We have set off on our trek and have come as far as Port Hedland. The temperature has been a constant 40° in our van for the last three days.

We are heading further north tomorrow to Cape Carandran where we will spend a couple of days depending on the fishing, then on to the Eighty Mile Beach, later to Port Smith, then on to Broome. All these places we want to look over for further visits in later years, if they work out.

There are six of us with three vans, two of my brothers and Dot's sister Norma. We will make a leisurely trip, staying just as long as we feel inclined any any one place. From Derby Dot and I will fly out to Koolan Island where a friend of ours is the Postmaster. Then on to Wingana Gorge where we will leave the vans and tent it up to the Mitchel Plateau. We plan to work our way through to Darwin, then down the middle to Alice, Coober Pedy, then hopefully out to Maree to see the Litchfields on our way down to Port Augusta, by which time I feel we will have some clucky women with us who will be a bit anxious to see their kids!

The Safari was, I believe, a true reflection of the mateship and real affection that exists within our members and their wives. It would be the envy of most people. I never attend one of the various functions, and cannot read the Courier, without feeling a great gratitude to you people who put so much time and effort into keeping that fire alive. We in the bush can do little more than attend when possible.

Regards,

Reg

A. Luby
6/35 Richmond Ave
Dee Why 2099

Referring to the report on page 7 of the December 89 Courier, regarding the death of our member Harry Petrie in Queensland and your inability to locate relatives. About 10 years ago his son Terry was O/C No. 1 Commando Coy at Georges Heights, and a fine career soldier. My latest information is that he has left the Army. His last posting was with 31st Royal Queensland Regt, Jezzine Barracks, Townsville 4810. The C.O. there may have some knowledge of his present whereabouts.

At one of our functions many years ago we had Terry Petrie, Terry Turner and Terry James (son of Vince Swann) all present at Paddington RSL Club.

As far as I am aware, everyone made it safely home from that memorable Safari at Nuriootpa — (what a lovely town!).

Our only mistake on our return trip was to travel through the Snowy Mountains via the "Alpine Way" — this would have to be the worst bit of road in Australia bar none! Otherwise thoroughly enjoyable, especially along the Great Ocean Road. We would have called to see the Clanays at Warrnambool but ran into a heavy storm some miles out, and through, so we kept going and overnighted at Peterborough.

Shortly before Anzac Day we had the sad duty of attending a Requiem Service for Elva Mannix, late wife of our dear friend Mick (S.V.).

Anzac Day was a day of glorious weather, unlike last year when we were washed out. From memory we had 17 on Parade and it was the usual joyous reunion as well as a time for remembrance of former comrades. Most of us joined the Commando Association on our usual charter ferry cruising around the harbour — an idyllic way to spend such a day.

I have learned that Nance Teague has been very ill with some peculiar form of Encephalitis, so we will keep in close touch with her daughters.

Will give you a report on the proposals for 1991 and 1992 as soon as we have a firm foundation to build upon.

In the meantime Edith joins in sending love and best wishes to all our friends nationwide.

Sincerely,

Alan

W. Tomasetti
10 Claines Crescent
Wentworth Falls 2782

Am looking forward to the next Courier to read all the news of the Barossa invasion and occupation. I expect it will add to my regrets at not being there. Unfortunately the dates were all wrong.

Having enjoyed the continuing series of the Rogues Gallery, I thought it would be an idea to offer to join in so am enclosing a copy of the most recent (1987) photo of myself.

Very best wishes to all.

Bill

EDITOR: Thanks for the photo Bill — will certainly use it. Kind regards from all.

C. V. Pacey
9 Brushy Creek Rd
Lenah Valley 7008

Enclosed is a donation to assist the "cause," also thank you for sending changes of address for various members.

Once again I must thank you for Rogues Gallery. It is good to see how time has treated our boys.

Apparently Barossa Safari was another success. Keep it up fellows.

My regards to all, and hope you are all on extended leave passes.

Vic

O. K. Dignum
24 Selkirk Ave
Seaton 5023

Not much news to impart. Had a letter from Bulla Tait returning the cheque I sent him as a refund for his deposit and he asked me to send a donation to the west.

Max Miller from Tasmania left Nuriootpa on the 27th March and arrived home to find a letter telling him to report to the Adelaide Hospital for a by-pass operation. Betty and I caught up with him and Noreen after the operation which he came through with flying colours. They breed them tough in Tassie.

Ron Mackey has picked up after quite a bit of illness. 1989 was not good to him.

Have been in touch with Bay Webber and he has the nurses from The Domiciliary Care Services coming in daily to dress his feet.

Regards,

Dig

K. G. Wilson
1/198 Booker Bay Rd
Booker Bay 2257

I am writing to inform Association members of the death of Ernest (Willie) Wilcox on Sunday, 10th June. He was buried on Thursday, 14th June.

Willie had had a heart problem over several years, but had been able to get around and enjoy life.

He was 66 years of age, which made him 17 when he served in Timor. After that campaign he went to New Guinea and New Britain. A great bit of soldiering from one so young.

I represented the Unit Association at his funeral and could see that he was much loved by his family. He will be missed.

Goodbye for now, regards to all members and their families.

Keith

P. Campbell
30 Castletown Quays
Esperance 6450

Pleased to hear that they have at last found out Archie's complaint. He should be on the mend now.

We are off up north looking for gold for a month then on to Exmouth fishing — should be home about the end of August.

We are both well and hope everyone else is too. We've had a good season so far but wool a let down.

Enclosed is a cheque for whatever.

Regards,

Peter

The Special Air Service Regiment
Campbell Barracks
Swanbourne 6010

Thank you again for the Regiment's complimentary copies of the Courier which we appreciate.

I noted Col Doig's tribute to the fine effort of Mr Jerry Haire in leading your Anzac Day march. I agree with Col's comments that he did the Company proud in the way he soldiered on through the march. Obviously the old spirit by which the Company won its reputation is still very much alive.

Yours sincerely,

Jim Wallace
Commanding Officer

9 Munsey St
Ardross 6153

Dear Mr and Mrs Turton and Commandos,

Thank you all so very much for your great kindness to Jerry and Mary at the last.

Your goodness in coming to, and your bearing at Jerry's burial was indicative of the dignity of the human person, and of the bravery, fidelity and nobility of your good Commandos.

In grateful appreciation and wishing you all God's choicest blessings.

Sincerely,

Veronica Wall

EDITOR: Jerry's sister, Anne Ryan, also sends her thanks and appreciation of the effort made by 2/2nd members to be in attendance at Jerry's burial. She was deeply impressed.

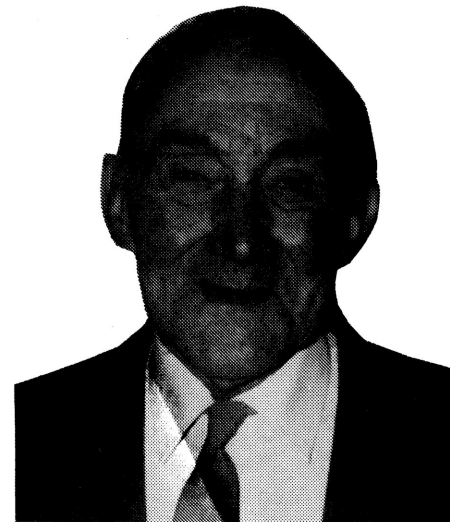
BOB SMYTH'S ROGUES GALLERY — SEQUENCE 11



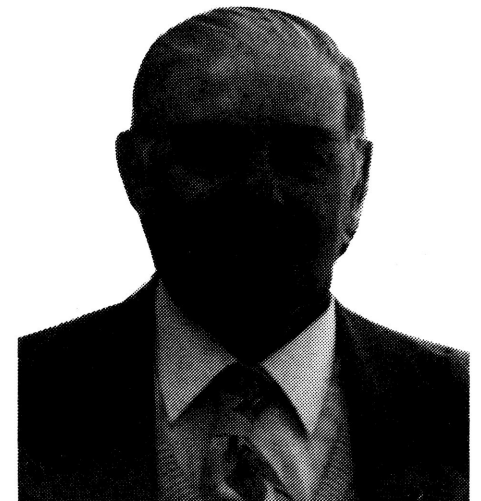
Butch Barnier



Alex Veovodin



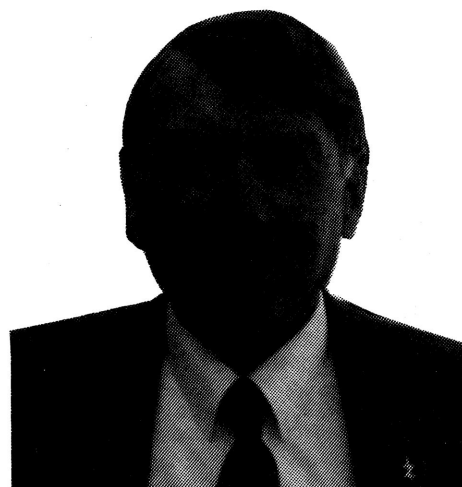
Doug Fullarton



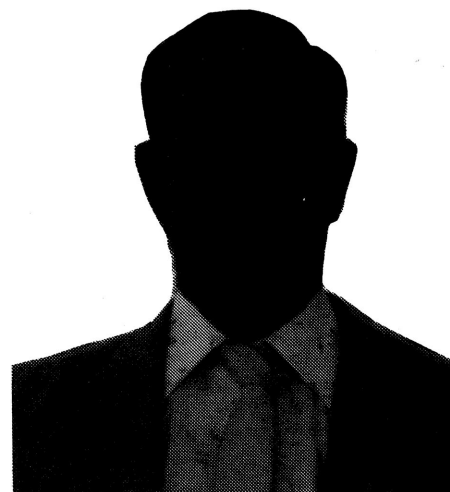
Ron Mackey



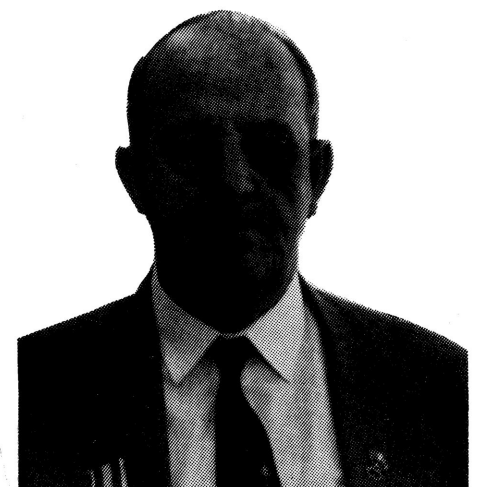
Howard Marks



Bob Williamson



Kel Carthew



Keith Dignum

W. J. Connell
17 Sturt St
Cleveland 4163

It's a long while since I wrote as I lost track of the Courier some years back. Thanks for getting me back on the mailing list again.

Things are much the same with me, although I've retired now, as I guess most of us have. We sold our country Post Office five years ago and moved into Cleveland to be nearer all facilities. My health is about 80% I guess.

I saw Theo Adams while he was down from P.N.G. and Alex Veovodin brought him out here for lunch one day.

Don't get around much these days, as I have lost a lot of my confidence in all the things. I'm not keen on driving in traffic and, as I have a lot of trouble with my hearing, I'm not keen on talking in a group of people. My wife and I do meals on wheels and also knit a lot of jumpers etc. for World Vision (knitting machine). We buy any cheap wool available (K Mart) and give them away.

Theo showed me Col Doig's book and I would like one and also one of Jim Smailes poems. Enclosed is a cheque which I hope will cover all, plus a small donation, whatever's left over.

I am shocked to see Keith Craig looking so old, but then he must have been through quite a lot these last few years. For all that I'm not 100%, I still (in my mind only) feel about in my 20's. Not bodily though.

I wonder what's happened to a lot of 1 Section, Laurie "Snowy" Perkins, "Obie" O'Brien, Les Collins and all the others I knew. My wife tells me she still has a letter Jack Hartley wrote to her while we were in Fata. I'll find it yet. Do you remember our sojourn that night, over the Ramu and back, Jack? I can't recall who the third person was.

Well, now I'm back in contact maybe, just maybe you will hear from me again.

Yours sincerely,

Bill

A. MacLachlan
37 Arrowsmith St
Camp Hill 4152

On the 30th June I took on the robes of matrimony. Those of you who attended the S.A. Safari met Win Dunstan. We decided that we were running up too high a petrol bill driving backwards and forwards over Brisbane. Win and I vied for bottom place in school, way back when I wore short pants, but now we will work in unison and try for top. We will be residing at my address.

A sad note was the loss of Ron Host. Ron was

as cheerful a person as one would wish to meet and will be sadly missed. Attending the funeral on behalf of the Unit were Fred Bryant, Ron Archer, Jim Smith, Tony Adams, Butch Barnier, George Coulsen, George Vandeleur, Neil Hooper and Angus MacLachlan. Our sympathy to Betty and family.

Win and I will be in Perth in September to visit Win's daughter and family. We would like to attend the Fremantle Convention so please book for us a double room.

See you in September. All the best.

Angus.

R. Harrington
Darwin
22/6/90

We left home on May 1st and travelled up through Meekatharra, met two of my brothers and their wives at Port Hedland, from where we went right through to the Mitchell Falls, leaving the vans at Winjano and tenting the rest of the way.

There's no doubt about our W.A. north, everything about it is ruggedly beautiful.

We went through to Tunnel Creek which is more beautiful than I had remembered. In fact the previous time, there was too much water to get right through. Peter and Pat would remember that. Incidentally, we miss the same Peter and Pat this trip.

We had a fairly long stay at Kununurra where we have some relations who showed us around quite a bit. They work at the Research Station and, being interested in agriculture, it was most interesting. In fact, the whole concept is one of the visions I had after the war, having camped on that river at Katherine. I had many a long discussion with Dot's dad about the potential of harnessing one of the big rivers up north and irrigating large tracts of land. There seems to be quite a lot of gremlins in the project that are slowly being ironed out and anyone who uses his head and is prepared to work is making a success of it. One beautiful farm has been given to the aboriginals and is lying idle.

As one travels round Australia one can't help but wonder where the whole place is heading, what with giving it to the aboriginals and selling it to the bloody Japs. We called in to the Adelaide River War Cemetery where there is a list of our boys who were lost in Timor. When you read that you ponder on what is happening to the country they lost their lives to defend and what the politicians are doing to it. That is, what one side is doing and that the other side is weak enough to allow them to do. I found it very hard to keep my emotions under

control. Then all through the tourist attractions that are being handed over to the aboriginals, not to live on, but to put white people in to run because they haven't the capacity to run them, nor the energy. At the Bungaloes the white Rangers were living in tents and two very nice insulated homes were built for the four aboriginal trainees, and then two of them shot through. The more you travel the more you realise that those who want to see the outback had better see it soon. What with Japs, aboriginals and mining companies, you have to have a permit to see most of it.

Went to the Darwin War Museum where there is a copy of the surrender note the Japs sent out inviting us to their holiday camp, and also an article covering the little Kuru's adventurous trips to bring us supplies. They were brave men indeed who sailed that little ship. they also mentioned the corvette Armadale which we saw afire off the Timor coast.

We were terribly saddened to see Jerry Haire's funeral notice. It is the only paper we have seen for a month or more and that was at Kununurra. There were few people more respected and loved in any unit that our dear old Jerry. No matter what the adversity was or in what form, Jerry always took it in his stride with words of encouragement to everyone. It saddened us that we were so far away when he was laid to rest. One thing that possibly tempers our sadness is the true and certain knowledge that if one believes in a life to come, there is an honoured place there for Jerry Haire. Laurie was upset that he saw the death notice an hour or so after the funeral.

With love from Dot and regards from Reg.

After regaling quite freely on top of the previous load in Perth they, or the males, decided on an involuntary game of "Switch the Jackets" which, I understand, was O.K. for quite a few but our dear mate "Huddy" got quite a shock when reaching for his wallet (which was very nicely loaded) to pay the taxi driver found he was fresh out of pig skin. The "Huddy" shock waves, quite enormous until a few telephone calls sorted out the various switches. Quite like old times again isn't it? Shades of early Anzac Day Reunions.

Because of the potential righteous ire of such "brutes" as Tony Bowers and Don Hudson, I will just sign this —

ANON.

T. B. Adams
3 Coudrey St
Rainworth 4065

Legacy has asked me to be the Adviser to a recently enrolled widow, Joan Burton. You can imagine my surprise when I found out she is the widow of Richard Henry Topping Burton, a WX number, ex 2/2 Independent Co.!! He served in Timor, New Guinea and New Britain and died in 1966. I cannot understand why Mrs Burton was not enrolled with Legacy then, but funny things happen.

Col Doig's book has an R. Burton in 9 Section in Timor but there is no mention of him in the nominal roll for New Guinea and New Britain.

Apparently he was killed while working for the Council in Mundubbera, Queensland and should have received some compensation. I understand he went to Darwin after discharge on 14/3/46 and then re-enlisted in the Army.

Strange thing that nobody had any contact with him.

Received the Courier the other day — interesting edition. Enclosed is a cheque for Courier funds.

Cheers for now — Iris joins in sending greetings.

Tony

T. G. Nisbet
54 Tuxem St
North Balwyn 3104

1991 — 50TH ANNIVERSARY

I am enclosing a copy of a circular and booking slip the Victorian Branch has sent to our members in Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania, also a few members near the Victoria/NSW border who usually come to our functions. Even though the circular has only been out about three weeks the response at this early stage has been good.

By the way, on TV recently a representative of the "Rats of Tobruk" came on the screen giving the Federal Government a serve over the fact that their Association had only been given \$1,000 by the Government for their 50th Anniversary Reunion. He compared this with the \$5,000 the Gays and Lesbians got for their annual Mardi Gras parade in Sydney. I guess the punch line was given by the Minister when he came on and said there are a lot of Units celebrating their 50th Anniversary and all he can allocate is \$1,000 to each. If we haven't done so, I respectfully suggest we get in and apply for our chop.

Via the Courier, will keep members updated on our (Vic) arrangements for the celebrations in March 1991.

TIMOR TRIP

I have arranged to re-visit East Timor late August this year and made a booking on Garuda to fly out of Melbourne to Denpasar (Bali) on 22nd August and on the next day fly Denpasar to Dili. Max and Patsy Thatcher look like they will accompany me. Patsy will be in the west early in August supervising the arrival of a grandchild, and where and when Patsy will join the Nisbet entourage will, I suppose, be subject to the stork's timetable. I say entourage, as I look like having a few Timorese accompanying the Tuan and also an ex RAAF bloke who has been there before but showed interest to go back when he learned I was going. Just what the number of my flock will be when we finally go through the departure lounge I know not.

PADDY KENNEALLY last week was on the ABC talk back/interview segment with Terry Lane. I didn't hear the session unfortunately, however every bugger I have met since has asked me did I hear "one of your blokes who was on Timor with you!"

That's all for the moment. My best regards to all the boys, and particularly Arch, CD, and not forgetting the New President.

Sincerely,

Tom

Victorian Branch
Secretary L. N. R. Cooper
8 Hilltop Cr
Rhyll 3923
Phone (059) 56 9254

1991 — 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RAISING OF OUR UNIT IN 1941

To celebrate the formation of the Unit at Wilson's Promontory in 1941 it is proposed to hold a three day Reunion in March 1991 at Cowes, Phillip Island, Victoria, for 2/2 Commando Association Members who live in Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania. Whilst we anticipate and hope good support from Victorian Association Members we would like South Australian and Tasmanian Members to know we are issuing to them a very sincere and warm invitation to be with us on this memorable occasion. This invitation also applies to our near NSW Members. The Reunion will take place over the 5th, 6th and 7th March, 1991 and a general outline of the programme, accommodation available, reasonably accurate costs and other administrative details follow:

Tuesday, 5th March, 1991

Early evening BBQ and Get-Together.

Cost: Food and Refreshment \$7.00

Wednesday, 6th March, 1991

Coach trip to Tidal River Wilsons Promontory with Service at Commando Memorial and lunch. Cost: \$23.00

Thursday, 7th March, 1991

50th Anniversary formal luncheon at Continental Hotel, Cowes, Phillip Island, to celebrate the raising of the Unit. Cost: \$30.00

Accommodation

Motels available — Seahorse, Kaloka, Coachman.

Some units have cooking facilities and costs range from \$55.00 to \$65.00 per double per day. No meals.

Other accommodation: Caravan Park, on site vans and Hotel can be arranged on request.

Members from other states who would like to attend are asked to contact Leith Cooper.

T. G. Nisbet

2/2 Commando Association Victoria

UNIT HISTORY

Books are still available for \$20 plus postage.

The generosity of Colin Doig in donating the proceeds from the sale of his book to Association funds was duly acknowledged at the general meeting of members held during the Nuriootpa Safari.

Tom Nisbet moved the following motion:

"I wish to formally move that it be recorded in this meeting's minutes the Association's great appreciation and thanks to our member Colin Doig for his very generous action in passing on to our Association the funds generated by the sale of his book on the history of our Unit."

The motion was passed unanimously with much acclamation.

DONATIONS TO COURIER

Jack and Doug Hasson, Joe Poynton, George Bayliss, Snow Elmore, Bulla Tait, Vic Pacey, Ken Glover, Gwenda Kirkwood, Peter Campbell, Tony Adams, R. Teape-Davis (for Clarrie Varian), Bill Connell, Don Turton, Don Murray, Harry Holder, Tony Bowers, Colin Doig, Gordon Barnes, Henry Sproxton, Allan Chatfield, Ron Dook, John Fowler, Beryl Griffiths, Bernie Langridge, Robbie Rowan-Robinson, Joan Burns, R. Splatt, Nellie Mullins.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND ALTERATIONS

LITCHFIELD, Mr L.
Lyle and Lois
Mundowdna Station
Maree 5733

KING, Mr H. E.
Bert
C/- Post Office
Quorn 5433

LITTLER, Mr A.
Arthur and Gwen
12 Hunter Rd
Mosman 2088
(02) 969 4256

METCALF, Mr K.
Keith
9 Fairfield Ave
New Lambton 2305

MacLACHLAN, Mr A.
Angus and **Win**
37 Arrowsmith St
Camp Hill 4152
(07) 398 2858

BARNES, Mr G. C.
Gordon and **Chloe**
4 Myerick St
Mandurah 6210
(09) 535 1437

WILCOX, **Mrs E.**
32 Australia Ave
Umina 2257
(04) 341 6527

TILLET, Mr N.
Norm and Fran
48 Wanstead St
Corowa 2646
(060) 33 1562

POMROY, Mr O. H.
Ossie
18 Coomarai St
Urunga 2455

**Does anyone know the whereabouts of POM
POMONIS? The address we have for him
belongs to Ossie Pomroy.**

ADDITION

WALSH, Mrs S.
Sylvia
54 Kirwan St
Floreat Park 6014
(09) 387 4921

W.W.C.P.

CHARLIE (PIDGIN) PIERCE left for his home in Port Hedland early in July after a prolonged stay in the Shenton Park Annexe of the Royal Perth Hospital. Typical of his courage he weathered the treatment to both stumps and fought back to the point where the two artificial legs could be fitted again. His eyesight has diminished considerably but his spirit is sky high and his optimism unbounded. Well done Charlie, God bless and good luck from us all.

TED LOUD has been in hospital getting a rectification job done on his replacement parts, two hips and two knees. That was quite a repair job Ted!! You always did have above average courage and that attribute still exists. God bless, take care and the best of luck from everyone.

VISITORS FROM TASMANIA

We had a real surprise at our committee meeting in Anzac Club when 'Snow' Elmore and his wife Isobel appeared. 'Snow' joined Archie Campbell's 7 Section in Timor, along with Lance Bomford when they escaped the Jap clutches at the Koepang end. Had not seen 'Snow' since we left Timor but the recognition was instant. It was a joyous meeting, made more so by the presence of Isobel. Both were introduced all round, 'Snow' sat in on the meeting while Isobel went shopping. Time fell away and seeing him was like yesterday. He was a fine soldier and man. May our paths cross again. Kind regards from all members to the 'Tasmanian Tigers' in total. Au revoir 'Snow' and the best of luck.

PADDY'S VISIT TO NEW GUINEA

I arrived back from New Guinea on 28/2/89 and have been in Bankstown Hospital since 4/3/89. I reckon malaria. They have a question mark. The minute I got here I told them if they wanted blood tests to take them right away. The procedure could not be altered. Hours later they took the blood and I said 'I think you have missed the bus.' The blood shows nothing if the attack is finished. How long I'll be here I don't know.

I went out to Bundi, via the cape as the old saying was, which meant the long way. I went by truck to Madang. Leaving Goroka we went via Bena Bena, then on down through Kainantu, downhill for mile after mile. Good road, good grade. The road teeming with natives, all going to market, and markets every few miles, every day of the week. Bena onwards gardens everywhere. The Seventh Day Adventists have about 2000 acres in various places growing all kinds of vegetables. On down to the upper Ramu. On the way we passed a place called Yonk. They have a huge hydro electric works there. The power lines run east to Lae and west to Madang. These I can answer to. They are building another dam at Yonk, the road will pass over along the top of the wall. Crossed the upper Ramu well down from Yonk, and came to the valley floor on the Finisterres side of the river. Turn right for Lae and the Markham Valley, left for Madang. The Ramu valley up here far different from the area we were in. Down through Goosap. Plenty of Brahman cattle

raised up here. Then coffee, sugar, pepper and cardamon. The last named was a great cash crop, as the Arabs used it extensively — in a bit of a slump at present, the price dropped drastically. Soya bean and corn. These were huge plantations growing in a different kind of Ramu than we knew. The sugar ran for miles and miles and more miles, terminating at Dumpu where they have their crushing mill all neatly laid out and looking healthy. The air strip at Goosap still used. The sugar wasn't the only thing stopped at Dumpu — so did the bitumen. Gravel from here on. Cattle have reappeared plus coffee and soya.

Kesewai, and we are back in what we knew — swamp and decay. It was at Kesewai that one of the most successful actions of the Unit in New Guinea occurred. Joe Poynton and Arthur Birch acted as decoys and lured the Japanese into a devastating ambush carried out by No. 2 Section, led by Captain Dexter. Cyril Doyle was killed and Dexter wounded in the action. The Japs suffered heavy casualties in a well planned close range operation by No. 2 Section.

From below Kesewai to Usino is the worst part of the road, mud, timber corduroy and gravel but well and truly usable. Passed where I reckoned the track turned up to Isareeba, if you can reckon anything after 45 years passage of time in this fast changing land. At Usino (as distinct from Usini) you turn up into the Finisterres, at round about where the old Uriah track left the valley to climb the mountains. The road improves enormously, a long climb up to Bagasan. Little habitation along here. The Finisterres on the valley side don't seem to have as many villages as the Bismarcks. At about 3000 feet up we cross the watershed. The riv'r's now heading for the coast and we are downhill. We cross the Gogol River and shortly strike bitumen again.

Madang not far away. It's a beautiful town, full of colour, forget the market area, and town area, its the surrounds. Wonderful harbour, and water ways, a drive around the foreshores flanked by lakes inland and the ocean out to the Coastguard station, the Coastguard Hotel, and the Country Club, tennis courts and a nine hole golf course all set off by beautiful surrounds. I had to stay two nights in Madang. I only wanted to stay one. I went to the local Catholic Church, and saw a memorial plaque to five priests, 17 brothers and 36 nuns who all lost their lives through and by the actions of the Japanese. If other denominations suffered similar casualties, the missionary in proportion suffered greater losses than the fighting man.

Friday 10th February. Back into the Ramu. We turn off the Lae Madang Highway at a place called Yondak, at approximately the area where Norman Thornton, Roy Martin, Tom Snowdon, and Bob Larney surprised and took on a much bigger Jap patrol. They had to leave the track and try and work their way round the Nip and back onto the track. They didn't find it again, finished up in the swamp and spent three days wading across it to the Ramu, coming upon what they believed was a leper colony. It more than likely was. I've since found out from talks with a German missionary priest at Bundi, that in the thirties the original missionaries at Bundi (founded by German Divine Word missionaries in 1932 and the first Catholic mission in the Bismarcks) had contact with banished lepers in the swamps. Norman and the other had a tough, hungry, mosquito plagued trip across those swamps before reaching the Ramu. I drove across those swamps in a truck. Rode not drove. We crossed the river by bridge east of Kausi, at a place called Brahman. It was running just as wide, just as fast and just as deep as ever, in full spate in fact after the overnight rains all over the Bismarcks and Finisterres, and this silly bugger didn't get a photo of it. We went up to Brahman, named by

one Max David, an Australian Veterinary Surgeon, who had gone up there to supervise cattle raising for the mission, then run by Father Mike Morrison, he wanted to improve the protein diet for the natives. It is a huge missionary station now, classrooms everywhere, and a saw mill which turns out thousands of super feet of milled timber per week. After seeing Brahman, we set out for Bundi. The new national highway will run from Brahman, down through Kausi, across the Imbrum, then turn up into the Bismarcks through Kobum, up to Bundi, then up through Bundi Kri, Panam Bai, through what we called Iwan pass, down to Dengelagu, then on to Kunidawa, thus connecting to the Mount Hagen Lae road.

Now back to me and Bundi. We turned off at Kausi, easy going for a while, then up along the Oua River, which you know but may not have known it as such then, as we had the wrong names for many rivers. This was the river near which Macadie out-post was situated. The truck was going well, then the first obstacle. We finally got out of the bog, and off again. The next bog stopped us, he wouldn't attempt it, I think, he reckoned he'd done enough for John Patrick. His driver took me from Goroka to Madang. Himself from Madang to here. (Himself happened to be the Member of Parliament for the area bounded by Iwan Pass in the Bismarcks to about half way up into the Finisterre Range, below Sepu in the Ramu and well up into the upper Ramu). His name was Theodore Tuya. I thought fair enough, but you offered sport, I didn't ask. I thanked him, and I meant it. After all he didn't know me from Adam, until, he met me at the Theo Adams lodge in Goroka. His name, Theordora Tuya, ex A.B.C. New Guinea correspondent, current member of the National Party for the Electorate that stretches from up round Iwan Pass in the Bismarcks, to Bagasan in the Finisterres, and from below Sepu, up to beyond Dumpu. He was born in Bundi Kri, attended Father Mike Morrison's mission school at Bundi, then onto a mission high school Madang, then into journalism. He is a stocky powerfully built man and has travelled around somewhat. I asked how he organised his Electorate. Just sends out word he will be at such and such a place in an area, and all who have complaints, inquiries, requests, come and see him. That's the method. He meets more, more meet him.

Those swamps along the Ramu up to Kesawai are going to become cocoa plantations, and I'm on foot for Bundi which I reach five and a half hours later. Cold, wet and hungry, and humping my swag. The priest was away so I was out of luck. Left next morning for Kobum. took over four hours, a lot on native tracks, which means vertical. Kill you. The old track

has disappeared in many places through landslides. Crossed the Imbrum at the same spot we did in the old days, not by log, by bridge. It roars, runs and boils just as hastily below. Soon in Kobum, but the approach far different some Hindu Coy has 1,100 hectares for plantation. Some coffee, tea, pepper, cardamon already planted. The Saddle where we camped, an air strip. The mountain lopped off each end but mostly the eastern end. That would be right hand as we faced the river. Met an old bloke, he's what they call a doctor boy. First aid, looks after the cuts, sores, and ailments of the local inhabitants. Quite a large population at Kobum now. The doctor boy knew all five Section. He was the only one I met that remembered the Australians. We were to have a big Wongi, but I never got back to Kobum. Early Sunday, left for Faita. The first shock came when we left the track and turned up through a plantation of cardamon, and what was worse up the mountain. We climbed and climbed. I remonstrated, no masta, this fella way Faita a bloody heart breaking climb over the top of Mount Kobum. I finished up a thousand feet almost higher than Bundi. Then 5,000 odd feet down onto the flats. Going down just about as hard as going up. Pulling leeches off continuously, we got to the bottom, still nowhere near Faita. Then we turned west, crossing creeks galore. Two more, one a long log over a fairly deep fast running river, the next a stagnant pool. Then habitation, one solitary old man, living there alone, in that gloomy, silent jungle. He looked after some cattle for some bloke in Bundi and believe it or not, there was a diesel-run generator here, but then there was another way in here which no one told me about. The place stunk of decay and pig shit. We were ten hours on the track, ten non stop hours of climb and descent, and I was buggered. Ate some boiled rice and bully. The old bloke gave us mosquito nets. He told me no track into Faita, beyond him was nothing, no one lived at Faita top, no one lived below Kobum. The jungle and Kunai has reclaimed the lot. It rained and stormed all night, lightning, thunder and rain. The thunder seemed continuous as it roared and rumbled up and down the valley between the Bismarcks and the Finisterres. The rain came down in sheets till morning. I was eaten alive by mossies, thousands of them. Next morning one more last try about Faita. No masta, no way along him come dry fella time yes. Burn Kunai, then easy, now no. So I turned back and I was bloody sick, I'd been vomiting for a couple of days.

Back along the track we came in. Then onto the Imbrum River, down here, a gushing roaring torrent, sixty yards wide, it was doing at least 20 knots. We can't ford that. I was right. Andrew said "masta, further up flying fox."

There was, and a bulldozer each side of the river. Not the best flying fox I've seen but adequate. Andrew, the food and my pack first. We hauled Andrew across, hauled the empty cradle back, then Peter and me. Looking down at the river, it looked as if we were racing up river, equally as fast as the river was racing down. A queer optical illusion. I had to look at the rope to see it was straight. All over, a couple of pictures, and on for Kausi and we hope a lift to Bundi. Vomiting regularly, drinking water so as I had something to bring up. At Kausi we moved up the Bundi road a bit, found a shady spot and sat down. About half an hour later along comes a truck, out gets the neatest most dapper and smartest looking New Guinean I've ever seen or likely to see again. He looked like a male model. A short talk and into the back we climb, a fairly smooth drive, it's only going so far, so we pile out, including the dapper Government man, "He's going back now, we'll walk on. Soon another truck will come to take us further," so we are pedestrians again. Can't think of the blokes name but he informs me he had been a Catholic but now he's a Pentecostal. He is out from Madang to attend to something in Bundi. The walking as easy as the driving. It starts to rain, he wants to give me his umbrella, I point to his clothes and tell him keep it. Off come his trousers he has a pair of shorts underneath, out comes a rain proof jacket, and I'm the umbrella man. We plod on.

Hear a motor behind us, so we wait, round the bend roars a blue Toyota, pulls up, and Mr Government man talks. Sure, hop in but I am only going as far as the bulldozer. Thus did I meet John Scarfe, out of Melbourne town, about twenty years New Guinea experience and as it turns out, manager of the National Highway Construction Project. We bog, we roar, we spin, we roll back, then right back, jump masta, jump. How the hell can masta jump, he's standing on his head, legs in the air, all masta can wonder is, is his head still attached. The ute don't turn right over, only almost. The back left wheel is so deep in a rut it acts as an anchor. Masta crawls out, and we proceed to get the truck out, you better jump in the front with me says John, gratefully I accept.

Off again, a few bends more, and there's a rock pile, it looks like a thirty five percent grade, into all drives, at low low he roared at the rock face, up and over. "Had to hit it hard, and keep her going, had we stalled, we would have rolled over backwards." We arrived at the bulldozer, I was getting out, "hold on" he said, "I'll take you a bit further." We took off again. "How much a kilometre, would that road cost," I asked him? The national highway I was referring to. "About 32,000 Kina per kilometre," he said. Considering where it is

going, all of which I know, not too bad I thought. He then carried on. "This is no four lane highway. It will be a good, all weather, all year round vehicular road. It will give people from the valley an avenue into the Western Highlands, without going all the way around via Kainantu. That will suit all settlements west of Goosap.

It sounded all right to me, a no frills road, that served a purpose in many directions, not to mention Bundi which can go weeks without a plane flying in because of weather. My ease and comfort came to an end, we had crossed the Oua river (far further up stream than where MacAdie was) and we came to the next bog hole. Out and onto the feet, I thanked John Scarfe particularly, as he had done more than he had promised. We took to the road, the rain beat down, and up we climbed. All wet, all cold, and all, I should imagine, hungry. The vomiting started and continued. I'd say it took us a good three hours. At about 7.00pm we came to Bundi and I ran slap bang into Father Weigel. The mission kids had told him about me being there before. He introduced himself, as did I. "I'll see you in a minute," he said, and proceeded to finish what he was doing at the time. Finished, he took me over to the mission house, produced towel, soap, and said "There's a hot bath or shower, whichever you wish, then we will talk."

I felt much better after a hot shower, and dry clothes and socks. He made me a big mug of tea and we talked. I just said "I'm sick Father." He agreed, but added "Over exhaustion, tiredness and diet. Good food, a good rest, and you will be right. Stay as long as you wish." I stayed three days, he was keenly interested in all that happened round that area during the war. He is German, more on that later. These days you can see Kobum quite easily from Bundi. Our Saddle, as I stated, extended and is an airstrip. Looking down along Mount Kobum, I can see the route the old track would have taken, but it's gone, it and the top track too. No one knows of them now, climbing down the Ramu side of Mount Kobum, I would have had to cross them, it could not be anything but otherwise. I didn't see the slightest resemblance of a track anywhere at all until I hit the bottom of the last river. Even the way I went wasn't a track, just a bush cut here and there all the way.

Faita is as completely cut off, as though it never existed. No one goes there, no one lives there. It's a dead land probably a fitting and just memorial to three men who died there. Laughing, good humoured men, who did not die easy deaths as you well know. Shadow Olde is going now too, a man that the war wrecked, and what the hell for? Big business cannot sell it fast enough to our late enemies,

and the "it" I refer to is the country, so many died to save Australia, a supine Government stands by and does nothing, what were the men dying for? This state of affairs?

I had three restful days and plenty of time to think, whilst recuperating at Bundi. It's a strange thing, but every position Four Section occupied, apart from Bundi or Kobum, cannot be reached now. No tracks down to what used to be Macadie, or that other place, across the Oua river, down towards the Ramu, we all camped there before going out for a spell. They ran a bamboo water line to the camp there. I could not find a skerrick of a track leading from Bundi, only to Kobum and that fast disappearing in landslides. Everywhere else all lost and living on only in our memories. The road from Bundi to Brahman crosses the Oua, much much higher up. When the road went in, I'd say the villages moved up the mountain to be close to the road and new gardens cut out whilst the older ones were worked out. There are many above and below the road, you may not always see the house, you can hear the pigs and see the tracks leading up or down, all verging on the vertical.

I set off on the third day. I'd improved immensely and pack and all thrown in, I made it to Panembai (Panembai would be what we used to call the halfway house, I reckon about six hours from Bundi, and about six from Dengelagu) or Bruno Post (called after a Swiss lay missionary), who runs a trading post there on the side. He's been in Bundi 24 years. I had a letter to his nephew Dominique, who is on holidays there as he and his wife move round the world. I met Dominique on the track riding a trail bike and followed by a ute with timber. The bridge over the river below Bundi Kri had been washed out and carried to the Ramu. They flew in a steel framed bridge by helicopter, whether the heli placed it in position or not, I don't know, (I reckon it must have, there was damn all else around to place it) but it was in position and the ends being compacted and stabilised underneath.

When I crossed it by plank, the river about fifteen feet below, was a raging cauldron, no chance if you fell in. There had been a lot of rain. The decking about 7 inches by 4, cut to length was being hauled up in wagons, dragged by D3 Kato dozers. The first one had arrived at Bundi the night before. Well, Dominique was on his way down to Uncle Bruno with spares for a broken down Toyota. I gave him the letter from Bruno, introducing me and telling Dominique what spares he required. "I guessed right, I've got the right spares amongst others, I'm pleased to meet you Paddy, Bruno told me who you are. Give this letter to my wife Marian, she'll know what to do, and tell her I may not be home till

tomorrow night. Now is the bridge up?" "The frame and about a dozen planks. To cross, you will have to leap frog with the timber you have on the ute, which had by now arrived," I told him. "That," he said, "will be no great difficulty." Said our goodbyes and went our way.

Got into Panembai about 2.30pm, met Marian and we were invited to stay. She made us a beautiful jug of coffee and gave us some biscuits. I had a freezingly cold shower and changed into warm, dry clothes. She, Andrew and myself sat about talking. She told me she and Dominique went down to Bundi at Christmas. Locked everything up. When they returned, 2,000 Kina's worth of goods had been stolen. The natives had broken in. Bruno came storming up the mountain and into every village, recovered quite a bit but it is an ever present threat. I think it has been broken into six times altogether. There's a market at Bruno Post every week. Marian said there is quite an extensive selection of top grade vegetables, much coming up from Dengelagu, and the villages round Yanderra, the track to which branches off here. That Swiss girl cooked us a beautiful three course meal, baked corn, four or five different veges Kau Kau, rice laced with tinned meat, and opened a plum duff for dessert. I'll bet Andrew thought he was in heaven.

She spoke perfect pidgin, so Andrew was well into the conversation. We said goodbye to Marian in the morning, little dreaming I'd see her and Dominique again. We got a couple of glimpses of Mount Wilhelm through the mist, very brief. Andrew and I headed for Iwan Pass, marked on the maps as the Bundi gap and known to the natives as Mundie pronounced moon-diah, any other names I haven't heard of. Bundi is isolated from the Dnegelagu (founded by Divine Work Missionaries early 1930's. Two of them were killed by natives there early after its foundation. Dengaragh is what we incorrectly called the place) side now, there are several big landslides across the road which will take quite some time to clear, in fact one I saw on a saddle could quite easily claim the whole saddle.

Road building and maintenance is a difficult job here in the wet season when every entrant is a raging torrent, and there are no pipes, set in a decent stone Headwall to get it across the road, or track. We wind our way onwards and upwards. The scenery is absolutely beautiful, no mists below us, we can see all the way down the valley between the mountains. Thousands and thousands of feet below, it is awesome. I think cripes I've come all the way up here from the Ramu, and it's a few thousand feet below where I can see. We keep going. At one place we look across

and see Bruno camp, less than a mile as the crow flies, but it has taken us two hours to walk here. I look at the track and see it winding like a brown river on a green background for a couple of miles behind us, another couple of hours should see us in the pass. We passed seven huge landslides. Dominique was most certainly correct. I was a very, very careful man crossing one. The track across was about a foot wide and a good roll for six or seven hundred feet down the mountain should you happen to fall off. I didn't! We reached the pass, we didn't need to be told. The road widened. I had been noting the wild flowers on the way up, now I was looking at a greater variety, blue, white, mauve, purple and yellow, looked like Christmas Bells in shape. I'm no botanist, I can appreciate the flora and admire it without worrying about its name, botanic or otherwise. What I did notice, in the rocks a type of moss that looked amazingly like coral growing on land.

We are now 9,800 feet above sea level, so the Ramu is nearly two miles vertical below us. The walking is good, the grade is good, so no leg troubles changing from somewhat steep climbing, to descent. We are now in the land of the Chimbus. The first gardens we strike and there is a crop of medium sized cabbages, beautiful sold hearts. The garden, like all gardens in the Chimbu Valley, is well set out. We round a bend and there, far below us, Keglsugl the airstrip, blocked in by mountains at each end, and the numerous buildings comprising Wilhelm High School. We eventually reach the river, I bury my head in the ice cold water. I prefer not to drink until the walking is finished. Its been all down hill on an easy grade. We don't go up to Keglsugl, we continue down the road to Dengelagu about a half hours walk. The market had been a big one that day.

It's only two o'clock, six hours from Bruno Camp to here, not bad. We had dawdled a bit on the way. I walk up to the mission, Father's away but will be back, Andrew runs into his sister who goes to school here and boards. There's squeals, giggles and questions flying back and forth, while she catches up on the news about Bundi. I meet Sister Louisa, and ask if we can stay there the night, she will inquire from some one higher up the ladder. She's back in half an hour, it's O.K. she will get some one to prepare our quarters. A room with three beds, hot shower, and toilet attached adjacently, in separate area. Plenty hot water.

The mission runs its own hydro-generating plant. Electricity only causes or poses a problem, when the channel silts up. The plant is shut down, the water into the race diverted and the cleaning out attended to. Meanwhile an auxiliary plant run on diesel is switched on,

but Father says that's only capable of running the lights and kitchen facilities. He had a bad time last year, cleaned it out four times in a month. It's usually only about six to eight times a year. There are only fifty odd students here.

They only teach two subjects. Carpentry for the boys with a working knowledge of electricity, plumbing and bricklaying. For the girls, how to be good housewives and all facets of running a home, native or European style. That is Sister Louisa's job. If the boys find jobs after finishing their trade well and good, if not Father Hank (he's Dutch) hopes they will return to their village, pass on the knowledge and skill they have acquired and improve the style of living in their village. Bundi has 150 pupils, including boarders.

They teach up to year six, could be ten. For a higher education they must move to Madang. We dined well with Father Hank, the nuns and a lay missionary. He's an entertaining host, and the nuns added to the conversation. A couple of them teach at the Mount Wilhelm High School, even though it is Government. I retired about 8.00pm, Andrew took his time speaking to the mission boys.

Next morning breakfast 7.30am. I had a job making Father accept 10 kina, you'd have thought we had done him a favour. Down to the junction, where a driver who had brought in a party to climb Mount Wilhelm, was prepared to take the two of us to Mount Hagen for 12 kina.

We headed off but not for long, some native wanted 40 cartons of bottles returned to the brewery in Kundiawa. He reckoned he had no money, so there was plenty of arguing going ahead, agreement was eventually arrived at. On our way once more. It's about 40 kms from Dengelagu to Kundiawa.

Plenty of up, plenty of down. However, the worst part is when you are close to the top of an up and you look over the side. There's damn all to stop you on a swift trip to the river, perhaps 800 or 900 feet below, should you go over the side. The driver showed me where five had been killed when their ute went over the side.

I knew he wasn't lying, they had been talking about it in Theo Adams Bar prior to my setting out on this trip. The driver was quite a character, an earlier age, and he would most certainly have been a brigand, round about 25, stockily built like most highlanders. He was a Baptist, lived 25 kms the other side of Hagen, which I presumed was west. He owned 40 acres of land, among other things, was not married and had no desire to, as he said arguing and fighting with a wife was not his idea of a happy existence.

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