



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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

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The following is the editorial "Paradise" which appeared in the August 1959 issue of the Courier.

This editorial has been brought on by the wonderfully spring weather that has surrounded us these last few weeks. It makes one reflect on the glories of nature and this country of ours in particular. It takes times like these for us to realise how lucky we are to have such a heritage as this marvellous land.

When one reads the daily newspapers and reads of upheavals and riots and civil war that is the portion of other parts of this planet, one has to pinch oneself to realise that what we experience is real and not just an episode from "Alice in Wonderland" or Walt Disney at his best.

When we look around for cause to grumble it is because it is of the latest tax on beer, or tobacco is a bit too high, or that our aged folk are not getting the basic wage or other such minor quibbles that the only word that expresses what we have here is Paradise.

The big point here is, do we really appreciate the wonderful position we are in? Do we do enough to warrant keeping this Garden of Eden inviolate? Are our minor grumbles getting so ingrained that we look to that mystic body, the government, to do all the planning and thinking for us? In a phrase, are we suffering from a surfeit of "The Welfare State"?

There is one Ethiopian in the lumber and that is the slowly but surely rising tide of nationalism and internationalism to our near north. The big question mark is how long can ten millions hang on to this continent in the face of the envious eyes to our north, east and west?

Let us enjoy our paradise but also keep the "powder dry" and have bundles of vigilance with regards to threats from outside. Let us be sure that we have been worthy of the heritage handed down by our forefathers and don't let posterity point the finger of scorn at the way we handled our legacy.

Since that editorial was written our population has doubled and Australia is a much more multicultural society, which is taking time for some to accept. The world's problems remain the same. War or prospects of war continue unabated and as the late Curley O'Neill wrote, "mankind is inherently insane". Will we ever learn?

As an aging group, we are concerned, not for ourselves but for our children's children and generations yet to come. All we can do is to hope and pray for their future. We are fortunate indeed to have lived in this country and for which we should be eternally grateful to our forbears for having chosen to settle in this great South Land.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR!

Vale Mervyn Ronald Coles NX 73296.

Born 17th July 1920 died 20th January 2003.

To the men of the No. 2 Independent Company he was "Cisco". To his sister Dulcie he was "Keystone", no doubt because of his ability to make all around him laugh. There was nothing dour or melancholy about Cisco. He laughed at the world and the world laughed with him. He had a gleam in his eye, a mischievous cheeky grin, and a cheerful disposition. That was Cisco Coles.

He was born and educated at Awaba on the shores of or near Lake Macquarie, Newcastle. He wasn't renowned as a scholar but he did excel at composition. A fertile imagination, he had the ability to write and put his dreams into words. He was a born storyteller and in a different era he would have had the opportunity to avail himself of a variety of occupations. Like so many of his generation he went from school into a world that could offer nothing better than food coupons. He got a job delivering bread in the days when the horse knew the run better than the deliveryman. Cisco loved horses so he and the horse had no problems. He saw other opportunities and started a SP bookie business running a doubles book with his ready-made clientele. With two race meetings a week it augmented his weekly wage.

War changed all that. He joined the CMF (Citizens Military Force) in 1941 and the AIF in November 1942. He sailed from Darwin on the Koolama on the 16th Jan 1942 with 50 other men and four officers as reinforcements for the No. 2 Independent Company in Dili, East Timor. After the Japs landed on 19/20th February he joined the sappers under Don Turton and Jerry Green. Cisco

adapted well to the tough conditions and was a good soldier at all times.

After the Unit returned to Australia and subsequent reorganising Cisco left the Company as did many others.

During the war years he married and there were four children, Sylvia (1945), Jean (1947) John (1949) and Ellen (1956) from the marriage. Cisco was discharged from the AIF on 29/11/1945 re-enlisting in the AIF on the 3/2/1947. He attained the rank of Corporal making a career in the army until his voluntary discharge on 20th December 1968. All in all he spent more than 26 years in the army in a career comparable to that of Jack Stafford (Steen) who had a long and distinguished service record in World War II, and later in Malaysia, Korea and Vietnam.

Cisco too had a fine record as illustrated by his medal awards including 1939/45 Pacific Star, Australia Service medal, War medal, United Nations Service Medal (Korea), General Service Medal and clasp (Malaya) and two other Active Service medals and a Good Conduct medal. He joined the public service after discharge and retired from there in August 1980.

His four children, six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews survive him.

The 2/2nd Association was represented at his funeral by Andy Beveridge, Harry Handicott, Snow Went, and Paddy Kenneally.

It was sad to say a last farewell to a comrade in arms who shed a ray of light, humour and courage on days that were dark and foreboding.

May God keep you in his special care Cisco. It was grand to know you. To your

our sympathy in their sad loss. But then any memories of Cisco are bound up in laughter and cheerfulness. I think that's how he will be always remembered.

I am indebted to his daughter Jean who sent me photocopies of Cisco's funeral service, army discharges, and dates of service and medals received.

Cisco lived a full life and our loss is the fact he stopped writing compositions when he left school. The Courier missed out on many interesting stories.

Lest We Forget.

Paddy Kenneally.

Vale Percy McPhee WX 10781.

Percy McPhee passed away on the 10th January last at the age of 86.

Percy was born in West Perth on the 19th September 1916 the youngest of a family of 10 children, 7 boys and 3 girls. As a result of a family breakup when he was 10 years old, his mother Lucy, who came from County Cork, was left to fend for the children still at home. It was a difficult time and Percy learned at an early age the value of work and would scrounge leftovers at the local markets to help the family get by. He enjoyed his school days, loved his footy, and was a good runner of which he had happy memories in later life.

When his mother died of pneumonia when he was 14, he went to live with his eldest sister Doris in Floreat Park.

Percy's first job was a telegram boy in the post office and later he spent a few years with two of his brothers who had a scrap metal business.

In early 1941 he enlisted in the AIF and a few months later joined the newly formed 2/2nd as a signaller. Percy served in Timor being wounded in Same late in

1942. He went on to serve with the Unit in New Guinea being eventually discharged in March 1945. A good sig. with a keen sense of humour Perc was well respected by his fellow sigs. When we had a concert of sorts at Faita, he and George Timms put on a humorous skit that went over really well.

Upon his discharge Percy tried his hand as a course bookie but after a while gave that away starting his own business in North Fremantle dealing in scrap metal, recycling drums and in anything else where there was a quid to be made. In 1947 he married Vera Oates whom he met in the war years and they lived happily together until her death in 1998. They had two children, a son Kevin and daughter Colleen.

Percy devoted most of his time to his work, working long hours and thus his business prospered. He was a shrewd investor buying properties in the Fremantle area with good results. He always enjoyed a beer after a hard days work and was a member of the Workers and Buffalo Clubs in Fremantle. He was also a keen fisherman and was adept at catching crabs in the Swan River. Percy was generous with his money, which he gave away readily to those in need. He was always shouting drinks to the locals in the North Freo pub where he became known as "Sling" McPhee. A very likeable bloke indeed.

He enjoyed the Courier and always wanted to give me money for the Association whenever I bumped into him in Fremantle. One thing we could not do was to get him to come to our functions. His excuse was always "I'm too busy". A good family man he adored his three grandchildren Nova, Hailey and Jody and saw to it that they were well looked after.

Don Turton was our main contact with Percy for many years and Don had many a drink with him in his McCabe St home. The loss of Vera in 1998 affected him and he gradually began to have failing health. An operation in 2001 was only partly successful though he was as tough as nails and continued working until his 83rd year.

Worn out he passed away peacefully at his home on 10th January in the presence of Colleen and her daughters. He was the last of the McPhee clan to die, his brothers and sisters all having predeceased him.

Thus passed a warm hearted generous and likeable man who remained fiercely independent to the very end.

A private funeral service was held at Karakatta on the 15th January. The Association was represented by Don Turton, Keith Hayes, Dusty Studdy, Ray Parry (who said the Ode) Jack Carey, Bernie Langridge and Bob Smyth.

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to Colleen and family.

Jack Carey.

Lest we forget

Vale B.T.C. (Bruce) Smith VX 60643.

In early January a letter was received from Mrs Faith Smith of Wodonga advising of the death of Bruce some 15 months earlier. Bruce was 78 at the time of his death.

As in other instances of a member passing we know little of Bruce's civilian life. We do know he served in No. 2 Section A Platoon as an original and would have been the youngest member of the Section. He would probably have

turned 18 while on Timor. Tony Bowers, Peter Campbell, & Joe Poynton, his 2 Section mates were naturally shocked and saddened to learn of his death. All said Bruce was a game soldier and stood up to the rigours of the Timor and later the New Guinea campaigns well and was highly respected in A Platoon. He also was a good boxer and could look after himself in the ring.

It is understood he had an Ampol Service Station on the Princess Highway at Newmerella after the war, which was a good little money earner. Tom Nisbet an executive officer with Ampol at the time saw quite a lot of Bruce generally to Bruce's advantage. In the mid 80s Bruce and Faith moved to Wodonga. Helen Poynton met up with Faith in Wodonga and said she was a very nice person. No contact was made with Bruce. From what little news we gathered, we learned he was a fitness fanatic and kept himself in top condition by bike riding and had a large caravan which he put to good use. In her letter Faith said she was suffering from cancer which must have made her loss very hard for her.

So passed another of our members, the Association extends its deepest sympathy to Faith and family.

Lest We Forget.

The Association also extends its sincere sympathy to the families of the following who suffered bereavements recently.

Nancy Costelloe, widow of Paul, East Doncaster, Victoria.

Dawn May, widow of Don of Manning W.A.

Pam Murray, daughter of Don & Ida of Mandurah.

Colin Sproxton, brother of Henry of Wembley.

May they rest in peace.

Christmas Social 2002.

This function held at the Good Earth Hotel on Friday 6th December was a most successful one. Although attendance of 37 was down on other years those who did attend had an enjoyable day. The move to the dining room area, and with the tables nicely decorated we were off to a good start. Our very capable MC Len Bagley extended a warm welcome to all before reading out the apologies. President Ray Parry then extended his best wishes for a happy festive season before a nice meal of Xmas fare was served.

A fair bit of merriment occurred during the drawing of the raffles, for wine and Xmas puddings, carried out by Len and Delys. First out winner was the latter, midst calls of "rigged, rigged" it was decided to start again! Joe Poynton was invited to draw out a ticket and doing the right thing by promptly drawing out his own ticket! Joe always was hard to beat! Other happy winners were Dorothy Maley, Tony Bowers, and Olive Chalwell. That we have enjoyed each other's company for so very many years was evident by the noisy atmosphere, which prevailed. This happens when old friends meet.

Our thanks to the new catering manager, Kasia Rice and her staff and to Len who all did a top job.

Present were: - Len & Betty Bagley, Maureen Baker, Tony Bowers, Joy Chatfield, Jack & Delys Carey, John & Olive Chalwell, Dick Darrington, Beverley Frankee, Keith & Val Hayes, Colin Hodson, Jean Holland, Roy and Kaye Hanson, Mary & Paddy King, Bernie & Babs Langridge, John Lillie, Jim Lines, Dorothy Maley, Nellie Mullins, Bart & Loris Mavrick, Ray Parry, Joe & Helen Poynton, Bob & Margaret Smyth,

Pat Dwyer, Vince Swann, Clarrie & Grace Turner and Clare West.

J. Carey.

Australia Day 2003.

For the third successive year we were invited to join the SAS Veteran's Association at "The House" in Campbell Barracks to celebrate Australia Day. This is always a great day with which I'm sure our muster of 25 members and friends will readily concur. After taking time to sort things out we managed to get a good spot together under a shady tree and then sit back and relax with a beer in the pleasant surroundings. The veterans have really got it made and good luck to them for that, they deserve it.

The day was also a call for a special celebration as news of Bob Smyth's award of an O.A.M. in the Australia Day Honours appeared in the Sunday Times. Bob would have finished up with a sore hand after so many handshakes. Congratulations Bob for an honour well deserved.

The new president Rube Shaw made us welcome and later in his official welcome to all present congratulated Bob on his award, which was a nice gesture. On behalf of the Association, our President Ray thanked Rube for the warm welcome and presented him with our Unit plaque.

A barbecue lunch accompanied by "dinky di" Aussie music made for a happy day. We did not fare too well in the raffle although Maureen Baker won a bottle of wine. Better luck next year!

Our thanks to president Rube and his hard working helpers for their hospitality. So ended another Australia Day.

Present were: - Ray Aitken, Maureen Baker, John Burrige, Jack & Delys Carey, Jess Epps, Tom & Mary Foster, Keith & Val Hayes, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Nellie Mullins, Ray Parry, Colleen Strickland, Dorothy Gray, Vince Swann, Bob & Margaret Smyth, David Dwyer, Brad & Ron Smyth, Hazel Wicks, Clare West and Doc. Wheatley.

J. Carey.

New South Wales News.

Between hand and eyes it's becoming more difficult to keep up with the Courier but as long as you can decipher it well and good.

Many thanks to all the well wishers when we had a real "downer" time during the latter part of last year. I'm coping better, using a stick outdoors and still driving locally. Edith managed with many problems during that period but has declined somewhat since.

As with a few others our 60th wedding anniversary came up on the 13th February so we extend our congratulations to all those who have achieved this milestone.

Xmas Lunch Report 6.12.02.

It was a most pleasant day with a couple of surprises. What a delight to see Jean and Pauline English as radiant as ever - the first time we've seen them in years. We hope they will come again.

Maria Hartley has improved since we last saw her.

June Bennett has not been very well.

We had several apologies through ill health and bushfires.

Edith couldn't make it even though we live the closest.

I guess we've got to accept the fact that age takes its toll.

Present were:-

June Bennett & daughter, Kevin & Marilyn Birmingham, Colin & Val Holley & sister Muriel, Paddy & Nora Kenneally, Maria Hartley, John "Snow" Went, Verena Jones, Jean & Pauline English, 2/4th Pat Glover & grandson, 2/10th Ted Workman. 6 Div. Cav. 2/10 Cdo. Alan Luby.

We had a busy time checking on many friends and relatives during the very severe bushfire season, plus drought. Many of the people I tried to contact had been evacuated and Joan Fenwick in particular had kept you and me up to date.

Kath Press's son John and his wife lost their home in Canberra and I'm not aware of any others.

Our youngest daughter Maria was down from Nareeba for 8 days some three weeks ago and spent much time with us. Life on the mango/coffee plantation suits her 'down to the ground' (pardon the pun). She reckons its 'far better that getting BIG money sitting in front of 3 computers in a bank office all day'.

In the meantime our washing machine, microwave and vacuum cleaner all packed up, plus two light switches and a burnt out wire, so the year has not started out well. Still, I suppose it has some good sides - we have some new toys to play with!

Which reminds me - SCHOOL COMPUTERS are WEAPONS OF MASS INSTRUCTION!

Our local home nurse returned last week obviously quite pregnant- she stopped in her tracks when I made a comment that she had a "NOCTURNAL ADMISSION!" After a few minutes she started to laugh and said, "You're right you know".

cont'd overleaf

W.A. Safari 2003.

Where:

Perth.

When:

Wednesday 12th until Tuesday 18th November.
(7 nights and 6 days.)

Accommodation:

"The Good Earth Hotel".

195 Adelaide Terrace.

Phone No. (08) 9492 7777

Fax No. (08) 9492 7749

E-mail stay@goodearthhotel.com.au

Room rates:

Twin-Double \$85 per night per room including
breakfast.

Executive Suite for 2 \$95

2 bedroom apartment sleeping 4 (1 only)

\$135 per night.

(These are discounted rates.)

A deposit of \$100 per room is required, payment by cheque or credit card.

There are only four executive suites on offer so it is a case of getting in early.

If you wish to make a reservation ring and supply your requirements and provide a credit card number. You are welcome to call 1800 098 863 toll free, if you require further information. Mention you are a member of the 2/2nd Commando Group. Some rooms have a river view; all have a fully equipped kitchenette.

The Good Earth is about 1 km from the city centre but free buses pass the entrance at regular intervals.

The safari is now 8 months away.

It is advisable to make your booking at a reasonably early date. There is no closing date. We will fit you in somewhere even if you decide to come at the last minute.

The committee is still working on the itinerary but are planning on the lines of: -

Welcome evening on Wednesday evening 12th Nov.

Day trip to Fremantle probably Friday 14th

Official luncheon or dinner Saturday 15th

Commemoration service King's Park Sunday 16th

Day trip to Mandurah probably Monday 17th.

Farewell Tuesday evening 18th.

Other outings being considered are a barbecue luncheon, river trip, & civic reception.

Rest assured we will do all we can to make your stay in Perth as enjoyable as possible.

Hotel bookings for the Safari as at 25.2.03.

Jack & Beryl Steen, Ralph & Sheila Conley, Gordon & Joan Stanley, Lucky & Doreen Goodhew and daughter & son-in-law Mr & Mrs Thomson, Paddy & Nora Kenneally, Harry & Amyce Handicott, Kath Press, Russ Blanch, George Greenhalgh, Bill & Coral Coker, Peter & Pat Campbell, Paddy King, Joy Chatfield, Elvie Howell, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Margaret Monk, Don Thomson (28 in all).

At least another 8 Eastern States members have signified their intention of attending so we are away to a good start.

W.A. members, especially those in the country could consider booking in at The Goodearth.

Remember this is our last Safari!

Still much unrest in Timor and the rest of the world; we hope there will be a peaceful resolution. I'm not going to join the A.I.F. again!

Best wishes to all,
Alan Luby.

N.S.W. Sick Report.

This is much the same as last issue except that we're all a bit older and some are enduring more aches and pains than others.

As I said to Jack Carey recently, "Aren't we lucky so many have reached ages over the 80 mark and passed into the 21st century".

Sadly we have lost a few more and we extend our condolences to their families who survive.

I'm aware that Paddy has done a Vale on "Cisco" Coles and we were represented at his funeral. I've been in touch with family where possible.

Edith is presently in Manly Hospital for some lasting results.

Better health everyone.

Alan Luby 24/2/02.

Northern N.S.W. News

News from the NSW North Coast is generally good. Everybody is battling along okay.

Russ Blanch had a trip to Brisbane a week ago. As he tells it: - "I travelled 330 kms for the specialist to tell me to increase my tablet by one half". Russ has been having little epileptic turns for quite some time. They only last from 10 to 30 seconds and he can always tell when they're due to arrive. He's very please he hasn't had any for six weeks or more so maybe the tablets do help.

Russ gets a lot of fun when he goes through the scanners at the airport. He carries a couple of pieces of shrapnel from one of the patrols over the Ramu and has to explain every time he sets the alarms off and they can't find any concealed weapon on him. As Curran would have said - ho ho ho! Russ sends his regards to all. Ted Cholerton also wishes to be remembered to all. Ted is fairly well restricted to home base and has regular visits from the district nurse. Wife Dianne and daughter Julie take good care of him. Ted uses a walker to get around the home.

Eric Herd at home at Iluka which is across the Clarence River Heads from Yamba and a very pleasant place. Eric and Lorraine are both playing golf regularly. Incidentally I had a report recently where Yamba in NSW and San Diego in the good old U.S. of A. were supposedly having the best climates in the world. I dunno who makes these judgements. No comment. I reckon my place is better than Yamba anyway and I bet everyone reckons theirs is the best! What about the Golden West?

Ken and Edith Jones from Barraba are both well and Ken reports good rain. Since I spoke with him I saw on TV that Tamworth had been flashflooded so I'd imagine Ken got some more. I got some more too. After a very acceptable 3 inches or so since Tuesday night I was talking to Sprocho (Harry Sproxton) last night between 10 or 11 pm and held the phone up so he could hear the rain. I finished up this morning - Monday - with my gauge overflowing at 4 inches so it can stop now thank you!

Jack Steen going alright as he always reports. Never heard him whinge yet. Jack has to have a check up early next month. I hope all goes well mate. Beryl

keeps well. I guess all the wives have to. Dunno what you blokes would do without them. God bless 'em.

Billy Walsh is improving after his stroke. I spoke to Beryl and Billy came on and had a few words, which he wasn't able to do on previous occasions. Keep it up mate. Incidentally Beryl is a twin. Her sister now living next door in Kempsey once worked occasionally with me as a telephonist. Stationed at Yamba she would sometimes relieve at Maclean back in the late forties early fifties. Of interest too is that Beryl as assistant to the Town Clerk of Maclean wrote Slim Dusty's first busker's license for a concert at Maclean. His first in a long career. Slim also lives at Kempsey and no doubt Beryl has reminded him of years ago.

Tom and Jean Yates of Kyogle are both well and not long returned from a visit to a son at Mooloolaba which as those of the Maroochydore Safari will remember is close by. I think we visited the aquarium there.

Had a nice talk on the phone to Beryl Cullen who is well and hoping for rain. Hope she got some like mine last night.

I also rang Nola Wilson of Gilgandra just after talking with Beryl last night. She too is well and hoping for more rain. They both send their regards to all.

Before I go and wish you all well don't forget to put some pennies in the Piggy Bank for the November Safari. Time gets away.

Regards "Happy" Greenhalgh

Queensland News.

News from here is on the brief side, which indicates most up here are getting by okay. I spent four days in Tweed Heads Hospital with a virus recently and

Lyn caught it from me. One gets more vulnerable with age.

Lyn and I had the pleasure of joining in the celebrations with George Coulson who turned 80 on the 2nd February. It was a very happy occasion. Bettye was a good host.

The majority of the 2/2nd boys would now be 80 or older - something most would never have expected to make.

Col & Jeanette Andrews are off to a good start in their caravan park venture in Laidley. Both are capable people and they should do well.

The recent bountiful rains in Queensland have given the State more hope. It has been a devastating drought on the outer areas but Queenslanders are tough and will bounce back.

I understand Ralph & Sheila Conley have booked in for the Safari. We intend going all being well.

I hope to have more news for you for the June Courier.

Kindest regards, Ron Archer.

Victorian News.

We had our Christmas luncheon on December 2nd at Paterson River Country Club. 14 attended and it was a lovely day and we had a very excellent meal and we were looked after very well.

Those in attendance were: - Harry & Olive Botterill, Bluey & Mary Bone, Mavis Broadhurst, Don Thompson & Margaret Monk, John & Shirley Southwell, Ed & Dot Bourke, Nina Grachan, Cath Roberts & Joan Freyer.

Apologies were received from: - Fred Broadhurst (sick, but is old self again) Leith & Marge Cooper, Jack Fox & Rolf Baldwin who cannot travel far these days.

Lady Callinan is at Darnlee House, Lansell Rd, Toorak. 3142, phone 9804.7125. I was talking to her son Chris, and he cannot understand why the Couriers were not forwarded to this address. She is very frail with vague memories but Chris says she is very interested in the 2/2nd and the sons can read the Couriers to her. I was talking to Baldy on the phone, at the moment he has a touch of flu and when he feels better Olive and I will go to see him. He sends his regards and best wishes to all the 2/2nd folk.

Alf Harper is in a hostel, now the address Homestead Hostel, 33 Homestead Ave, Wallington. 3321, so perhaps he has not been getting his Couriers. He is able to read but cannot get about.

Harry Botterill.

South Australian News.

The Christmas and New Year break is over and the Commando Association starts their monthly luncheons on February 5th at the West Lakes Hotel. Bert & Sylvia Bache, Kel & Ruby Carthew are the only 2/2nd members who attend with the exception when Ian Ronald is in S.A. he and his wife attend. The company of all members who attend is refreshing. Men and their wives from 2/10 also attend.

Mr & Mrs Alan Hollow have moved residence from Matheson Ave, Findon. Fortunately they still have the same phone number.

Bob Williamson is going okay, matter of fact doing very well.

He represents the Commando Association on the Dauls Road Repatriation Hospital on the Volunteers and their problems Association.

The Safari appears to be a goer in November. I am not sure if we can get

over to the West but I am sure that it would be a worthwhile trip to all the members and the West. I hear so much about Perth from people who have visited. They say it is a very clean city so we will see. It was a pleasure to read the news of Tom Nisbet. He was our platoon leader in New Guinea. He seems to be going okay.

Reading the birthday list it shows our section leader Jack Fox has hit the 90 year, through the Courier Jack, congratulations.

I don't see many 2/2nd fellows over here but most all doing okay considering the age of most.

Last Tuesday I watched the Alan Border medal presentations I was very pleased to see Adam Gilchrist received two awards including the medal, a very worthy recipient. I consider him an outstanding player as he has the hardest position in a cricket field, also an outstanding batsman.

I visited my eye specialist recently and he said that I have glaucoma also a cataract in the right eye. I have drops for the glaucoma, which I have to use every night.

Hope you are all well.

Regards, Kel Carthew.

Paddy's Trip to Timor. (Part II)

I headed for Viqueque. I was lucky and got to Baucau in time to catch a bus, the road not too bad. Plenty of stock grazing on the rice paddies, in fact once you go east of Manututo the flocks of goats, herds of buffalo, cattle and horses far, far more numerous than west or south of Dili, and that includes the valley between the Lois and Bai Boa rivers which is a huge rice growing area, as in

the Nunuru Plain in which Maliana is situated.

Viqueque back to normal, busy marketplace. The acres and acres of gardens the Indonesian army had, now overgrown and reverting to native undergrowth. The River still had a good flow of water. I've got that accustomed to seeing dry riverbeds on this trip, it becomes more than obvious when a river has water in it.

Caught a bus at 5a.m. and went to Fatumaca. Stayed a couple of days, doing a bit of writing and exploring. Coming from Fuloro with Father Jose Lanjuane we called into the orphanage at Laga - 120 orphans stay there. The orphanage comprises of 7 big buildings forming a rectangle so the centre is a huge courtyard with shrubs at one end.

The buildings comprise schoolrooms, dormitories, dining room, chapel, and recreation room. Spotlessly clean. The orphans here are lucky children and there are many more orphans in the Laga area. Laga was bitterly divided in the pro-independence versus pro-autonomy question. It was an area, which was heavily targeted by the Militia, and it hasn't recovered.

Fatunaba was fortunate, little damage, the same for Baucau. Farming has returned to Don Bosco at Fortunaba. There were four huge paddocks ploughed ready to sow corn when the rains came. The three trade buildings undamaged. So electronics, engineering, carpentry and joinery still on the curriculum. Of course academics is not neglected. Another primary school almost completed. When it is, there will be school accommodation for almost 570 primary school children, which means in a few years time there will have to be additions to the high school. The

school holidays were on so the only students in residence were about 24 aspirants. They are students who may go on to the Seminary and train for the priesthood. Not all do, they do however benefit from the high school education they receive.

Went into Baucau, an Italian lay brother was the driver. He had two speeds, fast and faster! I was bloody glad when I got out in Baucau.

The town market was thriving. Fruit, vegetables, corn, sweet potatoes, breadfruit, tomatoes all laid out, no differently than we saw in 1942. I didn't see any tuaca, now referred to as palm wine. No cockfights either, but there are still plenty of fighting birds in Timor and plenty of fights to keep them busy. No beetlenut either, that is at the Baucau markets. But as I wandered around the country I saw plenty of people chewing beetlenut particularly in the central mountain ranges.

Wandering down towards the coast I heard a voice yelling "Paddy, Paddy" and up races a Timorese laughing and gave me a big hug. I had met Christiano here at out house way back in 1982. He had just got out of Timor and gaol. He couldn't speak a word of English. He went to Uni, doing law, changed to Economics and Political science, got a degree, and went back to Timor in 1999. His brother Carlos, a tough boy, who had served in the Portuguese army and Mozambique, was also in Baucau. He had come back to be with the family when his mother died. I also met the father, a not too tall, broad shouldered man, straight as a die and 94 years old. Christiano wanted to take me back to Dili, that however was not where I wanted to be. I had a bit more to see in the Baucau area.

Christiano knew where the Marist Brothers were so Carlos took me there. At least two of the five were West Australians. There were also three girls doing the secretarial work, they were also West Australians. The atmosphere was more polite than welcoming. I learned what I wanted to know. They will set up a teachers college to train teachers for the schools they will undoubtedly build and Timor will benefit. The Marist brothers have a long successful record in teaching, not only in Australia but worldwide. I spent nearly three years in their training college in 1930 to 1933. The Marist brothers were lucky I left. I was also lucky as I expected to be expelled. I was feuding with two of the brothers on the staff, and no one was backing off or even easing off. Sure it was a long, long time ago, I don't seem to have learned much since! The college principal and the provincial of the order tried to talk me out of leaving. I supposed they believed they could do something with me.

On the third Sunday of November I will be going to Mass and a school reunion for St. Patrick's old boys. There will be six of us there who attended school there in the 1920s and the six of us come from the Miller's Point and Rocks area. I bade the brothers a polite farewell in Baucau; they wouldn't have missed me.

It was a long walk up to Kota Baru, the new markets where I caught a bus back to Fatumaca.

Father Jose Lanjuane turned up the next day. He was going to Dili so I tagged along. The North Coast road is pretty good. Keith Hayes sent me a couple of Sit. Repts. One on the Timorese and Brother Manuel's visit to the Denmark Agricultural Farm. The other giving information on Father MacAnally's silk

work project up in Baucau area. I met Father MacAnally at the Venilale orphanage (to be exact on the road outside the orphanage). He told me he had spent some years in Java and about his idea in setting up a silk worm project that was in 2000. From the report Keith sent me it is apparently away to a good start. On the way to Dili we passed a couple of his mulberry plantations. I went out to Don Bosco Comora in Dili. I had to meet a bloke named Luke Gosling at the airport. You may remember meeting him in Mildura. He is doing a video on the 3rd Bn in along the border regions Balibo - Maliana. Anyway he was going to pick me up on Sunday Sept. 15th next morning 5 am. I set out for Lete Foho. Every bus that came along was going to Maliana, finally about 7.30 one came going to Gleno, I took it, and at least it was going in the direction I wanted. At Gleno the driver said, I'll take you to Lete Foho for 20 dollars, I said "No" I knew quite well some vehicle would be heading for Lete Foho, Vila Maria or Hatulia. Half an hour later there was a bemo leaving for Lete Foho. It's not a bad road through the Gleno Valley. Gets a bit rough when it heads into the mountains. A bemo can seat five people comfortably inside and three including the driver in front. By the time we picked up a few here and there in Gleno, there was twenty six bodies in that vehicle, a couple of goats on the roof, plus a couple of chooks, bags of rice and corn on the floor. Two blokes outside had their feet on the windows and hanging onto the roof rack. If it hadn't been for the pain and aches in my squashed up legs I wouldn't have known where they were. I thought if this goes over a precipice, I'd be that well cushioned with bags of rice, corn and bodies I'll survive. Up over the last hill and we were in Lete Foho.

The former posto up on the hill at one end and the Catholic Church up on a hill at the other end and the village of Lete Foho in between. Away in the distance looking North-West was Mount Ramalau, towering away up above the surrounding mountains and looking down onto the Gleno Valley. I could see the road about a couple of thousand feet down. I could look across at Vila Maria and west to Hatu Lia. The road to Atsabe was just below, there was a branch off to Hatu Bailico and the Timorese I was talking to told me he was on his way to Aileu on a track I never knew existed. I asked him how long, he said "duabelas jam" twelve hours. No wonder Lete Foho was a bone of contention way back in 1942.

Down came the mist, Ramalau disappeared first, then all the surrounding mountains. There was a Timorese hut just across from the priests house, nearly as dark as a coal cellar, apart from the glow from the fire in the centre. I became a good friend with that fire. It gets more than cold up on those mountains when there is no sun. The only pack I had was a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste. It took a lot of willpower to have a Timor style shower, a dipper, and a concrete water container. Just dip into the water and pour it over a body already shivering from the cold. I used the tail of my shirt to dry myself. The only bedclothes I had that night was a half cotton window blind I took off the window. I thought "Mother of God Paddy, you're 86 not 26 as you were in 1942". I survived, but wasn't sorry to see the dawn and the sun rising.

Next day it was as hard to get out of Lete Foho as it was to get into it. Everyone including the priest said I'd get a bemo for Gleno at seven o'clock. To make sure

I was waiting for it at 6.15am. 7am, no bus for Gleno and at 10am still no bus, a bemo and a couple of trucks going to Atsabe. I'd have kept on going to Atsabe but I had to be in Dili by 5pm to meet Luke Gosling and it's the long high road to Dili via Atsabe, Bobonaro, Maliana then up to Balibo and down to Batugade and East along the North Coast road.

It was bazaar day in Lete Foho which was fortunate, sooner or later a truck would turn up. It was a big bazaar, plenty of garden produce, and piglets, and beetle nut. The dust was being well laid and a variety of red brown spittle designs to do the job.

A truck was going to Gleno and so was I. Sitting nice and comfortable in the front seat with a Timorese and the driver. No trouble getting a bemo for Dili in Gleno. There is always a fair bit of transport coming down from Ermera. I got into Dili by 4 pm.

Luke Gosling took me round to some civilians working for the army. They were busy sitting on chairs on a lawn with a swimming pool in the middle and drinking VB. I was invited, bad luck, Luke and I had to go to the airport and be there by 6 pm. They were a very hospitable gathering. Luke met his T.V. crew, two blokes and two girls. Actually the director was a girl, Rachel Landers. Nora and I had met her previously here at our place. They invited me to dinner. I declined. Luke drove me to Don Bosco, there was no one there. All had gone off to another church for some function. I had a cup of tea and a piece of cake, the only thing I had to eat that day.

Luke picked me up next morning. They were going to start their video at the church in Becora. Just as a matter of interest at about the end of September, a journalist was murdered in Becora

near the church. He was I think Dutch. Becora is really only a hop, a step, and a jump from the centre of Dili yet the peacekeeping force had not yet got there. The journalist was killed, and four thousand peacekeepers had not yet sent a patrol to a suburb a couple of miles away.

It's a fine church and it was crowded with worshippers. The earlier mass was still on. We were going to the 10.30 am mass. The T.V. crew did their job filming during the mass. Afterwards we went to Bidau to Rupinos for lunch and more filming.

The T.V. crew supplied the lunch, and the beer. Rupino supplied the house, his family, and himself. They explained to Rupino that it was not a film for profit. It was a documentary. Poor Rupino, he has cards from journalists and others. He has been used as other Timorese who were with and helped the Australians in 1942, but bugger all help has come Rupinos way.

When the filming and eating and drinking was all over we departed. However this time Rupino and his family were not left empty handed.

Rupino has got very thin since I saw him 18 months ago. I was also surprised at his age, according to his birth certificate, which I saw 12 years ago he was born in 1917. I thought he would have been seven or eight years younger. He is very active, quick in his movements, and he is like a hovering angel when I move about, catching my arm and helping me. The family not as well off as when I saw them in 2000. They were in jobs then. Since then I think a couple of the jobs are finished. It's always sad saying goodbye to Rupino and Nicolau Goncalves family. The Rupinos and Nicolaus who lived with Australians in

1942 (I refer to all the Criados and the people of Timor) got so little. About all they got by the time the war finished was death, misery and suffering and in 1975 abandonment.

We went up to the memorial, as I said there is no water in the pool. In another month it will be full and running once more and the vegetation around about fresh and lush. There were some Timorese kids playing under the shelter, laughing and squealing as they leapt high in the air as they played.

It was dark when we got down to Dili. I refused another invitation to dinner. For me there was a feeling of sadness about the whole day, when comparing time and life, 1942 is so far removed from 2002, not only time, but the men so young and vital then, now mostly passed on.

Next day I went to see Nicolaus family. Florentino, Janairo, two other sons and a daughter. All the family live in a cluster of houses surrounding Florentino's house in Tecidere. It's well shaded and far more pleasant than Bidau; circumstances I suppose are a little different.

Janario told me Murray Thornton came to see them when he was in Timor in May for the declaration of independence. Murray will never forget the Goncalves family. Janario picks up work here and there. He is a painter these days. He worked for Timor Aid in 2000 courtesy Murray Thornton. He worked in Dili gaol when the Indonesians were there and he took to the bush up around Remexio during the Indonesian and militia rampage after declaring of the vote. They got Florentino to safety somewhere out the back of Tibar. There's a bit of larrikin about Janario. I laughed and said, "Do you miss the Indonesians?"

"Not the men" he said and laughed, he is never very serious.

Left there and called into the Goal Ireland Office out near the old markets, met a bloke from Dublin whom I know. He is teaching English now in Dili; the three girls in the office came to lunch with us. They had all worked for aid organisations in various parts of the world. One of them, a Dubliner had worked in New York, a merchant bank job, then in Angola for an aid organisation, she hoped to go to Bangladesh after Timor.

While we were having lunch, Max Stahl, (the bloke who filmed the Dili massacre) came in. he knew we met a few years ago in Sydney. He is back in Timor to do a documentary for the U.N. That will be easy compared to other jobs he has filmed. He stayed in Timor in September 1999 when all the other journalists left with the U.N. staff. He went bush above Dare and was in Dili to film the peacekeepers when they arrived. Danger is Max's life and blood. If I remember correctly his father was, I think, a Czechoslovakian political exile. Max is English.

I had arranged to meet Graham Scott, Neil's son. He is interested in setting up an on the ground information centres in various places in the Islands, a bit complicated for me. To Graham it's as easy as ABC. He picked me up at Don Bosco about 8 am. With hindsight I don't think I went the best way about it. I thought he would be more interested in Bazartete than elsewhere. We went there first. It's a long climb up to Bazartete and took more time than I anticipated. We went out along the track on which Four Section ambushed the Japanese in March 1942. I was not in Four Section at that time. But in 2000

Ray Aitken took us to the spot which he remembered. Now of course it is all coffee and undergrowth as Ray pointed out in 1942 it was cornfields. I may have not been spot on, but I was in the paddock about the area. Now Graham was driving a far bigger 4 wheel drive than a Toyota. How he turned that monster around on that little better than a track road I don't know but he did it.

I'll guarantee he was a stone lighter by the time he finished turning that steering wheel backwards and forwards gaining about six inches of turn at a time.

We went on down to Maubara. The orphanage floor and foundations had been poured. The perimeter walls were being erected. A new process, precast woodchip cement waterproof panels just slide between slotted piers. The latter are I think aluminium bolted to the floor like steel uprights or poles.

The pre-school was also well advanced. All exterior piers and beams poured and the internal brickwork, doors and windows completed. A lot had been done since I had first seen it almost three weeks previously.

We were stopped at a roadblock on the way back. They were Timorese police, passports inspections etc. It was the second such experience I had on this visit, the first time it was Australian police.

While I was out of Dili wandering around the mountains, they had a security alert. When I got back into Dili there were three cargo containers blocking the entrance to the Australian Embassy. Three soldiers with automatic weapons on guard there 24 hours a day. The embassy was evacuated and armed Australian troops in occupation. There was also a bit of grumbling because

Portuguese troops manned the roadblocks in Dili. There was also about 100 Yanks in the city. I missed all that excitement as I blissfully wandered around the mountains, now with the benefit of hindsight, and the talk of American Intelligence warnings about threats of violence in Indonesia, I think there were some awful blunders in assessing the intelligence reports by our people in Canberra. We won't even have to worry about learning if it was so, blunders are never revealed.

Graham took me back to where he was staying; some organisation or other identified by a bundle of initials. It was in Comoro, air conditioned demountables. One Australian ex-army told me about a Bob Smyth sending a rotary hoe up to someone there so I knew our Association was still on the job. Graham would have liked to get to Liltai but that would have required another day and I was flying out of Dili at 8.30 am the next day. Had we left much earlier it could have been possible, as there is a wide track in from off the Aileu Road. In 1942 it was about three or four hours walk from Liltai to Remexio. I wouldn't back myself to achieve it in 2002.

I said goodbye to Graham; we had had a pretty good day and did manage to get to some of the areas his father was in 1942.

I flew out on the 18th as scheduled and arrived back in Wilkins Street about 8.30 p.m. that night. I had only lost four kilos on the trip so it wasn't too hard.

Timor wages for Timorese workers in all the jobs from construction, roadwork and service occupations earn from about 2 - 5 dollars a day, some jobs even lower. Transport fares roughly as they were. Bemco fare anywhere in Dili ten

American cents, translate that into Rupiahs it's about 800 rupiahs. In 1990 it was 250 rupiahs so I suppose three times more. In the supermarket I paid two Yankee dollars for a tin of mosquito spray. The same was 50 cents cheaper in our supermarket. I didn't go around the supermarket checking prices but not many Timorese shop in supermarkets, they can't afford it, they go to their local market (Timorese).

In Dili people look better, dress better, and do better. Out in the mountains little has changed in 60 years. They travel by truck or bemo now between districts. The production of food from the Timorese gardens has increased. There is always plenty of fruit and vegetables in the bazaar. All throughout Timor dwellings destroyed in the reign of terror prior to and after the vote are being replaced. No shortage of goods but there certainly is a shortage of money to purchase them. Wages are not adequate and bear little in relation to the cost of living. Unemployment is a huge problem. Westerners say there is plenty of work, but the Timorese won't work. I can't agree with that. We keep judging everything by using our standards as a benchmark. As long as I've known the Timorese it was never part of their custom to turn up for work every day. They have an entirely different approach to work. They get the job done their way. I know it doesn't suit our way. There's one thing I do know, these people for twenty five years suffered and survived unspeakable terror and persecution, from February 1999 until September of the same year that was intensified a hundred fold yet despite it all they come trudging to the voting centres, many of them for many hours from remote areas and voted 78.5 per cent for freedom and independence and those ill clad under

nourished and persecuted people knew exactly what would happen to them for doing so. They had seen a preview of it during the preceding six months.

The other thing I believe, I know of no other people in our Western society who would have done so.

P.S. Two nights after my return our parish ran a function at Liverpool Catholic Club. It was organised by five Josephite Sisters and through the functions, raffles and donations raised \$60.000 in one night. The Carmelite nuns in Timor will certainly benefit. That's \$110.000 our parish raised for the pre-school in Maubara.

Paddy Kenneally.

Thank you Paddy for the account of your Timor visit. It was most interesting. Ed.

Verna & Les in Laos.

I would like to briefly outline our recent project in Laos, in many ways similar to East Timor and in others vastly different. From both countries and their people we have gained so much. This will be written on my personal project.

Mid 2002, AESOP contacted me as regards my interest in joining the "International Volunteers of Japan", as an instructor of basic pattern making, complete sewing of garments and saleable crafts. "I.V. Japan", as it is referred to is operated from the Lao capital, Vientiane, by a Japanese representative, Madame Sachiko, and a Lao staff of four. Madame Sachiko and her Lao staff are financed by a group of Japanese retired business sponsors who have many projects in progress and completed throughout Lao. One Japanese only is on the paid staff and as a project is completed to the stage where locals are able to manage without

the international instructor, then the project is handed over officially to the local government.

Lao is a People's Republic with Buddhism the principal religion. "I.V. Japan" has also built a two-storey office and equipped workrooms i.e. Hairdressing, sewing, cooking, and carpentry. Their plan is for ongoing schools for the underprivileged and disadvantaged, male and females right throughout Laos, with a Lao student being capable of being on the paid staff for perhaps a six month assignment when the international volunteer has completed his/her task. The Japanese are the sponsors and very much the business heads and treated us with utmost respect at all times.

I was fortunate enough to be chosen as a volunteer for I.V. Japan, leaving in early September for a six-month project. My expected duties were made very clear and I realised this was not to be "a free lunch".

My first class of mature age trainee teachers to be taught to instruct, really made me nervous. The ages were from 22 - 49 years and a few of these were capable of paying for tuition. First day, through my interpreter the 15 students stated what they expected to learn from me, and I, what my requests were - patience, patience, patience, and treat this workroom as home whilst you are here. Lunch time if you want to sleep on the floor that's okay! They did! I was half way there!

From this advanced group I was to choose one in particular - on completion of the course to go on the IV Japan staff as a paid teacher for beginners on a six month term. The beginners would be taught what the advanced were taught only for a much longer time (2¹/₂ months

each course.) Lao cutting and sewing is a much firmer fit than we are accustomed to wearing, with bodice and sleeves very close fitting. Our drafting is so versatile - an example being the basic straight skirt from which by placement any style of skirt may be designed and cut. From day two I knew who the teacher would be as she was already running her own business with good clientele. My system was similar to "Tibs", only she had never been taught method so stayed on for the full course and as with the other fourteen ladies came through loads of hard work, homework and good humour!

Next was the beginners' course. Same system only much more detailed, as the majority of these 15 students had no knowledge whatsoever of a sewing machine let alone an industrial overlocker and industrial sewing machine. There are twenty odd large garment factories in Vientiane each employing up to 2000 shift workers. To have the sewing knowledge of the machines is an advantage as well as a morale booster to the job seeker.

First few days were an absolute nightmare. Blank looks! Back to front baseball caps! Straddled legs on chairs! To top it all I had to do all patterns in imperial inches. They, in all classes, understood the solid inches but not the parts in between. Sleepless nights and lots of homework and thanking my lucky stars for the foresight of making up many garments and bags etc home in Australia that the students could make up with sponsor given fabrics in the workroom. This created great interest and all of a sudden the whole atmosphere changed. I could not believe what I was seeing and the sharing of skills from one to the other was amazing. Many visitors,

especially sponsors visited the workroom just about daily. I made a point of thanking these folk, as it was such a confidence builder to the ladies - especially when a few weeks later a photo would arrive from some foreign country of a happy group of workers. This group plus the next group were definitely disadvantaged and unskilled. I had them solely for the first month and then the new paid teacher, "Tib" took over with Lao cutting making etc, whilst I did a "one on one" mature age in another workroom.

I was very proud of every student when the closing down ceremony came for each course. Government and educational dignitaries were always invited guests and the students wearing their best clothes. A light buffet, fresh fruit and Lao tea, was beautifully served along with many hugs and tears.

I have never known such harmony and the sharing of everything, skills, food, and clothes. I did not see any adult begging. They do not want any handouts. They do want skills.

P.S. Six years ago on the 24th February we took a flight to East Timor. This was the start of our retirement dream being fulfilled. If it had not been for Col Doig, the 2/2nd and their wives, with their faith in us, this dream could never have been achieved.

We thank you so sincerely.

Happiness always.

Verna & Les Cranfield

NB.

While Verna was busy with her classes Les taught carpentry and lathe work. Les said carpentry is big business in Laos and most of the furniture of good quality is exported to Vietnam, a very progressive country.

Les said their residence was near the Mekong River and on a still day you could hear the people speaking on the other side in Thailand. The Friendship Bridge built by Australia connects the two countries Laos and Thailand. The only trouble visiting Thailand is there is a \$60 tax to get back into Laos, which Les said spoils the trip!

Needless to say both Les & Verna greatly enjoyed their experience in Laos.

“A Worthy Project”.

As mentioned, at the Australia Day get together where I was introduced to you, that I would send the 2/2nd an update of what is happening at Fuiloro; here goes. After I returned from the initial 3 months in 2000, erecting the grain silos, I decided to contact Fr. Jose, to enquire whether I could be of some assistance at the mission again, and if so, could he contact Australian Volunteers International and request my help. This happened and I was given a date of Sept. 2001 to go back to Fuiloro. Whilst awaiting my departure date, I was contacted by a Mr. Kevin Wood, from Victoria, representing Kiwanis International (their motto is “Serving the Children of the World”). Kevin Wood had been in contact with Australian Volunteers International; to ask whether they had anyone interested in going to Fuiloro, with building experience. Naturally I fitted the bill and from there I was sent on a mission (excuse the pun) representing A.V.I and Kiwanis to put into place phase 1, of the Farm Revitalisation, which the Kiwanis had spent a considerable amount of time, putting together a comprehensive plan, to revitalise the farm in every aspect, starting with the construction of a dairy. The dairy was to be the initial project,

so as to supply everyone in the nearby villages, especially the children, with essential nutrition, considering the majority of kids have nothing to eat before leaving for school each morning. Prior to leaving for E.Timor, I had been sent plans from Kevin Wood, requiring me to supervise the construction of the first dairy ever in E.T. (easier said than done). The idea was to use as many materials that were available; to transform part of the so-called existing dairy into a relatively modern type of dairy, same as used in Australia. During the initial stages of the construction, containers arrived from Melbourne, with components from a dairy, which had been dismantled. So working from photographs and plans, the dairy gradually started taking shape, which included, the actual milking room with worker's pit, vat storage room, machine/pump room, waiting yard and exit area. I was able to recruit a team of workers from a nearby village, and although not everything went according to plan and at times, downright frustrating, these chaps were always able find a way of seeing the funny side of things and keep smiling. Considering these people have nothing and are always concerned where their next meal will come from, they are marvellous, and I became very good friends with them all. After approx. 6 months the cattle arrived by ship from Darwin to Com. Com is about 20 kms. from Fuiloro and has a very good jetty/wharf and had not been used since the Indonesians had left. The previous night to the arrival of the cattle I had erected portable fencing, the cattle were crated off the ship, approx. 8 per crate, into the yard and onto the waiting trucks, and taken to their new abode. The cattle, which were part Friesian and Bramin, 28 pregnant milkers and 2 bulls, had been

raised in Victoria, by the Kiwanis and trucked to Darwin, with two agistment breaks, 6 weeks in Darwin to acclimatise, before sending them to Fuiloro. Although I would have liked to have been present, when the first amount of milk, was produced, after the calves had dropped, I had to head home to my family. The dairy was officially inaugurated/opened by Xanana Gusmao in October, with the kids celebrating with a cup of milk and a bread roll. It certainly would have been something to behold. Recently I have heard from Kevin Wood, that there has been a four- wheel drive vehicle, with refrigerated compartment, donated and is being sent to Fuiloro, for the purpose of delivering milk to the out-laying villages and schools. I hope that I have given the Double Diamonds some insight into recent progress being made at Fuiloro, remembering of course the tremendous amount of help they have received from your organisation over many years. Hoping this finds everyone in good health. Lindsay (Ben) Bennett.

Many thanks for your excellent account of the setting up of the dairy at Fuiloro. I'm sure our members will read it with great interest.

The Timorese people will be forever grateful to you for the help you have given them in recent years.

J. Carey.

Independent Trust Fund.

Sister Guilhermina Marcal
24/2/03

DiliTimor Lorosa'e

Dear Sister Guilhermina,

With rare exception, the goods we send to East Timor are delivered by us to the

Kwinana Lions International Club. The cartons are then packed into 20' containers with others goods gifted through Lions and then shipped via Darwin to Dili.

We have had difficulty in determining the departure date from Lions and movements en route.

Two containers from Lions have been delayed by Dili Border Control for some 3 months and pending release, Lions Kwinana are unable to forward more containers. However we understand the problems should be resolved in a few weeks.

Meanwhile we have been delivering cartons to Kwinana since early November 2002.

A pro forma schedule of the goods that will be shipped is enclosed. The major collection, packing, marking, and delivery operation is conducted by fellow trustee Keith Hayes.

The total of 50 cartons is comprised of 3 separate deliveries. Each carton shows your name, address, and telephone number and also that of Mike Gallagher.

The 27 cartons of A list have an alphabetical suffix

16 cartons of B list are plain

7 cartons of C list show CAN prefix.

Portion of some previous years shipments to East Timor have failed delivery so we are most reluctant to reveal contents of each carton unless it is absolutely demanded by Border Control Dili. However it would be imperative for you to take delivery as soon as possible following release of authority.

The list could yet be increased before the container is despatched at which time we will compile and forward you original documents.

The Regiment has served Australia well and with great distinction in its many campaigns since it's formation in July 1957 and is well equipped to handle any future challenges.

Your deeds have earned the respect and admiration of your fellow Australians.

Good luck and God speed in times ahead.

Yours sincerely,

J.W. Carey, Hon. Secretary.

NB. Gus has finished his two-year term as C.O. and the new C.O. is Lieut. Col. Rick Burr who is at present on service overseas. Ed.

Correspondence.

The following people sent Christmas and New Year greetings but just missed the printing deadline: -

Bert & Billie Price, Hazel & Allan Hollow, Jack & Jean Keenahan, Dick Darrington, Jessie Epps, Allan & Joan Mitchell, Ron Archer & Lyn Love, Mavis Sadler, Stan & Barb Payne, and Mal Lindsay.

M. & G. Shiels, Bowen, Qld.

Dear Delys & Jack, Another full year has been lived and we are back again to wish you one and all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It has been a great privilege to stay in contact with most of our friends and family and we are delighted to do it again this year.

George and I are well and keep busy. Our year has included quite a lot of travel visiting our daughters and attending our respective reunions. In January we flew to Denver, Colorado to spend a week with our dear friends Dorothy & Roger Schade. The four of us motored through New Mexico visiting many interesting

places including Sante Fe, the White Sands National Monument, the NM Museum of Space History, Roswell, the UFO country and Carisbad Caverns. What an awesome experience was Carisbad Caverns! Words cannot describe the beauty of the world's largest cave system. Big Bend National Park in the Chicos Mountains in Texas was another stop before heading for San Antonio where our POW reunion was held. Over 300 of us turned up to spend a week meeting up with old friends. The last week in Texas was spent at Tyler enjoying the hospitality of Fred Fullerton, Texan style. All in all we had a wonderful month with our friends.

Of course the next reunion was George's 2/2nd Commando reunion in Mildura in May. It was a nostalgic week amongst old mates. The weather was perfect for us and we enjoyed our cruises on the Murray. In conjunction with the trip to the reunion we stayed with Debbie Cozamanis in Adelaide and enjoyed our trips to Victor harbour, Port Adelaide etc. and especially to our lessons in Greek cooking!

With Jan doing all the research we finally completed the histories of George's grandparents and parents. Now I can finish off George's story for the family. He says not to expose too many skeletons that might be in his closet!

George produced a prolific vegie garden this year notwithstanding the extra dry weather we are going through. He is still busily involved with the Returned Services League and keeps in contact with his fifteen legacy widows. I keep pottering. There is always interesting things to do here at home and we both belong to various organisations that keep us in touch with the community. I have to limit my bushwalking adventures

to flat walks that I still enjoy. Tennis will recommence in cooler months.

We shall close wishing you all the very best for a safe and healthy 2003.

With Love, Margo and George.

B. Cullen, Kyogle, NSW.

Dear Jack, Sometime back I remember in "The Courier" the idea of compiling a "History of the 2/2nd Commando Squadron" in book form for publication. Time is marching on and numbers are becoming fewer. I hope the project becomes a reality. I have enclosed a contribution towards same.

If I am wrong 'have my wires crossed' use the contribution as you decide.

Like everywhere in Australia, we are in need of an early break and finish of the drought. Water is in a very serious situation, many folk as well as farmers etc buying water.

Yours sincerely, Beryl

K.B. Sargeant, Gympie, Qld.

Christmas is not far off so I would like to take the opportunity of wishing all members a Happy Festive Season and best wishes for good health in 2003.

I guess we are all having to slow down as age catches up with us.

It has been quite a year and I am amazed at the publicity "Winnie the War Winner" has received since Wilbur Wrights and my letters to Veteran Affairs. I had quite a few enquiries asking for news of 'next of kin' of the men involved with "Winnie". I believe all next of kin, with the exception of John Donovan have been located.

Apart from the fact John lived in Lindfield, NSW when he joined up I could not help. After sixty years I guess lots of folk have moved on.

Isn't it sad that once again we find the world in turmoil? One can only hope things will improve.

It is good to get the Courier to keep in touch. Congratulations Delys as Editor. You all do an excellent job.

Enclosed donation for Courier.

Sincerely, Kathleen B. Sargeant.

Sorry Kath, your letter just missed the deadline for the Dec. Courier as did several other letters and cards of good wishes. We have to close off at the end of the first week of Dec. to allow time for printing and mailing. Ed.

E. & L. Newton, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Dear Delys & Jack, The water situation here is very bad at present; we have been on restrictions now for the past few months. This business of holding the hose for a few hours is starting to get us all down. The water is clean but tastes salty. We had over two years supply in our Menindie Lakes, where we get our water supply from but the powers that be in Sydney let most of it go down the Darling River in to the Murray for South Aust. leaving us with very little to carry on with. In the past five weeks we have experienced two dust storms, just like we used to get when I was young. It finished up in Canberra.

We are both well at present (that is as well as can be expected at our age) and hope to see you in the West next November.

Wishing you all the very best, Elsie and Lionel.

Thanks for the photo cutting Lionel, unfortunately not able to reproduce it. Hope the water situation has improved since you wrote this. Ed.

A. Moore, Dwellingup, WA.

Please find enclosed money order for \$20 to go towards the Courier. Nice to hear from you all again.

Alma Moore.

Jean Keenahan, Huskisson, NSW.

Dear Jack & Delys, Thank you for your lovely Xmas card and also your concern about Jack. I can't say he's okay but I can say he's A 1 - he's holding on better than I ever expected. He does have his off days when I get asked or told 'do I remember Ray Parry?' especially when the Courier came out and I got shown Ray's photo six times and asked if I remembered him. Anyway God love him, my daughter got married recently and he did okay. Usually he's in bed by half past five but when some of my family are around it's six o'clock.

I have enclosed a photo of Jack. Yes, he still loves a beer, twice a day and still belongs to RSL Fishing Club. He is down to eight stone now. I have enclosed this photo, I did mean to get one with our old mate Mal Lindsay. I knew his wife for years.

Love to you both, Jean.

I. Scott, Neutral Bay, NSW.

Dear Jack, My best wishes for 2003 to you and all those who contribute so much of their time and effort to the production and distribution of the 2/2nd Commando Courier.

Regarding enclosed cheque, I shall leave the allocation of same between the Courier and Trust Fund to you.

Kind regards, Ian Scott.

R. Moar, Ashfield, NSW.

Hi Delys, You don't know me but I am the daughter of Ron (Babe) & Nancy Teague.

Mum and I are still avid readers of the Courier but unfortunately since Mum got sick she takes a while to read them. I only just received the December one and I see there were some copies of Colin Doig's book. I do hope I'm not too late in requesting one. Mum doesn't read a lot now but she loved the Archie Campbell book (the whole family did) and I'd love to get her a copy of Colin Doig's one.

So could you please tell me if there are any left? And if there are, where to send my request and order to?

Thank you so much and thanks for keeping the Courier going. I always find out more about East Timor from it than ever I do from the newspapers and I love the spirit of your members - a great inspiration to us.

Kind regards, Rosslyn Moar.

K. Verran, Kingsley, WA.

Dear Mr Carey, Just wanted to advise you of Dad's new address:

Gordon (Blue) Pendergrast,
Room 23, Regent Gardens
33 Drovers Place,
Wanneroo, WA 6065.

Ph. 93014519 (in his room)

The new premises were finished in December and the residents moved in two days before Christmas... certainly a vast improvement on the old premises, St. Lucy's in Vic. Park.

Dad's currently in hospital at Joondalup (30.1.03). He developed some pains in his chest yesterday, which they initially thought was angina but are not sure, so he will be in hospital for at least a few days.

I am hoping he will be well enough to attend the Anzac Parade again this year as he really enjoyed it last year. We have finally had an offer on his house in Dongara, after nine months on the

market, so if that all goes through it will be one less thing for him to worry about. Hope all is well with you, thanks again. Kaylene Verran (Blue's eldest daughter.)

Les Halse, Kalamunda, WA.

Dear Jack, This will be a shock to your system. I have been going to write for a couple of months, but I'm no letter writer. I hope to make it to the AGM. Please find cheque for Courier. Kindest regards to all, Les.

C. West, Waterman, WA.

Hi Jack, Thanks again for a great day at the BBQ at the Barracks on such a lovely day.

We all enjoyed each other's company and the chef did a tasty meal!

Cheers to all. Best wishes for 2003. Clare West.

Col Andrews, Laidley, Qld.

Dear Jack, At last it looks like we will be settled for some time, so here is our new address: -

Col. & Jeanette Andrew

25 Campbell St.

Laidley, Qld. 4341

Donation enclosed.

Regards to all, Col.

J. Fenwick, Canberra, ACT.

Dear Jack, Greetings to you and Delys and all members, and congratulations to you for the December Courier. Interesting, informative and yes, sad so many in poor health and numbers growing smaller but then all are getting on in years and for many it's been a long

battle made easier by such wonderful comradeship that warms ones heart.

My family and I wish to thank all 2/2nd members who so kindly phoned me during those terrible days Canberra was on fire. We were very touched by the many calls from all the States. Please accept our sincere appreciation one and all for your expressions of concern.

Praise God, Peter, Brian, Ruth and families like myself were in little safe pockets of Chifley, Monash, Kambah and Curtin; (Ann and family live in Brisbane). Unfortunately several of our friends lost everything but the clothes they were wearing.

Hazel and Ron Morris had to evacuate their home when several below them and land and buildings through Holder were burning. I got in touch with Sunny Daniels and a little later Fred and Erika Bagley, they were okay. People flocked to help others, wherever, however they could, fighting fires, providing water, food, transport, clothing etc with never a thought to their own danger and it so reminded one of the way the Unit has always jumped in to offer help and comfort to one another. People have been getting together over meals, morning, or afternoon teas talking, comforting, and planning. Huge sums of money given and raised through concerts etc. You name it some group is doing it somewhere for the fire and drought victims.

One feels privileged to live amongst such caring generous folk. When the chips are down, most pull together.

I have seen many fires growing up in country areas of Queensland, but never have I experienced such terrible heat and darkness in the afternoon. Blood red sun & sky and walls of flames, then

smoke so thick and burning cinders everywhere in the streets and gardens, such forceful winds 70 to 90 k's.

Today I sat with Sunny and about 60 other W.D.F.K.A. women at a luncheon in Federation Square. We get together about three times a year - February, June and September or thereabouts.

Enclosed cheque towards Courier costs, keep up the good work.

Kind regards to all, Joan Fenwick.

P. Kenneally, Yagoona, NSW.

Dear Jack,

The best of health and happiness to all our members for 2003. What kind of a year it will be all round is in the lap of the gods, and if you want a particular god, or rather a man about to play god, settle on President Bush. The minor gods don't count; they are only there to make it look a wider and more comprehensive belief. I've lived a long time and have had an interest in world affairs, history, and politics since early boyhood. I've never known so many lies, and half-truths being hurled at people, since, Goebbels in Nazi Germany 1933-1945. It is said he raised "bald lying" to an art. He is meeting competition from other sources in 2002-2003.

I attended Merv (Cisco) Coles' funeral at Beresfield. Andy Beveridge was there. It was Harry Handicott's and my pleasure to present him with his life membership badge. We were deputising for Alan Luby who was unable to be present. Congratulations Andy, you are a life member of a Unit Association, arguably the oldest unit association of the 2nd AIF. These days we are few in numbers but long in tradition. The Association not only catered for the welfare of its members; it did not forget the indigenous peoples

of the areas our unit served in. Admittedly most of this was on behalf of the people of East Timor. Those people were the people who suffered most and were abandoned by all and sundry. The 2/2nd Association for many years stood alone in fighting their (Timorese) cause. I know financial aid was sent to the Bundi area in New Guinea on an individual basis; furthermore New Guineans did not suffer the deprivations of an invading force. [ie. Papua New Guinea].

Harry Handicott and wife Amyce look well. "Snow" Went looks marvellous. That radiant smile never leaves his face, however Snow has his share of physical pain. Dancing which Snow loved no longer a part of his social life. Operations on his ankle were not successful. I reckon a glass of beer in Snow's company is better than all the medicine ever prescribed by the medical profession. He is a tonic.

I'll be 87 tomorrow (7th). We will be having lunch with Michael on Saturday. Sean is coming up from Canberra, Gerald will I believe, be also present. No motor cars involved. There's a beaut pub about 100 yards from where Michael lives in Balmain. I can't imagine us going further afield, and I don't want to.

I wandered from the Rocks to Woolloomooloo yesterday. Following the Harbour foreshore from Circular Quay, round by the Opera House, then along the path flanking Farm Cove, as it went around in a huge horseshoe, overlooked by the Botanical Gardens. Sydney Harbour looked its best under a blue sky and wavelets worked up by a brisk Nor'Easter. The walkway brought Woolloomooloo Bay into view at Lady Macquarie's Chair. The good lady certainly picked a prime spot to sit and admire Sydney Harbour, or Port

Jackson, as she probably knew it. No more merchant ships moor in the Bay nowadays. The navy occupies all the berths, three in number from Captain Cook back to the head of the bay on its eastern side. The Finger wharf 6,7,8 and 9, the buildings are there and that's about all. They don't contain cargo any more, shops, restaurants, on the western side 8 and 9 a marina and a host of expensive yachts. On the eastern side an access road, the only indication that a wharf was there and the massive bollards to which the bow and stern hawsers and towlines were anchored.

The pubs are still there, The Frisco, Tilbury; Bells (Jim Carruthers our first champion (world) was licensee of the latter named at one time The Macquarie) became famous, or infamous in the early post war years. You could buy a raffle ticket, the prize, a girl! Nowadays, they are all "Yuppie" as are many along the Sydney waterfront of 2003. When I was a wharfie, I had worked on Yankee (A. P. Line) Norwegian (Willemssen Line) and England ships, along those wharves. I think one of the finest cargo ships I worked on down there was the Clan Macleod, we always called them the Clan boats, massive steel structure, a jumbo that could lift 70 ton (I'm talking pre 1939) using the ship's winches. I remember the roasting hot summer of 1940 and we loaded 25,000 bales of wool into one of them, only two gangs, if we didn't know how to stow a double dump, prior, we certainly knew after. Perhaps that's why I've never forgotten the Clan Macleod and sizzling January of 1940.

These days there is a beautiful block of low profile units (about 20 feet high) landscaped gardens terracing up the side of the hill, a view of the bay and

marina in front, but when I think of No. 11 wharf, it's the Clan Macleod I see. It was a grand walk.

Nora and the family are all well. Christopher slowly recovering. He'll be on crutches for some time yet.

We are booked for the safari; all we have to do now is stay in one mobile piece!

Good luck, Paddy Kenneally.

Pars On People.

Our popular past president and committeeman, Dick Darrington is off to the UK for 3 - 4 months. He will be staying with his sister Jean in Bedford, the county town seat of Bedfordshire in the fertile valley of the River Great Ouse, a fertile agricultural area. Dick will also catch up with his 90-year-old brother Leonard. Have a good trip and watch your dollars!

Elvie Howell accompanied by her girlfriend Pat, took a trip up in early January, to see Terry and Ivy Paul who live at Kookynie which is about 200 km north of Kalgoorlie. Elvie said that Terry and Ivy are both fit and well though Ivy still suffers from memory loss. Elvie and Pat thoroughly their six-day stay. The days were fine and not too hot and the nights cool.

In between talks they did a lot of walking. Went up to visit Leonora and had a barbecue lunch at the Sons of Gwalia mine. An added bonus was that Terry, who is a top chef, did all the cooking. Though in an isolated spot Terry and Ivy love the life.

No doubt the visit of Elvie and Pat would have been a good tonic for Terry and Ivy. God bless.

Gwenda Kirkwood who has a birthday coming up in April is getting by okay. She

was to have had a knee replacement but eventually decided against it. Gwenda is a keen cricket and Aussie rules follower and is a good judge of both sports. She experiences great difficulty in getting about and depends on the family for her outings. Gwenda, a lovely lady, sends her regards to her old 2/2nd friends.

Peter Alexander has moved back to Kalgoorlie. Peter has been a Fremantle-ite for many, many years and understandably was reluctant to leave his old home in Forest Street.

Peter suffers from Parkinson's Disease and by sheer guts and determination and with the help of his daughter has managed to get by living on his own. He is now closer to his family, will be well cared for, and given time will settle into his new surroundings. However he will miss his old mate of over 60 years Keith Hayes who with wife Val and Don Turton kept in close touch with him down here. Good luck Peter.

Blue Pendergrast, who was 81 on the 24th February, is another member who has made a move to more comfortable surroundings at the Regent Gardens home in Wanneroo. Another big plus is that Blue will be closer to his family. He was in Joondalup Hospital for a few days with a minor heart attack. At present Blue is taking 25 tablets a day and reckons he rattles when he walks. He would welcome a phone call or two from his old mates on 9301.4519.

Tom & Mary Foster spent a few days in Perth recently and attended the Australia Day function of the SAS Veterans. Both looked well. Tom was one of the lucky farmers whose property received its yearly rainfall and as a result had a very good year. Mind you Tom is also a top farmer with years of experience behind

him. Tom and Mary are also very generous supporters of the Association. Doc. Wheatley has had his ups and downs of late. The trouble with Doc is that he forgets he is 90 and still does things like climbing ladders and working too hard in the back yard. Take it easier Doc if you want to make 100!

Tom Bateman is still taking things quietly after his rough time last year in hospital, which he was in for over four months. Tom still enjoys a beer with his friends and sends his regards to members.

A number of our members married early in 1943 after returning from Timor. Sixty years on three members and their good ladies are celebrating their "diamond" wedding anniversaries.

George and Dot Robinson who met at a pre Cup dance in 1940 married at the Canterbury Congregation Church (Victoria) on 30th January 1943. The couple raised a daughter and three sons and have eight grandchildren. George and Dot celebrated the occasion with a family barbecue. Congratulations and continued happiness to you both.

Alan & Edith Luby were married in St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney on 13th February 1943. They had a son and two daughters and four grandchildren. Their anniversary celebration was somewhat restricted because of their indifferent health but they still had a glass of champagne with their family and close friends. Congratulations to two lovely people from all your 2/2nd friends.

Clarrie and Grace Turner celebrated their diamond-wedding anniversary at the RSL Hall in Mandurah on Saturday 1st March with their family and friends. They were married at the Church of England Stratham (near Bunbury) on 27th February 1943.

There were two sons a daughter and eight grandchildren from the marriage.

Congratulations Clarrie and Grace and may you be spared to have many more years of happiness together.

One member remarked to me several years ago how wonderful it was to see so many of our members' marriages had lasted. Not all have, but the percentage would be a long way ahead of those of the present day. Maybe because after their experiences during the depression and World War II years all they wanted to do was to settle down and make a success of their married lives.

Sick Parade.

Stan Payne, who turned 87 on 27th Feb, reports his health has improved slightly. His eyesight is failing and he no longer reads the paper. He is being well cared for by Barbara who also does not enjoy the best of health. We will miss them at our socials. Although living in Merredin 260 kms east of Perth, Stan and Barbara have given the Association wonderful support over many years. God bless you both.

Wilf March who was 86 on the 15th February has his good and bad days but never complains. Loraine his caring wife, sees to it that Wilf gets the best of attention. Wilf like his sapper mate Blue, welcomes phone calls from his old army mates. Don Turton is a good contact.

Henry Sproxtton, who also had a birthday - his 80th on 8th February, is battling on taking his fair share of tablets daily. The recent death of his younger brother Colin at 75 hurt, but Henry is slowly recovering from his loss.

Dusty Studdy is a fairly regular visitor to his Doctor at Hollywood. Dusty has had shingles for a number of years and can't seem to get rid of them. His sense of

humour is as good as ever. Keep smiling Dusty!

As reported earlier a number of members in the West are not enjoying the best of health but seldom claim, mind you it may be because the listeners are fewer especially in the 2/2nd ranks.

Address Book.

It has been decided to extend notifications of change of address until the end of March. If you will be moving to a new address before then please advise us. The new address book should be out sometime in May.

Unit History.

Work on the Unit History book came to a full stop over the holiday period. Just as well too as it has been very hot in Perth of late and your committee is not getting any younger. Please continue to send photos or write ups or any articles you consider would help in the compiling of our history and most of all be patient, we will get there eventually!

J. Carey.

Roll Call as at 28/2/03.

| | <u>Members</u> | <u>Widows</u> |
|--------|----------------|---------------|
| W.A. | 43 | 40 |
| N.S.W. | 31 | 36 |
| Vic. | 18 | 25 |
| Qld. | 19 | 12 |
| S.A. | 9 | 5 |
| Tas. | 2 | 7 |
| ACT | 0 | 3 |
| U.K. | <u>1</u> | <u>0</u> |
| | 123 | 128 |

Courier is issued to 342 quarterly. 251 to members and widows.

91 to relatives and friends.

H. Sproxtton, Statistician.

Birthday Boys.

| | | |
|------------------|--------------------------|------|
| Reg Tatum | 3 rd January. | 83 |
| Don Turton | 13 th | " 85 |
| Tony Bowers | 14 th | " 82 |
| Keith Hayes | 15 th | "82 |
| Peter Campbell | 18 th | 82 |
| Bruce McLaren | 19 th | "78 |
| Eric Herd | 20 th | "84 |
| Bert Bache | 29 th | "82 |
| George Coulson | 2 nd February | 80 |
| Paddy Kenneally | 7 th | "87 |
| Harry Sproxton | 8 th | " 80 |
| Ed Bourke | 8 th | "80 |
| Wilf March | 15 th | "86 |
| Jack Keenahan | 19 th | "82 |
| Blue Pendergrast | 24 th | "81 |
| Albie Friend | 26 th | "84 |
| Stan Payne | 27 th | "87 |
| Bernie Langridge | 3 rd March | 86 |
| Bill Connell | 12 th | "80 |
| Ted Monk | 13 th | "83 |
| Alan Adams | 18 th | "84 |

| | |
|---|-------|
| Beryl Cullen | \$25 |
| Bill O'Neill | \$70 |
| Clare West | \$20 |
| Colleen Strickland | \$25 |
| Ian Scott | \$50 |
| Tom & Mary Foster | \$500 |
| Harry & Olive Botterill | \$50 |
| <i>Thank you all for your generous donations. Ed.</i> | |

Change of Address.

Mr Alf Harper
 Homestead Hostel
 33 Homestead Ave
 Wallington. Vic. 3321

Lady Naomi Callinan
 Darnlee House
 33 Lansell Road
 Toorak. Vic. 3142
 Ph. (03)9804.7125

Mr Peter Alexander
 C/o Mrs K. Carrott
 48 Ward St
 Kalgoorlie. WA 6430

Courier Donations.

Blanche Sadler, Ian & Margaret Ronald, John & Olive Chalwell, Dick Darrington, Keith & Val Hayes, Joe & Helen Poynton, Vince Swann, Clarrie & Grace Turner, Alma Moore, Col & Jeanette Andrews, Jack & Jean Keenahan, Kath Sergeant, Mal Lindsay, Mavis Sadler, Beryl Cullen, Maria Hartley, Peter McCracken, Tom & Mary Foster, Colleen Strickland, Dorothy Gray, Doc. Wheatley, Ian Scott, Les Halse, Joan Fenwick and Harry & Olive Botterill.

Mr H.E. Bache (Bert & Sylvia)
 35/155 Edward St
 Melrose Park. SA 5039
 Ph. (08) 8297.6730

Mr G.E. (Blue) Pendergrast
 Room23 Regent Gardens
 33 Drovers Place
 Wanneroo. WA 6065
 Ph (08) 9301.4519

Add.

Ms Jean Coles
 30 Church St
 Elderslie Branxton
 NSW 2335
 Ph. (02) 4938.3485

Trust Fund Donations.

| | |
|---------------|------|
| Mavis Sadler | \$50 |
| Maria Hartley | \$15 |

family, to the third generation we extend

Delete:

Mr Percy McPhee, Nth Fremantle.WA

Mr Merv. (Cisco) Coles, Rutherford. NSW.

Mrs Nancy Costelloe, East Doncaster, Vic.

“Women have many faults

Men have only two

Everything they say

And everything they do!”

A pregnant woman had a bad car accident and fell into a deep coma.

Months later she awakes and is told by her doctor “Ma’am you had twins, a boy and a girl. They are both fine and your brother has named them.” The woman thinks “Oh no, not my brother, he’s an idiot.” Expecting the worst she asks, “Well what’s the girls name?” “Denise” he says. “That’s not a bad name, guess I was wrong about my brother.” Then she asks the doctor “What’s the boys name?” the doctor replies “Denephew”

ANZAC DAY W.A.

Friday 25th April 2003.

**Assemble at normal spot at Barrack St.
end of St. George’s Terrace by 9.30 am.**

March off at 9.50 am

**We will be marching as a combined
Commando group as per last year.**

**The traditional get together at The
Goodearth Hotel, 195 Adelaide Terrace
from 12 noon - 2.30 pm.**

Transport will be available to those who require it.

.....
NORMA HASSON DAY. The Goodearth Hotel has been booked for this function for Friday 4th July. Details will appear in the June Courier.
.....

Hollywood Hospital is providing free bus transport for spouses to visit their husband/wife whilst they are in hospital. The bus operates four times a week between Mondays and Thursdays as under:-
Monday - Thursday Mandurah/Rockingham to Hollywood and return.
Tuesday Joondalup - Merriwa RAAFA Estate to Hollywood & return
Wednesday Armadale to Hollywood & return.
Bookings are essential. To make a booking contact the Community Relations Dept. at Hollywood Hospital on **9346 6664**

J. Carey



Photo: Bob Smyth, the well-deserved recipient of the Order of Australia Medal

In the Australia Day Honours list Bob was awarded an O.A.M. for "Service to the People of East Timor through the 2/2nd Commando Association Independent Trust Fund".

Heartiest congratulations Bob, from all members and friends of the Association for a well deserved honour. The Trust Fund was launched in the December 1991 issue of the Courier with the objective of assisting the youth of East Timor in the areas of education, agriculture, and sport.

Bob was invited by the then committee to be chairman of the Trust, a position he readily accepted. Now in it's 12th year under Bob's leadership ably assisted by John Burrige, Ross Shenn (since retired) and Keith Hayes, the Trust has achieved a great deal to improve the lot of the East Timorese people. Bob from the very beginning, has worked very hard and despite being confronted with many harrowing and frustrating situations in his dealings with firstly the Indonesians and in recent times the East Timorese Authority, has persisted and accomplished much good. His plan now in operation, distributing vegetable seeds to the people most in need in the mountain regions, is a wonderful idea.

Bob and his small committee are to be commended for their efforts since 1992. It was most fitting that the Government of Australia should recognise and acknowledge this in the 2003 Honours List. Well done Bob, John, Keith, and Ross.

Dear Members & Friends,

Thank you for your kind words of congratulations following my having been awarded the Order of Australia Medal in the recent Australia Day Honours.

Fellow Trustees, 2/2nd Commando Association members, donors, and particularly the volunteers who in recent years spent long periods in East Timor, are a team who all contributed to a satisfying challenge: a challenge to recognise a debt and endeavour to improve the lifestyle of some of the severely disadvantaged but courageous, indigenous people of East Timor.

I am privileged and honoured to be recognised as a member of that team.

Yours sincerely,

Robert N. Smyth.