



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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President J. Carey, Secretary D. Carey, Editor T.J. Vanderveldt

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1946 - 2006

60 Years of Togetherness

The following editorial of the one published in our October 1996 issue. Sadly in the ten years since it was written we have lost 140 members, all fine men and good Australians. Many of our beloved lady members have also passed on - such is life. God Bless them all. The four and a half years shared together as a small Army Unit of 300 men laid the foundation of what has been, and still is, a 'magnificent Association. The independent spirit which stemmed from those years together has continued and 60 years on we still retain that spirit. The way we have stuck together is nothing short of remarkable. We are indeed a unique and true fraternity.

We can look back with pride on our past 60 years. We were fortunate to have had, in all states, capable people who were prepared to devote their time to setting up the affairs of a young Association. Regrettably, many of those who did so much are no longer with us. The sound administrative principles set out in those early days along with the enthusiasm and loyal support the Association has received from members and their families down through the years has produced a strong and caring Association. Long may it be so!

As an active body of 60 years we can lay claim to some fine achievements. Those coming readily to mind include that wonderful little paper of ours 'The Courier,' our Kings Park Honour Avenue in Lovekin Drive, our Army Museum Section in the Fremantle Barracks, the Memorial to those, gallant people of East Timor at Fatunaba above Dili, the Independent Trust Fund set up to help the indigenous youth of East Timor, and there are others.

The happy times spent together should not be forgotten. The Anzac Days, the early children's outings and Christmas parties, the Tuesday night meetings, the socials, interstate safaris, country conventions, and so it goes on.

May our 60 years together give us strength to cope with life in our declining years. The passing of friends, especially close life long friends, hurts us all deep down.

Come what may, we can rest content that our years spent as members of this very fine Association have been a rewarding and gratifying experience for us all.

We of the No. 2 Australian Independent Company and later of the 2/2nd Commando Association of Australia can claim we were indeed the "**Lucky Company.**"

Jack Carey

VALE WILLIAM Paton 'Pat' MOODIE

b. 22 December 1912, Benalla, d. 17 May 2005, Shepparton, age 92.

Pat grew up at 'Sunnyside', Waggarandall, between Benalla and Yarrawonga, the oldest of four children of Douglas and Hilda Moodie. His name 'Pat' came from his mother's maiden name Paton, from Tallangatta. Pat's wife Maisie and brother Hugh predeceased him and he is survived by his sisters Mary Belcher and Ruth Morris, son Keith and grand daughter Emily.

Pat attended Yundool and Youarang Primary Schools, Benalla High School and Wangaratta Technical School.

He enlisted V23057 in the Citizen Military Forces on 28th December 1939, transferred to CNIF full time duty on 16th October 1941, then Australian Imperial Force VX 112950 on 28th September 1942. He was discharged 2nd January 1946, trooper. Pat served with the 2/2 Commando Squadron in New Guinea and New Britain.

On 17th May 1944 while on six weeks leave, Pat married Florence May 'Maisie' Mortimer. After the war he and Maisie farmed at Lake Rowan. They adopted their son Keith in 1949 and moved to their farm at Pine Lodge. With irrigation there, they ran dairy cows then later beef cattle. Maisie keenly pursued her gardening and dog breeding interests. In 1976 Pat and Maisie moved into Gloucester Crescent, Shepparton, where Maisie's garden became a showpiece. Pat did a lot of garden work and lawn mowing for people around Shepparton. For many years Pat drove his old green ute around Shepparton, then later he travelled on foot. He made

many friends and enjoyed a lot of long chats during his lawn mowing years. Many have commented on his wry little smile and the twinkle in his eye. He and Maisie enjoyed playing cards with friends and relatives, particularly '500.'

Pat loved a chat, and he would regularly phone up friends and relatives to keep in touch. Always spot on in his knowledge of cricket and football, he knew a lot about television personalities and politicians. He was a small, good humoured man who managed his life with strength and fortitude. Maisie died in 1996 following a minor car accident, and Pat lived quietly at home until he died in hospital at Shepparton in May 2005, aged 92.

Elizabeth Dellar

VALE! MERVYN LINDSAY (DOC) WHEATLEY WX 13365

Doc was born in the small town of Kronkup in the Albany district. He was the fifth in line of Thomas and Clarabel Wheatley's ten children. He left school at the age of 13 and commenced his working life on farms and dairies throughout the southwest, doing anything that would earn him some money. He continued in this manner, going wherever the work took him. He worked in the mines in Kalgoorlie and Wiluna and later went roo, shooting in his old tin lizzie, travelling right throughout the Pilbara Region right up until WWII.

Doc became a member of 8 Section C Platoon in the 2nd Independent Company later known as 2i2nd Commando Squadron. It was formed in Foster in Victoria in 1941. He was an

excellent soldier and a very good rifle shot - doubtless due to his experience in shooting kangaroos. He served throughout the war mainly in Timor and New Guinea. Doc lived life to the full in every way and, at age 93, he was the last member of the original 8 Section to leave this world.

Doc was a life member of our Association and was a very loyal and interested member despite his advancing years. He was particularly generous with donations to Association finance year after year.

After the war, Doc rekindled a romance with Olive Beckett, and they married in March 1947. Doc single handedly built a home for his family on 48 acres of virgin bush in the Byford hills, which over the next 16 years he turned into a successful market garden and orchard. He was renowned for the quality of his produce, especially his tomatoes and earned the name Top Price Merv.

In late 1964, Doc sold up and moved to Cloverdale. He did a short stint of roo shooting again, then set himself up with a large tractor driven water tank and worked on the standard gauge railway for the next few years. He then tried his hand at making small fibreglass boats and after that he worked for several years in the drainage business laying pipes and building manholes and was commonly known as Manhole Merv.

After reaching retirement, Doc frequently went bush to go gold prospecting and in between times, helped his brother Harry doing odd jobs at the Belmont Squash Courts and Peninsula Caravan Park. He then settled into full retirement and was happy to focus his attention on his own home vegie garden.

Doc's funeral was at Karrakatta on 31 st January. It was well attended and included 10 life members of the Association. They were Ray Parry, Keith and Val Hayes, Jack and Delys Carey, John Burrridge, Dick Darrington, Bob Smyth, Colin Hodson and Helen Poynton's daughter Julie Ann and Cyril Ayris, author of our forthcoming book. All present at the funeral were invited for refreshments at the Hollywood Bowling Club, which again, was very well attended.

This farewell tribute to Doc Wheatley was largely provided by his daughter Glenis Austin and her daughter Sheree Hart. Doc's cheery nature and his goodwill will be surely missed by our members and the Association extends sympathy and best wishes to all of Doc's family.

VALE TONY BRADFIELD ADAMS

18 September 1918 - 4 march 2006

"What a real hero he was. May God reward him, as he deserves! He had all the great primary virtues of loyalty, courage, kindness, patience, endurance, modesty and integrity. His devotion to duty was tested as though he were a Christian martyr."

Canon Morris, founder of the Anglican Church grammar school, wrote those words in 1950 about my grandfather JB Adams.

But they apply equally to his son, my father Tony. He was a real hero to us in the family and a true friend to so many - friends he made and kept through 43 years in the ANZ bank, his war years in the middle east and new guinea, his service to legacy and to this parish of

St. Thomas, his many rounds of golf at or, his work as a neighbour on the body corporate at Arila Lodge, and through his genuine concern for everyone he ever met.

At the Wesley last week, I was speaking with the chaplain there who told me she'd seen dad when he was first admitted after his stroke, and although partly paralysed and suffering severe dehydration, his eyes lit up when he saw her and he asked "how was your holiday in Adelaide?"

That was dad to the end. Always polite, always thinking of others, always the perfect gentleman, a dinky-di Christian.

Your presence with us today is witness to the love you have for Tony. On behalf of my sister Judy, my wife Pam, and Tony's grandchildren, Kimi, Jacob, Ben, Sarah, Nicky, Patrick and Jessie, thank you for coming to celebrate with us the warmest and happiest memories of our very special father, father-in-law and grandfather.

Tony Bradford Adams was born in Glen Inns, New South Wales, on September 18, 1918 the first son of Jack and Leonie de Raeve Adams. Jack was headmaster of the New England grammar school at the time and Tony attended his early schooling there before moving to Toowoomba grammar.

There he became life-long friends with John Henderson and Des Earle and another young Toowoomba lad Ellyn Shan.

Dad joined the union bank of Australia in Brisbane in 1934 on an annual salary of \$144. Again, he quickly made friends with the likes of Ray Harvey, Noel O'Keefe, and Eric Black. He was transferred to Jondawae on the Darling Downs in 1937 where he made his mark on the tennis court and in local cricket.

When war was declared in September 1939, dad was the 11th Toowoomba man to enlist in the AIF and he spent 2,181 days in the army, serving in the middle east until 1942 with the 2/11 field regiment and later in New Guinea with the 2/2 commando squadron. His wartime mates like Archie Campbell, Don Turton and Larry Cordner were among his closest lifelong friends.

Dad met the love of his life over the Christmas holidays in 1944. As family folklore has it, mum's photo was on the front page of the Sunday Mail, dad saw it, and tracked her down on Surfers Paradise beach! They were engaged by Easter and married two months after the end of the war, here at St. Thomas's.

Dad then went back to work at the bank first in Childers then in Brisbane where he bought their first home in Wilson for the grand sum of \$1,300! Both my sister Judy and I were born during this time before our family began the first of many moves around Queensland with the by then newly merged ANZ bank.

We lived in Toowoomba, then Coolangatta, and in 1959, moved to Longreach - arguably one of dad's most enjoyable times with the bank and an opportunity to renew his friendship with Jack de Kloot as well as making many new friends with people like Joe and Sadie Milne.

Dad was transferred to Southport in 1962 and then to Rockhampton in 1964 - again a very happy move as they loved the life in central Queensland and made more great friends there like the McCauley family.

In 1968, dad was appointed manager of the head office in Brisbane - the first Queenslander to fill the position for decades. Dad and mum bought a house

in Rainworth and lived there for almost 30 years during which time dad (with a little - I stress little - help from me) transformed the back yard wilderness into a multi-terraced rain forest that many of you will remember.

Dad retired in 1977 and he and mum embarked on a long held dream by caravanning around Australia, spending time with their many friends in all six states and visiting the family too. He and mum were able to travel frequently to visit Pam and I in Tokyo and once in Sao Paulo, and also to Kangaroo Valley and later Berry to see the Gardners.

Although dad was brought up as an only child (his brother John dying at a very young age), he had a virtual sister in Ingrid Mole and, once he and mum were married, he inherited a big and loving family in the Dunsdon clan.

Mum's surviving sister Jill McKeon regrets that she and uncle Cec can't be with us today as ill health prevents them from travelling from Hervey Bay. But Jill asked that I acknowledge the tower of strength Tony was to both of them, particularly in recent years and how he will be so greatly missed by them both.

Dad was a great support to all the Dunsdon girls and as my cousin Doug commented the other day, you can bet Ethne will be busy right now preparing asparagus rolls for the welcome to heaven party!

Judy, Pam and I are greatly touched by having Geoff, Barry, Sue, Chris, Kerry, Doug and Bev with us today, as well as Tim, Katie, Sarah and Sophie, to say their farewells to uncle Tony.

Dad was immensely proud of his family and took great delight in everyone's

achievements. If I ever wanted to know the latest news about my nieces and nephews - or even my own children! - I just needed to call dad for a complete run down on absolutely everything.

Dad was a great organizer and he has files on all sorts of things - including one that my niece Sarah and I discovered the other day: a 1921 edition of Peter Rabbit inscribed: "to be given to my first great grandchild!" Just another of Bine's subtle little hints there kids!

As you all know, dad's loving devotion to Iris over the last few years of her life was legendary. One can only assume the toll this took but it was done - as with everything in his life - with a selfless enthusiasm for the wellbeing and interest of those dearest to him.

Since mum passed away 13 months ago, dad's health sadly deteriorated but again he bore this stoically and was more interested in comforting others than in dwelling on his own troubles.

It was wonderful that he was able to visit Melbourne last October for Pam's exhibition and, a reunion with old army and banking mates and to visit Judy in Berry for Christmas with her family.

So now we come to the end of a life well lived and well loved. It is appropriate that it is here at St. Thomas's, which meant so much to both mum and dad, that we gather to farewell Tony. We are comforted by the words of scripture and the knowledge that he and mum are together again.

Requiescat in pace, dearest dad. I am so very proud to be your son.

N.B.

Tony Adams QX1011 enlisted in the AIF in October 1939 and served as an

Artillery Officer in the Middle East in 1941/42. On his return he joined the 2/2nd in Canungra in March 1943, Tony or 'Basher' as he was better known as, served in C platoon, during its New Guinea/New Britain campaigns. He was in charge of Section 7 and later when Gerry McKenzie moved on, promoted to the rank of Captain in charge of C Platoon. Tony or 'Basher' was a fine officer, who always led from the front, and he was highly respected by the members of his section and all members of the 2/2nd. He and Iris were loyal, generous and active supporters of the Association and attended a number of the Safaris. Tony was a Life Member and his passing will be received with much regret by his old comrades.

The Association wishes to extend its deepest sympathy to Judy and Paul and their families.

Lest We Forget

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Jack and Delys,

In finding the notice in the Courier I can only say I was devastated. I had had a talk with Allan prior to Xmas and felt I had an understanding of the reason. I have spoken again with Allan and must say (as far as I understand) that the optimum word for the history would be actual and factual for now I can only dwell on all both of you have done for the Association, (Words are inadequate) but I especially enjoyed receiving and reading the Courier, so immaculately produced and which kept me in touch with the many people I have met Safari-wise. I am a quiet one, sitting in the middle of N.S.W. with no close contact

with other members but age now keeps me somewhat confined.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the pleasure I have received from our Association.

Best of everything for 2006.

Love

Kath Press

6 Parker Place

Orange 2800

Dear Editor,

Congratulations to Jack and Del Carey in having been appointed to their respective positions in continuing the onerous and enormous workload of maintaining our association. One of their first duties was to approve that an approach be made to Bart Maverich, Past President of the SAS Association of Australia and to fill the vacancy on the Independent Trust. Bart and Loris already well-known to our members in fostering the close relationship between our two associations. Bart would add considerable strength to the future of our operations.

Bob Smythe

Association

Enclosed cheque for the Association use as you wish, where needed/helpful.

Thanks for the "Courier". I look forward to reading all the news of the members and families, some bright and some not so bright.

Have had some useful rain but we always need more, some places have not been so fortunate.

When the book "History of 2/2" is published, please keep or reserve a copy for me.

Thank you.
Best wishes to all.
Beryl Cullen
Brigadoon
Kyogle 2474

Dear Editor,
I don't know whether you will remember me? On 26 May last year you phoned asking whether I would write a short 'Piece' for the Courier. So whilst I have not actually met you, over the years I have learned a lot about you and Mrs. Carey from Tom Nisbet Col Doig, Gordon Had, Alan Luby and others.

Alan Luby and I phone each other regularly each Sunday morning so I was quite surprised when he phoned me on a recent Wednesday evening, I was even more surprised and extremely upset and annoyed when Alan told me about the goings on in regard to the publication of the official history of the unit and your association with the Courier.

For several years I was involved in editing much of Col Doig's writing and way back then, I was very much aware of his wish for a down to earth history of the 2/2nd compiled from the memories and experiences of those "who were there!" I know too, that Tom Nisbet and others, all were eager for the same outcome for what is now "All The Bull's Men."

Mr. Carey,

The 2/2 Commando Courier will not be the same without the Carey involvement; however I can quite understand your reasons for severing the connection.

With every good wish to you and Mrs. Carey now and for the rest of the year and onwards.

Very sincerely,
Sheila Forsyth
76 Marshall Lane Kenmore. Q 4069

Dear Editor,

Another year has slipped by and it has been a blessed year of good health, of renewed friendships and a time of welcoming our first great grandchild, Thomas Philip White (14.11.05). We are pleased to report all are well, the baby, parents, grandparents and great grandparents.

It has been a quiet year for activity. George's main interest was to keep the farm in good order. With our good supply of water the lawns are lovely and green. Our harvest of pawpaws has been continuous and we were fortunate in having a good mango crop. With two flowering of blossom we had two distinct crops on each tree. This year a mango picking machine was used Reaching approx. 40ft. and after the style of a cherry picker, it had two 'arms' manipulated by the men utilizing each arm. Water was continuously reticulating from the top of the arm through a chute into a tank at the floor of the machine. As the mangoes were washed clean of the sap a section of the machine scooped out the fruit into a bin ready for packing. It certainly improved the quality of the mangoes.

We had our usual annual holiday to Brisbane/Sydney and Mackay to stay with the family. It was good to catch up with children, grandchildren and friends. Everyone is busy in his/her sphere of

activity. Life seems to be rushing, more so in the cities.

I have had a year of quiet inactivity. I did clean up all the family photos – a lifetime collection plus the ones inherited from our parents. Ones that were of no interest to the family were discarded. It certainly brought the photos to a manageable collection. I have kept up with friends and family through letter and especially the emails, so convenient.

There has been a renewed interest in my book "Bends in the Road" and have had another printing done.

It was 6 years ago since it was first printed. George has still kept up his interest in Masonic Lodge, the RSL and Legacy. It is hard to recruit new members to help with Legacy, so George still has his 14 "widows" in Bowen and 10 in Collinsville.

Bowen has progressed quite remarkably the past 12 months. With the export demand for Queensland coal and the need for improved port outlets, Abbot Point (15 miles north of Bowen) is to be expanded and the missing rail link to the Bowen Basin coalfields is to be built. 4000 workmen are expected in the vicinity within the next few years. Land values have soared and new town houses and units are being built on any available block throughout the town and Queen's Beach.

We had an extra dry year. However our farm artesian water is holding up well.

Bowen is fortunate to be connected by pipeline to the Proserpine Dam 70-80 miles south which eliminated the need for water restrictions in the township.

Margo and George

Dear Jack and Delys,

I usually keep this pad for Special occasions so as this is a Very, Very Special one so will you accept my thanks and the thanks of all the 2/2 members for the wonderful job, so ably done.

I think you both should have been nominated for the "Editors of the Many Years" that you have spent doing an exceptional job.

You will be missed by us all. Have a long time to enjoy together.

With our sincerest thanks.

George and I would have been married 60 years on April 23rd. We were very fortunate. He was a great mate.

With love,

Bettye Couison

Dear Association,

Firstly, may I extend to you, Mrs. Carey and all associated with the Courier my sincere Season's Greetings and best wishes for as much good health as is possible in our declining years.

Once again I would like to say thanks for all the hard work and dedication involved in the excellent and interesting publication of the Courier.

The distribution of the enclosed cheque I shall leave to you Jack.

I am interested in obtaining a copy of the Unit's history when available.

Cheers for now.

Ian Scott

1001/206 Ben Boyd Rd
Neutral Bay NSW 2089

Dear Association,

I always look forward to receiving my quarterly edition of the Courier, and thoroughly enjoy reading it. Please find a donation of \$20 included to cover costs of producing the Courier and any other needs seen requiring.

Would you please be able to update my postal address to that provided above. I was previously residing at Verdun SA.

I also want to put my name down for a special commemorative edition and normal hardback copy of the unit's official history. Please advise, and invoice me as they are available. I have long and eagerly been awaiting publication!

Yours sincerely,

Brent Brooks

Brooks PO Box 213 Narrabri NSW 2390

Dear Editor,

Life and Times of an Old Soldier

We were evacuated from Timor on the Dutch destroyer Tjerk Hides, a brand new British destroyer given to the Dutch as an ally. I remember it was doing about 40 knots per hour, the wind blew like a gale from the speed of it.

When we went below deck there were men sleeping everywhere and anywhere you could bed down, then at dusk we arrived at Darwin. I often used to wonder if we would see Australia again, but here we were back again. We caused a stir with our mostly beards and tattered clothing. We were sent down the railway line to Larrimah. The C.O. at Larrimah ordered all our clothes to be burnt because we were all infested with lice and gave us a week to get our beards off and look like soldiers again.

The lice was with us all the time in Timor, they were just a nuisance. I used to go through my clothes every so often. Kill the fat ones and the smaller ones which were hard to see, were dealt with as they got bigger. They lived in the seams of our clothing. Came the time to go home on leave, we were on parade when I felt sick and I was ordered to fall out and then had a malaria attack.

I don't know if they had a hospital in Larrimah but I think I was sent back to the hospital in Darwin, where I remember there were nine of us.

In the hospital they had liquid quinine. It was vile stuff, it was bitter and hung around in your stomach for hours. Such as it was, one day when the nurse came around with a tray of nine little glasses of quinine, we would all come over and get our medicine.

This day, there was one left on the tray but no one would own up to not taking their medicine. I have to confess after 60 years that it was me. I would rather have the malaria. I cannot remember who else of our boys were in the hospital except Keith Richards. He was on the bed next to me and he was moaning all night. The nurses and doctors thought it was malaria, having no knowledge of this disease but I understand that he had a diseased tooth that infected his brain and he died.

Came the time leave Darwin and off to Perth for leave. I with other troops were put in big trucks (American with American Negro drivers and it took about four days to get to Mt Isa. Then on the train to Perth. After leave the unit was put in transit camp, I think at Claremont, about 3 miles from the city centre. Again I got malaria. I had it in Timor and it

makes you feel sick, with a lot of vomiting, headaches, your bones ache and you shiver like buggery. It lasts about a week and then you are over it for a month or six weeks but it is still in your body. In New Guinea we had the Atebrin of course which kept the malaria in check but it made us all yellow in complexion, which was pretty good.

I was now in the Hollywood military hospital, about 4 miles from Perth. When I was getting better but still under treatment, the nurses used to let me go to dances at night time to do some ballroom dancing. I would come back to the hospital before midnight.

When the time came to leave the hospital to rejoin the unit, the unit had gone with destination of Canungra in Queensland.

I was sent to Northam military camp about 60 miles from Perth. Northam used to be the camp where every soldier who enlisted was sent to. Rudimentary training was given there and soldiers were eventually sent out to different units. It was a big place with plenty of personnel etc., but now when I arrived it was only small in number, soldiers like me, who for whatever reason had missed their units.

It is going onto 64 years now and I cannot remember everything, but much to my delight Joe Poynton and Col Criddle were there. I don't remember what we did in the day time but there was leave every night. We used to go to the pub, the dances twice a week and leave every weekend. This went on for about four to five months. It was a wonderful life of pleasure, whilst the unit was sweating it out at Canungra in Queensland.

Came the time for us to move on and join the unit.

I cannot remember if these other boys that were on the train with us were at Northam. I don't think so but anyway here is the group from West Aussie that was on the train across the Nullabor.

Myself, Joe Poynton, Col Criddle, Bert Mathews, Stan Ludlow, Don Lacy, Lou Thompson, Sgt. Smith, Sgt. Coupland.

About five of us decided that we would miss the train in Sydney. We had to change trains from Melbourne as we had never been to Sydney. We duly reported to the Transit Officer that we had missed the train so we were sent out to a details camp, that is an odds 'n' sods camp, where soldiers are catching up with their units. This camp is out at Randwick way and on the tram route. We were given leave passes straight away. This was about 9 am so with the tram we finished down at the Ship Inn in Sydney Harbour, where the ferries go across to Manly and those places right where the Sydney Harbour Bridge is. Sometime in the afternoon we put Lou Thompson on the seat of a tram, actually we laid him down and he went to sleep. The Sydney trams had their seats cross-wise and you could lie down on them, not like the trams in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne or Queensland.

We told the driver to put him off at the camp, which he did, because he was there next morning like the rest of us, all running to the toilet with diarrhoea. We reckoned it was the Sydney beer that we were not used to.

Now we were off to Canungra. Sgt. Alf Coupland took charge of our little group and when we got down to the Gold Coast, the end of the train line, he

organised a truck to take us to Canungra. But the unit was gone and we were told that they were up in Cairns.

We spent one night at Canungra where, it seemed to me, every soldier had to spend a few months for it was a jungle training camp and to this day soldiers from all over the world do their jungle training there.

What I remember about Canundra is that they had the biggest mosquitoes ever.

Now our little group was on the train again to Cairns where we found the unit. The unit was now quite different with lots of new faces and there was no room for all of us for the unit was now at full strength.

Dave Dexter wanted Joe Poynton and me but some missed out. We were at the Atherton Table lands for about a fortnight, then down to Townsville and off to New Guinea.

Note for Tom Pulliene:

How are you old mate, you are still with us. I have a group photo of you, mostly A Troop taken at Larrimah when we came back from Timor.

Note for Patsy Thatcher:

About five years ago you wrote about the splendid views around Lete-Foho. All of the middle to ex Portuguese Timor is beautiful country, a mountain nearly 10,000 feet and only 40 miles wide or less. That is why the engineers were around that part of Timor, being based at Villa Marie. I was up that part of Timor by chance only when I was sent by my Lieutenant Dave Dexter over to A Platoon H/quarters. Travelling around Timor in early March was all new to us and I finished up at Lete-Foho. Eventually I found my way to Cailaco. On the

Indonesian map of Timor I cannot find Lete-Foho, Vila Maria or Tocalulio.

Fred Otway

54 Ham Rd, Mansfield 4122

Dear Jack,

I contacted Fran Tillett, she is now in Karinga Nursing Home, Dye Stree, Coorowa, her phone number is unchanged. She had a fall some time ago and damaged her leg. Had people to clean the house as well as the garden, it got too much for her. Eventually made the decision to sell the house and move into a nursing home, said she was a cripple now and depends on the help she gets. Apparently in a better place, keeping as well as she is able. Also three brother live close by and is not short of visits.

(Monica) rang Cumberland Retirement Village. The girl I spoke to had been there for four years and did not know her. Her unit No. 111 was occupied by others. She then gave me their nursing home number where she was a resident but not for the last two years or more.

Could not tell me what happened, but if transferred to hospital for any reason I doubt if she would still be with us today.

Hope you got my message, but thought a quick line would explain things better. All well with us.

Mavis

PS

Ed Bourke has since advised that Monica passed away in October 2004

Dear Jack,

A few seconds of carelessness on 19/10/05 and I finished up in Hospital with a broken ribs. The car was a write off.

Whilst in hospital I picked up a blood infection and that's what caused all my troubles. The broken ribs were no problem. Nine weeks and four hospitals later, I was discharged, as weak as a kitten. Picking up well now and over the last couple weeks I've improved enormously.

Last Saturday we celebrated my 90th birthdays, Nora will be eighty in a couple of weeks, she has had a trying time since October and it has taken its toll. However she is still extremely mobile and full of life, she certainly enjoyed the Party last Saturday. Of course she will have another one in Canberra, in a couple of weeks.

The children did all the organising for our Party. Hired a marquee, got a caterer in, organised all the beverages, sent out the invitations, all Nora and I did was welcome the guests and sit back and enjoy ourselves. There were about 70 guests, family and friends. One of Nora's nephews and his daughter came out from Ireland to help us celebrate. Alan Luby made a sterling effort and with help of his hairdresser made it to the party, it was a great gesture from a old comrade in arms, Thank you Alan, Jean, Pauline and Greg English were also present. Pauline was looking no older than she was over twenty years ago and is as beautiful as ever.

Maria Hartley and Winifred Brown also made, so the 2/2nd were well represented by their families.

Nora and I wish to thank all 2/2nd people who rang up wishing us so much good and happiness, not only for that special day, but in the time we have in the future, I also wish to thank those people of the 2/2nd who have sent their wishes for a

full recovery to health for me, Thank you. Oh yes I was 90.

Harry Handicott rang me from Newcastle tendering his good wishes and the unfortunate news that Andy Berveridge was in hospital, Andy broke his leg and could be in hospital for sometime, broken bones at our age are always serious, so we wish Andy a full recovery from his accident.

Nora joins me in wishing all our members and their families, good health, happiness and contented lives for 2006 and beyond. Paddy Kenneally.

P.S. Alan Luby rang Nora and gave her the news that "Happy" Greenhalgh was in hospital, how so serious or otherwise Alan did not know. However I am sure that all our members wish the Impressible "Happy" a quick return to good health.

Dear Editor,

Just a few lines to say hullo. The hot weather slows me down a lot, so much so, that Audrey holds her fingers up to see if I am actually moving.

I'm still giving a hand to run the shop on the coast road. It keeps me busy collecting fruit and everything each morning. I make orange juice once a week from from oranges out of our orchard. Then every fortnight I, with help, make over three hundred meat pies.

Fell off a super spreader the other week and finished up on crutches, constant rubbing with emu oil has done the trick and I'm now back to normal again.

I've written a book. It's name is: "Yes there is life besides cricket."

It covers a hundred years when my father took up farming in Broome Hill. It is an interesting read. The book is available for \$30, which includes the postage.

My home address is Peet st, Harvey WA 6220 and my phone 08 9729 1296 for those members wanting a book.

All the best

Arthur Marshall

Alma Moore from Dwellingup sent a Christmas Card. Thank you Alma and a wonderful 2006 to you too!

The Secretary, 2/2nd Commando Association

Thank you greatly for your letter dated 10 Nov 2005 with permission to adopt the 2/2nd double red diamond as the DCP official colour patch. I must apologise for the time it has taken me to respond to your letter. There have been a number of significant activities and almost a full rotation of DCP staff during this period and I have held off until I can dutifully focus on the task. I hope you and the men and women in your association have had a fruitful Christmas and New Year period. We greatly honour this relationship and I hope that we can continue to build on it this year.

I was very absorbed reading the newsletter you sent us, especially the opening excerpt on 'tolerance'. A key message that we can all learn from currently being taught by the Timorese leadership, especially President Xanana Gusmao, is tolerance and forgiveness in the wake of pain, suffering an injustice. I have personally heard the President speak in small villages around the

country appealing to his people to forgive the crimes of the past and look forward to the future. Even on CNN this morning Snr. Jose Ramos Horta responded to the UN report on atrocities and war crimes committed by Indonesia by stating that Timor will no longer focus on past wrongs, rather forgive and look ahead to build a safe and prosperous environment for future generations.

The 2/2nd CDO story is held in very high esteem amongst the Timorese people. It is amazing the amount of times I have travelled through the hills in Timor and heard stories of Sparrow Force. Just recently on my way to spend Christmas Day in Gleno, I stopped at Three Spurs to get an appreciation of the ground of the initial 2/2nd HQ. I was intercepted by the local chief of the village who swiftly guided me up to the location where the post was located. He recounted many stories that had been told by his father of various 2/2nd groups that had occupied the ground and their various encounters with the Japanese. From the stories he was told he believes to this day that 2 Australian soldiers can defeat an enemy Battalion. He told with great animation how his father was good friends with the Australians at Three Spurs and would always show them the way out of the firefight.

It is also quite common for the Falintil leadership, now commanding East Timor's National Army, to use the 'Kommando Austraiianu sira' from WWII as examples of professionalism and intelligence in the art of warfare. I have no doubt they adopted many lessons learnt from Sparrow Force in their own guerrilla war against Indonesia.

As requested I have included some information regarding the DCP program that should give you a greater understanding of our mission here in Timor Leste. It is a basic overview of a very broad and complex program, though it should be a sound starting point. If you have any questions or would like further information about anything in particular please call.

Our Quartermaster Sergeant is currently looking for a patch manufacturer for the production of the double red diamonds. As per your instruction only unit members working in Timor Leste will be permitted to wear the patch. On other issues, it is great news that the Dare rebuild will be of such great benefit to the community and children of Dare and the seed distribution project has also been very successful. Through Luke Gosling we distributed many packets around the country whilst on 'Exercise Criado' - a historical expedition DCP-EM conducted with a number of Falintil veterans.

At DCP-EM we ensure that all unit members understand the tight link our countries have had since Dec 1941 and the selflessness and heroism the Timorese have shown us throughout this time. I have included some background information and excerpts from "Exercise Criado" that you may be able to use in your newsletter. We will be conducting another such exercise in February this year for all new team members.

In closing, on behalf of DCP-EM, I would like to wish all of the members of the 2/2nd Commando Association a very healthy and prosperous year. The legend of Sparrow Force in Timor still

echoes strong through time. The Timorese Elders continue to draw attributes from the model soldier of 'Segunda Guerra Mundial' (WWII) to use in their stories and campfire, tales. They speak of a group of men that gave compassion and were courageous, men that inspired hope and displayed resilience, men that demonstrated tolerance and intelligence, men that believed in unity and a good joke and men that opened friendships that remain strong to this day. We hear these stories on a regular basis through the various Timorese people we work with and encounter. We extend a meaningful 'thankyou' for the sacrifices you made for us here in Timor and for the standard in soldiering and humanity that continues to guide us.

Michael Stone

Major

Military Advisor

Defence Cooperation Program

29 January 2006

26 Jan 2006

2/2 Commando Assoc Box T 1646 GPO
Perth WA 6001

Dear Association,

I always look forward to receiving my quarterly edition of the Courier, and thoroughly enjoy reading it. Please find a donation of \$20 included to cover costs of producing the Courier and any other needs seen requiring.

Would you please be able to update my postal address to that provided above. I was previously residing at Verdun SA.

I also want to put my name down for a special commemorative edition and normal hardback copy of the unit's official

history. Please advise, and invoice me as they are available. I have long and eagerly been awaiting publication!

Yours sincerely,

B.J. Brooks, PO Box 213 Narrabri, NSW 2390

Dear Ed.

A few weeks ago, on behalf of our association, I pinned our Life Membership badge on Paddy Wilby. He was very happy to receive same and certainly deserved it. He is still pretty good but working on his eyesight. Gordon and Joan Stanly are still pretty tired after their recent trip to W.A. They expect it will be their last long trip. Pat Barnier, Margaret Hooper and Beryl Steen are all getting along O.K.

Have tried a number of times to get Bettye Coulson but she seems to be away.

As older people we tend to spend more of our time at home now, but no so our Betty!

On 7 March it was the funeral of Tony Bradfield Adams, our 'Basher'. Fred Otway (still playing tennis), Paddy Wilby and I attended the service and a good crowd filled the church. Ralph and Sheila Conley sent their apologies as they both had a previous commitment for a week's bowls on the Darling Downs with a local group. Tony had a long and very busy life. He made many friends wherever he went and as an all round man he'd be hard to beat. It would be great if there could be more around like him.

His daughter Judy did a reading and his son Paul gave a very good Eulogy. Paul is going to send you a copy of his Eulogy

and Harry Handicott will ad a bit too. Paul was in Mexico on business when he received the call that his dad was very ill and as he said, Mexico is not the easiest to return hom in haste.

Tony had seven grandchildren, Kimi, Jacob, Benjamin, Sarah, Nicky, Patrick and Jessie.

The whole family were present for the funeral and when it is remembered that they all live in NSW or Victoria this was a terrific effort for a fine, loving and close family.

Lyn and I recently spent a week in East Timor with Yvonne Walsh. The business attended to there was entirely successful and I'll give you a full report a little later on. Cheers and best wishes to all our members.

Ron & Lynn

M & G. Shiels, Bowen, Qld.

Another year has slipped by and it has been a blessed year of good health, of renewed friendships and a time of welcoming our first great grandchild, Thomas Phillip White. (14/11/05). We are pleased to report all are well, the babe, parents, grandparents and great grandparents.

It has been a quiet year for activity. George's main interest was to keep the farm in good order. With our good supply of water the lawns are lovely and green. Our harvest of paw paws has been continuous and we were fortunate in having a good mango crop. With two flowering of blossom we had two distinct crops on every tree. This year a mango picking machine was used. Reaching approximately forty feet and after the style of a cherry picker, it had two 'arms'

manipulated by the men utilizing each arm. Water was continuously reticulating from the top of the arm through a chute into a tank at the floor of the machine. As the mangoes were washed clean of the sap a section of the machine scooped the fruit out and into a bin ready for packing. It certainly improved the quality of the mangoes.

We had our usual annual holiday to Brisbane, Sydney and Mackay to stay with the family. It was good to catch up with children, grandchildren and friends. Everyone is busy in his/her sphere of activity. Life seems to be rushing, more so in the cities.

I have had a year quiet activity also. I did clean up all the family photos – a lifetime collection plus the ones inherited from our parents. Ones that were of no interest to the family were discarded. It certainly brought the photos to a manageable collection. I have kept up with friends and family through letters and especially the e-mails, so convenient. There has been a renewed interest in my book "Bends in the Road" and have had another printing done. It was six years ago since it was first printed.

George has still kept up his interest in the Masonic Lodge, the RSL and Legacy. It is hard to recruit new members to help with Legacy, so George still has his fourteen "widows" in Bowen and ten in Collinsville.

Bowen has progressed quite remarkably the past twelve months. With the export demand for Queensland coal and the need for improved port outlets, Abbot Point (fifteen miles north of Bowen) is to be expanded and the missing rail link to the Bowen Basin coal fields is to be built. Four thousand workers are expected in

the vicinity within the next few years. Land values have soared and new town houses and units are being built on any available block throughout the town and Queen's Beach.

We have had an extra dry year. However our farm artesian water is holding up well. Bowen is fortunate to be connected by pipeline to the Proserpine Dam seventy – eighty miles south, which eliminated the need for water restrictions in the township.

Best wishes to all, Margo and George.

L/Cpl. Robert Ewan WX 10167 K.I.A.
Liltai, East Timor 14/8/1942.

In May 2005, Monica O'Brien, the producer of "A Debt of Honour" sent me a letter from a woman who had seen the program, inquiring if I knew her brother giving his name as Robert Oliver. I contacted her and told her that I was sure there was no man with that name with the 2/2nd in Timor – then she dropped a bombshell! She still had the report of his death in 1942 as follows:- WX 10167 L/Cpl. Robert Oliver (alias Ewans) killed in action 14/8/1942. As soon as she said Ewan I knew right away. He was Bob Ewan 4 Section, 2/2nd Independent Company. She also gave me some details, here they are – Robert Ewan Oliver was born in Winslot Gateshead, Durham, England in 1912, Father James Luke Oliver, Mother Margaret Oliver (nee Morrison). The mother died, the father married again and arrived in Australia in 1925 and settled in Kahibah, in the Lake Macquarie area near Newcastle, N.S.W. Bob and his father did not get on well. Bob left home about 1928 and wandered

Continues on page 18

All the Bull's Men

We are pleased to announce that at long last the history of the unit has been completed and will soon be available to our members, friends and the general public.

In March 2002 it was agreed by the Executive Committee that the history of the Unit's deeds in WWII be compiled. It was not until June 2004 that the author, a former journalist of long standing, Mr. Cyril Ayris was commissioned to write the said history. Mr. Ayris has worked long and hard to produce a book which he considers to be a good read and is confident it will sell well.

The Official Launch of "All the Bull's Men" will be held at the Legacy Club of Perth at 64 Mill Point Rd, South Perth on Sunday 23 April 2006 at 10.00 am.

For the Launch to be a success it is important that it receives the full support of our members and friends and we appeal to you to come along to this very special occasion.

Books will be available immediately after the launch.

For our Eastern States members which you are asked to read carefully before posting.

A special PO Box number has been obtained to take orders for the books, as follows:

2/2 Commando Association

PO Box 11

Willetton WA 6955

up into Queensland. The depression came. He worked at whatever he could find, mostly on outback sheep and cattle stations. He had also changed his name to the Ewan part of his Christian name. He wandered down through far Western Queensland into South Australia. His intention was to get to Western Australia. He knew such a trip by rattler (goods trains) which was the usual mode of transport by men on the track during the thirties, would be impossible. He and his mate went to the Outer Harbour in Port Adelaide where the overseas ships docked. There was one of the Bay Line ships either the Hudson, the Esperance, the Jervis Bay loading. Bob couldn't remember which.

He approached a wharfie, asked a few questions, the wharfie asked a few in return and one was right to the point - "What do you really want to know mate?" Bob told him, "Stow away to Fremantle". "You and your mate go aboard, come back to the hatchman, that's the bloke directing the winch drivers on deck. By that time I'll have given him your message."

They did as told. The hatchman told them "Hop down into the hold where they are working. We'll be finished loading pretty soon and she'll sail as soon as we finish. The blokes down below will look after you and tell you what to do. They did. We're finishing now; we'll be putting the hatches on. You'll feel and hear the engines when she pulls out. Give her about four hours and starting pounding on the deck hatch. With a piece of dunnage someone will hear you. They'll open up but they won't turn back. You and your mate are on your way to Fremantle and we'll leave a billy full of water with you. "Good Luck!" That's how

it happened and that's how Bob and his mate arrived in Fremantle, arrested as stowaways. They got two weeks in Fremantle gaol. When freed they parted company. He had a few bob as the ship's crew had taken up a collection for them. Bob headed for the North West, picking up work on sheep and cattle stations. He drove a truck out of Carnarvon at one period. It was an 1100 mile round trip to outback stations. He was postman, delivery man and passenger transporter. He had some great stories of characters he had met.

When war broke out he was working as a tool sharpener at the "Big Bell Goldmine". I also believe somewhere in his travels or jobs he ran into Peter Campbell (later 2 Section 2/2nd)

Bob joined the AIF then volunteered for the Independent Companies, went to Foster down on Wilson's Promontory for training with the draft from W.A. By the end of August 1941 their training was finished. They were now No. 2 Australian Independent Company and the Double Red Diamond was their colour patch. The Unit was given final leave. Bob opted to go to Newcastle to his family. His stepmother and new sisters who had never seen him loved him. His father hadn't changed.

Little Ann just starting school walked proudly to school every morning holding hands with her big soldier brother.

Leave finished and No. 2 Independent Company reassembled in Adelaide. Six weeks of easy living then North to Katherine, no sooner was it finished when No. 2 Coy boarded the cattle trucks once more for Darwin, boarding the 'Zealandia' on December 8th and sailed from there for Koepang Dutch Timor on Dec. 10th as part of Sparrow Force. On

17th December 1941 'A' & 'C' Platoon and Coy. H.Q. landed in Dili. Bob as a member of 'B' Platoon arrived a week or so later on the 'Canopus'. By this time 86% were down with malaria. The powers that be decided that the flats around Dili were unhealthy, so the Unit was dispersed to the mountains, 'C' Platoon at Three Spurs on the Ermera rd, 'B' Platoon at Malho with No. 4 Section at Bazaar-tete overlooking the North Coast road going west to Dutch Timor.

The Japs landed on the night 19/20th February by 10. a.m.. They had captured Dili and Coy. HQ didn't know.

On the night of February 28th 4 Section and "B" Platoon HQ ambushed Jap trucks returning from Liquica, unfortunately by then they had transported about 120 Japs to Liquica. On March 2nd those Japs were ambushed by No. 4 Section near Bazaar-tete. The Japs suffered heavily and NO. 4 Section did not come off unscathed. Two men were killed and three wounded. Bob Ewan went to where Alan Hollow was lying, put a field dressing as best he could around Alan's shattered jaw and said, "Come on, we're getting out of here." If it hadn't been for Bob, Alan would have been left to the mercy of the Japs.

What was left of 4 Section finished up at Hatu-udo near the South Coast and that was where I first met Bob 'Ewan'. I wasn't in 4 Section at Bazaar-tete, Arthur 'Slim' Holden and I joined the Section in Hatu-udo about the end of march 1942. I was a very, very green untrained Reo. Bob Ewan taught me how to use and strip a Tommy gun and a Bren gun.

End of April 4 Section headed for Aileu and Remexio. We raided Dili on the night

of the 16th May 1942. We lost no men in the raid. Don't think the Japs lost many either and a week later six men of 4 Section ambushed a big party of Japs on the Remexio track. It was far more successful and we lost no men. The rest of the section under Captain Laidlaw and Lieut Nisbet were only departing Kikrassi when the ambush started so they had no part in it.

Bob with the rest of 4 Section operated out of Remexio from May until the August Offensive in 1942.

"B" Platoon was driven back to Liltai. The Japs stopped on high ground between Remexio Liltai, and planned.

Capt. Lailaw disposed his platoon around Liltai, 5 Section at the track junction, 4 Section on high ground on a track east of 5 Section, 6 Section on the high knoll adjacent to and length of Liltai. The night of 14th August the Japs made their move, there was a loud boom then silence followed by a lone Jap voice chanting something which in turn was followed by a massive shout from hundreds of voices. The Japs had arrived.

Lieut. Nisbet sent Bill Holly and Neil Scott down to Liltai to Capt. Lailaw seeking instructions. The Japs practically standing on out toes and obviously no plan of action had been agreed on. Worse was to come.

Capt. Laidlaw told Bill Holly 4 Section was to withdraw to Liltai and he was also to inform 5 Section to withdraw from the track junction. Bill said to 'the Bull', "5 Section won't withdraw until 4 Section has passed through them." Laidlaw's answer, "5 Section will withdraw as soon as they receive the order."

Bill Holly gave 5 Section their orders and then came on to Lieut. Nisbet and gave

him the order to withdraw. Mick Morgan led his subsection down the track. Ray Aitkin's subsection was about to follow when there was a shot. Mick Morgan and some of his men jumped the track and went bush. Bob Ewan and three men came back to where we were. Lieut. Nisbet said, "What's wrong?" "The Japs are up the track well past the junction." said Bob. Tom didn't think so; Bob and his men were ordered back down the track. Bob quietly said to the men with him, "Come on chaps," and led the way. Shortly another shot and then the hill erupted. Bullets were coming from everywhere, whistling past our ears, ploughing into the ground near our feet. The Japs didn't know where we were but their guessing was good. We pulled out back up the hill, up there more shooting. Tom Nisbet, Neil Scott and I sprang to the left. Ray Aitken and the others jumped right. No. 4 Section was scattered round the mountain and no one knew who was where. We finally met up. Next morning over the river and high up on the Remexio - Turuscai track a huge earth tremor nearly shook us off the mountain. 'B' Platoon went east to Fato-Maquerec.

Tex Richards, Noel Buckman and Alfredo da Santos had come in very late on the previous afternoon. Charlie King and I were guarding the track. I asked Tex what the score was. He said, "We were cut off and hid up all day under a well concealed rock."

"What about Bob?" I asked. "Cant say for certain but I think he's been killed, we walked straight into the Japs when we were ordered back down the track." Bill Holly, Alfredo da Santos and I went back from Fato-Maquerec to Liltai. We thought if Bob was wounded he would

hide up somewhere on the mountain between Turuscai and Liltai. We only saw three Timorese. They didn't want to come with us, it was Alfredo who persuaded them to come. If we found Bob wounded we would need help. We found Bob, he had been killed instantly. The bullet hit him at the bottom of the left pectoral muscle. There was not one empty 45 shell in the vicinity, (Bob had a Tommy Gun.)

You know what the sounds are near a Timor Village, women chattering as they husk corn or rice, kids yelling and shouting as they play and pigs grunting as they forage for food. There was not a sound anywhere; we were in an empty silent land. The only noise was made by us as we scraped and gauged with our bayonets in the rock hard ground to dig a grave for our mate's body. The mournful sound of the wind in the trees the only other sound as if in mourning for the man we were burying.

We buried Bob alongside the track in the mountains far from the outback he knew so well. I still remember his quiet voice as he said, "Come on chaps," as he walked down the track to the death he knew was inevitable. All I could do was kneel and say a 'Hail Mary' for one of the finest men it was my good fortune to call friend.

Paddy Kenneally

N.B. Robert now rests peacefully in the Ambon War Cemetery which is beautifully kept by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. His grave reference is 19 C 16.

The Ambon War Cemetery (known locally as the Australian Cemetery) is 5 kilometres North East of Ambon on the main road to Galala.

Resting close to Robert are Henry Cotsworth, Des Lilya, Les Moule, Henry Mitchell, Arthur Yeates and Patrick Cotter (Paddy Knight) all of whom paid the supreme sacrifice in Timor. May they Rest in Peace.

Lest We Forget.

Pars on People

Graham Baldwin, Rolf's nephew reports the "Baldy" is remarkably well for his 96 years apart from some lapses in short memory. Baldy remembers the meeting held at Hato-Lia on the 16th March 1945 when the surrender terms were laid down by the Japanese by Dave Ross.

Baldy remembers the names of the other 4 officers, Present Spence, Callinan, Dunkley and Boyland, but has only vague memories of the discussion which followed. Baldy is 4 years short of his century, which we all hope and pray he will attain. GOOD LUCK BALDY.

When John and Olive Chalwell left Fremantle early January on The Funchal, a Portuguese vessel on a 12 day cruise to Kuta in Bali, they had no idea what was in stall for them. On reaching Padangbra in the Lombok Strait, the vessel was held up for 2 days by cyclones in the area and all passengers remained on board. Because of the adverse weather conditions The Funchal headed backed to Fremantle projected stops at one or two W.A. northern ports were cancelled and for 5 days the vessel encountered very rough seas which olive said made her feel a bit scared. All on board were confined to below deck and though the Captain and crew did everthing possible to keep passengers entertained it became more of an ordeal than an

enjoyable trip. Before reaching Fremantle, Olive caught a virus which resulted in her spending 3 weeks in Bethesda Hospital in Claremont with a severe Bronchial attack which she is still trying to shake off. Passengers were unable to go ashore at any stage of the voyage. The lesson is think twice before cruising north in the cyclone.

The March household is at 6s & 7s at the moment. Lorraine has had a knee reconstruction in February and is getting around crutches, while Wilf is in Hollywood Hospital having his umpteenth chemo treatment. Wilf who turned 89, recently is in good spirits and is looking forward to getting suitable walking aide once he is discharged from hospital so he can work in his garden which he enjoys doing. Which is a great help.

Meantime loving support from the family. Jess Epps who will be go on ANZAC Day, is now in the nursing home section of the Crystal Halliday Village. Jess is able to sit up in her chair, remains in good spirits and receives loving support from Peter, Sue and other family members. Though she hasn't got her own phone she can be contacted on 08 9245 1297. She would love to hear from her old friends.

Terry Paul who is in the Illandng Village Hostel in Hamilton Hill and is on 08 9343 6446 would like hear from some of his mates. Good Luck Terry.

Golden and Joan Stanley spent 10 days in the West in February, both looked well though, Blue wouldn't do too well in the Stawell Gift. Don and Ida Murray and Jack and Delys Carey each spent a day with the two Banana Benders and it was great meeting up with them again.

Helen Poynton has given up smoking and as a reason has put on 5 kilos. Helen looks well and has a lovely home in Mandurah. GOD BLESS.

Ron Morris has been laid up in the Canberra Hospital for over 12 weeks. He is not a well man, Osteoarthritis, Diabetes, a Heart condition to name a few problems. Ron is in Good spirits and is hoping to move to a nursing home near his home so Hazel can get a break. God Bless you both.

Editor's Report.

Four thirty two page Couriers were issued during the past year at a cost of \$5036.15 for approximately \$1260 per issue. Due to the magnificent generosity of our members, widows and friends an amount of \$5585 was donated which more than covered the production cost. My sincere thanks are extended to all those good people who contributed last year and in years past.

I have advised the committee that after five years as editor I have decided to call it a day and stand down from that position. Jack, who has helped me tremendously, will join me in retirement from the Courier. We have always endeavoured to do our best to make the Courier a good read as we knew from the beginning how much the readers looked forward to it.

Before stepping down we made arrangements with Mr. Tom Vanderveldt, who has been our printer over the past five years, to take on the editorship of the Courier. Tom, a capable editor and printer in his own right, has agreed to carry on where we left off and will produce the Courier from March onward.

He has submitted a quote which has been accepted by the committee. The cost of each Courier will rise to about \$1500 an issue.

Readers can be assured that the Courier will continue while we remain an Association. We are now in our 60th year and have a few years left yet. I appeal to readers to keep on sending in articles of interest. Copy is important to make an editor's job easier.

Continue to address our correspondence in relation to the Courier to

The Editor

P.O. Box T1646

G.P.O. Perth WA 6001.

It has been a privilege and a pleasure to serve as editor for such a great Association.

God bless you all.

Delys Carey.

NSW News

Firstly, let me say how pleased I am to see and write between lines that I can see.

Over the past 3 weeks I have been to my eye surgeon when reckoned I had enough scar tissue on both eyes that a laser blast would be effective. Thankfully it has and here I am!

Greetings to everyone, especially those who sent me cards for Xmas to which I was able to respond.

It's been a long hot summer for all of us and I hope you've all coped well.

Unfortunately for some it has been a time of sad losses and we extend a sincere sympathy to their relatives. I have addresses for some, but not all.

I'm coping pretty well at home with some odd bits of help from DVA and others,

especially some wonderful friends and family.

As normal, my phone has been my line with Australia wide contacts, some with good news, some with bad but I am sure we helped one another cope.

Roy (Darky) Warren 2/5 Sqdn our long serving president and good friend Ray passed away on 14 Dec 05 after a long debilitating illness. He was a great bloke in every way whom I'm sure we will always remember.

He is survived by Judy and their two families.

Peter Bryant (son of Fred!) had a pleasant meeting over at D.Y Beach on Australia Day with Peter, wife Joanna, twin daughters and son who were enjoying a good day.

I wish everyone will enjoy better health during 2006.

Geoff "Hap" Greenalgh returned home from Maclean Hospital on Feb 21 after a nine day stint. Don't know if they have a sure diagnosis or still guessing but he seems OK.

Andy Beveridge; both he and wife Heather are currently in aftercare facilities at Toronto. Harry "H" may have a news update.

Joyce Smith is home and mainly in family care.

Marj Goodacre has moved back to Sydney suburbia, close by her two daughters and is much happier.

Kath Press a remarkable little lady is in top form.

Jean English and family are all doing well.

Maria Hartley is improving after a rough year, personally and carwise.

Win Brown. Getting about better after some health setbacks.

I saw the last three people at the 90th birthday gathering at Yagoona on Feb 11 to celebrate with Paddy and Nora and their huge family. Fortunately, one of my good friends drove me over and back and also enjoyed the day.

What a wonderful day!

It was a memorable, joyful family gathering in one of the happiest groups I have ever seen. Ages ranged from little tots to one of Paddy's sisters aged 95 and still alert.

Paddy will most likely have a report but pleased to see that his health is improving.

Yvonne Walsh is in good health at this time, she is over in E.T., will be interested in her report on return.

A.C.T. News

Joan Fenwick reports some better personal results, weathering a hot fiery summer OK

Sunny Daniels – No Contact. Elusive?

Ron and Hazel Morris are both still having a run of poor health. Ron has been in Woden Hospital for some time.

Queensland News

Ron Archer and Lynne presently (Feb 22) over in East Timor to follow up on his scholarship project. No doubt he will report.

Phone calls to Bettye Coulson and Edna Vandeleur. Each of them report fairly good health.

Tassie News

Thanks to a phone wake up call from Jack Carey on the 3rd, I try to put pen to paper with some news from Tassie – Also has a nice call from Isobel Elmore, who no doubt will have some news from north of Tassie, especially of Lewis Nichlason who had a letter in the last Courier. Have not been so bright over the last few months, was not able to attend the I2/40 Battalion Re-Union in Ulverstone, last month, But Geoff Woods attended the Sunday session and gave me phone call, and said there was a good attendance and went well, a number of 2/40' men have passed on over the recent months, all were Prisoners of War. So all 2nd World War Veterans ranks are thinning.

My son Peter took me to the 2/12 and 2/40 Battalion Christmas get together at the Derwent Barracks, Glenorchy and the 12/40 Battalion Reserves put on a great lunch, it is good to have so much support from serving members.

Our Esperence R.S.L. sub-branch also gives great support to Second World War Veterans, with the intake of Associate members, it helps to keep things going and gives help to our Community when required and assists our local hospital with Special Items especially for War Veteran patients. Billie and Myself had a occasion on Australia Day, as I was honoured by being Senior Citizen of the Huon Valley for 2006. It was great to have Billie share the occasion, everyone realised the help has been to me over the past 62 years.

Must try and catch up with Iris Rice and Bridget Richards, we trust the are both well, plus Nancy Slade.

I am down on Tassie news, so will have to try and catch up for the next Courier.

Keep Smiling. Bert and Billie Rice.

Congratulations Bert from all our members. It was a well deserved Honour. ED

Del's Memories.

Traveling through my old home town of Perenjori in the Mid West of W.A. on a wildflower tour just recently, brought back bits and pieces of memories of when I was a child living there with my parents on the farm that my grandparents had pioneered nearly a hundred years ago.

When my father went away to the Middle East during WWII my mother ran the farm on her own. This was a very eventful time for her (and I guess for me as well). My first memories go as far back as to when I was three years old.

So many small incidents come to mind. My mother was a very competent woman as most were during those years. She was a very good horsewoman, carpenter, upholsterer, cook, cake maker and decorator, poultry breeder, dressmaker, knitter, oil painter, golfer, a crack shot, general farmhand and played a banjolin (which was a little unusual!)

Whenever the occasion arose that we had to travel to Perth, Mum and I would leave at 2 a.m., usually to beat the heat and any traffic. It took six hours traveling time so we would sing every song we could think of to keep us awake and to pass the time. As a result I learned most of the wartime songs

ever written.

We always stayed at the Imperial Hotel in Wellington Street which was quite posh in those days. It was run by the McFadden sisters and they looked after us very well. They would give us a street front room on the second floor so I could watch from the window the trains shunting and blowing steam everywhere.

It was quite magical to me to leave our shoes outside the hotel room door at night and then find them the next morning all shining, clean and bright. The dining room was magnificent with perfect white tablecloths, gleaming silver and glassware.

My grandmother (who passed away before I had memory of her) was English and I was told, had impeccable manners especially at the table. This was passed on to my mother who in turn passed this onto me. As my friend Maureen, who originally came from the Isle of Wight said, 'You are more English than I am!'

Anyway table manners were a high priority on visits to the city. Still I was only three and, childlike, liked to leave the favourite edible to last. On one particular occasion I saved my peas until last but inadvertently put my knife and fork side by side and consequently the waitress went to remove the plate. My immediate reaction was – "No, I want those" – and in the confusion the knife and fork shot across the plate and sent the peas scattering in all directions, seemingly to roll on forever! My mother was very embarrassed as the waitress picked them up one by one, and I was in disgrace apart from

being upset at losing my peas!

The thing I looked forward to most on these visits was to walk around the corner into Forest Place to Albert's Bookshop where I would spend considerable time in choosing some penny or threepenny comics or paper doll cutouts. I found my own way to the shop after being shown the first time and felt quite important doing this alone. Could you imagine a four year old walking on the streets these days?! As I grew older I visited Musgroves Music Store which was nearby and bought sheet music, usually 'pop' for two shillings a sheet. I still have a small suitcase full of it!

One learned to be resourceful on a farm. After a visit to town to do some grocery shopping we were driving back up the drive towards our farm when Mum noticed a post trampled down in the cow paddock and tracks leading away along the dusty, red dirt drive. I was instructed to wait in the car and don't move until she brought the cows back.

After a time I became hungry and investigated the shopping. Every child's dream – some polony was there! Wanting to avoid any form of castigation, I very carefully nibbled all the way round the edges of every slice thus leaving the same number of slices only smaller!

Some time later a car came down the driveway. It was a commercial traveler, the 'Rawleigh's' man I think. He said what are you doing here young lady, to which I replied – 'I am waiting here until the cows come home!' I wondered why he laughed!

Like most farmers' offspring I was taught to drive at a very early age. At about four years of age Mum would prop me up behind the steering wheel of the truck with a mallee root on the accelerator to keep it at a slow steady speed whilst she ran alongside and gathered more roots. As I couldn't see over the top of the dashboard but just had to hold the wheel steady, she would have to jump on at the end of the paddock and turn it around, and back we would go the other way. This was really pretty boring for me but you didn't question it, it had to be done.

On other occasions it was more exciting. There were a quite a few emus around at that time and they really irritated my mother. We would go out in the old Chev car and chase emus. Mum would drive with one hand and balance the rifle with the other through the window. It was usually one heck of a bumpy ride across a fallow paddock! The emus would run so close to the side of the car you could hear them panting and I was always tempted to put my arm out and grab a feather or two.

I had turned five in the January and started school in the February. This was due to two facts. Firstly my mother found it difficult to run the farm while my father was away, with a five year old in tow. Secondly the headmaster was a very sensible, sensitive man called Bob Walton who could see the problem and could fix it. So I started school twelve months before I was supposed to. It apparently didn't hamper me because I soon got to be known as "Ten out of ten." Regrettably it caught up with me because my

mother decided when I finished primary school that I was too young to be sent away to boarding school so I had to do twelve months of correspondence which was a total waste of time for me. She had hoped for me to go to her old school Presbyterian Ladies College where she was dux, but it was so booked out I would have been twenty before I could get in!!

So the only other alternative was Geraldton High School, or affectionately known as Geraldton Horse Stables! This meant I had to board at a girl's private boarding house for students. I hated every moment of it. From the doughy bread and jam for afternoon tea (which you ate because you were starving) to the sometimes questionable old meat for tea. The cockroaches were so large in number, when you marched in to the breakfast tables, already laid the night before, the rustle of their legs could be heard through the dry cereal!

I loathed the crocodile march to church (but not the malted 'Joe Palooka' sundaes on the way home), to the continual blistered heels from walking to and from school and I detested sleeping in a dorm with eight or nine other girls after being on my own for so long.

I guess I was somewhat of a disappointment to my mother because she was such a skilled rider and I had such a lot of trouble even staying on a horse. When you consider the method that was used when Mum learned to ride it was no wonder. It was get up there and hang on the best way you

could – no bridle, saddle or anything. A slap on the horse's rump by her father and that was it!

Mum even took me to a riding teacher (ex jockey) who told her that I knew all there was to know, but just seemed to be afraid. I loved horses and still do. There is nothing like the velvety touch of a horse's nose. By the time I found out I suffered from vertigo it was too late to take it up again. I think I could have conquered the problem.

Mum seemed to have a special understanding when it came to horses. During wartime she exercised horses for J. P. Stratton who rested trotters on his property at Buntine.

He would spell them at our farm for a few months at a time. Mum exercised them regularly and on one occasion a tricky little mare named 'Spitfire' filled her belly with air so that when Mum did the girth up it would loosen up when she exhaled. (The horse I mean!).

Consequently when mum took her out for a gallop the saddle slipped around sideways. Mum hung on as long as possible. The horse reared, flung Mum off then as the hooves came down one narrowly missed Mum's head and broke her collarbone. Just what you need when running a farm!

But help was at hand. All this was witnessed by the guards on duty at the prison camp in the same paddock. As we lived close to the town part of one of our paddocks was taken up by the camp used to hold Italian POWs. The "Boob" as it was called. Totally different meaning to today's expression of course, but the "Boob had trenches, barbed wire and all.

After the war my younger brother was born. I remember going to Perth and staying with a maiden aunt while we awaited the birth. On the night, when it was time for Mum to go hospital, she rang for a taxi and as she lumbered into the vehicle asked to be taken to the King Edward. His eyesight must have been very poor as he took her to the King Edward Hotel! Fortunately she had time to spare.

I didn't particularly like staying with this aunt as my brother Ron was her favourite and she didn't worry letting me know it. I hated staying there as I found All Bran granules with cold milk were fairly hard to eat.

The building was at one time a grand residence and had been turned into small flats. The great thing about it was it had an enormous mulberry tree out the back, and the other thing which I thought was absolutely wonderful were the stables out behind the back fence. These stables were run by a trotting trainer called Webb. I could put my head between the pickets and just watch the horses all day. One day a young apprentice came over and gave me a little ring with a grain of oats where a stone should be. I thought it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. It was quite some time before I realized I had had the wool pulled over my eyes!

The coincidence of this story is that this beautiful old building at 196 Adelaide Terrace with a grand ballroom at the front, used to be right opposite to where "The Goodearth Hotel" is now.

In later years Mum taught several young boys, who were friends of my

young brother from primary school, how to ride. She bought in several Timor ponies for this purpose. They were very tolerant and put up with a lot but I found they were harder to form any sort of bond, almost aloof compared to the other ponies.

Of the other horses we had, one was a beautiful bay of about 14.2 hands. He apparently was a reject from the Police Academy. He was sold as only suitable for the country. One day we found him flat out dead in the paddock not a mark on him. Mum said it was either a snake bite or a heart attack but inclined to believe the latter as he was proved not suitable for police work. I missed him tremendously as we often played 'chasey' around the stockyard.

Another favourite of Mums was a grey who was nifty at opening gates and would often be found knocking at the back door looking for an apple or a piece of bread. Also there was a chestnut pony who took a liking to eating icecream. Of course most of our horses knew how to shake hands. Mum spent hours of time and patience teaching them. In fact one was so keen you couldn't mention it to visitors because whilst Mum was telling people this fact the horse would up with the hoof as soon as it heard the word mentioned. This particular horse also learned to lie down on command. It was not surprising for our horses to go round and round a yard on their own with small jumps spaced here and there, without bridle or halter, and then pull up at Mum's signal. I'm sure we could have put on a circus at any time.

Dogs were also a specialty of Mums. All of our dogs shook hands. It was the polite thing to do when visitors came. There was no such thing as 'a working dog shouldn't be a pet' on our farm. They were always either a kelpie or a border collie. Whatever, they were always special as Mum's love and patience worked their magic. They learned to lie down and 'pull up the blanket' and what's more they loved it!

To be continued in next issue

The Pension

Having reached the age of 65, I went to apply for the Australian Pension last week. After waiting in line for a very long time, I finally got to the counter.

The woman there asked me for my driver's license to verify my age.

I looked in my pockets and realized, to my great dismay, that I had left my wallet at home. "I'll have to go get it and come back later," at that point, she said to me, "Unbutton your shirt."

I was confused, but I opened my shirt, revealing lots of curly silver hair.

She said, "That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me," and, with that, she promptly processed my application.

When I got home, I couldn't wait to tell my wife about my experience at the Pension Office.

She listened to the whole story and then said, "You should have dropped your pants. You might have gotten a disability pension as well."

Quad Centenary 2006

In 2006, it will be 400 years since the little Dutch ship *Duyfken* landed at Cape York Peninsula in 1606. This was the first recorded visit of a European vessel to Australia's shore. Although others, such as the Chinese, Arabians, Portuguese and Spanish had probably been there before, the *Duyfken* landing was very significant as it was the first recorded visit and part of the great "Southland" was actually mapped causing it to appear on the world map for the first time.

It also meant the beginning of Australia's maritime history and the resultant exploration and settlement of this great land.

The VOC Historical Society Inc. has taken on the task of creating awareness of a period of history that precedes James Cook's discovery of the east coast in 1770 by a 164 years.

Ten years later, in 1616 Dirk Hartog discovered the west coast and left a pewter plate with inscription on what is now Dirk Hartog Island.

This was followed by a century in which 4 Dutch ships shipwrecked on its coast.

The Batavia in 1629, followed by mutiny and slaughter of 125 people, which makes the Mutiny on the Bounty look like a Sunday picnic.

Two mutineers were put ashore with tools and provisions by Commander Pelsaert as a punishment but with an ulterior motive. Pelsaert was hopeful that one day he would return and find out more about the native population, who thus far had hardly shown themselves.

These two men were the first 'boat people'.

When 28 April 1656 the Gilt Dragon (Vergulde Draeck) ran onto a reef, 75 people, including Captain Pieter Albertsz made it to shore. The fate of the remaining 123 is unknown. The captain dispatched

the Under steersman Leeman, with six crew, in an open boat to get help. Leeman arrived in Batavia (Jakarta) on 7 June.

In spite of several attempts over a period of two years, the survivors were never found and neither were the barrels of silver coins.

That is a mystery that still remains.

In June 1712, the Zuytdorp ran into the cliffs which now carry that name. It is thought that some 200 people survived the ordeal. Some evidence exists that these survivors mixed with the Nanda People based on Dutch words in their language as well as their growing yams (*Dioscorea hastifolia*) – an exotic plant thought to have been introduced by the Dutch ships which carried as a staple diet for the crew.

In 1727 a fourth ship, the Zeewijck ran onto the Houtman Abrolhos, 60 km to the west of Geraldton. Although a boat was sent to get help none came and after three months it was decided to build a large boat from the wreckage of the Zeewijck.

On 26 March 1728, the boat named Sloepie set sail for Batavia with 88 survivors on board.

This marked the end of Dutch contact that left several hundred survivors on the mainland. With the resourcefulness that was evidenced with the crew of the Zeewijck, the chances of ongoing survival were quite good. The reports from early explorers that Aboriginal people were helpful towards the whites goes some way towards showing that this would have been the case with the marooned sailors. The blond, blue eyed natives reinforce that thinking.

It is unfortunate that the Aboriginals were not able to record their history. Therefore we have to rely on The Dreaming and circumstantial evidence to obtain an appreciation of what happened.

In spite of that this 164 year period is part of the history of Australia.

Rollcall as at 28/2/06

Members	Widows
W.A.	30
N.S.W.	19
VIC.	10
QLD.	17
S.A.	3
TAS.	3
ACT.	1
U.K.	-
Total	83
	128

Courier is issued to 335 quarterly,

211 to members ... widows

124 to relatives ... friends

H. Sproxton, Statistician

 Birthday Boys

Reg Tatum	3 rd Jan	'86
Allan Mitchell	4 th Jan	82
Tony Bowers	14 th Jan	87
Keith Hayes	15 th Jan	85
Peter Campbell	18 th Jan	85
Eric Held	20 th Jan	87
Bert Bache	29 th Jan	85
Paddy Kenneally	7 th Feb	98
Harry Sproxton	8 th Feb	'83
Ed Bourke	8 th Feb	83
Wilf March	15 th Feb	'89
Bernie Langridge	3 rd March	89
Bill Connell	12 th March	83
Ted Monk	13 th March	86
Alan Adams	18 th March	87
Golden Stanley	22 nd March	85

 Courier donations

Les and Verana Cranfield, Wyn Thomson, Pat Sullivan, Margaret Ronald, Beryl Cullen, Alma Moore, Joy Chatfield, Grace Tapper, Bert and the Billy Price, Isobel Elmore, Fred and Mavis Broadhurst, Ian Scott, Fred and Alan Otway, Clare West, John Burridge.,

 Trust fund Donations

That Sullivan \$50

Ian Scott \$50

 The Age of Technology

For some years now the Courier has been produced on a computer.

With more and more people having access to a computer, articles can now be submitted by e-mail, when the article letter or report has been typed on a computer.

Even if you are not on e-mail, perhaps a friend can send it for you to tjv@iinet.net.au

If you still use pen and ink keep on sending your words by the old faithful 'Snail-mail' or Fax: 08 9528 1217 but, please, write names clearly.

Please contact me direct at tjv@iinet.net.au for advice should you need it.

 DEADLINES

Vales, Letters, State News and Articles must reach the Editor no later than the **Seventh day of the month** of June, September, December and March.

Exceptions will be made with a Vale which can be emailed to: tjv@iinet.net.au or by Fax: 08 9528 1217.

(I have a hard act to follow but with your help the Carey standard will be maintained. Ed. TJV

A Happy Birthday to you all

W.A Members please note

ANZAC DAY

Tuesday 25 April 2006\

The assembly point for the Combined Commando Squadrons is the same as last year in St. Georges Terrace just west of the Barrack Street intersection.

Assembly time is 9.30am for a 10.00am march-off.

A service follows at Langley Park after the parade.

Our traditional luncheon will follow at the God Earth Hotel from 12noon with lunch at 1.00pm.

This year, for the first time, our good ladies are welcome to join us at the luncheon. We would love you to come and meet some of the men of the famous J.A.S. Regiment.

Mr. Peter Epps has once again arranged to provide a mini-bus for those unable to participate in the march.

If you will be attending the luncheon or want to go in the bus, you are asked to let Jack or Delys know on 9332 7050 by no later than 20 April.

It's always a great day so please make a special effort to be there.

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Keep in mind our Norma ^{Agon}Hosser Day will be held at the Goodearth Hotel on Friday 7 July.

Wishing all a Happy Easter



COMMEMORATION SERVICE KING'S PARK 17 NOVEMBER 2005