



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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WHY WORRY!

There seem to be so many things to worry about these days. We have the dreadful prospect of being unable to watch a lot of our usual footie games unless we fork out to FOXTEL. When we stop worrying about that scenario along comes Mr Barnett with his theoretical canal – “theoretical” because it’s based on a cost of two billion dollars which Mr Barnett says means “fully costed”. Whoever heard of any Government project being completed at the “fully costed” figure?

But apart from the FOXTEL problem (which organisation is half owned for heavens sake, by each of the Australian Packer Group and the sort-of ex Aussie Rupert Murdoch and his News Corporation) and apart from that probable “pie-in-the-sky” canal, we’ve got the worry of 104 year old Mrs Cui Yu Hu. Will she be exiled back to China on a chartered plane (no normal airline will apparently take her) or will Senator Vanstone in awe of her rapid sympathetic reactions, take the bull by the horns and let Mrs Hu stay here and give her Medicare cover for that lengthy period of time ahead of the old lady.

Perhaps we worry too much. Some worries are important while others are needless. Some of the matters mentioned above will have been settled by the time we go to press, other matters will doubtlessly arise and we’ll go on worrying. At least one exception to our worries is the 2/2nd Association. Over 60 years we have survived and prospered with honour. Our members are now getting fewer but the spirit of comradeship remains.

We are all very proud of our Association.

John Burridge.

Vale William James BOWE SX16836.

This eulogy was kindly provided by his family.

Jim was born on 22nd April 1922 in the Adelaide suburb of Hilton, South Australia. He grew up in the community of Loxton in the Riverland where he was one of 8 children of James and Olive Bowe. Times were hard in the 1930s and at the age of 14 he left school and took up work undertaking general farm duties.

In January 1942 Jim decided to enlist with the Australian Army to serve his country in World War II. He joined the 2/2nd Squadron early in 1943 and served in its New Guinea and New Britain Campaigns in 1943/45. Jim was a member of 8 Section. He was a good soldier and was highly respected by his section mates. During his service in the army he became ill with malaria and suffered a shoulder injury and this led to his return to Australia when he was discharged on the 29th May 1946.

Jim undertook a full time course of training in bricklaying. He became qualified in February 1950 and subsequently began working with Kennett Brothers in Adelaide where he spent his whole working life as a valued employee. In December 1950 Jim married Kathleen O'Hara after a 3 year engagement and settled down in the suburb of Manningham where they had three children Veronica, Gloria and Brenton.

Jim retired at the age of 65 but was always willing to undertake odd jobs for family and friends. In his spare time he was a keen supporter of the North Adelaide Football Club and enjoyed watching and cheering on his Roosters whenever he got the chance. He was an active member of Findon Skid Kids (a

bicycle racing club) where his son was a member and was instrumental in establishing the Salisbury division of the Skid Kids. His other interests were his large orchid garden and fruit trees and being a devoted grandfather to his 7 grandchildren.

Over the past couple of years Jim was overcome with recurring lung infections which robbed him of his strength and love of life. This, along with the diagnosis of his oldest daughter with lung cancer, her rapid decline and passing, took its toll mentally and physically. On 16th October 2004 he finally succumbed to his illness in the Royal Adelaide Hospital. He has left a hole in the hearts of those who knew him and is sadly missed by his wife and family. Jim will be remembered for his forthright attitude and willingness to help those in need, as we have seen him do numerous occasions. He was one of a kind and a man who was a true Aussie Digger to the end. Jim was laid to rest on 20th October 2004 at the War Veteran's Section in the Endfield Cemetery with a simple Catholic service surrounded by family and friends.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs Bowe and the family.
Lest We Forget.

Vale R.C. (Tex) RICHARDS TX4709

Tex's son Charlie has kindly provided this vale.

Tex Richards was born at Latrobe, Tasmania on the 6th June 1920. His early years were spent in Hobart. He started a fitting and turning apprenticeship in 1938. On May 15th 1941 Tex enlisted for the AIF. He served in Timor and New Guinea with the 2/2nd Independent Company. He was discharged on June 20th 1945.

He met and married Annie and settled in Latrobe, there raising four children, Charles, Denise, Warren and Patrice. He worked at his trade in the Devonport and Railton area until 1960 when he took up the position of maintenance fitter at the Mersey General Hospital at Latrobe until his retirement in 1985.

Tex enjoyed fishing in the Central Highland Lakes with his mates. He was the kit steward for the Latrobe Football Club for several years. He became a successful lawn bowler playing until 12 months ago with a break for a knee replacement.

Annie died suddenly of a heart attack in 1975. A couple of years later he met Bridget and they later married. They continued to live in Latrobe and after Tex's retirement they took a trip to Ireland and England.

During the last few years Tex's health slowed him up a bit but did not keep him down. Finally the blood problem for which he was receiving regular transfusions caught up with him. After a short time in hospital he passed away on 20th December 2004 at the age of 84. Dad was laid to rest with Annie in the Mersey Vale Lawn Cemetery on the 22nd December.

N.B. Tex, as we always knew him, served with the Sapper Section in Timor and New Guinea. He was well respected by his sapper mates and always gave of his best.

He was a loyal and generous supporter of the Association over many years with Tex and Bridget attending a number of our Safaris. He was made a life member of the Association in 2000. Despite needing blood transfusions at regular intervals late in life, Tex displayed great courage throughout his ordeal right

through to the end. He was a true digger and a great Australian. May he rest in peace.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Bridget, Charlie and all members of his family.

Eulogy for Tex delivered by his grandson Captain Ben Richards at his funeral service.

It has not been until the last few years after I joined the Army in 1998 that I think I have been able to appreciate the profound effect that Nick's service had on him, and what an important part of his life it formed. Not only were the 2/2nd Independent Company's achievements a remarkable chapter in Australia's war time history, they were the pioneers of the current Australian Special Forces that are held in very high esteem around the world today. I am sure that everyone that he shared his experiences with sat as amazed as I was that this man who was small in stature but always very fit was the warrior in his stories or in the accounts in numerous books written about the battles fought through the hills in Timor. The lasting impression that their experiences have left on generations of Australian soldiers that have followed him cannot be underestimated. I remember growing up listening intently to the stories of his experiences in Timor and New Guinea and being in awe of what he had done but never fully understanding the part that he played in Australia's history.

The impact that the 2/2nd Independent Company has had on the Australian Army can still be seen today. The Royal Military College of Australia whose role it is to train the new officers for the Army conducts an exercise called Exercise Timor. This exercise concentrates on performing in conditions of hardship with very little sleep

or food. Prior to going on this exercise cadets are given detailed instruction on the operations of the 2/2nd Independent Company in Timor, and the importance of the attributes that these soldiers displayed throughout the war, often operating in very small groups, cut off from any support and with no communications. Their ability to operate in such austere conditions while outnumbered and to never give in has been an inspiration to numerous young officers beginning their careers in the Army. Having sat through these lessons I was quite humbled when I fully understood the enormity of the tasks that Nick and the other members of the 2/2nd Independent Company faced. It was a very proud moment for me when after all of the Battles and Campaigns that the Australian Army has been involved in that they hold the actions of Nick and his Unit in such high regard that theirs is the example they present.

It is every soldier's goal to be deployed on active service and I have been fortunate to have had both of my tours in the same country that my grandfather served in 57 years before me. It was a strange feeling flying into Timor and knowing that I would be covering the same ground that Nick covered all those years before me. When talking to Nick about his experiences one part of his stories always stood out, his respect and gratitude to the East Timorese people for the assistance they gave the Australians. Even after all of that time he could speak the local language of Tetum. He would often say that if it was not for the East Timorese assistance he would not be here to tell these stories. He also used to talk about the terrain of the country, especially the hills, their size and the time taken to cross them. After walking up

some of the same hills he did, the accuracy of his memories struck me. In my dealing with the East Timorese they were exactly as he described them, a people all too willing to give up what little they had to make your stay in their village a little more comfortable. Many of the older locals could remember when the Australians were there in 1942, and for some, the soldiers they saw during the INTERFET Operation in 1999 were the first Australians they had seen since Nick's time. Many of the young boys who provided the vital assistance to the 2/2nd Independent Company were now old men who were only too happy to sit down and talk to you about their experiences and what the Australians did there fighting the Japanese. The respect that these people have for the work of the 2/2nd Independent Company could be clearly seen by the intense pride they had in anything that connected them to or their village to the Australians. It was a very proud moment to be able to tell them that your grandfather was one of those soldiers, and guaranteed that you would always be welcome back.

On my first leave back in Tasmania I spent an incredible morning talking to Nick about his experiences and the shape that Timor was in now. One thing really struck me, and that was how vivid his memories of the war were. He was full of questions about towns, monuments and the local people. It was an incredible experience to have covered the same ground that he did.

I believe that the war had a great effect on the man that Nick became; he played a great part in a little known period of Australia's history. He was intensely proud of his achievements as we all should be. He will never be forgotten by his family and his actions as a soldier will

live forever in the history of the Australian Army.

N.B. To us he was "Tex" whereas to his family and friends he was "Nick".

Captain Ben Richards.

Vale John Frederick FOWLER WX 11366

The following eulogy was delivered by his grandchildren at his funeral service.

Grandpa always said that he didn't want to live to 100 because there'd be no one at his funeral. He had a good go at achieving that!

Thank you all for coming to farewell and pay your respects to Grandpa – John Frederick Fowler. Nearly 93 years is hard to cram into a mere few pages or a few minutes. Many of you will have your own memories of John Fowler. I will mention a few that we the family remember. But I will be guided by one of Grandpa's remarks about speeches; "Stand up, speak up and shut up."

John Fowler was born on the 24th April 1912 at home on the Doodenanning farm, delivered by the district midwife, Mrs Murphy. Greenhills. Doodenanning is 25 miles east of York. John was the second son in a large close knit family of 10 children. There was Jeff, John, Jean, Bob, Nell, Honour, Vivian, Graham, Daph and Eric. Their parents were George Frederick Fowler and Rosina Ethel Fowler (nee: Gyer).

The Fowler Family have fond memories of their education at Doodenanning, a one-teacher school in the horse and cart days. Sport of course was a highlight and Grandpa was proud of his 5' 4" highjump.

When Grandpa was 14 he left school. The family bought a farm, "Branchall", at Lake Hinds, west of Wongan Hills, so

Grandpa started farming there with Jeff and his Dad clearing and cropping with teams of horses. Dad and Jeff would work from 5 in the morning till dark to put in a good day of 17 to 18 acres of crop.

The Fowler Family all worked hard together and weren't paid any money so they developed strong family values of share, help and give when needed. They never complained about anything. "She'll be right, no news is good news."

They loved sport, tennis, table tennis, cricket and especially dancing.

Grandpa was always ready for a joke;

On one occasion we were told that he gave a newspaper to the Smith family and said that there was a list of all the people who had given up drinking and smoking. The Smiths searched right through it but could not find it. They asked him where it was and his reply was, "the deaths column."

He loved to make Donald Duck noises to catch attention of small children and babies. Later in life he was heard to do it to catch a laugh from the cleaning lady at the lodge. He was still doing it three days before he died to his Great Grandson, Sunni.

After the Great Depression, World War II was starting. Germany was aggressing Europe and Japan was threatening Asia, the Pacific and Australia. Grandpa and his brother Graham joined the army as duty to their country. Grandpa was specially trained at Wilson's Promontory as a Commando, guerrilla warfare, cloak and dagger, independent behind the line, hit and run saboteur, fight to the death, never surrender. He belonged to the "A" Platoon in the 2/2nd Commandos being a member of No. 2 Section in which he performed so valiantly when the Japs landed on 19th February 1942. He served

in Timor and New Guinea and belonged to a close knit, honest bunch of true life long mates. Although they endured exactly what they were trained for, along with tropical diseases and insects, they were lucky to come out of it alive. He was highly respected and regarded by his mates as a good and brave soldier. He was mentioned in dispatches in Timor and was given the rank of Corporal. Grandpa said that this was the most interesting, educational and impressionable years of his life.

Throughout the war Grandpa always, when he wasn't missing in action or suffering from malaria, kept in touch with Grandma by writing many descriptive letters within the boundaries of censorship. He finally came home on leave and married her, the then Jean Hewitt, on the 18th November, 1944. It was a happy but short lived occasion because he had to go back to Queensland on Boxing Day until he was discharged from the army 9 months later.

Life back on the farm progressed with a difference. He worked for the first year, and then leased the farm for 3 years, jointly with Eric, Bob and Graham. They got "Jack of this," so when his brothers got married and settled on their own farms, Grandpa and Grandma bought "Branchall" from his parents.

Grandpa and Grandma had two children – Dexter (named after his most respected Army Captain) and Lynn.

Grandpa was an active community member along with hard working and progressive years in farming. He served on the Wongan-Ballidu Shire for 6 years, on the Hotel committee for 8 years, was a life member of the Masonic Lodge, President of the Wongan Hills sub-branch of the RSL for 8 years. President of the Lake Hinds Cricket Club for several years

and he carted the bricks for the Wongan Hills Methodist Church and supported the church for many years. He was MC at many weddings and made many speeches in his life, generally never short of a joke or two. He was a member of the 2/2nd Commandos Association since inauguration and was President of the WA branch for 3 years, within which time, they hosted a WA safari. When he could no longer play cricket, he umpired.

He saw some significant changes and events through his years of farming. To mention a few;

1963 floods when Lake Hinds overflowed, His workshop shed burned down straight after he had insured it for the first time in the history of the farm.

- The SEC power was put through
- Solar hot water
- The Ekersly rock-picker,
- Horses were replaced by small machinery to large 4 wheel drive tractors,
- Self propelled headers and air seeders,
- The change from fertiliser and seed in bags to bulk.

Farming didn't stand still. Dexter married Pauline and the farm was sold within 2 years as they shifted to a Brookton Farm. Grandpa officially retired, then at 58 years of age, but he continued to assist in Dexter's farming operations until that farm was sold and Dexter and Pauline shifted to a Carnarvon plantation. Grandpa always loved tropical fruit, so was delighted to help picking and packing and helping with all plantation duties. He drove to Carnarvon for the last time when he was 85 years old.

Besides community work, the farm and family, Grandpa and Grandma enjoyed

many good holidays together. They went to Mandurah, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Europe, and Israel and joined the 2/2nd Commandos on safaris to Timor and several to the Eastern States of Australia. They were fortunate to have so many good friends and relatives to travel with and visit.

The saddest day in Grandpa's life was when Grandma died from cancer in August 1988. He missed her in every way but he continued his life the best he could. He and sister, Daph travelled to America, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, Honolulu and then with both sisters, Jean and Daph, he travelled around inland Australia on a light aircraft holiday. He continued on Commando safaris until he was too old.

Grandpa and Grandma were proud grandparents of 7 grandchildren;

Ashley, Jason, Clint, Rowanna, Tristan, Lyndon and Lorinda.

He was also a proud great-grandfather of Jason and Tan's twins Indira and Jasmin, born in 2002 and Tristan and Andrea's Sunni, born in 2004.

Old age was debilitating to such an active, fun loving gentleman as he. Grandpa entered the Lady Brand Lodge in Three Springs for a couple of years shifting to the Salvation Army Hollywood Senior Citizens Nursing Home in Perth. Many Three Springs' people and nursing home staff loved and respected him for his sense of humour, smiling face, easy, likeable nature and were sad to see him leave.

Grandpa loved to propose toasts, so here's one of his favourites, which we can use to toast his fulfilled life.

"Here's to it and to it again. If you don't get to it, to do it, you may never get to it, to do it, again."

John passed away peacefully in Hollywood Hospital on the 18th January following a bout of pneumonia.

His funeral service was held at Karrakatta on Tuesday 25th January with a large number of family and friends attending. Our Association provided an honour guard comprising John Burridge, Bob Smyth, Keith Hayes, Tony Bowers, John Chalwell, Dick Darrington, Jack Carey and Ray Parry who said "The Ode".

John was an active member of the Association for many years being our President for 3 years in 1982, 83 & 84 and was made a life member in 1984. He and Jean attended many Safaris and social functions and were generous and loyal members.

May he rest in peace. The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Lynn, Dexter and their families.

Vale Mal LINDSAY NX121804.

Malcolm Ian McLean Lindsay was born in Rockdale in 1922, he was an only child. Where he was educated pre-war I do not know, apart from the fact that he was a boiler maker by trade.

Our first knowledge of Mal Lindsay was when on May 15th 1943 he and 135 other men joined the 2/2nd Independent Company in Canungra. According to war records he enrolled in Gingin, W.A.

On June 16th one month later when as a member of that Company, he marched aboard the M.V. Duntroon in Townsville bound for Port Moresby in New Guinea; he was then a member of No. 9 Section in "C" Platoon. Lieut. Jack Denman was O.C. of that Section.

A couple of weeks after arriving in Port Moresby, "B" & "C" Platoon boarded DC 3s to fly to Garoka in the Central

Highlands. Mal, like many others in the Platoon, would have seen his first Jap enemy when the transport planes were circling to land. The pilot of a Japanese reconnaissance plane, seeing the horde of American fighters escorting the troop carrying planes decided he would be safer joining the circling troop carriers. When close to the ground, the Jap took off, safe in the knowledge that the Lightning Fighter planes could not possibly dive on him.

Mal served in 9 Section as a bren gunner right through the Ramu Valley Campaign in New Britain. He would have been in plenty of activity with 9 Section in both the Bismark and Finisterre Mountains. Jack Denman was a redoubtable, competent leader with a good section. It was kept busy in that Ramu Valley Campaign. It did its share of work in New Britain also.

Towards the end of January 1946 most of the Unit had been sent back to Australia for discharge under the points system. The Unit was then disbanded in Rabaul, the remains being allotted to other units still in the area.

I have no knowledge when Mal was discharged from the army or when he married his wife May. He joined Kogarah RSL and also became a member of the Kogarah Scottish Pipe Band. We would see him on Anzac Day as the pipe band led some unit in the Anzac Day march. He did however join us in the biggest march the 2/2nd ever staged on an Anzac Day. On that Anzac Day in 1968 Mal was one of 120 2/2nd men who marched in Sydney. Led by ex Major Laidlaw, 'The Bull' and with two giants in Tony Bowers and 'Sandy' Eggleston carrying our banner, the 2/2nd was an impressive sight that day.

Mal was a founding member of the "Sir Francis Drake" Bowling Club in Sydney. Adding to his trade as a boiler maker he became maintenance mechanic at Vickers Woollen Mills.

In the 1950s he built a holiday home in Vincentia on the South Coast. Like most coastal resorts at that time it was all dirt roads, no power, water or sewerage but a place of pristine beauty. When Mal and his wife May moved there in 1980 they already knew all the inhabitants as they had spent all their holidays there for years.

He joined the Huskisson Bowling Club, was part of all the local community's activities and was surrounded by neighbours he had known for years.

His wife May predeceased him by fourteen years passing away on January 23rd 1991, as did Mal after a long and painful illness did himself on January 23rd 2005.

There were no children to the marriage. The only surviving relative being a John Jacobson, a nephew of Mays whose maiden name had been Jacobsen.

The friends and neighbours Mal and May had in Vincentia and Huskisson bear glowing testimony to the memory of both.

The curtains closed on the mortal remains of Mal Lindsay to the skirling of the bagpipes and beat of the drums he loved so well. Rest in peace Mal.

Paddy Kenneally.

Iris Adams, the loving wife of Tony, passed away on 26th January last after a long illness.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Tony and family on their sad loss. May she rest in peace.

The Association also extends deepest sympathy to Kaye Hanson (nee Hasson) on the tragic loss of her husband **Roy** who collapsed and died suddenly on the 29th January after a stroke. Our thoughts are with you Kaye.

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Christmas Social 2004.

Our Christmas social was held at "The Good Earth Hotel" on Friday 3rd December. The 33 members and friends of the Association present enjoyed a very pleasant day. It's surprising how much noise such a small group can make! Imbued with the Xmas "spirit" in next to no time everyone was chatting away merrily and it was music to the ears.

Prior to lunch Don Murray, our MC for the day, read out the 10 apologies received and welcomed all with a special mention to Gem and Kerri Macenroth (Bernie & Babs' daughter and granddaughter) from Queensland and Greg Tyerman also from Queensland who was holidaying in the West.

Peter & Pat Campbell and Vince Swann who came up from Esperance also received a thank you for coming. Don then handed the baton over to our President Ray Parry who welcomed those present and wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. A lovely meal followed and we appreciate the service and attention received from the hotel staff who has gotten to know us pretty well by now.

Present were – Maureen Baker, Tony Bowers, John Burrridge, Jack & Delys Carey, John & Olive Chalwell, Peter & Pat Campbell, Joy Chatfield, D. Darrington, Keith & Val Hayes, Beverley Frankee, Jean Holland, Elvie Howell, Elsie Jordan, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Gem & Kerri Macenroth, Bart & Loris Mavrick, Don &

Ida Murray, Hilda Meldrum, Nellie Mullins, Jim Lines, Ray Parry, Helen Poynton, Vince & Andrew Swann, and Greg Tyerman.

Delys Carey and Don Murray conducted the free raffle after lunch and 10 lucky winners went home with a prize. It was a happy event – one of the very many we have had together over the years. God bless.

J. Carey

Australia Day 2005.

An invitation from the S.A.S. Veterans Association for us to join with them in their Australia Day celebrations at "the House" was readily accepted with thanks.

This is always a great day and the 21 members and friends of the 2/2nd who attended spent a very pleasant day relaxing and enjoying the hospitality provided by President Charlie Stewart and his hardworking committee.

Sitting under the huge shady trees, with a cooling breeze stirring the leaves, good old-time music, a glass of cold beverage and chatting with old friends is something we value greatly at our stage of life. A nice barbecue lunch followed by fresh lamingtons, tea and coffee is the Aussie way of celebrating this special day.

Val Hayes and Delys Carey were lucky winners in the raffle – Val makes a habit of winning most times – good for you Val!

All joined together in singing "Advance Australia Fair" which topped off another enjoyable Australia Day.

A big thanks to Charlie and his team. We are fortunate indeed to have such good friends.

Present were Maureen Baker, Tony Bowers, John Burrridge, Jack & Delys Carey and granddaughter Alicia Cherry,

Dick Darrington, Melvin & Regina Darrington, Keith & Val Hayes, Elvie Howell, Dorothy Gray, Jim Lines, Ray Parry, Bob & Margaret Smyth, Colleen Strickland, Dick & Merle Reddell, Merv Wheatley.

Queensland News.

Tony Adams: I spoke to Tony last week. Ralph & Sheila Conley and I attended Iris's funeral service. The small local Anglican Church was absolutely packed and we three got the last three seats (and not together!) Tony gave a very fine eulogy and asked if he came over okay to such a packed crowd and I said YES. He said he had mustered all his voice power and likened it to his parade ground voice! Since the funeral he has had an operation which has been successful, but he has lost a lot of weight. Fortunately he has had his daughter staying and looking after him, and when he is a bit better, perhaps in about a month's time we hope to have some lunch together.

Early next month the Conleys are off for mainly a cruise in East Asian waters for about a fortnight. They will travel with a group of about thirty Bribie Island friends, so they should have heaps to tell when they return.

Jack & Beryl Steen are in good health now and life has improved for both of them.

Paddy & Josie Wilby are presently in Melbourne visiting family. Will catch up with their news when they return.

Allan and Joan Mitchell. Allan has extremely poor sight – in fact Joan reads him our "Courier" each time it arrives. His hearing also is not good, but otherwise he is not in bad shape and goes for a walk each day. They have their family living near so that is a plus too.

Alex & Esse Veovodin: Alex had a blocked artery (heart) and last year had it operated on. He is a lot better now and they have their family near, except for one daughter in London and Glenyce living at Glen Forest.

Fred & Ellen Otway: Fred has finished his painting and will start on his pagoda when the weather cools down a bit. He is still playing tennis twice a week. He is also helping Sproxly in getting together Active Service photos.

Gordon & Joan Stanley: Joan has had serious heart problems, but is well again now and Gordon is pretty good again now too. They are both to have a short holiday with a friendly group at Stanhope.

Col & Jeanette Andrew

are both well and still kept busy running their Laidley Caravan Park. It stays about half full with permanents, but there is no chance that they can get away for a break. Their son Peter helps them and their daughter, who lives in Canberra, regularly spends her Xmas holidays with them. Interestingly though their other daughter had the same problem as Iris Adams – an inoperable tumour on the brain. Perhaps there is more of this around than we realize.

Bill & Irma Connell are still managing pretty well except that Bill has had skin grafts on both shins. Irma has poor eyesight in one eye and they are both booked to see their eye doctor in April. Bill had to have a second cataract done. They are looking around at hostel accommodation and finding it very expensive compared with the I.L.U. where they've been living for some years now.

Lucky & Doreen Goodhew: Lucky had a home accident and hurt an ankle so for

the time being it's a case of "no mow" – he just sits in the shade – has a beer and watches the job being done. Their footballer grandson has left the Cowboys (Townsville) and is at present in Brisbane playing for Easts.

It is very dry in Townsville at present. The heavy rain only seems to get down to Cardwell.

Bulla & Jean Tait: Bulla's walking is still difficult and very slow but Jean is able to drive him around so he is able to get out. He was sorry to hear that "Chook" had passed away.

They enjoyed their Xmas family reunion and are pleased they got out of their cane farm when they did and Bulla is keen to watch the seasonal football (all codes!)

Peter Krause:

still makes the most of being mainly housebound. He plays cards, has a daily ration of rum and coke and home entertainment. However he has a good daughter Sue who takes him for some outings.

George & Margo Shiels have had a good season with their mango trees. However like Townsville, so far they've had a "dry" West Season! Last year they came to Brisbane to see their three daughters and families who live in and near here. It was also great that they were able to fit in having a morning tea with Lyn and me before returning to Bowen. They enjoyed their family Xmas at Mackay where their fourth daughter lives and Jan (Brisbane) came up and joined them.

Lyn & I expect to go to Glen Innes for four days, 4 – 8th March and have a week at Coolangatta during April.

Do hope that this isn't too long, but think I've covered the field. Best wishes to all our mates and their families and enclosed is a small donation to our Trust Fund.

Thank you Jack & Delys, you're doing a fine job.

Cheers, **Ron Archer.**

North Coast of N.S.W. News.

It has been very steamy the last couple of months but another three weeks or so will see us out of the humidity. Good news health wise. Everyone appears to be keeping well apart from the usual over eighty complaints. Is there anyone out there under eighty? Don't worry, you'll soon join us. It's really not that bad.

Russ Blanch is still having his little turns but otherwise okay. He is going through the catalogues choosing bulbs for his spring garden. Reckons he's slowed down a lot though.

Beryl Cullen

still going strong but still suffering from lack of rain.

Amazing how some areas are still dry in NSW. I recently had 60mls (a couple of days ago), half a mile away my mate had 77mls. Two miles away in town they had 125 mls and six miles away 9 inches. It's hard to follow.

Ken & Edith Jones from Barraba are both well and having a pretty good season.

Eric & Lorraine Herd: likewise. Eric has tossed most of his medication away and is feeling a lot better. I wonder what doctors think about this. He's not the only one lately to tell me the same story. I guess it depends on what pills you throw away and what complaint you have. It's been too hot to play golf so they're putting it on hold for a while.

I've been talking to Harry Handicott and he and Amyce are kicking along okay.

Beryl Walsh from Kempsey tells me that Billy is back in hospital and is not very

well. At present he is not talking. We are all thinking of you both.

Jack & Beryl Steen are back from their trip to Townsville okay. Jack spoke to Lucky Goodhew on the phone. Lucky is having trouble with dermatitis. You'd better get down to some of these cooler climes old mate. The dermo I had was not very pleasant.

Nola Wilson is very well. The season was wonderful up to Xmas but hasn't rained since which is a bit of a worry.

Tom & Jean Yates are still well although arthritis is still plaguing Jean. As a fellow sufferer you have my sympathy. I've kept mine at bay for 8 years now with prednisone. It's a cortisone derivative and not everyone can take it.

I'm still pretty well. Have to see a bloke for my back in April just before setting for the West again on the 11th April. I'm hoping to see some of you W.A. country blokes in Perth on Anzac Day.

Regards to all, "**Happy**" **Greenhalgh**.

South Australian News.

The commando Association of South Australia held their monthly luncheon on Wednesday February 2nd. Bert & Sylvia Bache, Ian & Margaret Ronald, Kel & Ruby Carthew represented the 2/2nd.

Ian and Margaret will be returning to their home in England during February.

Bert celebrated his 84th birthday on January 29th. Congratulations Bert.

Bob & Audrey Williamson do not attend our luncheons; Bob as we know also belongs to the Z Force group which holds their monthly luncheon at the Richmond Hotel at Richmond.

Bob has made a great recovery from his heart operation. He and wife Audrey

spend a quiet life together at their home in Glenelg.

The 2/2nd Association members wish to express their condolences to the family of the late Jim Bowe. His passing was missed by the Commando Association of S.A. also by members of the 2/2nd.

Ruby and I are not too bad considering my troubles and as we get older the arthritis settles into bones which make life a bit of a drag.

Prior to Christmas our grandson took us to Beachport for a short break, this is the town I went to school in and had a few years work with Goldsborough Mort & Co. then a few months in the Post Office. I was invited to fill in at the Millicent Post Office. I left after a two month stint and became a member of the Australian Army.

On Sunday the 30th January, I tried to contact Margaret Stevens on the phone number in the address book. The number is incorrect as the person who answered said Margaret is now living in Cummina and he does not know her phone number or her street address.

Regards to all members throughout Australia, may the year 2005 be a more peaceful year.

Regards, Kel Carthew.

Victorian News.

A phone around to our few and far away members brought some surprises.

Beryl Boast is doing fine, getting by with her walking stick and walker. Beryl has had some tough periods in the past, but never complains and has a bright attitude.

Leith Cooper

had a fall shortly after our get-together in November, suffered some bruises etc. His wrist is giving him a bit of trouble but otherwise okay.

Eddie Bourke had a short stay in hospital with pneumonia and is now back home but is still undergoing some tests. Ed said age must be catching up with him.

Another hospital case,

Win Humphreys fell and broke her hip on 4th December and just returned home a few days ago.

Pat Petersen and sister Miriam are both well, Pat working hard on her farm

Blue Bone is still on chemo and experiencing unpleasant side effects. Mary too has not been well but is bearing up well.

Nina Grachan, Harry Botterill & Margaret Monk made no answer to my calls so hope all is well with them.

I had laser surgery on my knee in December and Fred with his swollen feet, we make a great pair hobbling around, and otherwise all well.

During the war, Fred was best man at Tom and Jean Yates (Kyogle) wedding. We recently received an invitation to their 60th Anniversary on 26th March, such a great mile-stone in life.

We would dearly love to make the trip but with Fred's poor mobility I doubt if we would make it.

Good health and best wishes to all friends of the 2/2nd.

Mavis Broadhurst.

The Unit History by Cyril Ayris.

I'm pleased to report that progress on the book covering the Unit's formation and service in Timor and Papua New Guinea, is progressing well – in fact, better than expected

As everybody will be aware, this is a big project and extraordinarily complicated, given the confusion at the time and the

passing of so many years since the end of hostilities. Nevertheless I have been greatly assisted by previous books and, just as importantly, by the recollections of many members over recent years.

I was told by a number of people before starting work that they did not want a "dry and boring" account of tactics and politics. "It wasn't like that," I was told. "There was humour and comradeship and plenty of it."

That fitted nicely with my philosophy on writing a book which has always been "make it a good read, otherwise why write it?"

Even so there has to be a balance and that's what I'm trying to achieve. For instance, we could hardly gloss over the 2/2nd invasion of a neutral country's colony! How often has Australia done that in the past?

The unfolding story of the 2/2nd has, for me, been about as exciting as a story can be. I had heard of you blokes but I must confess I had absolutely no idea how amazing your achievements were. The previously-mentioned comradeship and humour, the conditions, the lack of food, the malaria, the ambushes, the *criados* and, worst of all, the losses – it's all combining, I think, into a very good read.

I have a stack of documents, books, and written reports you couldn't jump over but please if you have stories to contribute, do not hesitate to give me a ring (9481 0691). They can be written out and posted to me (73 Outram Street, West Perth 6005) or I can come out and interview you.

I've been concentrating so far on getting down the basic story but I've now started interviewing people on tape. It is these interviews, which will be fitted into the

manuscript, bringing new life to the story of the 2/2nd.

At this stage I'm "quietly confident" that the book will be out by Christmas. There is still a great deal of work to be done but I reckon your Christmas present dilemma will be solved for this year, at least.

Cyril Ayris.

Photos of members will appear in our Unit History book. Members, widows and family members who have a photo of a former Unit member taken in uniform during the war years, are asked to provide a copy to the Association for publication in the book.

Please send photos to 2/2nd Commando Association, PO Box T 1646, GPO, Perth, W.A. 6001.

Your cooperation with this request would be appreciated.

J. Carey, Hon. Sec.

Independent Trust Fund.

The Trust has little to report except that our funds are intact after paying for a trial order of 5,000 packets of Yates vegetable seeds.

The limited shipment will determine how much, if any tariff can apply.

The following assessment of 'sundry' landing charges, whether more rigorous control of shipping procedures could result in goods being delivered intact to the addressee, Sr. Guilhermina Marcal of the Canossian Sisters.

We have a plan that hopefully could ensure ongoing delivery of vegetable seeds to East Timor for many years into the future.

Bob Smyth.

Chaplain Lindsay Carey, RAAF Base Williams, Vic.

I noted with interest your letter encouraging the RSL to invite all members and the general public to recite "The Ode" together at remembrance services (such as ANZAC Day) so the "The Ode" would become better known by today's generation and that of generations to come (Commando Courier, December 2004, p. 23). I also noted Mr Bill Crew's opposing response (on behalf of the RSL 'National Executive') that "there are long standing traditions associated with "The Ode" and that, "various groupings have their own individual arrangements we would not want to mandate this for other activities.. we do not wish to be too prescriptive Our concern is the accuracy of those ('The Ode') words." (Commando Courier, December 2004, p. 24).

It occurred to me however that it is totally incongruent on the one hand to expect people to maintain the accuracy of "The Ode" words but on the other hand not support 'The Ode' being said collectively so that it can be correctly learnt by current and future generations. Crew's and the RSL's National Executive's perspective defies longstanding basic principles of educational method – most notable – practice enhances perfection! Reciting "The Ode" collectively and correctly not only encourages the fullness of "The Ode" to be passed on correctly from one generation to the next but also the significance of its meaning – "Lest we forget" – which we will if not practiced!

In any case, some of the most powerful and longstanding social changes around the world have occurred because of 'grass root' movements from among the people. I would like to draw your attention to one such popular movement

concerning the usage of "The Ode". In 2004 I was asked by medical staff to inaugurate the first Remembrance Day Service at a major teaching hospital in Melbourne – The Alfred Hospital. The request arose because some staff and former staff at the hospital were members of the RSL and other staff were specialist reservists with the Army, Air Force and Navy who had recently returned from deployment overseas. Reciprocal recognition of the sacrifice made by RSL members and current reservists was kindled – and they wanted to 'remember' collectively the sacrifice made by those who had given their lives for their country in years gone by.

My suggestion that, "the 'Order of Service' for Remembrance Day at the Alfred Hospital on the 11th of November 2004, include 'The Ode' for people to recite together", was unanimously agreed to by hospital chaplains, hospital executives, medical staff, RSL members and current serving reservists. On the day every dynamic of the service was completed perfectly by the various participants (e.g., bugler, wreath layers, etc.). As part of the prelude to the time of remembrance, two people spoke movingly of their military experience – the first a Navy WWII veteran, the second a RAAF(SR) nurse who had recently served in East Timor and Iraq. An Army medical officer laid the wreath. The subsequent and collective citing by all in attendance of "The Ode" had a powerful effect – everyone remembered together and became united by saying a common creed. Many were affected by the testimonies and the dynamic of saying 'The Ode' together some to the point of tears – ongoing pastoral care was available to those affected by the impact of the service. Due to the overwhelming

positive feedback from this service it has been proposed that next year we will relocate from the Alfred Chapel to the main auditorium to allow for increased seating.

I can only write to support the principle of encouraging "The Ode" to become prescriptive, even mandated, for all to collectively affirm at commemorative events such as ANZAC, Remembrance Day and appropriate funerals.

Yours sincerely

Chaplain Lindsay B. Carey, M.App.Sc
RAAF Chaplain – RAAF Base Williams
(Victoria)

& National Research Officer

Australian Health & Welfare Chaplains
Association.

1st January 2005.

W.E. Gaynor OAM RFD

10/2/05

State President

The Returned & Services League of
Australia

W.A. Branch (Inc.)

Anzac House, PERTH.

Dear Sir,

"The Ode"

Further to your letter of the 28th September last and my letter of thanks, I am writing to see if you would consider the following proposal:

That on this coming Anzac Day, at the morning service in Langley Park, The Ode be printed on the leaflets handed out to all those in attendance.'

Just prior to the sounding of the Last Post you, as President, invite those present to join with you in the saying of The Ode.

The Last Post and 2 minutes silence and the Rouse naturally follow.

For the majority present it would be the first time that they have said the words and I'm sure it would mean more to them than listening to a member of your executive saying it as occurs now.

I cannot understand why your League is so reluctant to invite or encourage other than senior members of the league to say The Ode at services such as Anzac Day and other special occasions.

I appeal to you at least give my proposal every consideration. If it happened I feel sure the League would be complimented for taking such an innovative action.

I have enclosed a copy of a letter written by Chaplain Lindsay Carey on the above subject.

Yours sincerely

J. W. Carey OAM

Hon. Secretary

MY BROTHER MERVYN.

Like many returned men, my brother never spoke very much about his war experiences. I'm writing here more about the effect of his war experiences on our family.

My brother, Mervyn Ryan, put his age up three years to join up in WW2. Although he was not much more than a boy when he enlisted I thought he was the greatest hero there ever was. There was a large gap of sixteen years in our ages so I was only about four when he was off overseas but I have very clear memories of the day when my parents and I said goodbye in our front garden to Mervyn, Tony Bowers and my uncle Allen Powell (who later died on the Burma Railway). Those tall well built young men fooled around on my

tricycle, pedal car and scooter posing for photos and generally lightening a pretty sad day for our family.

My mother also had five brothers and a sister who joined up at some stage of the war and my father had a brother in uniform so the war was very real in our family even though geographically, we in Western Australia were far removed from it. My memories of that day are so vivid over sixty years later that I hardly need the photos I still have of the occasion as reminders.

I believe that when the Japanese took Dili aerodrome in East Timor, Mervyn was badly injured by a grenade while many around him died. Later he was rescued and hidden by Timorese but his condition deteriorated so they handed him over to the Portuguese to obtain medical help for his wounds. However, the Portuguese passed him over to the Japanese and so he became a prisoner-of-war. Later he was moved to Batavia, now Jakarta, in Indonesia and imprisoned at Bicycle Camp, so named because of all the bicycles found when the first prisoners were housed there (later the site of the Borobudur Hotel where I used to play bridge when my late husband was posted to Jakarta!). He had been moved to Changi Prison in Singapore by the time war ended in 1945.

In the early days after the invasion on Dili we didn't know whether Mervyn had survived. Somehow I knew that if 'soldiers' came to the door it could mean trouble though I didn't understand why. One day I answered the doorbell and one of the two soldiers there asked me where my mother was. She was in the bath so I told her who was at the door. Her heart must have sunk as she dressed hurriedly. However they had come to deliver a message, a message from Mervyn! They

handed Mum a small red imitation crocodile skin purse and inside was a small note that had been folded and unfolded so often it was almost torn along the folds. That little purse would turn up frequently in various places in our home over many, many years and each time we saw it the story would be told again. Sadly when my parents died I never found the little red purse. The note was actually written by my brother to reassure us that he was alive and although badly wounded was doing all right. I think that he was still a prisoner in East Timor at this time and that little purse had been smuggled out and through many hands to reach us in Perth. News after that was never as personal and I don't think very frequent so the anxiety was always there. The only detail I ever heard of his treatment at the hand of his captors was that because he was a big man he had been 'put in charge' of a group of men including some Dutch prisoners. Two of them escaped without letting anyone know of their plans so that when they were missed it was Mervyn who received severe punishment including a serious head wound.

We had very little news of Mervyn while he was a prisoner-of-war and didn't know at the end of the war with Japan that he was in Changi. A photo appeared in the West Australian of a group of Australian diggers in uniform after their release from that infamous place. My mother picked out Mervyn and rang the newspaper. They recognized a human interest story and the next day published the story but, unfortunately, attached to a photo of the wrong soldier! My mother's friends thought the stress of not knowing Mervyn's fate had tipped her over the edge and she had imagined that she'd seen him in the photo. I must report that

the next day the article was repeated but this time with the right photo!

After his release from Changi prisoner-of-war camp in Singapore he returned home on the 'Duntroon' (after some fattening up I believe). By this time I was seven years of age and suddenly aware that I was no longer a cute little toddler with ringlets AND I wore glasses. I pulled out all my powers of persuasion to talk my mother into curling my hair in rag wrappings the night before to have ringlets for the big home-coming and to give me permission to leave my glasses off for the day. I think I must have looked a bit silly to be frank but I can't remember ever feeling as excited as I did that day. We stood on the wharf as the ship berthed, peering up and down the rails for the familiar face. When my poor mother spotted him she just rushed forward. I think that if Dad had not grabbed her she would have walked right off that wharf.

As my own son passed the age at which so many young men went off to WW2 I used to feel cold at the thought that in another time he could have been one of those young men in their prime who went off to war, thinking that it would be the biggest adventure of their lives. Many were right but it certainly wasn't the best adventure they could have had and it came at a price for them and their loved ones at home not knowing if or when they would have them back again.

Dawn Laing.

Thank you for a very moving article Dawn. Ed.

"The Missing Fortune".

We were in Portuguese East Timor during the Timor Campaign. This was during the August push, when the Japs were going

to wipe us out for good. We were around Same at the time, 'we', being a group of soldiers from different platoons regrouping after being disorganized.

On this day a whole group of us were on a ridge which dropped down about 1000 feet on one side, and the other side a few hundred feet, but had a track leading back in the direction where the Japs were. We had stopped for a break and everyone was in good spirits. Suddenly the Japs started shelling. They shelled every native hut that they saw. We were all a bit casual about this, and we were not alarmed because the huts were about 1000 feet above us and away from our direction.

We could hear the shells whining through the air. Whee-e-e and then crump and black smoke and red flames would engulf the air. We did not think the Japs could see us and they would have had to be accurate to get us on a narrow ridge anyway.

Well accurate they were after their spotters found us. One shell which landed near us did not explode; it slithered red hot past a tree and clipped a kuda (small Timor pony) on the rump which then bolted off down the track heading towards the Japs. But this kuda had about \$400.00 (pounds) strapped on its back.

This money was in threepences, sixpences, one and two shilling pieces. This amount of money was worth a small fortune in Timor. The natives liked the silver, which they would make into attractive ornaments and the like. No one was game enough to go after this horse and bring it back. By now it was peacefully feeding unaware of the commotion it had caused. Such a huge fortune would not be able to be concealed and the chief would have been judged by the Japs to

be pro Australian and he and a few villagers would have had their heads cut off.

I can only assume the Japs got the fortune. The shell that did not explode was among about 4 or 5 from No. 2 Section. Joe Poynton was one, probably Don Hudson, Tony Bowers, perhaps "Chook" Fowler or Roy Watson. One Section which I was in, was just up from 2 Section.

Fred Otway.

GROWING UP IN TRAFALGAR.

This nostalgic account by our late member Peter Alexander, tells of his youthful days growing up in Trafalgar, W.A. in the 1920s & 30s.

Trafalgar was a small town situated about two kilometers east of the Golden Mile.

The town's population would have been about five hundred at its peak. It consisted of two hotels, one general store, three or four smaller stores, a butcher, bakers, barbers shop, two schools and three churches.

Trafalgar was serviced by the Loop Line, a steam train usually made up of two carriages and a guards van. It left Kalgoorlie at about half hour intervals, passed numerous small stations on the way to Boulder, then on round the mines to Trafalgar, Brown Hill and back to Kalgoorlie.

The majority of the men in Trafalgar worked on the mines, usually three shifts, day afternoon and night. The young ladies found themselves jobs in the stores in Kalgoorlie and Boulder. Each morning they would catch the train at the station, that is everyone except my cousin Dorrie Doyle. She was forever running late, so instead of walking to the station, she

would go out the backgate, walk the hundred metres or so to the railway line and stand by the side of the rails and flag the train down. The train crews got to know her and it became known as "Doyle's Siding".

As kids we never found life boring. Come the weekends we would head for the bush or the mines. We would walk miles in the bush looking for rabbits. These we would dispatch with our "shanghi" or known to us as a ging made up of two strips of rubber each about a foot long, a pronged fork and a leather pouch for holding the missile, usually a small round stone. The average kid became pretty accurate when firing them.

I think most households would have rabbit on the menu at least twice a week, especially when the depression hit Australia around the thirties. I remember we would be paid the princely sum of threepence and they had to be cleaned and skinned. We had rabbit baked, stewed and fried. The poor old mums were always trying to come up with some new way of cooking them.

I remember during the depression the men coming from over the Eastern States looking for work on the mines. They would hitch a ride on the Trans train and get off at Golden Ridge, a small mining town about fifteen kilometres east of Trafalgar. They would make up a hovel out of pieces of iron or perhaps live in a discarded water tank.

Each morning they would head for the mines hoping to get a job. If unsuccessful they would return to Trafalgar and go around knocking on doors enquiring if they could cut up some wood in return for a meal. There was no dole to fall back on in those days.

A place we used to spend hours looking for rabbits was the "Thicket" a piece of bushland about a kilometre east of the town. It was actually a big floodway come heavy rains or thunderstorms. It would eventually drain in Hannan's Lake about four kilometres away.

Come Springtime the ground would be covered in everlasting and clover and to and smell the wattle was great. Years later all this was to disappear when the mines decided to build their slime dumps in that area. The toxic dust blowing off the dumps soon put paid to all the flora in the area.

There were a couple of farms in this area, also a piggery owned by a Jack Marchoni. Jack built his two camps right in the middle of this floodway. The only ones who appeared to enjoy the surroundings were the ducks. The pigs and cattle spent most of their time looking for higher ground. One had seen the ducks swimming in and around the camp Jack used as his kitchen, then they would swim across and into the other camp containing his bed.

The mines were a never ending attraction. We would wander around up there looking for copper, brass and cast iron. Anything we could sell to the "bottleo" who would visit Trafalgar each Saturday morning looking to buy bottles and scrap metal.

He became known to us kids as 'Cheaty'. Why I will never know. I know who used to do the cheating and it wasn't the bottleo.

The first thing one noticed about Cheaty was the big round metal plate he wore around his neck. This had his name and license number engraved on it. I think it was the weight of this adornment that caused him to walk with a slight stoop.

Cheaty would never buy a bottle until he had put his nose to the neck and had a good sniff to make sure it had not contained phenyle. This was a black liquid that poured into the toilet pan to try and make it smell nice if that was possible.

Before Cheaty arrived on the Saturday morning we would make sure each bottle had a liberal smearing of tomato sauce inside each bottle neck. The kids standing around got a great kick out of seeing Cheaty walking away with his mouth ringed by tomato sauce.

Some mornings we would have a heap of copper and brass waiting to sell to him. His only means of weighing the stuff was a small set of scales suspended from a clothes line. This is where Cheaty should have had eyes in the back of his head. Quite a few pound of the metal already weighed found its way back onto the heap to be weighed. To finish off a good mornings work, we would usually relive him of a few bottles off the back of his cart, race around and catch him coming up the next street and sell them back to him.

One of the biggest attractions to the mines was to swim in the vats. These were huge containers that held the water coming out of the steam winders. I think just every boy in Trafalgar learnt to swim in the vats. They would have been about 12 feet deep so it was swim or sink. I don't remember any kid drowning.

Another attraction to the mines was the fruit trees growing in the bosses' yards. Hardly a house in Trafalgar had a garden, let alone fruit trees.

We would meet up at the local fire station, and then armed with a sugar bag set off for the mine houses.

The first stop was "Corry's" residence known for their delicious nectarines. We became experts at feeling out the ripe ones. With two or three dozen nectarines in the bag it was off to Joe Thorn's house. He was manager of the Lake View & Star. We voted his grapes the best!

Getting them was bit tricky; they were growing on a pergola. This was left to Bob Terrell, who was like a cat getting around. One night he was on the pergola and the maid was down the far end doing the ironing. She never heard a thing.

From Joe Thorns it was over it was over to Dunk McCauley's place for some freestone peaches. I remember one night we had just got over the fence when Dunk came out of the house and down onto the lawn to relieve himself. We all stood or squatted like statues until he disappeared inside again.

Back at the fire station the bag would be emptied out in the middle of the floor and there was never a shortage of mates to help eat out the contents.

There was great rivalry between Trafalgar and Brownhill especially when it came to sport. The football games between the two schools were always hotly contested.

One of Trafalgar's best supporters was an old dear named Mrs Farrington. She would always arrive with her old alarm clock and act as timekeeper.

Any team visiting them, no matter if they won or lost, was always bricked home. I don't remember anyone ever getting hurt.

Goings on at the local hotel must have always been good for a laugh. Sunday mornings the pub would be filled with the local males. Women frequenting hotels in those days were frowned upon. Anyone attempting it had to sneak in through the back gate.

A raffle was held on Sunday mornings. Most blokes bought a ticket and very seldom inquired as to what the prize was. My cousin tells the yarn about her father's ticket being drawn first out of the hat. He was taken out to the back of the pub where he was presented with his prize – a horse!

It was said the Uncle mounted up, rode the horse in and around the bar of the hotel, then out the front door, dismounted, and gave the horse a slap on the rump and it was last seen heading for the bush from where it had come.

I don't know what they put in the beer those days, but I heard another yarn about one of the locals who got a bit under the weather and was heard to say he was going to fly across the street to the pub opposite. Nobody took much notice of this statement until about ten minutes later there was one hell of a bang in the horse trough out the front. All the customers in the pub raced out the front door to see what had caused the din and found the would-be flyer in the trough none the worse for wear.

Apparently he had staggered upstairs, climbed onto the balustrade and launched himself off. I heard tell he went on the square after that.

A few of the ladies in Trafalgar would have a small get together from time to time and each one would take along a bottle of wine.

My mother used to tell the story about a Mrs Pittaway turning up at one of these gatherings and saying she couldn't stay long, she had to get home and make a steak and kidney pie for her husband Joe's tea. After half an hour had gone by and a few drinks with it Mrs Pittaway announced that Joe's steak and kidney pie was off and she would cook him some

nice steak and eggs. After another half an hour had ticked by the steak and eggs were off and she decided she would open a can of salmon and make him a salad. One hour later when someone mentioned Joe's tea, she was heard to remark "Joe's tea, let the old bastard get his own tea!"

The women those days were sure a tough breed. The average family would have been at least five. There were eight in my family. All the mums had to look forward to was getting meals, cutting cribs, washing, ironing and scrubbing floors.

No washing machines in those days, the clothes were boiled in a copper out in the back yard. All the water had to be carried in a bucket from a tap on the back verandah. I had seen as many as sixteen shirts on the line all of which had to be starched and then ironed with what we called flat irons heated on top of the wood stove in the kitchen.

There were no fridges to turn to for a cold drink, only the water bag hanging out the back.

Not many houses sported a bath. The biggest tub used for washing the clothes was usually brought into action for this purpose. The water was changed after about three bodies had been bathed in it.

I can't remember a lot of sickness breaking out in the town. No house was fitted with fly wire doors and during the summer the flies would swarm in, the ceilings would be black with them.

Eating ones meal was always a problem, trying to eat and keep the flies away at the same time. Someone remarked you could always tell the flies that had flown in from the toilet; they were the ones with ashes on their wings! Most people put a

tin of ashes in the 'dunny' to be thrown into the pan.

Most of the woman had their babies at home. If they were lucky a midwife might have been on hand, but these ladies only means of transport was a bicycle and if a baby decided to arrive in the early hours of the morning, there was no way of getting in touch. A telephone was a rarity in those days.

I can always remember the Italian chap who lived next door coming in late one night asking my mother would she go into his place; his wife was going into labour. My mother went in and delivered the baby, no complications, no worries.

The young ones in Trafalgar were always very sport minded, Cricket, football, tennis were played by most

The cricket was played in the evenings out in the middle of the street or in one of the many vacant blocks. Most kids usually arrived at the game devouring a slice of bread and jam. Not many catches were dropped even though most had to be taken one handed. No one was going to drop his bread and jam to take a two handed catch.

Two days most families looked forward to were Boxing Day and New Years Day. These two days were spent in Kalgoorlie's Victoria Park. It had great surroundings, big shady trees and nice green lawns.

The kids were given rugs and went off to the station to catch an early train to Kalgoorlie. On arriving at Victoria Siding; we would race across to the park, find a shady tree and spread the rugs out.

An hour or so later the adults would arrive with the baskets full of goodies, cakes, sandwiches, scones, biscuits and

raspberry cordial. That appeared to be the basic drink for kids other than water.

Throughout the day we kids would be given a couple of billies to be filled with hot water from Mrs Hinchcliffe's shop. The ladies appeared to drink endless cups of tea.

We didn't mind going on this errand, it meant we would probably arrive back licking an ice-cream, a real treat in those days. The park boasted a small zoo, one monkey, four emus and a cage full of parrots. The monkey, who went under the name of "Roy" was the main attraction.

By the end of the day we would have clocked up a few miles, not like the adults, we never appeared to sit down, only for lunch.

We all looked forward to the ride back around the loop line to Trafalgar. No one needed to be rocked to sleep after that day out.

The McIntyres were a well known Trafalgar family; there were two boys and two girls. One of the boys, Jack went under the nick-name of "Fatty".

My brother Bill had arranged to call in at the McIntyre house and wake Fatty up to go rabbiting. Fatty's dad worked an odd type of shift on the mines. It was called "shandy" shift – 8 p.m. till 4 a.m.

He and Fatty both slept in beds on the front verandah and both had curly black hair.

The old man had not been long in bed and had dozed off when Bill arrived on the scene. Seeing the curly head sticking out from under the blanket he went over and grabbed a handful and gave it a tug and call for Fatty to wake up. Next minute Bill was sent flying with a roar from under the blankets. Later on when fatty caught up with Bill a mile or so down the road,

he informed him to stay away from the McIntyre's residence for a while because his dad was going to kick his a—e when he caught up with him!

The trades' people were very often a source of interest when they arrived in the town to sell their wares. The milkman came first with his cart containing two big cans, one filled with milk and the other with water. Each had a billy can place on the front verandah to be filled with milk.

The baker came next with his cart loaded with freshly baked loaves of bread. There were types to choose from – white or brown!

The butcher's cart was entertainment on its own watching the butcher and the customers trying to keep the flies from pouncing on the meat the minute the doors were opened.

I'm afraid health inspectors were few and far between in those days.

It was great to be able to talk the driver into giving us a ride around the town though.

The greengrocer was welcomed by the kids. It meant we could also pocket an apple or an orange while he wasn't looking. It was made easier when he left his cart unattended out the front of the local pub.

Wal Jacobs, one of the local lads was always up to some mischief. One of his favorite pastimes was cutting out tin boomerangs. These he would throw and the kids standing around watching would, on their return, have to duck and dive out of the way to stop from being decapitated.

Another one of his tricks was to fill a tin with water, ram the lid on tight and stand it on a fire. A loud bang would result when the pressure built up and the tin blew apart.

Most kids kept pigeons for a hobby. We were able to come by some really good ones, by courtesy of one of the managers of the Lake View and Star mines. He only went in for the best breeds. When he let them out they would fly across to the open cut, about half a kilometre away and build their nests on the side of the walls.

We would climb down and retrieve the eggs, take them home and put them under our own pigeons. We finished up with a great variety of birds. The park boasted a small zoo, one monkey, four emus and a cage full of parrots.

The local hall was a popular meeting place for the residents. They would come from near and far to attend a dance.

These took place at least once a month. The floor was always crowded during a dance and in between dances the kids would take over, sliding up and down the well greased boards.

All the women would arrive at the hall with plates piled high with cream sponges, cakes, scones and sandwiches. These were deposited on tables set in the kitchen at the back of the hall.

Wal Jacobs, always a very observant lad, noticed the table holding the sponges was place very conveniently under a window which was missing one pane of glass. Wal worked out that all that was needed to procure himself a sponge was a drum to stand on and a pointed stick. Wal had no trouble obtaining these seeing he lived next door to the hall.

Placing the drum under the window and making sure the two tea ladies were watching a dance in progress and had their backs to him while standing in the kitchen doorway, Wal put the stick through the window, speared the biggest sponge on the table which could have been a mistake, because it decided to

part company with the stick when only half way back to the window. It landed smack bang in amongst some cups and saucers. It was said later the tea ladies got such a fright that they finished up in the middle of the dance floor!

A few of the males came out and around the back to see what was going on, but there was no sign of Wal who had quickly disappeared into the night.

I believe that theft from houses in Trafalgar was unheard of (excluding mine managers gardens). People never locked their doors. I don't think any owner possessed a key.

In later years when the train ceased to operate, anyone wishing to attend the picture theatre in Boulder had to walk the four kilometres, even on pitch black nights, up through the mines and then on down into Boulder.

Even the young ladies never gave a thought to being molested. Boy, how times have changed!

(Continued in the June Courier)

CORRESPONDENCE.

G. & M. Shields, Bowen, Qld.

It is mango season time here in Bowen again and in spite of the dry weather we have had a good early mango season and the harvesting of the crop is nearly over. There are just a few smaller, high ones we can afford to share with the parrots and an occasional flying fox.

We are doing well and hope this finds you in good health also. We have had a good year at home with many visits from the family. We had a trip to Brisbane and a few to Mackay to visit family and catch up with friends. The family is well and it

was a pleasure to spend time with grandchildren.

George is as busy as ever. He is still in the various organizations that keep him moving. He also tended his vegetable garden during the cooler months and his orchard of fruit, pawpaw, banana, citrus and passionfruit is growing beautifully under his TLC.

I have a relaxing year of doing as little as possible! There is always routine work that is unavoidable, but it is good at times not having to rush and "to put off till tomorrow what I don't want to do today". I have enjoyed just being at home and "pottering".

We were very thrilled to receive from our American friends a video of the rescue of Los Banos aired on the US History Channel in February. It covered the lead up and the history off all the people associated with the rescue of the Japanese prison camp that my family and I were incarcerated for three and a quarter years. I was excited to see myself depicted three times!

We had a happy visit here in Bowen with Ron Archer and again met him and Lyn in Brisbane.

Enclosed please find cheque for \$100 to help defray the costs of the Courier which we thoroughly enjoy.

Wishing you good health, Margo and George.

Sorry your letter just missed the closing date for the December Courier, better luck next year! Ed.

B. Sadler, Lovegrove Lodge, Wongan Hills, W.A.

I was disappointed I had to miss the Service in the Park this year. I wasn't far away as I had surgery on my shoulder

on the Saturday prior at Hollywood. I came back to the Lodge at Wongan on the Tuesday where I will be until after the 6th January, cannot do much with one arm. It's all so frustrating as its 5 months now.

Peter is still harvesting and there's a ban on today, the wind is dreadful. His only daughter is being married in February, the first of my grandchildren.

I see quite a lot of Mavis; she had a fall and had one arm out of action too. Living in a small country town we are fortunate in having lots of "taxi drivers", what would one do without friends!

I went to Perth for Christmas Day to have lunch with my sister who had a stroke a few months ago, and getting her out of hospital for the day.

I had an enjoyable trip to Darwin last June. I flew to Adelaide, boarded the Ghan for a 3 day train journey (quite an experience) to Darwin then six days touring and then flew home. There were 48 carriages on the train, all the meals were very tasty and the staff great.

Thank you for the Courier which always interesting reading.

Wishing you all the best, take care.
Blanche.

B. Cullen, Kyogle, N.S.W.

I have enclosed a cheque for the Association as you deem where needed.

Thank you for the Courier, I am always interested to know of the activities of the Association and members.

"Happy" keeps in touch per phone (checks to see if I am still here). I had a surprise phone call last Sunday from "Sproko", pleased to know his heart is on

the up. We had a pleasant chat about this, that and everything.

We had some steady soaking rain, a welcome turn around thank goodness.

My postal address has been amended (see in Change of Address).

Cheerio for now, best wishes to all.

Beryl.

D. Friend, W.A.

Please accept enclosed to keep up your good works for the 2/2nd members.

I have settled into village life and it was the best thing I could have done to help me get over my loss. The lifestyle and companionship has been truly wonderful.

Best wishes to all members for 2005.
Regards, Daphne Friend.

N. Briggs, Lilydale, Vic.

Enclosed please find \$50, could you please send me 15 fridge magnets.

Thanks for sending the Courier as I enjoy reading it.

I am still involved with Croydon Legacy Widows, and going into my tenth year as secretary. I have caught up with Dot Robinson who has joined us.

Keep the change for postage of the Courier.

Yours sincerely, Nancy Briggs.

N. Timms, Como. W.A.

Enclosed \$50.00 cheque towards the Courier. I would like the Unit book when available.

I am 86 and apart from being very feeble with my walking, am keeping good health.

Sincerely, Nancy Timms.

D. Laing, Bruce, ACT.

Thank you for your Christmas card and your request for an article. I was a little late getting to it as I was away for Xmas. I hope I am not too late.

I feel what I've written may not be what you were looking for because of the lack of personal anecdotes about the war from Mervyn. If that is the case I will not be offended in the least if you don't find it suitable. Of course you may also need to edit it for your needs of space etc.

The experience of writing this piece and bringing up those memories has been a good one. Thank you.

I hope that 2005 is a great year for you and all.

Yours sincerely, Dawn Laing. (Merv Ryan's sister)

N. Grachan, Vic.

Please find enclosed donation of \$30 to assist with your work.

Regards, Nina Grachan.

Ian Scott, Neutral Bay, NSW.

Being a little earlier than usual with this my annual letter, I shall take the opportunity to wish you, Mrs Carey and all those who contribute so much to the promotion and dispatch of the Courier a very happy and healthy 2005.

I leave the allocation of enclosed cheque to you.

Sincerely Ian Scott.

J.P. Kenneally, Yagoona, NSW.

Best Wishes to you and the men of the Unit and their families as we march into

a trouble filled 2005, let us pray and hope it will have a more peaceful ending.

We had a good Christmas, the usual clan gathering for Christmas tea. All fit and well, discounting of course the twinges we of an older generation experience. Watching the younger brigade in action is nostalgic therapy for the former.

We were fortunate on Christmas day, the weather was cool, however, it has been a hot, humid uncomfortable summer, one redeeming feature, is we have enjoyed some much needed rain.

There has been much celebration, Michael turned fifty mid January and did the honours by putting on a half century party at his place. There was about half a century of guests there as well.

Alan Luby has been in hospital again for surgery on his good leg. He had a double bypass on his right leg. I saw him last week, all was well and Alan was in good spirits. At time of writing he may have been transferred to Lady Davidson on the Upper North Shore. I will visit him on Thursdays 3rd February and naturally I will check whether he is still in the Royal North Shore or Lady Davidson.

I went down to Nowra yesterday to attend Mal Lindsay's funeral service at Woomagee Memorial Gardens Cemetery, also present was Pat Costello and Jean Keenahan giving a sizeable 2/2nd Unit representation for NSW in 2005.

Jean is well and despite Jack's death still has a good life in Huskisson; of course she and Jack lived there for many years, and were part of the community life. She sends her best wishes to the people she met up with during several Safaris that she and Jack attended over the years.

Pat Costello made a sterling effort to be present. His wife Dorothy had a doctor's appointment at 10 a.m. so Pat was on

the run to be present at Mal's service at 11 a.m. I was in luck; Pat treated me to an excellent lunch at the Sports Club situated about 4 kms from the cemetery. It was a leisurely lunch, speaking, and mentally going back over the years, army and post war. Pat and I had many common acquaintances connected to rugby league. Pat is well, plays golf a couple of times a week. He sends his best wishes to Unit members, particularly to Harry Sproxton and the men of Nine Section.

All the information I have on Mal Lindsay's post war life comes from friends and neighbours who knew him for from thirty to fifty years when he spent holidays and later lived in Vincentia on the South Coast. To those people I am indebted for the information I gleaned on Mal Lindsay's post war life, the members of Huskisson RSL. His neighbours Jan, Irene, Gordon, Elley and Mary, all contributed bits and pieces that go to making life, my thanks to all of them. Good luck.

Paddy Kenneally.

S. Beecher, Malvern, Victoria.

Please note a change of address for my mother;

Mrs Cath Roberts, Noel Miller Centre, 9-15 Kent St., Glen Iris. 3146.

Could you please ensure that the 2/2nd Commando Courier is delivered to the above address? Thank you.

Kind regards, Sue Beecher.

**B. Brooks,
Narrabrie, N.S.W.**

First I must extend an apology for the long delay in thanking Mr Carey for his reply

(and copy of 'Courier') to my correspondence in the mid of last year.

Second, I would very much appreciate to be informed when the current history of the Unit has been compiled. Will you be including a nominal roll with service numbers? I found the achievement of the Unit's campaign in Timor a truly remarkable feat, and I'm seeking a roll of those who served there. I know there was one in 'The Double Reds of Timor', but there are no service numbers with the names. Are these details available from the Association?

Please find enclosed cheque for \$20.00 towards Courier and Trust Fund

Yours sincerely,

Brenton Brooks.

A list of names and service numbers will be in the Unit History. In the meantime information can be obtained on the internet at www.ww2roll.gov.au (leave out birth date as these are not always correct)
Ed.

J. Chatfield, Erskine, W.A.

I've been intending to send off a word or two to say "Hello" for quite a while now so here I am with a mind full of thoughts, some happy and others tinged with sadness. It will be a year on the 26th that we all lost a very good friend in the passing of Don Turton. I miss Don as I always looked forward to his phone calls and kind thoughts. His friendship meant a great deal to me and I'm sure you both miss him as well.

Do hope this finds you and your family well as it leaves me. With my medication reduced and my body responding, my illness is in the past – thank God!

I ring around to Mary & Paddy King, Tony Bowers, Jim (Tiger) Lines, all of them in the age syndrome.

Vera Watson had a very trying time after Xmas and is still slowly recovering from shingles. She is a bright and lovely lady and I see her often.

Well my dear friends I must away, sending my thoughts to you and all our good friends of the Unit.

All the best for good health and happiness,

Joy Chatfield.

Yes Joy, we miss Don popping in on 'his way past' for a quick coffee. Ed.

J. Steen, Thornlands, Qld.

Herewith a \$100 for you to use as you think fit.

The wife and I went for a drive to Townsville to see our son but I can assure you that we will never do it that way again.

We tried to get to see Lucky Goodhew but when you are in your son's and daughter-in-law's hands all you can do is follow their itinerary, but I did ring him and he has been suffering for 2 years with dermatitis all over his body and I feel sorry for the poor bugger.

Happy will probably tell you all the news. Russ Blanch is not too well but I guess we all get to that stage in our lives.

Anyhow we're hoping that you and Delys are in the best of health as we are.

Beryl & Jack Steen.

H. Botterill, Hampton East, Vic.

Writing to you to let you know that I am keeping well and coping with life in general. My cooking is improving and

must be alright as I have not lost any weight.

I rang Mavis Broadhurst last night and she said that she had rung around and got some news of other Vics. Happy Greenhalgh keeps in touch and passes on any news and I also keep in touch with Margaret & Don.

I will be marching in the Anzac Day March so will pass on any news after that. My regards to all in each state and hope they are as well as can be.

Harry Botterill.

Pars On People.

Don Young who was 87 last December is in pretty good shape for his age. Time passes slowly for Don in his Manjimup nursing home but he is coping okay. The Young family of ten, 6 boys and 4 girls, grew up in Manji and it is pleasing to report that 7 are still on deck with Don still having 4 brothers and 2 sisters. Brother Bill and Colin are in Manji and he sees Colin regularly.

Don was a member of 5 Section of whom he along with Les Halse and Ray Parry are the sole survivors. Keep going Don.

Members will be pleased to learn that Jess Epps, Barbara Payne and Len Bagley are back in harness again. Though only about 75% all three are glad to be home and would welcome a phone call from old friends. So look up their phone number in your address book and dial away!

Alan Luby has had a rough couple of months. He was admitted to the Royal North Shore Hospital in January. Alan had an arterial bypass done on his right leg to improve circulation but developed a nasty infection in his groin and has been on antibiotics for six weeks. He is now

recovering in Lady Davidson Rehab centre in North Tullamurra. He is also having his prosthesis remodeled as it was giving him a lot of trouble. Alan hopes to be home before Easter which I'm sure he will. Good luck Alan.

Ray Aitken who was 89 last November has been invited to make another visit to East Timor this year.

Last year President Gusmao made available his guest house for Ray - VIP treatment indeed. Beset with health problems Ray still soldiers on and is hoping to be well enough to make the trip.

Our popular committeeman Dick Darrington is planning a trip to the "Old Dart" in May for a couple of months. Have a good trip Dick.

Bernie Langridge was 88 on the 3rd March. Bernie recently had a pacemaker installed and though still suffering from acute angina he is beginning to feel a little better. Babs, a former nurse is taking good care of Bernie. They are a lovely couple.

I caught up with Helen Poynton at Jack Fowler's funeral. Whilst still very thin, Helen was in good spirits and wanted to be remembered to her old friends. A great lady is our Helen.

The editorial staff would love to receive news from those members and widows who have not put pen to paper for donkey's years. How are we to know how you are getting on unless you write or ring to tell us?

Sick Parade.

Lorraine March qualified for this column when she tripped in the family room fell and broke her left hip early in January. Lorraine was operated on within 24 hours, had a screw inserted in the injured hip and spent 7 days in Fremantle hospital where she was

treated with exceptional kindness. She is still on crutches but making good progress.

Wilf is on Interferon and administers two shots a day in his tummy area. Karen their daughter stepped in and filled the gap looking after her parents. Lorraine should be right by Easter. God bless you both.

Henry Sproxton is on very strong tablets of which the side effects are nearly as uncomfortable as his complaint. He receives strong support from family and many friends which helps to make life bearable.

Mary King, Charlie's widow is not all that well and spends most of her time at home being cared for by son Paddy. We miss you at our functions Mary, God bless.

We are aware that many on our mailing list have health problems but choose to suffer in silence. May 2005 be a little kinder to you all.

Birthday Boys.

Reg Tatum	3 rd	Jan.	85
Allan Mitchell	4 th	"	81
Tony Bowers	14 th	"	86
Keith Hayes	15 th	"	84
Peter Campbell	18 th	"	84
Eric Herd	20 th	"	86
Bert Bache	29 th	"	84
Paddy Kenneally	7 th	Feb.	89
Harry Sproxton	8 th	"	82
Ed Bourke	8 th	"	82
Wilf March	15 th	"	88
Bernie Langridge	3 rd	Mar.	88
Bill Connell	12 th	"	82
Ted Monk	13 th	"	85
Alan Adams	18 th	"	86

A "Happy Birthday" to you all.

If your name is not on our list and you would like it to be please let me know Ed. (08 9332 7050).

Ian Scott	50.00
Fred Otway	30.00
Brenton Brooks	10.00
Ron Archer & Lyn Love.	50.00
Jack & Beryl Steen.	50.00

Thank you for your continued support. Ed

Roll Call 28/2/05

<u>Members</u>		<u>Widows</u>
WA	33	44
NSW	21	36
QLD	19	12
VIC.	13	23
SA	3	6
TAS.	3	5
ACT.	1	3
U.K.	1	=
	94	129

350 Couriers are issued quarterly
223 to members and widows
127 to relatives and friends.

H. Sproston, Statistician.

(Seems to be apparent if you want to live longer, members should all move to Queensland, as apart from the UK it's the only state where members outnumber the widows!) Ed.

Courier Donations to 23/2/05

Pat Petersen, Ian & Margaret, Ronald, Iris Rowan-Robinson, Beryl Cullen, Les & Verna Cranfield, George & Margo Shiels, Daphne Friend, Blanche Sadler, Alma Moore, Nancy Timms, Joe & Colleen Ward, Nina Grachan, Ian Scott, Brenton Brooks, Fred Otway, Nancy Briggs, Fred & Mavis Broadhurst, Jack & Beryl Steen.

Trust Fund Donations.

Pat Petersen	50.00
Joe & Colleen Ward	50.00

Addresses.

Mrs Cath Roberts
Noel Miller centre
9 – 15 Kent St
Glen Iris
Victoria 3146

Mr L. Nichlason
5 Docking court
Newstead
Tasmania 7250

Mr Kevin Sherlock
33 Garden Hill Cresc.
Darwin
Northern Territory 0801

Mr R. Crossing
107 Tate st.
West Leederville
Western Australia. 6007

Mr C. Ayris
Suite 5, 73 Outram St.
West Perth
Western Australia 6005.

A woman goes to the post office to buy stamps for her Christmas cards. She says to the clerk, "May I have 50 Christmas stamps?" The clerk says, "What denomination?" The woman says, "God help us. Has it come to this? Give me 10 Catholic, 8 Uniting, 15 Anglican, 10 Lutheran and 7 Baptists!"

NOTICES.

ANZAC DAY Monday 25th April 2005.

W.A. Members please note the assembly point is the same as last year in St. George's Terrace, West of Barracks St. intersection – assembly times is 9.30 a.m.

A service will be held at Langley Park after the parade.

A luncheon will follow at the **Good Earth Hotel**
from 12 noon until 2.30 p.m.

You are welcome to bring a mate. It would help with the catering if you could advise Jack Carey on 9332 7050 by 20th April if you will be at the luncheon.

Members who are unable to march and require transport are asked to ring as above by 20th April.

See you on ANZAC Day!

Memorabilia.

Badges, Smaile's Poems, fridge magnets and Safari photos are going cheaply. We have a few spare address books available at no charge. Ring Jack or Delys Carey on 08 9332 7050 if you require any of the above.

Happy Easter
to one and all



Were you here at the Port Macquarie Safari in 1992?