



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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GOOD BLOKES ALL

Many years ago I rang Tony Bowers saying to him "Tony, I regret to inform you that so & so has passed away" and added "he was a good bloke". Tony's immediate reply was "Jack, they were all good blokes".

I often recall what Tony had said and thought about it once again when Tony passed away recently. On reflection, how right he was. One advantage of serving in an independent company was that being in a small unit of 300 men enabled members to get to know one another better.

Approximately 610 passed through the ranks of the 2/2nd during its 4-1/2 years of service and many close mateships were formed which lasted a life time. It was only natural that we should carry on these wartime friendships and so the 2/2nd Commando Association was formed early in 1946. Colin Doig in his book "A Great Fraternity" covered the Association's history for the period 1946-1992 and did it well. One day someone may complete the full story of our very fine Association.

That we have been able to maintain contact with 90% of those who served in the 2/2nd, is in itself a commendable achievement.

The passing years have taken toll of our ranks.

That loveable character "Jack O'Brien" who died in May 1950 was our first loss and since then 421 'Good Blokes' have joined him. Sadly many of them were relatively young men – such is life. God Bless them All!

So, when the curtain finally comes down on the 2/2nd Association, a fitting EPITAPH might well be

"THEY WERE ALL GOOD BLOKES"

Good Luck - Jack Carey

Vale Rolf Redmond BALDWIN

VX50054

Teacher and Soldier

16.12.1909 - 08.07.2006

Rolf Baldwin was a man of boundless enthusiasm, shared unstintingly with friends of all ages. He possessed an encyclopaedic knowledge of numerous subjects, and a library to match. His special interests were: all things powered by steam or sail, military history, particularly of the American Civil War, the Boer War and the two World Wars; native birds and plants; and the geography and history of Victoria, especially of the gold mining districts, the roads and ruins of which he knew intimately. Books and the bush were his first loves, and nobody could forget his stirring recitals of the many favourite poems he had memorized, including Kipling's "M'Andrew's Hymn, Housmans "On Wenlock Edge", Tennyson's "The Revenge", and of course Patterson's "The Man from Snowy River", or his joyful rendition of a multitude of popular songs from 1910-1950, which he would whistle or sing from memory. Rolf was a great cyclist, and in his early years often rode from Melbourne to Blackwood on a Saturday, staying overnight in the bushman's hut he had built, and completing a round trip of nearly 200kms on an ungeared bicycle the following day. On another occasion he rode from Melbourne to his uncle's farm at Kulwin in the Mallee, fuelled only by tinned peaches and sweetened condensed milk.

Rolf was the eldest son of Joseph Mason Baldwin and his wife Jessie, nee Redmond. His father was the State Government Astronomer, and Rolf was

born at Observatory House, on the edge of the Botanic Gardens he cherished. At Melbourne Grammar, where he was a prefect in 1927-28, he shone at languages, matriculating with 1st class honours in French and Latin in 1927. His academic career at Trinity College Melbourne University was equally distinguished, with 1st class honours in French 1, English 1 and French 11. After graduating B.A. (Hons) in 1933 he joined the staff at Melbourne Grammar School, where he taught English and French at both Preparatory Schools until his departure for Geelong Grammar School in 1940.

Rolf's war service commenced in January 1941, when he enlisted as a Lieutenant in the Army Reserve. On joining the 2/2nd Independent Company of commandos he was promoted to Captain. After training at Wilson's Promontory, the Company was sent to Timor early in 1942. It was not long before the Japanese landed in force at Dili and the 2/2nd, after putting up considerable resistance, retreated to the mountainous back country and resorted to its original role of "observation and harassment". For several weeks the Australia authorities thought that the members of the Company had probably been killed or captured, but the 2/2nd survived, with support from the Timorese, until enough radio parts were stolen from the Japanese to build "Winnie the War Winner", a transmitter and receiver with which Australia was contacted. Throughout the remainder of 1942 an invasion of Australia seemed probable, but the guerrilla tactics of Sparrow Force kept a numerically far superior Japanese force fully occupied for twelve months. On returning to Australia in January 1943

Rolf joined Headquarters as a Staff Officer in Australia and New Guinea, was promoted to Major in 1944, and was shipped home from Rabaul in December 1945 with his old comrades in what had become the 2/2nd Commando Squadron.

Rolf returned to teaching at Geelong Grammar School in 1946. Many boys will remember the camping expeditions he led to the Brisbane Ranges and the oasis of hospitality he and his wife Vi (nee Moden) established at Corio. After his first retirement in 1971 Rolf and Vi moved to Belmont where he spent 7 happy years teaching at Belmont High School. A second retirement was followed by a fulfilling period tending friends' gardens and his professional secateurs were not hung up until his 90th birthday. Rolf became a Foundation Member of the Geelong Field Naturalists Club in 1961, and served on the Club's Committee from 1962-1990. His understanding of the Victoria bush was an inspiration to both young and old, and his willingness to share his knowledge with Club members and friends was recognized by the award of a Life Membership in 1989. Rolf was an equally enthusiastic member of the Geelong Historical Society.

With such a privileged education, and a teaching career spanning 40 years in the Public Schools, it is perhaps surprising that Rolf was an ardent socialist. His commitment to the Australian ideals of mate ship and a fair go for all may have been inherited from his convict great-grandfather, Maurice Redmond, whose name he proudly bore. Although Rolf and Vi were childless, his enthusiastic attitude to life and his love of his fellow man were transmitted to numerous children, many of whom became lifelong

friends.

Rolf is survived by his sister, Jessie Harley, by his nephews Rowlie and Graham Baldwin and their families, and by Shiona Luke, his friend and companion in recent years.

This obituary was prepared by the Baldwin Family, with help from many of Rolf's friends.

* * *

Rolf (Baldy) Baldwin

Prior to the formation of the 2/2nd Australian Independent Company, Capt. R.R. Baldwin and myself knew next to nothing about one another. During the prior training cadre at Darby Chalet, we had been in the same group on some exercises and had gone fishing on one of the rest days so our association in 'A' Platoon initially started from scratch.

As Platoon O.C. and Platoon Sergeant I thought the differences in our backgrounds could cause some difficulties, for me at any rate. Baldy was a well educated teacher and had grown up in the heart of Melbourne (Botanical Gardens). I was a clerk in a motor dealership and had grown up in the small country town of Geraldton. We did have a couple of things in common like travelling through a fair bit of our States – he with his brother by bicycle and I with a friend who had the use of a Ford 'A' utility and an interest in Australian flora and fauna.

Force of circumstances in Timor meant that our small C.O., Headquarters group lived separately from the Platoon for much of the time and this was when I got to know Baldy. Backgrounds did not rate highly with him; it was the here and now that mattered. His easy going nature meant he had great rapport with nearly all who came within his orbit,

whether they were highbrow, lowbrow or anywhere in between. He always had the welfare of 'A' Platoon and its individual members at heart and it worried him for such a long time that there was nothing he could do to improve their living conditions.

Time and again, Baldy demonstrated his willingness and ability to pass on his knowledge to others. When posed with a question he could answer he never adopted the "Great Wall of China and Rabbits", attitude. It was, I suppose his teaching experience that came to the fore in his pleasant way of explaining things.

I have pleasant memories of my close association with Baldy and his outgoing nature. Many other Members of the 2/2nd will, I am sure, remember him for the man he was; along with his Bushy Red Beard, his Napoleon style sandbag covered hat, and his Bowyangs!!

Eric Smyth

Vale – Antony Gordon (Tony) BOWERS
WX 13636 14.01.1919 - 26.07.2006

Tony's eulogy was delivered by Ross LOUGHTON, his son-in-law at his funeral service held on 3rd August 2006 at Bowra & O'Dea's Chapel, Mandurah.

Tony Bowers was born Antony Gordon Bowers on 14th January 1919 in Napier, New Zealand to English parents, Clifford and Mary Bowers.

In 1920 the family returned to England for a time and in 1925 they sailed to WA to take up land in Serpentine. This venture failed and they moved to the Cowaramup Group 12 settlement in 1928. Life was very hard during these years, working long hours daily, milking cows and clearing land but Tony and his

brother still found time for fun, swimming and fishing in the bay as well as riding their beloved draft horse 'Ginger'.

Tony was educated at Hopelands School and left when aged 12. His first job was clearing scrub from a neighbour's property probably using the axe his father gave him when he was nine. Tony's affinity with the axe actually began earlier. Just after starting school in England he cut down a tree and was almost expelled. Later in life, Tony would say he would sooner pick up a death adder than an axe.

By the time he was 21, Tony and his brother had taken up land in Orchid Valley, supplementing their income with shearing and other farmhand work.

In the winter of 1941, Tony joined the army. While peeling spuds at the Northam Army Camp, his friend Joe Poynton told him that he had volunteered them for something special. Tony enlisted with 2 Section of the 2/2nd Independent Company. This group received specialized training at Wilson's Promontory and Katherine before being secretly transferred to Timor. The Japanese then invaded Timor and the 2/2nd men were isolated behind enemy lines for almost a year, cut off from Australia and posted as missing. They fought a guerilla style war against the Japanese, striking swiftly and vanishing into the jungle to stay a step ahead of the enemy with the valuable assistance of the local Timorese. Eventually a radio was built and contact was made with Australia. They were evacuated and despite being malnourished and in poor health, had successfully been a thorn in the enemy's side and their contribution to the war effort will be remembered for all time.

Once evacuated, they returned home

only briefly to recover physically and were then sent to new campaigns in New Guinea and New Britain.

During this time Tony formed unique and lasting friendships with fellow soldiers some of whom are here today and some are here in spirit.

On his return after the war, Tony left the farm and worked hard at shearing in order to finance a timber mill and a marriage.

The 'intended' was Carol Hart, the daughter of Lucy McDonald, the local school teacher and Roy Hart, a local farmer.

Having met Carol and her sister Jackie briefly before he went to war he was shocked to notice on his return that Carol was smoking in public at sixteen! Some years later he proposed after deciding that she would be able to manage him and the rigors of mill life.

The were married on the 4th June 1949 in the Church of England, Kojonup.

The 1950's signaled the beginning of extremely hard work. Any visitors to the mill were also put to work. This time can also be remembered for the parties, visitors and 'chewing the rag', but mostly it was just hard physical work.

During those years Tony employed a lot of people, especially the 'new' Australians line Reno, Presto, Joe Farina and Charlie Cassetti to name a few.

One of the workers, Bill Allen taught Tony how to log chop. He entered many competitions around country shows, and in 1954 he was the champion at the Royal Agricultural Show in Perth, much to everyone's surprise.

During this time his first three children were born. Firstly Anne, then Will and Linda.

Tony became a successful farmer and earned great respect in the wool industry. The farm proved to be the love of his life.

He also learned to kill his own sheep and became so proficient that his instructions to a visiting doctor on the internal anatomy of sheep were reported in the local newspaper.

During this time the children attended primary school in Kojonup and continued on to boarding school in Perth. With the kids at school and the farm prospering Tony and Carol took some well deserved holidays including trips to Timor, Europe, New Zealand and Malaysia as well as numerous 2/2nd Safari's throughout Australia.

Carol died suddenly in 1980 after 31 years of marriage and shortly after Tony retired to Mandurah in 1981 where he could be near old friends in a time of need. He enjoyed the Mandurah lifestyle, playing golf, fishing and crabbing and catching up with old army mates. One of his greatest joys was nurturing his roses and the results were much admired.

He later married Gwen Bell in 1984. Sadly the marriage did not last and they separated ten years later.

In recent times Tony was overjoyed to see two of his grand children married and at last to see the arrival of two great grandchildren. Many years of hinting and not so subtle suggestions appeared to be finally producing some results. Will's first born daughter Emma married Troy Smith in November 2005 and Anne's son Rohan was married to Rikki Gallacher in November 2005. Will's second daughter Jaime and her partner Chris finally produced the long awaited first great grand daughter, Annabelle in 2004 and a second great grand daughter,

Ebony in 2006. However, no amount of vigorous encouragement from Tony appeared to sway Will's son Mark who managed to escape to England with girlfriend Rebecca without any announcement of impending nuptials.

Having survived the depression, Timor and the war, the work and the play, Tony's life has been remarkable. His family is proud of his achievements as a son, soldier, miller, farmer, husband and father. There were times when Tony was critical of his children and grandchildren. Sometimes they would feel they had been harshly dealt with. But woe betide any other family member or outside person who would dare to criticize any member of Tony's family. He loved them all and said they were always welcome anytime night or day.

On a more personal level I would like to recall just a few of his family's memories as part of their life growing up with Tony. Tony was a big man as everyone knows. He was taller than most men and to his children he seemed even bigger. His whole life was centered on buying a car that he could fit in, chairs that would not break, clothes that were big enough and beds that needed reinforcement. Big men stores were unheard of in earlier days and his clothes had to be tailor made or ordered in specially, and mostly this was incredibly difficult.

Tony has been described as an astute businessman, an incredibly strong willed and focused person, loyal to a fault but with a propensity for being quick tempered. He was also a man of enormous endurance and capacity for hard work. In earlier years the family would be hard pressed to keep up with him. He liked to rise early, do a day's work before returning home at 7.30am to cook himself a "fry up" breakfast and

eat with the radio blaring, and then return to work until he took a break between 1.00 and 2.00pm for a huge hot lunch, a quick half hour sleep and back to work until about 8.00pm. He would then return home to bathe and eat another, large hot meal before collapsing immediately into bed. This he would do seven days a week. He rarely watched television. Occasionally he took time off to attend the local football on Sunday. In later years he would never fail to attend the Friday night session at the local pub in Kojonup precisely at 6.00pm. He would return home at 10.30pm, merry and tired, eat a huge meal and stagger off to bed, only to be up at dawn for another day's work no matter how bad he felt. Tony measured a person by how hard they could work.

Sometime in the 1980's, Tony's cousin Ronald arrived on a visit from England. Tony, keen to impress, drove Ronald to Kojonup and treated him to a guided tour of Lagar Downs. Tony, Ronald and Willy's son Mark drove up to Mount Menzies the highest point on the farm named after the former Prime Minister. The view being spectacular and far reaching from this point, Ronald enquired of Tony as to how much of the land spread below belonged to him. Tony's answer of "as far as the eye can see, Ronald, as far as the eye can see" is now ensconced in family folklore. Needless to say Ronald went back to England very impressed!

The last few months severely tested Tony's endurance. Tony gave the struggle for life his all, but he was just too tired in the end. He maintained his dignity throughout his last weeks and was very grateful for daily family and friends support. Tony continually praised the efforts of the staff of Peel, Fremantle

and Kaleeya Hospitals for the care and compassion he received during this difficult time.

The family wishes to thank all people in the community of Mandurah who have been part of Tony's life. All of these people have in some way contributed to him maintaining his independence until his most recent hospitalisation. To all the health professionals who cared for Tony especially Scott, Jen and Annie, the family would like to express it's gratitude for your humour and kindness. In particular the family would like to thank Myrna. Myrna cleaned Tony's house for many years but more importantly she was a close friend to both him and the family and was an integral part in allowing Tony to remain in his own home. Myrna, may all of life's rewards be yours.

The family's heartfelt thanks go to the neighbours of Talbot Close, especially Jo and Wally. Also thank you to Scotty for Tony's return to the log chop circuit. He enjoyed those trips a great deal. These people are amazingly generous and kind.

Lastly the family wishes to thank the members of the 2/2nd Commando Association for their support and friendship over many years. The Bowers family life has been shaped by the influence of these wonderful fellows of this very special unit. The men of the 2/2nd Commandos were fiercely loyal comrades during war; good mates in peacetime and better than brothers in life. In particular the family wishes to thank Helen Poynton, Don Murray, Peter Campbell and their families. Finally Tony will be reunited with Carol and his old mates for 2/2nd Section like Poynton, Hooper, Hudson, Watson Chook Fowler. What a party it will be when they get

together.

Tony always liked to have the last say and the family would like to share a few Tonyisms that were constantly repeated as good advice.

Yeah, yeah, lovely.

Just do as you're told!

When poverty walks in the door, love flies out the window.

Money doesn't grow on trees.

The best thing you ever did was marry my daughter/son/grand daughter etc, etc.

If you ever get one of those earrings, I'll rip it out with a pair of pliers.

Get a haircut.

I was very handsome you know the girls all used to say I looked like Errol Flynn.

Be brave.

Be true to yourself.

Work hard.

Look after your father.

Tony Bowers, self made man, brave soldier, successful saw miller and farmer, family man and good friend too many rest in peace.

Thank you all. His loving daughter Anne.

The Association was represented by Don & Ida Murray, Helen Poynton and Julie Ann, Peter & Pat Campbell, Vera Watson, Joy Chatfield, Bart & Loris Mavrick, Bernie & Babs Langridge, Eric & Twy Smyth, Jim Lines, Len Bagley, Ken Hasson, Keith & Val Hayes. Elvie Howell, Mary & Paddy King and our Vice President Don Murray said "The Ode".

Tony was a loyal and generous member of our Association. A life member, he will be sadly missed. The Association extends its sincere sympathy to Anne, Will, Linda, Jackie and their families.

Lest We Forget

Vale Tony BOWERS WX13636

Tony needs no introduction to members of the 2/2nd Independent/2/2nd Commando Association. His membership of the unit and section he served in is well known. In Timor, Tony fought in every action his section was involved in and that included the first action at Dili Drome on February 19-20th, 1942 to the final action at Fato in December 1942 only a couple of days prior to the final departure of Independent Company from Timor on the night of 16-17th December 1942.

His record in New Guinea with No. 2 Section followed a similar pattern, he was there from go to whoa. June 1943 to September 1944, an equally impressive record.

What may not generally be remembered was that Tony was made "B" Class in 1945 and did not sail with us to New Britain in April 1945. He was allotted to the guards Battalion on the Atherton Tableland. Tony just badgered them to go before another board, he succeeded, and was passed A1, and he then requested that he be returned to the 2/2nd once more, which he was. He joined the unit once more in Wide Bay and by that time "A" Troop had replaced "B" Troop at centre post so he was posted to No. 4 Section of that troop.

He stayed with 4 Section until the war finished in August 1945 and went with it to Rabaul. He returned to Australia from Rabaul for discharge.

Tony was a well known member of our Association, and became a successful sheep farmer, timber mill owner post war. He attended all our safaris with his wife Carol until her sad and sudden death.

I met up with Tony, Carol, Peter and Pat Campbell in Ireland in 1978. Nora and I

were there at that time. They had a great time particularly playing golf on the Youghal Golf Course. Tony and Peter hired a car, insisted on paying my expenses to drive them on a tour of Ireland.

I will remember driving over the Connor Cass in the County Kerry mountains. The fog was so thick we could just discern the front of the car's bonnet. Tony said "I'll walk in front of the car and guide you". I told him he was safer in the car and that whilst I did not have an intimate knowledge of the road, I had driven over it a couple of times, and had some knowledge of it. Tony was a happy man when we finally got down to the coast and visibility.

Yes, I have happy memories of Tony Bowers. May he "Rest in Peace", may God keep him in "His" Special care.

Paddy KENNEALLY

Vale - Frederick Roy (Bluey) Wilks. WX 13212

Fred or Bluey as he was always known in the unit passed away on 13.08.2006. He was 83.

This moving tribute was paid by his loving family.

"OUR DAD"

Dad was born in Moora, October 6, 1922. Orphaned at 3 years of age and sent to Sister Kate's in Perth, then to a foster family in Benger, and so his life began and his love for Harvey, Brunswick and Benger.

Living on the farm his passion for the land and animals and local produce grew. His interest in local farming, breeding stock, milking cows and the local potato industry had never left him.

Then came his schooling at his beloved Benger College (school) as dad called it. Dad had many happy memories of his days at school and the other pupil's and made some long lasting friendships which still hold today. He also enjoyed and was involved in local tennis, cricket and bike riding and won many trophies. Then came the 1940's and war. Dad enlisted and served time in Timor and New Guinea with the 2/2nd Commandos. There time in the islands was long and hard. News came to Australia, that the 2/2nd was missing presumed dead (for approximately 6 months). Time passed and then came the good news. The 2/2 was alive and well and coming home .Dad was fortunate to be one of those to make it home. So the home coming followed with a wedding and 3 children. The good times began. Dad came off the land and worked on the railway. Home was Brunswick, the kids and mum, and of course the veggie garden and those chooks and ducks.

He continued to bike ride until the racer fell to bits, but the tennis and cricket was always there. Dad really enjoyed the country week cricket trips to Perth.

Life went on, some scattered contact with the 2/2nd continued and the Courier kept coming. We had great times catching crabs and marron, trapping rabbits and mushrooming with dad over the years.

Then mum passed away in March 1966 and life turned upside down, but dad kept his chin up and was always there for us kids. We all married but were never far away. Dad retired and travelled extensively around Australia and loved the North West camping. He came back and worked at Peters for a few years and was off again. The traveling and

camping bug had him again. In later years as his health declined he was happy to be at home at Number 24, with his garden, chooks, dog Bundy and cat Toosh.

He also enjoyed the Anzac days at Brunswick and of course the sausage sizzle that followed. It was a great time to catch up with other people and he was so proud to lead the parade in an army jeep a few years ago.

In July 2004, although in poor health, we were able to take him to the 2/2 Commandos reunion in Perth. It was a great day and dad had some lasting memories of that time. It was like Lazarus returning from the dead they said of dad that day and dad roared with laughter. Then came the print and launch of the book (All The Bulls Men), a very special time for all the 2/2nd. Dad was not well enough to attend the launch, so I picked up his book on the day, and he was proud to be part of history. The true values of the hardship experienced by these men and the respect and mateship is mentioned and treasured by all in their book.

The last few years as his health deteriorated, dad went from home to George & Julie's, and home to visit number 24 and Bundy, was such a huge effort. Living with George & Julie was an adventure and an education to the modern world, especially from his granddaughters. But dad gave quality time, his health and mind was maintained by Julie who did a fantastic job of caring for dad.

While with George & Julie the family bond became stronger and stronger for us all. We all had quality time to spend going over passed times and talk over things that were important to all of us individually. It gave dad time with all the

grandchildren and great grandchildren, and dad tried to educate the young ones in his own way and got a lot of pleasure watching and guiding George over his veggie patch.

After lots of long talks and laughs, they each have some memories to go on with.

Then it was time to go to Bethanie. Dad was staying in Perth with me in August 2005 when he said, "I think it is time for me to go to care". So after much deliberation we made the move.

From here we took one day at a time. Dad's days at Bethanie were good. He loved the girls there, they cared for him very well. Then came that weekend we were dreading. "Time to say Goodbye". Thank God we had that time, we were all there and saw dad off on his journey.

As he peacefully left us, Coleen & George told him, it's okay to go and make it snappy, Mum would be waiting and have the kettle on. We all hope the journey was smooth and no bumps. We all did our very best to make the last years as good as we possibly could.

We all have some very special memories and will treasure those last hours of Saturday night and Sunday morning. So sorry dad I could not meet your last request for Saturday lunch, red cabbage, red onion and a nice juicy tomato.

Love you dad, Kathy, Coleen and George.

He loved a great cuppa and a chinwag with anyone who was willing to listen. He also enjoyed his "**Harley**", a gopher given by Ray.

Blue was an original and served in No. 6 Section 'B' Platoon under Ken Mackintosh, Jerry Haire, Bill Drage, Bert Burgess, Mal Herbert and other good men made up for a fine section. Blue was a good soldier and his happy nature

made him popular with his section mates. As mentioned in his "Vale", Blue attended our early reunions after the war but we eventually lost him although he always received his 'Courier'. Like Lazarus he did return and was given a warm welcome. A good bloke, he will be sadly missed.

Arthur Marshall who played cricket against Blue after the war was our sole representative at his funeral service. Arthur said it was a most impressive service with a large attendance of his many old friends in the South West district.

"LEST WE FORGET"

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to all members of the "**Wilks**" family.

"MAY HE REST IN PEACE"

Vale - Clarence William Turner - WX7291

30.10.1917 - 30.08.2006

Eulogy (delivered by his eldest son LTCOL. Terry Turner (Retd))

Our Dad was much loved by all of us and we believe much admired by those who knew him. As someone recently said, he "was a good bloke". He nearly 89 years old when he passed on and in that time he created a lot of memories for those who knew him. This is part of his story.

He was born in 1917, the fourth of eight children and was educated at Capel School and later, Narrogin Agricultural College. He greatly enjoyed his time at the Ag College, but remembered being very homesick. His claim to fame was holding the record for the longest cricket throw (yes, you guessed it, nearly 89 yards).

At seventeen, he returned home to work in the family Butcher shop and did both shop work and slaughtering until he joined the Army in December 1939.

He completed his elementary and Non-Commissioned Officer training and in late 1940 completed his Officer Training on the banks of the Hume Weir at Albury-Wodonga.

He underwent commando training in 1941 at Foster on Wilson's Promontory in Victoria and the 2/2nd Independent Company of commandos was formed shortly thereafter. The unit traveled by train to Alice Springs and then by truck to Katherine in the Northern Territory.

Along the way, Dad's butchering skills were called upon to slaughter an alleged stray sheep. It was later discovered that the sheep was half of a local farmer's flock and there was hell to play. The commandos embarked for Timor from Darwin in December 1941 and Dad told me that the officers had to draw their own maps of the area, as there were very few maps of Timor in existence at the time. He used this map throughout his time on Timor and brought it back to Australia with him.

After the tough Timor Campaign he arrived home in early February 1943 and on the 27th of that month married Mum in "All Souls" Church across the road from the Murnane horse stud. They only had a three-day honeymoon before Dad had to report back. He left the Army a year later, but continued his association with the commandos for the remainder of his life. He and Mum enjoyed great friendships and many good times with them and their partners for many, many years.

When he left the Army, Dad returned to butchering, and when Mum was also discharged from the Army they made

their home on the Bussel Highway across the road from the Catholic Church in Capel.

In March 1946 they went to farm with Roy, Mum's father. On the racehorse stud in Stratham.

Dad was an effective farmer and eventually introduced dairying to the horse stud. He became and remained a stalwart in the local community. Many there today would know that he was a great participator.

He was Fire captain, an accomplished sportsman and administrator in many different sports, and an active contributor to the infrastructure of Elgin and surrounding communities. He was Master of Ceremonies for many weddings and other social functions (particularly in the Elgin Hall), a great charity worker and vestryman of the "All Saints" church.

He was also an innovator, with his home-made hay rack on the back of the Fergie tractor, and his railway iron triangle to get rid of the anthills in the home paddocks. He started using artificial insemination when it was in its infancy and was one of the first in the area to see the value in using plastic piping. There are many other examples, but these demonstrate his openness to new ideas.

He would probably run foul of Occupational Health and Safety these days. I remember when I was about five years old that Dad started rolling clover to get some extra money – there was never enough of that in those days. He would start the pattern in one paddock and show me how to follow it. He would then jump off the tractor and jog back to the dairy to milk the cows. When I had finished going round and round, all I had to do was steer the tractor through the

gate, drive back to the dairy and switch the key off when I got about fifty yards away. All three of his children drove the tractor when we were very young – with some interesting results at times! It might have been child-labour, but we loved it, and loved him for trusting us and letting us help.

One of my most enduring memories was when the farm still had a large herd of thoroughbred mares and their foals. When it came to bring in the horses so that the yearlings could be separated out for the sale, it was a great day and there was much excitement. We would eventually hear the thunder of the horse's hooves and run down to the yards and climb up on the fence.

Watch and listening to 60 or 70 strong herds of horses and seeing Dad standing up in the stirrups at full gallop with his stock whip whirling above his head, and hearing the crack of the whip ringing across the paddocks, was stirring stuff.

The Man from Snowy River had nothing on our Dad!

It was at Elgin that we three children grew up, and Mum and Dad spent 27 mostly happy years there. During that time and at all others, Dad always tried to be a good neighbour and help out when necessary. This paid off when he broke his neck, as neighbours and relatives rallied and ran the farm for the whole time that he was incapacitated. And he simply said to us – “You get back what you give”.

He was a good man and I never heard anybody say a harsh word about him or his actions.

He was a great provider for us and we had a pretty good childhood. As we grew up we all benefited from his unconditional support for any, and all,

of our aspirations. He and Mum gave us the foundations with which to make a success of our lives – the rest was up to us – well, *with an occasional helping hand from home.*

Dad was different things to different people, but there were certain characteristics that he possessed that remained constant throughout his life.

He lived his life from the basic premise that people are essentially good. So he constantly looked for the best in others and, as a result, they usually gave it.

Dad was honest – I never knew him to do anything that could ever be interpreted as dishonest.

He was also very fair. He went to great lengths to ensure that people received their just portions.

Dad was loyal. His unconditional love for Mum and all his family was an inspiration to us. It never wavered. His support for his friends was also unqualified.

He had a sense of honour and he possessed that intangible thing we call integrity. There was a soundness and uprightness about him, and his dealings with people were a powerful example to us.

Dad was courageous. I never saw him frightened of anything, until towards the end of his life, when he was fearful of leaving Mum alone. But throughout his life he never lost his dignity, his pride, or his desire to do “the right thing” – no matter what the cost.

As his family, we all learned these and many other things from him. Many were practical. I still remember my son saying to a friend with a broken tricycle “my Dad will fix it for you with a piece of wire” I learned that from Dad.

Other things were more intangible. He taught us to seek and accept

responsibility. Many of the subsequent roles that we have had in life have stemmed directly from his learning.

He taught us to accept what we could not change and to get on with life rather than bear grudges that might make you become embittered. He showed us that we controlled our own destinies.

He and Mum gave each of us the life skills and tool that have enabled us to participate fully in life and community. And for that we are grateful.

Dad loved to dance. As a young man he would have danced with Mum all night – as they were good dancers – but he was always conscious of spreading his company and his dances fairly evenly amongst his friends' partners, his sisters, and nieces and so on. He was a very social person – sometimes to Mum's detriment; for the favour was not always returned.

He and Mum thrived in Elgin until they retired in 1971 and moved to Peppermint Grove beach, near Capel. Here they spent the first twenty five years of their retirement and Dad in particular, played a significant role in the establishment of the communities' character.

During this period, he returned to part-time butchering and caught heaps of fish in his spare time. He took up bowls and enjoyed it hugely. He and Mum also hosted many a memorable party at the Cottage.

Mum and Dad spent five pleasant years in a retirement village in Mandurah and in 2001 moved to Tanby hall in Rockingham, to be near Noel and I for support that we could offer.

Dad always loved nature. Trees, crops, flowers, birds and animals and all those other things that make it up were always of great interest to him. Even toward the

end of his life, he would comment upon the lovely green trees and say that the Council had done a good job with the nature strips. And he loved to sit and watch the sea, and the sky and the birds in the lake.

Although he struggled a little towards the very end, he never complained and he always had a smile or 'chiack' for the 'Carers', or anybody who visited. He passed on peacefully with Mum at his side – and for that we are grateful.

Dad had many grandchildren and great-grandchildren that he loved dearly - and he spent time with them as often as possible. He was very proud of all our achievements; very content with his lot in life; satisfied that he had a good life, and reveled in his great enduring love of Mum. They were married for sixty three and a half years.

We will miss him terribly, but also rejoice in the fact that his life was a life well-lived – and a love that was unconditional.

Dad, you survived many near misses and crises in your life; and you always came up smiling.

We couldn't have wished for a better example, or a better father.

So rest easy. You were a fine man and your work here is done.

"Terry Turner"

Clarrie had No.3 Section of "A" platoon in Timor which included Bernie Langridge, Arthur Marshall, Bill Rowan-Robinson, Eric Weller and Alf Hillman to name a few. Clarrie was a good officer and was well respected by his men. Clarrie and Grace were loyal and generous supporters of the Association of which he was a Life Member.

Eric & Twy Smyth, Julie-Ann, Helen Poynton and Wyn Thomson attended Clarries funeral service at Bunbury and

Stuart "Pip" Dunkley said the Ode and was a pallbearer which was good of him.

The very large attendance was testimony of the respect that Clarrie & Grace were held in Capel and the surrounding districts.

The Association extends its Deepest Sympathy to Grace and the family.

"LEST WE FORGET"

LATE NEWS

Betty Hopkins, widow of John (Irish) and sister of Peter Barden (Dec.) passed away peacefully on Sunday 10th September. Betty was 87.

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to all family members. May she -

"Rest In Peace"

Ron Morris passed away on 5th September after a long illness. A Vale for Ron will be in our next issue.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Hazel and family.

"Rest In Peace" - Ron.

NORMA HASSON DAY

The long dry spell we had in June continued on into July and it was another delightful sunny day on the occasion of our 19th Norma Hasson Day held at the GoodEarth Hotel on Friday 7th July. With our numbers diminishing as each year passes the attendance of 27 was pleasing. Those who made it had a very pleasant 2-1/2 hours socializing in the 2/2nd way as we have been doing now for close on 60 years.

The Hasson family, all looking well was present in strength with Ken & Rhonda,

Fred, Robyn & Kaye attending. Doug who is soldiering on in Melbourne being the only absentee. Kaye, her usual effervescent self made the ladies day with her traditional gift of an orchid corsage for each lady. What a delightful personality is our Kaye.

The luncheon went off very well. The friendly staff attended to all our needs and we thank them for that. Our evergreen M.C. Len was in good form and President Jack welcomed all present making special reference to our oldest member, Fred Humfrey. Fred who was 93 in June came in on the local bus being one of the first to arrive. He reveled in the attention he received from his old mates and the ladies and though partially deaf communicated with all pretty well. Bert Mavrick topped off his day by giving Fred a lift home - Thanks Bart. Among the lucky raffle winners were L. Bagley, Kaye Hanson, Robyn Hasson, Jack Carey, Elvie Howell and Dot Maley.

The Mandurah 2/2nd were well to the fore with Helen Poynton and daughter Julie-Ann, Dot Maley, Don & Ida Murray, Vera Watson, Elvie Howell, Jim Lines, Bart Mavrick and Len Bagley making the trip up. What great stalwarts they have been over the years. Others present were John & Olive Chalwell, Dick Darrington, Beverley Frankee, Elsie & son - David Jordan, Nellie Mullins, Clare West, Bernie & Babs Langridge and Jack Carey.

With out time slowly running out, The Committee appeals to Members to make every endeavour to attend our remaining two functions in 2006 - **The Commemoration Service on Sunday 19th November and Christmas Special on 1st December.**

"God Bless"

Jack Carey

Independent Trust - Timor News

The recently appointed Prime Minister of East Timor, Ramos Horta, is reported as doing a reasonable job despite most difficult circumstances.

In late August rampaging youth gangs were staging rock attacks on refugee camps around Dili where 150,000 people sheltered following the violent May uprising.

Families are fearful of returning to their ransacked homes, many of which have been razed.

Recent stoning of foreigner's vehicles emphasise the contempt held for law and order and the problems facing the United Nations troops and police.

Our Yates vegetable seed programme can move forward only when it is practicable to do so.

Bob Smyth, Chairman

Independent Trust Fund - Yates Seeds Order

Six months have elapsed since all documentation required has been submitted via the Minister for Finance & Infrastructure for approval to import our Courier seed shipment.

The "Australian Newspaper" Editorial 27.07.2005. reviewed a World Bank report which warned of corruption beginning to be a problem especially at Dili Port.

Rotary Australia gifted goods including postal motor bikes and hospital equipment but these were choked off by outrageous Border Control Fees.

For the same reason the highly respected Catholic Mary McKillop East Timor Institute, has had to terminate its programme of sending goods such as

clothing, toys and church requisites etc.

Our seed order, packed for delivery to TNT Courier Service remains in Yates warehouse pending import approval.

Had this shipment been delivered to Dili, where it would sit in Bond, our experience is that it could have been ratted prior to the present turmoil, or alternatively exposed to monstrous entry demands.

We will persevere.

Bob Smyth – Chairman

INDEPENDENT TRUST

Keith Hayes retired from his 2/2nd Commando Association appointments, regrettably also including as a Trustee of the Independent Trust Fund.

Keith invariably accompanied by Val, has been active in the collection, sorting and packing of donated goods for East Timor for more than 15 years. They also maintained frequent contact by Letter of Support and appropriate greeting cards to East Timor based volunteers and Celesian brothers of Don Bosco.

There would be very few of our members and or widows who have been in indifferent health, who have not had visits from Keith and Val. On one occasion when Doc Wheatley insisted on paying Keith for petrol for car ferrying activity, Keith promptly spent it on pens and pads to include in the current shipment to a school in East Timor.

Fellow trustee John Burrige and now also Bart Mavricks, join me in expressing thanks and appreciation to Keith and Val for devoting so many years of their lives to comforting and helping disadvantaged people.

Bob Smyth

Independent Trust Fund

INDEPENDENT TRUST FUND

Bart Mavrack

The Independent Trust Fund meeting 5 April 2006 warmly welcomed Bart's acceptance as Trustee, an appointment to which Bart graciously responded, would be an honour.

Bart aged 58, past President of the SAS Association and his charming wife Loris are already a well known, popular couple at our 2/2nd and also SAS Association social functions.

Bart accompanied our 2/2nd team who visited East Timor for the re-dedication of the "Dare Memorial" following Independence in 1999. He also visited at that time the SAS operational unit on the border.

Bart served in the Special Air Services Regiment and including Vietnam for 14 years to 1980.

His appointment to our Trust further consolidates the existing friendly relationship between our two associations.

Both at 88 years, John Burrige and I acknowledge Bart's potential in winding us back 30 years.

Bob Smyth

Independent Trust Fund

The Unit History Book

Dear Jack – I don't know if you have been keeping the score but when I fill the orders that I have in my book the score will be 50 and the end doesn't seem to be in sight yet. It is without a doubt the easiest item that I have ever had to sell – it sells itself. It seems that people can't resist it, particularly when they know that the nett return will be going to the remote villagers in East Timor in the form of aid.

Geraldton has a population of approximately 25,000 and I don't think that 100 books will be out of the question by Xmas.

People won't buy it unless they see it and then it sells itself; so the moral of the story is to enlist the aid of the local media, giving a telephone number that can be called to leave an order and for future delivery contact. If our results to date are any indication of the potential, the sky is the limit with the number of towns and cities and other provincial locations that are available.

I left a book with each of the media for a week (radio and local newspaper) which resulted in interviews and subsequent editorials from both quarters. The early morning rural session on ABC catches all the remote farming communities and the newspaper catches the townspeople – after that it is a matter of your own logistics. I take orders over the phone and call them back when the books arrive.

I don't have a lot of spare time these days as I am a "Carer", but it fits in very well with my daily routine as I do 90% of it from home. About half the books sold have gone to the nursing fraternity, in fact I sold one whilst I was on the operating table waiting for the surgeon to arrive: more than half have gone to women both young and old, most of the male customers are professionals of one form or another, accountants, bankers, the local barber etc, etc.

In the towns, pick a target (say your bank) and leave a book with them for a week (with their okay) and you will be amazed at the result.

I am writing from my own experience in this important matter because I understand how anxious you are to reach your target of 1,000 books by the end of September next – my own experience tells me that, that target **should** be easily

achievable, and I hope the foregoing will stimulate the enthusiasm to make it happen.

I would like to take this opportunity to reiterate that a supply of the loose book covers for promotional purposes would help to clear the 2,000. Coloured photocopies would be okay, they could be left around at random to great effect.

With kindest regards to yourself and Delys (God Bless Her) and Good Luck to all the Booksellers.

Yours as ever

Tom Foster

UNIT HISTORY BOOK

For the 19 week period between our Launch Date the 23rd April and the 31st August, 860 books were sold which can be considered a satisfactory effort. Our next objective is to reach the half way mark of 1,000 books by 30th September with your help.

Tom Foster a good farmer, now retired and a smart business man has sold 70 books, not counting those he bought at the launch. In his informative letter Tom's successful method is to show the book to a prospective client which often results in a sale. Well done Tom.

We are at a disadvantage in that the book does not appear in book stores and this is because our selling price of \$60.00, plus the dealers' margin would make the price too costly on the shelves. Bearing in mind it cost us \$50.00 to produce the book we cannot sell for anything less. The Australian did give it a very brief review in its "Review Section" on Saturday 2nd September and we are looking at other avenues to publicise the book.

If members and friends of the Association sounded out the local library it could bump up the sales. Word of mouth is another selling avenue well worth trying.

Anyone requiring more order forms can ring me on (08) 9332 7050 and I will post them out. The Committee wishes to thank all those who have bought a book or books for their loyal support.

HAPPY SELLING!!
J.CAREY

AN APOLOGY:

Although we paid \$4,000. to have our book edited a number of errors showed up in it. Fortunately most were of a minor nature.

A photo appearing on page 250 reads "**Lieut E (Mac) Walker and Major Laidlaw** at Sparrow Force Headquarters".

Major E McD Walker was C.O. of the 2/4th Company from its beginning at Wilson's Promontory on December 1941 through their service in the Northern Territory and Timor until his transfer to the Royal Australian Engineers prior to the 2/4th's New Guinea campaign in August 1943. A Batchelor of Civil Engineering, he was promoted to a Lieutenant Colonel. A fine officer, he was mentioned in dispatches twice. In civilian life he was awarded an M.B.E. for his service to engineering in 1971. Mac died in November 1974 at the age of 67.

The Association regrets the error and extends its apologies to the family for such a careless oversight.

Returned & Services League 's 90th Anniversary

Dick represented the Association at the League's 90th Anniversary Service. He writes-

On Sunday 11th June 2006 I had the

pleasure of being present at St George's Cathedral in Perth for the Divine Service at the Remembrance and Celebrations to mark the 90th Anniversary of the establishment of the Returned & Services League of Australia (1916-2006). There was an extra large attendance of members and the Cathedral was packed to the door.

The Reverend Dr John Shepherd, Dean of Perth welcomed everyone to worship in a wonderful service. Mr. W.E. Gaynor, the WA State President, read the first lesson and the second lesson was read by Sir Charles Court. Mr. David Carr marched up the central aisle playing "The Lament" on his bagpipes followed by the "Last Post" played by the bugler, Corporal David Scott. This, then completed a short but impressive service sounding "The Rouse". People filing out of the Cathedral, paused to shake hands with the Dean.

Many then adjourned to Anzac House for afternoon tea, to meet fellow members and friends and to partake of light refreshments, tea, coffee, sandwiches and cakes with the Anzac ladies doing a wonderful job. The bar also did a brisk trade. Since the Club has been refurbished it looks in great shape.

Following afternoon tea the Minister for Veteran's Affairs, The Hon. Bruce Billson, MP, gave an address on the forming of the League, and detailed plans his department has put in place to assist the problems confronting Veterans as they grow older.

It was a lovely afternoon. I have now been a Member of the Returned & Services League for 60 years joining in 1946 when I was discharged from the Army. It was a great feeling to see such a large gathering of members in the new

surrounds of the Anzac Club. May it continue to progress to a 100 years of service to ex Service Personnel.

Dick Darrington

ALAN SPENCE AND FAMILY

His War Record and Years in Proserpine by Genevieve Isbell

Alexander (Alan) Spence was born in Bundaberg on 5 February 1906. His mother had migrated with her family from Germany and his father came from Ireland in 1881 as a young 22 year old to join his brother, Tom Spence, who was a tank sinker in the Riverina district of New South Wales. Alan's parents Robert and Louise had a small cane farm in Bundaberg where he attended the Woongarra School. He left at fourteen to be apprenticed to the Bundaberg newspaper. Alan loved sport and he represented Queensland as a member of the Queensland Senior Fours in the Australian Rowing Championships in Melbourne in 1925 where they won the coveted King's Cup.

The Spence family left their cane farm in 1925 and went to live in Longreach where Alan joined the staff of the *Longreach Leader* as a journalist. He became a champion tennis player of the Central West during the 1920/30's and also played representative cricket and football.

Alan was a member of the CMF before the outbreak of war. He obtained his commission while serving with the 26th CMF Battalion. Shortly after Australia entered the war, training camps were set up, and in 1940 Alan was sent to Miowera, north of Proserpine. It was a Brigade camp and comprised the 26th, 31st, 51st and 42nd CMF Battalions. During this time, Alan was promoted to

Captain in charge of one of the AIF Training Companies. While based in Miowera, Alan met Dot Caine from Bowen and they were married on 2 July 1941. Alan was later moved to Redbank and Grovely army camps and was promoted to second in charge of the 2/26th AIF Battalion which later went to Singapore. While at Bathurst with the battalion, Alan was selected with other volunteers to proceed to Wilson's Promontory for unspecified training (later revealed to be commando training) by British Commandos. Promoted to Major, Alan became CO of the 2/2nd Independent Company from its inception in 1941 at Wilson's Promontory.

The stories of the units exploits in Timor have been told around. Alan's leadership played an important part in the company's difficult early days until contact was made with Australia in mid April 1942. Alan was awarded the Commander in Chief's Commendation Card for "Coolness – Leadership in Timor" from 19th March to 25th May 1942, and later the D.S.O. the citation reading that he "Showed marked Leadership in Commanding the 2/2nd Independent Company" and his example acted as an inspiration to the officers and men of the company. The company inflicted relatively heavy casualties on the enemy as guerilla troops and carried out many daring and successful exploits. By his cool, logical demeanor and steadiness under all circumstances he greatly stimulated the members of his company.

Alan was recalled to Australia and was called in to brief General MacArthur on guerilla warfare against the Japanese. Later he was appointed in charge of the Jungle Warfare Training at Canungra. While at Canungra, Alan collapsed and

had to be admitted to Greenslopes Hospital with amoebic dysentery. After his recovery, Alan became CO of the 2/9th Cavalry Commando Regiment. He was discharged from the army in May 1945 and he and his wife Dot brought the *Proserpine Guardian* in July that same year. Dot's father, EJ Caine, was the local solicitor in Bowen and had been a Member of Parliament in 1911.

Genevieve his first daughter was born at Stanthorpe on May 19th, 1942 (news of which Alan received 3 months later) continues with the Family's story:

I was three years old when Mum and I left Bowen to join dad in Proserpine. Dad had been boarding with Mrs Macartney on the corner of Marathon and Telia streets. We all lived there for six weeks and it was the first time we had lived together as a family. In order to help dad, mum would take me down to the office in the pram and they would walk home after work. We moved next door when Mr and Mrs Alan Scott's house became available. I always remember Genevieve Busuttin in the garden of the Scott's house. She was staying there with her aunt, Mrs Scott. Genevieve had a tea chest full of toys and wore a lovely white dress. The house was a high-set early Queenslander with verandahs all round.

Mum and Dad bought the furniture including a Genoa lounge covered in dark blue and patterned with shepherdeses and sheep and a silky oak dining room table and six chairs. The garden was huge (an acre) and dad had to mow the lawns with the old style movers. We had everything growing in the garden including bananas, mangoes, custard apples, citrus fruits, sweet potatoes, beans and chillies. We also had a windmill which was behind Miss Reid's house next door. I am

amazed when I think back and remember the size of the chook run and we also had a goat's house and a fern house.

In the early years, Dad worked very hard, including weekends, getting the business established and Mum did the proof reading, the banking and the bookwork. She also served in, and ordered for the stationery shop. I remember when Mum ordered the first display stand for greeting cards. She also did lovely window displays. I recall one where she used miniature cane trains pulling the cane through the fields. I remember the excitement when Dad purchased the Thompson Platen automatic printing machine in the 1950's. It was always called "the Thompson". Dad rode a bike to work and the Wright family who lived nearby used to laugh when they saw him riding past so slowly they wondered how he could keep the bike upright. We bought our first car in 1954. Mum's brother-in-law, Frank White, was a graphic artist in Brisbane and he was commissioned to design and draw the new heading for the paper.

Dad was the first Life Member of the Proserpine Ex-Servicemen's Club. He always led the Anzac Parade which embarrassed me as a child when he would call out the orders to the men. He was a member of the Rotary Club, the Golf Club and the Masonic Lodge. He seemed to be at a meeting every night.

My parents waited anxiously for the return of Stan Busuttin from the Merchant Navy and he commenced employment in November 1947. Kevin Abell also started working at the

Guardian office in early 1947 when he was only 14 years old. Lorraine Traill (Savage) began work aged 16 in 1950. I remember them all affectionately. Janet

Wright (Porter) and I used to do interleaving by the hour and Janet worked for the *Guardian* for a time as did her sister Kate (Jackson). I used to deliver the *Guardians* after school on Fridays and Patricia, my sister also worked in the office. The *Guardian* workplace was always very noisy and Dad was usually found operating the Linotype except on Fridays when he would be printing the paper. He always felt tense and anxious until the paper was printed.

Mum had been a Girl Guide in Bowen and became Commissioner for the Girl Guides in the 1950's. She enjoyed her role and contact with the young girls.

My sister Patricia was born in 1946 and Mum said it was the happiest time of her life. In 1950 Mum had another daughter who was still-born and a few weeks later Dad's brother, Louis Spence, Wing Commander of the 77th Squadron was killed in Korea. Finally, Mum's brother died in the October and this all happened in the space of ten weeks.

My parents built their own house in Fuljames Street in 1954. The view at the back was lovely as we looked out over sugar cane paddocks to the mountains beyond. Louise was born in 1952 with cerebral palsy and as there were no facilities in Proserpine at the time, my parents reluctantly decided to sell the business and move to Brisbane in 1960. Dad gave up a business that he had worked so hard to establish to provide a better life for Louise. We had all enjoyed our time in Proserpine and were very sad to leave all our old friends. Dad was still only 54 years old and had to go back to working for another company for two years. It was a tremendous sacrifice but I never remember him complaining. Later he bought another paper

The Fassifern Guardian in Boonah and returned to what he liked most – owning his own newspaper.

Dad died in his sleep on 10 July 1983, aged 77 years. Stan Busuttin said he had known few men who could equal Dad as a trusting, forgiving, lovable and upright person and that he felt proud to have known him so well. Mum died on 26 May 2002 aged 88 years, only ten months after the death of her beloved Louise.

Great Depression-

The 20th October marks the 10th Anniversary of the death of Colin Doig, the Father of our Association. Doigy had a great sense of humour as illustrated in his book "The Ramblings of a Ratbag" published in 1989. His experiences as a boundary rider on the rabbit proof fence when stationed at Buracoppin in the Depression Years are an example of this.

He wrote -

"I was met by an Inspector of the Agriculture Vermin Department and shown my outfit. The outfit consisted of a covered dray, two draught cow camels and one bull riding camel. The dray contained what tools were required to maintain the fence and gate, plus the living gear in the way of blankets and cooking gear. It was with some trepidation that I took the job because I had no previous experience with camels and was the world's worst cook. But as my old mate Alf Holland used to say, "Necessity is the mother of invention and the Father of Half Castes", so I shook hands with the Inspector and proceeded to take charge of the outfit.

The Bull Camel was syring (on heat) and a treacherous bastard. A great balloon was blowing out of his nostrils and he looked ready to eat me. With camels it is the Bull that comes on heat and the cows are always in season if required. I hitched the cows to the dray shafts, or should I say one in shafts and one outrigging, and tied the Bull riding camel behind the object of leading him along until he went off heat, and I would ride him as required.

It wasn't going to be that easy. Nothing wanted to go in the correct direction. So I did a couple of ever increasing circles until I eventually got them pointed northwards. That first day seemed to last an eternity. The country on both sides of the fence was as flat as a badger's arse, and only mallee and salt bush to be seen. There had been quite a good season and there was plenty of feed about, also plenty of kangaroos and emus. Nightfall saw me fifteen miles on my way with a small hut to camp in. Unharnessing the draught camels and hobbling them and the bull was a chore and a half for inexperienced me. Bloody camels seem to be able to kick with all four feet at once, and the smell of their breath is really damnable. You would think they had lived on a diet of well used arse paper by the smell of it. They would bite at you, especially the Bull camel, and I felt that this is not for me for very long.

Next day I cooked an early breakfast as best I could, plenty of thick lumps of steak and black tea with plenty of sugar. This seemed to raise my spirits, so I hitched up the dray team and decided to saddle the riding camel and try myself out as a cameleer.

Camels are geared up with saddle etc. while they sit down, and you mount the

saddle and "Hushta" the camel to his feet. They are guided by a peg in the nose and a rein to pull the head into which ever direction is required. I got aboard OK, and "Hushta-ed" the big mongrel to his feet, and he took off at a steady camel gait which covers miles in no time flat. The dray team was still at the camp. I have never been seasick, but it wasn't long before I was camel sick. The bloody rolling gait behind that hump had to be experienced to be believed, and my guts went round and round, up and down and every which way, and my breakfast finished up on the turf. So much for the plans of men. Thank god the camel was a lazy brute as he soon quietened down and I was able to get him back to join the dray team. I rapidly dismounted and tied him behind and rode the dray for the rest of the day. After three to four days I got used to the routine and got some order out of chaos. Meanwhile I had not paid much attention to the Rabbit Proof Fence as I was too busy worrying about the camel outfit.

I had been advised by the Inspector to keep the Bull camel working as much as possible as if I didn't he would come on syring, and then I would have a nasty problem on my hands. So it was between the devil and the wide open mulga; ride the big mongrel and get camel sick and sore arsed, or lead him and have him savage me at the drop of a hat. So I rode him for about six days about twenty miles a day with one eye on the fence for rabbit holes and where it had been broken down by kangaroos and emus. I soon became adept at watching in one direction with one eye and looking ahead with the other. I reckon it wouldn't be long before I was cross eyed. I worked it out that the situation would equalise on the return

journey.

I stuck it out for two full trips of the Rabbit Proof Fence but my hatred for camels was never displaced. As soon as the Inspector came to Buracoppin I chucked it in and moved on.

DIFFERENT ERAS

I gave Paddy a copy of Arthur Marshall's book "There is Life besides Cricket". He is part way through an interesting and resourceful Life Story on Marsh.

Paddy observes one interesting impression of the

whole era from his (Arthur's) grandparents up to World War 11 was the big families and the dedication of parents in raising their children to be good people in an age of hardship and constant battling.

Now in an age of affluence two children is a family and in many cases a big percentage of those children are without a father or a mother because of a break-up of the marriage or partnership for any or no reason. Where are we heading.

J. Carey

(Arthur's book is still available. He can be contacted on (08) 0729 1296 or write to Peel St, Harvey WA 6220).

N.S.W. NEWS

Unfortunately a sad note to start on this time with the recent passing of two memorable characters who were outstanding members of our Unit – each in their own way.

Major R.R. Baldwin originally Capt., O.C. "A" Platoon, No. 2 Aust Independent Coy. was an extraordinary person in many roles.

As a teacher/housemaster at the Geelong Grammar School pre and post war, he was a leader, a bushman and

probably one of the then unknown "Greenies", and then as a soldier, both as a Platoon Commander and later as 2'I.C. to Lt. Col. Bernard Callinan when he took over from Lt. Col. Spence, Force Commander.

That pair were dubbed by the Timor natives as "**Escuta Pulga Montania**" or "**Mountain Fleas**", because of the way they jumped from one peak to another! Then there was his unforgettable "**Bowyangs**" – laces tied around the legs of his pants to keep out the varmints.

Fortunately we have been able to maintain our irregular contact over the past 60 odd years, which in recent times became more difficult through hearing problems at both ends.

A delightful person whom we were privileged to know.

"May he rest in Peace"

Another unforgettable person whom we lost in late July was A.G. "Tony" Bowers who retired to Mandurah many years ago. Tony, the "Gentle Giant" was the biggest man in the Unit where he stood out amongst several big men.

As an original he served in East Timor, New Guinea and New Britain with distinction.

In recent years he has attended almost every Safari Reunion in all states and provided excellent company.

An outstanding example of mateship occurred when

we were holding a reunion at Port Macquarie in 1992 and learned of the death of David Dexter at Canberra.

Tony and three of his No. 2 Section, "A" Troop mates chartered a plane to fly down for his funeral service, which in itself was quite remarkable. Such was

the ongoing bond from those wartime years.

Rest In Peace "Tuan Buat"

I have been in phone contact with people in all states and the story is about the same everywhere – like it or not, age is catching up with us.

In the A.C.T. Joan Fenwick has shown some improvement this year.

Ron and Hazel Morris are not faring very well. No contact with Sunny Daniels or family.

On the local front - Bill and Coral Coker are coping okay – both have their problems.

Colin and Val Holley seem to be in competition with medical appointments – nothing a drop of Scotch won't fix!

Paddy and Nora Kenneally have lost some of the old spark, but Paddy has been over to see me twice (this was by public transport – wow) including our Xmas in July lunch.

Fred and Norma Janvrin – Norma is keeping fairly well. Fred is almost bionic, held together with nuts, bolts and wire.

Doug Dixon – no news.

Maria Hartley – another car, another prang but apart from that she is much better after quite a few upsets.

Wyn Brown has some family problems but seems to be coping on her own.

Kath Press seems to be going okay and is in regular contact.

Freida Tomasetti keeps well. Finally received justice from D.V.Affairs.

Joan English was recently having a 'downer' but improved.

Pauline, Greg and Thomas all okay.

Harry and Amyce Handicott – Harry had a recent stint in John Hunter Hospital,

Newcastle. He managed to get his bowels in a knot which they had to untie!! Home on 18 August and much better but down to 2nd gear. Meantime Amyce now in an aged care facility nearby.

Andy and Heather Beveridge – Andy and I have exchanged 'phone calls' from time to time and he reports things are pretty much the same. Good Luck Mate!

Beryl Walsh is recovering after her long time caring for Bill – if one ever recovers? Son Don is living back with her (lost his wife some time ago) so at least she has company.

Russ Blanch recently passed his 85th milestone and when I phoned he was enjoying a family party. Good on yer Sig! "Happy G" will probably have his own report for you after his most recent "holiday" in St. Vinnies, Lizmore.

His DIT, DIT, DAH is not as flash as it used to be but we can still raise a laugh. Don't forget – when you can't raise a laugh – yer buggered!!

Things are still a bit dicky in Timor but let us hope Ramos Horta can get them back on track to recover their lost momentum.

Our "Dare Memorial" is on hold. Ron Archers Scholarship plans seem to be on track and his Plaque at the Australian Embassy.

OH' and I'm okay at almost 91.

Best Wishes to all - Alan

Northern N.S.W. News

A very short three months has passed since reporting in. I am very pleased to say that all my contacts are in good health, well, as good as can be expected for Oldies.

Russ Blanch had a party on the Sunday preceding the 23rd August and had

about 40 attending. Only four who were not family. His daughter Ellen catered and Russ said it was a most lovely occasion. 85 years young.

Dianne Cholerton and daughter Julie both okay although like most of us these days has arthritis, as do most of us and its been playing up a bit of late.

Beryl Cullen from Kyogle is very well – one of the really lucky ones with no complaints at all. A result no doubt of healthy country living, plenty of work and clean air.

Edith Jones of Barraba also with no report of illness. Another country person – be envious you city types.

Eric Herd and Lorraine of Iluka are both pretty well. Lorraine reports that some new medication for Eric has made a tremendous improvement in his health, and we have got a marvelous climate in this part of the world. Need rain though. I mentioned this to a bloke in the Post Office the other day and he said "not me I'm cane cutting". So you see you cannot have everybody satisfied.

May Orr from South Grafton is very happy with her copy of The Book and will contact Jack for another couple of copies. I gather that a review in the "Australian" is due shortly so I guess anyone wanting a copy or more copies should get in as I reckon Jack will be flat out after the publication in the national paper.

Beryl Steen is off to Cairns for a couple of weeks staying with a son. Should be nice just now before it gets into the summer months. Beryl is keeping well.

Another Beryl – Beryl Walsh of Kempsey is okay after a fall. Luckily not a lot of harm done. It is so easy – you wonder how it happens. Beryl originally came from my part of the world.

Nola Wilson reports she is reasonably well although it is still very dry around Gilgandra way. Pretty much the same all over N.S.W. right now.

Tom Yates and Jean both okay with Jean not getting much relief from her arthritis. Unfortunately Jean cannot take Prednisilone as Tom and I do.

The Queensland connection in Gordon Stanley and Joan going along well and Ralph Conley and Sheila the same. Bowling consistently and, I hope well.

After getting rid of my gallstones I am much better as well as lighter. The very best wishes to all and good health.

“Happy”

Victorian News

I trust all are well and keeping as fit as possible. Fred & I have not ventured very far from the lounge heater. I believe it has been the coldest winter for 24 years, and although Fred is restricted, he does have a certain degree of mobility, we are reasonably well and take each day as it comes.

Have been speaking to Leith & Marj Cooper, Margaret Monk, Pat Petersen, Ed Bourke, Win Humphreys and Harry Bottrill who are all keeping well. Marj Cooper is to have a knee replacement shortly and I hope she is not off her feet too long.

They have all received the book and agree Cyril Ayris has done a wonderful job. I was hoping there would be a bit more than a 100 pages on the New Guinea, New Britain campaigns, but apart from that it is a great read and certainly held my interest.

I have not read of any comments in the March or June Courier, but there has been a serious error printed and I would like to draw your attention to it. As the

saying goes “better late than never”. In the December issue, on the back was an illustration of the Unit’s book cover. In a paragraph underneath it is stated, and I quote “named after the Units Commanding Officer in Portuguese Timor, New Guinea and New Britain, Major G.G. (The Bull) Laidlaw,” unquote. If this is the reason for the book title, then who or those responsible should hang their heads in shame, and re-read the Unit’s history. There are 383 pages on Timor and 100 pages of New Guinea, New Britain, so let us put the record straight.

Major A. Spence was Commanding Officer in Timor, later taken over by Second-in-Command Capt. B.J. Callinan. This is very unjust to these two men who are not with us today. What will their families think?? Men lost their lives and were wounded in Timor, and upon their return to Australia many were unfit for overseas service, some took up other appointments.

I take nothing away from Major G.G. Laidlaw’s leadership, I know he was held in very high esteem by the men who served under him, but I am sure he would be the first to admit he was never Commanding Officer in Timor. Therefore I would like to say they were **not** all the “Bull’s” men.

Mavis Broadhurst

NB: Geoff Laidlaw took over the company in Timor on the 17th November 1942 and continued as our CO until the war ended.

The author suggested the title “**All The Bull’s Men**” as having appeal, which the committee went along with.

Queensland News

Pat Barnier and her daughter Andrea

Butler attended the 60th Anniversary Reunion of the Queensland Commando Association at the Anzac Sergeant's Mess, Gallipoli Barracks, Enoggera. Pat has been going to this function for many years and it is good to see her there. Butch was a very active committee member of the Q.C.A. for many years.

Spoke to Peter Andrews. He and his father and mother Colin & Jeanette are still very busy running the Laidley Caravan Park. Peter's sister who lives in Canberra has just returned from teaching English in Czechoslovakia.

Bill & Irma Connell are in fair health and lead a quiet life. They live at Manly and visit their family at Mitcheton which is the other side of town.

Paddy Wilby & Fred Otway busily work together on many projects and are coping pretty well with their health considering their ages.

Peter Krause is still at "Amity at Merrimac". His daughter Sue and grandson (13) visit him frequently and he still like his regular beer and various TV programmes. I am sure he would love some phone calls from any of his old mates on (07) 5522 7801.

George & Margo Shiels usually come to Brisbane each year to visit their families here but they wont be coming this year as their mango crop at Bowen is doing particularly well and the whole process has been fully automated.

Lucky & Doreen Goodhew are pretty good and they just love following their grandson , cowboy footballer.

Bulla & Jean Tait – Bulla is a bit limited in what he can do because of his knee problems. Their families are well and they see quite a bit of their son who lives not far away in Townsville.

Gordon & Joan Stanley are well and

planning a holiday at Caloundra in November. Their daughter Helen (Melbourne) will be visiting them shortly.

Bettye Coulson is still as busy as ever – expects to go to Japan soon and after that Fiji. Do you all want **THE GOOD OIL**? Well she has a grandson who is a navigator on a Norwegian ship looking for **OIL** in the Gulf of Arabia! She sees Edna Vandeleur once a month at Legacy meetings and says that she is well.

Mararet Hooper has problems with a very bad back. She is still interested in trips with Probus, but they have now mainly changed from two day trips to one day,

Yvonne Walsh and I have booked to be in East Timor from the 24th September to 1st October. Whilst I will return on the 1st, Yvonne may stay longer.

Tasmanian News

Some News from Tassie!!

Have not been able to get around much this last few months as Billie and myself have been on sick parades – we hope with the warmer weather coming we should be able to get around a bit more and meet up with friends.

Had a talk with Clyde McKay ex 2/40 Battalion ex P.O.W. Jap. He is a most interesting man, said when he came home from the Jap Prisoner Camp he took over the timber carrying boat the "100" plus years "**May Queen**". He told me the open air work helped him back to good health.

I have been in touch with other 2/40 men and of course our ranks are thinning – still have a BBQ lunch put on by the serving men and women of the now 12/40 Battalion.

Had a talk with –

Isobel Elmore – she keeps in touch with veterans around Launceston.

Called Lewis Nicklason – Launceston ex 2/40 and East Timor with the 2/2nd. He is having cancer treatment at present – was quite cheerful and we had a good talk.

Iris Rice is going along well – still goes out dancing and attended a great grandchild wedding which was very lovely.

Had a nice phone chat to Nancy Slade and she was telling me how she goes out on various trips with other war widows, some through Veteran Affairs. She is looking forward to her daughter, Sandra coming home from England. Sandra has a unit suite close to Nancy's. Tried to contact

Bridget Richards – will try again soon.

Geoff Wood called me soon after 2/40 reunion in February – will give him a phone call later.

Had a trip to Veterans Affairs doctor a few weeks back and was treated well – for Disability Pension. The doctor was very interested in my Service and how others, same as myself were going. Wish I had made the application years ago.

“**All the Bull's Men**” created interest in our district, I left it with our online centre who made up an item for our local monthly paper “**The Bush Telegraph**” I am hoping for some sales.

Billie and I don't do much outside now – Grandson Dale does the lawns and son Peter helps in the garden. Veteran Affairs sends people to clean windows and water spouting and a lady once a week to help with the housework. It makes a big difference, and suggests all Veterans should have the same help.

Our regards to all the 2/2nd Men and Families - **Keep Smiling.**

Bert & Billie, Dover, Tasmania

Correspondence

Secretary, Dated 7 July 2006

Please find enclosed my donation towards the Courier. I appreciated the news letter and enjoy it very much. The dedication of the remaining members is to be admired. I am now residing in Geelong to be closer to my family.

Please forward the Courier to my new address: J A Weppner, 1/A Watsons Road, Newcombe, Victoria 3219.

Best wishes to all for the future years.
Regards Joan

Dear Jack – Nora and I hope and pray Delys is restored to full health. We are deeply saddened she suffered such a misfortune to her health.

We enjoyed reading the story of her life on the farm and school days. She brought vividly to mind the resourcefulness and devotion of her mother, raising the family and running the farm while Delys's father was away at the war.

News from here is scarce, that is of course as far as 2/2nd personnel are concerned, which is not surprising but there are a few around. I was talking to Harry Handicott on the phone a couple of weeks ago; he was staying with his daughter after being discharged from Hospital. Harry had intended coming to the “Christmas in July” luncheon but finished up in hospital instead and was operated on almost immediately. He was in agony; he could be recuperating for

quite awhile. Alan rang me a couple of days ago and informed me Harry was still staying with his daughter. I always reckoned Harry and Col Holley were two of the fittest men in our Association and you can include "Happy" Greenhalgh in that category. All of them have had surgery lately and I wish them a recovery to their former status.

I haven't been so mobile lately but nevertheless have little to complain about. My main grouch is that I cannot stay in the same spot long enough to do anything. I am a champion "Staggerer". That of course has accumulated as a result of all the great times I enjoyed at safaris and local unit reunions. I should have been more temperate.

All the family was grieved to learn of Tony Bowers passing. At one time or another they had caught up with Tony. Nora and I had a very enjoyable tour of New Zealand with Tony, Carol, Col Doig and Joy Loudon in 1976. I reckon Tony, Col and I would have settled all the worlds' problems one night on that holiday if the bar hadn't closed at 3.00am. Tony and I were good friends and I doubt if there was a single thing we agreed on but that made no difference to our friendship. On one occasion we were arguing, and Tony said, "Paddy, I never discuss politics or religion". I laughingly said "Tony, you are making a huge mistake, politics affects your well being in this world and religion plays a big part in your welfare in the next world". Tony laughed and replied "You're bloody impossible Paddy".

Nora and the family joins me in sending our sincere sympathy to Willie, Anne, Linda and Jackie and their families on the sad loss of a father and grandfather whom all our family loved.

Best wishes to you and John, Jack and may Delys be blessed with a full return

to good health. This is the fervent wish of Nora and me and we pray for its fulfillment.

Paddy Kenneally

The Editor – This letter is well overdue to thank all persons, past and present for all the hard work they do in putting together this wonderful publication.

For many years I have been the grateful recipient of the "Courier" and have enjoyed reading about what is happening within the association.

I have many, many fond memories of childhood times spent at Unit get togethers at Perth Zoo, Kings Park and Don Turton's farm at Wandering with my parents, Mervyn and Dulcie Ryan. These gatherings did much to instill in me the importance of friendships – something that I have in turn tried to instill in our 4 sons and daughter.

It is often with great sadness that I read about the passing of unit members – many of the names are very much a part of my memories.

I have enclosed a cheque to cover the cost of an order for the book "All The Bull's Men" and look forward to receiving this latest publication. (I would appreciate receiving a book with a slipcover.) The balance of the cheque is a long overdue donation to the Association.

I wish you all well and although you don't always hear from some of your readers I feel sure that like

me they really appreciate all your time and efforts in keeping the Unit alive.

On a personal note, Delys I wish you well with the times ahead – I remember yours and Jack's visits with Mum while she was a resident of Craigville and I

know she would be sending you her love and best thoughts.

My fondest thoughts to you all.

Robyn Blake, DARWIN

(PS: If any members head up our way I would be more than happy to hear from you.)

PARS ON PEOPLE

Babs Langridge took a nasty turn at her son's home on Father's Day while helping to prepare the midday meal which resulted in her being taken to Royal Perth Hospital. First thoughts were it may have been a stroke but it turned out to be a severe ear infection which has the symptoms of a stroke. Babs was released after 48 hours and is now back home fully recovered. It was a great relief for Bernie although Babs reckons Bernie is a good cook and could look after himself. Bernie probably thinks otherwise. God Bless.

Gwenda Kirkwood has moved from her lovely unit in Gardner Street, Como to 3 Panton Crescent, Karrinyup presumably with her daughter. We hope you are well Gwenda and enjoy watching the footy finals.

Bob Isles the son of Jack Isles who lives in Canberra rang to say Jack had a stroke in mid August and was in Calvary Hospital recovering slowly. Bob said his father would not be able to return home and would go to a nursing home on discharge. Bob's phone number is **(02) 6258 6956**.

Les Halse who will be 87 in December and lives alone is battling along okay. Fiercely independent Les likes to do things himself which is an admirable trait.

Len Bagley is not enjoying the best of

health. We hope you come good when the warmer weather arrives Len. Good luck!!

Delys Carey – Delys who was diagnosed with a brain tumor on 11 April last and operated on two days later had a repeat operation on the 24th August. It was touch and go for a time after the second operation but Del pulled through and is now back home which is a godsend. Delys would like to thank all those members who have sent in Get Well cards and for their encouragement in her crisis. She still likes to have her say on the Courier. "God Bless her".

Val Hayes had a nasty fall recently sustaining a broken pelvis and wrist. She is in the St John of God Murdoch Hospital and is having a pretty tough time. Our thoughts are with you Val & Keith. God Bless.

COURIER DONATIONS

Dick Darrington, Fred & Robyn Hasson, Kern & Rhonda Hasson, Elsie Jordan, Don & Ida Murray, Nellie Mullins, Julie Ann, Clare West, Rosie Shannon, Daphne Field, Pip Dunkley, Kath Smith, Joan Weppner, Peter & Robyn Blake, Maria Hartley, Paddy & Norma Kenneally, Bob Smyth.

Thank you for your continued support.

BIRTHDAY BOYS

Harry Handicott	July	4 th	84
George Greenhalgh		8 th	86
Tom Yates		21 st	86
John Southwell		27 th	83
Tom Foster	August	1 st	86
Jack Hanson		9 th	85
Dusty Studdy		15 th	88
Andy Beveridge		15 th	90
Russ Blanch		23 rd	85
Fred Otway	September	3 rd	86
Alan Luby		6 th	91
Fred Broadhurst		7 th	84
Doug Dixon		8 th	85
Bob Williamson		13 th	88
Jack Isles		24 th	85
Alex Veovodin		26 th	85

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!!***In lighter vein -***

"Well, Mrs O'Connor, so you want a divorce?" the solicitor questioned his client.

"Tell me about it. Do you have a grudge?"

"Oh no", replied Mrs O'Connor. "Shure now, we have a carport."

The solicitor tried again. "Well does the man beat you up?" he inquired.

"No, no" said Mrs O'Connor looking puzzled. "Oi'm always first out of bed."

Still hopeful, the solicitor tried again. "Well does he go in for unnatural connubial practices?"

"Shure now, he plays the flute but I don't think he knows anything about the connubial?"

Now desperate, the solicitor pushed on. "What I'm trying to find out are what grounds you have?"

"Bless ye, sor. We live in a flat - not even a window box, let alone grounds."

"Mrs. O'Connor," said the solicitor in some exasperation, "to get a divorce you need a reason that the court can consider. What is the reason for you seeking this divorce?"

"Ah well now," said the lady. "Shure it's because the man can't hold an intelligent conversation."

Mrs O'Connor is not related to the Kenneally's of Yagoona.

"ONE FOR RIPLEY"

Alan Luby tells the story of posting a coconut to his parents in Wollongong shortly after arriving in Dili in mid December 1941. He carved their address on the coconut with his sheath knife and it managed to get through the system.

After their death, some years later the coconut was passed on to his sister Winifred who had it in her possession until her death where upon it went to her daughter Janice, finishing up in the attic. Recently it was found by Alan's nephew who sent Alan a photo of it. Alan said the address is still legible. 65 years on, the coconut has been polished up and takes pride of place on Janice's mantelpiece.

Alan turned 91 on the 6th September.

NB: If you tried to send a coconut by mail these days you'd have the bomb squad called in.

W.A. Members Please Note:

Our 57th Commemoration Service will be held at:
Lovekin Drive, Kings Park on Sunday, 19 November 2006
The Service commences at 3.00pm, Members and Friends are asked to
make a special effort to attend.

DON'T FORGET NOW

Our Christmas Luncheon will be held at the:

GoodEarth Hotel

198 Adelaide Terrace, Perth
on Friday 1st December 2006.
Refreshments from 11.30am. Lunch at 12.30pm.

Please mark this date on your calendar - A good day is assured.

Attention - N.S.Wales Members

Our Christmas Lunch

gathering will be held at the:
Dee Why R.S. ~~League~~ Club
11.30am for 12 Noon Lunch
on Saturday, 9th December 2006

15-8

Families and other Squadron Members welcome. Members attending
are asked to ring:

Alan Luby on 9981 3287 by Monday 4th December 2006

HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!!

2/2ND AUSTR. INDEPT. COY.

- A.I.F. -



MAJ. W. Haidlach

Nx 70657

CAPT. D. Turner

Nx 8440

CAPT. Chickensie

Nx 5369

CAPT. T. G. Malt

Nx 11073

CAPT. Osborne

Nx 38890

LIEUT. W. Mackintosh

Nx 9169

LIEUT. C. D. Log

Nx 11054

LIEUT. Ward

Nx 46494

LIEUT. S. J. Green

Nx 12145

LIEUT. A. Bammer

Nx 6446

H. J. Morgan
Lieut.

Nx 9954

E. Smyth

Nx 12124

Keane

Nx 5731

Harper

Nx 51256

J. Fox

Nx 25427

H. J. Curran

Nx 47343

W. J. Curran

Nx 8507

F. A. Guss

Nx 67365

W. J. Curran

Nx 12123

J. A. Guss

Nx 76534

PRESENTA

TUAN DOCTOR

AUSTRALIE

Complimento barak

de

Official Soldado Hoku

Oolook Mai Timor



Presented to Dr. Dunkley at Larrimah in December 1942 by officers on behalf of all members of the 2/2nd in appreciation of the great work "the Doc" did in Timor in 1941/42. Of the signatories only Eric Smyth and Gerry Green are left.