



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Address all Association Correspondence to: Box T1646, G.P.O. Perth 6001

President T. Monk. Secretary J. Carey. Treasurer J. Poynton

Vol. 107

AUGUST 1994

Price 1c

COMING EVENTS MEN'S ANNUAL DINNER

Friday, October 7, 1994

**at Airways City Motel
195 Adelaide Terrace, Perth**

Refreshments from 11 am. Luncheon 12.30 pm.

Come along and enjoy good fellowship and fine food.

KALGOORLIE COUNTRY CONVENTION

Monday, October 24th - Saturday, October 29th

Full details inside.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

Lovekin Drive, Kings Park

Sunday, November 20th

Commencing at 3 p.m.

LEST WE FORGET

VALE RONALD LEWES GURR

It is a sobering note. I have to report on the death of Ron Gurr, affectionately known as the *Old Gent* by the boys of 4 Section. He passed away on the 8th of May in his 86th year at Penola Hospital, after a heart attack.

Ron joined up on the 20th October, 1939 at Kensington Parade Grounds. He was asked by a sergeant his name, address and occupation. Ron told the sergeant he was an overseer on a sheep station, the sergeant replied "You were unemployed." Ron said "No, I was an overseer on a sheep station." Again the sergeant said "You were unemployed." Ron couldn't work out why someone so obviously deaf was in the army. He repeated he was an overseer on a sheep station and again the sergeant said "No, you were unemployed." Maybe it was the way it was said the last time but the penny finally dropped. They wouldn't take him unless he was unemployed. They weren't taking farmers, doctors, etc.

Ron was an original member of the 6th Div. He sailed for England in May 1940 on the "*Big Boat*" Queen Mary with the 2/3 Fld Regt. He served in the Southern Command Striking Force when the German invasion of England was thought to be imminent. He embarked at Scotland for the Middle East on the '*Empress of Canada*.' Bardia had fallen but he took part in the attack of Tobruk and on to El Agheila, past Benghazi.

After the desert campaign he was in the Greece and Crete campaign. He returned to Palestine to catch his breath before returning to Australia. He served a period of time in far north Queensland then joined the 2nd Ind. Coy. and served in New Guinea. After New Guinea Ron returned to South Australia and had no trouble getting out of the army and returning to his pre-war occupation of sheep farming.

At the time of his enlistment he was working as an overseer on Lilydale Station south of Yunta in the hard country 43 miles south of the Broken Hill Highway.

This is just a condensed version of Ron's army life.

Betty and I attended his service in the Coonawarra Anglican Church. I, representing the 2/2 Sdn., and Penola RSL and returned Service men from the surrounding districts formed a guard of honour for the casket leaving the church.

For the size of Coonawarra it was a large turn out, approximately 150 attended. So passes a real gentleman.

Ron was a widower, his wife Jean had died 7

years previous. They had no children of their own but lots of nephews and nieces and their children. He was surrounded by a caring family.

K. Dignum

RUBY DOS SANTOS (1908-94)

Ruby dos Santos, widow of Alfredo, died at her home in Sydney on June 27. She was 86.

Ruby was a gracious and dignified lady.

NSW members of the Unit, country and interstate visitors and relatives will remember her with great warmth and affection.

For years after the war we would go to the home of Alfredo and Ruby in the inner-city at Surry Hills following the Anzac Day march. There were so many of us, we spilled out to the back yard and onto the footpath. Beer and song and laughter . . . Noel Buckman would bring chaff bags of oysters down from Laurieton. Ruby always had the food prepared, hams and her specialty, Portuguese fish rice. She endured us with a smile. Good days, marred only later by the inevitable transience of life.

Ruby was born in Forbes, western NSW, and grew up in another country town not far away, Cowra. She was of the Goolagong people, indigenous to the area, millennia before the strangers arrived. She was intensely proud of her aboriginal heritage and, with quiet dignity, was a credit to it. She later came to Sydney and married Alfredo after the war. They were in harmony. Alfredo died in 1971.

Ruby had infinite tolerance for all people and all things. She still called me 'son' even when I had attained the venerable age of 70. I used to ring Alfredo and Ruby throughout the years and say I regretted being out of touch. Always Ruby would reply: '*Don't worry about it son. We'll see you when you can get here. We understand.*' She did too.

Like Alfredo, Ruby bequeathed her body to Sydney University for medical research.

A memorial service, attended by a large crowd, was held at St. Vincent de Paul's Church in Redfern, on July 4. Speakers paid tribute to her virtues and her humanity.

Ruby is survived by her sons, Marcello and Tony, grandchildren and other relatives.

She was indeed a very gracious lady.

Curly O'Neill

COUNTRY CONVENTION – KALGOORLIE

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24 TO
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1994

Arrangements have been made with Halls Head Coachlines for the following package deal:

**Tour Cost – \$490 per person twin share
\$100 single supplement**

Cost includes 5-Star coach travel, 5 nights accommodation at Star & Garter Motel with dinner, bed and breakfast, all entry fees, morning teas and lunches except Friday which is a free day.

Minimum deposit \$50 per person at time of booking. Balance by September 23.

People who wish to travel independently should notify Julie or Bill on 535 2297 to book accommodation at the new Hannans View Motel, adjacent to the Star & Garter, at \$37 per person bed and breakfast.

All bookings, deposits and final payments to be made direct to Halls Head Coachlines, PO Box 876, Mandurah, 6210.

The Itinerary is:

Monday: Depart Mandurah at 8am, pick up at Perth Train Station, Wellington Street at 9.30am. Lunch at Merredin. Arrive Kalgoorlie approx. 5pm.

Tuesday: Depart 9.30am for tour of the town and visit Hammond Park for a sausage sizzle lunch, then on to the two-up centre. After a game of two-up a trip to Broad Arrow for a Happy Hour before returning to the motel for dinner.

Wednesday: Depart 9am for the Super Pit and a Rattler railcar ride around the Golden Mile, reliving past events that made the area one of the richest in Australia. Then relaxing over a counter lunch at one of the old Boulder hotels, returning to the motel approx. 4pm.

Thursday: Depart 9.30am to visit the 'Old Camp' known as Coolgardie in the Gold Rush lays, to relive some of their past when the population was 15,000. Also the Bottle & Curio Museum, all located in the Tourist Bureau. A barbecue lunch in the park before returning to the motel approx. 3pm.

Friday: A day of leisure to sleep, shop or whatever. Julie and Bill will be available if anyone wishes to do a tour or any other activity.

Saturday: Depart at 8am, lunch at Merredin, arrive Mandurah approx. 5pm.

Julie promises to be an interesting and fun led week. Those who enjoyed the Albany Country Convention last year will agree.

Time is running out for this trip, so make sure of your booking. The final payment is due and payable by September 23rd.

DO IT NOW!

Returned & Services League of Australia ACT Branch Inc. GPO Box 708 Canberra ACT

The Hon C. Sciacca
Minister for Veterans' Affairs
Parliament House
Canberra ACT

1 June, 1994

Dear Minister,

On Thursday 26 May, 1994 General Peter Gratton, as Chairman designate of the Australian War Memorial, gave a press conference regarding his appointment. Whilst voicing his opinions regarding the future of the memorial he stated:

'the War Memorial faced several challenges including the possible introduction of admission charges. I am conscious of the sensitivities of the veteran community to charging admission, but with increasing costs it may have to be considered.'

General Gratton was correct in assessing the sensitivity of the matter – the immediate reaction of the veteran community is one of anger and, to a degree, betrayal, as it was considered that the events of 1991 had put this eventuality to final rest.

When the question of admission charges to the Mitchell Annex was first raised in 1991 the veteran community gave an undertaking not to oppose the charging of an entry fee and when the matter was finally raised in 1993 reaffirmed that view and still has no opposition to that fee. The Annex is not the Australian War Memorial.

In the eyes of the veteran community, and indeed in the eyes of many other Australians, the Australian War Memorial has a special significance in that it is unique in the world in the manner in which it represents and displays the contribution of hundreds of thousands of Australian men and women who fought to preserve the freedom and lifestyle that all Australians enjoy.

The imposition of a charge or entry fee is about as sacrilegious as charging a fee to enter a church of religion where one can pray according to their custom and many people visit the Memorial to do just that and pay homage to over 100,000 Australian dead whose names are inscribed for eternity on the walls of the galleries.

Because the veteran community has given so much to the War Memorial since its inception, they rightly consider they have an equity in it.

You will appreciate that the veteran community understands the problem of increasing costs. However, it believes that there are other ways of raising the necessary funds than charging admission fees or, alternately, tailoring the activities to suit the funds currently available.

Finally, on behalf of the veteran community, it is requested that you intervene in this matter before it becomes a matter of confrontation which it surely will if such a policy persists.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Mazengarb

Chairman,
ACT Kindred Organisations Committee

The Returned and Services League of Australia

W.A. Branch Inc.

24 May, 1994

Dear Mr Carey

Thank you for your letter of 11 May, 1994 in which you expressed the view of your Association that the Anzac Day march is too long.

You will be interested to know that several other Associations are of the same opinion and that the 1995 march is to be shortened. Details of the shortened route and other more minor changes to the format of Anzac Day activities will be provided for all Unit and Kindred Organisations including the 2/2 Commandos in due course.

Once again, thank you for your interest.

Yours sincerely,

Jock M. Geldart
State Secretary

**Busselton RSL
PO Box 294
Busselton 6280**

President: Mr J. van-Eldik.

Secretary: Mr R. Anstee.

Dear Mr Smyth,

The President and Members of the Busselton Sub-Branch of the RSL are so pleased your Association was happy with what was provided for you at your Reunion.

We wish to thank you for your kind donation. Enclosed is receipt for same.

Hoping to make contact with your Members in the future and wish your Association every happiness and success for any Reunion you have in other states.

Yours sincerely,

R. Anstee

Hon. Secretary
per F. Pike

**Wilson Tuckey MP
GPO Box B58
Perth 6838**

Dear Mr Carey,

Thank you very much for your letter of the 20 June, 1994 and your congratulations upon my appointment as Shadow Minister for Veterans' Affairs, Defence Science and Personnel.

I am greatly honoured to have been given the opportunity to represent those important citizens on behalf of the Coalition and intend to be an outstanding advocate on their behalf.

Should you or any of your members feel at any time that I may be of assistance to you, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Yours sincerely,

**Wilson Tuckey MP
Shadow Minister for Veterans' Affairs,
Defence Science and Personnel**

**Phillip Dandy
58 Gertrude Street
Geelong West 3218**

The Secretary
2/2 Commando Association

Dear Sir,

I am writing to you in regard to my research of the Markham/Ramu Valley Campaign, with a request for any photographs of a personal nature which may have been taken while the Squadron operated in the valleys. The reason is that I am now in the process of editing Volume One of my two volume set and at the point where the photographs can be placed. My request is so that I can have photographs different to those that have been used in other publications. If any of your members can assist me it would be greatly appreciated. My idea is to do copies of the photographs and return the originals to their owners post haste, and all care will be taken.

Thank you.

Phillip Dandy

Ed: The above letter was forwarded from Victoria by Fred Broadhurst.

**His Excellency Governor Abilio Osoria Soares
Governor Timor Timur
Kantor Gubernur, Dili
Timor Timur
INDONESIA**

4 June, 1994

Dear Sir,

We are the soldiers who served in East Timor during the Second World War. The remaining members of our association, most of whom are

in their middle seventies or older, decided two years ago to put in a final effort to recognise and recompense the support. To this end, an Independent Trust Fund was established and members of the Association, most of whom are on age pensions, were invited to contribute. The object of the fund was to provide some form of aid to the East Timorese people. As you would appreciate, being a commando Company, our membership is not large so the amount of money the Trust Fund has to disperse is limited.

The Trust Fund committee has considered a large number of ideas and as you are aware, has been seeking, for some eighteen months permission from Jakarta to ship books and teaching aides to the Catholic School system in East Timor and the University of Timor Timur. Our efforts in this regard have so far been unsuccessful. Because of the difficulties we have experienced we would like to request a meeting with you and a small delegation of our members headed by Brigadier T. G. Nisbet (Retired) and Mrs Patsy Thatcher (known to Florentino Sarmento of ETADEP) who will be visiting East Timor between the 14th - 20th July, 1994. The object of the meeting would be for the delegation to explain to your Excellency the history of the Trust Fund and discuss with you the feasibility of a visit from an Interplast Australia team.

Interplast Australia is a voluntary aid organisation initiated by co-operation between Rotary International and the Royal Australian College of Plastic Surgeons. Interplast provides plastic and reconstructive surgery for people with hare lips, cleft palates, the freeing of burn scar contractures, skin tumours and extremity deformities. The professional expertise is voluntary, but funding of between AUST. \$16 - \$20,000 is required for air fares, accommodation of team members, relative medical equipment and supplies.

An Interplast team consists of two surgeons, an anaesthetist and a nurse, and usually visits in an area for two weeks evaluating approximately 100 patients of whom 40-50 are scheduled for surgery.

Interplast Australia has operated in the areas of East Kalimantan, Surabaya, Manado and Jakarta. The program has the approval of the Indonesian Government, the Indonesian Department of Health and the Indonesian Association of Plastic Surgeons (PERAPI). The Indonesian Minister for Health has already indicated there is no reason why East Timor should not be involved with this program if there is a demonstrated need. Before a visit from an Interplast team can be planned it is necessary to establish that sufficient patients would be prepared to come forward for treatment.

A tentative approach to Interplast by us has

been favourably received. They have indicated that should you invite them, and we are prepared to fund the project, they would consider scheduling Dili on their program circuit. Therefore, before we can proceed further with the planning of this scheme, it is imperative that our representatives discuss the matter with you, obtain your thoughts and advice on the subject, and an indication as to whether you would be prepared to support this humanitarian project.

We would, therefore, be most grateful if you would kindly agree to meet Brigadier Nisbet and his party when they visit Dili between the 14th - 20th July, 1994 and inform us of a time and date convenient to you during this period. We have taken the liberty of enclosing a translation of our letter in Bahasa Indonesia.

Yours sincerely,

John C. Burridge

Independent Trust Fund

2/2nd Commando Association of Australia

GERALDTON NEWS

John and I were delighted to be able to show George and Margo Shiels from Bowen in Queensland some of our many attractions during their two day visit to Sun City, Geraldton. These included our two beautiful cathedrals, the Civic Centre that was opened by the Queen who made a return visit in Australia's bi-centennial year of 1988 to open extensions in association with the attainment of city status, the 600-seat Queens Park Theatre, the comprehensive City Library, the museum featuring relics from the 1629 wreck of the Batavia and our RSL headquarters, Birdwood House. George had a special interest in Birdwood House and its contents because, like yours truly, he is a Life Member of the RSL and has occupied the position of Sub-Branch Patron for four years after being Secretary for 34 years and President for four years. George is also Secretary-Manager of the Bowen Ex-Servicemen's Club.

George and Margo viewed a unique item among the Gallipoli memorabilia we had arranged for Anzac Day - a Turkish Gallipoli Star donated by Roy Fletcher whose unselfish gesture was lauded by President Steve Carroll. It would have been great to have George and Margo stay for our Anzac Day Parade but, understandably, they had a commitment for the march in Perth.

A keen worker on Poppy Day, Margo revealed a remarkable story on her war-time life that included evacuation from Shanghai on December 5, 1941. Their ship was caught between Hong Kong and Manila of the

Philippine Islands when Pearl Harbour was bombed on December 7. They made for the nearest port, Manila, arriving during the first air raid. The Captain panicked and unloaded passengers but was recalled by the Company and sailed without them. The Japanese marched in after the fall of Bataan and rounded up all British and American civilians whom they interned in Santo Tomas for two years before transferring them to Los Banos at Laguna de Bay for the duration, an additional 1 1/2 years. Word was received by the American Forces that they were to be killed, so a raid by 511th air-borne paratroopers and 400 Filipino guerillas rescued Margo's camp of 400 people on February 23, 1945. A few were killed in the cross-fire. They were taken by amp-tracts across Laguna de Bay to Munti-lupa, a converted base camp of the different paratrooper units. After building them up healthwise, they were taken to Leyte to await transport to Australia, and they arrived in Townsville on April 9, 1945.

Having received the Pacific Campaign Ribbon issued by the American Forces, Margo is eagerly looking forward to a reunion in Manila in association with the 50th anniversary of their rescue on February 23, 1945. Our best wishes go with you Margo.

During his Geraldton visit George gave Bernie 'Boomer' Giles a great surprise by phoning him at Mullewa and having a good yarn about their army days. Bernie and wife Pat marched with me on Anzac Day when Pat wore her Womens Auxiliary badge that was a souvenir from her Port Hedland days when she was Auxiliary President. Bernie laid a beautiful wreath of wildflowers on behalf of our Association and their daughter Trish of Geraldton joined with them chatting with old and new friends after the parade.

History was made when we had 95 year old Vincenzo Costantino on the saluting dais with RSL Secretary Brian Cooper who won the Military Medal in Korea. As Public Relations Officer I arranged Mr Costantino's inclusion as a tribute to our allies.

He fought with distinction in Italy in World War I and on Anzac Day wore with pride the Cross of Chivalry and other medals awarded by the Italian Government

In closing, let me say how honoured I felt as the recipient of a presentation at our RSL meeting - a framed Sub-Branch pennant in recognition of my work as Public Relations Officer since 1961. I was Publicity Officer before that.

Kind regards to all the boys - and girls.

Peter Barden

NORMA HASSON DAY

Norma would feel justly proud when 47 of her friends braved cold, blustery weather conditions to gather at the Anzac Club in Perth on July 1st. Jack, Kaye, Ken and Rhonda were there and Kaye presented lovely orchid corsages to all the ladies.

Stan and Barbara Payne came from Merredin and the Mandurah contingent was reduced to 14 due to seasonal illness and to a few lucky ones having gone north to the sunshine. Visitors were Julie and Bill of Halls Head Coachlines who were happy to give information about the 1994 Kalgoorlie Country Convention and accept deposits.

Len Bagley, as MC, welcomed everyone and reported on the good progress Bill Howell was making after major surgery on his hip and leg. Jack Carey advised that Les Halse was home recuperating, also from major surgery.

Apologies were received from Arch Campbell, John Burrridge, Les and Edna Halse, Don and Vida Turton, Bill and Elvie Howell, Gordon and Eva Rowley, Tony and Gwen Bowers, Jess Epps, Charlie, Mary and Paddy King, Joe and Helen Poynton and Reg Harrington.

It was the usual happy 2/2 gathering from the start, with non-stop talk and laughter. The Anzac Club caterers excelled themselves and a delicious hot meal was enjoyed.

As usual, 3 o'clock came too soon and reluctant departures were made with everyone looking forward to our next social get-together.

NEW ADDRESS BOOK

We intend to print and issue a new Address Book in 1995.

This will be a big job which can be made a little easier if all members will check that their address and phone details are correct. If not, please let us know. Also, if you are planning a change of address please advise us as soon as possible.

Help us to help you.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

We had a very good Anzac Day with beautiful weather, and the reunion after the march was splendid. The following were present: Harry Botterill, Bluey Southwell, Tom Nisbet, Don Freyer, Bruce McLaren, Alf Harper, Jack Fox, Fred Broadhurst, Frank Sharp (from Dubbo, NSW), Rolf Baldwin, Ray Splatt, Alex Boast, George Veitch, Bluey Sargent. Allowing for our members who were in the west, it was a good

roll up. It was good to see Ray Splatt looking very well. Unfortunately he could only stay for the march and missed the reunion. He sent his regards to all.

Frank and Judy Sharp came down and stayed with Fred and Mavis Broadhurst for a couple of weeks. Frank said he always wanted to come to Melbourne for an Anzac Day march and it was great to see them both. Fred arranged a day at his place to welcome them – a very enjoyable day. Present were Fred and Mavis, Tom Nisbet, Don and Joan Freyer, Harry and Olive Botterill, Nina Granchan, Wilma Tobin, Phyllis Broadhurst and our guests Frank and Judy. Our thanks to Mavis and Fred for a very enjoyable day and their great efforts with the lovely meal they provided.

It was also good to see Bluey Sargent from Eaglehawk. He has had a bad spin health-wise but is feeling a lot better. Keep it up Bluey.

Congratulations to the organisers of the Busselton Safari, from reports we have received it was a great success and enjoyed by all fortunate to be there.

Olive and I have sold our house and bought a new unit about 1 km away. From June 3rd our address will be Unit 2, 1 Evans Ave., Moorabbin 3189. Our phone number will stay the same which is a great help.

Regard to all.

Harry

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER

Mrs N. Briggs
31 Kiggell St
Lilydale 3140

Enclosed please find donation to funds.

I have taken on President of Croydon Legacy Widows Club for two years, plus help run a day care centre at Ringwood East, so am kept busy. Families keep you going too, as my eldest son lives at Hervey Bay, Queensland so try and visit them twice a year.

It is sad to see the deaths of commandos in the paper. I wish all members the best of health.

Sincerely,

Nancy

R. Conley
PO Box 661
Kenmore 4069

My regards for not having written on behalf of the Queenslanders immediately following return from the Safari. What a great time we had. Travel arrangements worked out well and by this time everyone must have returned

home safely.

A barbecue meeting was held on May 9th at North Pine Dam. Sheila was unable to attend as she was baby-sitting our daughter's children and I was having urgently needed root-canal treatment for an abscessed molar, which was not pleasant. Those present included Neil and Margaret Hooper (they returned the day before having spent time with Tony and Gwen Bowers and Peter and Pat Campbell), George and Bettye Coulson, Edna Vandeleur (George was not well), Tony and Iris Adams, Ron Archer, Butcher and Pat Barnier, Col and Jeanette Andrew, Alex and Esse Veovedin and Gordon Stanley. Jean Stanley was visiting their daughter in Melbourne. Gordon looks very well, which is good news indeed. Reports are that a good day was enjoyed by all. The 1996 Safari for Maroochydhore was discussed and already the team are enthusiastic!

As of today Sheila is suffering severe bronchitis and has been laid up for three days. I have recapped my housekeeping, nursing and cooking skills (must be reasonable for there have not been complaints).

Reg Harrington was very kind in giving us his car for a few days we were spending in Perth after Busselton. We enjoyed a lazy trip via Picton, Narrogin etc to Armadale where we received directions for our destination in the norther suburbs.

All in all a great time in the west renewing friendships and feeling part of the family. I have been lucky in life both in business and community activities but must say the Life Membership granted me was the thrill of a lifetime.

Eric Smyth has forwarded a post-mortem of the Safari detailing some of the administrative matters which will assist us for 1996 and Neil Hooper has received a financial run-down which will be of value.

Again, it was great to see old friends and congratulations to Eric and his committee supporters for a job well done.

Bye for now, God bless and best wishes from the Queensland contingent.

Kindest regards.

Ralph

Mrs N. Mullins
15 Fitzgerald Rd
Morley 6062

Congratulations to everyone involved in a great Safari. It was lovely to catch up with friends again. Hope everyone had a safe trip home.

Enclosed is a donation to the *Courier*.

Regards to all

Nellie

BOB SMYTH'S ROGUES



Ron Gurr



Bay Webber



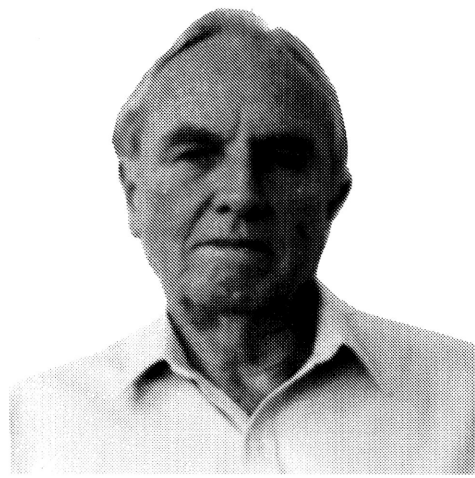
Leith Cooper



Col Andrew



John Poynton



Bob Smyth



Jack Keenahan



Norm Tillett

GALLERY — SEQUENCE 24

A. R. Addison
35 Railway Pde
Bankstown 2200

In a book by Col Doig there is a photo of a crashed plane at Faita. I guess this is the plane I want to write about for I did not know its make. I was at Faita when we built the camp until we left. I had a small radio workshop for I was the specialist signaller until I left the Unit at Kewawai when my position was made redundant.

As you know, our boys made that temporary air strip by burning down the high kunai grass, using drums of petrol that we had dropped in. This plane told us that it had been on reconnaissance, was damaged and could not make its base so that would attempt to land on our small temporary strip. About a dozen of us stood on the edge of the clearing and as the plane touched down we could see that it had no nose wheel. The plane veered sideways and headed for our group. We ran to the side but it kept coming so I decided to run straight up the strip until it made up its mind where it was going. It changed course again and came after me. I was running a 4 minute mile, at the same time looking over my shoulder. It went up on its nose before it caught me, so now there were a dozen Australians running towards the plane but when we arrived about 4 Americans got out and one said 'bombs aboard, she's about to explode.' Now there were a dozen Australians and 4 Americans running away from the plane. When we stopped an American said there were bombs but there were two men wounded. Now there were 12 Aussies and 4 Americans running back to the plane. It looked as though we could be making a picture for comic capers. One American had died of head injuries, the other had a bullet in his groin and was treated by our doctor.

This was one funny side to the rotten war that I thought I would tell someone. This is a true story.

I went back to Australia from Kesawai, joined the 9th Div. and went to Morotai, Labuan and Borneo.

Alan

R. D. Darrington
Holidaying in England

Am having a wonderful time over here in the garden city Letchworth. Whoever said the green green grass of home was right - everywhere such beautiful deep green country side. It's quite cold for this time of the year, temperature 6-17° and plenty of rain and we till have the room heaters on all day.

went to see the New Zealand cricketers start

their tour about 20 miles from here, a good one day match.

The main topic is the soccer F.C. Cup which is on this weekend. Everyone becomes glued to the T.V. and the pubs do a roaring trade with beer parties while the soccer match is on.

Haven't got used to the massive big pint glasses of beer. I still like Swan/Emu beer.

Am staying with my sister Jean for the first month then moving on to brother Arthur in Scotland and ten days bus tour of Austria. I'm anxiously waiting to see that beautiful country and have a couple of trips planned. I will be playing golf when the weather improves, so will have plenty to do over here.

Cheerio for now.

Dick

N. Demmery
Lot 5
Armidale Rd
Coutts Crossing 2460

Enclosed please find cheque being a small help with the cost of postage of the *Courier*. Unfortunately a modest sum but in keeping with my financial status. I also wish to advise of a change of address to the one above.

A short reusme of my current life is I do not enjoy the best of health like most of us our age, diabetes, stomach ulcers and a heart flutter about three years ago. I have just turned 70 and was very young in Timor where I was with Lt. Campbell Rodd.

I like reading the *Courier* but am sorry to have to read all the Vales, however, I suppose 'them's the breaks' at this time of life.

Yours sincerely,

Norm

Mrs B. Hopkins
14A Norman St
Bentley 6102

Many thanks to all responsible for the *Courier*! My copy came yesterday with a most interesting account of the Busselton Safari. Regret I couldn't make it but hopefully next time.

Enclosed is a doantion for the *Courier*.

Am looking forward to seeing you all next month. Until then my sincere wishes for your health and happiness.

Fond regards to all.

Betty

L. Newton
274 Kaolin St
Broken Hill 2145

Congratulations to the Committee and all who assisted in making a most successful Safari. The hospitality at Busselton was wonderful and the Kookaburra Caravan Park was so convenient to all activities. A special thanks to the RSL Club.

Our travelling friends, Bert and Dot, also enjoyed the whole event. It was great to see so many that I haven't met up with since the war finished. We are also pleased that we stayed on in Perth for a few extra days so that I could attend the march which was a great success. The get-together after at the hotel was much appreciated as it gave us all a chance to have a yarn about old times and catch up on all the news of the day. A special thanks to Tom and Mary for the lift back to the Caravan Park.

The enclosed cheque is for my subs and the remainder for the *Courier* which is much appreciated.

Many thanks to all for accepting Dot and Bert McLaughlin and making them feel quite at home. Bert was an instrument repairer in the R.A.A.F.

Best wishes to Delys from Elsie and thank you for the delightful little corsages.

Regards and hope to see you all in Queensland in 1996.

Elsie and Lionel

J. Boardman
97 Manning St
Scarborough 6019

Enclosed is a donation for the *Courier*. Am looking forward to the June edition to read the highlights of the Safari. The February edition was full of interest as usual. Your account of the Christmas Social was excellent, as was Bob Smyth's report on the Independent Trust, and also Col Doig's review of Patsy Thatcher's address at the Anzac Club on 4th January.

Paddy Kenneally's letter was full of news – it was good to hear that none of the 2/2nd were affected by the fires. Paddy will be relieved to know that our staunchest supporters in Federal Parliament, the Greens, are not arguing that burning should never be carried out. They want much more research done to ensure whole species of plants and animals were not wiped out by prescribed burning.

In the *'West Australian'* of 13/5/94 there was an account of strained relations between Jakarta and Manila because of the Filipinos refusal to ban a private conference on East Timor this

month. There was quite a lengthy discussion on Radio National later the same day, with the Philippines Government standing its ground on the issue of East Timor because there was no longer a police state in the Philippines.

Yours sincerely,

Jack

M. Sheehan
PO Box 234
Kalgoorlie 6430

I am writing about my father, Jack Sheehan. He had a stroke at the end of last year. Dad is better than he was but it is still a struggle. He is now in the Kalgoorlie Nursing Home in Dugan Street.

Yours sincerely,

M. Sheehan

Mrs P. M. O'Donnell
PO Box 822
Exmouth 6707

Just dropping a line on behalf of my father Eric Weller who is spending the winter in Exmouth with me in God's country. I am the eldest daughter. We have been keeping him very busy at bowls, fishing and barbecues at the beach.

I would like to thank you all for the little bits and pieces I have read in the *Courier* for my mother, Margaret Weller.

I would also like to express the anger I feel about the short memory of the Australian government. They have just closed their eyes to the plight of the East Timorese people. Mr Shohachi Iwamura has made a great sacrifice and my heart goes out to him.

I enjoy the letters and poems in the *Courier* and came across a letter from Mr Finkelstein. Dad and I went for many a walk up and down your street and I didn't know that you lived so close. I asked him if any of his old mates lived nearby and we tried a couple of times to find your place, without any luck.

Dad had a very enjoyable time chin wagging to his old mates at the Busselton Safari. We hope that you all arrived home safely.

You will find a doantion for the *Courier* enclosed.

God bless you.

Patricia

F. V. O'Neill
85 Woorarra Ave
Elanora Heights 2101

Thank you for a splendid Safari. It could not have been bettered. I hope you choose Busselton again some time.

My best wishes and those of Verena to everyone.

Still hanging in, not quite knowing how or why.

Kind regards.

Curly

M. Miller
156 Wilson St
Burnie 7320

A short note to let you know that Noreen and I wish to thank everybody who made our trip to the Safari so pleasant. It was like the previous ones, a great success. The organisation was 100%, with the Committee doing a great job.

I had apologies and best wishes from Denny and June Dennis which I passed on but these were omitted from the report in the *Courier*. Thanking everybody connected with the Safari.

Max

O. K. Dignum
24 Selkirk Ave
Seaton 5023

Now the Safari has been and gone, we can reflect on the enjoyment we got from it. There are two camps responsible for the success of it, Camp 1, the organisers, they were the worriers, making sure all fitted in and went smoothly and I can assure you the job they did was 100%. The other camp was those who came from near and far, with only one thing in mind, to enjoy themselves and they did, at least I did.

Taking a van across was magnificent. Who said the Nullabor was dreary. It wouldn't look too good to the wheat farmer, the banana growers, citrus men, but to me who wages a continual losing battle with weeds, it looked good. I reckon I could keep a quarter acre block there weed free.

My old mate Ron Gurr has passed on. Ron and I joined up together and stayed together after the war. Betty and I would go down and visit him in the S.E. I was his unpaid chauffeur. I didn't mind that, it was his car and petrol and Betty was the cook. We used to visit him each year, sometimes twice a year. Each night Ron and I would give the port a bit of a nudge. Betty

would go to bed early and Ron and I would relive some of the humorous times in the war, and there were plenty of those and easy to recall.

While we were in the S.E. we called on Bay Webber in the Mt Gambier Hospital – the ulcers are playing up again. We stopped and talked to his wife Betty who was hoping he would be home soon.

On the way back from W.A. we called in to the Quorn Caravan Park and on April 25th Litchie and I went to Dawn Service at Pt Augusta then back to Quorn for the 11 o'clock service. That will last me now until Remembrance Day.

Keith

G. Vandeleur
Unit 117
Buderim Meadows Retirement Village
Karawatha Dr
Buderim 4556

I wish to advise that Edna and I have moved to the above address.

Sorry we could not make it to the Safari but I was going to several doctors for a pain in the stomach and until all the tests were done I did not feel like going anywhere. I'm all right now, in fact we both are enjoying good health and hope to see you in 1996.

Regards,
George

T. G. Nisbet
54 Tuxen St
North Balwyn 3104

Enclosed is a cheque for \$200 donated to our Timor Welfare Fund by Gordon Hart (ex 2/4 Coy) who has been staying with me whilst putting the finishing touches on the 2/4th history of the Unit. Gordon comes from NSW and has been with me about three weeks. As you will appreciate, our war time experiences received a good airing, also my forthcoming trip back to Timor and its purpose.

I would appreciate if Gordon got acknowledgment that his donation has been received. Wouldn't want him to think I used it for my Timor travelling expenses! I'm leaving on 13th July.

All the best to the Association.

Kindest regards,

Tom

S. R. Marsh
17 McGough St
Glenorchy 7010

Enclosed is a donation for the *Courier*.

I'm still pretty active although my arthritis gives me curry at times in both arms and shoulders.

Our Senior Citizens Club have a day playing cards, bingo and indoor bowls every second Thursday in the Claremont RSL. Once a month we have a day trip to different places around Tasmania.

Joan is off to England with her sister in September so things will be pretty quiet around the place for a month.

Regards to all.

Joan and Swampy

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

Nola and I wish to thank the Committee and friends for making our trip to Busselton so pleasant – a trip well worth while. Great to meet up with all our mates and their wives. We enjoyed every moment of it. The people of Busselton also made us feel so welcome. The organisation of trips and get togethers was tremendous. Thank you all and we hope to see you in Maroochydore, God willing.

Keith

D. Boyland
Unit 25/7 Beddi Rd
Trinity Village
Duncraig 6023

Please find enclosed cheque towards *Courier* costs. I enjoy reading all the news it contains. Please keep the good job going.

God bless you all.

Dorothy

THE STORY OF JACK STEEN (STAFFORD)

I just about lived with my grand parents until I was 7 years old and the first school I went to was 10 miles out of Narrabri, the mode of transport being a horse. The kid who owned it came from about four miles away and had to pass our homestead, anyhow, him and his two sisters then me on the rump. It was all bareback riding for us kids then. The school consisted on one room about 14' x 20' and in the one room were six classes, each row of

desks was a class. I think there were about 16 pupils at the school. I spent more time yabbing or trapping rabbits than I did going to school. That was the best time I can ever remember.

Then mum sent for me and I had to go back to Sydney and go to school there. By this time I was about eight and was I *dumb!* Anyhow, I went and struggled through for the next five years when mum sold the pub and we were going up to Narrabri for a holiday, so the next day I go to school and fronts the Headmaster and tells him I'm sorry but I have to leave school as my parents are going to New Zealand and when he asked me where, the only place I could think of was Christchurch so he gave me a letter of recommendation to some other teacher there. Geez, I felt silly. Anyhow, I went home and told mum I quit school and had a bit of a row but it ended up with me going to Narrabri and my sister going to boarding school. That was the end of my school days.

I stayed with my grandmother for about a year before going back to work in the pub in Sydney. It was the Marlborough in Newtown and boy, was it a tough place. You could bet on a fight a day through the week and three on Saturdays. Anyhow, the old man used to have a bung starter (a wooden mallet) and he'd belt them over the head with it. They'd be laying out everywhere, even the cops were impressed the way he laid them out.

I was getting a pound a week then at 14, and touching the till for a quid so I was pretty rich. Mum had me apprenticed at 12/6d a week so that didn't last long, it was like riches to rags. The parents kept buying and selling hotels and we had the Wynyard Hotel when war broke out. I waited a couple of months, thinking that the war would end – stupid me – so I made all the arrangements and drew my money out of the bank, bought a train ticket to Melbourne and away I went. Arrived in Melbourne, went to a boarding house at Coburg and lazed around for another couple of months so then I thought I had better join up so I enlisted and told them I was 20 years old. They said I had to get my parents' permission so I got the forms and went around to the local post office and filled them in and signed their names, took them back and so I was in, but boy did I make a mistake. I joined the 2/4 Artillery which was a very toffey outfit, every bastard in it had a hyphenated name and who should I be bedded next to but Harold Holt, the one time Prime Minister. He was only in for a fortnight and then he was discharged.

Finally told my mother I was in the Army and she told me to get out or she would get me out so I told her if she did I would just join up under another name and she wouldn't know where I was. Anyhow, the upshot of it was that they

sold the hotel and came to Melbourne where I met them. I got a watch in one hand and five pounds in the other so that I knew all was forgiven. We sailed in 1940, the 'Queen Mary,' 'Aquatania' and the 'Mauritania' which I was on.

We disembarked at Bombay in India and went into the hills for a fortnight at a place called Dealari before another convoy could be formed. Then away we went again and embarked on an old ship, the 'Lancashire' and boy, was it a rust bucket. Every time it hit 10 knots it shook like some poor bastard with malaria. The water was as flat as some beer I have drunk and you could see these great bloody big sharks sun basking on top of the water, some of them had dorsal fins like sails on an 18 footer. I prayed that there were no subs about.

We landed at some place in the Suez Canal and caught a train for Palestine where we camped at a place near Gaza. We were camped in a place called Desenedin in what is now the Gaza Strip. We trained there for a few months getting acclimatised, then we went up the desert to a place called Mersa Matruh, which was supposed to be some holiday resort in Roman days. All I can say is that they were easily pleased.

Did some patrolling in the desert for a while then the 6th Div. went to Greece and it was not long after that we went into Syria where we were at it right from the word go. A poor sig's life was a sorry one then, you were either laying lines or pulling them up or fixing them where shell fire had broken them, or manning a wireless at the O.P. This went on for about six weeks. I think it was when it all ended and what a beautiful country to end a war in, or it was then.

The hills were all terraced with olive trees on them and we were camped on these terraces. Another bloke spotted a snake going into the rock wall of the terrace, so smart arse me said I would get him out (I was thinking of one about 2 feet long) so I got some petrol and threw it on the rocks and waited. I didn't have long to wait for out came a bloody black snake, thick as your arm with a mouth open like a crocodile. These terraces were about 10' wide and the next thing I knew I was 2 terraces down. The other fellows looked at me with awe, they said I cleared the 2 terraces from a standing start, and why not! One of the fellows killed it and it was just under 8' long so that was the last time I went snake hunting.

The Regiment found out I was a bit under age and sent me to the Officers school doing anything. That was where I first met Lt. Fox, though I don't think he remembers me.

Came back to Australia and heard about the Commando Units and volunteered. An officer (I

forget his name now) was going to Wilsons Promontory so I asked if I could go as his batman and that is how I got into the Cadre at Darby and went as a reinforcement to the 2/2nd - about that you know. When I left you in New Britain I came back to Australia, got discharged and went back to the pub game, met a lot of fellows coming through and even helped the C.O. out with his beer at weekends as it was hard to get then and he worked at the Ampol Depot just down the road from the White Bay Hotel.

I got married in 1946 but could not settle down. I was drinking too much and spending money as though there was no end to it and it came to a breakup in 1949 so I headed south to Melbourne after winning a thousand pounds at Thomo's two-up. I won a bit at the races then went to Adelaide then to Kalgoorlie where I built up the bank then to Perth where I met Ray Parry. I was getting down in the finance department so had to get a job which you helped me with Col, and believe me, although it is perhaps a terrible thing to say, I was relieved when the Korean War broke out and I was 7th in Western Australia.

I had put Ray's name down when I put mine down and before we were to report for our medical Ray had a car smash so when we did have to report, Ray turned up on walking sticks so they left him out until later. That's how we missed being in the same Company.

Went to Puckapunyal in Victoria for refresher training and I think we only spent about 3 weeks there before going to Sydney where we were kept in just about close confinement, only allowed out on a bus tour, in Sydney about a week then flew off to the Philippines. The Army gave us an American dollar to spend there so you can imagine the number of hats that were sold.

Arrived in Japan and joined 3 Bn. at Hiro, that was where I was put in 'D' Coy. 'A' Coy was all vets as was 'D' Coy. 'B' Coy was half vets and young fellows and 'C' Coy was all young recruits. We were at Hiro for about a fortnight and were going up to Haramurah about 20 miles away where the Japanese Army used to do a week's field training, so naturally we marched up. Arrived there at about 3pm and were sitting down having a smoke when General Robertson (Red Robbie) arrived and spoke to the C.O., Colonel Green, so we about turned and marched all the way back. I thought my feet would drop off. My ankles were as thick as the calves of my legs. Anyhow, we all fell in about 11pm that night and next day we were packing for Korea. A couple of days later we sailed and landed at Pusan where we caught the train for Tague where we were formed into the Commonwealth Brigade. We were around Tague for a while before we started going north and then it was always

either 'A' Coy or 'D' Coy leading. 'C' Coy was always in reserve. If it was only a road block then 'B' Coy would take it but if a hill had to be taken it was either 'A' or 'D' that had the honours. We used to visit each other when possible to see who had got the chop or had been wounded and evacuated.

The Battalion's war didn't really start until we reached Chanju and one of the first actions was when in the night 'A' Coy disarmed a Bn. of North Koreans. They thought that 'A' Coy was 'Ruskies' so it was a good feeling. They told me to just tell them to put their weapons on the heap and go and sit down. I believe they were really disappointed when they were marched off. Anyhow, continuing north we were having action about every second or third day. I forgot to tell you how I got lumbered with the Bren gun 11 Pl which was mine, or I should say was a member of and belonging to 6 Section. Anyhow, we crossed this river on tanks with bullets hitting the water now and again and I sure prayed that they did not hit the tank for they would then give you a nasty wound, flattened as they would be. We got to the bottom of the ridge line and started up. When we got to the top there was the Bren gunner who I think was Aussie Osborne and his No. 2, a couple of other fellows and myself. We kept advancing and all of a sudden we got the kitchen sink thrown at us. The Bren gunner was hit in the shoulder and the No. 2 got one through the heels. I grabbed Aussie and put his arm over my shoulder and kept kicking the No. 2 in the arse to make him crawl faster, grabbed the Bren and got out. I told the Lieut the only way was for three or four blokes to go in with Owens and go in fast shooting so, as I knew where they were I got lumbered to lead them. We went in shooting and on the way in I scooped up a nice pistol in a holster all done up in red silk. We killed seven I think and would have got more if some silly bastard hadn't yelled out that we were firing on 'A' Coy who were on another ridge. I pointed out to Len Opie a N.K. peering through a bush about 60 yards away and, using my shoulder for a rest, Len knocked him off in no time.

As we had to move off I asked who was carrying the Bren and they all walked past sneering, so that is how I got the Bren and it was one of the best weapons I have ever handled.

We proceeded from Chonju to Taejon. There were a lot of small villages in between but I could never remember the names. It was after we left Chonju that the action got more frequent. I think it was at Taejon that we were in a truck and had outstripped our lines of communication. Anyhow, we each had a teaspoon full of diced carrots and a spoon full of peas. Boy, were we hungry! We had to stop for two days until the rations caught up with us

and then it was on the Chonju. There we advanced over these open paddy fields, it was about 1000 yards to a low range of hills that we were to take before dark. Those slugs certainly crack when they are overhead, anyhow we got to the bottom of the hills and one of the Sections nearly got wiped out by a machine gun. We were going up the hill which was pretty wooded when I thought I could see a pill box so I opened up on it and was happy to see an explosion and a fire start. The pill box turned out to be a tank and I wouldn't have bloody been there if I knew it was there. I must have either hit ammo or petrol. My No. 2, a bloke by the name of Wilson, had disappeared and I had only half a dozen mags so I was throwing them to different fellows to fill for me when one of the fellows yelled out that a machine gun was below us so I took the pistol and ran down.

One of the N.Ks got out of the hole with his hands up, the other just laid across the gun so I shot him, then they opened up on us from the left so I had to shoot the bloke who gave himself up for we could not let him go behind us and we could spare no one to take him back. For a while there it was a very mixed up affair, a little while later I was sitting with the rest of the Section, getting another mag. refill as my No. 2 had still not put in an appearance with the rest of the mags. The next minute I was arse over head. I thought somebody had punched me on the shoulder and wanted to know who it was but they all denied it. Later on the arm started to get a bit sore so I took my jacket off and on my upper arm I had a lump about the size of an egg with a nice hole in the centre, so I think a slug must have come through a tree trunk and hit me when it was about spent.

My No. 2 turned up and I asked him where he had been and when he told me he was looking after the wounded I think I invented new names to call him and told him to stay with me in future. We took up our positions for the night, 10 Pl on one low feature and 22 Pl on another and I was in a pit in between both Pls. 'A' Coy was about 100 yards over on our right. About 10 pm that night everything hit the fan, everybody was opening up. The nearest N.K. I dropped was about 6' from the pit. My No. 2, Wilson, shot through saying he was going to get the Pl. Commander. I was busy at the time and didn't hear him. I only knew that suddenly I was alone with N.Ks passing either side of the pit and if anybody says that the hair doesn't stand up on the back of your neck he's a fool. I tried to yell out to Len Opie in the next pit but I couldn't speak, my mouth was that dry. The Pl Commander turned up about two minutes later, bringing Wilson back. I was going to shoot the bastard but Lt. Johnston grabbed the gun, the Pl Sgt stayed with me for the rest of the night

and the No. 2 went out the next day with a strained back. It was that night that Charlie Anderson got a burst of Burp gunfire down the side and was evacuated to Japan and after Chonju it was just about plain sailing up to Suwon, there was only some scattered action on the way up. From Suwon we went on to Seoul and from there proceeded north to the 38th Parallel.

It was starting to get cold now and the wind was bitter as we kept on going up. 'C' Coy was leading and we all lined the road and clapped as they passed through. 'D' Coy was in reserve. I think it was just this side of Anju that they got into what was called *'The Battle of the Apple Orchard.'* They were beautiful apples about the size of a small rock melon, as red as a maiden's blush and juicy. I can still taste them. 'C' Coy went through and shot a few N.Ks on the way and as we were resting in the orchard we spotted N.Ks coming out of a bunker in one's and two's and taking off so the fellows threw a few grenades down and then rested again and lo and behold, up popped another couple from the same bunker so this got the blokes cheesed off and they got a 4-gallon tin of petrol, punched it in a few places and threw it down, waited a few minutes for the fumes to get out and then threw in a grenade. Hell, it went off with a bang, they counted later and found over 30 bodies down there.

It was near Anju that the Americans put in a para jump. We went on through and came to the outskirts of Pyongyang where we were told to halt and we had to let the 7 Div. Cav. through so that the Americans could have the honour of capturing the N.K. Capital and I'm going silly writing this Col, for Pyongyang was before Anju.

We got up to about Siniyu this side of the Yalu River where our C.O., Colonel Green was killed by the last mortar bomb of the night. We stopped there for a couple of days just patrolling and not doing much and that's where those famous words came into being – *'Bug Out.'* Boy, did we bug out, we were on anything that would move and if a truck broke down it was just pushed off the road. It seems as though the Chinese had come into the war. I think we went back to Keasong, I'm not sure but it wasn't far from the 38th Parallel and it was snowing like hell.

By this time I was a Corporal and a section leader and it turns out that if you had been in the country for 4 months you were entitled to 4 days R & R Japan. I was lucky enough to have my name pulled out of the hat so off I went. After the 4 days were up I kept asking to be sent back as I was going broke. A fortnight went on like this so I said bugger it and went AWL from Japan back to Korea. Boy, did I have some trouble finding the Bn. I was heading for the front when I saw a truck with

the red, white and blue rondel on it and managed to flag it and found my Coy S/Sgt Rusty Troy in it heading for 'B' Echelon so I went with him as he told me he would get me back to the Coy that afternoon. I got to the Coy at 1500 hrs and Major Keys asked me to take out a patrol that night as NCOs were in short supply. I told him I was AWL from Japan and he said he would fix it. It took 4 months to fix it. I believe the MPs even went looking for me at Ray Parry's place.

It was as cold as hell and the young blokes couldn't take it. It got that way that you would hear a cry for stretcher bearer and then the shot would ring out. There was a hell of a lot of foot and hand wounds in those days.

I remember once we were going to do a dawn attack, all very quiet. Well, walking after the PI, guiding us was like walking on an icy footpath and all you could hear was fellows going arse over and the curses would ring out. So much for the sneak attack, so the fellows would put the blanket roll between their legs and ride it down the hill like a sled, yelling and screaming all the time.

At dawn we lined up in a gully and when the whistle blew, away we went. 10 PI was leading the attack on our spur line and 'A' Coy had the next spur over, with a bit of shooting we got half way up the spur and were told to consolidate as 11 PI were passing through us for the final assault on the ridge line. While we were all sitting around one of our own 81mm mortars dropped one on us, caused three dead and two wounded. I took over as PI Sgt from there. I forgot to tell you that previously I had won a bit over 1000 pounds with a Crown and Anchor set I had sent from home. I gave it to a Lieut. to mind when we went into the attack and didn't think about it until 11 PI passed through so I took off up the spur after them and caught up to the Lieut and demanded my money back for I didn't think that 11 PI were going to be in the assault. I told him if he got killed with it in his pack it was his money so I wanted it back and I would take the chance of getting knocked off.

It was not long after that that Len Opie, who was also now a Sgt. took a hill with his platoon, as he was also PI leader at the time. This hill had beat back about four attempts to take it and had shot down one of our planes. Anyhow, after he took it Ray Parry, who was a section leader, had to occupy it and he and his section were under constant shelling for about 10 hours.

I may be wrong but I think we went to Kaesong after that and were taken out for a spell as we had been in constant action for about 6 months. It was rumoured that we were about for a few weeks. Well, we were out about a week when the bubble burst. It was night time

and we had to pack up and move and nearly everybody was half blotto, so away we went to the place called Kapyong. 'D' Coy had to go and hold the ridge top with 'A' and 'B' Coys extended on the spur. Below us 'C' was in reserve, behind us on the ridge line the Chinese had broken the ROK line ahead of us but all in all we spent a pretty quiet night and then it dawned the 25th April. We were counting the Chinese climbing the spur over from us about 400 yards away, so an air strike was called in but being Yanks they buggered up again and down they came on us. I never want to be under napalm again. The PI was left about 17 strong with the dead and wounded taken out.

Not long after that the Chinese put in an attack and we had some prisoners so we were going to use them as stretcher bearers. We got the word that we were withdrawing, that 'A' and 'B' would pass through us and then we would pass through 'C' Coy and head for the river. Right on dusk 'A' and 'B' started to go through us and boy did the fighting pick up. The Kiwi artillery were dropping their 25 pounders 50 yards ahead of us and then they brought it back to 25 yards and they were magnificent when they were dropping that close you sure don't hear any whistle as you see and hear in the pictures. All you get is a rush of air and a bloody big bang just like a door slamming but louder. It was there that a grenade landed about a yard from my head and exploded. All I could hear was a great ringing in the ears and there was blood coming from my neck. I had not been hit with any shrapnel but the blast had torn the skin open. I really thought that was it, but a couple of fellows helped me to my feet and I found that my ankle was twisted and hell, it hurt. I sure felt sick and sorry for myself. Anyhow, we started pulling out and passed through 'C' Coy. The Canadians were on the other side of the river and they kept firing tracers down to show us where the crossing was. We made it OK and I was evacuated by ambulance and went to a Yank hospital. There was a fight going on between Aussie Med and American Med so we didn't even get a wash. They then sent us by train to Pusan which took another day and night and I was vaccinated about 8 times – every time one of the medics went past ye would out with the needle.

From the train to hospital in Pusan, still no wash and I was covered in soot from the napalm, blood and dust and I could even smell myself. Had an American General come by and throw me a Purple Heart from a shoe box but one of the nurses grabbed it, telling him I was an Australian. Was evacuated next morning and went by plane to Japan and wound up in hospital in Kobi where I stayed for a week. They were a bit worried about the head and didn't the doctor go crook when he

saw that I hadn't been washed before. I was wacked onto the table. Got a telegram telling me that mum and the old man would be landing at Hiro from the *'Duntron'*. Somebody pulled some string and I was allowed to travel around Japanese waters with them – got to Tokyo and saw my parents off and a Captain was put in charge of me to bring me back to Hiro because they thought I would shoot through again.

When I arrived back at Hiro I was sent to Haramura as an instructor from where I was rotated back to Australia, spent about 10 months at Ingleburn training National Service people and got jack of it. I put in, I think, 4 applications for transfer back to Korea and all the Adjutant did was laugh at me so I wrote to the Minister for the Army – boy, you never saw a bloke moved so fast. You would have thought I had a contagious disease they wanted to get rid of me that quick.

Arrived back in Korea and took over as CSM of Sp. Coy from Len Opie and the war was at a stalemate then. When the cease-fire came into effect we were put to work building fortifications on the 38th Parallel, the ground was frozen and did we use some explosives. The ground was shaking all day and all you could hear was *'fire in the hole'* on all sides. With the war finished we started going on exercises with sometimes the snow falling that much you couldn't see five yards ahead of you. They used to issue those demijohns of rum, you know, with the wicker work all around them. Anyhow, as it was about 15 degrees below, I rang up to see if I could issue the rum but was told to hang on to it so did so until the following morning when it was over 20 degrees below, rang again and got the same answer. Well, finished exercise and still had rum so asked the RQMS if Sp. Coy's rum was all accounted for and was told yes and it was all *'written off.'* Boy, did I make hay while the winter lasted.

I'm skipping a lot here Col, but I can look back and see the funny side of some things now. Anyhow, my time was up so was posted back to Australia as Instructor to 17/18 CMF at Chatswood, Sydney. Was with them for about 5 or 6 years when a friend Major Mazie, wanted to know if I would go as his CSM to Malaya. Hell, I jumped at the chance. I didn't get to go with Mazie who had 'C' Coy but went as CSM to 'D' Coy which was made up from the rejects of the others but it turned into a good Coy. Spent the time in Malaya on exercises or on border patrol. As it turned out 'C' Coy was the only Coy that saw any action there. 2nd Bn. finished its tour of duty there and we were all flown home, families and all, where everybody was reposted so I finished up being posted to a Cadet Bn. with about 4 schools to look after and it was a bastard

A call came for volunteers to go as advisers to

Vietnam and I couldn't get my name in quickly enough. After a bit of training at Cunungra again, away we went all dressed in civilian clothes and only changed into uniform on the plane after we left Singapore. After about a fortnight getting used to the climate we were all allotted to different areas. I finished up at a training camp and was there for a few months before being sent to Quangtri on the border and from there we would patrol with different Arvan companies from different fortified villages – a very queer place Vietnam, it took two of us six weeks to stop patrols going out walking hand in hand with a transistor up to the ear blaring out and a couple of live ducks with legs tied and slung on to a rifle barrel. It was a soldier's nightmare and it is no wonder the war was lost as it was never being fought to win.

Finished up doing my tour there and back to Australia three days before the TET offensive started so I may have been lucky again. I was getting a big long in the tough for a regular battalion so got posted back to Cadets and was with until 1968 when I took my discharge and went to work for Mayne Nickless as a driver on their armoured cars and stayed with them for the next 15 years. They were a very good Company to work for and certainly looked after their employees.

I retired in 1983 and have been taking it easy ever since except for a few operations, although as we get older I guess we all go through that. Anyhow Col, that's about a rough outline of events but there was a hell of a lot of good and funny times that I have missed out but for now, all the best.

Jack

INDEPENDENT TRUST FUND LIST 7

Wilf and Lorraine March	\$50	2nd payment
Don and Vida Turton	\$200	final payment
Ron and Nan Dook	\$20	additional payment
Paul and Nancy Costelloe	\$25	additional payment

Mike, Helen, Gerald and Sean Kenneally	\$400	2nd payment
Gordon Hart (2/4th)	\$200	3rd payment

Donations now total \$15,820, a commendable effort. The Trust Fund Committee thank those who have contributed to this worthy cause. The fund is still open for donations.

COURIER DONATIONS

Jack Boardman, Norm Demmery, Lionel Newton, Ernie Bingham, Betty Hopkins, Dorothy Boyland, Bernie Langridge, Don Hudson, Roy Watson, Harry Sproxtton, Ray Aitken, Joan Burns, Mark Jordan, Dusty Studdy, Ron Dook, Arthur Littler, Lew Thompson, Don Murray, Dot Joy, Col Andrew, Weller family, Swampy Marsh, Jess Epps, Snow and Isabel Elmore.

SICK PARADE

CHARLIE SADLER is in hospital at Exmouth with bronchial trouble.

BILL HOWELL and LES HALSE are both recuperating at their homes, making steady progress and enjoying the TLC.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

DEMERY, Mr N. F.
 Norm
 Lot 5, Armidale Rd
 Coutts Crossing 2460

BOTTERILL, H.
 Harry and Olive
 1/2 Evans Ave
 Moorabbin 3189
 (03) 555 2164

VANDELEUR, Mr G.
 George and Edna
 Unit 117 Buderim Meadows
 Retirement Village
 Karawatha Dr
 Buderim 4556
 (074) 78 2948

**OCTOBER COURIER
 COPY DEADLINE**

SEPTEMBER 19TH

Don't forget to write!
