

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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TOLERANCE - THE HOPE OF MANKIND.

We read from time to time lengthy, well versed solutions multitudinous problems besetting the world today, generally written by men and women of great knowledge and worldly experience. But somehow nobody seems to pay much attention to the outpourings of these learned minds, and the world continues on its unhappy way, warring among its nations whose peoples should have learned from centuries of bitter experience that might is not always right. And the so called winners inherit not new lands and vast amounts of worldly possessions, but millions of broken homes, crippled minds and bodies and untold incalculable quantities of human misery and degradation.

In these enlightened (?) days of modern warfare we first begin to plaster hell out of our enemies, and then when we have laid waste to his homes, his factories and capital industries, starved and beaten his people into subject submission, our Christian principles come to the fore once again and we begin the stupendous task of rehabilitating ourselves and the vanquished ones too. We find that we have millions of homes to rebuild and countless numbers of starving orphans, widows and displaced persons to succor and care for until they are able again to fend for themselves. We also create costly and controversial organisations to devise ways and means to avert such holocausts.

But will the dream of lasting peace on earth and goodwill to all men ever become a reality, or will the unimaginable horror of an atomic eventually be unleashed upon this long suffering world? No nation of people unless they are entirely obsequious and devoid of national pride is going to willingly allow another to impose upon it. Every man has the right to think and believe as he sees fit, but the moment he tries to enforce his will and beliefs upon his fellow man he is exceeding his rights and it is only natural that the injured one will hit back.

What then is the solution to this universal failing? I'm not going to suggest that I have the answer, but I do believe that it is something which lies within the reach of every mortal. If we would only learn to be tolerant towards others, not necessarily tolerant to the point of condoning their misdeeds, but at least we should try to see things from their point of view. Tolerance - religious, racial, social and international will go a long way towards bringing peace on earth.

Editorial written by Jack Hartley, November Courier 1952.

Fifty three years on nothing much has changed.

Vale Raymond Alexander AITKEN - OAM WX 10542, 10/7/05.

Eulogy delivered by David Hutchison, a close friend, at Ray's funeral service on 18th July.

Born on the 7th November 1915, Ray was his parents' fourth child and first son. His character may have owed much to the fact that his father was Scottish and his mother of Irish stock. The family lived on a market garden at Cloverdale, near where the Kewdale Marshalling Yards are now. It was established, in the early 1900s, by three Aitken brothers, Andrew—Ray's father, Tom and Alex, who had originally emigrated to New Zealand with their parents. Tom died in 1912. Alex, who was unmarried, lived in a one-room cottage next to the family house. He first fired in Ray a passion for nature. He took him to the bush; taught him how to identify birds and plants and how to collect seed. Ray developed these skills to a very high degree; his bush craft must have been invaluable to him when he fought in East Timor.

His love of nature was reinforced by early contact with the Binjarab (Pinjarra) people who camped at Cloverdale—which then had bountiful wetlands—en route to a corroboree ground, now a playing field near Guildford Grammar School. On their return southwards, Ray's father would let them take Ray with him (he was about five years old when he first did so). His father or his Uncle Alex rode down on horseback to Pinjarra to fetch him home. At one of our last meetings, Ray spoke warmly of those people and, with a typical gleam in his eye, told how he kept warm at night snuggled against the breasts of one of the older women. His association with the Binjarab people must have contributed to the way in which he rapidly established rapport with the East Timorese people.

When Ray went to Teachers College, he had the great good fortune to meet Muriel Drake. She was gracious, artistic—coming from a family of girls who were all musical—gentle and wise beyond her years. She, also, was a gifted teacher. She and Ray were both straight-A performers under the old Education Department's marking system. They each had their own ways of drawing out the best of their pupils and nurturing their spirit and imagination. In some ways, their characters contrasted, but their marriage, based on deep love, was long and happy. They were wonderful and supportive parents to Jenny and Craig, parents-in-law to Sandra grandparents-in-law to Cherie and Donna, and grandparents to Daniel and Kate, Victoria, Gabriella and Stuart and great grandparents to Alexandra and Conor.

Craig and Sandra have been bitten by the propagation bug and made Ray proud by winning a gold medal for their first vintage. Jenny has carried on Ray's innovative work in education and the arts, starting the first neighbourhood learning centre in the State—there are now sixty-two. This State now has Australia's most successful Public Art Scheme.

Ray loved his extended family: his nieces and their families: Patti—almost a second daughter—, Mick and Ray; Margaret and Noel; Jeanette and Hyden and their families, and Jackie and Jack; and nephew Peter, his wife and their children, and Terry a friend and almost second son.

Ray and Muriel taught in country schools in the north and in the south, Ray's career was interrupted by service in World War II. He relished returning to teaching. Later he became a pioneering horticulturalist. In each of those roles, he demonstrated great skill, innovation,

largesse of spirit and deep humanity. He became a mentor to many. Rodney has told us how strongly he influenced his pupils.

He had been a keen duck-shooter, but became a pioneer conservationist, a skilled ornithologist and then developed a passion for our rich native flora. When he retired from the Education Department, he established, with his friend, Les Wende, first successful large-scale native plant nursery in this State, although Fred Lullfitz had earlier established a smaller one. This enterprise was instrumental in encouraging widespread use of native plants in gardens.

Ray was a superb raconteur. His frame shook with laughter and his eyes gleamed after each telling. I will retell a few of his yarns, in brief, and—I regret—without Ray's panache.

At all his schools, Ray passed on his love of nature to his pupils. At one, in the south, he began to band twenty-eight parrots. The birds were trapped at the school, banded with the children's help, and then released. One day, Ray gave one boy a sack full of the birds and told him to release them from the school bus on the way home. In the next issue of the local paper, there was a letter from a woman who wrote that she had seen something incredible while following the school bus one afternoon. A flock of twenty-eights flew through the open window of the bus on one side and emerged on the other.

Ray asked the kids *not* to tell *anyone* what really happened. I suspect that he did not want the woman to be deprived of the enchantment of her vision.

He fought as a commando against the Japanese in East Timor in 1941-42, served in the Army Education Service in 1943 and then, for the last two years of the war, in the New Guinea Far

Eastern Liaison Office of the Australian Intelligence Office.

He formed lifelong, deep bonds with the men of the 2/2 Independent Company AIF on East Timor; they remained a second family for him. Their bonds arose from shared privations. He told many yarns of that period, but rarely about the grimmer aspects.

For the younger amongst you, I should say that *Smith's Weekly*—which I will mention shortly—was a larrikinish, cock-snooking newspaper published in Sydney. One day, Ray was leading a patrol and they were confronted by a Japanese patrol. They had to shelter behind a rock, which was barely large enough to shield them all. One soldier said, 'Cripes, what to we do now'. Another said, 'I reckon we should write to Smith's Weekly. They reckon they're the Diggers friend.'

I still hear Ray's rich laughter as he told that one. When I next hear the low, rumble of distant thunder, I might think that, after all, there is a hereafter and Ray has just told one of his yarns to the Almighty.

He remained, until the end of his life a devoted friend of the East Timorese people. On the last occasion that we were with him—at a lunch at Jenny's—he spoke of his disgust with the way the Federal Government was treating the East Timorese over the sharing of the oil beneath the Timor Sea. He was a passionate critic of anyone who did something that he did not agree with, but he was never rancorous. An old friend, Ross Latham comments that "he did not suffer fools gladly, but he was most approachable, and this applied to parents, teachers, department officials, and especially to kids." He always knew that those he opposed were still fellow human beings and he had good friendships across the political spectrum.

Ray always believed in the egalitarian society; confident that such a society would not end in a level mediocrity, but would be one in which all could reach their potential. I am sure that this was why he was such a good teacher.

At that last lunch at Jenny's, he told several yams that I had not heard before, including this one. One day at Coolbinia, he overheard one boy saying to two other boys who were doing something that was out of order, 'Gee Old Nev'll get stuck into you when he sees you.' The late Neville Reynolds was then Ray's deputy. One of the boys addressed said. 'Yeah, he might. But I reckon he's more likely to get stuck into *you* for saying he's old.'

Ah, that blessed laughter of Ray's. When it subsided, he said. 'They were great kids.' It was a remark that sprang warmly from deep within.

Because he was a devoted teacher, he refused promotion so that he could remain headmaster at Coolbinia—although he had occasional stints as District Superintendent. Ross Latham writes that Ray had a special quality that moved people to make a supreme effort, especially in the interests of children and that the kids in his schools adored him. My wife, June, and I first met Ray in the late 1950s, when we were living in our first home, in Wembley Downs. We were introduced by a mutual friend, Vincent Serventy. Ray was then headmaster at Coolbinia where, as many of you will know, he established, with the help of the children, a nursery for native plants. Many street and garden trees in the surrounding suburbs came from there. Ray introduced me to many species and provided some for our garden. I was soon going on excursions with him to collect propagating materials.

Ray and Muriel became our close friends. That friendship included Jenny

and Craig—then at school. Our own daughter, Jane, and son, Mark, were younger; they grew to share our deep affection for the Aitkens.

In about 1965, Ray and I went on an excursion during the August holidays, part way up the Canning Stock Route, with Vin and Dom Serventy and Harry Butler. From them all, I learned to identify many birds and flowers that I had not seen before. In particular, Ray and I spent much time together looking at plants and our friendship deepened. That trip—my first excursion into our arid zone—was a transforming experience for me.

During it, I picked up a virus that caused a fever. On the night when I was most affected, Ray helped me to set up my camp bed and ministered to me with a duck soup that he had made specialty. In the morning, I felt somewhat better. Ray saw me wake and said, with a grin, 'Did you know that we put you to bed under a dead-finish?' The remark was more droll than grim because Ray had taught me that pastoralists had so named that species of acacia because it was the shrub that survived longest in a drought.

He was a large man in every sense: large of frame, large and generous of heart and mind. Confident in his own masculinity, he could be remarkably gentle and tender, particularly towards children. I know that our children responded to him. For all that he did, for all that he was, for all that he offered, he earned our love, and the formal recognition of the nation in the bestowal of the Order of Australia Medal.

There will never be time enough to say all that we might wish to say about him: his life was so rich, he affected so many. Jenny told me that when she and Craig, with their cousin Patti, had to make the difficult decision to let Ray go, a friend

suggested that, it might help, if they thought of him as a butterfly flying free. Jenny thought that if was a wonderful metaphor, but was a touch too quiet and did not have enough dash and spirit for the larger than life man. A few weeks previously, she had talked with Ray about the fact that most birds mate for life. Perhaps a better metaphor would be a voluble wattle bird fluttering on a Grevillea, or better still a brilliant twenty eight parrot—that chatterer, seed cruncher and sociable bird—flashing across the sky towards its beloved mate. Jenny, that chimes well with what I planned to be my final words. A bird that I will often associate with Ray, because we heard them often during the trip up the Stock Route, is the wedgebill. They gather in large flocks by water they are sociable and garrulous, although their yawning is limited to a short, musical call that *is* rendered by some as an impertinent question, did you get drunk? Did you get drunk?—I heard that call a moment ago among the birdcalls being broadcast to us—it was their playfulness, their sociability, their chatter, not the actual message that appealed to me.

Farewell old friend and thank you for what you gave so generously to all of us. In years to come, when I hear the call of one of our birds, like the wedgebill, or pause to admire one of the many wildflowers that you introduced me to, my heart will lift with the memory of our many good times together.

Reflection from Paddy Kenneally

Thanks for the copy of the tributes paid to Ray Aitken. It gives some insight into the man we knew, liked, disagreed with, and learned so much from; topics on native fauna & flora, Aboriginal lore, history, particularly the golden age of Portugal when the navigators of that

small country sailed the world's oceans on voyages of discovery. The Spaniards, English and Dutch merely followed in their wake and apart from the Spaniards, many decades later

I first met Ray on the track between Ainaro and Hatu-udo, a tall rawboned man; he was on his way back to Bazartete for the second time in a month. He was accompanied by a short slightly built lithe man named Charlie King that would have been towards the end of March 1942. Tom Nisbet had been discharged from hospital, had picked up Arthur 'Slim' Holden and myself in Atsabe and was taking us to Hatu-udo to join No. 4 section. That meeting on the track was my first contact with Ray Aitken who was to be my Section Corporal and life-long friend.

Anything I learned about soldiering I learned from Ray Aitken and other members of No. 4 Section, because by the end of the war in 1945, I doubt if I completed six weeks of army training.

Ray was my Corporal, and with men like Norman Thornton, Charlie King, Bob Ewan and Bill Holly my practical instructors. Ray Aitken took part in every action in which No. 4 Section was engaged.

The ambush on Japanese trucks on the Liquica Road, the ambush at Bazartete, the Dili raid, the ambush on the Remexio track and operations around Lilitai. It is safe to say that if Ray Aitken had not taken the course he did, there would have been no ambush on the Remexio track and the Japs would have arrived in Remexio without a shot being fired at them. Ray's ambush cost them dearly because despite claims all over Timor to the contrary, that's where the so called 'Singapore Tiger' was fatally wounded and died on the track as some of his men were carrying him back to Dili. Ray with 5 other N.C.O.'s left Timor in November 1942 to attend an officer's training school

in Australia and never returned to the Unit. He served in New Guinea and Bougainville with I think, but am not sure, an intelligence unit.

He never forgot the people of East Timor; he served and strove for them to the end of his days. He unhesitatingly appeared on an advertisement on T.V. a controversial advertisement criticizing the Federal Government for its greedy and unprincipled stand on the claims to oil, and gas resources beneath the Timor Sea, and advocating a fairer and more just share for the people of East Timor. Despite the criticism, Ray stood his ground, and anyone knowing Ray Aitken knew it would be no different. Farewell Ray, I'm eternally grateful that I met you on that track that March day in 1942 and for the part you played in my life. Rest in peace my friend. To Jenny, Craig and your grandchildren, we extend our deepest sympathy in their sad loss.

Paddy Kenneally.

Following David and Paddy's tributes there is little I can add other than to say Ray was a very generous and loyal member of the Association since its formation back in February 1946. His counsel was often sought when contentious issues arose. He was made a life member in 1971. Ray's kindness and generous support of the East Timorese people was unparalleled. A great Australian he will be sadly missed. Keith & Val Hayes, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Ray Parry, Tony Bowers, John Burridge, Bob Smyth, John & Olive Chalwell, Doc Wheatley, Colin Hodson, Nellie Mullins, Laurie & Cheryl Harrington, Kaye Hanson and Bart & Loris Mavrick represented the Association at his funeral service with our members forming a guard of honour and John Burridge saying the 'Ode' The Association extends its deepest

sympathy to Jenny, Craig and their families on their sad loss.

Nice tributes were also paid by the President of East Timor Xanana Gusmao and his wife Kirsty who wrote: "To our mate Ray Aitken, digger, comrade and friend. You go with our love and eternal gratitude. May you rest in peace."

The other from the Deputy Speaker Xavier do Amarel, To Jenny, Craig, family and friends.

"On behalf of the ordinary people of Timor-Leste, I express my condolence and deep sorry about the death of your beloved father who was also our beloved supporter during our struggle for independence. I wish him to rest in peace on the side of our God, the father in heaven. I wish also that you have spirit and great courage to face this situation." Fransico Xavier do Amaral.

Lest We Forget.

Jack Carey.

Vale Kenneth D. JONES NX 49745

20th March 1923 – 16th July, 2005

There was a very large gathering of family and friends at St Lawrence's Anglican Church where Chris Jones, Ken's son, gave a moving eulogy on behalf of the family. A lifelong friend Archibald Cameron spoke on behalf of Ken's friends and Jack Peattie spoke on behalf of the 2/2nd Commando Squadron.

The President of the Barraba R.S.L. spoke at the end of the service before the bugler played The Last Post. He then led ex-service men to form a guard of honour as the casket left the church. It was a fitting tribute to a fine man.

Below is part of the eulogy spoken by Chris Jones, Ken's son and part of the information on his army service with us, with the help of Happy Greenhalgh

Ken, the fifth of seven children, spent his earliest years on the family property at Bandalong near Forbes in New South Wales where life was hard before the depression and of course extremely hard afterwards. However like all country children of those times, he took things in his stride because all his mates were no better off and he was protected by a loving family. The toughest time came when he was thirteen and he lost both his mother and best mate brother. From then on with the help of his father and older brothers and sisters he carried on. At the age of seventeen he put up his age and joined the army and when recruits were called for the Independent Companies volunteered and did his training on Wilson's Promontory. He came to the unit in Timor with the first batch of reinforcements before the arrival of the Japanese and became a member of A Platoon. He was still with A Platoon at the war's end having spent 3.5 years of his 5 years service overseas. He was a fine soldier, a firm friend with a great sense of humour, liked and respected by all.

In 1948 after his return to civilian life he was fortunate enough to draw a Soldier Settlement Block at Edgeroi near Narrabri, which he called "Nurrawallee" and spent the next four years developing it. All his neighbours also occupied similar blocks so lifelong friendships were forged and many of these or their children came to pay respects to Ken at his funeral service.

Early in 1952 Ken met Edith Brown, a country girl, who was a fully qualified nurse at the Royal North Shore Hospital but tired of city life and came back to Narrabri. They married in December of that year. During the time between the arrival of the next three children they were busy building accommodation, fencing, and managing stock while Ken would go back to the family property at

Bandalong to help out until 1956 when his father died and his property was sold. Two more children were born and solid work continued except for family Christmas at Yamba on the coast after the wheat harvest was complete.

Ken's heart was more in cattle than wheat so they moved to Goomeri in Queensland in 1965 and went in to a pastoral cattle property. He remained there until 1970 when he and Edith bought flats in Yamba but this life was not like life on the land so they moved to a block in Dorrigo where Ken could work with his cattle and Edith went back to nursing at the Dorrigo Hospital

With retirement calling, they moved to Gibrigil at Barraba where Edith had spent much of her childhood. Ken was able spend his time making a wonderful orchard and they were really happy there.

Chris, Ken's son, spoke about the wonderful family life that he and his sisters and brothers enjoyed such as the fun, sport and fishing as members of a secure family group. He spoke of the tragic loss of his brother, Frank, at an age too young. Frank and Ken had a wonderful relationship with their love of the land, horses, dogs, cattle and sport. His death really affected Ken.

Last year, another family tragedy came to the whole family when Ian the oldest son, a very competent pilot was killed in a plane crash on his way back to see them. Ken and Edith could no longer look forward to his regular Sunday phone calls for a chat. This was a heavy burden.

This year Ken faced another health challenge that included surgery at St Vincent's Hospital to be carried out by Dr Graham, who had performed a very successful operation 7 years earlier. He knew of the dangers of the operation but typical of Ken, he said, "If it has to be

done, let's get on with it."

After 19 hours of surgery over two and a half days and the attention of a wonderful doctor Ken's body could not cope and he passed away peacefully without pain.

I quote Chris's words at the end of his eulogy:

"Dad, you worked hard for us, your family who you loved and who loved you. You gave a lot to your children, you taught us so much. You had your share of suffering losing your mother and your brother when you were only 13 years old and then two sons before their time. You bore your hardships well, with great strength and a balanced sensible view of life."

"We miss you, we're proud of you and we are proud to be your children."

A sad loss to the 2/2nd and his family was Ken 'Bluey' Jones. I sailed with Ken and the first Reos from Darwin on 16th January 1942. We landed in Dili on the 20th. Ken and I went to "A" Platoon and served in a section of that platoon right through to war's end. He drew a block when Edgeroi Station was broken up after the war. It was the biggest station in the North West at that time way back in 1937; I was clearing firebreaks and fencing in Killarney Forest part of which adjoined part of the Edgeroi Station boundary.

Angus Evans was another 2/2nd man who drew a block on that property. It was good wheat and sheep country. Ken and Angus sold out some years ago.

Paddy Kenneally.

Ken was a life member of our Association. He and Edith attended a number of Safaris and were generous supporters of the Association.

Ken will be sadly missed from our ranks. The Association extends its deepest

sympathy to Edith, Chris and the family. Lest We Forget.

Jack Carey.

Mrs. A.M. O'Connor, widow of our former member Bill O'Connor, passed away recently. Mrs. O'Connor who lived at Abbey via Busselton kept in touch via the Courier which she enjoyed reading. The Association extends its sincere sympathy to the O'Connor family.

NORMA HASSON SOCIAL.

Our 18th Norma Hasson Day was held at "The Good Earth" on Friday 1st July. Blessed with good weather, members and friends responded well with thirty nine attending. Prior to lunch, our MC, the long standing Len Bagley welcomed those present and read out the apologies – eight in all.

President Ray Parry followed saying it was pleasing to see such a good roll up and he also extended a warm welcome to all. The three course meal provided by the Goodearth was excellent and a great credit to the chef, while the staff, who know us well by now were attentive and friendly.

It was nice to see the Hasson family present in strength. Jack and Norma would have been very proud of them. They sat together, Kaye, Fred, Robyn, Ken, Rhonda, Doug, Craig, Julie and Greg Frey a close family friend and all had a wow of a time. Kaye at her radiant best presented a lovely orchid corsage to the ladies. This has become a tradition for her and we thank her for that.

Bernie and Babs Langridge were present with grandchildren Kerri Mackenroth, an attractive lass from Queensland, and Dayton Stark hailing all the way from Houston, Texas. A nice young man, he was understandably a bit shy among us oldies. I think everyone

he spoke to asked "Have you met George Bush?!" To date Dayton hasn't. The reliable Mandurah 2/2s were there in numbers and all looked in good form and we thank them for their support over the years. Len and Del ran the 'free' raffle with the Hassons figuring prominently among the twelve winners.

So passed another pleasant Norma Hasson Day. I'm sure all left in a happy frame of mind.

Others present not previously mentioned were :- Ray Aitken, Cyril Ayriss, Len & Betty Bagley, Tony Bowers, Jack & Delys Carey, John & Olive Chalwell, Keith & Val Hayes, Elvie Howell, Jim Lines, Bart & Loris Mavrick, Dot Maley, Don & Ida Murray, Nellie Mullins, Helen & Julie Poynton, Joy Chatfield, Vera Watson, Clare West and Doc. Wheatley.

Jack Carey.

V. P. Day.

The V.P. celebrations to mark the 60th anniversary of the ending of World War II were Australia wide. In W. A. it took the form of a march through Fremantle on Sunday morning August 14th and a reception in the new Convention Centre in Perth on Monday afternoon 15th August for veterans of that era.

John Chalwell, Ray Parry and Jack Carey took part in the march while John Burrige, Dick Darrington, Bernie Langridge and Doc Wheatley traveled in style in cars kindly provided by voluntary drivers. About 600 marched.

Bob & Margaret Smyth, Bernie & Babs Langridge, John & Olive Chalwell, Jack & Delys Carey, John Burrige, Ray Parry & Dick Darrington enjoyed a pleasant afternoon with ample refreshments and entertainment.

The Governor, The Lord Mayor, and Julie Bishop representing the D.V.A. and other speakers paid nice tributes to a large attendance of veterans and their

ladies. The organizers of both shows are to be congratulated.

New South Wales News.

It has been a long haul over the past five years or so but at the present time the outlook is much brighter.

Unfortunately after a long battle my darling Edith was just "plumb wore out" at the age of 91 and just went to sleep twelve months ago in peace.

In the meantime, and prior, I've crossed a few more dry creeks, and at the present am feeling the best for several years. (Hope that doesn't Jonah me!) I'm cleared from physio and at long last the ulcer on my good leg has cleared up, as of today August 24th. Thankfully over the bad years we've had marvelous support from our 2/2nd family friends which is still ongoing and as so many know, is a real lifeline.

My thoughts go out to all our readers who have lost loved ones, or who continue to suffer the pains or the cares of beloved partners who suffer the complaints of aging. Sincere thanks to the many who keep in touch.

I'll try to remember all the people with whom I've been in touch with recently:- N.S.W.

Lionel Newton is doing okay. Elsie is not too bad. They may feel better after the visit of our new State premier this week!

Kath Press is coping with a cold winter but is okay.

Jack Peattie. He and Marjorie are enjoying their retirement. Jack did a sterling job at the Requiem for Ken Jones recently – thanks Jack on behalf of we who could not attend.

Edith Jones is naturally going through a period of grief – we can but offer our support.

'Happy' Greenhalgh and Harry Handicott will make their reports on Northern

people, but 'Snow' is elusive.

Of the few in Sydney, Paddy keeps in touch and visits me frequently. He's still the fittest of the five left.

Colin Holley has problems but coping.

Bill & Coral Coker are spending most of their holidays with doctors for battery charges etc.

Fred Janvrin has a bit of rust in his nuts and bolts but manages a game of bowls, Norma's okay.

June Bennett has had a spell in Mona Vale Hospital. She is back home now but not so sprightly. Has a great family carer.

Maria Hartley has had some ups and downs but is presently reasonable.

Wyn Brown – one of the younger chicks is okay!

Betty Devlin is enjoying good health and bowls.

Frieda Tomasetti is doing okay and is a real bookworm.

Yvonne Walsh – a good helping hand, and has probably made direct contact.

Beryl Walsh – steadily recovering from long term nursing and bereavement but appears to be bearing up well with family support.

Pat Hilliard appears to be doing okay.

ACT.

Joan Fenwick has recently been up to Queensland to visit her sister and her daughter and family but is now back home and returning to normal routine. No doubt she will write to the Courier.

Sunny Daniels still has many problems over a long term and also has great family support. She sends her greetings to all.

Ron & Hazel Morris both of them are having many problems of health. They recently celebrated 60th Anniversary. Sincere congratulations.

Thank you to my many friends from all

over Australia who keep my life and phone busy – it's a wonderful link to keep in touch.

God bless – keep well and live as well as you can.

Alan Luby.

Thank you Alan for such a comprehensive report. Ed.

Northern New South Wales.

My writing will be worse than usual which is saying something. I've had the flu all week but feeling a little better. I'm on some of Harry's antibiotics – Rulibe. He tells me they are pretty strong although his are 300 mg and mine 150 mg.

I hope you both enjoyed your trip to the wildflowers.

My news is like the curate's eggs as they say – some good some bad!

We lost Ken Jones as was reported. Ken was a good mate of mine from the old 'A' Platoon Timor days right through and always the same. A good mate and a good bloke. All sympathy to Edith but carry on we must.

Russ Blanch is having a good year with his garden and says it's a real picture at present. He had his eighty fourth birthday last Tuesday and is keeping well.

Beryl Cullen is okay and as cheerful as ever. It is still very dry around the Kyogle area. Speaking of which we've had no rain since the deluge a couple of months ago. This is not a rainy time in this place. A little would be nice but with the cane being harvested, the cane growers don't want any.

Eric Herd at Iluka is going along nicely. I think Lorraine keeps him up to scratch. As you get older you blokes better appreciate your mates.

I had a nice talk with **Nola Wilson** at Gilgandra who is more pleased than ever on having moved into her unit in

town. She also has had a dose of the flu. Her doctor is very close by and that was another reason for to be pleased to have moved into town. (*Mind you she might not have caught the flu if she hadn't moved into town!*) It's very important to be close to doctors etc as you get older.

Dianne & Julie Cholerton from Evans Head are both well and support each other. Like many of us, Dianne has arthritis but tells me she is getting some relief from physiotherapy. At one stage I had acupuncture treatment and found it quite effective.

Jack Steen is in 'Greenslopes' at the moment and is causing Beryl some concern. She's been having a battle trying to get an oxygen machine for Jack but it seems she might be lucky at last. We're all thinking of you mate.

Tom Yates of Kyogle is one of those blokes who always stays pretty fit but Jean is still suffering from arthritis. Our weather has been very changeable lately and that sure doesn't help!

Beryl Walsh is well but missing Bill. Beryl is fortunate in having her twin sister living next door and immediate family close handy. It all helps.

Alan Luby is getting pretty well and we have a yarn regularly.

Harry Handicott keeps in touch and both he and Amyce keep well.

Joyce Smith underwent a triple bypass heart operation in the Lake Macquarie Hospital over two months ago. The op went off okay but an infection developed and Joyce has gone through hell in the last six weeks. To combat the infection she had to have three more operations and was in intensive care all that time.

Harry Handicott said Joyce came out of intensive care at the end of August and though still in hospital is making a very slow recovery.

Joyce will need a lot more care and

attention before she is any where near her old self. It has been a worrying time for the family. Our thoughts and prayers are with you Joyce.

Best regards to all and keep well.
'Happy'.

Queensland News.

Joan Fenwick spent most of July staying with her daughter Anne Coffey and family at Aspley. In addition to some help with child minding she fitted in some 2/2nd reunions. One day she had morning tea with Lyn and I. We also invited **Tony Adams** so we had a four way catch up of 'Noos & Voos'. Joan also caught up with **Margaret Hooper**.

Paddy Wilby is just about over the flu, but is having eye problems. He expects to get on top of the problem very soon. It is holding up his work on his new book which is well advanced. He has the answer to Australia's water shortage and it is expected to be published some time next year. He also has three drawers full of plans. Anyone for plans?

Fred Otway has just bought a new car and he is delighted with it. (The old one was about twenty four years old but had only 98,000 km's on the clock and in top condition) , In two days time he is putting in an air conditioner (bedroom and living room). As with everything the price has gone through the roof.

He still plays tennis twice a week, down from three times a week, and has plans for next summer to attend to some of his roof frame! Wouldn't it be wonderful if all we oldies could keep up with our perhaps mainly one and only Freddie!!

Allan & Joan Mitchell are keeping pretty well. They are leading a rather quiet life but with five children and six grandchildren they are not short of family visits.

Alex & Esse Veovodin are getting along okay. Alex visits his local RSL and has a

few drinks with friends. There is practically no operation that he hasn't had but he has come through them all. He used to be a keen fisherman but has had to give it up.

Bulla & Jean Tait are pretty right. Bulla is not too mobile now but Jean drives him around and he has visitors. Their daughter Vicki visited them early this month and said that a retirement village is to be built opposite their home but her dad and mum won't be moving in!

Ralph & Sheila Conleystill lead busy lives and both still play bowls and spend some time at the local RSL. They and their family are all well and doing fine. Ralph just recently had a bout of neuralgia which was pretty painful.

Jack & Beryl Steen for some time now have been steering a pretty rough course medically but am pleased to report that they are presently doing fine. Of their three children, two live quite close so this is a comfort for them. They miss our barbecues of course but the time came when there were too few of us.

Bill & Irma Connell . Bill is fair; one of his problems is skin cancer. Irma is good and will celebrate her 80th birthday on the 19th August. There will be of course a big family reunion for that, but otherwise they lead a pretty quiet life since their car accident about two years ago.

Col & Jeanette Andrew I spoke to their son Peter, who helps them to run their Laidley Caravan Park. His dad has flu at the moment but it is not serious.. Other than that everything is going okay – they just want some rain!

Peter's sister who lived at Canberra is staying with them but will be going to Japan.

Lucky & Doreen Goodhew have been involved with the excitement at Townsville celebrating V.P. Day. A tree

has been planted in their park with Lucky's name on it. Apart from tiring easily Lucky is pretty right. Their "cowboy" grandson is presently in Brisbane playing for our local East's Club.

Peter Krause is in hospital at present. He has had a fall, but it wasn't serious – no bones broken. He is undergoing tests to see what can be done to put him right again.

George & Margo Shiels are expected in Brisbane next month to visit the main part of their family, three daughters and their families.

Bettye Coulson

and her Japanese friend did the Ghan Tour, Darwin to Adelaide which included a stop at Coober Pedy. She will be off next month for a month in Washington State, USA. Her son Peter and a grandson (as a civilian) are on duty in Iraq at present.

This morning the 19th August, we had morning tea with **Gordon & Joan Stanley**. We showed them photos which **Greg Tyerman** gave me on Anzac Day. He had taken them at Kings park on our last November Commemoration Day. Also they showed us the DVD 'Debt of Honour' . Congratulations to **Paddy Kenneally** for a job well done. A BIG THANK YOU to **Margaret Hooper** too for the lend of the DVD.

The **Stanley's** have sold their Everton Hills home and will move into their newly built home on their daughter's property on the 1st September. Their new address will be:-

17 Dayana Court, Burpengary, 4105. A new phone number is to be advised.

Genevieve Isbell (Alec Spencer's daughter) lives in a fine large 19th Century Ipswich home. It has an original huge library and a librarian has just listed 3,000 books and is about half way through! Lyn and I caught up with

Genevieve by chance. She still takes groups of people through her home by appointment and by chance we were two of people in a group a few years ago. In the upstairs corridor I spied that photo of our Unit's first officers. At the morning tea which is part of the tour I tackled her and yes, her father was our first C.O.

I have just read a book titled 'Coastwatchers, the Final Missions' by **Lionel Veale M.C.D.** He served with the 2/1 Ind. Coy. and 'M' Special Unit. This book dealt with his sixth mission and was largely about his service on Umboi, a small island off the West tip of New Britain. However the final chapters deal with 'M' operation on New Britain which supported the U.S. landings and the taking over of Western and central New Britain before we arrived. Its normal price is \$39.95 plus \$5 postage but readers of 'Commando News' may purchase it for \$25 plus \$5 postage. I would expect that readers of our '2.2nd Commando Courier' would have equal treatment. Lionel's address is P.O. Box 408, Ashmore Q 4214, phone (07) 5539.3510. This book was only published this year and is his fourth book. I think his first was his best 'Wewak Mission'. His third is worth reading too 'Long Island'.

This is about it; I hope it is not too long. Best wishes to our many mates.

Ron Archer.

Tassie News.

I meant to ring around to see how our 2/2nd people are in Tassie and have left it a bit late for the Courier so it will be a Christmas project now. I have noted Bridget Richards so it will be nice to contact her.

Had a phone call from Happy Greenhalgh and he was full of news but not too pleased with the sixty year medal and now I have seen one I fully agree it

could have been much better.

I had a phone talk with Alan Luby. He was asking about a soldier who could have been with us but I could not find any reference to same.

The Lord Mayor of Hobart and State Branch R.& S. L. A. put on a concert and reception in the Hobart City Hall to mark the anniversary sixty years since the end of World War II and it was very good, very emotional to start with but the artists soon got us joining in.

I met up with several 2/40th men, Bob Heddle who caught some bug in Koepang, West Timor 1941 and lost the use of his legs since and now in a wheel chair but still keeps going with a grin. He has a wonderful wife Leila of sixty one years.

I also caught up with Fred Brett 2/40th Battalion. He was just sixteen years of age when he came to us in West Timor January 1941. He had hardly any training and then went into action 19th February 1941 then three and a half years as a prisoner of war of the Japs. Fred with his wife Jan, Billie and I caught up on a lot of news of 2/40th people. Fred has in hand the 2/40th Old Comrades Association reunion in February next year. Our daughters, Roseanne and Julie, are taking Billie and I to the function.

Over the years I have worked on a display of war relics and memorabilia in the Dover RSL and it now being thought more of and great value, which is great.

Next week is 'Legacy Week' in Tassie and we have been setting badge trays for sale. We always get a good response in Dover.

Billie and I are still going pretty well for our ages. I had to do a driving test after my 85th birthday and went okay.

Our sincere regards to all,
Bert & Billie at Dover.

Independent Trust Fund.

"ITA LA HALUNA" (We not forget)

The following letter from A.V.T. Volunteer Jan Walbrook is the most rewarding and encouraging, positive report that we have received for years.

The vegetable seed shipment survived passage via Border Control and at an acceptable cost.

Sr. Guilhermina, with Mike Gallagher's assistance, delegated distribution via the A.V.I. (Australian Volunteers International) group at Laho

We are grateful to Sister Guilhermina for the participation of Jan and her A.V.I. group in the effective wide distribution over East Timor of the trial order.

A more comprehensive order will be following.

Bob Smyth.

45/9 Chandler St

Belconnen, ACT 2617

18/8/2005

Robert Smyth, Chairman Independent Trust Fund

2/2 Commando Association of Australia

Dear Mr. Smyth,

I have recently returned from East Timor where I was volunteering for three months. I lived at LAHO, a silk farm, about ten kilometers from Baucau. During the time I was there, I arranged to distribute a small number of seeds in and around the village of Triloka among the families who were employed at the silk farm. In no time these excellent farmers had healthy crops of vegetables growing anywhere they could dig a hole. I met Mike Gallagher, who, having heard of the gardens at LAHO, told me of the wonderful scheme the veterans of the 2/2 Commando Association had devised to repay the villagers of East Timor who had protected and fed them during World

War II. I must say I was most impressed with this generous and practical gesture of gratitude and friendship that your members have extended. As unemployment is still the overwhelming problem in East Timor, and most villagers still rely on subsistence farming for survival, I can think of no more appropriate gift that is guaranteed to benefit the most needy in the society.

Mike offered LAHO a large parcel of your Chinese Cabbage seeds to distribute (some 4000 packets) to farmers in rural areas The Australian Army had donated an old troop-carrier to LAHO, and within about three weeks we had traveled to villages from Liquica, west of Dili, to Tutuala in the far east and to Quelicai and Ossu to the south of Baucau. Any villages we came to, we told the people we met about your group and your intention to offer these seeds as a sign of your continuing concern for and gratitude to the people of East Timor. In addition, we made contact with a large number of Women's Groups through some Australian Volunteers working in the field of community development in many regional centres. They undertook to distribute packets of the seeds to their members. We pointed out that these seeds, unlike many commercially available seeds, can be regrown from seed in future seasons, and that their 2009 use-by date allowed many years for this gift to continue to benefit the people

I have had to leave East Timor for a time, unfortunately before the next distribution of your seeds, but we have set out a plan to ensure the next shipment will be distributed by the Australian volunteer who remains at LAHO, in much the same manner. Many new NGOs who have heard about your project and were keen to be part of the scheme, will also be included in the next distribution of seeds when they arrive at LAHO so as to

ensure the widest distribution to needy families.

Congratulations on this most successful initiative your group has undertaken. I apologise for the delay in writing to you regarding this matter. I had assured Mike Gallagher that I would attend to it as soon as I arrived back in Australia, but work and other commitments since I came home have kept me from doing so until now. I know that the many hundreds of villagers who received packets of the Chinese Cabbage seeds thank and bless you for generosity and I look forward on their behalf to assist in the distribution of future shipments of seeds.

Sincerely,

Jan Walbrook.

(N.B. See back cover for more details on seed program.)

UNIT HISTORY.

Cyril Ayris, our author, reports that he has very nearly completed the Timor section of our Unit History. He will soon begin on the New Guinea section and any members who would like to contribute by way of experiences they had while serving there be it humorous, dramatic or otherwise, are asked to write in to Cyril and let him know about them. Cyril is having August off to take his wife to Bali.

Mrs. Ayris has serious back and hip problems and Cyril is hoping the warm climate, where she can exercise for long periods in the water, will be beneficial for her. He is taking his laptop computer and intends to do some work on the book whilst there. He has been working very hard on it and expects to have it finished early in 2006. We are hoping the history will be available to members and the public by March of next year. Incidentally February/March 2006 marks the 60th anniversary of the formation of the

Association.

Our thanks are extended to those good ladies who have sent in photos of their husbands, what fine looking men they all were.

Life Membership.

Ralph Conley advised that the following Queensland members had been awarded life membership medallions.

Col Andrews, J. "Lucky" Goodhew, Jack Hanson, Allan Mitchell, Gordon Stanley, Jack Steen and Bill Connell.

Congratulations for a well deserved honour. You have all been loyal and generous members to the 2/2nd Association for nigh on 60 years. We trust you will all be spared many more years to enjoy life with your families and friends. Good luck.

Thanks Ralph for arranging the awards.
J. Carey.

LAST TRIP TO ENGLAND by Dick Darrington.

I am just writing my experiences of six wonderful weeks holiday in England. It was supposed to be summer time but we had little sunshine, mostly cloudy overcast weather.

I flew with Emirates Airlines in an airbus 340-300, a big comfortable plane, a non-stop eleven hour flight from Perth to Dubai. We left Perth Airport during a thunderstorm followed by two hours turbulence and heavy rain over the Indian Ocean. Then flying over Colombo we ran into a monsoon but it didn't last long.

There was plenty of food served on the flight and we arrived at Dubai Airport at five o'clock in the morning. The street lights were still on and the temperature thirty two degrees. We were offloaded on the runway one and half miles from the terminal and climbed down the steel

platform where large buses conveyed us to the terminal. The buses had no windows and passengers were hanging on the straps. Whereas I went straight through at Perth Airport the Dubai security check was very strict. Most of the men had to take off their belts and shoes. I was sent back twice, but when I told the officers I had a couple of steel hips I was let through straight away – no problems.

Dubai is an extremely large airport, fifty three gates for loading passengers and hundreds of planes parked as far as one can see. There are plenty of duty free shops. But I only had two and a half hours to change to a 707 flight and a long walk to find No. 21 gate with fifteen minutes check-in before departure time. It was a short flight of seven hours to Heathrow Airport. We landed on time but had to wait on the aircraft nearly two hours while other flight passengers were cleared through customs. People were starting to get angry. Anyway I was very glad to get into Heathrow Airport and have my passport stamped and pick up my suitcases with nothing to declare and make my exit.

I had a lovely welcome to England from my sister Jean and cousins Roger and Barbara and Jennifer. I felt in very good health, no jetlag. Then only forty minutes drive down the M1 highway, I was home in Stevenage for my three weeks stay. It was great to see the wonderful green, green countryside.

I had roast leg of lamb and goodies and a couple of pints of Fosters beer to celebrate my homecoming.

The first two weeks I spent traveling around with sister Jean visiting other relatives. My brother Leonard is in very poor health and not very mobile. He needs constant care at all hours by his wife. Then Jean had a slight stroke and was admitted to Lister Hospital,

Stevenage for three weeks for a general health checkup and rest so Roger said he would take time off from work every day from ten to three each day so I was able to travel to tourist attractions which was an excellent idea and saved me catching buses.

The first attraction we visited was Ely Cathedral, a magnificent building one thousand years old with a great history being destroyed by the Danes and then restored a couple of times since then with still more restoration being done today.

I am delighted to have visited the Ely Cathedral. After a very good meal in 'The Almonry Restaurant' and happy with the short tour we returned home.

The following day we made a trip to Duxford Airspace Museum which includes a superb large collection of British and American fighters from the Second World War. Many of these Spitfire and Mustang aircraft are airworthy and fly every day in summer. Five hangars cover the fantastic American Air Museum with all the aircraft they produce. The Land Warfare Hall, the museum collection of tanks and military vehicles and artillery was worth seeing. Work is underway on a large airspace museum to be completed by the end of 2005 to store all the civil airliners, about two hundred planes.

A Concorde aircraft was on display for public inspection so I climbed up the steel platform to enter the front doors. It's very small inside the plane, only room for two hundred and fifty passengers when loaded and not much compartment space for the luggage. I spent half an hour walking through the Concorde's only aisle with two seats on either side.

It is a fantastic aircraft with its four massive engines incorporated into the big wings; it's sure a beautiful plane, pity

it has been withdrawn from service.

There was so much to see in Duxford Museum, we had a small lunch and a pint of beer and then home we came. Roger always had his work to consider with meetings every day.

There were thirty busloads of school childrens organized touring parties at Duxford Museum filling in time before breakup for the summer holidays.

Another day we traveled out to the famous Newmarket Racecourse and Museum where there is a stuffed statue of 'Red Rum' the horse who won five Grand Nationals. The course is undergoing renovation so the Ascot Racecourse had one week of full horseracing until Newmarket was operating again. It is such a beautiful part of the countryside.

One Saturday Stevenage had a Festival Fair Weekend. Thirty steam traction engines, monster vehicles from the 1900's, run on coal and water.

The Steam Traction Engine Association operates competitions of the engines on Fair Day. Also one hundred old tractors take part in the display. Small models of traction engines are stoked with coal and water before being driven around to avail – fantastic!

That was my short tours attractions in the first three weeks.

I had a weekend in Rugby with more relations who were on holiday in the South of France and I was pushed for time. I was due to spend my last three weeks in North Harrow, London, only forty minutes drive to Heathrow Airport so I was sad to leave Jean who was only just recovering her health very slowly. I enjoyed every moment so I was sorry to leave Stevenage.

Dick Darrington.

Club who had been on a couple of Pacific cruises together decided to try a new area. Our friendly travel agent took up the challenge and recommended an upcoming cruise of the Asian area operated by the biggest ship to visit Australia the Sapphire Princess of some 116,000 tons.

The itinerary was Sydney to Bangkok via Cyd Harbour, Hamilton Island, Darwin, Penang, Singapore and Vietnam. The Agent's arrangements were excellent and in no time 30 Bribie Island residents were signed up for the trip which was scheduled to depart Sydney 8th.March 2005

The shipping company decided to call at Brisbane for a day to show off the ship and this suited us fine otherwise we would have had to travel to Sydney to join We were picked up at our doors and driven directly to the ship at Fisherman's Wharf at the mouth of the Brisbane River this because the ship could not sail under the Gateway Bridge (likewise the Sydney Harbour Bridge)

Our first view of the vessel was dramatic. Seen from seven or eight kilometers the upper decks towered above the container high lift cranes and the skyline. Thousands of Brisbane residents transported in special coaches created problems in the wharf area. When we arrived we were amazed at the size of our home for the next 21 days. Some 300 yards long,16 decks high, accommodating 3000 passengers it was a sight to see.

Boarding arrangements were well planned and within half an hour we were in our "staterooms" surprised to see our baggage arrive a few minutes later. Our Cabin Attendant William introduced himself and showed us all the facilities king-size bed, excellent shower room, more than ample hanging space, refrigerator, TV, outside private balcony

A Big Ship – 'The Sapphire Princess'
Last year a few friends from the Bowls

etc. were to provide more than home comforts

We joined the ship at 11am and it sailed at 5.30 pm. The channel from the mouth of the River passes between Moreton Island and Bribie Island and many friends had arranged an evening barbeque on the Eastern side of Bribie. Because it was dark by the time we had entered the channel they lined up their vehicles and flashed headlights in farewell! We were able to talk to them by mobile phone. What a send off!

We had explored during the day and had enjoyed a buffet lunch and with Caloundra coming up as the opening to the Ocean it was time for dinner.

Our arrival at Cyd Harbour was met by wet weather and high winds. Anchored offshore we went to Hamilton Island by ship's boats through very choppy water. A number of Americans had boarded in Los Angeles for the round trip and their intro to the Resort was not impressive. We toured the area and had lunch ashore but the weather was not conducive to a prolonged stay so back to the ship.

Our arrival off shore at Yorkey's Knob was again heralded by rain and wind (we were following a cyclone moving north) and the ship's boats were again needed to go ashore where we were to embus for the run into Cairns. We were fortunate in contacting our grandson who is an executive at the Sheraton Mirage at Port Douglas who came to Cairns for lunch. Other people bussed to Pararella Park at Innisvale a tourist attraction. They were washed out with heavy rain.

Next port of call was Darwin. The passage up the North Coast of Queensland was most interesting as the ship was in sight of the coastline as far as the tip of Cape York. I overheard two American ladies talking about their surprise to see snow on the hills and how

amazed they were when I told them it was pure silica on the dunes. Then passing Thursday Island and on to Darwin two days later.

What a change has occurred since 1941 .Although in my Airline days I had been there many times I was still impressed with the cleanliness and pride the citizens have in their city. We visited Humpty Doo township, had lunch at the pub .Saw what had been the development now overgrown, Larrakea Barracks, East Point and some of the newer suburbs. Most importantly the ship restocked with Australian wines and beers the supply of which had been depleted since Brisbane. Still raining and tracking the cyclone now westerly having visited Darwin a few days earlier with better results than 1974. What was to be a four day run to Penang became five because of a turbine failure. Our usual 22knots became 18 knots. Time did not hang on our hands. International shows, educational sessions, sport activities, the usual large prize bingo, films, casino, library, and many other interests filled the days while dining at night in one of seven or eight restaurants of differing cuisines. Three formal nights were programmed although being one class there was no Captains Table which was a good thing. We with our friends took advantage of the private balconies to have small parties and or pre dinner drinks (Aussie of course) nightly. The decrease in speed meant that we diverted to Kelang the port for Kuala Lumpur to enable the ship to maintain its schedule to Singapore. Its size limited the number of Ports in which it could dock and Singapore had been booked for a certain day. We elected not to go to KL instead elected Melaka a very old Asian trading centre. We were very impressed with the standard of the highways and landscaping. Some of the

buildings were vintage 16th century. The first Christian church was dated 1565.

On to Singapore, what a magnificent city, clean, modern, friendly and virtually crime free. They could teach us a lot. We went on tour, visited Raffles for a Gin Sling and wonderful curry and bought a few gifts for the children. The immense number of ships waiting to berth is unbelievable. There were literally hundreds waiting turn to enter. A computer controlled system gives dates and times to ships anchored many miles out. We took the berth of another huge cruise ship the Star Ship Leo as it left.

Two days and we landed at Phu Quoc the port for Vietnam, a hive of industry. Since the discovery of oil in the ocean the economy has developed rapidly. At the dock site huge off shore oil rigs were being constructed. Again the highways were impressive. We traveled to Phnom Penh and saw the underground tunnels built by the Viet Cong. They were very interesting. One has to admire the tenacity and hard work to have undertaken the development with mainly hand tools

Before leaving Bribie I told two Bowls Club mates that should we visit Long Tan where they were wounded in the famous battle I would place a wreath in memory of their comrades. We did visit the site and it was an emotional moment when I placed the wreath thinking those fellows had a lot in common with the 2/2nd and this I mentioned in a short tribute to the fallen. Needless to say my two friends were delighted when I presented them with photos on our return.

We had the opportunity to visit the wealthy (French period) beach front villas which now is a developed tourist area and to enjoy a delightful seafood lunch at a first class restaurant overlooking the sea. Unfortunately my dear wife Sheila tripped and fell heavily

giving herself a bruised eyebrow which was tenderly treated by the courteous Vietnamese staff and suffered no ongoing problems

Thirty six hours later and we are in Bangkok after a final fun night on the ship saying farewell to the friends made over the past 20 days. Again the development of highways, modern city buildings and landscaping is extraordinary. I last visited Bangkok some thirty years ago and was startled by the traffic. Now it is well controlled and policed. Shopping was again on the list. We had a magnificent Chinese final dinner together with the Bribie Gang before leaving for the airport for an 1.30p.m. departure with Thai International Airways for a direct flight to Brisbane. Their flight slogan is "As smooth as silk" and it was.

On arrival Brisbane the mandatory purchase of Chivas Regal, customs clearance and wonderful delivery to our front door!

Ralph Conley.

Remembering Jim Menzies.

Some of our dwindling numbers will remember Jim Menzies – one time Captain in the 2/3rd Company.

I popped in to see Jim and his wife Kath this week as I hadn't seen them since John Lillie died. Very few of the 2/3rd remain in W.A. Barney Baron who used to march with us on Anzac Day is one and Jim thinks there is probably only one or possibly two others.

Jim himself has been a chronic invalid for many years but is as strong in attitude and mind as he ever was. Years ago a severe heart attack resulted in five bypasses and then renal failure put him on dialysis three times a week (now only twice weekly).

Recently further misfortune has come his way with a breakdown of his nervous

system. He can walk only a few steps with his walking frame and his hands won't perform normal daily tasks such as writing or even signing his name.

Despite these problems he remains a very strong character with a wonderful memory for detail and a great sense of humour. As he puts it "I am on borrowed time just as we all were in 1941. One of my friends tells me I am in the 'holding paddock' so I live a day at a time and am thankful for that."

Jim and his wife Kath – two years his senior and far from healthy herself – and without whom he could do, literally, nothing for himself.

Life has dealt harshly with this likeable couple who both retain a positive outlook and an interest and pleasure in the lives of all friends and acquaintances. Jim was very saddened at the recent death of Ray Aitken whom he admired immensely.

Truly Jim and Kath are a wonderful example and hopefully an inspiration to others who have been more fortunate than they.

John Burridge.

N.B. Jim was seriously wounded in June 1943. The 3rd Company lost nine officers and forty eight other ranks and had many wounded in their Wau- Salamaua Campaign between late January and September 1943. The Company did a wonderful job during a very difficult period.

CORRESPONDENCE.

B. Devlin, Epping, NSW.

Hullo to everyone over in the West. I'm okay over here, have a few aches and pains but to be expected and coping well.

I rang Alan a few times but he was not

available. I spoke to Coral Coker otherwise I would miss out on the news if any.

I will be paying a visit to Queensland to see my family to say hello and wish Aimee good luck as she is traveling and competing in the Skipping Championships in the U.K. for five days and then over to the U.S.A. for further competitions. We are all hoping she has a good trip and comes home with some medals. Naomi is not competing this year as she is in her first year at University.

I was lucky I spent this time there as they held a concert called 'Wizard of Oz Skippers'. It was great, very colourful and the choreography terrific. The songs from different countries were accepted by all and were very well thought out.

This year I attended the Anzac Day Dawn Service with daughter Gail and Leigh, The weather was great. It was very impressive and moving although we were unable to see much but the atmosphere was there. After the service we had breakfast then made our way down to George Street to claim a front view of the march. I left Gail and Leigh and made my way back to Martin Place where the Commando's sit where the special service is held.

I met up with Chris (Jack Hartley's son) but missed speaking to Bill Coker. I was amazed at the crowd, the largest I have seen for a very long time, it was great! There were young and old, all ages, SAS you name it. It was a very successful and moving service. I was very pleased I attended. I then proceeded to Gail and Leigh to wait for the march. It was very long, all celebrating 90, 60 and 30 years from three wars, then Korea Vietnam, and the Gulf adding all up with the young ones taking more interest in the big day. A great day had by all.

I played bowls in Grade 4's Pennants

for four games then played in the 2nd Grade as one of the ladies was on a world tour. The 2nd grade was very successful and won every game so we won the district flag! The presentation of the flag and receiving our badge will be held on the 15th June. Hopefully I can receive a couple of photos and will post one over as I'm quite proud to receive a badge again.

It is very dry over here as you hear; water for personal use is the problem. The gardens and lawns at the moment are okay and will come good with a few showers.

Hope you are all well, love to all,
Betty.

J. Hanson, Hervey Bay, Qld.

I am writing to thank you and the Commando Association for making me a life member. I rang Ralph Conley and Paddy Kenneally; we had a talk on memories.

I saw the ad on Timor. Paddy speaking on TV but I missed out on the TV documentary on Timor.

I saw that to receive a copy, the address to obtain one so I'm hoping to get it on VCR as we don't have DVD set. Well at least Veterans Affairs have given me a wheelie walker frame, which is much better than my walking stick. I still have a bad stomach and a crook leg etc. Veteran's Affairs asked me how much does a commando carry on his back etc., as if we go out to a restaurant every night. I am still trying for an EDA pension and I'm eighty three years old. Most of my mates have crook legs and backs. All my mates often talk to my wife of us in the war.

Regards Jack.

B. Langridge, Como, WA.

Shame on me – when did I write to the

Courier last? Not since you have been editor I am sure.

This letter is partially to congratulate you on the last Courier, you are doing a wonderful job and I am sure it is doing its share to keep the old Association happy, contented and informed.

I enjoyed Peter Alexander's story of his youth and growing up in Trafalgar, it is so typical of the lives of so many of us of the same vintage.

What a wonderful part life story of Sheila Forsyth and the heading, 'The Comfort of and Luxury of Remembering', most of us have this luxury and I am sure many of us spend some time "just remembering". Details may not come to mind with much clarity but the general picture and, to a lesser degree, the emotions of the event can be very satisfactory – perhaps.

There are so many lovely little items of news of so many of the people we know so well all making their way along the road of life. I frequently remind myself of the wonderful country we are fortunate enough to have lived in.

Regards, Bernie.

K. Press,

Receipt of the Courier has aroused the conscience. I can always find much interest and in time get from start to finish (vales included). It is interesting to read of others lifestyles, though many names are unknown, others are familiar and it is good to hear of them. I am keeping alright and grateful that I remain independent.

Last week we had good rain after weeks of clear skies and sunshine. We are still waiting for the traditional orange winter snow to arrive.

I have been speaking on the phone to Allan Luby. He is sounding much like his old self, bright!

Best wishes for health and contentment to all,
Kath Press.

J. Chatfield, Erskine, WA.

I am keeping in touch and writing to let you know I'm looking forward to saying hello to you at the Norma Hasson Dinner, also to say that I have been entrusted with fifty dollars to give to the 2/2nd as a donation from my sister-in-law Grace Tapper (Laurie's widow). She wishes to apologise for not keeping in touch to give you her new address. She is hoping you will be kind enough to start to mail the Courier to her at her duplex. Her address is as follows: - Mrs. Grace Tapper, 9B Spyglass Rise, Halls Head, 6210, Ph. 9534.8040.

Grace has also given me fifteen small snapshots that Laurie took when in New Britain, New Guinea, Rabaul and Queensland and thank goodness he has written on the back of each one. I have also had photo copies of Dudley and Laurie in uniform together and also separate ones of Dudley and Laurie and I am holding a couple of cuttings out of some really old papers. Will these be useful for Cyril Ayriss?

I have recently reread Col Doig's "Ramblings of a Ratbag". Have you read it lately? It seems to have a lot of news of Col and information that might be handy for the book; I could be wrong but thought I would mention it.

Vera Watson has moved from 'Village life' and is now in a unit by herself in Mandurah. She will be coming to the Norma Hasson dinner with us so will see you there.

Yours truly, Joy Chatfield.

J. Burridge, Dalkeith, W.A.

As we all seem to have reached the giddy eighties by now I am sure we all

have special memories of happy or interesting events that really stand out. If some of our chaps sent you in their most happy or interesting memories perhaps they would be of interest to our readers.

Anyway here goes, one of my happiest memories. An old mate of mine, Max Mitchell – Burden and I made a big decision in 1997. We had previously both lost our wives at the same time in 1991. I said to Max one day "One of my main regrets is that I never went to Turkey and Gallipoli". He said, "I feel exactly the same – let's go together!" And we did.

The happy event took place in the small port of Marmaris in Turkey. We reached our little hotel just after lunch and decided to check out the hotel. The first thing we saw was a man and his wife and two little kids having tea at a table outside their room. "Good afternoon" we said. "Good afternoon," replied the chap in a rather funny accent, "would you like a cup of tea?" We would!

He appeared to be a professor from Slovakia in Turkey for some research. He and his wife both spoke a little English but the children – none. We had cake and several cups of tea and made great friends with the kids when we gave them a very small koala each. (We always carried a swag of these as they helped on occasions to break the ice).

With a tummy full of cakes and tea we left and Max said, "Let's go down to the wharf – I'm always interested in yachts." There were scores of yachts of different nations and then we found one which was definitely British. Two blokes were having a beer on the deck. Max, who was never a backward soul, called out, "Permission to come aboard?" "Why not," they replied, "would you like a beer?"

Well about two hours later we were

thinking that it was probably time to depart when suddenly the owner of the yacht appeared. Both the crew and their visitors tried to explain away all the empty beer bottles and the owner very cheerily said, "Welcome aboard, but only one more beer for each of you and off you go. If you think I'll buy any more beer for you bloody Australians after what you did to our test cricketers last year you've got another think coming!"

I often think of that spontaneous offer of a cup of Slovakian tea followed so closely by the immediate suggestion to share some beer with completely unknown crewmen on a British yacht is a memory too precious to forget. What a pity nations can't act like individuals!
John Burridge.

C. Holley,

I'm a shocker when it comes to writing, but it's time, so I've grabbed the pen.

I'd like to congratulate you on doing a great job. The Courier is always full of news. Sadly the vales are getting more and more.

I was having a good old whinge to my doctor about having sciatica in my right leg and was told it was my own fault for getting old! So much for doctors!

I have a twelve year old grandson who won a gold medal for an English examination. This exam is put on by the N.S.W. Uni. each year for Aussies and New Zealanders and he came first and was given a certificate, but a week later they awarded him a "Gold Medal!" They said the GM was because in the history of the exam he is the only one to get a perfect score!

I've been telling everyone he takes after me, but for some reason no one believes me!

I'm in a retirement village called 'Mowl' but there are five actual villages with a

population of just over 2000. They all go independent of one another, but you can join in whatever is going on in any village.

I'm in good shape at present but it is really a day to day business.

As to birthdays, I'm eighty three years, born on 8/6/1922 so I'm only a young fellow yet. Anyway keep the good work going on the Courier. Split the cheque, half for the Courier and half for East Timor.

Yours sincerely, Col Holley.

D. Dixon, Jannali, NSW.

Here are the photographs I promised over the phone. I hope you find them of some interest. Shirley and I are both coping with the '80's quite well. I have had a hip replacement that went a bit wrong so I can no longer play golf. However Shirley and I spend time with Jannali Neighbourhood Aid taking elderly people shopping and to various appointments. Makes us still feel useful. We are looking forward to a trip to Canada and Alaska in August.

We are having a little bit of rain today – first for a long time.

I have enclosed a cheque too.

Best wishes to all, regards Doug Dixon.

C. Andrews, Laidley, Qld.

Thank you for your letter and the Courier. Jeanette, my son Peter and I are in good health at present, and finding plenty to occupy ourselves with the park. There are many things not up to our standards and so we are working continuously on that.

We have about 58 sites, 30 of which would be occupied by permanent residents.

As the Lockyer Valley produces tons of all sorts of vegetables, the majority of our tenants are itinerant backpackers.

They earn money picking and packing the various products. Backpackers come from all parts of the world, most of the ones from Europe generally are able to speak English, but few of the Japanese or Chinese have much command of English but we manage to communicate with signs and patience. Quite often they bring back lots of marked produce that is not marketable, we place this in the office and the tenants help themselves which is much appreciated.

We are only just starting to get some relief from the drought conditions and the grass is starting to look green again. The park is nine acres in area and about four acres is grassland and in the normal season it is a constant job with the John Deere Rider mower which falls to me.

Laidley is a thriving town of about 14,000 inhabitants. Each Friday is market day and the main street is fully taken up with stalls selling all sorts of goods, carpets, fruit and vegetables, trinkets of all variety, clothing, fruit trees, materials, you name it!

How long we will remain here is hard to say, but I doubt that we will retire to Laidley. I think we will be heading back to the coast where the climate is not so severe, here we have extremes of temperature, damned hot in summer and sub zero in winter.

Ralph Conley did send the life membership medal to me, for which I thank the Association very much. Unfortunately we no longer have our quarterly get together, age must be wearying us. For myself, apart from a shoulder and knee operation, I still think I am sixty not eighty eight!

My best thoughts of you and Delys, you do a wonderful job for the Association, my personal thanks to you for that. Enclosed cheque is for you to do as you think fitting.

I did not serve in Timor, but heartily

endorse anything the Association is doing to help, especially the children of Timor. During the time the 2/2nd was in Timor I was spending seven months with the 2/3rd in New Caledonia.

For now I wish everyone the best of health possible.

Col Andrews.

M. Monk, Pooyong, Vic.

All 2/2nd friends, I hope this finds everyone as well as is possible for folk in our age group.

I am sending Ken's photo as requested – a very handsome young soldier.

Don and I are both well and looking forward to our trip to Darwin on the 'Ghan'. We are taking the car on the train and will drive home. It should be an interesting experience. We leave home on Friday 5th August and drive to Adelaide making two overnight stops on the way. We leave Adelaide at 5.15 p.m. on Sunday August 7th and arrive in Darwin on Tuesday 9th. We will take the 'Address Book' with us and may be able to call on some in our travels.

It will be a lot warmer than here so that will be nice. We have some really cold days but not a lot of rain. We are well down on our usual rainfall for the year up till now. Our countryside is beautifully green and hopefully come September there will be some warmth to make the grass grow. The garden is very colourful with lots of bulbs – mainly daffodils and also camellias.

I have just had a nice talk on the phone to Bettye Coulson. She is back home in Queensland after staying with her daughter and grandies in Darwin. She sounded wonderful and keeps busy.

I visited Bluey and Mary Bone a few days ago and had a nice time with them and their daughter Dianne. Bluey is amazing and battling on. Ed and Dorothy Bourke

were there too. Eddie has had a rough patch and is still not very well but the lovely smile was there and Dorothy is a wonderful carer.

I have also been talking to Leith Cooper who has his ups and downs and Marj is rather tired and was going for a short restful holiday.

Harry Botterill has been in the wars. He tripped and fell while walking his neighbour's little dog. He broke a rib so it is painful and will be for a while.

Mavis and Fred Broadhurst are going well. I phoned her today just to say 'hello and how are you both'.

Don and I send greetings to all 2/2nd folk everywhere and a special 'hello' to the sick ones.

I am sending a donation for the Courier and thanks again to you both who work so hard compiling it and mailing it to us all. Your work is very much appreciated. Goodbye for this time, love and best wishes,
Margaret and Don.

D. Friend, Wanneroo, WA.

I have enclosed photos which may be of use towards the book. I wasn't sure what was needed so have sent all three. The group one was amongst some family photos and is pretty badly marked. My grandson did an enlarged copy for me and said if anybody else would like a copy he would be pleased to do them. While I am writing, I would like to order two of the books when they come out please. I can't write too much as like my legs my hands are not the best in the cold weather. But I know I am not alone. My memory isn't the best either as I had intended to send a cheque for funds but have misplaced my cheque book. I'll send it when I find it.

I've settled in well to village life. But I don't know why they are called

retirement villages as I haven't been so busy for years. It helps me with the sad memory sessions though.

I hope you are both keeping well and send best wishes to all the members. It is not necessary to return the photos as they were put on a disc, it's easier to handle. Excuse the writing. The lost cheque book is found, cheque herewith. Kind regards, Daphne Friend.

T. J. Pullienne, Young, NSW.

Please find enclosed photo taken when I was sixteen. I have no other photos of myself in uniform. As far as I know I haven't been in any group photos.

Col Doig never had me in his lists at the end of his book, probably because I was first made Dr. Dunkley's batman, the job which I swapped with Dave Dexter's batman and becoming a sub machine gunner in Sub Section No. 1 of No. 1 Section 'A' Platoon. I also returned to No. 1 Section in New Guinea, just setting the record straight.

Find the enclosed \$50.00 for where it's most needed. By the way my birthday is on 7/12/1924. I'm not sure but I think I was the youngest original member of the Unit. I'm very proud to have been a member of such a wonderful bunch of blokes. You could trust any one of them. I remember more about that period of my life than at any time since. What a wonderful experience to carry through life.

I have over seventy grand and great grandchildren plus a few in the catching pens. They keep me busy. They do my washing, clean the house out once a week, tidy up when necessary. I usually have one or two stay overnight, they are great company.

I don't drive any more so one of the daughters does the shopping and takes me to the doctor, another comes up every day to put my compression

stockings on. If it wasn't for all the TLC I get life would be a bit grim.

Did you ever think about putting Col Doig's book and Arch Campbell, Dave Dexter's and any others on a CD.? I would pay \$50 for each if anybody's interested. I lost my copy of Col's book and have forgotten who has it and nobody's telling. I would have liked to have got Archie's book but I didn't have the cash about that time.

Well it's time to go, regards to all and God bless,

Yours sincerely, Tom Pullienne.

P. Kenneally, Yagoona, NSW.

Jack I hope you are much better now, you really had a nasty cough the night you rang, that wog is hanging on to you, we are on our way to warmer weather so that may help you along. The mornings have been bitterly cold here but the days have been gorgeous, apart from yesterday and today it would freeze a brass monkey.

The Sydney Ducks are flying high, that is following well behind the West Coast Eagles tail feathers.

The Rugby League here is very cluttered. Teams that are outside the eight could still stagger in but they will need a miracle, but that's how cluttered up the field is.

I expect New Zealand to beat Australia in the Bledisloe Cup. I don't think we can match them. The Kiwis are a good combination.

I saw Alan Luby yesterday; he is really looking very well. He gave a talk to some primary school kids a week or so ago, telling them about school days when he was in primary school. One kid said "Did you learn how to use a computer?" That nearly floored Alan, as he smilingly explained that there were no computers in his era at school.

By the way will you include Nora's and my best wishes to him on his 90th birthday very early in September. He is having a party on Sunday 4th, or rather a lunch. Nora and I have been invited but will not be attending. It's an awkward place to get to. I'd have no trouble by car but coming home I would be looking into the sun all the way, and these days I dodge that.

How are you Delys? I hope Jack is not generously sharing current ill health with you and that you are enjoying better health than he is carrying at the present time. Nora is over the road having a chin wag with one of our neighbours, that pastime is still alive and well in our section of the street, before going she said "Wish Delys and Jack the best of whatever is going." You're lucky you aren't over the road. Good luck Delys.

Jack half the amount of the cheque goes to the Courier, the other half to the Timor Fund.

I finally caught up with some of Bob Ewan's family, or at least his sister caught up with me. I had been trying to find them years ago but had no luck and for a very good reason, she saw the program 'A Debt of Honour' on Channel 9 in April. Monica O'Brien, the producer of the story was contacted by her asking Monica if I would contact her (Bob's sister) giving her a telephone number on which she could be contacted. I rang her and gave her some news on Bob. She and her husband wished to meet me so I told her I would, so on Wednesday I'll go to Newcastle, that is of course if that day is convenient for them. I'll give you the result for the December Courier.

Another woman also contacted Monica and gave her a telephone number. I didn't know the bloke but he was one of the men who came to us from Dutch Timor, Cecil Kowe. He was in the A.A.M.E. I don't know if any of your

blokes knew him. I rang her too. Both women were very happy to know someone knew of their men folk

I agree with you completely Jack, we should never have gone to Timor. All we did was ensure the Japs would come. Our campaign there, apart from being great propaganda to boost morale, at a time when surrendering was the order of the day, achieved damn all to win the war.

All we achieved in Timor was death, misery and destruction to a peaceful people, who had nothing to do with our war. The 23rd Brigade was thrown away in a 'no win' useless operation, when if it had been kept, as a single well equipped unit, it could have played a significant role in the Pacific War. Those men were sacrificed to the God of Stupidity.

I further agree with your war is crazy and some of our current leaders are prepared to carry on along the same old road giving us nothing but deceit and lies to bolster their actions, unfortunately they are not the people who suffer.

Good luck and a speedy return to good health

Hurrah, I'm off. Paddy.

Thanks for your good wishes Paddy. We had a weeks break going

North through the wheat belt and on to Kalbarri. The wind was bitter, the sun shone and the wildflowers few as we were a little early but it certainly gave us something else to think about. Ed

J. Peattie, Tamworth, NSW.

Marj and I are still getting along pretty well except for the usual things that worry all of us. If we take our time we can do all the things that we want to do and so far have not needed to call on extra help. We still drive the car and pull a small caravan but only drive short distances each day and then if we are

tired stop for a few days wherever we are.

Luckily the roads west of the ranges in NSW are good and small country caravan parks are never far apart so we are able to visit family members and friends whenever we choose. Marj still has to do a lot of walking but handles it well.

Life seems to have moved very quickly over the last few years so that now our children are making their plans for retirement and the grandchildren are discussing their future plans.

We were able to attend Ken Jones' funeral and represent the Unit a few weeks ago. Although it is sad to see our old mates pass on, it is also a matter of pride to see the high respect in which they are held by the community at large after a life well spent

All the best to you both and the rest of the members. Donation for what ever.

Jack Peattie

Secretary

2/2 Commando Association

Box T1646

GPO Perth WA 6001

Dear Mr. Carey

I am writing to thank you for printing the article about my grandfather, Nick (Tex) Richards, in the March edition of the 2/2 Commando Courier. This was the first time I have seen the Commando Courier and it is great to see that the bonds between the men who fought together as part of that unit are still very strong today. It was a sad time for the family with Nick passing, but great to know that the unit he served with and now it's Association are still going strong. Right to the end the Army and the people Nick served with formed a very significant part of his life.

I was very interested to read in this

addition that a Unit History is being put together, it is definitely a story that more Australians should be able to read about, and I would be interested to know when it is looking to be available. The actions of this small unit have been an inspiration to many generations of today's Army.

Yours sincerely

B. RICHARDS Captain
Operations Officer, School of Infantry

The Honour Avenues Group

Sub-Committee

Highgate Sub-Branch RSL.

Please extend to your members our deep appreciation for the donation forwarded to us recently by your Association, which will go into our maintenance fund.

We, like many Western Australian ex-servicemen, have long admired your unit's exploits and achievements in time of war, but the comradeship you displayed in creating and maintaining the existing lawn memorial area in Lovekin Drive for your mates over many years, has been truly outstanding.

Lets us assure you that we shall continue this legacy and maintain the plaques, colour patches and posts of the 2/2nd in the condition that they so rightly deserve, both now and in the future.

Yours sincerely

Norman G Manners
Chairman.

J. Fenwick, Curtin, ACT.

On June 22nd I arrived at my daughter Ann's home at Aspley and we attended a surprise birthday luncheon for my sister Mavis's 90th at Clontarf. Twenty five family members from six months of age to ninety years helped to make it a great day enjoyed by all.

Ann, our eldest daughter, had a birthday

on 28th July so I stayed on to help her celebrate with her two children and friends.

I telephoned Ron Archer and he and Lyn Love arranged an early lunch at his unit in Toowong with Tony Adams who is not at all well, as I am sure you have heard. Ron collected me about 9.30 a.m. and Lyn had a delicious lunch ready for us and Tony drove over to join us. Ron has an amazing memory and filled us in with news of so many 2/2nd Unit Members and then he kindly drove me back to Aspley.

Margaret Hooper and I enjoyed a coffee together one morning and had a good chat. Her health isn't the best but she doesn't give in. She enjoys getting about in her new car and has made a pleasant busy life for herself.

Unfortunately Bettye Coulson was called to assist with a sick family member so had to be satisfied with a telephone conversation.

My sister Beryl spent twelve weeks in Redcliffe Hospital before being transferred to a nursing home. Fortunately her daughter was able to drive me once a week to spend time with Beryl and Ann managed a few trips to visit as well. The staff takes extra good care of my sister and everyone else in the nursing home.

Please put the cheque towards Courier expenses. You do an excellent job of keeping everyone in touch, thank you for posting me a copy each time, it is much appreciated.

Hope you and your family are in good health, my regards to all the 2/2nds.

God bless, Joan Fenwick.

Pars On People.

The good news is that Clarrie Turner has made an almost miraculous recovery after a debilitating illness during which

his life was in the balance. Sent home after seven weeks in Fremantle Hospital, Clarrie stopped taking all medication and with the loving support of Grace and his family, the nursing staff at Tanby Hall, his health slowly but surely is on the improve. He is now eating well and though very tired most of the time; he is taking an interest in life and has even phoned a few of his old mates to their great surprise! Grace has been solid as a rock during a very worrying and demanding few months. We hope and pray that Clarrie's health will continue to improve. He has an 88th birthday coming up in October so go for it Clarrie Good luck and God bless to you both.

Following a fall she had a few months back Val Hayes had an operation on her right shoulder late in July. The operation went off okay but Val has to have her right arm strapped and supported for at least three months to give the tendons a chance to heal. As a result, Keith is the 'chief cook and bottle washer' in the home. Fortunately nothing is any trouble for Keith who thrives on work. Val, who is still in a deal of pain and discomfort, has to grin and bear it. Let's hope you are okay by Christmas Val. Chin up and God bless Val.

Our veteran Doc Wheatley, who will be 93 in October, had a blackout whilst enjoying an early cup of tea (laced with whiskey). It was about 5 a.m. Doc woke up on the kitchen floor and couldn't get up. After a three hour wait his neighbour came to the rescue. Doc was whisked off to Hollywood Hospital. He has either a broken or fractured left collarbone. As tough as nails and in good shape for his years, Doc reckons he'll be home soon. His motto is 'You can't keep a good man down' and is not a bad one for a 92 year old.

Gwenda Kirkwood is now in her late eighties and is in pretty good shape apart from when it comes to moving about. Gwenda uses a walking frame and relies on her family when it comes to outings. A keen cricket follower, and I might add, a good judge of the game, Gwenda also enjoys the footy. She sends her regards to all the old mates of Ron who did so much for the Association in his time.

Harry Sproxton and Wilf March continue to soldier on bravely. Their outlook on life is an inspiration to others. Lorraine, Wilf's wife, who recently had a growth removed from her right eye, is soon to have a left knee replacement. Good luck and our love Lorraine.

Word from Gavin Bagley that Len has had stint in Mandurah Hospital. His blood levels were down and he was in need of a 'top up'. He's also been struggling with the winter flu this year which hasn't helped.

He and Betty have moved into a retirement village – the address is in the Change of Addresses.

Courier Donations.

R. Wilson, Doug & Shirley Dixon, Ray Aitken, Len & Betty Bagley, Tony Bowers, John & Olive Chalwell, Fred & Robyn Hasson, Ken & Rhonda Hasson, Keith & Val Hayes, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Don & Ida Murray, Doc Wheatley, Helen Poynton, Clare West, Kath Press, Joy Chatfield, Grace Tapper, Col & Valerie Holley, Joyce Smith, Jean Cash, Phillip Garland, Rowland & Maxine Teape-Davis, Colin & Jeanette Andrews, Margaret Monk, Daphne Friend, Tom Pullienne, Paddy & Nora Kenneally, Alan Luby, Jack & Marj Peattie, Joan Fenwick, Yvonne Walsh, Eric and Twy Smyth.

Trust Fund Donations.

Joyce Smith	\$50.00
Col & Valerie Holley	\$50.00
Col. & Jeannette Andrews	\$100.00
Paddy & Nora Kenneally	\$100.00
Alan Luby	\$100.00
Jack & Marj Peattie	\$100.00

Mr. P.G. Garland
4George St,
East Branxton. SA 5433

Mrs. L. Litchfield
Box 343, Quorn, SA 5433

Mr. C.S. Andrews,
Laidley Caravan Park,
Laidley, Qld 4341

Birthday Boys.

Col Holley	June	8	83
Harry Handicott	July	4	83
George Greenhalgh	'	8	85
Tom Yates	'	21	85
John Southwell	'	27	82
Tom Foster	Aug.	1	85
Jack Hanson	'	9	84
Dusty Studdy	'	15	87
Andy Bevridge	'	15	89
Russ Blanch	'	23	84
Fred Otway	Sept.	3	85
Alan Luby	'	6	90
Fred Broadhurst	'	7	83
Doug Dixon	'	8	84
Bob Williamson	'	13	87
Tony Adams	'	18	87
Alex Veovodin	'	26	84

Mr. G. Stanley,
17 Dayana Court,
Burpengary, Qld 4105 *JSOS*

Mr. L. Bagley,
Mandurah Retirement Village
48 / 30 Third Ave,
Mandurah. 6210
Same phone number.

Mrs. G. Tapper
9B Spyglass Rise
Halls Head 6210
Ph.(08) 9534.8040

Mrs. J. Fletcher
40 Aralia Way
Forrestfield 6058
(08) 9453.9956

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

Change of Address.

Mr. R. Teape-Davis
12 Marcus Ave,
Booragoon, WA 6154

Mrs B. Payne,
Merritville
Unit 14 / 63 Bates St
Merredin.WA

Mrs J. Cash
Muchea, WA 6501

An elderly gent was invited to his old friend's home for dinner one evening. He was impressed by the way his buddy preceded every request to his wife with endearing terms: Honey, My Love, Darling, Sweetheart, Pumpkin etc. The couple had been married almost 50 years and, clearly, they were still very much in love. While the wife was in the kitchen, the man leaned over and said to his host, "I think it's wonderful that, after all these years, you still call your wife those loving pet names."

The old man hung his head. "I have to tell you the truth," he said, "I forgot her name about 10 years ago."

NOTICES – COMING EVENTS.

W.A. Members please note:-

Our 56th Commemoration Service
will be held at Lovekin Drive, Kings Park
on Sunday 20th November, 2005.

Service commences at 3 p.m.

Lest We Forget.

Our Christmas Social will be held at

The Goodearth Hotel

195 Adelaide Terrace, Perth

On Friday 2nd December, 2005

11 30 a.m. – 2.30 p.m. (Lunch at 12.30 p.m.)

Don't forget now!

New South Wales Christmas Social

2/2nd & fellow Commando members

Our luncheon will be held at

The Dee Why R. & S. League Club, Pittwater Rd,

on Saturday 3rd December 2005,

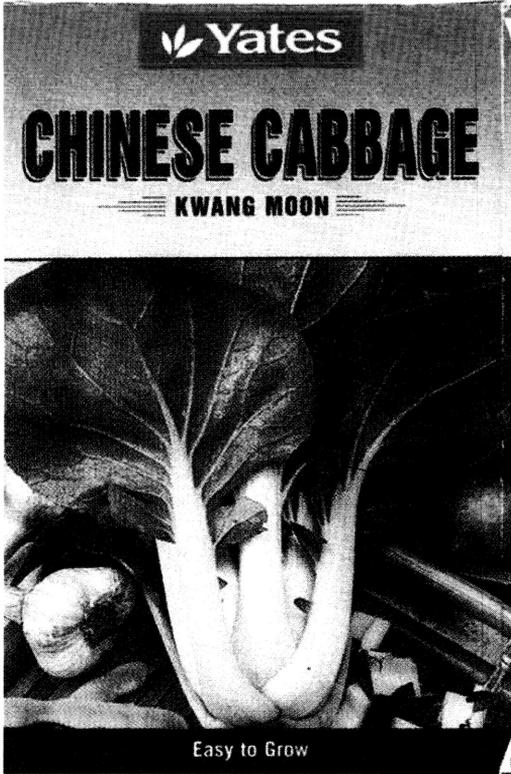
11.30 a.m. drinks – lunch to follow.

Members & their ladies are asked to ring Alan Luby on
9981.3287 if they intend going.

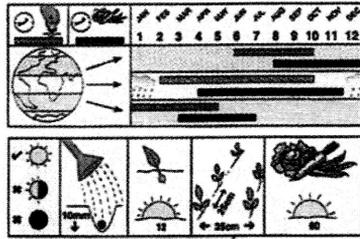
Real Estate agent to a prospect:

"Would you like to see a model home?"

"I would be glad to. What time does she finish work?!"



Chinese Cabbage 'Pak Choi Kwang Moon'. Open-pollinated variety of Pak Choi Cabbage. Very fast growing and easy to grow.



FO - 2/2



ITA LA HALUHA

Yates, a division of Orica Australia Pty Ltd, 21A Richmond Road, Hemeck, NSW 2140, Australia
Yates, a division of Orica New Zealand Ltd, PO Box 1109, Auckland 1, New Zealand

4000 packets of above distributed in July 2005.

A further four varieties each of 500 packets are currently on order from Yates Australia for distribution via Sister Guilhermina Marcal of the Canossian Sisters, Dili, East Timor.

Bob Smyth, Chairman of the Trust, is working on a plan whereby the 2/2nd seed scheme may continue long after we are in a box.

Viva Timor Lorosa'e!

ITA LA HALUHA - "We not forget!"