



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

Print Post approved 637597 / 1646

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

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

Vol 148

SEPTEMBER 2004

“ MATES “.

There are few good things about growing older. One is becoming a little wiser. Matters once a priority are now part of the natural course of events and our concerns more likely to be about the welfare of others. Family have grown up and gone about their business and are less likely to need our counselling.

Now we are blessed with the ability to recall more about the past than think too much about the future remembering the best and worst times and the trust and confidence we had and still have in our mates. How fortunate we are after all these years to still in contact through the Courier and the ability to chat on the phone as though it was next door. Years no longer count.

Seldom does a day pass without recalling the mates and times in 1942 when the future looked bleak and uncertain day by day. Our ability to lighten the moment with humour and the support we gave each other laid the foundation of the mateship we have today. We have all met many people over the years and enjoyed their friendship. Few among them qualify as mates in our sense of the word. And most important are those nearest and dearest mates our wives and partners. They were the founders of our Association without which we would have lost touch. A warm handshake means a lot to comrades but a kiss and a hug occasionally means the world. We should do it more often.

A well-meaning Australian presented a young seven-year-old from a sponsored Asian family with a cricket bat for his birthday. The bat was taken to the multilingual school he attended as a prized possession. A few weeks later he was asked had he made any friends at his new school, he replied “No”. This was a concern and he was asked why. His answer was “I have mates”. Enough said.

Ralph Conley.

VALE JACK FOX SX 25427.**Eulogy given by Peter Fox at his father's funeral, 17th May 2004.**

Jack passed away peacefully on 12th May 2004 at the age of 91.

Jack was a man of high principle, a great family man of outgoing nature who set high standards which his family was expected to follow.

Jack was born on the 20th November 1913 near Mt. Gambier, South Australia to Annie and James Fox. James was a jockey in the early 1910's who rode mainly in steeplechases. He later had a block of 2 acres, milked cows, and then delivered the milk.

Jack's mother died when he was very young. A lady named Eleanor, who lived across the street, looked after the family - 3 girls and one boy. Eventually she married into the Fox family.

Jack attended the Mt. Gambier Primary School situated 2 miles away down the slope of an old volcano. He remembered really struggling to climb the hill to get home after an energetic day at school.

His father purchased a farm with a one roomed hut on site at Mt. Schank about 10 miles from Mt. Gambier, a squeeze with mum, dad and four children. A small extension was added. Living quarters were weatherboard, unlined and very draughty. They had an open fire and slept on mattresses on the floor.

Jack walked with his 3 sisters to Mt. Schank Primary School a mile or two away. There was one male teacher, one room with seven benches - (one class one bench). The teacher lived with his wife in one room behind the schoolhouse. He wielded a cane and hit the kids on the head with chalk.

A four-room farmhouse was added and Jack slept on the lounge floor. A fifth

room was added later and became Jack's room. He rode a horse nine miles to attend Mt. Gambier High School.

A cowyard and limestone milking shed was constructed on a rise about 100 metres from the house from stone quarried on the property. Cows were rounded up from an 80-acre paddock, sometimes in the dark, and Jack always had wet feet. He was never paid. He trapped rabbits, which he sold for money.

The family purchased a T Model Ford in 1926. Jack continued at high school becoming a champion athlete, and worked on the farm. At age 24, in 1936, he left home and joined the Army in May that year. He graduated from the small arms school at Randwick at the end of 1936, with the rank of warrant officer.

Jack met and married Julie in 1938 at St. Andrews Church, Brighton. A son, Peter, was born in 1939.

May 1942 saw Jack promoted to Lieutenant and serve in New Guinea and New Britain with the 2/2nd Commando Squadron during World War II.

During his time in New Guinea, whilst running along a ridge under enemy fire, a bullet hit his foot, he lost his balance, tumbled down a steep slope and luckily was saved by a couple of trees, from falling over a cliff.

In 1943, a second son, Trevor was born. Jack saw him for the first time about 18 months later. After 1945 Jack was promoted to Captain and worked at various locations throughout Victoria.

The 1950's saw him at Hawthorn working with the Victorian Scottish Regiment. Julie and Jack participated in Highland dancing and yes, they both wore kilts in the Gordon Tartan.

Golf interested them and they joined the Patterson River Country Club.

They built their first house in Brighton in 1948 and in 1950 purchased an FJ Holden. Jack was a great Holden man and went everywhere extolling the virtues of Holdens - "an Australian car for Australian conditions " he would say to all and sundry.

Jack's parents and three sisters lived on separate farms near Mt. Gambier and Christmas holidays meant visits to the properties and the animals by Jack and the family. At the golf club Jack became club captain for 1969 and 1970, a committee member and later was appointed a life member. Julie and Jack played solo with friends from the club. I remember politics and other issues being debated with great gusto and aggression. It made parliament seem like kindergarten and a boxing ring a very friendly place to be.

Years passed, Jack's war injury to his foot bothered him at golf, and bowls proved to be the answer. Julie and Jack joined the Mentone Bowling Club and the Cheltenham Bowling Club.

Their sons had left home; so many winter holidays were spent on the Sunshine Coast of Queensland where many friends were made. Jack always knew people everywhere wherever he went.

Jack retired from professional military service in 1975, having attained the rank of Lieutenant - Colonel. His tasks were divided between home, bowls and grandchildren, Nicole and Andrew. Son Trevor, lives in the United States. Julie and Jack visited in 1986 and returned with great memories and photographs.

His greatest loss was wife Julie in 1995 after 56 years of marriage. This was followed by a realisation in year 2000 that he could not live at home by himself. Loss of his driving license was also a great setback.

He moved to Greenwood Manor in Dingley in December 2000. He had some trouble adjusting but eventually settled in well. April 2003 saw Jack move to Le Grand Amity Aged Care in Caulfield South.

The family will always remember Jack as a wonderful husband, father, and grandfather. Others will remember him as a diligent Army officer and a great administrator.

Peter Fox.

Jack joined the Unit at Larrimah in December 1942. He became the Squadrons adjutant at the beginning of its New Guinea campaign taking over No. 6 Section when Ken Macintosh returned to Australia, a position that he held in the New Britain campaign. Jack was very good officer and a stern disciplinarian. He always led from the front and was highly respected by the men in his section and enjoyed their confidence.

Jack was a loyal and generous supporter of the Association and with Julie attended a number of our Safaris.

Mavis Broadhurst, Ed Bourke, John Southwell and Harry Botterill attended Jack's funeral service held on 17th May last. May he rest in peace.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Peter, Trevor, and their families.

Lest we forget.

Jack Carey.

VALE JAMES RELTON SMITH NX 15613

Jim's daughter Diane has kindly provided this vale:

James (Jim or Jimmy as he was affectionately known) Smith was born on

28th October 1922 in the country town of Gloucester, NSW, the youngest of 7 children. His father was a dairy farmer. At age 12 he moved to Sydney to complete his schooling, which he hated and at 15 joined the workforce. In the late 1930's he felt it was his duty to join the war effort and falsified his age to enlist in the AIF in May 1940 at the age of 17, sailing in 1941 on the Queen Elizabeth to Palestine. In 1942 he returned to Australia and joined the 2/2nd Commandos and trained at Canungra in Queensland. He then spent time in New Guinea and New Britain. He was discharged from the Army in October 1945.

In 1946 Jim met and fell in love with Zona Anne Smith but was not allowed to marry her until she reached 19 years of age and so they were married a few days after Zona's 19th birthday the following year. In 1949 Jim, along with some friends commenced building the first family home in Normanhurst, a northern suburb of Sydney. It took 2 years, working every weekend to complete this home where the family lived for the next 10 or so years. Diane Relton Smith (now Parkinson) was born to Jim and Zona in January 1950 and Gavin Laughton Smith was born on 3 October 1954. Both Diane and Gavin survive Jim and Zona. A wonderful family life was had with dinghy sailing and racing on Sydney Harbour for many years.

Jim worked in Sydney, after the war for David Gelatine, in sales. He then moved on to work in the motor trade for many years. Jim's first major battle with illness hit in 1963 when he was first diagnosed with cancer. This almost took his life but he wouldn't succumb.

In 1969 we moved to Kieta on Bougainville in the Solomon Island chain. Gavin remained in boarding school but visited every holiday. Jim ran

a trade store for an old mate of his. This store sold everything from fish and chips, to hi-fi players, to children's clothing. It was open from 7am-7pm 7 days a week. More sailing took place up on the crystal clear waters off Bougainville when time permitted and Jim was made Commodore of the Kieta Sailing Club. This was a very happy time for the family. Jim was also one of the people instrumental in helping build the first RSL Club on Bougainville and he ran the two-up each Anzac Day whilst living in Kieta. Jim also worked for Bougainville Copper for around 18 months, being the Procurement Manager.

In 1977 Jim and Zona returned to Australia, settling in a Brisbane suburb. They purchased the trade store at the Wacol Migrant Centre and ran that for a number of years – this place had to be seen to be believed! In 1981 Jim had to overcome a triple bypass which he did in his usual positive style.

In 1982 they retired to the Gold Coast and just loved the lifestyle there, enjoyed travelling overseas and having a wonderful time with many great friends and also with Gavin's 2 children, Emily and Blake. Zona's battle with cancer began in 1988 and she suffered terribly over the next 9 years until her death in 1997. Fortunately she had Jim by her side the whole time and he was a marvellous help to her. During this time Jim had indifferent health himself mainly with heart and lung problems but soldiered on.

In 2001 Jim decided to sell his home and move into the Domain Country Club Retirement Village at Ashmore on the Gold Coast. He had a wonderful time there, meeting new friends and being the life of the party, never missing a function or his bowls, unless he was too sick to join the activities.

We would like to mention how proud Dad always was that he had been a part of the war effort. Anzac day was always a special occasion for Dad, who marched almost every year, including this year with medals polished and gleaming.

He always kept a positive mind and lived life to the full until finally his heart could not hold out any longer.

Our dad, Jim, passed on to hopefully a better place, in the early hours of Thursday 8th July, from a massive heart attack.

Diane Parkinson.

NB

Jim served in No. 5 Section under Colin Doig in New Guinea and in New Britain under Gerry Touhy. Jim was a good soldier who always gave of his best and was respected by his section mates. He was a loyal and generous supporter of the Association and enjoyed keeping in touch via the Courier.

Lest we forget. J. Carey.

The Association extends its sincere condolences to Pat, Gavin and family.

Lest we forget

**VALE RONALD O. HILLIARD NX
23047**

Ron Hilliard was born in Cowra on January 22nd 1922. His father worked in the State Railways and was transferred to Katoomba in the Blue Mountains when Ron was still an infant.

Ron grew up and was educated in Katoomba; the beautiful mountain area was his playground. The mountain tracks, the waterfalls and sheer rock faces of the escarpment, the high straight trees and bush birdlife were all part of his every day life. As a schoolboy he earned his pocket money as a

delivery boy for the local chemist. The only thing missing in this "Garden of Eden" was employment opportunities. On leaving school, Ron went to Sydney and procured a job with a company named Duly & Hamford, a tool making company. By the time World War II arrived he was a machinist. He turned eighteen in January 1940 and not long after he and elder brother Sid joined the AIF becoming original members of the 2/1st medium Artillery Regiment. They were camped in Cowra for a period, which suited Sid and Ron. Their father had been a great friend of the Greek restaurant owner, so it was free tucker for his friends whilst they were based in Cowra.

Ron was sent with a detachment of gunners to the island of Nauru in the central Pacific, no excitement, but a trouble free life. The regiment was being sent to the Middle East in 1941. The detachments in Darwin, Nauru, and Ocean Island rejoined it and sailed to the Middle East in October 1941. The Pacific War erupted on December 7th 1941. The 2/1st returned to Australia in June 1942 and billeted in Adelaide for some time then transferred to the Esk River area west of Brisbane, still an ideal existence.

The troops were getting bored, all travel and no action. When volunteers for the Independent Companies were called for they volunteered in droves. They went to Canungra and after a gruelling three months training course they were allocated to various Independent Companies. Ron drew the 2/2nd Company in Canungra on the 15th May 1943. A month later on June 16th 1943, the 2/2nd embarked for New Guinea on the M.V. Duntroon. In another month the Unit was scattered across the central Highlands and in the mountains above

the Ramu Valley, from Wesa in the East to Sepu in the West. During the Ramu Valley Campaign the 2/2nd was there from start to finish. Ron served in No. 4 Section, and took part in all their activities in that Campaign, and later in New Britain until the end of the Pacific War on August 15th 1945. He was known to all and sundry as "Drip". In September 1945 all men with five years including two years overseas service, were eligible for discharge. The only two men in the 2/2nd who qualified were Ron Hilliard and Keith Dignum. We wished them good luck with a feeling of sadness, two fine men and completely different in character. Dig far more serious; "Drip" full of fun, laughter, and mischief. To him life was a joke and there to be enjoyed and not to be taken too seriously.

He returned following his discharge to his former job. Early in 1953 he met Pat, a Yorkshire lass who had recently arrived in Australia. They were married in May 1955, went to Yorkshire a year or so later and lived in Ilkley for twelve months. Their son Glen was born there. Returning to Australia, they settled down once more in Arncliffe. Ron returned to his former job until it was taken over by an American company. The new work conditions introduced by the new company did not appeal to Ron and many of the other employees so they left. Ron went to work for a pharmaceutical company where he enjoyed the work and so stayed there until he retired.

Ron was an active member of the 2/2nd Commando Association, served on the committee, and was assistant secretary for some years. He also served on the committee and was a director of Arncliffe R.S.L. he was made a life member of the 2/2nd Commando Association at the Adelaide Safari in 1978.

I knew "Drip" for sixty-one years, in good times, and in times that were not so good. I have seen him take some very hard knocks and suffer severe pain in his life and in all that time I never knew him to complain. The nurses in the hospitals adored him, laughed with him and showered him with hugs and kisses when he was discharged.

He was a very good husband, father and neighbour and friend, a man who was liked by all. He is survived by his wife Pat, son Glen and sister Grace.

Ron passed away peacefully in his sleep on the 16th July at his home in Arncliffe. He was 82. My son Gerard represented our family at his funeral service held at Rockdale on the 20th July.

I had met "Drip" at Arncliffe RSL on July 7th and had a couple of drinks with him before I left for Ireland. I little knew it was to be for the last time. Farewell Ron Hilliard, you filled peoples lives with sunshine and laughter, may you rest in Peace.

Our sympathy is extended to Pat, Glen, and Grace. May time heal the pain they are experiencing in the loss of their loved one.

Paddy Kenneally.

Alan Luby, who attended Ron's valedictory funeral service conducted at the Metropolitan Funeral Chapel, Rockdale on Tuesday, 20th July writes:

The chapel was packed out with family, relatives, and friends. Among those present were - President Peter MacIntosh, members of the Arncliffe RSL Club, neighbours and staff. Ron had been a member there since 1946.

Present from the 2/2nd Commando Association were Bill & Coral Coker, daughter Kim, John "Snow" Went,

Gerald Kenneally (standing in for Paddy & Nora Kenneally) Jean & Pauline English, son Greg, Diedre Ward (nee Teague) and husband and myself with carer Sgt Vanessa Machin, (No. 1 Cdo). Also from No. 1 Cdo. Rgt. were Maj. Rick O'Hare, Maj. David Savvas, O.C. 1 Cdo. Coy. & Capt. Paul Scanlon from 4 RAR (Cdo).

At the conclusion of the service, Ron's casket was removed for cremation. A fine Eulogy on Ron's life was given by on of his close mates from the Board of the Club which had been his "second home" for so many years.

Following the service a "wake" was held at the club.

Always cheerful, ready for a yarn and a 'schooner' he suffered much and complained seldom. May he rest in peace.

The Association extends its sincere condolences to Pat, Glen and family.

Lest we forget

Recent Bereavements.

We have lost some near and dear friends since our June Courier, these being: -

Lady Naomi Callinan widow of Sir Bernard

Edith Luby	wife of Alan.
Val Hancock	widow of Percy
Kath Sargeant	widow of Jack.
Joy Hodson	widow of Ted
Doris Joy	sister of Gordon Chiswell KIA Timor
David Briggs	husband of Heather.

To the families of the above the Association on behalf of all members extends its sincere condolences.

May they rest in peace.

Norma Hasson Social.

The Irish have a saying; "The number at your funeral will depend on the weather!"

The same reasoning applies to holding social events in mid winter. It could not have been a worse morning on Friday 2nd July when we held our 17th Norma Hasson Social at "The Good Earth Hotel". The rain came down in buckets and gale force winds prevailed. This did not stop 31 members and friends who braved the elements to attend and have an enjoyable 3 hours at our get-together. The weather subsided as we were leaving around 2.30 p.m. making the trip home much more pleasant.

The Hasson family was there in strength. It was nice to see Fred & Robyn, Ken & Rhonda and Roy & Kaye sitting together and chatting merrily away. Kaye, as radiant as ever, presented each lady with a pretty orchid corsage, which was very much appreciated. The presentation of corsages is now part of the tradition on this special occasion and we are indebted and thank Kaye and the family for keeping it going.

Doug Hasson, a major in the army, was the only member of the family who could not make it being away on army business in Sydney.

Prior to the luncheon, our evergreen M.C. Len Bagley greeted members and read out a list of apologies which, as the years pass grows larger as is to be expected. President Ray Parry then took over thanking all for coming and wishing all a happy day. A nice luncheon followed and as usual the staff at the Good Earth, who by now has got to know us well, looked after our needs.

The lucky winners of the 'free' raffle were Fred & Robyn Hasson, Dick Darrington, Nellie Mullins, Bernie Langridge, Keith Hayes, Jim Lines and Len Bagley.

Among those who attended was Cyril Ayris, who has been chosen to write our Unit History. Cyril was introduced by Jack Carey and had a few words to say on his plan for the book. Cyril was seated next to Doc Wheatley during the luncheon and probably heard enough from Doc to fill at least half of the book! Only joking of course. Another member long time no see, was Bluey Wilks who came in a wheelchair accompanied by his daughter Kath and son-in-law Stan Smith. It was a big effort for Blue to be present as he is on oxygen for 18 hours a day. Kath said she gave Blue an extra charge so he would be fit for the luncheon. Blue had a ball meeting up with his old mates whilst Stan and Kath settled in with the Hassons to relax and enjoy the proceedings.

Paddy King brought his mother Mary along who also was in a wheelchair. Mary is a marvel. She greets everyone with a smile, gets a bundle of kisses in return, and loves attending our functions. Paddy, a devoted son, is always by her side. And so ended another happy Norma Hasson Day. Each one we have is one less to come but all have been of happy memories and something we can put away and treasure in our memory chest.

Present were: - Cyril Ayris (our guest) Maureen Baker, Len & Betty Bagley, Tony Bowers, Jack & Delys Carey, Dick Darrington, Fred & Robyn Hasson, Ken & Rhonda Hasson, Roy & Kaye Hanson, Keith & Val Hayes, Elvie Howell, Elsie Jordan, Mary & Paddy King, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Jim Lines, Nellie Mullins, Ray Parry, Clare West, Doc Wheatley, Colleen Strickland, Stan & Kath Smith and Fred Wilks.

J. Carey.

New South Wales News.

Congratulations on the June issue and best wishes to all who maintain the quite unique Fleet St. quality journal that improves with age.

The Committee can be proud of the overall structure and the helpful achievements over a long period of time. It's sad to read the many Vale pages, and hear of how most are suffering the ravages of growing old.

Over the recent weeks I've had many calls to and from many good friends on that 'lifeline' the phone, who include: -

A.C.T.

Joan Fenwick. - Still keeping up with visits to family, friends, and doctors, back to driving again.

Sunny Daniels. - bright and cheerful. Has also had more trips to hospitals. Her sister from Tasmania and daughter Donna have been staying over to help.

N.S.W.

Col. Holley & wife Valerie - are almost back to normal after a long period of 'down' time. Col's main problem seems to be that he can't dance and play tennis!

Fred Janvrin. He'll have to be careful with all the nuts and bolts in his legs and feet. Norma is well but busy with the WD40.

Bill & Coral Coker. I think Coral got too playful, tripped Bill up and as he landed cracked a couple of ribs - OUCH!

Bill & Beryl Walsh. Bill remains much the same but Beryl is still having many problems with D.V.A. whose people on the ground just don't seem to understand their requirements. Trying to sort it out and provide some support.

Pat Hilliard seems to be coping okay with the support of many local friends.

Edith & I are much the same as usual. No sign that she may be able to return

home, with many visible problems in each of us trying to care for the other in our unit.

Over the past few weeks, moving around in my wheelchair, I've become more like an orangutang on arm swings but I miss that "long tail"!

Recently I found an unopened packet that upon opening contained four life membership badges. Subsequently I made contacts and the following have been passed on to: -

Mal Lindsay & Pat Costello, Nowra.

Doug Dixon, Jannali.

Keith Wilson, Booker Bay.

All were delighted with the contact and I trust they will wear the badge with pride.

Best wishes to all

Alan Luby.

Northern New South Wales News.

Good news from the North Coast of N.S.W. with all hands on deck, maybe a few seasick but still enjoying the good weather we've had all winter. The only thing lacking is rain. Not as bad as last year's drought but we do need it. Not so back on the coast where the cane season is in full swing. Cutting starts in June and goes til December. Too much rain makes the ground too wet for the machines. As the saying goes - you can't suit everyone!

I'm glad

Arthur Marshall is a legend at cricket cos he wasn't much of a poker player! I had to get that in. It's a joke we've had for years. Nice to see him recognised.

Dianne and Julie Cholerton have relocated to a unit more central in Evans Head and no doubt Dianne will inform you of her new address. They are well

but found it difficult to fit in the stuff from a large home to a unit.

Beryl Cullen is well and sends her regards to all. No rain at Kyogle either.

Nola Wilson from Gilgandra is still going strong but toning down her involvement in the Pony Club movement. Of course there is such a lot of travelling involved when you live in the bush.

Russ Blanch had his 83rd birthday on the 23rd and is still receiving accolades for his garden. He's had to cut down on the work. Like the rest of us the years catch up a bit. I think mine have not only caught up they've passed me!

I'm off to the podiatrist in a couple of hours so its obvious I'm still able to walk not much running though.

I've got five kookaburras and the same number of butcherbirds wake me in the mornings so I've got plenty of company. One stray currawong and a bird called a drongo. Sounds like one of our old time slang names. This blokes no fool though. For the 'birdos' look him up in your books.

Ken and Edith Jones have returned home after a few days with son Chris at the Gold Coast. Bit of a change from Barraba where Ken tells me it gets a bit cold - one reading of minus 8! You can't even joke about that. Both well.

Tom and Jean Yates did the opposite. They went to visit a son at Taralga, which is near Goulburn. Tom said it got down to minus 6 so now he knows what Jonesy feels like. Tom and Jean are off to Townsville at the end of this month so that should compensate. Both well.

Eric and Lorraine Herd are fit and well with Eric still playing a bit of golf.

Beryl Steen back to her old self after the heart job but Jack had to keep up by having one too and is now recovering.

Not much good asking Jack how he is - he's always alright.

I spoke to

Billy Walsh a couple of nights ago and he said he's improving. He has had a hard time and is lucky to have had Beryl's full support 24 hours a day. Our best wishes to you both.

Best wishes to all and with luck, I'll see you West Aussies in October.

Regards "**Happy**" **Greenhalgh**.

South Australian News.

I must correct a statement I made regarding Anzac day where I stated there would be 3 2/2nd members. I did not make the march. I was suffering from a bad hip; the trip to the doctor regarding that ailment and a blood test showed something more sinister - Leukaemia. The correct term for my ailment is "CHRONIC LYMPHATIC LEUKAEMIA". I have to see a specialist on August 17th for more blood tests results. At this stage I have not had any treatments.

I was saddened to read that our No. 6 Section leader Jack Fox passed away in May. Jack treated all members of the Section very well and was always keen to go on patrols.

I received a phone call from Bob Williamson and after a short social talk, he told me his medical problem. Approximately a month ago he had tightening in the chest, he was taken by ambulance to Ashford Hospital where he spent a couple of days before the doctor decided to perform an angiogram. The doctor asked Bob if he found a blockage in the artery could he fix it. (Yes) During the procedure the doctor was amazed as the four arteries were all blocked. The specialist was called in and owing to Bob's age (86 in Sept.) they wouldn't

give him a bypass. Bob told me he insisted he would prefer the operation, as the other option didn't appeal to him.

The surgeon came in and told it was too dangerous; then they checked his heart thoroughly with an ultrasound. After all this, the surgeon said he would do the operation as Bob's heart was in perfect condition. He had a quadruple bypass. He was home within a couple of weeks and is doing well. The D.V.A, are offering to help him and his wife, who is also not well, in their chores.

Myself, I see the doctor again in three months.

News in South Aust. is very limited, as we don't have many people. Remembrances and best wishes to all members,

Kel Carthew.

UNIT HISTORY.

In the editorial of our March 2002 issue we notified members of an intention to go ahead and write our unit history. We had great plans at that time, even nominating December 2003 as the likely date of publication. How wrong we were! Over 2 years have passed and still no book.

In early June of this year the committee finally conceded that we were just not capable of producing the history and agreed if we wanted one written we would have to get outside help - in other words an author.

So we grasped the nettle and went looking for a suitable author and in mid June interviewed Mr Cyril Ayris, a former journalist and author now retired. Following the interview, Mr Ayris, within a week made a submission setting out in detail his terms and printing costs to have the book published. At a special

committee meeting on the 6th July it was unanimously agreed that we accept his offer and Cyril was asked to go ahead and produce our unit history. So after 28 months of shillyshallying the book is under way. The cost of producing our target of 1000 books will be substantial but thanks to the generosity of four of our members the money is in hand to cover the cost. We are hopeful the book will be available by Xmas 2005 so keep your fingers crossed and hope this estimate is nearer the mark than our original one. Members will be given ample notice when to place their order but please wait, we repeat wait, until this occurs.

Meantime any members or friends of the Association are asked to submit any articles or incidents, which they think, may be of value in the composition of our unit history.



Cyril Ayris, who has been contracted to write our Unit History.

Cyril was born in Lincolnshire in Eastern England in 1935, coming to Australia when his family migrated in 1948.

He was a journalist on The West Australian for 36 years, 25 of them as senior police reporter.

He has covered assignments in Libya's Sahara Desert, Afghanistan, New Guinea, Central Borneo, Nepal and Japan to name a few.

He searched for and found a lost tribe of Penans in Borneo; walked the Kokoda Trail; traced the "poppy trail" through the "Golden Triangle"; got into Kabul only days before tribal warfare broke out and was on assignment in Hiroshima during that city's 50th anniversary of the atomic bomb attack.

Since leaving The West Australian twelve years ago, he has written nineteen books.

Now 68 and retired, Cyril lives with his wife Glenys at City Beach. They have two sons and five grandchildren.

Independent Trust Fund.

Fax to Father Brian Morrison

Re MISSING 21 Cartons of Sewing Machines, Sewing Materials, Film Projector, Radio and Toys.

Dear Fr. Brian.

On 18th June 2003 you agreed to include our cartons in your free container shipment to East Timor "but only when you were ready".

In November 2003 we sent the list to Sister Guilhermina advising they unfortunately would not be received for Christmas celebrations. Following our many requests, you advised on 9th August 2004, the 21 cartons would be delivered in Dili on Wednesday 11th August.

However you were reluctant to advise how Sister Guilhermina could contact your team in Dili.

A week later on 16th August I advised you that Sister Guilhermina had not received her 21 cartons and to my

request you finally gave Rob Clancy's name and phone number 670 725 723. However it was incorrect. (We still don't know). You then relayed that Rob Clancy was unable to locate Sister Guilhermina.

Sister Guilhermina of Canossian Sisters Convent (School and Orphanage) of Balide RAI-HUN Dili, as clearly printed on EVERY carton, is known by her local radio talks. The "Big Canossian Convent in Dili" is referred to by Sian Powell, the Australian Newspaper's Jakarta correspondent, in the full-page story on East Timor, Monday 30th August 2004 page 20.

It is 9 months after the 21 cartons were packed and addressed for Sister Guilhermina.

Following the ratting of the previous 94 carton shipment we had forwarded direct, we relied on you persistent assurance that all would be delivered to addressees intact.

Three weeks after receiving Sister Guilhermina's cartons it appears that your team in Dili is no more reliable than the previous freeloaders we continue to experience who infest and corrupt the Dili waterfront.

Yours faithfully, Robert N. Smyth

Independent Trust

2/2nd Commando Association of Australia.

NB. In a phone response Fr Brian has protested our comment. He says that Sister Guilhermina will eventually get her cartons but she will be required to visit the wharf and make enquiries via the "Mansell" Ministry.

Should they remain intact they will be available for Christmas 2004.

R.N.S.

Eric and the Nun.

A short story by Twy Smyth.

Towards the end of '42, one of the ships that would bring supplies and 'safe hand mail' to the troops arrived to evacuate the women and children from Same, but this could only take place with a very strict time schedule. The captain would anchor the ship well away from the shore after dark, and would leave again in the dark, to be a long way away before dawn and nothing would be allowed to hold up the departure.

Among the women and children was a small group of nuns with nothing but the habits they were wearing. The sea was rough and there was great difficulty getting the evacuees to the small boats taking them to the ship. There was no time to waste or the ship would sail without them so the men, Eric among them, just picked them up and carried them 'like sacks of potatoes' their heavy cumbersome habits hindering them. Little did Eric know then that he would meet that 'sack of potatoes' 20 years later, back in the country where it had happened

In the late sixties, Eric and I with our two friends from Geraldton left for a holiday on the 'S S Kojarra' for ports to Darwin. There we left the car with my cousin and flew to Timor. We spent a fascinating and emotional two weeks with Eric as a guide, and had some tremendous experiences as do others who have done the same.

While in Bacau, I decided to go walking on my own ahead of the others. In the distance I saw a nun who looked about my own age (late 40 s). She had that serene look and dignified gliding walk even though it was hot and stuffy. As she approached me we passed greetings and she asked me where I came from and who I was with. When she heard

we were Australians and that my husband had been with the commandos in Timor during the war, she said, "Where is he?" I pointed to the others, and suddenly there was a transformation. Her face became animated and she almost skipped her way to him, calling out "You were one of the men who dumped us into the boat like a sack of potatoes." Then there was a lot of chatter between Eric and her. It was quite moving for me and I guess for Eric as well.

My friend Mairea and I were invited back to the convent to see some of the work done by the young girls and what an eye opener. The building was concrete; the floors and walls were cracked - no floor coverings - no window treatments, pictures or ornaments. There were the bare necessities of furniture and the nun's habits, though spotless were threadbare (patches upon patches). I think there were about six nuns and their lives evolved around the young girls, teaching them some basic life skills for their futures - budgeting, cooking, embroidery etc.

The sister I had met was Italian and after their hurried departure from Timor, she was sent to Sydney where she worked for some years and eventually returned to Timor to continue her work there. Shortly afterwards Indonesia invaded Timor and I have often wondered what happened to her and treasure the beautifully embroidered cloth I bought that was made by the girls. That is now my memory of 'Eric's nun'.

The Life and Times of Admiral Thomas Moor.

Some of you may remember QX13497 Alf Corby who celebrated his 39th birthday in August of '42 while still on Timor. He was one of the 2/11 Aust Fd

Coy R.A.E. sappers who built the road bridge in West Timor and managed to avoid capture when the Japanese invaded. As you know he and the others from West Timor were given a fortnight's training and dispersed amongst you, Alf being placed with D Company, the recently renamed engineers. Alf never forgot Don Turton; even up to a couple of weeks before his death in October 1994 at the age of 91. He remembered Don with respect and admiration as an 'officer and a gentleman'. When we saw the SBS TV programme "Independent Company" and Don's interview showed, Alf's immediate comment was "He was a good officer". And such a statement from the normally quiet and reserved Alf was a very high compliment!

Alf emigrated from England to Australia in 1921 at the age of 18 and never married. His younger sister Ivy married in 1935 at the age of 30, and nine months later became a childless widow, never to remarry nor have children of her own. In 1950 she 'saw the light' and emigrated to Australia to make her home with Alf. Although they frequently put the post office into service, neither of them ever went back to 'the old country', and only ever saw two of their clan when they briefly visited Australia in 1987.

In 1963 when I was two, my parents and I moved to a new suburb of Brisbane which until about five years previously had been a farm. Alf and Ivy were our nearest neighbours, and over the years became the grandparents I never had. (Three of mine having died before I was born and the fourth, who I only met four times, when I was seven.) Subsequently I gladly accepted the responsibility for both their funerals and looking after Ivy after Alf died, as my parents had moved interstate.

After Alf died, Ivy and I followed up some bits and pieces he had let drop over the years about his time on Timor. Thanks to Archie Campbell's book, we learnt about the first Catalina, which took in supplies and brought out wounded and some senior brass. From what we read in that book and others, we came to the opinion that the crew of that PBV saved not only those they lifted from the beach that night, but the entire unit, as they showed that you were not forgotten. And, that you could be evacuated if it became necessary.

I was very impressed with the way the commander of that flight, Lieutenant Moorer (who would retire in 1974 with the rank of Admiral) carefully planned and prepared for that mission and asked General Macarthur for what he wanted, rather than behaving like a 'bull in a china shop'. I firmly believe that, whether he realised it or not, he followed the Biblical admonition "It is not good for a man to be without knowledge, and he who makes haste with his feet misses his way." and "Do you see a man who is hasty in his words? There is more hope for a fool than for him." (Proverbs 19:2 and 29:20). For that reason, and because he was on a mission of mercy and love, I firmly believe he had the assistance of the Angels of God.

After all this cogitating, I decided that if I ever travelled in the USA, I would endeavour to meet Admiral Moorer and pay my respects.

Ivy died in July 2001 and left me some money enabling me to travel to Canada and the UK to meet Alf's and her clan. In early August I set about the task of locating the Admiral.

After praying for guidance and assistance, I entered the term "Thomas Moorer" into an Internet search engine. Several links to various web pages were

returned. Unlike my usual practice of going to the first link, for some reason I still can't explain, I chose the third. That page was about the sinking of the USS Liberty off the Israeli coast in 1968 and had Admiral Moorer's name, as was the e-mail address of Jim, the web page author.

An e-mail was sent stating that, I was writing from Australia, had come across his web page, that Admiral Moorer had saved my grandfather's unit during the Second World War, and asking if the admiral was still alive. Within five minutes I received the following reply. "Indeed, Admiral Moorer is alive and well and as alert and vibrant as ever". It went on to say that if I looked in the telephone directory for Bethesda, Maryland, I would find the admiral's details. About 90 minutes later, I received a further e-mail, which read

"I just called Admiral Moorer. He sounds powerful and strong and says he would be delighted to see or hear from you. He says your grandfather was probably among a group of Australians that he picked up on the island of Timor during the war.

"He says he tried for years to keep in touch with the group but eventually lost touch when many of them died."

A subsequent phone call to the USA set up an appointment, and at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday 30 November 2001 I kept that appointment in a communal meeting area at the retirement village where he lived. (For those who have some knowledge of the USA, the village is located a stone's throw from Bethesda Naval Hospital.) Not wanting to tire him or be a nuisance, I thought that half an hour would serve to fulfil a debt of honour, but time flew and it wasn't until 5:30 that I escaped.

He told me about his adventures resulting from being shot down

on February 19, 1942, in his Consolidated PBY "Catalina" patrol bomber north of Darwin, during the Japanese assault on the Dutch East Indies.

Naturally I quizzed him on the mission to Timor in May '42 and its briefing including that from General Macarthur. (I am glad that the commander of the flight was someone who'd had a taste of what it was like to be cut off. With such experience and having been briefed on the conditions on Timor, it's no wonder he had the forethought to '*obtain*' the freshly prepared ham, turkey, bread, and coffee for those he picked up.) He was gracious enough to give me details of the glide approach to the Timor landing spot in an effort to avoid detection by enemy forces, and answer some questions about his career after 1945 and some details about the White House. Since at the time, White House tours were suspended as a result of the attacks on the World Trade Centre, I really appreciated this.

The Admiral, the first person to command both the Pacific and Atlantic fleets of the US Navy, was born on 9 February, 1912, to Dr. Richard Randolph and Mrs Hulda Hill Moorner in Mount Willing, a small community about twenty-five miles southwest of Montgomery, Alabama. In 1933 he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis and was commissioned as a Midshipman, serving in the gunnery and engineering departments of a cruiser

In 1935 he married Carrie Ellen Foy. To the union were born four children, Thomas Randolph, Mary Ellen, Richard Foy, and Robert Hill.

It was not until July 1936 that he earned his wings, and was posted to the aircraft carrier USS Langley, affectionately called the "Covered Wagon". It was America's first aircraft carrier having been converted from a Collier in 1922.

As you know, in 1942 he served with Patrol Squadron 101 and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. (Archie Campbell's book indicates the DFC was for the flight to Timor.)

Subsequent postings included:

Personal representative of the Commander-in-Chief of the US Navy as an mining observer in England;

Establishment and command of a bomber squadron operating in Cuba and Africa clearing the Caribbean and South Atlantic of German submarines;

Gunnery and tactical officer on the staff of the commander of Naval Air Forces in the Atlantic;

Member of the post WW II team studying the effects of the Pacific Campaign air attacks upon the industrial resources and war efforts of Japan for the chief of the US Navy. (The findings of this and a similar survey made of Germany later formed the basis for planning postwar defence policies.);

Experimental officer directing development and testing of new Naval weapons;

June 1964, posted Commander-in-Chief of the United States Pacific Fleet, and promoted to the rank of full admiral.

30 April 1965 appointed to a combined command responsibility in which he concurrently served as the NATO Supreme Allied Commander of the Atlantic; Commander-in-Chief of the United States Atlantic Fleet; Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic; and as Commander-in-Chief of the Western Atlantic area.

1 August 1967, became the eighteenth Chief of Naval Operations of the US Navy. *(Note: this is the senior officer of the US Navy.)*

14 April 1970, nominated by President Nixon as the inaugural Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, (the United States Senate confirming this appointment on 17 June);

20 June 1972 appointed to a second two-year term as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, with the US Senate confirming the appointment on 23 June;

(Note: The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is the senior officer of the US Defence Force and is second only to the President, who by the authority of the US Constitution, is the commander-in-chief.)

10 January 1973, presented with the Department of Defence Distinguished Service Medal "for extraordinary meritorious and distinguished service to the Government of the United States in a position of unique responsibility as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from July, 1970 through January, 1973." Among other things, the citation noted Admiral Moorer's involvement in negotiations related to the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT), Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions, and Incidents at Sea;

The 2nd of July 1974 saw his retirement ending 45 years of active service with the United States Navy. At his retirement ceremony, Secretary of Defence James R. Schlesinger presented him with a Second Department of Defence Distinguished Service Medal. Part of the citation read "I particularly note that Tom Moorer has always put his country's interest before anything else, and it is this quality I recognise in presenting him the only Oak Leaf Cluster ever given to

the Defence Distinguished Service Medal."

Admiral Moorer also received numerous other decorations from the US and other countries including Brazil, Chile, China, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, Korea, The Netherlands, Norway, Philippines, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Venezuela. He also received honorary Doctor of Law degrees from both Stanford and Auburn Universities and an honorary PHD from Troy State University, all three of which are in Alabama.

Retirement allowed him time to author two defence related papers, be a member of the boards of advisers of various think tanks and academic institutions, sit on two corporate boards, chair the board of the Naval Aviation Museum Foundation, and be president of the Association of Naval Aviation.

Despite his high ranking, senior service, and extensive decorations, I found Admiral Moorer to be a humble "down to earth" person, and a thorough gentleman. He still held the unit and Association in high regard and seemed pleased to talk with someone who had even a small knowledge of the Association and its current activities. (And I can only lay claim to a very minuscule amount of such knowledge.) It was truly a pleasure to visit him and one of the highlights of my trip.

In the middle of last year, I spoke with him about the upcoming final safari and asked if it was possible to tempt him to attend. He replied that it was very possible, but that his knees had given out and he now used a walker to get around.

While doing some research for this article the internet revealed a biography of the admiral produced by the (US)

National Aviation Hall of Fame. I highly recommend it to those who have access to the internet either at home or a local library. It can be found at

<http://www.nationalaviation.org/website/index.asp?webpageid={F3401AC2-408C-42A7-AD0F-CDDC7942F110}&eID=354>

On Thursday, 5 February this year 4 days before his 92nd birthday, in Bethesda Naval Hospital, Admiral Moorer took his last breath, having suffered a stroke a few days before.

Greg Tyerman.

NB. The Catalina which Lieut. Moorer made the successful flight to evacuate personnel from Timor took place on 24th May 1942.

The Life Story of DOROTHY JUNE BENNETT.

Part 1 (as written by her.)

I was born on the 2nd January 1923 - 81 years ago the youngest child of Marion and Joseph Martin. At Riverstone School I tied with Fred Dench for the top of sixth class. I went to Parramatta High School for about two months then to Sydney Girls High School for one month. My mother couldn't afford the fees or the uniforms. I started my work career at the age of thirteen in 1936 as a domestic in Collaroy. I changed jobs regularly because of no stable home.

I met Bill in Redfern when my cousin and I went to a church hall dance. He danced with me and wanted to walk me home but I said Stanley was already taking me home. We made a date for the following Friday and I met him on the corner of Kippax Street as in those days you could walk the roads freely at night with no thought of any harm coming to you. I then moved to Dee Why

with my sister Flo. Bill used to visit every weekend coming from Surrey Hills. We became engaged. I was sixteen and Bill was nineteen. Often I had to meet him in Manly. There was no money available so I used to take my brother's big quart beer bottles and take them to the hotel for a refund of deposit to catch the bus to Manly. I knew Bill would bring me home. I only needed two beer bottles (one shilling - ten cents these days). Then Bill went away to war in Timor for a year and had a bad time but they were greatly helped by the people of Timor. He came home for leave in 1943 and we were married.

While he was away 'winning the war' I started a cake shop in Dee Why with my sisters Flo and Violet. It was called 'The Marion' after Mum. I was seventeen years old at the time but we lacked enough supplies to keep the business going. So we sold the business. Then we started having babies - Steven when I was 23 and Marilyn twenty months later. Then I joined tennis clubs, school canteens, and church groups. During the wartime we joined the National Emergency Services and practised patching up the wounded. Luckily we didn't have the real thing happen!

The night of the Japanese submarines in the harbour we were woken by the air raid sirens. We tumbled out of our beds and went down the rickety steps. It was pitch black and no lights were allowed. We ran all the way to the school thinking a bomb was going to fall on our heads at any minute. We boiled big pots of water on the stove and rolled and unrolled bandages. There were no mobile phones and no television so we just sat for hours until we finally got a brief message to go home and something about bombs in the harbour. The children off to school so I started

my voluntary services with church and hospitals plus a part time job cleaning doctor's rooms and laundering. I learnt to drive at thirty-nine years of age. About then or a little later I became a contestant on Reg Grundy's 'Wheel of Fortune'. The final was won by one of my opponents - the prize was a block of land on the north coast, but I won a stove, garden furniture, heater, jewellery, dry-cleaning and some other things that I can't remember. I used to enter radio contests, mostly about music and won quite a bit.

Some of my charity jobs were - zoo volunteer for fifteen years, Legacy Torchbearers for six years, Warringah Mall Community Club for over twenty-five years and Garden Club for fourteen years. I used to belong to a bushwalking club. I started in aqua-aerobics ten years ago. I also played tennis for a long time until my knee caused problems. I joined in a healthy Lifestyle Club for many years. We gave exhibitions of exercise programs. One was dancing in the Entertainment Centre on the stage for Senior Citizens Week. I learnt German for many years and joined the Creative Writing Class - they had a story writing competition. I had kept a scrapbook of Bill and his mates fighting in East Timor and wrote a story of Bill's wartime efforts. I won a Commendation Award for it - 'a good human interest story' said the judge. I have travelled a good deal to lots of countries and also in Australia which is the top country in the world. I'm still writing stories (real ones) for the Community Club every month. I also had a little dab at painting - mostly birds. One early job I did when we had the cakeshop was to walk down to the Dee Why cinema twice a week. I sold icecreams at interval and received 2/6d, which is about 25 cents today.

More early memories with a healthy lifestyle. We did exhibition exercises all over the place. One in Martin Place which was exciting. Also swimming in above ground pools in the Domain. Another thing we had was playgroup. We dressed up for stories and acted in retirement villages. Another early memory of when I was about ten with family members we picked peas in a big field - it is now a football field in Manly Vale.

At Manly Hospital Kiosk where I was a volunteer for many years, I cooked batches of scones for Devonshire Teas. Marilyn was about four and she loved going there because there were lots of lollies (just like her mum.) I also worked at Mona Vale Hospital Kiosk for some time. It was much easier as I just made sandwiches there.

Many more memories, when I was about five or six I was with my brothers when we picked blackberries on Adam's Hill, which is now Harbord Road Hill and sold them calling on houses for 6d a billy. This reminds me of later years when living in South Creek Road with Agnes my neighbour. We took all the children aged about 10 - 12 years into the paddock behind us with our 'wellies', buckets and long palings to place over the blackberry bushes. We picked buckets of them. We used to make pies and jams and I still love blackberries.

When I was about 8 years old we used to call in houses with trays of cakes made by my mother. Woe betide us if we didn't bring back the money or the cakes.

My sister Violet used to go dancing in the big beautiful dance hall at Dee Why call Luana during wartime, having innocent fun with the soldiers camped nearby in the days when no meant no! Eventually Luana went and is now the

site of the Dee Why RSL. (one of the function rooms is called the Luana Room.) I loved dancing and would go to different halls at night. I used to walk home from the tram in Pittwater Road to my sister's home about a mile. No fears if someone came by, you either knew them or not. You just said goodnight and continued on your way.

When I was about two years old we lived in Bennett Street (would you believe) in Dee Why. My brothers killed a death adder, hooked it on a stick, and persuaded my mum to hold it. I was with her in the photo they took. When I was about five years old the family often used to have picnics at Deep Creek out at Dee Why West and it was a deep creek with beautiful clear water. My two cousins and I, all girls, used to often play in an old corrugated iron canoe full of nail holes, with strict instructions to stay by the bank, but the youngest cousin Peggy pushed us to the middle of the creek. So Ruby, my other cousin, and I immediately started yelling like a Billy goat, which just filled my tummy with water. Fortunately my brothers saw what had happened and jumped in and dragged us to the bank and calmed us, settled us down with some oranges and sympathy. When I was about four or five I lived with my mum and dad. I have a memory of my dad. He was tall and solid with goldy coloured hair and a big moustache just like Steven. I later years I thought of his likeness to Ward Bond, the old time actor.

We had a very small farm on the corner of South Creek Road and Lynwood Avenue, Dee Why. We used to grow mainly fruit and vegetables. I used to climb the tall mandarin trees with my brothers until one day I fell, luckily onto a small cut-off branch. It hurt my pride and another very sensitive spot as well.

Now more to do with the orchard, we had pears, peaches and plums. One particular peach tree had a lovely coloured peach and we were told not to touch it - don't even go near it. One day it was too much for me, I had to look at that peach. Of course it was a great temptation. I grabbed the peach and sunk my teeth into it. After two bites something green and slithery passed my toes. I dropped the peach on my feet, yelled at the top of my voice, and raced down to Mum. No sympathy but slaps around my legs and banished me to the bedroom for the rest of the day. Another snake story in the depression years, late in the 1930's we lived out at Riverstone in humpies made out of hessian bags and tree limbs - very primitive. One day after school (we had to walk about three miles to school) we saw a big red-bellied black snake under one of the beds. In those days there were no excuses - just killing. It was survival of the fittest. A bit later we rented an old house near the school in Riverstone. At lunchtime I would pretend I was going home to have lunch, not really, there wasn't any lunch at home. I waited to hear the first bell and go back to school. My mum was in Sydney doing domestic work. She would come home at weekends with food. My stepfather was working on the roads out of Windsor. He used to come home every two weeks and give me eight pennies. I went to the movies on Saturday - six pennies for the movies and two pennies for lollies. We saw cowboys and Indians and a serial called "The Perils of Pauline" which always ended on the most terrifying spot so we had to go each week to see what happened next.

The school had a play at the end of each year. I desperately wanted to be the princess but it never happened. I was

always the poor little beggar girl. One day a neighbour called me to the fence and gave me a big bag of stale bread for our chooks. I thanked her and took it inside. I desperately tried to chew some but it was like rocks. I didn't have the gumption to soak it in water first don't know how the chooks got on.

When I was about eight or nine years of age we lived near the Spit Bridge at the Bluff. We had an old rowboat to go fishing and one day I went with my sister Flo and her husband Bill. My brother Laurie came too. Unfortunately we were bits of brats and constantly bickered with each other. After several warnings to stop brother-in-law Bill said he's put us off the boat. After more cheek he pulled ashore. Laurie my brother chickened out but I due to my pride got off the boat near the bank. I thought it was just a case of walking along the shore but I didn't count on one house having a fence right out into the water, so I had no choice but to take to the bush. I knew that I had to walk easterly which proved correct. After about an hour thrashing about in the bushes, I finally found a track, which led to the road. A hop, step and a jump and I was home. I sat on the steps leading down to the water. Shortly after the family turned up as they thought I was lost and they should look for me. I got a bit of a cold shoulder from the family after that for a while.

I remember in those depression days that there was no money given out willy-nilly by the government. No job - no eat! The Sallies gave us small vouchers to go to the grocery shop and they would give us basic items like tea, flour, and sugar. Once the move was on. It was called the "moonlight Fliit" mainly because of unpaid rent and you'd take off somewhere. The owner never knew. Then with brother-in-law Bill's old truck packed to the top with me and young

June Wakeling, my niece, we set out for Riverstone sitting on top of the goods in the back. Passing through Parramatta Road the old truck bumped over a big hole in the road. At the time I was tying June's bonnet ribbon and not hanging on. Out we were thrown onto the side of the road. When my brothers realised we had fallen off they said, "Hell, we've lost the kids!" June was okay. Of course I fell on my head and woke up in Parramatta Hospital. It couldn't have been too serious; I was only there overnight.

Continued in the December Courier.

CORRESPONDENCE

N. Wilson, Gilgandra, NSW

Thanks so much for the story about "Glen Lee". Keith would have been so pleased with it. My fault - David is only 48 / 1955 - he doesn't like getting on he says, I told him better than the alternative!

He'll be over in the West at the end of July for the Australian Stock Horse National meeting. As a director he has to attend. He may have his wife Sue with him so I'll be looking after granddaughter Paige who goes to pre-school 2 days a week on the bus. The feeder bus stays here over the week so it's very convenient.

Good to get all the news in the Courier. I write to 'Sprocky' and 'Happy' rings sometimes and gives me lots of news.

We were in dire straights again concerning rain but Tuesday we had 2 1/2 inches which filled dams and was GREAT so hope for follow up rains. On one weather report was said that drought would go on for the next decade - so hope we can all share with some fall if that is the case.

I'm well, I am retiring as Zone Chief Instructor (12 clubs). I gave notice end of last term (every three years) that I'd do it till this time. Many saying, "I couldn't" but I said, "I could" and will give advice if needed to my successor. Lots of travelling involved plus instructor's schools, which Z.C.I. does and will stay with the local club and help when needed. Young people have to take responsibility and really are quite capable.

Enclosing cheque for the Courier, many thanks for all you both do, regards Nola.

J. Sargeant, Gympie, QLD.

A small note to notify you of the passing of Kathleen Beatrice Sargeant on the 3rd May 2004.

She is sadly missed by her family, but is now at rest.

Yours faithfully, John Sargeant (son).

J. Peattie, Tamworth, NSW.

Thanks for keeping the newsletter going. It's always great to get it. It is sad to hear of the passing of so many of our mates but at least those of us who are left and those who have passed on over the last few years have had a good innings even though some have had a long painful time.

Marj and I reckon that we are still doing well for our age and get around pretty well. Marj had the usual trouble with circulation at the beginning of the year but after five trips to the specialist in Newcastle says she is right again.

I recently had a long talk to a partially retired doctor, who has continued to travel to Goroka and Chimbu area once or twice a year to assess and give advice on medical problems to the health officers there. He sees a different

situation to what we saw. There are now quite a number of well-educated and competent New Guinea citizens. However the tribal affiliations are still strong and they are expected to help their less fortunate tribal relatives. Often when they are in an administration position their help is biased towards their own "one talk" but this is judged as being acceptable and not corrupt.

Another problem is that many of the young men leave the village with the intention of earning a living in the large centres and ending up in the "rascal gangs". This leaves the villages short of labour and often leads to the loss of old traditions.

The population growth is high but preventable diseases such as diabetes, TB, AIDS and other venereal diseases are spreading. Malaria is common.

The main social problems seem to be the entrenched tribal system that protects the wrong doer within the tribe. Guns and drugs especially marijuana that can be grown easily are also a problem.

With all this he feels that there are many with good intentions who will help to solve the problems.

Another item of interest about New Guinea was in the paper today. Evidently Rugby League is the national game and has replace tribal warfare as a sport. The New Guineans take their sport very seriously. They also take sides in their allegiance to NSW or Queensland in their State of Origin series. In the villages TV sets are set up at a distance from each other to stop the trouble from rival supporters - I'd say until after the match. In the towns it is not unusual for the sets to be thrown out the windows because of a loss to the favoured side or a bad

referees decision. They're getting as bad as Australians or did they learn from us?

Well thanks again for the Newsletter and a donation is enclosed for wherever it is needed most.

All the best to yourselves and those that I have not seen for so long from Marj and myself.

Jack Peattie.

B. Bone, Lakes Entrance, Vic.

I am enclosing a cheque for \$50 to pay for a photo and the rest for the Courier. Thanks for the photo, which I received today, even though I don't show up that much it's nice to have them all.

Yes, I am very pleased to be off chemo for a while. I can enjoy my meals again, at the moment I get a bit of pain and have to rely on painkillers otherwise I'm not too bad.

So for now all the best to you all, Bluey & Mary Bone.

K. Jones, Barraba, NSW.

Happy Greenhalgh rang me a couple of days ago and told me that the photo of the Unit members taken at the last Perth reunion is available now for \$10 a copy. I am enclosing a cheque for \$10 and would appreciate it if you would send me one.

The winter has really settled in here - 7 degrees here this morning, the season has turned really dry here, which is to be expected as this happens most winters in this district.

I hope you, Delys, and all the rest of the Unit members are well also.

Edith and I are well healthwise but still trying hard to come to terms with the loss of our eldest son Ian, not easy.

All the best for now, Ken.

R. Baldwin, Belmont, Vic.

For a long time I have been meaning to write to you with a couple of queries but I suppose that an old joker with 94 on his clock (does anybody remember how Doc Dunkley used to call a "joker" or "bloke "a jasper"?) has a reasonable excuse for a gap between intention and execution. My main trouble is that now I have no contemporaries with whom to swap recollections of Timor or notes on health. As for the second I seem to be very lucky for neither my doc nor I have any special troubles. My main handicap is lack of balance, which means that I don't dare walk without a walking stick. That's not bad though for I manage 3k a day (at snails pace!) and everybody tells me how well I look. And so I should, for I have a charming and capable "Vet Affairs Carer" who shares my house with me and looks after my health needs.

I've just finished reading a paperback called "Criado". It's a good read but I find that it varies from my recollection here and there as in the loss of HMAS Voyager.

Enclosed you'll find a cheque for \$20 to add to Unit funds. Not nearly what I'd like it to be but a pensioners fund doesn't amount to much.

All the best, from your old jungle china! Baldy.

J. Chatfield, Erskine, WA.

A short note to say I can't attend the Norma Hasson Lunch. I'm really sorry for not being able to go this time, I don't think I have missed one before.

I am having a left eye cataract op on the 2nd July, so I must ask you to put in an apology on my behalf. I am enclosing \$30. Would it be possible for me to have

a group photo? \$20 will be a donation towards the Courier. If I can have a photo and owe more on it I will pay you later.

I very much enjoyed reading the June Courier especially your "Phone a Friend"; it had such great meaning and will help so much to keep those who are left to keep in touch. I phone Tony Bowers and Tiger Lines and Mary & Paddy King as often as I can and I also get return calls which I appreciate so much.

I am going along okay, hope to improve after the eye op; I find it quite hard to see at the present. I hope this finds you both well and not over doing all your extras. I am going to phone Betty and Len and also Elvie Howell to follow up your good advice. Thank you both, sorry I wont see you Friday, Love Joy.

W. Tobin, Burwood, Vic.

It was great to receive the Courier. I rang Harry Botterill a few weeks ago. We had a chat about the football. He, like I, is a Carlton supporter but in his words "football is too commercialised and has gone to the dogs".

Its six months since my mother died. I miss her a great deal. It was fortunate that she did not suffer.

I'm presently going out with a girl named Jan. We're good friends but there's no talk of wedding bells at this stage.

Best wishes, Warwick.

J. Fenwick, Curtin, ACT.

Wonderful to receive the Courier and read all the letters, sad to hear of so many farewells but the years take their toll, while wonderful memories live on, nothing can take those away.

Enclosed is a cheque towards Courier expenses. Many thanks to you both and

all who keep in touch through the Courier. It's a great paper and I do look forward to its arrival. I sat in the sun on Monday and read it from cover to cover.

I attended a dinner for Hazel Morris 80th the other night.

Best wishes to you both and regards to all Association members.

Joan Fenwick.

B. & C. Coker, Northbridge, NSW.

Many thanks for the Courier and for getting me to get off my bot and get that special photo. It was as Betty Devlin said it was a beauty and will frame the same.

In fact it was one of the highlights of the final safari. Another one was when we were leaving the barbie put on by the SAS, the C.O. was there saluting the two buses as we pulled out that night!

Whilst on the phone you told me that being the 60th anniversary of the sinking of the ship carrying approx half of No. 1 Ind. Coy and over 700 of 22nd Battalion off Rabaul, it would be nice to lay a wreath in Martin Place.

I rang Arthur Littler No. 1 and 3rd Company. He thought it was a grand idea. Arthur was President of the N.S.W. Combined Commandos for 35 - 40 years and like you is a live wire. He rang me the next night and told me he had lunch with the present President, Roy Warren. He was very impressed but sadly it would take up to three months to get permission to lay a wreath in Martin Place.

As you know Special Forces are not very popular with the higher-ups. Twice they have tried to move our memorial, which Arthur managed to get years ago. Cost 14,000 pounds before the money change.

This memorial is at the top end or eastern end of Martin Place in the form of a circular seat with the memorial inside. Arthur and Roy are looking to bring in the anniversaries in the future and would like to thank you for the suggestion.

All the best to you both, Bill and Coral.

N. Mullins, Morley, WA.

Hi to everyone. I hope you are keeping your head above sickness. I am keeping well.

I've had a boost this year as I became a great grandma for the first time. It's lovely to see a baby around for the family.

Recently I went to Busselton and stayed at the Gale St Motel. It brought back memories of the Safari at Busselton. I could still see the people coming out of the units when I closed my eyes. The RSL Hall is a new one as you come into town. Woolworths have built on the site of the old one. Busselton is still a nice place to relax.

It was a nice lunch on Norma Hasson Day. It was great to catch up with everyone that was there.

Keep well, love to everyone, Nellie Mullins.

M. Hartley, Fairfield West, NSW.

Please find enclosed cheque for \$40 to help cover costs of the Courier and Timor Fund. My family and I all enjoy news from John's great friends and look forward to each edition. It has been four years since John's passing and time has not lessened the loss we all feel and we take solace in the fact that a lot of his mates feel the same.

My son Chris and John's brother Frank Park attended the last Safari and both

enjoyed themselves a lot. Could you please send me a copy of the Association address book as mine has been lost.

It is sad to hear of the loss of so many members, they are all in my thoughts and prayers, and I send my best wishes to all their families. I had a nice letter from Kath Press of Orange but haven't had a chance to reply, so thanks a lot Kath.

It is always nice to hear from John's friends and their families.

Lots of love and best wishes to all,
Maria Hartley and family.

W. Brown, Fairfield Hgts, NSW.

Further to our phone conversation, please find enclosed cheque for \$50 to cover cost of twelve (12) fridge magnets, balance to Courier. I enjoyed our chat and send my best wishes to all.

Yours sincerely, Winifred Brown.

B. Brooks, Verdun, SA

Thank you for sending the package containing the requested Association badge and other items. I have enclosed a cheque in payment, and the balance to be donated for either Courier costs or the Independent Trust Fund, as you deem appropriate.

I await the publishing of the Unit History with eager anticipation.

I send my regards to the Association and its members, and say well done with the production of the Courier which is always an enjoyable read.

Cheers, Brenton Brooks.

D. Joy, Mildura, Vic.

I met you and your fellow members when you came to Mildura on Safari. Both Shane and I met you with Mum at the memorial service at Henderson Park. My name is David Joy, and my mother Doris Joy (Chiswell), had an association with your group - 2/2nd Commando Unit through her brother Gordon Albert Chiswell, who lost his life in Timor.

The reason for writing to you is to inform you that Mum passed away suddenly on the 14-6-04. Also I need to thank your group and in particular the late Archie Campbell. During the past two weeks I have been sorting out my mother's belongings - what a journey! I found a box containing letters from Gordon Chiswell to his sister (my mum) and one in particular from Timor, which was censored by Gordon's commanding officer, Lt. Archie Campbell. But the most moving letter was the one from my Nanna (Mum's mother) to Mum (Doris) informing her of their greatest fear - the death of Gordon - killed in action.

The letters from Archie Campbell were a delight to read and meant so much to my Mum - just think it took 50 years for Mum to find out how Gordon was killed - and she found out through the 2/2nd Commando Courier. Your group meant a lot to Mum for Gordon was the love of her life; she idolised her big brother and was deeply affected by his death.

Your Safari to Mildura was so wonderful for Mum - the chance to meet the comrades of Gordon. It was also a chance for her to say goodbye to her brother at the service in Henderson Park.

I must thank you sincerely for all that your group gave to Mum through the 2/2nd Commando Courier. It meant so much to her. I am so glad that Mum is now reunited with her much-loved brother, Gordon.

I thank you all from the heart for everything.

David.

R. W. Wilson, Winnellie, NT.

Herewith is a cheque for \$50 for the 2/2nd Association. I trust that it is correctly written for payee.

Thank you for your considerable help. I spoke with Mr Wilby on Wednesday night.

With best wishes and thank you for the June Courier.

Yours sincerely, Reg Wilson.

G. & J. Stanley, Everton Hills, Qld.

Please find enclosed cheque for \$15 (\$10 for photo + \$5 for postage).

Today is a happy day for Gordon as finally he has had all his tubes removed and is sitting out of bed. I expect him home by this time next week. There's no doubt he's a tough old bird and very non-complaining.

I've had a few calls from the boys and Betty Coulson. Ron Archer made the trip to Greenslopes Hospital several times and we thank everyone for this interest. Give the lads in the West our regards and special wishes to Delys who looked so elegant at the Safari despite the hectic workload.

Best wishes from the 'Banana Benders', Gordon & Joan Stanley.

Editor's note: Thank you for the lovely compliment - the looks belied the inner trauma!

K. Smith, Thornlie, WA.

On behalf of my Dad, Mr Fred Wilks, I would like to say "thank you" to you and the members of the 2/2nd Commando

Association for a lovely day on July 2nd 2004.

Thanks for making dad so welcome; he had a great day. He has been constantly telling family and friends about the reunion, so some great memories for Dad.

Since going back home to Eaton, Dad has had a few rough days but like a true commando, he fights back.

Thank you all, regards, Kathy Smith (daughter of Fred Wilks).

R. Gregg, Beresfield, NSW.

Please accept my apologies for being rather late with my contribution this year. I was reminded when I saw my name mentioned as being present in Sydney on Anzac Day.

Thanks to the efforts of a serving soldier, I was able to place a wreath on the Commando memorial in memory of both my father Sgt. E. Gregg and Capt. J. Grimson, and the Timorese who went on the Adder mission in August 1944. Capt. Grimson's nephew was also present. There was a small moment of incomprehension when we were called to come forward. The MC possesses a fine Scots accent and pronounced Adder something like ADDDOOURRRRRR! We guessed eventually that it must be us.

Best wishes to all, Robert Gregg.

M. Broadhurst, Fairfield, Vic.

We are all keeping reasonable well. Fred has had a few weeks in hospital for physio on his legs to get them going a bit better. He now has a walker to assist him. Sad to hear of Jack Fox's passing. He suffered a stroke three weeks before which affected him slightly. When they

went to wake him, he had died peacefully through the night.

Have spoken to Judy Sharp from Dubbo. She has sold up and is moving to Ambervale and building next to her daughter. She asked me to advise you of her change of address.

Eddie and Dot Bourke have just returned from a stay in sunny Queensland with the warmer weather. I think this has been the coldest winter we have had in years, and I am looking forward to the summer months.

Hope all members are well, Mavis.

J.P. Kenneally, Yagoona, NSW.

We arrived back in Sydney on Saturday 21st August. It was a long trip. We had to stay overnight in London because our flight to Vienna was at 6.35 a.m. on the 20th. We were up at 3.30 a.m. and at 4.30 a.m. we were at Heathrow which was just jammed with people bound for destinations all over the world. How they cope with thousands of travellers I don't know. I think there are five terminals in Heathrow, we left from Terminal 2. Being young, strong and athletic is most certainly an advantage. The old and decrepit get there, with a lot of help from staff and travellers all and sundry. Nora did a marvellous job, about all the good I am is for getting in the way.

We had a great time in Ireland. Went up the east coast to Ireland's most northerly point, Mallin Head, and back down the West coast all the way round to West Cork then back to Youghal our starting point in East Cork.

We were lucky that Michael had been to Italy at Slovenia. He came to Ireland so I had a driver. No one will insure you over there, once you reach 70 (that is I think visitors only) so I couldn't drive. We

visited friends and relatives everywhere and were the excuse for many a great party.

Ireland is booming, plenty of work, good wages, high taxes, a good social system for the aged and unemployed. A health system that like many health systems in the world today is in jeopardy, the causes very much the same as I've encountered elsewhere, inefficiency in management, lack of funds and a certain amount of greed in the medical fraternity. The money that should be spent on health and education is going to far less important areas.

Corruption in government and finance has been rampant here. Enquiries are coming down with scathing criticisms of both. The National Irish Bank, a subsidiary of the National Australia bank is in deep trouble. It is going to cost both banks millions and leaving reputations in tatters.

Living costs are high, well slightly higher than here, yet the shopping trolleys are full to the top and it's the same seven days a week. Far different from when I was a youngster in Ireland, I remember people buying tuppence worth of sugar or tea, buying one Woodbine cigarette, unemployment a pittance for wages, no social system, poor housing. TB and poverty was rife yet the people I knew were always laughing and joking, singing, whistling, pushing the table back in the kitchen and having an impromptu dance. The singing, the laughing, and the music is still there today.

The poverty, ill health, and the poor housing are all gone. The lean slim people and underfed are being replaced by obesity in children and young people as they indulge in lollywater and lollies. Those conditions come with and thrive

in prosperity. We have the same problems here.

Aged and handicapped people receive far better home care than people in similar circumstances in Australia. Education, tertiary education is not free, how costs compare with our system I don't know. From what I could gather, the parents foot the bill.

Sport - the Irish play or follow all codes, Gaelic football, and hurling take precedence over rugby and soccer. I think there are a couple of cricket clubs around Dublin. It's not a game the Irish cotton to, too slow and no excitement. Hurling of course is in all probability the fastest and most exciting of any code in the world. Even though it is confined solely to Ireland, apart from the Irish who play it in the U.S. and Australia.

I'm happy to back with Rugby League and the best exponents of that game. I played Rugby Union, soccer, Australian Rules (only when at school in Mittagong) hockey, and cricket. I played hurley as a youngster in Ireland but to me Rugby League was the game I loved best.

My best to all our members and their families where ever they are. I expect I've done my last trip to Ireland. This time we travelled in comfort thanks to Helen, Michael, Sean and Gerald who paid our fare business class. Despite all that I think the trip I enjoyed most was over 50 years when I worked in the engine room of a cargo ship bound from New Zealand to London. I had little money, a great time and I met Nora, and that set me on a new course. I settled down in one place and a happy, peaceful life.

Nora sends her best wishes. A girl named Lindl Lawton will be in contact with you. She is in charge of an exhibition on East Timor depicting Sparrow Force, East Timor. Help her if possible.

Good luck, Paddy.

B. Richards, Rowville, Vic.

This is just a small note to let you know my mum Joyce Hodgson, wife of Edward (Ted) "Smash" Hodgson, passed away at Bellbird Private Hospital on Monday 16th August 2004 aged 86. Although she attended few functions with the 2/2nd Commando family, her interest was strong. The newsletter was a highlight in her life. As macular degeneration set in, my role of reading this became a learning experience for me. If possible, please may I remain on the mailing list for this newsletter. I am enclosing a money order for \$100 as a donation to the Courier.

Regards, Bronwyn Richards.

M. Monk, Poowong East, Vic. 2/2nd

Friends everywhere, it is almost time for the next Courier - I had intentions of writing this before now but time has got away.

Don and I have had a trip to Queensland. It was very enjoyable and the weather was warm and sunny up there. We have a wet cold winter here but our country needed the rain and we have green grass so a contrast to the dry of new South Wales and Queensland.

On our way we stayed with Ken and Edith Jones at Barraba. It was really great to see them again and we had a great visit. We were away from 2nd August to the 20th and we covered almost 5000 kms.

On arriving home I read in our local paper of Joy Hodgson's death. She was "Smash" Hodgson's wife. Her daughter Bronwyn wrote and told me of her mother's death on 16th August. She is Smash and Joy's only child and I spoke

on the phone with her and Joy just a year or so ago. Joy's childhood home town of Nyora is only a few miles from Poowong. My mother taught Smash and his brothers at Poowong North School back in the early 1920's. I always enjoyed Smash's letters to the Courier. He had a really unique way of expressing his thoughts, which we all enjoyed.

I have had a phone conversation with Bluey Bone at Lakes Entrance this evening. He has a few problems and some stays in hospital lately but in his own words he is still upright and able to manage to keep growing some vegies. Best wishes to you Bluey and to Mary from all the 2/2nd family.

While in Queensland we stayed with Harry Botterill's daughter Glenda and husband Gary. It was a very enjoyable visit and while there saw Glenda's daughter Tanya and her little boy Kieran. We also saw Glenda's third daughter Sharon.

Our garden here is very colourful. The camellias have been covered in blooms and now the daffodils and tulips are just beautiful.

We had lunch with Dawn and Arch Claney when in Wangaratta on our way north. They are very happy in their unit in the retirement village. It is very roomy and comfortable and both seemed fairly well.

This letter is rather disjointed so I hope you can cope with my rambling.

Don joins with me with love and best wishes to all.

Margaret Monk.

Pars On People.

Ted Monk has been treated for a mystery illness for the past four years. His

specialist has finally discovered his problem, which is a hairline bug, which has been in his lungs for over 60 years. No doubt caught when he was in Timor or New Guinea. He has been placed on double strength antibiotics for 5 months and is due to see his specialist again early in October. Ted is feeling better than he was but is still not 100%.

Terry Paull has moved from his place out of Koolkynie into a comfortable unit in Shaw St, Kalgoorlie. Terry, who has asbestosis, needs to be in a dry climate which Kal. provides. Ivy, who has Alzheimers, is now in a nursing home in Kensington, and is close to her daughter. Terry's new phone No. (08) 9091.2719.

Tom Foster Tom and Mary have decided to call it a day and hope to move into Geraldton and take it easy in their final years. Tom will hand over his farm, a prime property, to his son, Chris, who is also a very capable farmer like his father. Tom and Mary have been tremendous supporters of the Association since its inception and we wish them a well-earned, long and happy retirement.

Colin Hodson had a very uncomfortable, and at times scary 10 months with occasional blackouts is on the mend and is now allowed to drive his car again. He is gradually regaining his confidence - good for you Col.

Jack Steen: Jack and Beryl returned to their home at Thornlands recently after Jack had had another stint in hospital in Brisbane. Their letterbox was cluttered with mail, mostly junk, among which was a letter from the Lotteries Commission. "Throw it out", said Jack "it will only be a request to buy more tickets". Beryl thought otherwise and decided to open the envelope which -surprise, surprise - contained a letter advising that Jack had won \$9,500! It made their day: congratulations to two nice people.

Noticed Colleen Strickland and Elvie Howell having a good chin wag at the Norma Hasson Social. George and Bill, their departed husbands and old time sappers, would no doubt have been the main subjects of their chat.

Allan Mitchell is almost totally blind. Mitch retains his good spirits and relies on Joan to read the Courier contents to him which he looks forward to and enjoys each time.

Fred Humfrey who turned 91 in June has moved into the Waminda Caring Centre in Bentley. Fred's reasonably active for his age and Keith Hayes and Colin Hodson keep in touch with him.

Dorothy Maley has moved from Coodanup to Meadow Springs in Mandurah. She gave up work on 30th June. Her unit is right near the spacious Meadow Springs Golf Course so playing golf will be her main pastime from now on. Happy golfing Dot!

Sick Parade.

Ray Aitken who will be 89 in November spent a week in the Mount Hospital recently getting rid of some surplus fluid he had accumulated. The spell in hospital did Ray good so much so he is off to East Timor for two weeks mid September during which time he will be staying for a few days as a guest of the Gusmao's. A V.I.P. is our Ray and a very generous one at that.

Don Murray has just experienced a tough ten weeks. Late in June he underwent a triple bypass in Charlie Gairdner Hospital which went off okay. However he developed renal failure and put on 15 kilos of fluid virtually overnight! This was followed by the discovery of four bleeding stomach ulcers and a mild stroke. This all happened in the course of a week. Fortunately Don, who has a strong constitution, made it through with

the help of a wonderful hospital staff. He is home now much to the relief of Ida and the family and is coming good slowly. Don't do that too often Don!

John and Olive Chalwell both suffered from the winter ills. John had a severe bronchial illness and was laid up in Hollywood Hospital and then passed it on to Olive on his return home. Olive was treated at home with antibiotics and is having difficulty getting it out of her system. Summer can't come quick enough for the Chalwells.

Helen Poynton who needed a good break after the loss of Joe, had a few days in Darwin and travelled on the Ghan to Adelaide. She must have picked up a wog on the train as no sooner had she got home at the end of June; she developed a severe bout of pneumonia which laid her up for six weeks. Helen is now improving and will be glad to see the last of winter.

BIRTHDAY BOYS

Harry Handicott	July 4	82
George Greenhalgh	" 8	84
Tom Yates	" 21	84
John Southwell	" 27	81
Tom Foster	Aug 1	84
Jack Hanson	" 9	83
Dusty Studdy	" 15	86
Andy Beveridge	" 15	88
Russ Blanch	" 23	83
Fred Otway	Sept. 3	84
Alan Luby	" 6	89
Bob Williamson	" 13	86
Tony Adams	" 18	86
Alex Veovodin	" 26	83

If you are not in our Birthday Boys list and would like to be, ring me on (08) 9332.7050. Ed.

Courier Donations.

Friedegard Tomasetti, Rolf Baldwin, Joy Chatfield, Joyce Gorton, Faye Campbell, Joan Fenwick, Mavis Sadler, Jack & Marge Peattie, Len & Betty Bagley, Tony Bowers, Dick Darrington, Fred & Robyn Hasson, Ken & Rhonda Hasson, Elsie Jordan, Mary & Paddy King, Jim Lines, Nellie Mullins, Clare West, Nola Wilson, Bill & Coral Coker, Blue & Mary Bone, Maria Hartley, Erika Poynton, R.W. Wilson (Darwin), Winifred Brown, Robert Gregg, Ralph & Sheila Conley, Paddy & Nora Kenneally, Brenton Brooks, Diana Cole, Bronwyn Richards and Phillip Garland.

Trust Fund:

Jack & Marge Peattie	\$100
Bill & Coral Coker	\$50
Maria Hartley	\$20
Paddy & Nora Kenneally	\$100
Robert Gregg	\$100

Change of Address.

Mrs D. Maley, Dorothy
21 Oakmont Ave
Meadow Springs, WA 6210
(08) 9581.7298

Mr F. Humfrey
Room 11 S, Waminda Caring Centre
! Adie Court
Bentley WA 6102
(08) 6251.0051

Mr P. Garland
20 Coral St.
Muswellbrook. NSW 2333.

Mrs J. Sharp, Judy
39 Glennam Ave.
Ambervale. NSW 2560
(02) 4625.1039

Mrs F. Campbell, Fay

FRED Broadhurst 82

NOTICES.**COMING EVENTS.****W.A. MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE.**

**OUR 55TH COMMEMORATION SERVICE WILL BE HELD
AT LOVEKIN DRIVE, KINGS PARK
ON SUNDAY 21st NOVEMBER 2004.
SERVICE COMMENCES AT 3 P.M.**

LEST WE FORGET.

**OUR CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON WILL BE HELD
AT 'THE GOOD EARTH HOTEL'
195 ADELAIDE TERRACE, PERTH
ON FRIDAY 3RD DECEMBER 2004
11.30 A.M. - 2.30 P.M. (LUNCH AT 12.30.P.M.)
DON'T FORGET NOW!**

New South Wales Xmas Lunch.**2/2nd & Fellow Commando Members**

**Our Xmas Social Luncheon will be held at
The Dee Why R. & S. League Club
Pittwater Road**

On Saturday 4th December, 2004 at 11.30 am drinks - Lunch to follow.

Still available Smailes Poems - 3 for \$5 including postage
Fridge Magnets - 3 for \$5 including postage
Group Commemorative Photo - \$15 each including postage
(Taken at the Safari - only a few left - see back page)
Ring Jack or Delys Carey on (08) 9332.7050

Mr J. Lynch, "The Islands", Woodstock, NSW 2793 (02) 6342.8421 is still seeking information on the late Dr. John McInerney to help with the biography he is working on of the good doctor. PLEASE HELP HIM IF YOU CAN.

DON'T FORGET TO PHONE A FRIEND THIS MONTH!

