

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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President R. Parry, Secretary J. Carey, Editor D. Carey

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"A NEW DAWN"

In direct contrast to the referendum for independence held in East Timor on 30th August 1999, the vote to elect a constituent assembly of 88 members, held 2 years later to the day, on 30th August 2001, went off peacefully.

In the 1999 referendum in spite of threats and intimidation tactics by the Militia aided by elements of the TNI, 98% of the population voted returning a 78% vote for independence. The carnage and devastation inflicted on the people which followed, shocked the world, and only ceased with the timely arrival of Australian troops capably led by General Cosgrove. In the past eighteen months under UNO, order has been restored and the people are at last beginning to enjoy their newly found freedom.

Sixteen parties contested the recent election which when finalised will have the task of drafting it's own constitution before mid December. Fresh elections are expected to follow in the April-June period next year when a President and the head of the assembly executive, equivalent to the office of prime minister, will also be chosen. Frente, the Fretilin party, is expected to gain the most seats in the 88-member assembly and will need to win 60 seats to become the dominant political group. A year from now Timor will be an independent nation running its own affairs. UNO is then expected to withdraw while Australian troops, who are all doing a vital job in the dangerous border areas, will continue on for some time.

The challenges facing this small island nation are formidable and the country will need to develop a free market economy to encourage foreign investment. Infrastructure development should also be a priority. The East Timorese will also need to develop a strong work ethic if the country is to progress. The prospects of economic wealth when the Timor Gap energy flows estimated from 2004, should give the people hope for the future. The East Timorese have shown themselves to be a tolerant and resilient people who deserve the chance of a better lifestyle. We wish them well and in the time that we have left will be following their progress with great interest.

Coin Doig and I often spoke of the East Timor scene in the 1980s - 90s. We were both firmly of the opinion that Indonesia would never relinquish its sovereignty of East Timor and that some form of autonomy was as much as the people there could ever hope for. What a great pity that Colin, who was such a generous benefactor and a strong supporter of the East Timorese struggle for independence, never lived to see the day when East Timor celebrates it's new nationhood. God bless.

Jack Carey.

Vale Frank (Slim) Thorpe NX37195.

Frank (Slim) passed away in his sleep at his home in Greta, NSW on the 17th May last. He was 79. His son Phillip who lives in Capel WA has kindly provided this short biography on his father's life.

Slim was born at Greta in the Hunter Valley on the 21st January 1922. He lived in Greta all his childhood and was educated at the local public school. Unemployment in the district was very high during the 1930s in the depression years and as a result when he finished school he went to live with his eldest sister at Kyogle, NSW. He found work there at a timber veneer factory. Whilst at Kyogle Slim played football for the local team and also joined the Light Horse Militia Regiment and started military training.

In 1940 at the age of 18, he enlisted in the A.I.F. and served in the Middle East for two years. On his return to Australia and after a jungle-training course, Slim joined the 2/2nd Commando Squadron. He served in New Guinea and New Britain in No. 2 Section of "A" Platoon. Slim was a good soldier and well respected in the Unit.

After his discharge in 1946 he returned to Kyogle resuming work in his old job in the veneer factory for a time. He returned to Greta his home town when his father took ill to help complete building a house his father was working on. As his father before him he continued in the building industry as a carpenter firstly with a building company and with the Department of Works, later as a self-employed tradesman either building or making fine furniture. He retired at 60 and continued to assist the community with his craft skills producing beautiful pieces of furniture from timber he had cut and dried. Slim was a superb craftsman who loved and took great pride in his work. He was a life member of the local R. & S. League, a member of the Volunteer Bushfire Brigade and the Greta Workers Club.

The loss of his beloved wife Mavis, who

died 10 months before him, was a great blow and one he never really recovered from.

Frank and Mavis made three trips to WA in the 1980s to see Phil and his wife Beryl and the grandchildren. He also caught up with Tony Bowers, Joe Poynton and others of his old two section mates.

So passed another Unit member, a quiet achiever and a good Australian.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to all members of the Thorpe family.

Lest We Forget.

Vale Harold "Baldy" Garnett.

Tony Adams notified us of the passing of Harold "Baldy" Garnett on 1st June last. Unfortunately it is one of these cases in that we know very little about the life of Baldy. We do know that he was the officer in charge of our first group of reinforcements who arrived in Dili on the 20th January 1942. Some of the party of about 50 had only been in the AIF for a short time and were inclined to be a bit wayward making Baldy's job quite difficult. However the newcomers settled in quickly and went on to be good soldiers. Baldy gets a mention in Col Doig's book. In one instance during the movement of ammunition Colin wrote, "Here Lt. Garnett was in charge and by the judicious distribution of a small amount of money, and by the liberal use of promises and sheer will power, he was getting the stores on to Vila Maria" This was late in February 42. He later, with a small section moved back near Dili and with the help of Portos recovered a petrol driver battery charger and a wireless set used by Dave Ross. The acquisition of these proved invaluable in the Unit eventually making contact with Australia.

Baldy also led a diversionary party when the "Bull" led his men on their daring night raid on Dili. After Timor he left the 2/2nd and

joined an intelligence unit. Baldy was a good officer and well respected by his men. Though on the Courier mailing list for many years, for some reason he took no interest or part of the Queensland branch activities.

Paddy Kenneally contacted him a couple of times but got no worthwhile response.

Paddy Wilby was able to shed some light on Baldy's life, saying he was working for Burns Philp before he enlisted and resumed with them for a time after the war. He lived at Paddy's home town, Wynnum for a number of years where he had a milk round. They often talked of old times. Paddy said Baldy was a good speaker and often gave talks to local groups on his experiences in the army and was also a capable M.C.

For a time he lived at Buderim in the same retirement village as George and Edna Vandeleur. Edna said that Baldy and George got on well and often reminisced on Timor days. He later moved from Buderim to a nursing care centre in Warana where he died. He was in his early eighties.

The Association was not represented at his funeral not having been notified of his death by any of his next of kin. May he rest in peace.

Lest We Forget.

Jack Carey.

Vale Francis Peter Hearle NX5731

2/6/18 – 4/6/01

Peter's funeral service was held in Brisbane on Tuesday 12 June and was very well attended by all the family, many friends and a large number of Rotarians.

Peter was able to celebrate his 83rd birthday with family and friends on 2nd June and died suddenly two days later.

His eldest son Peter read the eulogy, which gave a very comprehensive overview of Peter's life.

He was born in London and it wasn't until 1920 that the family moved to Australia.

After schooling in Brisbane he had a number of jobs including jackarooing in Western Queensland before enlisting in the RAAF training to be a pilot. Apparently this placed a considerable strain on the number of airworthy planes the RAAF had at that time and Peter was advised to transfer to the Army which he did in January 1941. He later became a signals instructor at the Jungle Warfare School at Foster from May to November 1942 with the rank of Lieutenant. He joined the 2/2nd in the N.T. after its return from Timor in December 1942 and served with distinction as our Sig. Officer in New Guinea, New Britain and Rabaul.

After discharge Peter did a painting and decorating course under the Rehabilitation Scheme and commenced business on his own which proved to be very successful.

His sons Chris and Charles have carried on in his footsteps guided by the thoroughness and example set by Peter.

Joan & Gordon Stanley, Iris & Tony Adams represented the Unit and Tony spoke of Peter's service and the esteem in which he was held by one and all in our Unit.

Our sympathy goes out to his long-term partner Sylvia, his sons and daughters and grandchildren who have been so loving and supportive.

Tony Adams.

Vale Harold (Bill) Rowan-Robinson.

WX12935.

Harold Rowan-Robinson was born in Suffolk England on the 7th October 1918. His father was a Royal Navy Surgeon who later became an Anglican vicar. Harold attended a boarding school at Ipswich for 8 years followed by a year of practical farming at an agricultural college, which set his mind on becoming a farmer. He was 17 when he arrived at Greenbushes in Western Australia in 1936. He adapted quickly to his new lifestyle and was soon earning an extra

bob or two doing odd jobs for neighbours. In 1940 he joined the 25th Light Horse Regiment and in May 1941 enlisted in the A.I.F. then volunteering for the hush hush group later the 2/2nd Independent Company. Robbie, as he was known to his army mates, served with A Platoon in Timor and C Platoon in New Guinea. Attaining the rank of Lance Sergeant he was a good soldier and a respected member of the Unit. Whilst on leave he was introduced to a charming army lass one Iris Radford. It was a case of love at first sight. Harold married Iris in September 1944 going on to spend over 56 happy years together. He and Iris had two sons Max and Gilbert and then two daughters Trudy and Janis.

On his discharge Robbie managed a farm in the Bridgetown district and brought his own property Woodborough in 1947. An enterprising man, he did well at fruit growing and rearing sheep, lambs and cattle. A tireless worker he later acquired other properties, Gilborough and Rowana on the Nannup Road and Glen Rowan at Maranup. A community minded man; Harold in his spare time became involved in the town's activities. As time passed he became a leading light in most things which were happening. His official capacities included President of the Agricultural Society, Ringmaster of the Annual Show, President of the R.S. & League, Shire Councillor, served on Parents & Citizens groups and as a director of Wesfarmers for 15 years.

He built the "Bargue" Bridgetown and the Geegeelup Retirement Village was established mainly due to his efforts. He even found time to donate over 100 garden seats to the town that he made himself. He took a pride in tidiness and his truck carried tools, rubbish bags and paint for whatever job awaited.

For his outstanding contribution over a long period he was awarded the Order of Australia medal in 1987.

Harold's farming interests were eventually taken over by his son Gilbert also a top farmer.

He and Iris built a lovely home in Bridgetown and travelled extensively in their retirement years. Unfortunately he suffered bad health with a serious kidney complaint in his latter years which he bore manfully. His condition gradually worsened and he passed away on the 29th May 2001 aged 82. Robbie, a loyal and generous member of the Association was made a life member in 1988.

A church service held in Bridgetown on Thursday 31st May was packed with local residents paying tribute to a good man who had done so much for the community. The following morning a service was held at the Bunbury Crematorium. Bernie Langridge, a lifelong friend for over 60 years delivered a moving eulogy. The last post was played and the President of the R.S. & League said the ode.

Nancy Times, Wyn Thompson, Arthur Marshall, Eric & Twy Smyth, Bernie & Babs Langridge and Jack & Delys Carey attended on behalf of the Association. Lest We Forget.

The Association extends its sympathy to Iris and family and to his sister Katherine and brother Alan in England.

Bernie Langridge.

N.B.

Harold's obituary appeared in the West Australian newspaper in June.

Vale Philip Gerard (Gerry) Maley WX10772.

Gerry passed away in the Hollywood Hospital on Sunday 24th June at the age of 78. He suffered indifferent health for many years brought on by a severe leg wound he received back in 1941. He was born in Subiaco on the 2nd August 1922 into a large family, having 3 brothers and five sisters. He enjoyed his school years excelling at sport and was a very bright pupil. He was awarded a scholarship to attend Perth Modern School, which had the reputation of being the most progressive school for learning in W.A. One of his teachers was

the great Jerry Haire. Gerry was to meet up with his tutor later in the 2/2nd. His education at Modern School gave Gerry a sound grounding for his working life.

Gerry enlisted in the A.I.F. at 18 and went on to join the 2/2nd as a signaller. He was badly wounded in the shoulder and right leg in an encounter with a Jap patrol near Hatolia in March 1942. With the help of friendly natives who hid him in a hut for several days he was eventually rescued by a party led by Doc. Dunkley and Don Turton. He then spent nearly two months in Ainara before being flown to Darwin on a catalina on 24th May 1942. A lengthy spell in a number of military hospitals followed. While in Heidelberg, he had 37 operations on his leg with many of the skin grafts not taking. It was a case of try and try again. It was a very stressful time for Gerry but he stood up to it well. He was discharged in July 1944. He ended up with one leg shorter than the other, a disability that was to cause severe back problems in later life.

Gerry spent his post war years in Sydney where he stayed with Jack O'Brien and did a course of accountancy under the rehab scheme. Jack had the honour of being the NSW branches first president and Gerry their first secretary. This was in 1946.

Gerry moved to Melbourne in the early 1950s marrying his first wife Margo. They had three children and Gerry worked as an accountant for a wool firm. He was an active member of the Victorian Branch being secretary for six years from 1952/57.

He returned to his home state in the 1960s living first at North Beach then at Yokine. He ran an Ampol Service Station in Nollamara for a number of years, during which time he met Dorothy whom he later married. They had one son Rodney. Gerry went on to work as a purchasing officer for John Court (Northwest) before ill health forced his early retirement. Gerry served on our WA executive and was Secretary

from 1970/73 and president in 1978/79. He was made a life member in 1972. He had the distinction of being secretary in three state branches – a fine achievement indeed. His advice was often sought after when contentious matters arose concerning the Association. He also played a major role in the affairs of the T.P.I. Association, Gerry himself being a TPI. He went on to become the State President of that association and later their National President.

Under his leadership and guidance he welded the state branches into a cohesive and effective lobby group, which eventually ensured its then 23,000 members, obtained their full entitlements. This took all of Gerry's guile as at the time the NSW and Victorian Associations didn't see eye to eye when it came to TPI matters. All in all he made 13 train trips to Canberra on the TPI Associations behalf and each trip was a real effort for him. In 1987 Gerry was awarded an Australian Honour, an OAM for his contribution to the TPI cause.

Gerry never forgot his debt to the East Timorese for saving his life in 1942. Following the influx of Timorese refugees to W.A. in 1975 Gerry, as our Association's liaison officer did a sterling job, helping them settle in their new country, encouraging them to maintain their culture and joining in their social activities.

Gerry and Dot moved to Coodanup in Mandurah in 1989. A devoted couple this was a happy time for them until Gerry's health deteriorated to the point he was in constant pain. He was a well-read man, took a keen interest in botany and was a good lawn bowler when a member of the Yokine Club.

He enjoyed our Anzac Days and always had a ready grin and was good company. We will miss him.

The large attendance at Gerry's funeral service on 27th June was an indication of the respect and esteem in which he was

held by those who knew him. The Association was represented by Ray Aitken, Tony Bowers, John Burridge, Jack & Delys Carey, Dick Darrington, Jess Epps, Keith & Val Hayes, Jean Holland, Charlie, Mary & Paddy King, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Jim Lines, Ted & Peg Monk, Nellie Mullins, Don & Ida Murray, Ray Parry, Joe & Helen Poynton, Bob Smyth, Dusty Studdy, Clarrie Turner, Don Turton, Vince Swann, Hazel Wicks and Doc Wheatley. Members formed a guard of honour at the crematorium entrance and Don Murray delivered a moving eulogy to his old mate. The Last Post and Rouse were played and President Ray Parry said the Ode. The T.P.I. Association members were also there in numbers.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Dot and family on the loss of their loved one.

Lest We Forget.

Jack Carey.

Norma Hasson Day.

I think it can be fairly said that all the 43 members, wives, widows and friends of the Association who attended this function held at the Terrace Hotel on Friday 6th July, had a good time. Don Murray deputising for Len Bagley, who unfortunately was in hospital, did a great job as M.C.

In welcoming those present, Don paid a special tribute to Stan and Barbara Payne who made the round trip from Merredin for the day and also welcomed newcomers in Claire West, widow of Syd, and Dorothy Ryan sister of Bob Chalmers. Vince Swann and son Andrew also received a mention as did the Hasson Clan in Ken, Fred, Kaye and Roy. Kaye, her usual bubbling self, provided lovely orchid corsages for the ladies. The meal was good and the hotel staff under manager Zul treated us royally. Speeches were kept to a minimum with the loyal toast by Don, and President Ray Parry

proposing the toast to mark the 60th anniversary of the forming of the Unit in July 1941. He also congratulated the Secretary Jack Carey on his award of an O.A.M. in the Queen's Birthday Honours to which Jack responded.

Doc Wheatley chipped in with a few well-chosen jokes and John Burridge entertained us with a rendition of "The Lousy Lance Corporal" and his well-known "Guinea Pig" song.

The function wound up at 2.30 pm. Present were: - R. Aitken, T. Bowers, J. Burridge, J. & D. Carey, J. & O. Chalwell, J. Chatfield, R. Darrington, J. Epps, F. Beverley, E. Fullerton, K. & V. Hayes, F. K. Hasson, R. & K. Hanson, M. & E. Jordan, B. & B. Langridge, J. Lines, T. & P. Monk, N. Mullins, R. Parry, S. & B. Payne, J. & H. Poynton, D. Ryan, D. Studdy, V. & A. Swann, M. Thompson, D. Turton, N. Timms, H. Wicks, D. Wheatley, C. West and D. & I. Murray.

Apologies were received from Len & Betty Bagley, Clarrie & Grace Turner, Charlie, Mary and Paddy King, Harry Sproston, Albie Friend, Wilf & Lorraine March. Ed.

New South Wales News.

Dear Editor, I'm sorry but once again I drag the chain for the Courier deadline, in spite of my good intentions to be like the prince and get it in early.

Will try to keep it brief but much has happened since my last surat, both at home and further afield.

On the home front, our first episode was in the evening of April 23rd where attempts were made to break into our unit from both driveway and balcony windows. Fortunately my slide stops prevented entry and our only loss was two insect screens and slightly burnt curtain. We have upgraded to better security because of the lesson.

As expected we only had four of our

members present on a glorious Anzac day, being Harry Handicott, Col Holley, Paddy Kenneally, self plus Chris Hartley as proxy for Jack and my old mate Alan Gray M.M.M.C. from Wollongong. We were pleased to have two of Nancy Teague's daughters and Robert Gregg join us for the N.S.W. Association Service at our Memorial prior to the main march.

Our sincere congratulations to all concerned with those wonderful reports in the June Courier, and best wishes to the newly elected officers. I have been in touch with Pres, Ray and I'm sure he will continue the fine traditions of the past. Few Units have maintained the same kind of bonds for over half a century. It makes one sad to read the obituaries of those we have lost in recent times and over the years, I'm sure Harry and Happy will make a North Coast report. We don't have many contacts down south except for Ron Morris, Betty Craig and Joan Fenwick, all of whom have their personal problems.

Have been in touch with Patricia Weller for a report on Eric who has had a rough time over the past few months and spending time between Wyong Hospital and Wyong Nursing Home.

On July 24th Edith had a fall at home and cracked the neck of her "good" femur at the hip. Spent two weeks in Manly Hospital and came home last Monday, so I'm back to the caring job. We have the backing up of a wonderful G.P., the visiting nurses, Physio and O.T.s which does help and we've also had the Vet. Affairs Home Care lady in three times so far.

Adeliena Oliviera, of one of the daughters of Alexandra da Silva, Timorese recently suffered a stroke and spent time in hospital. I understand she is making satisfactory progress. Her husband Tito has returned to Timor as a teacher.

On a personal note I was recently presented with my 50 years certificate of membership

of the R.S.L. and achieved the same from the N.R.M.A. (RAC).

Although my birthday (86) does not occur until 6th Sept, I passed my annual driving test last week with a comment "Well done", so I can still provide a personal ambulance service.

Our warm regards to everyone, get well wishes to the many on the sick list, and condolences to those who have lost a loved one. Bye for now, Alan Luby. 19/8/01

Northern N.S.W. News.

Dear Editor,

Our northern NSW members are all pretty well although the 'flu has been particularly bad in this part of the world. Our weather has been very mild and although we've had some very cold nights, the days have been very good. Last week we even had a couple of 25s and 21 and 22 have been the norm. Beryl Cullen says that while the water is still good the feed is getting a bit sparse. Beryl is just getting over a bad bout of the 'flu as is Ralph Conley whom I spoke to last night on the phone. He had spent three days in bed with it. I can vouch for it being severe as it hit me too and I was pretty crook for about a fortnight. This despite having had the needle.

Russ Blanch has his 80th on the 23rd of August and Ellen his daughter is organising a party on Sat. 25th which I hope to attend. Jack and Beryl Steen have indicated their intention to attend. The Sigs. will again be well represented. Jack and Beryl are both well.

Ted Cholerton is still going along okay but Dianne had a fall, which did not help much but is now reasonably well.

Ken and Edith Jones travelling along well after a period they would like to forget I'm sure. Ken tells me he'd sooner be on the Coast for the winter instead of Barraba where he said it's been a very cold winter.

I spoke to Harry Handicott at Newcastle and he said they were just getting the winds that caused havoc in Sydney. Both he and Amyce are well. Amyce had had a cancer taken from the leg but is okay again.

Bill Walsh from Kempsey is still having problems with his ticker after the six bypasses. Part of the heart not working at all. Beryl is okay, as she says, "She has to be." We wish you well mate and keep going.

Tom Yates from Kyogle and Jean are both okay and going to Lightening Ridge for a week. Apparently they have hot springs there, like Moree, and Tom reckons they're very good. Jean will appreciate them too after her bout of 'flu. As I said I think every second person I know has had it.

Eric and Lorraine Herd from Iluka are both going well and enjoying their golf. They've got this little cart to travel the course these days. Takes a lot of the work out of it and I guess speeds it up a bit too.

Best wishes and good health to all. I have plans to get over to Perth in October with any luck but right now while I think of it had better book for Mildura.

Happy.

Ron Archer, Lyn Love, Toowong, Qld News.

Dear Jack, Thought that the enclosed mail would be of interest to you. Rosie Shannon's daughter, Lucinda Shannon is Spud Murphy's grand-daughter. You may remember that I introduced you to her at our Hobart Safari. It seems that a special effort was made right around Australia to get our senior students involved in Anzac Day this year. Your student at your Anzac Day did a particularly fine job.

George Coulson had a bad time at Greenslopes Hospital recently. Called on him a few times and have been trying to contact him at his Sunshine Coast home to see how he is getting on, but can't get

through. Rang Pat Barnier today. She is okay and is working hard on a reunion for her former workmates'— she is getting family help with it. Dorothy Gibson advises that her youngest daughter Louise passed away recently — she was just 49.

Allan and Joan Mitchell wish to be remembered to Delys and you and all our mates. He is having eye problems, but is able to get around still but slowly and will not be able to come to Mildura.

Cheers and all the best to Delys and all our mates, particularly Joe, Helen and Tony. Ron and Lyn.

The following appeared in the Launceston Examiner 4/4/2001:

West Launceston schoolgirl Lucinda Shannon has never been up before dawn before.

Not only will she be out of bed this Anzac Day, she will be standing at the Launceston Cenotaph in the grey early morning light, rubbing shoulders with the old diggers gathered to remember their fallen mates.

Lucinda put up her hand when Prospect principal Di Henning called for volunteers to speak at this year's early morning service because she believed it was time for her to give something back for her two grandfathers, both World War II veterans.

She is one of a number of young people around Tasmania who will speak at Anzac Day dawn services this year as a special Centenary of Federation commemoration.

Tasmanian Centenary of Federation chief executive John Kesi said that the proposal to involve young people was part of a strategy that would transfer the memory of those who have fallen and served to new generations of Australians.

Lucinda has already started working on her speech she has been invited to make at the Launceston service.

"I will tell them what Anzac Day means to me and also something about the soldiers who went to East Timor," said the quiet teenager.

"Anzac to me means that I'm safe in Australia, which is a free country. I wake up in the morning in my house because it hasn't been bombed overnight."

Lucinda said that she used to think when she was younger that Anzac Day glorified war.

"Now, I see it as a commemoration for people who died for others," she said. "It definitely shouldn't be linked with Australia Day. They are two totally different occasions."

Geraldton News.

At the outset let me extend hearty congratulations to Secretary Jack Carey on his richly deserved receipt of the OAM in the Queen's Birthday Honour's for service to the community, particularly the welfare of veterans and their families and the indigenous people of Timor through the 2/2nd Commando Association and its unequalled record of service. I was so delighted with the news of you OAM Jack, that I referred to it in my regular RSL contributions to the thrice-weekly "Geraldton Guardian" newspaper. There will be many of your old army mates, Jack, looking down from above, including Doigie, acclaiming recognition of your latest achievement as a result of your mammoth contribution. And don't let us ever forget the huge role that Delys has played in this regard.

Geraldton RSL Senior Vice-President Allan Gronow, who is also District Police Superintendent, has been congratulated on his election as the new Country RSL Vice-President. Allan served in the SAS in Vietnam. We also congratulated RSL Life Member Frank Sharp on being re-elected unopposed as Northern Wheatbelt Vice-

President, and Frank's wife Gillian and her dedicated band of Women's Auxiliary members on winning the Country Cup for the 32nd time! After having won the Colonel Collett Cup 27 times, our sub-branch congratulated Mandurah on recording its first win—one point more than Geraldton.

DVA Deputy Commissioner Russell McLaughlin addressed our July RSL meeting and stated that under a contract scheme, the St. John of God Hospital s at Geraldton and Bunbury and the Mandurah private Hospital would offer direct access for veterans from October, approximately.

There is a very happy widow pensioner in Queensland as a result of the generosity of Geraldton couple, Arthur and Matilda Bare of Gummer Avenue, named after Geraldton's fourth Catholic Bishop, the late Doctor Alfredo Joseph Gummer. They responded quickly to a notice in the Cathedral newsletter that Lori Roberts of the Caloundra Catholic Parish wished to attend the unveiling ceremony of HMAS Sydney 11 Memorial on November 19 and would appreciate accommodation with a Parish family. It was a special request because Lori's father, Chief Petty Officer/Ordinance Artificer 11 Laurance Thomas Woolmore of Victoria, was a member of Sydney's complete crew of 645 men who lost their lives off the WA coast on November 19, 1941. There will be a lovely surprise for the Queensland visitor because Arthur and Matilda's home is opposite the Sydney Memorial site on Mount Scott. Arthur believes that about 10,000 visitors will be attracted to Geraldton for the unveiling ceremony and associated activities because of the Memorial's unique features and the selection of a site that provides wonderful views.

Another Queenslander, Madeline Blyth, is eagerly looking forward to the "Sydney 11" commemoration, having told the Memorial Trust Committee that her adored older brother Sub-Lieutenant Alexander Vince

Eager of Queensland was one of that crew and she had never given up wishing and praying that one day they would see, if not search, at least a Memorial of national significance. Madeline said she considered the Memorial design outstanding and the entire concept inspirational.

Strong representation at the memorial dedication ceremony is certain from Northampton because of the lost crew was Able/Seaman Richard Severn Perryman, who was returning home for his wedding the next Saturday.

State RSL Congress motions carried in Perth included that immigrants who engage in blatant illegal activities in holding camps, such as rioting, Arson/destruction of property and assault while awaiting processing, should forfeit their access to the judicial process, have their applications immediately revoked and be deported. Also that the federal Government should strenuously reject any assertions that we, as a nation, are somehow responsible for plight, real or imagined, of the illegal immigrant children.

As a long time regular contributor to our second-to-none Courier, let me conclude by congratulating Ray Aitken on the contents of his "60 Years Young" contribution in the June Courier. God bless you all.

Peter Barden.

Mildura Safari 2002.

On: Wednesday 1st May to Tuesday 7th May 2002.

At: The Grand Hotel
Seventh Street
P.O.Box 800
MILDURA. 3502

The Safari is a little over 30 weeks away now. Bookings to date number 22.

As this may well be our last chance of getting together you are asked to make a special effort to attend.

Accommodation.

Standard Room
(with ensuite)

" "

Grand Room
(with ensuite)

" "

Rates.

\$48.50 per
person sharing
\$66.00 single

\$63.00. per
person sharing.
\$79.50 single.

Above rates include breakfast.

You can book on (03) 5023.0511

Or toll free reservation 1800 034 228

Mildura is 558 KM from Melbourne on Calder Highway. It is the busiest regional airport in Victoria and there are bus services to Mildura from all states.

An itinerary will appear in the
December Courier.

The first function will be on
Wednesday evening the 1st May.

To give the organisers, Bluey Bone, Ed Bourke and Leith Cooper some idea of numbers attending, try and book by the end of December. There is no restriction on booking times. Last minute bookings will be accepted but we would prefer earlier booking if possible.

Timor Memories. No11

"Shades of Caruso"

from V.P.Wilby.

It would have been early May 1942 when we first moved into Lucki Arma. We were at starvation level; little did we know it then that it would develop into a reasonable district to supply us with food.

The stage for this had been set by Babe Teague, who had done a few trips with me on the pack trains a few months before. Babe had a very powerful voice and had been trained in Sydney to sing as a baritone. The "boller boller" bush telegraph

had also been some help too. Previous to Babe's stint on the pack trains my creado Berimo taught me how to make use of the Bolla Bolla, bush telegraph, when I was trying to make arrangements to obtain some pack ponies for my next trip. The Bolla Bolla was a centuries old arrangement of communication, used long before Australia was discovered.

This is how it was done. Berimo would stand on a hill at evening or night when sound appeared to travel a lot easier and further. He would face the direction in which he intended to send his voice. Then he would open his mouth and shout or Bolla out my request to the next village building up to a crescendo then lapsing off to a sort of sing song question. Some male in the next village would pick up the shouted message and send it on to the next village and on, and on it would go. Sometimes it would take from a quarter of an hour to an hour to complete the first round. Then Berimo and I would send another Bolla inquiring whether the recipients could meet my requirements. Then we would wait and listen while that message did the rounds until we got a satisfactory answer. Sometimes the whole process could take up to two hours or more. Various sections used it quite often. But sad to say I suspect undesirables from West Timor used it against us towards the end of the campaign. (But that's for someone else to write about!)

While most of us remain mere mortals there are others who go on to generate enough power to move mountains, so to speak.

Babe and I had left the hideout above Atsabe and were on our way down to Hatolia to load up another pony pack train of ammo and explosives when Babe turned to me and said "Paddy, are you sure there are no Japs around here?" I assured him by saying—"I wouldn't be here if there were. We are in the safest part of Timor. The fighting sections are out patrolling all the time making things very safe for us while

we are moving all the ammo etc to the hideout. He appeared to be very satisfied with my answer and decided to get in some practice by singing "Rose Marie" followed by the "Indian Love Call" Its then I knew he really could sing. So did the natives. And I told Berimo that there was an Italian singer by the name of Enrico Caruso who had such a powerful voice that he could crack a wine glass if he held it a foot away from his mouth while singing. Berimo passed this information along the line to the rest of the horse handlers (osilyers) who seemed to dwell on this latest topic of conversation and seemed to be turning it over in their minds wondering what they could do with it. Back came this suggestion. How about a Dansa sing song at Numery Num on our way back from Hatolia. With Babe doing the singing and the Timorese doing the dancing Babe agreed. So out went the message on the Bolla Bolla bush telegraph informing all of the coming event the night after next. Many Timorese turned up for it bearing gifts of food and a few extra pack ponies. A good night was had by all, marvelling at the power of Babe's voice. Oh yes, the war was still going on,

But Babe and I didn't appear to be in it, well not just then but tomorrow would be a different day.

The next morning at daybreak we loaded up the ponies and were on our way back to the hideout. We had only been going a quarter of an hour when our leading ponies ran into trouble. They started sinking up to their bellies in mud. Babe and I and Berimo rushed up to relieve them of their loads and extricate them, meanwhile instructing the rest of the natives to remain on solid ground and move back 100 yards if necessary. We had four ponies in strife. 2 with ammo and two with cases of gelignite. We joined the lifeline ropes together. With the ponies struggling to get out they turned the soft ground into a brown soupy ooze making things worse for all of us. However, by

hanging on to the lifelines that the natives on solid ground had tied to safe trees, we were able to unload all of the ponies who eventually struggled free though badly bruised and abraded. We then concentrated on salvaging the cases. By this time we had about a dozen natives in there helping us manhandle the cases back to solid ground. Two cases of gelnite were getting away from us and drifting away with the mud. By now we realised we were on a landslide. Thank God for the lifeline. We knew we stood a good chance of returning to dry land as long as we had it. Babe had turned himself towards safe land when 2 natives threw a 50 lb case of gelnite towards him. It hit him in the back. He let out a great bellow. Natives rushed in to rescue him and lay him on dry land. He was in great pain. We just had to let those two cases of gelnite drift away and attend to Babe. The natives made up a bamboo stretcher and carried him up to Atsabe for treatment. Come to think of it. I was never to hear Babe sing again after that incident.

Meantime we reorganised on dry safe land. We cleaned up the four abraded ponies as best we could. The natives from the local village promised to look after them and a couple of our natives who had been knocked about by rocks and tree roots on the landslide. Berimo and I copped a bit of bruising and abrasions ourselves but not enough to deter us from carrying on with our job.

We loaded up again using some of the spare ponies, then detoured well up the mountainside away from the unsafe landslide area and arrived in Atsabe that night with a few sad tales to tell. We visited Babe at the Poste. He wasn't in a singing mood but he was coming along okay. Later that night I heard a few loud noises. Some of the HQ staff said it was naval gunfire way out to sea. I knew what it was all about. It was the landslide dropping bit by bit into the river. I wasn't letting on as such information might cause a panic as our Company HQ staff were in a few rooms at the Atsabe Poste which was on the edge of a

sheer cliff. And as landslides were on the menu that day the less HQ knew about them the better.

Our 2IC Captain Bernie Callinan insisted that there should always be at least 2 Aussies on these big long haul pack trains in case we were strafed or bombed. One man up front, one at the rear and if possible it would be better if we could have an extra 2 Aussies in the middle of the pack train which would make for good control if trouble should arise. As it would be better to get in with half a pack train than no pack train at all.

I approached Sgt Major Craigie (Wimpy) for a couple of extra Aussies to go with me on the next trip to Hatolia. He said no can do, but how about taking a few Dutchies with you to replace Babe. Then I said – no can do! Those bludgers are too heavy handed when dealing with natives. They'd desert in the first half-hour and take their pack ponies with them. Sgt. Major "Wimpy" agreed. He went inside and saw Don Turton who said Bluey is around here somewhere on an errand. You two always get along okay. Take Bluey Pendergast with you and the job will be sure to get done.

I caught up with Bluey and through various means we formed up another pack train and headed down the mountain towards Hatolia to pick up another load. We camped the night at Numery Num not far from the landslide.

We were a very long time trying to get off to sleep as the bush telegraph had started up, inquiring about Babe, Caruso's name was also mentioned. The bollering seemed to go on for hours with the chiefs in the various villages debating who was the best singer. Caruso or Babe. They didn't think much of Caruso and his voice as he could only crack wineglasses. Whereas the power of Babe's voice could move mountains. As happened yesterday.

Cop that Pavarotti! **Paddy Wilby. 1992**

N.B. Babe Teague passed away in October 1988.

Robert Gregg

P.O.Box 68

Beresfield 2322.

Dear Bob,

Thank you for your letter of acknowledgment, I must apologise for just signing off with my initials.

My connection to the 2/2nd Association comes through my father, who was a signaller sent as a reinforcement to Timor (NX 7435 Ernest Gregg). He stayed on with the 2/4th until they were evacuated. In 1944 he returned to Timor as a member of Z Special Unit (AK 157) on the "Adder" mission. Contrary to the usual version of events, my own and others, researches indicate that he and the party leader, Capt. Grimson reached a point more than ten miles inland from their landing point near Lore. Here my father was killed and Capt. Grimson took his own life, and both were buried by the Japanese.

In 1995 I was lucky enough to be able to travel to Timor with a party led by Gordon Hart. Alan Luby kindly passed on copies of the newsletter to me and eventually I made my own arrangements to become a subscriber. Incidentally both Gordon and Alan were very much on deck at this year's Anzac Day service at the special Commando memorial in Martin Place, Sydney.

It is my pleasure to be able to do a little to help East Timor, I saw at first hand how little they had in 1995, and of course, they need much more help now. Best wishes to all Robert Gregg.

NB Bob Smyth writes "The Japs had previously broken the "Z" Force cover and were waiting for them, except their landing was made at another nearby spot at Lore. Their job was to observe the aerodrome at Fuloro. Ernest Gregg was killed first and the following day Grimson was surrounded



and chose to shoot himself because of the information he possessed. The Japs gave both a burial together." So died two very brave men.

The following article, courtesy John Burrridge Snr., appeared in the Post newspaper:

Different Passions Unite Soldiers in East Timor.

Perth soldiers David Burrridge and Carlos Antonio are both passionate about East Timor, but for different reasons.

In the mountains near Balibo, right on the border with West Timor, the two young men are helping bring about East Timor's peaceful transition to self-rule, which will start with the election of a national assembly on August 30.

David (20) from Claremont, was brought up with the military: his father served in South Vietnam and his grandfather was a commando with the 2/2nd Commando Company which served in East Timor during World War II.

Nineteen-year-old Carlo's mother and father fled East Timor in 1975, escaping the bloodshed that virtually destroyed the tiny nation.

David said: "I couldn't help but be influenced by my family."

"I joined the Army Reserve through the 11/28th Battalion in Perth first to see what it was all about,"

Deciding it was excellent, he joined fulltime 18 months ago and he is already on an overseas operation.

He said he had indicated he would like to go 4RAR, because they were commandos, as his grandfather had been, but he had been chosen by sheer luck of the draw.

My grandfather is ecstatic about me being here," David said."

He's always telling me how he and all of

his friends owe their lives to the East Timorese.

"When I found out I was going to be here I thought, well, this is one way for the Burridges, in a small way, can help repay what the East Timorese did for my grandfather."

Carlos's grandfather a nurse was among the East Timorese who helped Australian soldiers during the war.

"I'm Australian through and through," Carlos said.

"I was born in Australia, and I don't know East Timor, except from what my parents have taught me."

"About 25 of my family originally fled to Darwin as refugees, then they were granted political asylum."

Carlos said he still had family in East Timor,



who had suffered pretty badly over the time.

"I lost a lot of family here during that time, so while I'm here I also look at it as my contribution to helping the country."

Carlos hopes to stay on in East Timor to serve with the 2nd Battalion when it takes over from 4 Battalion in October.

David said: "We've been kept really busy on a variety of tasks, and we're constantly moving around to different areas, so time is going quickly."

"I'm sure we will get a lot out of our time here: we already have."

A Worthy Project.

Maclean, Happy Greenhalgh's home town, has come up with project A.B.E.T. (Aussie Boats for East Timor.) which has the backing of the Maclean Shire Council. The plan is to build 100 boats to replace some of those lost by the Timorese under Indonesian rule. Prior to December 1975 there were 3500 small boats in East Timor supporting 10,000 full time fishermen. By the end of their rule there were between 400 to 500 left. The Militia and TNI had either taken or destroyed the rest. Barry White, a retired Harwood Island boat builder, is one of the main instigators of the project. One fibre glass boat was delivered to the village of Port Hera a few months back and handled the rough conditions and strong tides in the Timor Sea okay. The villagers were all smiles and prize their 6 metre "fat canoe" Some modifications will be made on future boats to accommodate the motors supplied by China.

An appeal for funds is gaining momentum. Barry and his helpers have undertaken a big job, but are determined to make their target. Happy, a generous supporter to our own Trust Fund has donated \$1200 to cover the cost of two boats. Well done Happy. What a wonderful concept it is.

J. Carey.

Trust Fund News.

Dili, Timor Lorosa'e 17/7/01

Dear Robert, Thank you so much for your recent letter inquiring after the shipment of sewing machines and other goods dispatched from Perth. I know that Patsy Thatcher has spoken to you on my behalf, as I was most upset and distressed at the prospect of the goods having gone missing as you have probably learnt from Patsy. In the meantime the goods have appeared and have been safely delivered by the PKF. Thank you so much for your hard work and the effort involved in getting the sewing

machines and other material to me. I hope that you will also extend my greetings of thanks to Keith Hayes for his own sweet (!) contribution!

At the time of delivery, the Australian soldier informed me that the goods had arrived via a rather circuitous route, having gone first to Suai and then on to Dili. This probably explains the long delay in reaching the final destination. I must tell you that I am so relieved that CNRT was not at fault at any stage, as I know that other consignments of goods addressed to CNRT have gone astray and this has been a great source of disappointment to Xanana and myself.

The goods for the school were also on board the truck, which came bringing the goods to me, and I have requested that the school write to you to acknowledge receipt of the school equipment meant for them. I gave them a complete list of what was despatched from Australia for them to check against. I must say, that it seemed to me from what I could see of the boxes on board the truck, that there were not more than around ten boxes of goods*.

I don't know whether the remainder of the cartons will arrive separately. In any case, I do hope that you will receive confirmation of receipt from the school in due course. I know that they will be tremendously grateful for your assistance.

Xanana asked me to send you the enclosed Falintil pins which are, of course, by now a mere memento of a former institution, now replace by the FDTL (East Timorese Defence Force).

I know that you and your colleagues will wear with them pride, nevertheless.

With many thanks once again for your tremendous assistance and Xanana joins me in wishing you good health and strength to continue your wonderful work of support to the East Timorese people.

With warm regards, Kirsty Sword Gusmao.

*Later advice five boxes including a computer.

Nedlands, W.A. 17/8/01

Dear Kirsty, Thank you for your letter of 17/7 which advises that CNRT finally received the pallet of eight sewing machines and four of dress materials, all of which were for the use of the CNRT Timorese women instructional group.

That pallet of twelve cartons was the only items addressed for your attention. I have puzzled why you should have felt responsibility for the apparent loss of the consignment.

However, a hand written postscript on copy of a letter to Patsy Thatcher, which stated each carton was addressed for your attention, was intended to refer to only the CNR pallet, an omission for which I apologise to you and to Patsy.

It is disappointing that of the thirty-nine cartons of computers, printers, books wall charts and instructional material and toys, less than ten, possibly only five were delivered after four months.

The loss of the three cartons of sports balls and the many stories filtering down regarding theft of goods at the wharf, has reluctantly made necessary a delay of our activities until improved security can be established. Meanwhile we are holding two tonnes (pallets) of typewriters, computers, paper, office equipment, sewing machines and dress material etc.

Possibly conditions will improve when the present administration departs!

With kind regards to you Kirsty and Xanana.

Bob Smyth.

Nedlands, W.A.

Dear Kirsty, We were delighted to receive the picture of your son, Alexandre, and for which we congratulate you and Xanana in having such a bright eyed inspiring addition to the Gusmao family.

Also our thanks to Gusmao for the Falintil

badges which are gratefully received and highly prized by those 2/2nd Australian East Timor veterans who now wear them with pride:

John Burridge, Keith Hayes, Jack Carey, Ray Aitken, Paddy Kenneally and George (Happy) Greenhalgh.

Our members join me in wishing you, Xanana and Alexandre continued good health, happiness and high level of admiration and respect within the community and forthcoming new independent government of Timor Lorosa'e. Sincerely, Bob Smyth.

Vegetable Seed Programme.

Dear Bob,

The purpose of this letter is to provide you with some feedback on the Vegetable Seed Distribution Programme in East Timor. As you are well aware, we have been supporting the programme since early this year. We have been involved in the conduct of Humanitarian Assistance patrols whilst deployed to East Timor as part of UNTAET. I found this very rewarding and the distribution of seed packages helped establish rapport with the locals as well as the obvious assistance to their well being.

One traditional village that has benefited greatly from the programme is situated about 1000m above sea level. It is prone to constant exposure to the elements that have reduced the ability of the conventional "aid programmes" reaching the village. Currently a small school exists on flat ground above the town. The building consists of three classrooms and the school caters for the children of the village and the surrounding area. The flat ground in front of the school has been used as a landing zone for helicopters when the weather allowed. One can only imagine the effect this has on the children in class and the potential damage to the flimsy school. We continue to try and help where possible but

so far we have been limited to the provision of your seeds. For this we thank you.

Two of the enclosed photos may be of interest to you and the Association. The individual's name is Manuel de Jesus. Manuel was 24 years old in 1942 and claims to have often fed members of the 2/2nd Commando as they passed through.

We continue to support the programme and will advise the Association when we require more seed to replace our current stock.

Yours sincerely, J. B.

Dear J.B., re Vegetable Seed Distribution Programme, East Timor.

Thank you for your letter and the magnificent photos of the school and of Manuel de Jesus. Manuel's name is not recalled by those members we have approached so far, but the Courier delivery should be more effective in reviving memories of sixty years ago!

We appreciate your contact and description of the village and its school and particularly thank all concerned in their participation of the Vegetable Seed Distribution Programme.

Sincerely Bob Smyth.

For security reasons names and places of location in East Timor have been withheld.

Arthur Marshall, Harvey.

"Old Man Emu."

Arthur Marshall was invited to write an article on his emu farming experiences. Here it is:

Hello to everyone wherever you are. Audrey and I are still at the same address and have been here since Anzac Day 1950. That's quite a while now!

Jack you have asked me to compile a little on the way to farm and market emus and their meat, oil and skins etc. I'll do that no trouble, but before that let's first say hello to Curly O'Neill. Now there's a story on it's own. O'Neill and Griffin versus Marshall during the New Guinea campaign. Two onto one continually!

I must mention that when we were in Wide Bay at the conclusion of the hostilities, we were having a midday meal and Curly was at his usual with me being the butt of his jokes. So, to sort him out I got up from where I was eating, still with a nearly full plate of stew, walked behind him, pulled back his collar and tipped the lot down back of his shirt.

With much laughter I took off, but one of his mates tripped me up and while I was flat on my back Curly poured a full tin of golden syrup over me! Hello Curly, it sure was one way of breaking the monotony.

Now, to the subject of emu farming. Let's begin with the birds in their natural state. To start with, they pair off. The female is the one that chooses her mate but it is only a temporary thing. When she has laid about eight eggs to twelve eggs in a nest on the ground the male will sit on them. She is then finished with him and once he is settled on the nest she will go off and take another mate.

The male will sit on the eggs for fifty-six days and keep them at a constant temperature of thirty-six degrees Celsius. During that time he will neither eat nor drink. The energy he needs comes naturally from the fat stored in his body. He sure is an amazing bird! After the chicks have hatched he will care for them until they are able to totally look after themselves at about sixteen months.

The male is very docile while sitting on the eggs. You can lift him up to check or remove the eggs during this time without a worry. As soon as the chicks have hatched though

you can't go near them or he will kill you given half the chance. The adults have toenails that are a couple of inches long and they sure know how to use them to best effect.

Emu Tech was the company that our family ran for about nine years. There were only four licences issued by the W.A. Government as a trial project and Emu Tech gained one of these. An initial amount of 100 chicks was purchased off the Aboriginal farm at Wiluna. After a couple of years another 200 chicks were purchased from the same source. Over the next few years we built the stock up to about 6500 birds.

As there was very little information to go by it took a lot of hours of work and was certainly a learning time. Quite a few mistakes were made but a great deal of knowledge was gained in the process.

We would pick up about 7500 eggs a season for incubation. That was one of the jobs that Audrey and I had to do. From seven in the morning until eleven at night, from May til December we would be caring for about 1000 eggs in incubators our boys had built.

We also had to look after the chicks in hatcheries. It was a really interesting time bringing life into the world. We had the responsibility of following the chicks through to maturity at about sixteen months.

Audrey also had the job of running a busy "on farm" restaurant and tourist facility that was a big part of Emu Tech at the time.

Jack, it would take a full book to write down all there is to know about emu farming and our various experiences. Some other time you may want me to write more about the products, marketing and other areas of interest. On this venture we all "did" large amounts of money mainly through ignorance and a general lack of available information. Unfortunately this was the case for emu farmers throughout the nation.

Audrey and I went to Griffith in NSW when emu farming was first allowed in that state. I was there as the guest speaker but most of the new farmers didn't want to hear what we had to tell them. They thought they would all be overnight wealthy farmers but it just didn't happen.

If I was a younger person and know what I know now, I would still farm emus again. Audrey and I are now trading as "Australian Fine Oils". We buy emu oil in bulk and sell to clients both here and overseas.

I hope you can find something of interest in all of this.

All the best, Arthur Marshall, Harvey.

Thanks Arthur for an interesting and informative article. Ed.

When Patricia O'Donnell (nee Weller) was a little girl, Eric, her father would pass the time when travelling with stories of the rabbits skiing on the lakes. 50 years on with Eric confined to a wheel chair Patricia has composed this little poem reminding Eric of those happy times.

Our Dad's Visitor.

The Vampire Lady came and took some of Dad's blood away.

She took an interest in the swimming pool in Ann-Marie's garden

We told her that the pool was lovely until the rabbits came and had an all night party and started skiing up and down the pool.

They made a dreadful noise and left the garden in an appalling mess. But she couldn't see the rabbits or the appalling mess that they had left.

My little sister couldn't see them but she heard the noise they made and hardly slept a wink.

Then the shower lady came to give Dad a

shower to make him smell nice.

We told her about the rabbits that were in Ann's pool that had made an appalling mess.

She told us that she had seen them before and has one of her own to clean up after every time.

Once again my little sister has complained! She still hasn't seen the rabbits or the appalling mess in the garden.

The next visitors that came to call were Ben and Katherine. They had just dropped in to say that they were on their way to Wollongong and sent my sisters into fits of laughter.

Vivian put her head in the door on her way to work to wave and say see you soon..

After lunch my sisters took my father for a walk around the house and dropped in on me. I went and got our father a chair with wheels as he had run out of steam and with great effort my sisters pushed Dad back to his bed.

The noise from the wheels was so great that it frightened the rabbits from Ann-Marie's pool.

Now the place is quiet as our father and sister have gone to sleep and Ann-Marie has gone to clean up the appalling mess in the garden now that the rabbits have left.

Our own step-mother Patricia who has to put up with all our carrying on has gone for a walk while I am left to ponder, did she see the rabbit in the garden have a party and ski up and down the pool or was it just Ann-Marie, my father and me?

Written by Patricia O'Donnell. 19/6/2001

Editor: Unfortunately we couldn't reproduce Patricia's delightful illustrations that were spread throughout the poem.

Nancy Briggs, Lilydale, Victoria.

Dear members,

Enclosed please find fifty dollars as a donation towards the Courier and thank you for sending it to me. I am keeping good health and enjoying life, busy with Croydon Widows Legacy Club which I have been secretary for some years. It is a busy club with attendance of 80 – 100 members at our meetings, plus other activities. Each year I go to Hervey Bay (Qld) to my eldest son and family.

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely, Nancy Briggs.

Helen Cowie, Warners Bay.

Dear Sir, Am writing to tell you of the thrill I got this month. I wrote a story to the Newcastle Herald about Bill's old slouch hat. They gave it a full page for Anzac Day!

I received a letter from the local member, an acknowledgment of Mr Cowie's war service as a commando in New Guinea in WW2 and then I get a special mail for a certificate of appreciation (which I am going to frame in memory of my late husband Bill) signed by Mr Scott – Veteran's Affairs – Kelly Hoare Federal member and also by John Howard – Prime Minister.

Hope all are well. I am going good at 83 after a stroke.

Yours sincerely, Helen Cowie.

Joan Stanley, Everton Hills, Qld.

Dear Jack, Please find enclosed Cheque for the Unit.

Gordon had his 80th birthday in March and celebrated it with a party. He keeps very good health for his age.

I notice Isabel McCaul's name in the Courier. I wonder if she ever remembers the time Gordon baby-sat her children in Melbourne and put the poor lad to bed with his boots on!

Cheers, Joan Stanley.

Jack & Beryl Steen, Thornlands.

Dear Jack & Delys, Herewith cheque which you can put to whatever you think best.

There is not much news from up here only that our BBQ was cancelled due to lack of numbers also Ron Archer rang us and told us that George Coulson was in Greenslopes.

Beryl and I are doing all right other than the aches and pains that go with our age but I suppose we have to put up with that anyhow. Best of luck to you and your good wife Delys.

Jack & Beryl.

Ron Archer & Lyn Love, Keperra, Qld.

Dear Jack, Thank you for your welcoming words in the Commando Courier. Ron and I had a most enjoyable week in Perth – a beautiful city that neither of us had before visited. We had a lovely day with Helen and Joe Poynton, being most graciously entertained and Tony Bower being there too. Later Helen showed us the interesting places in Mandurah.

We extend our best wishes to you and Delys and to all of the 2/2nd Commando folks in the West. We enclose a donation for the Trust Fund.

Lyn Love & Ron Archer.

George & Betty Coulson, Marcus Beach.

Dear Jack & Delys, We were so pleased to read about Jack's award. It was richly deserved. You have both worked so hard and long for the 2/2nd Commandos. How lucky we are to be able to look back for the past 60 years to have the wonderful loving memories of so many special friends. Keep well

Yours sincerely,

George & Betty Coulson.

Peter Fox, Merimbula, N.S.W.

Dear Mr Carey, I want to advise that the new address for Lt. Col. Jack Fox is: - Unit 132, 52 Centre Dandenong Rd, Dingley, Vic. 3172.

I am one of Jack's two sons. I have a letter from you to Jack dated July 1999.

Jack was living in his own home at that stage and wanting to remain independent. By Nov. 2000, his driving licence was revoked and he knew he could not live without constant support.

The family did what they could to assist but all are still working and were renovating houses at that time. After some trauma, we located an assisted care village for Jack at Dingley. It is called Greenwood Manor.

He has a unit within the complex where all meals are supplied, rooms serviced and 24 hour first aid support is available. He has settled in well after some initial problems with relocating.

We sold his car and his house okay, and have furniture from the house to keep it feeling like home.

The great benefit is that a great deal of the pain, which he has lived with for many years, has disappeared. I consider that improvement to be freedom from having to manage a house, meals etc and the subsequent lack of time spent in beneficial exercise.

He walks a great deal now, all on suitable flat surfaces, participates in bingo, carpet bowls and table tennis. The grandchildren visit regularly with their children, two boys at present, another due in December.

Jack loves his AFL matches on TV and is a fan of St.Kilda. He is a bit reluctant to travel any distance, having lost some of his self-confidence over the last two years.

He is aware that his memory doesn't function as well as in the past, but he still wants to remain in control of his physical situation. That is, he won't venture out if it

looks like rain.

I guess that is a privilege we should grant to any 88 year old (89 in Nov.)

We donated some of his army uniforms, batons, badges and rank insignia to the Highett (Vic) RSL Club. They were appreciative as they have a display in a large glass showcase.

He visited many of his Army friends, staff and families of those fellows over the last 10 or 15 years. He was great support for them all, encouraging the sick, blind and disabled as well as assisting their families to find their way to support services, to which they were entitled. He knew the way to tap onto these benefits.

I am sure that he would love to hear from you. He still keeps all the 2/2nd newsletters and speaks more of his Army experiences now than any other time in his life.

Yours, Peter Fox.

Joan & Alan Mitchell, Caloundra, Qld.

Dear Jack & Delys, How have both of you been keeping? After reading the latest Courier, I want to thank the outgoing members that have done so much to keep us all informed of what has gone on over all those years. Please excuse the writing, I've got low vision and my hearing is not the best and hearing aids don't help a great lot.

Have enclosed a cheque to put to use as required.

I don't see any of the Unit members, as I don't get around much. Col Andrews has offered to pick me up if I am well enough.

Will close and send my regards to all members and their wives.

From Joan & Alan Mitchell.

J T (Terry) Allen, 22 Hamersley St, North Beach. W.A.

Director, East Timor Appeal.

Re: The late Gerry Maley & Donation to E. Timor Appeal.

My wife and I had the privilege of knowing Gerry Maley and of spending some time with both Gerry and his wife Doffy on Rottneest Island recently.

We would like you to accept the cheque enclosed in memory of Gerry and put it towards your very commendable appeal.

Yours sincerely, Terry Allen.

Robert N. Smyth, Nedlands. W.A.

Dear Jack, Re Gerry Maley cremation service as suggested as an alternative to flowers, cheque directed to

"Courier" Life Blood of our Association.

Regards, Bob Smyth.

It would have been comforting to Dorothy and her family to be aware of such strong representation of out members and friends of the S.A.S.

Joy Chatfield, Pinjarra. W.A.

Dear Jack & Delys, Please find enclosed twenty dollars, my donation for 2/2nd Commando Ass.

Thank you very much for my Courier. I always read all of it and appreciate being able to do so. The last Courier I received was very interesting with so much news it was great reading. I'm looking forward to getting the next one.

Kindest regards, Joy Chatfield.

Peter Mantle, Allora, Qld.

Congratulations Jack on the Birthday Honour.

Enclosed a small something to keep the wheels turning.

Accident last September – broken collarbone and shoulder blade; shoulder, wrist, fingers put out of action. At my age the prognosis was poor. But in fact I've made almost a total recovery, thanks to a good physiotherapist and the home use of a device that simulates acupuncture.

Meanwhile living alone, I needed the TLC of Blue Nurses. And was delighted to find how much assistance is available through our three levels of government. They really try to keep the old folks at home rather than in a home at much greater cost.

I still get fun out of cooking a wide variety of dishes, and sometimes have people in to a dinner where all recipes are of a single country: Denmark for instance, Russia, India etc. Socially acceptable form of boasting I suppose.

My town may soon have to join the Common Effluent Society, as thirty years of septs are about all that our soils will take, and it would not be practical to have any multi-storey buildings on town blocks of land.

But Allora is a pleasant place where tradesmen really do turn up when they promise, where good policing keeps crime quite low, and where, for instance, I hand my keys to the service station which then takes off the cap, shoves in petrol, locks cap back on, returns keys. All I do is pay. And at a time when some country towns are dwindling we have an active group that succeeds in attracting outside interest while adding to local activity.

Mind and body are wearing out but I hope to stave off dementia with such things as the skeleton crosswords from International Express that require four dimensions of lateral thinking.

Scotch helps too! Peter Mantle.

J.P. Kenneally, Yagoona, N.S.W.

Dear Jack, An historic date, today is Bastille Day. The 202nd anniversary of the Storming of the Bastille. (Prison & Fortress) by the Parisienne mob on July 14th 1789, thus sparking the French Revolution and probably the birth of Democracy though not exactly in the form in which we know it today. It's slogan at that time "Equality, Liberty & Fraternity" has not really been attained yet, in most parts of the world, including our own country.

Nora and I arrived back from Ireland three weeks ago, our stay in Ireland not as long as previous occasions, neither did we visit any other country. The Aussie dollar so low, it combined with high cost of living elsewhere made a protracted holiday too expensive. We did enjoy ourselves and had some great family reunions. Sadly some of our relatives have serious health problems which put a damper on activities.

Ireland today, is of course a vastly different country to the country I left way back in 1927, nothing surprising about that. The Australia I landed in on St. Patrick's Day 1927 was also vastly different from the Australia of 2001, and taking an objective overall view must admit it is exceedingly for the better in both countries.

The Ireland of today is booming economically, a prime cause of this is, several years ago the Irish Government embarked on a massive educational program, plus a drive for foreign industries to invest in Ireland granting them tax concessions. Today Ireland has a highly educated work force to supply the high tech. Industries that have come to Ireland. Good positions, high wages and massive consumer spending. The latter is causing concerns to the Government, and to such a degree it has embarked on a savings policy quite radical in my experience. Simply what it means to participate in the scheme, the person doing so pledges to

save an x amount of pounds weekly for five years, at the end of the five year period the amount saved plus accumulated bank interest is calculated and twenty five percent bonus is added, eg: savings plus interest equals three thousand pounds, the added bonus is one quarter or 750 pounds. The other condition is the person must live in Ireland to participate.

Aged pensions, health and benefits for pensions better than ours, but it stops there, for the general run of the population health is a most expensive item and Ireland does not have a medical system like our Medicare system. Health Insurance is extremely high. The cost of living and real estate also far more expensive than here.

Forty eight per cent of the Republic's population is under the age of twenty, which of course is the complete opposite to our demographic position. We are an aging population. Now for a real spicy bit of news. Forty per cent of all babies born in Ireland are born to a single woman! Shacking up in Ireland is as popular as it is here, but apparently far more productive and that cause can hardly be attributed to lack of knowledge. It appears Irish women whether married or single like babies.

Whilst we were there the Dutch sent an abortion ship to Ireland medically set up to perform abortions. The do-gooders aboard achieved nothing. The Dutch must be afraid the "Irishers" will overrun Europe if allowed to procreate at their present level. Holland is of course a leader in death legislation. Being most liberal in its laws on abortion, euthanasia and drugs.

Strangely last week "Sixty Minutes" on Channel Nine ran a program on the visit on the Dutch abortion ship's visit to Dublin. The Australian woman journalist doing the program knew little of Ireland, it's people or it's customs and proclaimed the fact to the whole world in the program.

One thing we are blessed with in this big

land of ours, plenty of sunshine and a variety of climates in which to enjoy it. Nora as always was happy to be back home to enjoy it.

I see the ferryman on the River Styx has been kept busy, as some more of our members have made their last voyage. "Baldy" Garnett being among them. Lieut. Garnett was O.C. of the officers and ORs that departed Foster on December 31st, 1941 bound for the 2/2nd Independent Coy. In Portuguese Timor. He and the party landed in Dili on January 20th 1942. Lieut. Garnett put in a very adverse report on the conduct of some of the party. Captain Callinan in his book "Independent Coy." Repeated that report. He also lauded Lieut. Garnett's past in the Company's Operations following the Japanese landing on 19th & 20th February 1942. Lieut. Garnett departed Timor (for health reasons) before the main body of the Company. He did not return to the Unit. He was promoted to Captain and served with Intelligence.

What his occupation was prior to and post war I do not know. I contacted him during the 1980s. I was seeking information for Michelle Turner who was writing her book on East Timor and it's people, during World War II, and after the Indonesian invasion 7th December 1975. The information concerned the Qantas Transmitting set or parts thereof smuggled out of Dili by the Portuguese in April 1942. Curly O'Neill and Merv Clarke (then known as Merv Johnson) escorted the set to Same. Lieut. Garnett could give me no information on the matter. That was my first and last contact with Lieut. Garnett since May 1942. He was living on the Sunshine Coast when we held our reunion there in 1996. He made no effort to contact the Unit then or all the years preceding it.

I had a communique from Cath Roberts. She is visiting a daughter in England, busy sightseeing, visiting historic sites and

places and admiring historic objects garnered from all parts of the world during the empires days of domination.

Congratulations to Jack Carey, the bestowing of an OAM on him was a true indication of the work he has performed on behalf of our Association, and the esteem in which we (and all that know him) hold him. Good luck Jack.

Nora, and all our family, fit and healthy. Tonight we play the Lions in a decider for the rugby series. I hope we carry on where we left off in game two. I certainly do not wish to see a repetition of game one, and the first half of game two. Our term was nothing more or less than a leaderless, aimless do nothing rabble. Harsh words I know, however anyone just seeing that game and a half could draw no other conclusion.

Good luck, Paddy Kenneally.

Nola Wilson, Gilgandra, NSW.

Dear Jack, Del & Magazine, Thank you for the Courier. Keeps me in touch with you all. I keep very busy with pony club activities etc. Our Zone 4 has just hosted the NSW Championships held at Nygan. As Zone 4 Chief Instructor it kept me very busy prior and during the 3 days but enjoyed it so much.

I send my love to all. Congratulations Del and many thanks for doing the

"Big" job on "The Courier". You are a wonder.

Sending donation for the Courier.

Kindest regards, Nola.

George Robinson, Kilsyth, Vic.

Sec. 2/2 CDO;

Dear Jack, Herewith a few lines to say that we are both in the land of the living. Apart from a dose of Emphysema I am keeping well; the aftermath of smoking combined

with operating drop-hammers for a living.

Dorothy had her right knee reconstructed last October and recovered well; then had the left done in April this year but recovery is a lot slower. Still using a walking frame for outside use but has finally advanced to a walking stick for inside the house. Apart from these grouches we are enjoying life here in

"Kirkbrae Retirement Village", together with the local R.S. & L. as well as our monthly meeting of Lodge (daylight) at which our ladies meet in the supper room while we meet in the main room, a custom which started when the Lodge was consecrated back in 1985, with the blessing of the then Grand Master.

Along with this scrawl I am enclosing a cheque which can be distributed as the committee may decide. Have given up driving for several years now so we do not get around a lot as public transport leaves a lot to be desired.

With all the best to everybody, George.

Alan Luby, Dee Why, N.S.W. 2099

Dear Friends, Thank you to so many of our dear friends for phone calls, cards and other messages during a very trying start of the new century.

It has been a long and harrowing experience particularly for my Edith, but that indomitable will has won out again and she's close to being back to her normal self. She was down to six stone for a while and I tried to get her a job riding track work but she couldn't hold the reins!

Thank God I was able to keep up with the needs of the times and between us "We're getting there."

We had an attempted break in from both sides of our unit on 23rd April but fortunately the Luby traps foiled the b————s,

Increased security in place.

We trust that you and yours are as well as you would wish.

Edith sends her love and greetings.

Sincerely

Alan.

Leith Cooper, Cowes, Victoria. 3922

Dear Jack, Enclosed please find two articles regarding the venue for reunion in Mildura – they may be of interest to you over in W.A.

I had my hand operated on just over two months ago – it is improving slowly. I can now write for a short while but have not much strength in the fingers as yet. I can't play golf yet but shall probably be able to in a couple of weeks.

Regards to W.A. boys.

Yours sincerely Leith.

Val Hancock, Cambrai Village, 139/85 Hester Avenue, Merriwa. 6030.

Dear Jack, A brief note to advise of my change of address. Cambrai Village is an RAAFA Retirement village.

My new telephone no: (08) 9304.5139.

E-mail: valjh@bigpond.com

Enclosed please find donation towards the Courier.

Best wishes to all members.

Yours sincerely, Val Hancock.

Pars on People.

Mrs Claire West was made welcome at the Norma Hasson Social. Claire is the widow of Syd West, who served in "B" Platoon. Claire is keen to find out more about the Association and has promised to support our future functions. Her phone No. is 9447.5140.

Another newcomer was Mrs Dorothy Ryan, the sister of the late Bob Chalmers, the driver of the ration truck on that tragic morning of the 20th Feb. 1942.

It was nice to catch up with Wyn Thomson at Robbie's funeral. Though a diabetic, Wyn has a bright disposition. She said Alex was battling a high blood pressure problem and needed to lose weight. Since that meeting Alex too has been diagnosed as a diabetic, so Wyn is in for a busy time caring for Alex and herself. God bless.

Don Turton got out of bed one morning at his usual time of 4 am (ridiculous isn't it) for his morning walk and stepped into a pool of water. A flash flood had covered his carpets with water. Don did what he could to clean up the mess and got onto his insurance company smartly. An old farmer from way back Don is used to such setbacks.

Edna Vandeleur, widow of George is having a lot of trouble with her eyes. Edna is still trying to obtain a war widow's pension but is finding it hard to convince the D.V.A. of her entitlement. She is happy with her setup at the Buderim Meadows Retirement Village and receives good support from her friends there.

The Association extends its sympathy to Don Young who lost his beloved wife Barbara in June Last. They were a loving couple and Don is finding life hard on his own. Keep your chin up Don!

Dot Boyland celebrates her 90th birthday on the 24th September. Congratulations on attaining such a grand age Dot. In August she had a very nasty flu virus and spent 10 days in, of all places a maternity hospital! It was the only bed available. Dot attributes her longevity to her love for the beach. She joined the Cottesloe Surf Club in 1932 and was an active club member for many years. During the war years Dot served in the Red Cross. She met and married George shortly after the war. They had two daughters

Lynette and Robyn and she now has 5 grandchildren. Well done Dot.

Gavin Bagley has recommended that the Association go on the Internet. He thought the Unit Association's history was worthy of a web site for people to refer to. A small sub-committee is looking into his proposal

Fred Broadhurst's health has been up and down and has restricted his activities. He's still in good form cracking jokes - I suppose Mavis knows most of them off by heart now. Fred is great company and we can only hope his health takes a turn for the better.

Harry and Olive Botterill are well. Harry says its hard work getting news from Victorian members. Maybe it's that Victorian weather. Harry reckons the footy is not what it was and is confident the "Bombers" will win their second flag in a row. Time will tell!

Lois Davies from Caloundra had a meal with us recently. Lois, who was on a bus trip, is the widow of Eric "Curly" Davies who served as a sapper in the Unit in New Guinea and New Britain. Eric grew up in Northcote, Victoria and after the war in 1947, he married Lois and then in 1948 they moved to Queensland. They had three children, two boys and a girl. Eric, who was a draftsman, died suddenly in January 1965 from a cerebral haemorrhage. He was 42. The family suffered another tragedy when her 16-year-old youngest son, was killed in a car accident in 1976. Lois lives on her own in Caloundra and keeps herself busy working in community affairs. She would like to join in any social events the Queensland Branch has. Her address is 18 Ann St, Caloundra.

Our 85-year-old matriarch Jess Epps, who is always on the go, has returned from a trip to the Kimberley. Her mission was to

see her granddaughter Chantelle who works at Halls Creek. Jess saw all the sights including the Geike and Winjana Gorges and spent a couple of days at Fitzroy Crossing which she said was "bloody hot." The highlight of her trip was a flight over the ancient Bungle Bungle with Dawn Fraser! Dawn was travelling up North in a four-wheel drive with her pet Alsatian. They had a good old chat in the plane, Dawn saying Jess was pretty b——y good for her age. Jess spent four days in the bus and reckons long bus trips are getting hard to take with advancing age.

Sick Parade.

Bill Howell is battling along in the Greenfield Nursing Home. Bill still has his great sense of humour and never complains. Elvie and family see him every day and shower him with love. He still enjoys a visit from his old mates.

Don May is now in Rowethorpe (Uniting Church) Home at Bentley. He is being well cared for and is visited daily by Dawn and family members. Tom and Jean Bateman also drop in to see Don whose condition is much the same as before. Our thoughts are with you Dawn.

Len Bagley is at last starting to come good after a trying nine months. His itch was finally diagnosed as Scabies and after being "steamed" three or four times a day for a week things took a turn for the better. Then he had another bout in hospital after losing a considerable amount of blood caused by a stomach ulcer, which is being treated. Len has lost weight and is all the better for it. Betty also had the itch and was in hospital with Len. She had the bad luck to lose two very valuable rings while in hospital. Betty too has lost weight and is far from well. We hope your health improves Betty, God bless.

Harry Sproxton, Charlie King and Wilf March are a trio battling with serious health

problems. All are positive in their outlook and are to be admired for the way they are handling their respective situations, so any old army mates of Harry, Charlie and Wilf are asked to ring and give them a lift.

Danny and Sunny Daniels were in Melbourne on the 2nd August to celebrate their son's 40th when Danny had a sudden heart attack and was rushed to Heidelberg Hospital. It was a worrying time for the family as the attack came from out of the blue so as to speak. After being in intensive care for a week, Danny improved and was discharged after two weeks in hospital. He and Sunny moved back to their home in Canberra where he continued to be treated at the local hospital two or three times a week, but as his condition worsened, he was placed in the Calvary Hospital on Monday 3rd September for more tests. Danny, known as "Combined Ops," in the Unit because of his boxing prowess, is a pretty tough customer and we trust he can overcome this setback and be back in action again soon. God bless Dan.

To all those on our mailing list suffering with ailments of some description, we wish you improved health.

Jack Carey.

"The S S & S H Brigade"

(Seldom Seen & Seldom Heard)

Bluey Wilkes has been on our Courier mailing list c/o Post Office, Brunswick Junction for over 40 years. Brunswick Junction is a small town on the South West Highway 160 km south of Perth with a population of 750. During all that time we have not heard a word from our old mate Bluey. Arthur Marshall who lives in Harvey about 20 kms from Bluey's town kindly offered to see if he locate him. Arthur said he played cricket against Bluey after the war but apart from then hasn't sighted him. Anyway Arthur has established that Bluey

is still on deck but has not been able to find where he is staying. Wyn Thomson who lives at Capel is also trying to get a lead on Blue's whereabouts. Maybe Bluey thinks we are going to bill him for 40 years Courier charges. Have no fears Blue, like the Prodigal Son, you will be welcomed with open arms by your old mates of "B" Platoon. That's a promise!

Jack Carey.

Our honorary statistician, Henry Sproxton, has kindly provided these figures:

Surviving members as at 30th June 2001.

| | |
|-----------------|------------|
| Queensland | 21 |
| New South Wales | 33 |
| Victoria | 4 |
| South Australia | 10 |
| West Australia | 49 |
| ACT | 1 |
| U.K. | <u>1</u> |
| | 138 |

Courier mailing list:

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| Members | 138 |
| Widows | 123 |
| Friends & others. | <u>81</u> |
| | 344 |

We also have a record showing that 353 of our members have passed on since 1950. Also there are a number of former members of the Unit whom we have lost touch with. We intend to try and trace some of these with your help. H. Sproxton.

Birthday Boys.

| | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|----|
| George Greenhalgh | July 6 | 81 |
| Alex Thomson | " 10 | 80 |
| Peter Barden | " 11 | 80 |
| Tom Foster | Aug. 1 st | 81 |
| Dusty Studdy | " 15 | 83 |
| Andy Beveridge | " 15 | 85 |
| Russ Blanch | " 23 | 80 |
| Alan Luby | Sept. 6 | 86 |
| Bill Tomasetti | " 11 | 83 |
| Bob Williamson | " 13 | 83 |
| Tony Adams | " 18 | 83 |
| Percy McPhee | " 23 | 83 |

Drop the editor a line or ring on 08 9332.7050 or even e-mail delcarey@yahoo.com and give your birthday date for publication in the Courier.

Thoroughly Modern Granny.

I have a little granny
She's really very old,
But also unconventional
In a most unusual mould.

She doesn't wear her spectacles
Perked upon her nose,
She's into contact lenses
And varnishes her toes.

Unlike some other Grannies,
Who are home before it's dark,
She's dressed up in a tracksuit
A-jogging in the park.

And when I wished she'd sometimes stay
And tuck me up in bed.
She's off to study Yoga
And standing on her head.

Some grannies sit in rocking chairs
And crochet shawls indoors,
My granny jumps up on a horse
And rides across the moors.

She goes on day trips with her gang.
The over sixties Club,
They rocket round the countryside
And end up in the pub.

And on the homeward journey,
Like a flock of singing birds.
They harmonise old favourites
With very naughty words!

I love my little granny.
I think she's really great
If that's what growing old is like
I simply cannot wait!
Unknown.

*Ed. And I bet she still found time to do a computer course!
(Thanks to Ted Monk for this gem.)*

Courier Donations.

Ray Aitken, Tony Bowers, Dick Darrington, Jess Epps, Fred Hasson, Ken Hasson, Roy & Kaye Hanson, Mark & Elsie Jordan, Ted & Peg Monk, Don & Ida Murray, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Ray Parry, Stan & Barbara Payne, Dusty Studdy (2), Vince Swann, Claire West, Bill & Elvie Howell, Joy Chatfield, Keith & Val Hayes, Peter Alexander, David Wares, Alan Mitchell, Peter Mantle, Gordon & Joan Stanley, Nancy Briggs, Helen Cowie, Patricia O'Donnell, Jack & Beryl Steen, George & Betty Coulson, Percy McPhee, Nola Wilson, Paddy & Nora Kenneally, Bob Smyth, Doc Wheatley, George & Dot Robinson and Val Hancock.

Trust Fund Donations.

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Stan & Barbara Payne | \$30 |
| Bill & Elvie Howell | \$80 |
| Keith & Val Hayes | \$30 |
| Terry Allen | \$25 |
| Percy McPhee | \$50 |
| Paddy & Nora Kenneally | \$100 |
| Ron Archer & Lyn Love | \$50 |
| George & Dot Robinson. | \$100 |

Sincere thanks to all donors for your generous support. Ed.

Change of Address.

Joe & Helen Poynton,
1 Poynton Way, Mandurah. 6210.
08 9535.2261

Mr T. S. Hayes,
5 McAlvay Way, Ranford. 6155

Mrs Val Hancock
Cambrai Village

139/85 Hester Avenue, Merriwa WA 6030.

Additions.

Mrs Claire West
Unit 3/25 Elsie St, Waterman W.A. 6020
08 9447.5140

Mr David Wares
22 Margery St, High Wycombe W.A. 6057
08 9454.3615

Mr Bruce Coleman
551 Burwood Highway, Vermont South
Victoria. 3133
03 9803.8746

Delete

Mrs Jean Dixon
Cutler Village
77 Colooli Road, Narrabeen NSW 2101

Mr F. Thorpe
(Frank & Mavis)
15 North St, Greta. NSW 2334

Mr Harold Garnett
Tricare Nursing Centre, Warana. Qld 4575

Mr F. "Bluey" Wilkes
C/o Post office, Brunswick Junction. WA
6224

Mr Keith Taylor
8 White St.
Beaumaris, Vic. 3193.

The following article was taken from the "Mandurah Mail" June 28th 2001.

Street Honours War Hero.

Poynton Way is Mandurah's newest street, named in honour of long-time resident and highly decorated soldier Joe Poynton.

The Silver Sands side street leads off Creon Way to Ormsby Terrace and until yesterday was nameless.

The idea to name the street in honour of Mr Poynton came from Silver Sands resident Coralie Ford.

"He is such a gentleman and has done so much for the community during his life," Mrs Ford said. "I thought it would be lovely to show our appreciation for what he has done to symbolise what all the other soldiers have done for this country."

A morning tea at Helen and Joe Poynton's house marked the special occasion after family, friends, RSL members and local councillors witnessed the street naming.

Mrs Poynton said the new street was the sixth street in Australia named after the family.

We have skipped a couple of generations between the last one and this one which is now named after Joe," she said.

"We are both absolutely thrilled and honoured that this street has been named after him. Nobody deserves it more than he does."

Mr Poynton was a member of the 2/2nd Commandos and served in Timor, New Guinea and New Britain.

He received a Distinguished Conduct Medal and Dutch bronze cross for his bravery during the war and marched in London at the celebrations when the conflict ended.

After the war Mr Poynton went to night school and became a registered builder. He was also a state representative in rugby union.

But for the last 25 years Mr Poynton has been

totally incapacitated due to war injuries.

He said he was thrilled to have the street named after him. "I am very honoured." He said.

Beginning in November 1958 a series of articles under the title of "Historically Yours" written by our then editor Colin Doig, appeared in the Courier. Here are two humorous events from that series.

The Rum Rebellion.

Wayville abounded with much in the way of amusing incidents. Foremost was the Rum Rebellion. The Unit rum issue was packed with the cook house stores and was under the charge of the Sgt. Cook and Q.M. Sgt. With thirsts running high and pockets running low it was not long before the rum issue was broached and slowly at first but more rapidly towards the finish, it was "totted" away. All we had to show for many demijohns of rum was quite a few shickered cooks and others and about half a bottle of rum. The C.O., Major Spence, reckoned it was about time an inquiry of sorts was conducted into the "loss" of the rum issue. One of the most obvious culprits was Signaller "Taffy" Davies, a raw Welshman who had been a regular British Army soldier serving in India, Hong Kong etc., between wars. "Taffy" had been a machine miner at Wiluna before joining up. He had been in state of permanent intoxication for a couple of days or so and had been seen in the vicinity of the cookhouse. The Major had the Orderly Officer parade Sig. Davies, along with a couple of the cooks before him and proceeded to question them on the source of their liquor supply. He held up the half bottle of rum salvaged from the wreckage and asked Davies, "Sig. Davies, can you buy this type of rum in Adelaide?" An unabashed Davies reached out and grabbed the bottle, took a deep swig, wiped his lips with the back of his hand and said;

"No, Sir. Nothing as good as that in Adelaide." BY this time the C.O.'s eyes had nearly popped out of their sockets at the brazen effrontery of Davies. He castigated all present, but owing to lack of positive proof not much could be done on the matter.

Entraining.

When it was obvious that we could not stick it out at Wayville much longer the C.O. decided it would be a good idea to have a dummy run of boarding and alighting from trains. Orders were given that all personnel were to pack all their gear in approved style, including packs, haversacks, kitbags and sea kits and parade on the main parade ground. As usual Pte. Paddy Knight treated the whole matter as a senseless and

needless intrusion on his all important leisure and the usual games of chance and other activities which he was want to enjoy. He appeared on parade with gear hanging all over him like a Christmas tree. Capt. Laidlaw quickly tore a strip off him and momentarily put him in his place but it was not for long. While the actual exercise was being conducted in boarding the imaginary train, opening carriage doors, dropping imaginary widows so tin hats would not break them while stowing gear, Paddy was noted to be wringing his hand. The C.O. promptly asked the necessary question: "What's wrong with you Pte. Knight?" "Jammed my hand in the imaginary door, Sir." Loud guffaws of laughter and exercise smartly ended.

This following poem came from Jack Carey's Probus Club News, read it and realise you are not alone! Ed.

I CAN'T REMEMBER.

Just a line to say I'm living, that I'm not among the dead,
Though I'm getting more forgetful and mixed up in the head;
I got used to my arthritis, to my dentures I'm resigned,
I can manage my bifocals, but by God - I miss my mind!
For sometimes I can't remember when I stand at the foot of the stairs,
If I must go up for something, or I have just come down from there;
And before the fridge so often, my poor mind is filled with doubt,
Have I just put food away, or have I come to take some out?
And there's the time when it is dark, with my nightcap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring or just getting out of bed!
So if it's my turn to write to you, there's no need for getting sore,
I may think that I have written and don't want to be a bore.
So remember that I love you and wish that you were near,
But now it's nearly mail time, so I must say goodbye dear.
There I stand beside the mailbox with a face so very red-
Instead of mailing you my letter, I opened it instead!

COMING EVENTS.

W.A. members please note:
52nd Commemoration Service
Lovekin Drive, Kings Park.

Sunday 18th November 2001

Service commences at 3pm.

Members are asked to make a special effort to attend this service.

"Lest We Forget."

Our Christmas luncheon will be held at "The Terrace Hotel"

195 Adelaide Terrace
on **"Friday 7th December.**
Refreshments from 11 am.
Lunch at 12.30pm.

Come along and have a great day.

Attention New South Wales Members.

The Commando Association's
Annual Christmas Social
Will be held at the Dee Why R.S.L. Club
On Saturday 1st December
At 11.30 am for noon luncheon.

Phone Alan Luby on (02) 9981.3287
And book in now.

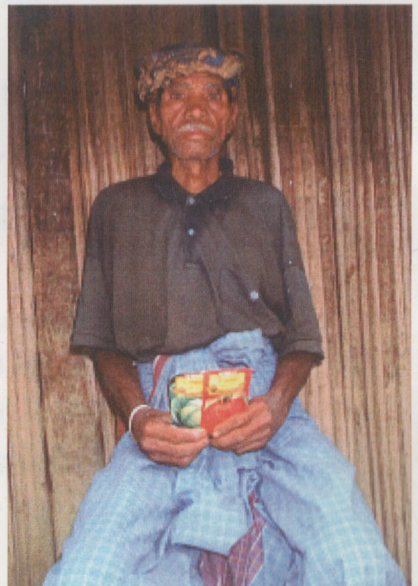


Joe and Helen Poynton with Councillor Syd Wilson.



A school in the Highlands of East Timor.

Just before closing time a flea dashed into a pub, ordered five double whiskies, drank them straight down, rushed into the street, jumped high in the air and fell flat on his face. "Dammit," he said "Who's moved my dog?!"



Manuel de Jesus, an 83 year old Timorese with some vegetable seed packets. He remembers the 1942 days.