



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Brothers in Arms

This month, the now renowned Australian Special Air Service Regiment will have a week of celebrations to mark the 50th Anniversary of its Foundation. On the 25th July, 1957 the first SAS, then a company had its beginning when Major Wally Gook, Captain Kirkland, Lieutenants Brydon, Woods and Wade and a small group of soldiers' marched into the unit, located in old wooden buildings at Campbell Barracks Swanbourne.

Faced with a challenging task, Gook and his officers set about building a specialist unit. Men wanting to join the newly formed company had to undergo an arduous and exacting training period in extremely tough and hazardous field exercises, parachuting, demolitions, cliff climbing and canoeing, to name a few. Qualities demanded and expected from each man were initiative, self discipline, independence of mind, stamina, patience and a sense of humour. Many did not make the grade. Those who did could be proud of their achievement and wore their red beret and shoulder patch wings with equal pride.

The training was carried out in Australia, mostly in W.A. but did include periods overseas in Papua New Guinea, Thailand and Okinawa. The Company was prepared to tackle any task. In January 1962 they were deployed to fight bush fires, out of control south of Perth and later in the month to fight the disastrous fires which wiped out the town of Dwellingup.

On the 4th September, 1964 Major-General J.S. Andersen, the Commander of the 1st Division, reviewed a regimental parade at Campbell Barracks inaugurating the formation of the Special Air Service Regiment. It was to be the one and only SAS Regiment ever to be raised.

Since its inauguration in September 1964 the Regiment through its deeds in many theatres of war in Malaya, Borneo, Vietnam, Somalia, Rwanda, New Guinea, The Solomons, Kuwait, Iraq and Afghanistan has proved itself to be the equal of any

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such force in the world. Moving with the times its training in counter terrorism tactics is second to none. The Regiment is a superb group of fighting men.

Over the years the hazards of training has taken its toll. Who of us can ever forget the tragic loss of 15 fine young SAS men and 3 members of the 5th Aviation Regiment when two Black Hawk helicopters collided on the evening of the 12th June, 1996 in Townsville. The SAS Memorial inside the entrance to Campbell Barracks, Swanbourne remains a fitting tribute to those men who died in service in War and Peace.

We of the 2/2nd are extremely fortunate and privileged to have had the support of such a fine body of men. In November 1984 through the auspices of Lt. Col. Chris Roberts, the then C.O. of the SAS, a Catafalque Party was provided for our Commemorative Service in Lovekin Drive, Kings Park. Chris along with RSM Mick Ruffin attended and laid a wreath on our Memorial on behalf of the Regiment. It was a great occasion for our members. For the past 23 years the Regiment has provided a Catafalque Party for our service and helped us in other ways for which we are most grateful. Being invited to the Sergeants Mess after our service and in recent years to "The House" has been an added privilege.

The celebrations this month will no doubt be a great success. Bart Mavrick and his team have worked hard to ensure that it will be a week to be remembered. Veterans of the Australian Air Service Association (ASASA) will attend from overseas and all the States in Australia.

The 2/2nd Association offers its congratulations to all taking part in this great reunion. It has been a wonderful 50 years and one all those who served or are still serving in the Regiment can be proud of.

You have done your country well.

J. Carey

**VALE LIONEL JOHN NEWTON
SX20439 21.06.1921 - 27.07.2007**

Lionel was born Lionel John Newton, at Broken Hill on June 21, 1921. He was the second in a family of 4 children, comprising 2 girls and 2 boys.

Lionel's father had the same Christian name. Lionel senior and his family were comfortably settled at the Hill, because of his position with the Silverton Tramway Company, where he was employed as a Permanent Way Engineer. This strange title meant that he was responsible for all the company plant, rail and housing maintenance, and surveying. He was also the company

architect, and incidentally he designed the Jubilee Oval grandstand and change rooms.

Young Lionel commenced his schooling at the Central Public School, and moved through the primary grades to Broken Hill High School.

At 14 years of age (like so many in those years) Lionel left school and began work at his uncle's store – Stan Newton's hardware. This store (on the corner of Blende and Oxide Streets) was a prominent part of the city's history, and has had several changes of owners. (Benjamin's, McColes and today's Vines Furniture One).

Lionel was full of enthusiasm, hoping to start as at least Assistant Manager to his uncle, but soon learned that his title would be store room boy, window cleaner, and to provide a change of environment, delivery boy (delivering customers' goods on a push bike with a basket on the front). For these duties Lionel was richly rewarded, receiving thirteen shillings and fourpence a week. The job and working conditions must have been reasonably congenial, as Lionel was still working for his Uncle Stan five years later, when World War 11 began. He was called up for the Army, was passed medically fit (Lionel comments that the requirements for passing were the possession of a thick skull, and the ability to shoot straight).

He received preliminary army training at Gawler and Warradale, and his unit was then transferred to Puckapunyal. At this stage the new soldiers were given an opportunity to take further specialized training. Lionel accepted the challenge, and moved to the tidal river base on Mornington Peninsula in Victoria, as part of a secret AIF Commando Squadron.

At the end of this training, the squadron was posted to New Guinea, where their initial duties were to provide back-up and relief for soldiers who had been engaged in active duty in Timor. He became part of 2/2 Squadron, and spent the next 2-1/2 years in New Guinea and New Britain.

After the war Lionel returned to his old job with Uncle Stan, but after five weeks he succumbed to the lure of the high lead bonus and joined the Zinc Corporation. He went through the usual rookie initiation – hand trucking, skimping, timber running etc.

He was then loaned to NBHC for what was supposed to be three days. He worked in the shaft crew there, and went on to the installation of steelwork in the Haulage Shaft. Then he became part of the mining change towards greater mechanization which was then being introduced in the panels of B Lode.

Work in the panels was less arduous, but more rewarding as machines replaced muscle.

During this period a romance was developing between Lionel and a lovely lady named Elsie Denley. He says this was the ultimate challenge, as Elsie had five brothers to contend with.

However, true love won out when Elsie and Lionel were married in 1951, and moved into the new home they had built at 274 Kaolin Street and lived happily there until the end.

They raised 2 sons, who went on to successfully complete their university training, both gaining two degrees.

David is an electrical engineer living and working in Singapore for South Australia Water (previously EW&S), and Keith is a partner in an American firm of financial accountants, Andersen & Co., and is currently working in Seoul, South Korea.

This arrangement allowed Elsie and Lionel to visit Korea and wonder at some of the local interests. For instance, the Samsung factory employed 83,000 employees in their factory.

In that country, too, Lionel was taken into one of the 20 tunnels that linked the entire country underground during the Korean war, and could handle the movement of 33,000 troops every hour.

For Lionel, retirement day came in 1982, after "three days" at NBHC had grown

to 37 years. He considered that Elsie and he were fortunate to be able to visit the boys when they lived in America and in the British Isles. Nearer to home they visited Tasmania and New Zealand and covered many miles around Australia with their caravan.

His interests over the years included serving as a Scout Leader for one of the Broken Hill packs, for a period of 12 years. He was still involved with the West Darling Machinery Preservation Society and remained full of enthusiasm for the proposed Mining Museum and cable car complex.

Lionel passed away on Friday 27th, July following a major head operation to remove a tumour. He lived only 3 months after his beloved Elsie's death on 19th April last. He was 86. A well known Broken Hill identity, there was a large attendance at his funeral service held at St Peter's Anglican Church.

May he Rest in Peace

A good soldier, Lionel was well respected by his army mates. When peace was declared in August 1945 he volunteered to serve with the War Graves Group whose job was to find and exhume the remains of those buried in outlying areas and transfer them to the main War Cemeteries in New Guinea. Lionel spent 10 months with his group and found it very tough going.

Lionel was a loyal and generous Life Member of the Association and he and Elsie attended a number of our safaris. A fine and pleasant man. He will be sadly missed.

The Association extends it's sincere condolences to David, Keith and all members of the family.

Vale

Christopher Geoffrey Wood - TX1644 - (23/02/1920 - 27/07/2007)

Geoff was born in Launceston on the 23rd of February, 1920. He was the youngest of three children. For the first few years of his life he lived at Avoca in the Fingal Valley, which was where his mother's family came from.

When Geoff was seven the family moved to the North West coast, and had a farm at Forthside. Geoff's sister Phyll used to double-dink him on her push-bike between home, school and the post office. Life on the farm during the Depression was tough, and after a while they moved to Ulverstone, where Geoff's father ran a butcher shop.

When the shop closed, they went back into farming, this time in Stubbs Rd at Turners Beach. It was about this time, when Geoff was 14 that he finished school and went to work on the farm.

Geoff often described his father as having " itchy feet ". The next move saw Geoff's father build a caravan on the back of his 1927 Chev truck and pack the family off to Queensland to pick cotton for a season.

When they came back Geoff worked delivering meat on a bicycle for a butcher. It didn't last long though, he fell off and broke two ribs and didn't go back.

But the furniture makers Pipers in Ulverstone wanted a boy for the polishing room to do all the dirty jobs, and it was from there that Geoff became a joiner.

And it was around that time he joined the militia, or the peace time forces. When war was declared Geoff's father told he wouldn't sign the papers for him

to join the Australian Infantry Forces until he turned 20.

When February 1940 came around Geoff went to Brighton for training and topped the school. The captain called him into his office to ask what school he'd been to, as there was a job going with two stripes. But when Geoff told him Ulverstone State School, the offer was gone.

Geoff got a transfer, and became part of the 2/40th Battalion. They thought they were going to the Middle East or England, but instead got sent to Brisbane, Alice Springs and Katherine. In Katherine Geoff got appendicitis and was put on a small plane to Darwin where the hospital staff took out his appendix and found the single piece of chewing gum that had clogged up the workings.

The Battalion arrived in the waters off Timor on December 1941 aboard the Zealandia, which Geoff said let more water in than it kept out. When the Japanese attacked Koepang the Battalion fought for three days before surrendering. Three-quarters of the force were captured, but Geoff was in hospital at the time, and as a fortune teller from Launceston had foreseen, he was left on the lucky side of the fence.

Geoff fled into Portuguese East Timor and met up with the 2/2nd Independent Company. For most of 1942 he was part of a guerrilla campaign in the hills of Timor. He was incredibly grateful to the East Timorese who helped him survive. Many of the Australian soldiers had 'creados' – who were young Timorese boys that acted as assistants. Geoff's boy was called Moberry.

Geoff told many stories about the people and culture of Timor, how pigs were kept under houses to eat the scraps, how they chewed betel nut and spat it in red blobs by the pathways, and how the Timorese loved eating fertilized eggs with chickens in them – they were a great delicacy.

Geoff was evacuated from Timor at the end of 1942. He returned to Tasmania, which is where the next part of the story begins.

NB : Geoff who was a sergeant joined 9 Section in March 1942 and later went to Don Turtons' sapper section

Geoff had married early in 1941 and a son Dale was born later that year. By the time Geoff was discharged from the army in 1945 he also had a daughter Julie. He then worked on the North West coast, building houses with his brother Tom. His daughter Carolyn was born in 1950, and a son Jon in 1952.

The family then moved to Springfield near Hobart where he worked as a carpenter with Australian Glass Manufacturers. Unfortunately his first marriage broke down and he ended up rearing his family on his own. He had always had a great interest in birds and wildlife, and in the 50's he scraped together enough money for a deposit on some land at Granton. He then set about founding his own wildlife park "Woodville Zoo" in a beautiful bush environment.

He worked extremely hard, setting the zoo up whilst working full time. As time went on the zoo boasted Tasmanian devils, native cats, wombats, sugar gliders, emus, deer, ostrich, snakes, seals, wallabies and kangaroos, water buffalo, camels, owls, eagles, birds of

all descriptions plus many domestic type animals as well. To help the family finances Geoff trapped wildlife for export to overseas zoos. The zoo continued until 1975 when increasing operating costs and government bureaucracy and red tape made things difficult. The zoo closed at the end of 1975, and Geoff and his wife Susan (who he married in 1970) went sheep farming at Richmond. A camel, water buffalo, deer, donkeys, parrots, and eagle, an ostrich, cats, dogs, a goat plus several horses made the move.

Eulogy by wife Susan

At the end of 1969 I was sitting my end of year uni exams and I fell into a bit of a heap. My mother came down to Hobart to sort me out. While I was doing one exam she took herself off for a drive. When she came back she said she had spent several hours at a delightful wildlife sanctuary, and that the owner was a very interesting man who had a wealth of knowledge about native animals.

I must have filed that information in my head somewhere, and in April 1970 I went off to the Woodville Zoo at Granton.

There I met Geoff and wandered around the lovely bush setting. I talked to him for ages while he fed the animals. Then I spied his horses, and he took me over to show me his stallion Kybus. I was missing my horse in Launceston so much, and I think he must have sensed that. Anyway, he invited me to come up next week and have a ride – what a line Geoff!

Our friendship very quickly turned to love, and four months later we were married. There was quite a lot of

disapproval, and I can remember us being the source of gossip for a while. I think many thought it would be a six month wonder, but somehow this unlikely May/December couple is just three weeks short of clocking up 37 years.

Not all the animals approved either. Geoff had a pet deer called Bambi who ran free, and followed him everywhere. Bambi had antlers that he didn't shed, and he was very jealous of me. When I came from my teaching job, he would bale me up in my little Volkswagon and not let me out. One time he ran his antlers into my back as I hung out the washing.

My childhood horse, Peter, was also rather miffed about another man in my life. If Geoff dared to set foot in his paddock, he would flatten his ears, bare his teeth and charge.

It took about five years for Bambi and Peter to accept the situation and agree to a truce.

Our whole married life has been intertwined with animals of all descriptions. I remember at Granton there was always little creatures wrapped up in old jumpers in the living room by the heater. Whenever Geoff was inside he was usually sitting down feeding an orphan wallaby, wombat, devil – you name it he fed it. There were times in the wallaby shooting season when we would be up at 2am feeding little animals. Later on it was to become lambs, calves, an orphan foal, baby rabbits dug up from a nest by the dogs, a possum and even a tiny bandicoot we found in the pouch of its dead mother.

Geoff was a font of knowledge about many things, and would always be

willing to share his knowledge. However I do remember one question he refused to answer. The phone rang about 1.00am one morning, and amidst a lot of pub background noise, a slurred voice asked if wombat droppings were round or square. Geoff told whoever it was in very colourful language to go into the bush and do their own research.

There were two species that I did not share his enthusiasm for. Having been brought up in Africa for some years I have a problem with snakes. Geoff used to do a live television program once a week, where he would take various animals into the studio.

One night I used his car, and to my horror noticed a wriggling hessian bag on the passenger side floor. He had taken snakes into the studio in the afternoon and had forgotten to take them out of the car.

I was not very enthusiastic about emus either. Several ran free at the zoo, and were forever going down the road. We seemed to be always chasing them, and they didn't seem to me to be very co-operative beings.

We both loved horses, and over the years spent many hours bush riding, drag hunting, one day eventing and breeding and showing ponies. Geoff also did some endurance riding on Kybus. After Kybus died aged 30 Geoff rarely rode – he always said he had ridden the one horse for too long.

We spent ten years cropping and farming sheep at Richmond. After eight years of devastating drought we vowed that if we ever moved it would be to a place where it rained. Eventually we brought the farm at Preston, and rain it

did. We went from 9" a year at Richmond to almost 50" in that first year at Preston. But Geoff reveled in the green grass and fat cattle.

My husband was a truly remarkable man. He fought in the war, could turn his hand to almost anything and brought up Dale, Julie, Carolyn and Jon largely on his own, working full time to support them as well as establishing his zoo.

He has always been there for me, and helped and encouraged me through some troubled times. I like to think that I have been able to reciprocate. He has also been incredibly tough in bouncing back from the loss of his eye and major illnesses.

That said, like all of us, he was not always a saint. He could be quite a hard taskmaster at times, particularly when rounding up deer, emus, sheep or cattle – one was expected to be in six places at once, at top speed. I walked off the job a few times! He was fiercely independent, and used to being his own boss but also had to remind me that I wasn't in the classroom when I was at home. Sometimes we had quite different ideas on how things should be done, but we usually came to a compromise eventually.

I remember one Christmas Day when he insisted we bring hay in before we went out to lunch, because it was due to rain. I was driving the truck plus getting out to straighten the bales, and there was lightning all around us. I'm not keen on lightning and protested, but he got cross and tried to tell me that Tasmania doesn't have forked lightning. That was baloney – a bolt hit the ground in the next paddock. I abandoned the ship and left him to it.

He also had the most imaginative filing system in the sheds – it's a system that I have never cracked, and I can never find things. I just hope that he will be able to communicate with me somehow when I'm looking for things in future. He also hated paperwork, and was relieved when I took that role early in the piece.

Eliza was born after we'd been married 13 years. She has been so privileged to have had her father working at home all the time she was growing up. He has taught her so much.

Geoff had many talents, and could fix or make anything. When bits of equipment broke he could always go to the pile of what looked like junk to me, and make new bits. There really was very little he couldn't do. He loved wood and made beautiful things, he did leadlight, he could make a horse rug, and shoe the horse it fitted. He nurtured plants and grew food for us. He read widely, knew a lot about the world, and had so many stories.

Have a safe journey Geoff, and look out for us all.

I'm going to miss you so much.

Eulogy continued by youngest daughter Eliza

Dad and I were cleaning out the duck pen at Preston just a few days before he went into hospital. He was holding the bag and I was shoveling in piles of the most foul-smelling muck. Every now and then I'd miss the bag and bits would drop onto Dad's hands – but he didn't seem to mind, maybe he didn't notice.

Just next to the duck pen is where the old wedge-tailed eagle's kept. Dad got

her from Adelaide after the 1967 fires and he always said she was an old bird then. These days she's pretty blind and her food has to be thrown right under her nose so she can find it. She makes a cheeping sound like a baby bird calling for its mother and she was doing this while we were cleaning out the ducks and dad joked how it was likely she'd out-live him. He'd said it plenty of times before and I just expected to hear him say it plenty of times again.

Keeping the eagle well fed is not as simple as a visit to the pet-meat shop. It involves mum collecting wallabies and possums off the road between Ulverstone and Preston. When I lived at home and we'd all be in the car together going to town, if dad saw something on the road it didn't matter where we were going, whether we were late (which we usually were) or if we were in our best clothes. Dad would at least want to hide the animal by a guide post and pick it up on the way home. Mum and I would cry out things like we saw that one last week" or "it's too squished" or if that didn't work "it's far too dangerous to stop here". Dad's sense of smell seemed far more robust than ours.

This 'resourcefulness' of dad's caused a lot of frustration for mum and it was often worse on tip days when dad and I would take the piled up ute and leave mum worrying at home. We'd get rid of the rubbish as quickly as we could and then start scouring the piles to see what treasures had been left over the past week or so.

We'd usually take home plastic pots and pieces of steel and sometimes there would be bits of furniture and wood. When we got home we had to empty the

tray before mum saw and let the new finds disappear into dad's dark sheds.

Those treasures were turned into all sorts of useful things – perhaps not straight away but dad said everything would come in handy one day. Just like the wire netting dad bid on at a clearing sale when he lived at Granton. He thought he was buying a single roll and ended up with a truckload. It's still leaning against the barn. Superannuation perhaps, dad?

This 'recycling philosophy' came into dad's gardening too. He was an organic gardener and if you tasted his carrots you'd never go back to shop ones. Dad and I have always planted together. When I was little he showed me how to pull a line of string down the row to get it straight and how to space the beans and peas nicely along it. Just last summer I was helping dad in the garden. He'd planted too many rows of carrots again and his eyesight was so bad he couldn't see if they'd come up or not. They had of course, thicker than ever.

And often during this gardening time dad would tell me stories about Timor – the different crops they grew and how they used the husk from corn to roll their cigarettes. It was always the good stories; I never heard about the horrors of war.

Dad and I have marched together in Anzac Day parades since I was seven and a member of the Brownie Guides. I was so proud lining up behind the rows of grey-haired soldiers, knowing my dad was amongst them in his blue shirt and tweedy-coloured jacket, with his medals clinking. Later on when I joined the

Ulverstone Band it was a privilege to play the music for him to march to.

Well it's time to say goodbye now, Dad I'll miss comparing composts with you but you know that duck poo we cleaned out the other day? It's warming up very nicely.

Susan and Eliza Wood

NB: Thank you Susan and Eliza for the interesting account of your late husband and father.

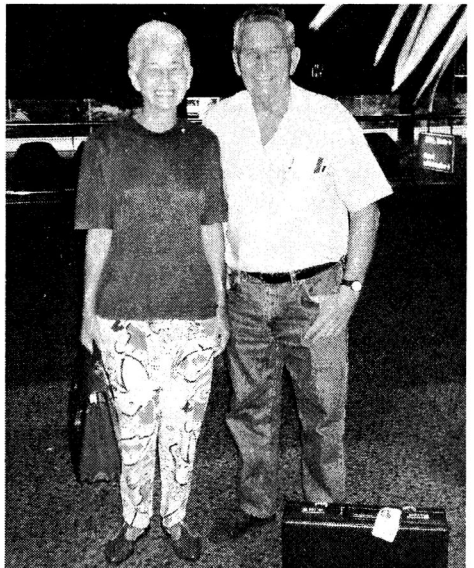
Lest We Forget

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to John Burrridge and his family on the passing of Richard, John's second son at the age of 58 on 31st July last.

Deepest sympathy to Bert Price and family in the loss of his wife of 63 years, Billie on the 9th August 2007.

May they Rest In Peace

Vale - Les Cranfield



We lost a good friend when Les passed away on the 19th June last. Diagnosed with lung cancer on the 26th October, 2006 Les died 8 months later. He was 75.

Les was born at Beverley on the 20th February, 1932 into a large family of 7 girls and 4 boys. He did his early schooling at Highgate when the family moved to Perth when he was four. In 1942 Les was sent back to Beverley to stay with an older sister. As a youth he took to farm work and eventually took up farming in Beverley. He was a good worker and handy sportsman. In 1952 when on a trip to Perth he met an attractive young lady, one Verna Hodges – they fell in love and married in St Mary's Cathedral in 1954. They had one son Dan. In 1974 they moved back to the big smoke, Les becoming In House Manager of the University of Agricultural Faculty at Floreat Park and Verna a seamstress obtained a position in Perth. Verna used to bus into the city as did Colin Doig and they got to know one another. When Col found out Verna was a seamstress he asked her could she make some ties for the 2/2nd and when she said yes ordered a gross. This was in the mid 1980's. I've still got one in a draw at home somewhere as no doubt other members would.

Verna introduced Les to Col and as he lived nearby they soon became good friends. In August 1996 Colin learnt that the Agricultural College at Fuiloro in East Timor was looking for a capable Agriculturalist to teach there. He was aware that Les was retiring in February 1997 at 65 and he asked Les was he interested. Les and Verna talked it over and both volunteered their service for a

six month stint at Fuiloro from February 1997 and duly advised Col who was delighted with their decision. Sadly the great Colin Doig died suddenly in October 1996 whereupon our Trust Chairman, Bob Smyth became the Cranfields mentor. In November 1996 Les spent 2 weeks at Fuiloro getting some idea what his tasks would be.

On their arrival at Fuiloro which is 4-5 hours drive east of Dili they received a warm welcome from Father Jose' and his staff. Verna soon had the young girls hard at work drafting patterns, cutting out figures and sewing which they took to with much enthusiasm. Les a capable and pleasant man got on well with the Fathers and young Timorese, teaching them well in all forms of agriculture and livestock handling. The six months passed quickly with Les and Verna returning to WA in August. They were no sooner home when they were asked to return to Fuiloro again which they did in September 1997 staying until April 1998. East Timor was still under Indonesian rule and things were very tough. Verna recalls Xmas 1997 with sadness saying the poverty there had to be seen to be believed. Both continued working hard and long hours to impart as much knowledge as they could. The girls became proficient at sewing and dressmaking while under the guidance of Les the young men learnt a lot more about farming and animal husbandry. Lack of maintenance of machinery donated by overseas countries was a big problem which worried Les. As a sideline Les taught the youngsters parquetry which resulted in the college chapel becoming a place of beauty.

They returned home in April 1998 happy with their Timor effort but sorry to leave such lovely people. Les made a few more shorter trips back to Fuiloro and was always made welcome. One was made shortly after the referendum was held on the 30th August, 1999 with the people voting overwhelming in favour of their Independence. He was shocked and upset by the carnage and destruction which took place at Fuiloro when pro Indonesian thugs aided and abetted by elements of the Indonesian army ran amuck. To his dismay he found that buildings including the convent and dormitories for the girls and workshops gutted and others badly damaged. Staff and students all fled with some caught and killed. It was something he never forgot. Les and Father Jose' made a trip to Queensland in the late 1990's buying second hand machinery in good condition and shipping it back to Fuiloro. Bob Smyth was a big help in this project. Les and Verna's last venture was to spend 4 months in Laos in 2002 after which they called it a day.

In his retirement years Les enjoyed his favourite sport – bowling which he became very good at playing Grade 1 Pennants. He was captain of his club, the Rockingham Bowling Club for a time and was President prior to his death.

Keith and Val Hayes, Don and Ida Murray, Dorothy Maley, Elvie Howell, Dick Darrington, Bob Smyth, John Burridge and Jack Carey attended his funeral service at Rockingham on 21st June. Don and Bob paid fitting tributes on behalf of the Association to Les for his contribution in his retirement years to the good people of Timor Leste.

He was a fine man and a great Australian.

May he Rest In Peace

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Verna, Dan and Family.

J. Carey

NORMA HASSON DAY

A lovely July morning assured the Association of a good roll-up for our 19th Norma Hasson Day luncheon at the Goodearth Hotel on Friday 6th July last. The attendance of 30 was most satisfactory seeing we are now well into our declining years. It was nice to see the Hasson family present in full strength with Fred and Robyn, Ken and Rhonda, Kaye and Doug who made the trip from Baucau for the occasion. Lifelong friends in Laurie and Sheryl Harrington, Carole Harris Doug's partner and Pat, Kaye's friend completed a happy table of ten. It would have pleased Jack and Norma. Kaye presented the ladies with an attractive orchid corsage which she has done since our first Norma Hasson Day in 1989. What a delightful person is our Kaye.

Len Bagley our long time M.C. did his job in his usual capable manner – thanks Len, while Sarah and her friendly staff provided a most enjoyable luncheon along with ample refreshments.

In welcoming all, President – Jack gave a brief run down on the present state of the Association. There were 12 lucky prize winners in our free raffle capably handled by Kaye and Vice President – Don.

Ron Archer made the trip from Queensland to attend and later

entertained us with a humorous song. Well done Ron!

Others present were Joy Chatfield, Helen Poynton and Julie Ann, Don and Ida Murray, Jim Lines, Dorothy Maley, Bart and Loris Mavrick (all up from Mandurah – what would we do without them), Bernie and Babs Langridge, Jess Pratt and Loraine Puddey, Nellie Mullins, Clare West, Bob Smyth and Dick Darrington.

So passed yet another pleasant
“Norma Hasson Day”.

J. Carey

NEWS FROM OTHER STATES

Victorian News – Not much going on here with the cold weather most are staying close to home, like Fred, who has a heavy cold at the moment and the fire and armchair is enough to satisfy him.

Eddie & Dot Bourke have returned from a trip to the west and up to Darwin, which they enjoyed. This was a trip planned and had to be postponed when Eddie was not well some time ago.

Harry Bottrill is his usual bright self.

Leith & Marjory Cooper are well, unfortunately distance is a handicap for Leith to visit Marjory as often as he would like.

Great celebrations at Fish Creek for Pat Petersen & Miriam’s mother had her 100th birthday in June. What a great age. She had 9 children, 8 of whom are still living. There are 25 grandchildren, 44 great grandchildren and 1 great-great

grandchild. She is still very bright and uses no walking aids.

That busy pair Margaret Monk & Don Thomson are still on the go.

Have been unable to contact Win Humphreys, so hope all well there.

This is all, for this part of the globe, our best wishes to everyone.

Mavis Broadhurst

Dear Jack and all 2/2nd friends – well it’s time to write a few lines to the Courier again. We hope all are as well as can be with the advancing years.

I have caught up by phone with some of the folk.

Harry Botterill is going along really well and at present is waiting on news of the arrival of another great grandchild up in Queensland.

I spoke with Leith Cooper tonight. He enjoys a talk on the phone – no recent changes with Mary. He hadn’t been able to visit her for a few weeks as he has to depend on government transport.

Also rang Mary Bone at Lakes Entrance. She is high on a hill so the recent floods were no problem for her except that she couldn’t get to the shops.

Mavis Broadhurst rang a week or two ago to check on us so you may get similar news from her.

I rang Dawn Chaney’s daughter Sue at Wangaratta this evening. Dawn has her ups and downs and is being well cared for at the nursing home. Dawn’s son would like to get the Courier. Sue said she will pass it on to him. Her address is Mrs S Thomas, 13 Muntz Street, Wangaratta Victoria 3677

We are having a really dry August after good rains in June and July. The

countryside is lovely and green again but we need more rain and some warmth to make the grass grow. It is good to see the creeks and rivers flowing again and the farm dams filling up. Gardens are full of colour now that the daffodils and other spring flowers are blooming. I have some vegetables planted so hope they do well as what with the drought and then floods in the market garden areas they are sure to be in short supply and so very dear.

I was talking to Pat Petersen – she is busy with cows and calves at present. Her mother was 100 recently and enjoyed a great celebration with family and friends.

My family have been traveling the world lately – Colin and Wendy left home on 12th May and are in Europe. They bought a motor home and won't be home until mid January. Robert and Cathy had 6 weeks holiday from 12th June. They met Colin and Wendy in England and after that went to Denmark and Sweden. Elva and Rod are at present holidaying on their boat in Denmark. Colin and Wendy spent a few days with them.

Barbara and Owen and all the grandchildren and great grandchildren are at home in Australia – so that is good.

Don is well and is still enjoying golf when the weather is fine.

I reached the big 80 on 19th June. Had 5 small parties, so that was really nice. I declined a big one as half my family were overseas.

I am looking forward to the Flower Shows and judging again soon. First one is at Leongatha in early September. It is very interesting and it is good meeting

the exhibitors and catching up with friends.

I am sending a cheque to help with Courier costs.

Don joins me with best wishes to all and until next time it's Cheerio!!

Margaret & Don

Queensland News – Here I go for a little update on our Queensland members.

Lucky and Doreen Goodhew (Townsville) are fine. Lucky is very deaf and hearing aids are definitely out for him. They still barrack very hard for the Cowboys.

George and Margo Shiels (Bowen) are also "in the pink", They have visits to Mackay and Brisbane from time to time for family reasons. George has handed over his RSL duties, but is still active with Legacy and Lodge duties. Margo is still selling her books and has a new one just out.

Bulla and Jean Tait (Ayr) – when I was in Perth for Xmas in July in early July Dick Darrington asked me how Bulla was getting on. Well I've just rang Jean and after a long spell at home it was necessary for her to place him in a nursing home, 5 weeks ago. He is a dementia case – sometimes he knows her and at other times he doesn't and he almost cannot walk and he falls all the time. Jean's family and friends are very helpful.

Early in August Lyn and I had a few days at Hervey Bay with Lyn's family. Whilst there I rang Jack and Valerie

Hanson but they said "don't visit us we've both just got the bad flu". We all do hope that they are right again now.

Joan Fenwick (Canberra) has been in Brisbane for a few weeks. Whilst she was here her brother-in-law, Clarrie Staff passed away and of course she stayed with her daughter Ann Coffey and family. I took the opportunity to ring around and arrange a lunch at the Geebung RSL. This was for the 26th August and 7 attended. Joan Fenwick, Pat Barnier (and her daughter Andrea Butler) – local Paddy Wilby (Wynnum), Lois Davies (Caloundra), Lyn Love and Ron Archer. As you will note it was a long trip and a long day for some! Everyone seems to be managing okay and Andrea's daughter Michelle has just become a barrister and works in London on U.N. court cases. I showed them some of my Timor Leste collection and they were very interested. There were apologies from Ralph and Sheila Conley (they are both still keen lawn bowlers, Ralph plays 3 days a week and is a lead in his club's First Division Pennant team), Gordon and Joan Stanley (Joan has not long been out of hospital and she has a new specialist doctor who is very helpful). Fred Otway (still playing tennis 3 times a week.

Yvonne Walsh is back in Sydney from Timor Leste. As mission manager she is hoping to build a school on the Dare Site – she sure has heaps of work in front of her. There is of course a local need for this school to be built

and we all hope and pray that she will be rewarded for this work.

Ron and Lyn

NORTHERN N.S.W.

Dear Jack – spring has sprung and after over 10 inches of rain doesn't nature know it. Wattle out and grass to be mowed. Also today it's Freddy Otway's birthday. I forgot to ask him how old. Best keep it a secret like the ladies. Fred still pretty fit and sends his regards to the boys.

Russ Blanch is keeping well and reports a lovely lot of ranuncula's and anemone's but lost a lot of stuff with the heaviest frosts seen in Bangalow in his lifetime.

I traveled to Lismore last week and the sugar cane between Woodburn and Lismore was frosted so badly it's lost. One year's crop gone. Life on the land etc!!

Dianne Cholerton has had a couple of falls since last Courier and has now to use a 4 wheel walker to get about. She had been using a walking stick. I found the walker invaluable when I had my hip replacement. Julie is okay and is a wonderful help and companion to Dianne.

Beryl Cullen is settling into a town lifestyle and finding it a bit different to the property. She can walk to the shopping centre with aid of her walker but says it takes longer than it should because of stopping so much to talk to people. Bit different to the farm. Beryl says she is feeling quite well.

Eric Herd and Lorraine – both well and seem to have the game sewn up. Always pretty well with few complaints. Living in a beautiful place at Iluka and a drop of rum in winter probably does Eric some good though I don't know about Lorraine.

I was lucky enough to catch Edith Jones at home before she was off again to Chris on the Gold Coast. Edith's daughter in law is being hospitalised for a couple of weeks and Edith will be chief housekeeper for Chris and children for that time. Edith was a nurse for many years so the family will be in good hands. I hope so anyway. Nothing like a grandma about the place. I only remember one of mine and understandably because when I was 4 years old I put the hose on her and got a heck of a hiding. As some bloke said "Such is life".

May Orr is getting along pretty well and putting up with arthritis. May says the worst part of it is not being able to do as much gardening as she would like. Finding it fairly awkward getting in and out of the car. Join the club May.

Gordon and Joanna Stanley are reasonably well although Joan continues to have problems with her legs. So many of us do as we get older. Always cheerful – we keep in touch by phone.

Beryl Steen is well. Her son John will be visiting Brisbane in early September and taking her back with him to Townsville. Should be lovely at this time of the year.

Beryl Walsh is another who is well and is busy all the time looking after

her family. She's a real backstop – not only for her family but for her sister, a twin who also lives next door.

Tom Yates is well but Jean is having a bad trot with her legs through arthritis and with her eyes so we can only wish her some relief.

We all think of those not feeling well. Take care everybody.

Happy

UNIT HISTORY BOOK REPORT

We have now sold 1,300 books leaving 700 still to be sold. In the June Courier we advised members we would be writing to library centres in all states asking them to buy a book. In the June, July period we sent out a letter (see copy below) plus a review by the Bulletin and an order form to the following – W.A. 140, N.S.W. 98, VIC 45 and S.A. 65. N.S.W. and Victoria have a good system with their main centres each servicing about 6 smaller libraries in each district giving a total of about 640 libraries in all. The response to date has been, to say the least, very disappointing being W.A. (1) yes one, N.S.W. 2, Victoria 2 and S.A. 1. The book committee discussed the situation at some length at a meeting on 4th September and we now intend to ring the main libraries in each state and try and talk the librarians in charge to buy a book. Ed Bourke and I have already rang 30 libraries in Victoria and had some success. The head librarians who authorize the

purchase of books are nearly all women and it appears that war history books have a very low ranking when it comes to buying this type of book. With male librarians it's different. The fact that we are a small association makes it difficult to get our book known. We have been in a number of book reviews but here again only a small percentage of newsreaders read them. Undaunted, we intend to keep going and try and convince the good lady librarians that there should be a place for war histories in all libraries.

Some encouraging reports have been received from people who have read the book. Dr Oleh Kay a leading psychiatrist in WA wrote "It is a superb publication and I'm sure once the word get's around you should have no problems selling your remaining copies". The Catholic Archbishop of Adelaide, The Rev. P Wilson, a collector of military history books was full of praise for the book and has sent it back asking for it to be autographed by those members still on deck.

Members, especially those in other states are asked to do what they can to publicise the book. If there is a library reasonably close take your book along and show it to the librarian. It generally works - Good luck.

J. Carey

N.B. Letters have still to be sent out to Queensland, A.C.T. and the N.T.

The letter -

All the Bull's men

The 2/2nd Independent Company was formed in July 1941. The Company went on to serve in East Timor (1941-1942), New Guinea (1943-1944) and New Britain (1945) with distinction in World War 11. It became known as the 2/2 Commando Squadron in September 1943.

In June 2004 the Association commissioned Mr Cyril Ayris a Western Australian author of note to write the units war history, which he completed in March 2006. The book launch took place on the 23rd April 2006 at the Legacy Club in South Perth, WA.

Two thousand copies were printed at a cost of \$50. per copy. The book is hard covered with 520 pages and is a quality production. Our asking price is \$60, postage is \$10. per copy and a dust cover is on offer for an additional \$10. It is available only from our Association at this price. Some copies have been bought by book dealers and their asking price is around \$100. per copy or more.

Enclosed is our official order form along with a review of the book by the Bulletin. I can assure you that it is a good read and is selling well.

We have decided to approach the State Libraries in every state so they can be aware the book is on offer and to give their members an opportunity to learn what the men who served in the 2/2nd endured in a very difficult period of our country's history.

Part of the proceeds from every book will go to our Association's trust fund

established in 1991 for the benefit of the East Timorese people. Your support would be appreciated.

Yours sincerely

J.W.Carey,
President
089332 7050
07.06.07.

MEMORIES

John Burrridge, 4 Adams Road,
Dalkeith WA 6009 03/07/2007

Dear Jack – The June 2007 Courier was very interesting. Congratulations! Jimmy Beahan was good reading as was “Safety Measures” and many other articles and reports.

On the attached sheet I have recorded what, to me, was a personal but very strange happening in Timor. I do not know whether it would be of interest to Courier readers but perhaps relatives of deceased members might find it so. Anyway, If you find it newsworthy it might help in filling the next Courier. If not, just chuck it in the WPB.

I am keeping well but the legs are pretty crook and I need a stick most of the time. Last week I became a great grandfather for the first time. With the average age of our remaining 25 I guess this must be a pretty common occurrence.

Again, congratulations and every good wish. John Burrridge

Memories

Like all those who spent time in Timor in 1942 John Burrridge has many memories – one of which was an incident which was personal and very strange.

Before recording the incident itself I must go back a very long way. Early in the 20th century my father, Stanley, and his friend Eric Warren were both working in the firm of Paterson & Co. Ltd. In Perth. My dad was “office boy” and Eric was stockbook keeper. They later joined in forming a private company which lasted 75 years.

Now, back to Timor. 8 Section at this time was based in a little village next to Turiscai. One morning I found it necessary to exercise a normal bodily function. At the conclusion I looked around to get something to take the place of toilet paper and seized upon two large leaves from a nearby bush. The result of the use of these leaves is not the reason for this report – other than to say I had a red hot bottom for weeks every time I took a shower from the abundant little streams. (Sometime later Ray Aitken told me the name of the bush but I forget it!)

The purpose of this story is to highlight that while searching for a suitable leaf I noticed a scrap, a very small scrap of newspaper on the ground. Idly I picked it up and saw it was from a newspaper in English. This in itself was very odd – what was an English newspaper doing a few thousand feet up in the bush in Portuguese Timor? I read the words which were quite legible. It read -

"The death is announced in Perth, Western Australia, of Duncan Paterson, a very well known and respected business man who founded the company which bears his name."

I posted this scrap of paper to my father who carried it around in his wallet, as a sort of lucky charm, until the day he died.

I hope this incident may be of some interest to readers. Perhaps it shows how we never know what lies just around the corner.

John Burridge

THIS REALLY DID HAPPEN – HONEST!

One Sunday morning several years ago, I had just finished breakfast and was sitting reading the paper, when the phone rang.

"Is that you Sheelaa?" enquired a female voice with a very heavy Yorkshire accent.

"Yes" I said.

"Ow arr yer, luvvee?" said this very friendly Yorkshire voice. When I asked who was calling the voice replied,

"It's Kathleen from Yorkshire!"

When I then told the friendly voice that I did not know anyone from Yorkshire let alone a Kathleen, she replied –

"But isn't that Sheelaa – Sheelaa Brown (not the real name) from Kenmore?"

I told Kathleen that whilst my name was Sheila and I did live in Kenmore, I was Sheila Forsyth not Sheila Brown. I then suggested that as it was a costly overseas call she should ring off and recheck the phone number she wished to call.

On looking in my phone book I found an entry "D&S Brown" with a Kenmore

street address. On the spur of the moment, I phoned the number and told the lady about my earlier call. I could not believe it when she told me that whilst her name was Susan and not Sheila, she did in fact know the Sheila Brown who had migrated from Yorkshire and now lived with her husband David, a few streets away in Kenmore! Susan readily gave me Sheila Brown's phone number and address.

That evening I phoned the real Sheila Brown and after she heard my story, we talked for a very long time. It transpired that Sheila and Kathleen had been close friends back in Yorkshire and had taken it in turns to phone each other on a semi regular basis every since the Brown's left to live in Australia.

During our phone conversation, we both felt that in some way, fate meant us to meet. And this we did the very next day! We talked a lot and laughed a lot and became instant good friends. We also discovered that our phone numbers were very similar, no doubt the cause of Kathleen's original dialing error.

Kathleen's, "other" Sheila and I have become really good friends and Kathleen phones me now and again – on my own phone number! One of my daughters recently called in to meet Kathleen in Yorkshire and was given a right royal welcome and as my Wendy later told me, lots of the neighbours and friends were invited to join the party.

It is still hard for me to believe that such wonderfully happy and lasting friendships happened as the result of one misdirected phone call all those years ago!

Sheila Forsyth

ARCHER MEMORIAL – EAST TIMOR SCHOLARSHIPS

The first 26 students should complete their courses in September or October. \$10,000. has already been forwarded to the Don Bosco Training Centre and Comoro so I expect that they will be working on who will be next years students. I recently received a Salesian Missions Newsletter and it included the following: -

Refugee Camp

"Thanks very much for the funds for the Refugee Camp and the Vocational Skills Training Centre at Don Bosco Comoro.

In the past year we have had as many as 14,000 internally displaced persons residing in the grounds of Don Bosco Comoro and right now (July 2007) the number still exceeds 3,000. We very much appreciate the support and generosity of our Australian friends through ASMOAF, in helping us cope with this emergency. Without this help it would have been very difficult for us to run the camp. The money was used to provide shelter, lighting, sanitation, security, running water, toiletries and emergency foods.

In the Skills Training Centre, 150 young men and women are receiving training in carpentry, automotive, welding, electrical wiring and computers. Many of these young people come from remote villages in Timor Leste, and are unable to pay training costs, accommodation and food. With the funds from Australia we have been able to give them "Scholarships". Almost all of our graduates find employment either with private firms or they are self

employed according to their expertise and skills.

We are very grateful to ASMOAF for their constant and generous support of our projects. Fr. Transfiguracao Antonio Pinto, Comoro, Dili"

On the 26th August I had a visit from Major Michael Stone and his partner Megan. We exchanged news and views on E.T. and I showed him some of what I have here. He gave me 2 DVD's and I gave him 2 books. He will return to E.T. soon and will see that prior to graduation each year our students will have at least one service which will include a prayer and an address to tell them that their Scholarships are a continuing Memorial thankyou for the wonderful help that their forefathers gave in helping our Australian soldiers in 1942.

Best wishes to all

Ron Archer

EXTRACT FROM – "THE CASE OF TIMOR"

This is an extract from Captain Antonio Liberato's book "The Case of Timor" dealing with the black columns associated with the August push in 1942.

"With their offensive, the Japs found a new fighting implement: the indigenous element.

The columns formed by this new element, whether because of its constituent members or because of their vile excesses, became known in Timor as the 'black columns'.

Those groups, accompanying the Japanese forces, provided them with

protection at a distance, both while marching and while camping. The mountainous terrain of Timor was ideal for ambushes, and the enemies of the Japs were constantly setting traps for them, into which they were easily drawn in the initial phases. The Japs were therefore obliged to use the natives to reconnoiter the areas through which they marched and to protect their camps.

Agile despite their indolence, they easily scaled the greatest heights and were acquainted with all the hiding places, now rapidly crossing a clearing, now crawling through the tangled, treacherous jungle, popping up out of nowhere on the mountaintops, perspicacious, watchful, never missing a single sign of life, with extremely fine hearing, attentive to the slightest noise: they were the Australian's worst enemy, the real adversary who forced them to leave Timor.

Wearing a wide variety of garments, from the dark-green uniform of the Javanese troops to the simple 'langutim', gaudy-coloured cloth headbands, their mouths deformed from excessive use of chewing tobacco, barefoot, wielding katana swords, arrows, spears, shotguns, in a wide range of models; now they moved to the front in scattered groups, scouting out the land in all directions, remaining in the heights overlooking the plains, covering their movements, now in a compact mass, disordered, noisy, following closely behind the Japanese troops.

Initially recruited from the native populations of the Dutch territory and from the small neighbouring islands, the numbers were soon increased by

hundreds of natives from our land, mainly from the regions of Fronteira, Maubisse and Manufai, and later from the other areas of the colony.

Corrupted by the Japanese propaganda, these masses looked on us with arrogance and propagated the rumour that rule by the white man had come to an end. Their objectives were theft, destruction and massacre. By using terror and promising the natives that they could keep whatever they got their hands on, that taxes – their everlasting nightmare – would be abolished, and that they would be left completely free to govern themselves, as was only right – they said – in a land that belonged to them alone, the Japanese, after eliminating the more obstinate of the chiefs, succeeded in getting the vast majority to collaborate.

Seeing our inability to lend them the support needed to confront these harsh men from foreign lands who were laying waste to their villages, armed and commanded by the Japs on the pretext they had sheltered the guerrillas; faced on the one hand, with the visible defeat of the Allied forces, who were trying to flee to Australia as the only means of avoiding utter extermination, and on the other hand with the threat of ferocious reprisals by the Japanese, the Timorese viewed collaboration as a means of saving their skins, although some of them were forced into it.

In the regions in which the authorities, oriented solely by the orders received from their colonial superiors, maintained an attitude of strict neutrality towards the belligerents in their areas under the jurisdiction, the Japanese propaganda had difficulty taking effect. It was only

later, after the collapse, that the natives agreed to co-operate with the Japanese through passive collaboration, without enthusiasm, accepting with fatalistic resignation to play the Jap's game.

But in the regions in which the authorities, taking sides with one of the belligerents and prosecuting individuals indicated as enemy sympathizers, engaged in antipatriotic and defeatist propaganda, against the orders they had received and against all those who had attempted to build a dyke against the wave of madness that was overrunning the colony and threatening to submerge us, there the Asiatic propaganda found a climate favourable to expansion.

The 'Black Columns', which had recently been equipped with light machine guns and hand grenades, entered into the fight – as it was said – in the operations of August, as elements of security and protection of the regular Japanese forces.

In October, already manoeuvring with relative autonomy, they devoted themselves to the persecution of the groups of guerrillas and Portuguese who, under the protection of the irregulars, had taken to the hills, waiting for the opportunity to set sail for Australia.

Directed and guided by the Japanese organization known as 'Autory', responsible for creating the new order in Grand East Asia after the conquest by force of arms, they ran through all our territory sowing terror, ruin and death.

Paddy Keneally has written the following article "East Timors Long Road to Freedom" which will appear in the Courier in 2 parts.

Paddy, one of our best correspondents over many years is a great friend of the East Timorese people. He has been back to Timor on 7 occasions in 1990, 1992, 1994, 1996, 1998, 2002 and 2004. Most times he travelled around East Timor on his own.

EAST TIMOR'S LONG ROAD TO FREEDOM

The Portuguese navigator Antonio De Abreu was on a voyage from Malacca when he sighted the North East Coast of Timor in 1511. He recorded the sighting and continued his voyage to Larantuka in Flores. He and his crew were the first white men to see East Timor, they were not however the first foreigners to do so. Chinese traders had been sailing there since the 14th century to obtain cargoes of valuable sandalwood to burn in their temples.

The first white settlers were three Dominican friars from Malacca and they did not settle in East Timor, they set up their mission in Lifau in Oe-cussi, on the north coast of West Timor. This is understandable as it is far closer to Solor which had a strong fort and garrison, and was Portugal's main trading post in that area. 1562 was the year. The Dominicans soon established schools and medical facilities. Timorese were converted to Christianity very easily and there would be of course a strong strain of animism in their Christianity. It is still there today in isolated areas.

The Dominicans were hard, tough boys. They did not hesitate to take on the Portuguese rulers, when the latter abused or persecuted the Timorese. The friars often resorted to arms, when all else failed.

By 1642 Portugal had conquered all Timor. They did not hold it for long as in 1641 the Dutch captured Malacca. The Dutch, though 'Johnny come lately's' coveted the rich islands controlled by Portugal. They soon manufactured reasons for going to war and proceeded to acquire them. By 1651 they occupied Kupang and then the whole of West Timor except Lifau and the enclave of Oe-cussi, today (2007) Oe-cussi is still part of East Timor.

The only place Portugal ever colonised was the Azore Islands. When Prince Henry's navigators sailed the oceans on voyages of discovery, Portugals population was about 2,000,000. The feats of their navigators and sailors were beyond belief. They discovered and opened up the unknown lands beyond the vast islands, followed by the Spaniards, and later, long later the English and the Dutch. All the Portuguese could do was set up trading posts, leave a small garrison and a few sailors who promptly took wives from among the women of the local population, and nature did the rest.

Two powerful clans emerged from the soldiers, sailors and traders around the fort at Solor. The mixed breeds were known as Tapasses, and their two most powerful families were the de Harnays who were descended from a Dutch deserter and the da Costas, descended from a Portuguese soldier. Both hated the Dutch and usually helped the

Portuguese against the Dutch. They were two powerful families, prepared to fight all and sundry as well as each other. Visit Timor, Flores, Solor, Alor and you will meet de Harnays and da Costas galore.

Governor Antonio de Memeses in 1769 with only 30 Portuguese soldiers at his command moved the capital from Lifau in Oe-cussi to Dili in East Timor and to his mind it was less open to surprise attack and had a better harbour. There must have been some logic in his thinking. The Maurbara Liurais rebelled, Dili was in constant siege as rebellious Liurais with thousands of warriors at their command practically kept Dili in a constant state of siege. How the Portuguese survived was amazing. De Meneses with a handful of Portuguese and loyal Timorese and the use of experienced Portuguese diplomacy overcame the unity of the rebel Liurais. This took place in the late 1880's.

In 1912 the chief of Same, Dom Boaventura rebelled, attacking the Portuguese with a large force but was defeated by the governor Celestino da Silva with 28 Portuguese and supported by local Timorese. Peace reigned in East Timor until the arrival of the Australians in December, 17th, 1941.

The border between Portuguese East Timor and Dutch West Timor was finally agreed to by the Portuguese and Dutch in 1859 but strangely was not made effective until 1914. One reason for this was many of the Siurais supported the Portuguese against Dom Boaventura's rebellion was their fear that the Dutch would move into East Timor and they wanted no part of that. The Timorese may have disliked the Portuguese but

they preferred them to the Dutch whom they hated and feared.

December 7th (Honolulu time) the Japanese air force bombed Pearl Harbour. The Pacific war was on, Japan versus America, Britain, Holland, Australia and New Zealand.

Unknown at the time, this event was to have a devastating affect on East Timor.

10th December, 1941 Sparrow Force sailed from Darwin for Kupang. No. 2 Australian Independent Company was a most important part of that force as on December 17th No. 2 Independent Company plus a contingent of Javanese Dutch troops were aboard the Dutch warship 'Sourabaya', in the strait outside Dili harbour. Col. Dettinger of the Netherlands East Indies army and Lieut. Col Leggatt of Sparrow Force met the governor of East Timor and informed him that the Australians and Dutch would land at midday. Opposition would be pointless and useless, and cause unnecessary bloodshed. The governor protested says "we haven't asked for protection, we do not require it and we are part of a neutral country and have no part in your war". He then asked for time to contact his government in Lisbon. The colonels granted this. The governor returned to the meeting and under no circumstances was he to agree to the landing. The colonels told him the landing would take place. Bowing to the inevitable the governor requested they land outside the town area otherwise he would have to resist the landing. The Australians landed a few kilometers west of Dili.

The Portuguese and Timorese were to suffer the most devastating and most horrendous experience of their history

to that date as the Portuguese knew that if the Japanese came that far south, because of the Australian occupation, the Japanese would also land which they did on the night 19-20th February 1942.

The Australians survived only because of the assistance given to them by the Portuguese and Timorese alike. In the August offensive of 1942 the full strength of the 228th regiment moved into the mountains of East Timor. Aircraft bombed and strafed the mountain towns, infantry supported by mortars and artillery, and using dogs pushed the Australians into an ever diminishing area. The Japs brought 200 West Timorese with them to terrorise the Timorese and with the help of the Japanese to stir up rebellion against the Portuguese and they did so very successfully.

The Australians were lucky the Americans landed on Guadalcanal, the Japs broke off the August offensive and the 228th Regiment left East and West Timor on the 6-7th September 1942 to rejoin their division which was the 38th division. They went to Guadalcanal. This is what saved the Australians in August 1942. It did not save the Timorese. Rebellion broke out from the border to Mindelo, Maubisse, Hato Builico. Japanese and rebel natives were killing and burning native villages. Australians were killing natives and burning villages, the Portuguese were killing and burning villages. Rebel and loyal natives were killing each other and burning villages, it was an orgy of death and destruction. To add to it, Norforce sent the 2/4th Independent Company to a devastated, starving Timor and lost a destroyer.

By January 16th the Australians were safely back in Australia, the Timorese and Portuguese endured almost a further 3 years of Japanese occupation, thousands more died. That's what No. 2 Independent's Coy landing on December 17th, 1941 brought to East Timor.

On September 6th, 1974 Australian Prime Minister Whitlam met President Soeharto of Indonesia at Wonosabo Java, and literally handed East Timor on a silver platter to the Indonesian President. This action was the first betrayal by an Australian Government of the people of East Timor, many more such actions were to follow for almost 25 years.

There was an upheaval in Portugal and unrest in Timor and as a result in May 1974 the first Timorese political parties were formed. May 11th Timorese Democratic Union (U.D.T.) followed on May 12th by Timor Popular Democratic Association (A.S.D.) later renamed Fretlin.

May 27th APODETI. There was little difference in the policy of U.D.T. and Fretlin both favoured independence. U.D.T. favoured a longer period of decolonisation than Fretlin, also Fretlin was more radical than U.D.T. but was most certainly not communist. APODETI favoured integration into Indonesia, it had little support. Fretlin and U.D.T. were for a time in coalition. Clever propaganda by Indonesian intelligence plus bad advice, some coming from Australians with little knowledge of Timor caused U.D.T. to withdraw from bonds with Fretlin.

In August 1975 U.D.T. attempted an armed coup. Fretlin opposed it, the

Timorese Soldiers in the army supported Fretlin, probably about 4,000 people died in the Civil War, U.D.T. forces led by John Carascalau retreated to Atamboia, thus presenting the Hawks in the Indonesian army the opportunity they craved.

On October 6th Indonesian troops captured Batugade. On October 16th Indonesian and U.D.T. troops attacked and captured Balibo and murdered 2 Australians, 1 New Zealander and 2 British journalists. (I have been attending the Coroners inquiry into the death of the Britisher, Brian Peters. I was amazed at what Whitlam couldn't remember and intrigued by the enormous amount of irrelevant matter he could.

The former U.D.T. soldiers who were with the Indonesians on that attack gave their evidence loudly and clearly and had no difficulty under questioning on place and time.

On November 28th 1975 Fretlin declared East Timor an independent state. Next day in Kupang and in the presence of U.D.T. and Apodeti leaders, Adam Malik signed a declaration formally integrating East Timor into Indonesia. East Timor was fast approaching the most dreadful era of its whole history.

... to be continued

Correspondence -

Joan Fenwick, 71 Morgan Crescent,
Curtin, ACT 2605 03/07/2007

Dear Jack – Courier received yesterday. I do enjoy news items and members' letters which makes the distance between friends seem shorter. Cheque is toward Courier costs.

Received a card from Kath Press – she enjoyed her birthday and spoke with Bettye Coulsen the other night and the operation on her hand was very painful.

Alan Luby and I keep in touch and he fills me in re NSW talk. Peta's death was a big shock to Alan and Maria, so sudden. I had hoped to get in touch with Harry Handicott and Amice while in Newcastle for 2 days but unfortunately time beat me. Four of my Canberra family drove me to Newcastle to attend the funeral of my best friend for over 50 years, Josie Fenwick, Jim's eldest sister. We arrived in Newcastle Thursday evening and had to be home Saturday night. Her two sisters and about 17 family got together over dinner Friday night to share wonderful memories of a truly delightful lady who gave most of her life to nursing, family and friends.

Len Bagley's sister in law, Erika, Hazel Morris and I shared a lunch to celebrate Hazel's birthday. I was sorry to hear of Len's stay in hospital again. He was not ill when I saw him at the home of his brother, Fred and wife Erika.

Arthritis makes writing difficult as you can see, so with greetings to all and Best Wishes to you Jack, I'll say – God Bless.

Joan Fenwick

Essie Voevodin, 50 Brinawa Street, Camp Hill, Brisbane QLD 4152 30/05/2007

Dear Jack – enclosed a donation towards the "Courier" (\$100.00).

At our request the War Graves have placed a memorial to Alex in the Garden of Remembrance at Nedlands. Our daughter Glenyce who lives

permanently in Perth is happy with this arrangement, as she is not able to visit her Dad's grave in Brisbane.

Hoping all is well with you and your family. Best Wishes. Essie Voevodin

Joyce Chapman, 5 Francis Street, Swansea, NSW 2281

Mr Carey – just a quick note to let you know my daughter Elaine Farnham received the "Bull's Men" yesterday 23/07/2007.

Sorry to have troubled you but Elaine is a postal official in charge of Jesmond Post Shop and if it had gone astray she would know how to trace it.

I found my donation listed in the March Courier too.

Been having surgery on quite a few sun spots this year and 2nd cataract operation in September so it's been very trying but I'm still alive and kicking.

Thank you again., Best wishes and good luck to all the boys and families.

Yours sincerely

Joyce Chapman

Nellie Mullins, 15 Fitzgerald Road, Morley

Dear Jack – here is a donation for the Courier.

Hope things are looking a bit brighter for you.

Will see you at the dinner.

Regards

Nellie Mullins

Winifred Brown, 86 Throsby St., Fairfield Heights, NSW 2165 13/06/2007

Dear Jack – my sincere condolence on the passing of Delys. Although I never met her, I did have a phone conversation (re Frig. Magnets) with her once and thought “what a pleasant lady”. All I have heard confirms this – and much more! You were a fortunate man to have had such a mate.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading “All the Bull’s Men” which, on receiving, I thought I would only skim through. Not so – I found myself reading until the small hours each morning until finished!

It is good news to hear Paddy Kenneally is doing well. I always enjoy his “Courier” letters.

Enclosed is cheque for the “Courier” and yes, I fully endorse Evie Howell’s article “Vale Commonsense” in the March issue.

Best wishes to all, Yours faithfully
Winifred Brown

Enc. Cheque \$40.00

J P Kenneally, 28 Wilkins Street, Yagoona, NSW 2199 19/07/2007

Dear Jack – Greetings from sunny New South Wales, we are freezing. The coldest June since 1986 and July is no better. This is the month we get frosts. I saw my first frost yesterday yet we have had far colder days than it was. As one suffering elderly citizen said to me, “where is all this bloody global warming they talk about?”

We have had a bit of luck with rain. Warragumba our main dam is back to 60% full. The other dams would be in somewhat similar or better. Down in Goulburn they were down to less than a year’s supply, and one of their dams was empty. The area was blessed with a deluge, one empty dam filled up and another dam overflowing plus an abundance of snow in their catchment areas.

Much of the state received rain. The farmers have planted 300,000 hectares of wheat on the chance we get follow up rains and if we do NSW will have a bumper crop. So at last there is hope in the land.

We had Christmas in July on the 14th. Unfortunately many of the people invited apart from unit members were unable to attend, current poor health being the reason.

Alan, Keith Wilson and I were on deck for the unit. Ted Workman from 2/9th, Kevin Blessingham, Bill Bennets son in law, represented the Bennet family as his wife, Bill’s daughter, had to take her mother Joan to some event. A man from the 45th company and later 2/11th came up from Wollongong to attend. I didn’t want to get it all mixed up so will now give the ladies present. Nora Kenneally and Moira Hartley. The man from Woolongong’s daughter, another lady, a friend of Arthur Littler and his wife Gwen. Numbers all round were few, but a reasonably enjoyable afternoon was had.

If memory is correct, Bill Coker, Col Holley, Fred Janvrin, Alan and myself are the only 2/2nd men in Sydney so we have no chance of increasing numbers.

The fate of our memorial site in Timor is still undecided. Yvonne Walsh still hammering away for it to be incorporated into the site for a new school, despite claiming the Timorese Land Department had granted 4,000 sq.metres for that project and I add that in 2005 we the 2/2nd had accepted the A.W.G. submission that a landscaped area with a light framed building for use by the Timorese be erected. This would be maintained by the A.W.G. as all their memorials are. If our wishes are to prevail we will have to send some correspondence to M.S. Upton Mitchell, Department of Veteran Affairs, Office of Australian War Graves, PO Box 21, Woden, ACT, 2606. After all it was through the sterling efforts of Col Doig, John Burrige and the magnificent work of the WA Branch that put the memorial there. We in the other states only donated money.

Best wishes to all our members and their families. May good health and happiness be with you.

Paddy Kenneally

Dear Jack – Please find enclosed cheque for 1 book \$60, box and envelope for posting \$10. total \$70.

Went up to Murdoch last Friday and lo and behold at the doctors door met Gerry Green his wife Lal and daughter.

Gerry was seeing his doctor to make arrangements for a hip replacement. Looked as good as gold except for a stoop.

Not bad for nearly 90.

Best wishes from Ida and me.

Don Murray

PARS ON PEOPLE

Pat Petersen and Gwen her sister had a special family celebration in June when their mother Mrs Vi Vuillermin celebrated her 100th birthday.

Vi was born Violet Pudney on June 29, 1907 in the village of Bocking in Essex, England, but has lived for the last 72 years in Fish Creek.

The eighth and youngest child of Daniel and Mary Ann Pudney, she sailed to Australia with her family in 1919 on the 'Ormande' when she was 12 years old.

She settled in Warragul with her parents and other members of the family and worked there until she met and married Tony Vuillermin.

With her husband she moved to Fish Creek and farmed the property on which she still lives.

Vi and Tony Vuillermin had 9 children, 8 of whom are still living and there are now 25 grandchildren, 44 great grandchildren and one new born great-great grandchild.

Vi served the Catholic Women's League for more years than anyone cares to remember, becoming a Life Member. She was always baking for fundraising stalls – her apple pies are legendary.

Congratulatory messages from the Queen and other dignitaries were among the tributes for Vi on her birthday, but the special joy was having around her family and friends all delighted to celebrate such a long and productive life.

Hazel Wicks who recently had a pacemaker implant is starting to feel a lot better. Brief holidays to Carnarvon and Kalgoorlie plus the support of a loving family is making life more enjoyable. Good for you Hazel.

Jean Holland spent a week in Hollywood Hospital in August. Jean is a diabetic and has to keep a close check on her problem. Jean says she is not too bad and we are hoping to catch up with her at our functions soon.

John Chalwell's condition has deteriorated and he no longer recognizes Olive which is very sad. He is being well cared for in a nursing home close to where Olive lives which makes it a little easier for her. God bless them both.

Edna Fullarton joins the ladies 90 Club this month and is having a small party with family and friends to celebrate the occasion. Edna is in good spirits and Keith and Val Hayes who live close keep in touch and of course she still gets her Courier. Congratulations on your '90th' Edna.

Elvie Howell who is on our committee went on a diet which must be a good one as she lost 15 kilos in next to no time. Elvie lives an active life and is kept busy looking after her lovely grandchildren.

Congratulations to

Alan Luby who celebrated his 92nd birthday on 6th September. Fred Humfrey 94, Vince Swann 91, Paddy Kenneally 91, Gerry Green 91, Wilf March 90, Bernie Langrdige 90, Leith Cooper 90 and Tom Martin 90. All are members of the 90 Club.

Keep going boys – your century is within sight.

The ever suffering Wilf March spent 17 days in Hollywood recently. He had a nasty growth on his left leg removed and the skin graft was very painful. I appeal to his old sapper mates in Gerry, Bob,

Paddy and Gordon to give him a ring on 08 9330 3131. It will be a good tonic for Wilf.

TRUST FUND

I recently received this letter from Lino Darmento –

Dear Bob,

2/2nd Commando Association of Australia, from Lino Marques Sarmento

On behalf of the people of Beloi Village on Atauro Island in Timor Leste, we are extremely appreciative of the seeds sent to us from the 2/2nd Commando Association of Australia. There are now many small home gardens across three of the four villages of Beloi Suco on Atauro. I have enjoyed working with my community and monitoring this program as it is beneficial to us all, especially the children who require a balanced and varied diet and for the people who eke a living in the dry season.

I am myself studying agriculture at Dili National university but sadly because of the situation in the capital I am transferring to a university in Indonesia so my studies are uninterrupted and of a better quality. My time there will be challenging and lonely at times but I have a duty to help my people and family. I have found an opportunity that gives me the chance to come back and help my community as you are also doing from so far away. This I will not forget.

Thank you for not forgetting us! We have nothing to give in return but we pray to God that you find peace and love in your lives.

My trainer, mentor and now in-law is an Australian volunteer, Barry Hinton, who has been with us on Atauro for nearly 6 years. He is supporting my education as I go to Indonesia but he will be with us on Atauro for many more years maybe! Please keep in touch with him as he is also looking for ways to help my, and now his people, move forward slowly.

Once again I thank you.

Hela ho Marmomak (Stay with God)

Yours truly

Lino Marques Sarmento

Letter to: Yates Australia (Division of ORICA Ltd) Export Manager, Richard Millington, 97 Turnbull St, Hamilton South, NSW 2303

Dear Richard – order for EAST TIMOR Please prepare in 2/2 labels as previous and assemble for shipment by TNT Courier to DILI East Timor 4 x 5000 plus packets seeds.

Carrots, cabbage, egg plant and beetroot.

Pro Forma (CWI) papers 2/2 Commando Association of Australia to c/- R N Smyth, 128 Dalkeith Road, Nedlands, WA 6009

Sister Guilhermina of Canossian Convent will likely resume as addressee (although reported still caring for 7000 homeless people.) A few skirmishes are also expected next week to follow determination or otherwise the new Government.

Regards, R N Smyth, Independent Trust, 2/2 Commando Association of Australia.

Dear Major Hasson,

My name is Luke Harris. Currently I'm working in a village called Eraulo in Ermera. Over the past few months I've been making a large vegetable garden for local volunteers working in a place called the Bakhita Centre.

Recently I received a box of vegetable seeds with your card attached. I'm writing to let you know that they are being put to good use both here and in the surrounding community. I'm attaching some photos of the vegetable garden where I am using your seeds and of people in the community receiving your seeds. (Tried attaching photos but the PC I'm on won't accept. If you'd like them please let me know and I will try from another computer in Dili).

Soon I will be moving to another village in Aileu. With your permission I'd like to take some of the seeds there to work on a similar project. I have been told that the people there are very hard working and would be keen to be involved in such a project. If you would prefer that they only be distributed in Eraulo please let me know.

Please pass on my thanks to any other people involved in bringing the seeds here.

Regards – Luke Harris

Dear Luke,

Thankyou for your attempt at photos but not necessary if it proves difficult.

By all means, get the seeds to as greater area as possible in order to make the benefit greater.

The seeds were donated by the 2/2 Commando Association. The

Commandos fought through that area during World War 11 and owe there lives to the Timorese people, in particular the Criados who helped them intimately in their struggle against the Japanese Army. The seeds are just one way that those Commandos are trying to show their gratitude and respect for the people of Timor Leste.

The Bakhita Centre were not aware of the war history so I shall attempt to provide them with a brief history in return for the benefit of the people of Ermera.

Mr Domingos Soares is a good friend of mine in Eraulo. I will mention your name to him the next time that I visit.

Regards – Doug Hasson

BIRTHDAY BOYS

Harry Handicott	July 4 th	85
George Greenhalgh	6 th	87
Tom Yates	21 st	87
John Southwell	27 th	84
Tom Foster	August 1 st	87
Jack Hanson	9 th	86
Dusty Studdy	15th	89
Russ Blanch	23 rd	86
Fred Otway	September 3 rd	87
Alan Luby	6 th	92
Fred Broadhurst	7 th	85
Doug Dixon	8 th	86
Bob Williamson	13 th	89
Jack Isles	26 th	86

Happy Birthday to you All!!

Change of Address

Mr J Walker
1/183 Burke Road
Glen Iris Victoria 3146

COURIER DONATIONS

Winifred Brown, Nellie Mullins, John Nunn, Dawn Laing, Len Bagley, Fred & Robyn Hasson, Ken & Rhonda Hasson, Don & Ida Murray, Helen Poynton, Bob Smyth, Clare West, Ron Archer, Diana Cole, Joan Fenwick, Paddy & Nora Kenneally, E Farnham, B Flockhart, Pat Petersen, Friedegarde Tomasetti, Susan Wood, Margaret Monk and Jim Walker.

TRUST FUND

Ron Archer	\$	250.00
Friedegarde Tomasetti	\$	100.00
Paddy & Nora Kenneally	\$	100.00
Dawn Laing	\$	50.00
Jim Walker	\$	50.00

DOGGED QUEST

A little old lady approached the local priest and said, "Father, a terrible thing has happened, my little dog Woopsie has been run over by a steam roller and killed.

"He's been my sole companion for 10 years and I was wondering whether you'd mind conducting a requiem mass for him."

"I'm sorry to learn of your little dog's death," said the priest gravely. "But the church never conducts requiem mass for animals."

"Oh, what a pity, I was thinking of donating \$20,000 to the church restoration fund in Woopsie's name," said the little old lady.

"That's different. Why didn't you tell me dear Woopsie was a Catholic?"

W.A. MEMBERS - PLEASE NOTE

**Our 58th Commemoration Service will be held at
Lovekin Drive, Kings Park**

On

Sunday, 18th November, 2007

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, 7th December, 2007

Refreshments from 11.30am - Lunch at 12.30pm

A GOOD DAY IS ASSURED

ATTENTION - NEW SOUTH WALES MEMBERS

**A Christmas Luncheon will be held at the
DEE WHY R.S.L. CLUB**

On Saturday, 1st December, 2007

At 11.30am for 12 noon Lunch

Families and Members from all Squadrons are welcome.

Please ring Alan Luby on 9981 3287 by Monday 26th November if you intend
going.

HOPE YOU CAN MAKE IT

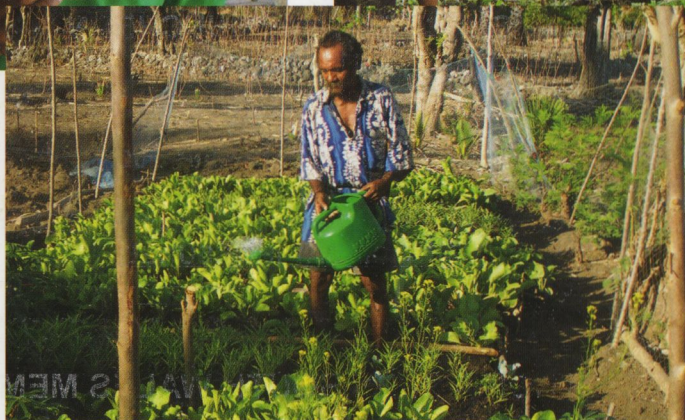
**All The Bulls Men – Our war history
(would make a good Xmas present)**

\$50.00 + \$10.00 postage anywhere in Australia

Payment to -

2/2 Commando Association

PO Box 11, Willetton, W.A. 6955



Timorese of the village of Beloi on Atauro Island, 35 km north of Dili make good use of the seeds we sent them.

