



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Christmas Thoughts

The word Christmas is derived from the old English Cristes Maesse "Christ's Mass". It is the most popular of all festivals among Christians and many non-Christians alike. The celebration of Christ's birth on the 25th December dates back to the 4th century when it was adopted by most Eastern churches. St Nicholas is the Patron of Christmas, traditionally regarded as a Festival of the Family especially children. The transformation of St Nicholas' into Father Christmas occurred first in Germany eventually becoming the benevolent and much loved Santa Claus. The first Christmas cards appeared in England in 1843 with the edition of 1,000 with the design of a family with the words "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you".

The older we get the quicker Christmas seems to come around. So unlike our childhood years when one Christmas to the next seemed ever so long. What wonderful and happy times they were.

Christmas especially Christmas day is a time of rejoicing and happiness when we set aside our everyday problems and gather together with the family and exchange gifts, enjoy all the Christmas trimmings and talk about the good old times. The presence of grand or great grandchildren add to the pleasure of the day.

As Australians we are a lucky people, most, though not all, are able to enjoy the good things of life that Christmas has to offer. We live in a great country. May it remain that way.

To all our members and their good ladies and our precious widows and all related to our Association we wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. To those not enjoying the best of health may 2009 be kinder to you all.

God Bless

J. Carey

VALE - COLIN GEORGE HOLLEY
NX92008

Colin's Vale was kindly provided by his family.

Colin George Holley was born in Balmain, N.S.W. on the 8th June, 1922 to William John Holley and Beatrice Ellen Holley. He was their first child, followed a year later by his brother William and then came Ruby and June. He enjoyed his boyhood days and with his mates Fred and Bert built a billy cart. Riding down the highest hill in the district was a great thrill. Entertainment in those days was a lot simpler without game consoles, computers and television but far more exciting. He was a young boy when his father died, and attended the Balmain public school until he was 12 when the family moved to Picnic Point. At 14 he left the Dulwich Hill Commercial School to start a job at Leyland Motors as a junior clerk.

Colin first met Valerie Pepper when he was 18 but war interrupted a budding romance with Colin enlisting in the A.I.F. in March 1942. He joined the 2/2nd Company early in 1943 at Canungra and was allocated to No. 1 Section of A Platoon under Val Nagle who was killed in action in New Guinea. A Bren gunner Colin was a keen and good soldier, well respected by his section mates. He saw out the war in his section under Mick Morgan in New Britain.

Following his discharge in January 1946 Colin tried his hand at painting but found it was not to his liking as a trade and took on salesmanship at which he did well.

He married his sweetheart Valerie on the 29th June, 1948. They were blessed with three children, Darryl in 1949, Sandra in 1954 and Kaye in 1956, eight

grandchildren and one grandchild. In 1955 the family moved to Queensland and managed a hotel for two years returning to live at Ermington with 21 Ashcroft Street becoming their home for the next 38 years. It was a loving, caring and fun environment. Colin enjoyed swimming and tennis while Valerie created a small menagerie for her feathered and furry pets.

A versatile man Colin in his spare time became a tennis coach and ballroom dancing teacher which kept him very fit. The passing of his sister Ruby at 40 and brother William at 50 who was a diabetic were sad times for him but life went on. On his retirement at 63 Colin and Valerie spent time travelling around New South Wales eventually moving into the Anglican Retirement Village in Castle Hill in 1995. They settled in quickly and enjoyed the recreational activities on offer including ballroom dancing, indoor bowls etc. with Colin being M.C. for the ARV Annual Fete. He also had a great love for the piano and often practiced two hours a day to improve his playing. He credited his active mind to piano playing and all these activities kept him in pretty good shape.

In the last few years of his life his health deteriorated which was not helped from complications from major heart surgery in 2006. He kept in touch with Alan Luby and as a Life Member was a loyal and generous supporter of the Association. His death on the 19th September at 86 ended 60 years of a happy married life with his beloved Valerie and family.

So passed a fine man and a good Australian.

Colin's funeral was held at the Castle Brooke Cemetery on the 24th September where he was cremated. Marie Hartley

and her grandson Chris attended his service for which we thank them. Paddy Kenneally and Alan Luby could not make it.

The Association extends its sincere condolences to Valerie, Darryl, Sandra, Kaye and their families.

Lest We Forget

Paddy Kenneally writes that Colin was a well built athletic young bloke who excelled in all sports. Post war he was an active member of our Association and maintains that Colin, 'Snow' Ware and Doug Dixon were the fittest of the NSW members. He confirms that Colin attained a high level in competitive tennis. Paddy said Colin never attained his former good health after his heart operation but kept up his Association with the Unit. He was sorry he was unable to attend the funeral of a man he describes as a champion bloke.

VALE – BOB WILLIAMSON -

SX12657

Bob passed away on 27th October at the age of 90.

Robert McKillop Williamson was born in Port Pirie SA on the 13th September, 1918. He had an older sister Mary and brother Allan both of whom are deceased. Bob did his schooling in Port Pirie and on leaving became an apprentice electrician at the B.H.A. Smelting Works. On attaining his ticket he continued to work for BHAS until enlisting in the 2nd AIF on 9th May, 1941. He volunteered for the hush hush group, was accepted and allocated to the Engineering Section under Don Turton which included men of the caliber of Gerry Green, Bill Epps, Bill Howell, Wilf March, Smash Hodgson and Paddy Wilby to name a few. Don married his sweetheart Clarice

Norris on his pre-embarkation leave in September 1941. He played a key role in the units first action. His job was to blow the drome if the Japs invaded Dili which they did on the evening of 19th February, 1942. After a brave resistance, 2 section withdrew at daylight the following morning, Bob had to wait until the order was given before he could leave. At first light Kevin Curran ran past him flat out and shouted "Let her go Bob". Keith Richards who was with Bob took off following Kevin and when they reached the other side Bob set the timer and took off like a rocket. He just made it when up went the drome. This was done under fire from the Japs and was a gutsy effort. Bob enjoyed his service with the sappers who were a great bunch of blokes. On his discharge in December 1945 he went back to work for a while with BHAS then he and Clarice went looking for greener pastures and moved to Adelaide where Bob obtained a job with Kelvinator. They settled in a comfortable home at 2 Goldsworthy Crescent, Glenelg North. A capable man he did well with Kelvinator working his way up to become Maintenance Manager and remaining with the company until his retirement at 65 in 1983. He and Clarice had many happy years in Glenelg. Blessed with good neighbours they made lifelong friends and Bob enjoyed his red wine and blue vein cheese. Unfortunately Clarice took ill in the mid 1980's with serious renal problems and passed away in October 1989. Bob showed great love and devotion to Clarice throughout her illness. They had no children. Six years on in 1995 Bob married again to Aubrey Kiss and they lived happily until her death two years ago.

Bob developed a serious health problem

in his last year which resulted in his death on 27th October. He always took a keen interest in the Association, was a life member and was always generous and good company. He and Kel Carthew looked the part in their Anzac Day photo which appeared in our June 2007 cover.

Kel was unable to make Bob's funeral which took place on 11th November at the Centennial Park Cemetery. Jack Tredea (Z Force) and Eddie Elston (2/9) were among the many who paid a final tribute to Bob, a good man and fine Australian.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to the Williamson family.

Lest We Forget

Garry Williamson, Bob's nephew, gave the eulogy at his funeral. An extract of this is as below.

"Bob was informed of the gravity of his melanoma problem several months before his last birthday, his 90th. As he put it to me they told me I will probably make my next birthday but I will certainly not make the one after. Rather than become depressed about the whole issue he remained very philosophical and set about making sure his affairs were in order, even completed his taxation return.

I will always remember driving Bob home from the last of the tasks he had set himself. At the time he said he was happy now that everything was in order and he felt very content with his lot. His reasoning for feeling content was that he would soon be 90; an extremely good age considering most people never thought he would ever return from the war. He went on to add that he had accomplished pretty much everything he

had wanted to in life, had enjoyed many lasting friendships during his time and had consumed quite a deal of red wine and cheese with some very good dear friends and neighbours.

Whether it be in the context of Bob the husband and carer, Bob the soldier, Bob the relative, friend and neighbour or dare I say it Bob the builder and in my case Bob's your Uncle, he has indeed done himself proud and I am sure he should, and will, truly rest in peace.

A good man, a good life.

Garry Williamson

Sapper R Williamson – 27.10.2008 SX1265

Episode in Bob Williamson's Service.

Sadly and inevitably we heard the news of Bob Williamson's death. To his bereaved family I send my sincere sympathy on their sad loss.

This is not a eulogy on Bob's life or history it is just an account of one incident on Bob's service with No. 2 Independent Company and I learned of it from Kevin Curran and Tex Richards who were also part of the incident.

On the night of February 19-20th Bob and Tex were the two sappers attached to No. 2 Section defending the Dili Aerodrome against the Japanese attack. Their job was to detonate the explosives already prepared to blow up the runways if No. 2 Section had to withdraw which is what happened.

Bob and Tex detonated the charges at daylight and with Kevin Curran made their getaway. They must have been the last to leave as they were not with the rest of the section. Approaching a knoll, Kevin Curran saw it was occupied by a

number of Japs armed with rifles and a couple of machine guns. How or why the Japanese didn't see the three of them no one knows. The three of them went to ground in the short grass, the Japanese only a couple of hundred yards away. There they stayed from dawn to dark – no movement and plenty of time to think. Kevin Curran thought "I made it to 21 how much further I go I don't know". Tex Richards thought the Japs will hear Bob's snoring if he gets any louder. Bob slept and rent the air. Just before evening the Japs pulled out and headed for Dili. Bob, Tex and Kevin headed for the mountains and rejoined the Unit. Sleep on in Peace Bob – you have earned it.

Paddy Kenneally

VALE – FRED BROADHURST VX111925

Frederick Charles Broadhurst, always known as Fred passed away peacefully in the Darley House Hospital, Heidelberg on 15th November. He was 86.

Fred was born on 7th September, 1922 in Northcote, Victoria. He had an older sister Phyllis now deceased.

As a young boy, his father Frank endeavoured to instill in him self discipline but it was his mother Victoria who gave him, his sense of fun, adventure and a wonderful sense of humour.

He did his schooling at Northcote, left at 14 and had various jobs as a factory hand. In 1940 he joined the Citizens Military Force and in 1941 was called up for full time duty in the 57/60th battalion stationed at Caboolture, Queensland. Early in 1943 he transferred to the 2/2nd company when it regrouped at Canungra.

Fred was allocated to 6 section B platoon under Ken McIntosh which included good men in Mal Herbert, Reg Harrington, Tom Martin and Kel Carthew to name a few. Early in the New Guinea campaign in 1943 Jack Fox took over the section. Fred was a good soldier, always gave of his best and retained his great sense of humour during the difficult times. He was discharged from the army on 28th June, 1946.

On a blind date early in 1942 he met an attractive lass, one Mavis Payne. They corresponded while he was on active service and resumed their friendship on his return marrying on 15th November, 1947. Fred went on to do a rehab course in carpentry and once fully qualified worked on housing villas for a few years, then with a number of other Northcote builders finally working at the Preston and Northcote Community Hospital. He remained with them for over 30 years until his retirement at 60 in 1982.

In 1952 Fred and Mavis moved into their new home at 140 Christmas Street, Fairfield with their two sons Garry, born in 1950 and Kevin who was just two months old. They lived happily together in No. 140 for the next 56 years and now Mavis has the home to herself. Both Fred and Mavis enjoyed their tennis and played competitive tennis every Saturday. Fred also took up running and coached the junior club members. He later tried his hand at squash becoming a competent player. His real loves were camping and fishing. He set up a permanent camp site at the Frazer National Park at Eildon Weir and on weekends and every Christmas and Easter the family would camp there. Mavis and the boys enjoyed the outdoor life and they had some wonderful times together.

Fred became somewhat of a legend at "Frazer" building his own plywood boat with a motor and always catching his fair share of fish. His favourite saying at the time – typical of Fred was "this is the life – I wonder what the poor people are doing today".

He and Mavis were great supporters of the Association and attended a number of our safaris. He was a Life Member and also the 2/2nd representative with the Victorian Commando Association for a number of years.

His latter years from 2004 on were not kind to him. A diabetic and suffering with severe cellulitis in both legs this restricted his movements. It reached the stage where he was in a lot of pain, put on weight and became house bound seldom venturing out. Things finally got too much for Mavis and on the 21st July of this year he was transferred to the Darley House Hospital at Heidelberg where he was well cared for. On 8th November he suffered a severe stroke and passed away peacefully 7 days later in the presence of his loving family on 15th November, 61 years to the day he and Mavis married on in 1947.

His funeral was held on 20th November at East Ivanhoe. Present representing the 2/2nd were Margaret Monk, Don Thomson, Ed and Dorothy Bourke and John Southwell. Also Ron Hamilton (2/6th), Evan McGregor (2/5th), Con Bell (2/7th) and Jack Johanesen (2/7th) and many other old friends.

As his son Garry said in his eulogy "Dad's 86 years were well lived and thoroughly enjoyed".

**May He Rest in Peace
Lest We Forget**

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Mavis, Garry and Fred and their families.

Vale – Don Murray - WX13208

We regret to advise that Don passed away peacefully in the Peel Hospital, Mandurah on the 13th November. He was 87.

Late in June of this year he became seriously ill and spent the next 4-1/2 months fighting for his life. Despite receiving the best of medical attention and displaying great courage throughout his ordeal. Don lost his battle.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Ida, Vicki, Lyn and their families on Don's passing. Ida, and Vicki were constantly by his side with their love and support during a long and difficult time.

May He Rest in Peace

Don's vale will be in the March Courier.

We regret to advise of the passing of three of our precious widows.

Marie Burges, widow of Burt, who died in July 1978, passed away on 30th September at the age of 89.

Muriel O'Brien, widow of Tom "Irish", who died in October 1992, passed away on 11th July.

Dianne Cholerton, widow of Ted who died in July 2003, passed away on 28th November at the age of 88.

May They Rest in Peace

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to the Burges, O'Brien and Cholerton families.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE
SUNDAY 14TH NOVEMBER, 2008 -
KINGS PARK

Held on Sunday afternoon in our Honour Avenue our 59th service went off well. Good early November rains and attention by the Botanic Garden's staff had our area looking a picture – the best it has been for years. A pleasing feature was the presence of family groups including many children and young people some of whom we had not seen for sometime. The attendance of approximately 75 exceeded expectations and was an encouraging sign for future services.

At 3pm the President invited the catafalque party led by Sergeant Chris Carmichael and comprising Corporal Daniel Davidson, Corporal Marcus Smith, Private Karl Wachholz and Signalmans Paterson to take up their positions around our Memorial. With medals up and looking in great shape the young men did their Regiment proud. Mrs Linda Loughton, daughter of the late Tony Bowers then laid a beautiful double red diamond wreath at the foot of our Memorial Plaque bearing the names of the Fallen.

Ray Howell, the son of Elvie Howell and the late Bill Howell then delivered a very fine address which received a warm applause. John Carey, my son read the Remembrance Prayers with those present responding. Rob Crossing son of the late Warwick Crossing read out the names of our Fallen. All stood to say "The Ode". The Last Post was sounded by David Scott and the Catafalque Party presented arms. A minutes silence was followed by the Rouse. David's bugle playing was superb.

President Jack presented L'Cpl Scott with an autographed copy of "All the Bulls Men" in appreciation of his service to us over many years.

Modest but capable, David Scott thanked

the Association for the gift saying it gave him much pleasure to play at our service.

Jonny and Cassie Howell, Ray's two lovely children led us in singing Advance Australia Fair and the Catafalque Party marched off to loud applause. Our Marshal Bart Mavricks then took over proceedings for the march. In ranks of three about 36 took part led by veterans Bob Smyth, Dick Darrington, Peter Campbell and Ted Monk with band music provided by the speaker system under Sig Alex Bell of the S.A.S. Regiment. Bart did a good job keeping the marchers in step and the "eyes right" at the salute base went off without a hitch. The President, Len Bagley, Sgt Carmichael and his men and John Hyde, MLA took the salute. So ended our 59th Service, a short but moving ceremony. 2009 will mark our 60th Anniversary – let us make it a special one – in memory of those of our Unit who paid the supreme sacrifice so long ago.

Our sincere thanks to Botanic Gardens and Parks Authority, the Special Air Service Regiment and the Australian Army Band Perth, also Linda Loughton, Ray, Jonny and Cassie Howell, John Carey, Rob Crossing, Bart Mavricks, Bob Smyth (for the wreath), David Scott the members of the Catafalque Party, Sig Alex Bell, Melita Cherry and Colin Kinnear for their help on the day.

Also a special thanks to all those good people who attended. I had intended to try and name you all but it proved beyond me. Your presence made the day.

God Bless you all

President, Jack Carey

ADDRESS BY MR RAY HOWELL -
Introduction

Good afternoon Ladies and Gentlemen. My name is Ray Howell. My late father served in Timor as a member of the 2nd

Independent Company which was later to be known as the 2/2nd Commando Squadron. Jack Carey asked me to deliver the 2008 commemoration speech, and it is a great honour to address you all today.

We are here today to pay tribute to the men whose names are engraved on the plaques in this sacred place, those men who fell in action in Timor, men who fought and paid the ultimate price. These men lost their lives not just defending an island and the Timorese people from invading forces, but also to protect their homeland, only a few hundreds of kilometres away. The enemy was indeed at the gates and this unit of brave soldiers literally fought them to a standstill. No invasion of Australia was to be launched from Timor because of the efforts of these few hundred men against the many thousands of soldiers bent on conquest.

My father served with the 2/2nd. Indeed many sons and daughters can say with pride that their father served. Today we commemorate those men who did not have the chance to have sons and daughters – those men that fell in battle so many years ago. These men gave their all so that we could live free in this great country, men who missed out on the chance to grow old surrounded by grandchildren so that we other Australians could live a life of our choosing, free from tyranny that would surely have followed an enemy victory.

A Brief History

On 17th December 1941, the Australian 2nd Independent Company and 260 Dutch troops landed in Dili. The Dutch troops (mainly Indonesian soldiers and Dutch officers) secured Dili and the Australians secured Comoro Airfield. Although Timor was a Portuguese colony, neutral Portugal did not have any troops in place

to prevent enemy invasion. That vital job was left to Australia.

The Battle of Timor began in 1942. Japanese forces invaded the island in February of that year. Timor was defended only by the predominantly Australian and Dutch Allied personnel, though they were assisted by some Timorese civilians and Portuguese colonists, who either fought as guerillas or provided food, shelter and other assistance.

Allied soldiers numbering in the hundreds, many stricken by malaria, were faced with an invading army of thousands of Japanese soldiers. Though initially forced to concede ground, these soldiers would not surrender. Allied soldiers, mostly Australian commandos, continued the fight by waging a raiding campaign against the Japanese. They were infrequently resupplied by aircraft and vessels, based mostly in Darwin, about 650 kilometres to the southeast, across the Timor Sea. Many supplies were provided by the local population or stolen from the Japanese invaders.

An entire Japanese division was tied up on Timor for most of 1942, preventing its deployment elsewhere. In December 1942, more than 10,000 Japanese soldiers had been drawn to Timor. The commando's campaign lasted until February 10, 1943, when the last Australian soldiers were evacuated, making them the last Allied land forces to leave South East Asia. The Timorese continued a resistance campaign, for which they paid a heavy price: tens of thousands died as a result of indiscriminate attacks by Japanese forces, as well as other effects of the occupation.

Deprivation and hard ship

The Commandos faced deprivation and hardship. Only 300 Australian soldiers,

when faced by a well-equipped invading force of thousands of Japanese soldiers, did not give up, but rather chose to fight a sustained raiding campaign to harass and tie down the invaders.

This group of men, even though they were extended in platoons and sections over a 100km arc, were able to mount carefully planned raids on the Japs 2 or 3 times each and every week.

Though few decorations were presented to this group, they demonstrated the endurance, initiative and courage that made the Australian fighting soldier legendary. They fought on when nearly every other Allied fighting force in South East Asia had surrendered.

The men of the 2/2nd were constantly at risk of capture and they knew what this meant. They had limited supplies, little outside help and they had been reported as missing in action, believed killed. What they did have was each other. They were sustained by the mateship and the bonds of friendships forged under terrible circumstances.

This Place

Today we are gathered on Lovekin Drive. The trees that line the road in this hallowed place act as a living memorial to the Fallen. To truly commemorate these men we must each of us ensure that they did not fall in vain. We owe it to them to raise our own children to be good people, to be people that strive to improve both themselves and others around them. Not to live in fear, not to accept a wrong, not to wait for others to solve a problem for them, but rather to be an active part of the solution, to live well as a part of their community.

We do live in "The Lucky Country". This place would be far from lucky if the Japanese had invaded and won. The enemy actions and atrocities committed in the lands they occupied marked

forever why all of us here today are so fortunate that men such as those from the 2/2nd stood against them. Good and True men fell to protect this country and our people.

Wars end but war itself continues. Violence and war is a common reaction to a situation that has become intolerable. Many people have to fight for the right to live their lives free from repression. Perhaps it is a forlorn wish that war will one day be extinct, that the greedy leaders of other nations could find no benefit from subjugating others, that all people would have enough to satisfy their needs and wants, that religion was not used as a lame excuse to vilify others. All we can do is lead by example. Australia does not fight wars to take lands from other peoples. This country shares its wealth with those less fortunate; we open our borders to immigrants from all over the world trying to find a better life.

This Association

The first of these commemoration services was held in February 1950. February 19th is the anniversary of the unit's first action and the date of the unit's first losses. We are gathered here today in this wonderful yet somber setting of the Honour Avenue of Lovekin Drive for the 59th annual commemoration service. We give thanks and pay homage to the sacrifices of the men honoured today. Indeed, it can be readily argued that it is only because of the sacrifices of the 2/2nd commandos and the many other allied military personnel that we are able to stand here today to give our thanks.

After the Timor campaign, the 2/2nd went on to serve in New Guinea and in New Britain. The honour roll lists the names of the more than 50 men who fell in action during World War 2. Sadly, since the conclusion of this war, over 440 unit members have passed away. Today the

ranks are greatly depleted. 66 years after the Battle of Timor only 62 members are left in Australia, only 21 in WA. The memory of their deeds has been passed on to their descendants; it is our honour to accept this legacy.

The S.A.S.

I extend a special thankyou to the serving military personnel present today. This nation is protected by many fine military personnel. The elite personnel of all of the Australian Defence forces are the Special Air Service Regiment. These highly skilled soldiers serve in many foreign lands under difficult and isolated conditions to prevent war from coming to our own shores. The actions of the 2/2nd are held in such high esteem that each year the SAS provide the Catafalque party for this commemoration service, and for that we are very grateful.

Timor Today

In 1974, Indonesia invaded Timor – another enemy bent on conquest. We in Australia, to our national shame, did nothing to prevent this. After nearly thirty more years of occupation and repression as the 27th province of Indonesia, East Timor finally achieved independence on 20th May, 2002. We rejoice that the people of East Timor now have a real chance to determine their own future. There are still many barriers for the Timorese to overcome, but after 400 years of colonial rule, they can now govern themselves.

In Conclusion

In conclusion, I would like to say how proud I am of this group of soldiers. I am in awe of their courage to continue to resist when outnumbered up to 10 to 1. A final comment on just how much this group of Australians had influenced Timor right up to the present day. It was reported in a book written by a journalist that, in 1999, an Australian Military Officer

was sent to liaise with the leader of one of the guerilla groups actively resisting the Indonesian invaders. When this officer entered the jungle headquarters of the guerilla leader, he was “surprised to see a 2/2nd Commando Company Plaque on the wall.” So strong were the bonds forged in 1942 between Timorese and Australian soldiers, they had been remembered for 60 years.

It has been an honour for me to speak to you today.

Thank you all.

Ray Howell

NB: Thank you for a very fine address Ray.

Editor

“The House”

A very relaxing and pleasant 1-1/2 hours was spent at the House by members and ladies (approximately 25) who came along for the afternoon tea after our service in Kings Park. The hospitality extended by Shirley Mooney and her helpers was greatly appreciated. As she does every year Shirley turned on a lovely spread and also a special cake which was delicious.

The bar staff comprising former SAS men now retired could not do enough for us, serving us with icy cold drinks. The cake too, cut by Michelle the lovely daughter of Geoff Payne of Merredin. We are indeed fortunate and thankful to have such friendly people help us the way they do.

VICTORIAN NEWS

Dear Jack and 2/2nd friends everywhere.

Well it is almost time for the Christmas edition of the Courier so I must send the Victorian news.

We start on a sad note this time as **Fred Broadhurst** passed away last Saturday 15th November. Fred was a wonderful member of the unit and he and Mavis were very helpful to the 2/2nd in many ways. For many years Fred was our representative to the Commando Association and always sent news to the Double Diamond. He will be sadly missed – Don and I were able to attend his funeral yesterday. **John Southwell** and **Ed and Dorothy Bourke** were there too. Mavis will send the Eulogy for the Courier.

I spoke with **Leith Cooper** on the phone and also **Mary Bone** – both are soldiering on. Mary is about to join the over eighty brigade. She is pleased to have her daughter Diane and grandson Brett living with her at Lakes Entrance now.

Leith is coping very well. Don and I visited him on 13th October – we were over to Archie's Creek to Colin and Wendy's wedding on Saturday 12th and stayed the night in Wonthaggi so were able to go and see Leith on the Sunday.

Harry Botterill is enjoying meals on wheels delivered to his unit 5 days a week and he is coping quite well. He is going to Queensland for 2 weeks over Christmas and is looking forward to seeing his daughter Glenda and her family up there.

I was sorry to miss the annual pilgrimage to Tidal River on 16th November. I haven't missed many of these days over the years.

Pat Petersen was able to go and said

there were only 13 men to lay poppies at the Cairn.

Pat's mother had a nasty fall recently and sustained bruises to an arm and leg. She is recovering and at 101-1/2 years has proved she is made of very good stuff.

Don and I are keeping well and busy – golf, flower shows and two families take up a lot of time.

Today we drove to Werribee to attend my first great grandson's baptism.

We have had some welcome rain in the last few days – our countryside is very green and the farmers have made a lot of silage so we are very fortunate here in Gippsland.

Don joins me with very best wishes to you all for Christmas and 2009.

Cheerio for this time.

Margaret Monk

NB: Margaret bought a book to donate to the Poowong Library in memory of Ken. It's a nice gesture, Margaret.

Editor

NORTHERN NSW NEWS

Dear Jack Another report from the NSW North Coast. A nice couple of days rain all over NSW and fortunately we missed those terrible storms they had on the Gold Coast and Brisbane suburbs.

The story today is a bit like that of the Curate's egg. A little bit of good and a little bit of bad.

I just spoke to **Gordon Stanley's daughter**. He had what they think was a slight heart

attack and they were taking him to hospital when I rang a couple of days ago. I'll keep you informed. Joan was out and Gus was not home when I rang. Hence the information from his daughter.

Russ Blanch is okay. His daughter and son-in-law have disposed of their business Bangalow so Russ is going back to having to grow his veggies for the family now. Their business was a fruit and veggie shop. Russ says Ellen and Keith are planning a trip to England mainly to see Keith's mother whom he hasn't seen since she had a trip to Australia some dozen or more years back. Russ is reasonably well but having trouble with fluid on the knee.

Eric Herd and Lorraine from Iluka.

Both are okay. Lorraine had both eyes done for cataracts and had a lot of trouble but is pretty right now. I had my right eye done on 14th November and it is pretty okay so far.

Beryl Steen is well. Three of her grand children have chicken pox. Apparently it pretty prevalent in Brisbane right now. Beryl sends her regards to all.

Another Beryl,

Beryl Cullen from Kyogle is keeping reasonably well. It just started to rain as I spoke to Beryl. I could hear it on her roof. Rain is always welcome except when it comes in violent storms as those that hit Brisbane.

Another Beryl,

Beryl Walsh of Kempsey is well but has had her share of problems. Her brother-in-law's twin sister's husband passed away after 12 months in hospital and Beryl is looking after her twin who had a nasty fall and busted just about everything possible. She still has one arm in a sling so Beryl has to help out there. Beryl's son is still with her too. He has had cancer for about six years or so now. Our thoughts are with you Beryl.

Tom and Jean Yates of Kyogle are having it a bit rough at the moment. Tom not too bad but Jean is not so

good. Cannot seem to get much relief from arthritis on top of which her eyes are playing up. Getting home help daily which is of great assistance.

May Orr of South Grafton is much better after a severe bout of the flu which seems to have been prevalent and quite bad. May says otherwise she is well.

Edith Jones of Barraba is well. At present up on the Gold Coast with son Chris and family where I tracked her down. They luckily missed the recent bad storms.

Edna Vandeleur of Buderim is okay but like some others has problems with her eyes. They are not improving. Same old story age doesn't improve things. Edna sends her regards to all.

Nola Wilson at Gilgrandra is always cheerful but not looking forward to having both knees operated on, on 2nd December. We all wish you success Nola and by Xmas you can look back with some satisfaction.

Fred Otway in pretty good condition. Getting a bit frustrated at having to give tennis away. Fred is always conscious of his health and is taking a vitamin book to **Paddy Wilby** next visit. He reckons it might help him.

Best wishes to all for the festive season. "**Happy**"

BRISBANE NEWS

Dear Jack – we were all very sorry to have lost Don Murray, a top unit and associatemember.

Bulla Tait has been in a local nursing home at Ayr for about a year now and his 86th birthday will be on the 28th November. Jean sees him weekly but he is now in total care and does not know his wife and his three children when they visit him. He does not talk and a flash

occasionally in something that interests him is about it, but the memory of it vanishes quickly.

Lucky Goodhew, Townsville is 84 and still getting along okay. He is permanently deaf in the left ear but there is a chance that he may get some hearing back in his right ear shortly. Their son Steve has given up football and now runs a local charter boat and their daughter is on a boat trip to New Zealand. Her parents were invited to go to but Lucky said NO!

George and Margo Shiels are well and still very busy. George still helps Legacy, RSL and his lodge. They expect to be in Brisbane for a week in early December and catch up with their two daughters and one son. So hopefully I'll at least have a phone chat with them whilst they are here.

Allan and Joan Mitchell at Caloundra are well except that Allan has very poor eyesight and this limits his activities. He does not have contact with other local 2/2nd members,

Lois Davies and perhaps Col and Jeanette Andrew. I seem to have lost contact with the Andrew family, but think they are living at Caloundra.

Jewell Soper, Townsville says she is pretty well still but wears a brace for her back. She is 83 and lives in a one bedroom IRU and still likes to have a flutter at the local casino from time to time. She has six children – all living locally except one at Sydney plus 3 great grandchildren plus number 4 expected next year.

Lois Davies, Caloundra has had a knee replacement – it has been successful and she is back driving her car again. Last year her daughter and grandson completed the Kokoda Trail and they were pleased to have experienced a

similar area and conditions where Eric served.

Beryl Steen, Thornlands has her good days and bad days. She has visited her family at Townsville and will have a family Xmas locally.

Bettye Coulson, Buderim had a fall and injured her right wrist about 6 weeks ago. She expects to get the wires taken off on the 26th November and be pretty right again after that. Her family are all active and doing very well and she now has 3 great grandchildren.

Edna Vandeleur, Buderim is 88 years old and has very poor eyesight. She has help but it limits her outings a good deal. She sees Bettye from time to time and said she hasn't been getting our 2/2nd Courier for some time. Is she still on our list?

Pat Barnier, Wavell Heights is 83 and she is well and continues to lead a mainly quiet life. Her daughter Andrea who lives at Everton Park copped our recent very heavy rain BUT no damage. Andrea's daughter Michelle is doing work at the House of Lords, London, sometimes at The Hague and some private work too, so this is one person you could say is BUSY, BUSY, BUSY!

This seems to be about all for the moment. We want to wish all our few survivors now a happy Christmas and that 2009 will be a better year.

The best Seasonal Greetings are also for our Association members, relatives and friends.

Ron and Lyn

Tassie News

Dear Editor – It is a long time since I last penned a few lines to "The Courier" but always look forward to receiving it, and news from our members – so varied in many ways it makes good reading.

As the years go past we lose so many veteran mates and now I am the only World War II, in the township of Dover, but the veterans of other wars keep our traditions alive.

The 2/40 battalion had its last reunion in February this year. I was only able to attend the Sunday Memorial Service at Lindisfarne as did some others, it was a good day, but sad when we had to say goodbye – some of us still keep in contact and meet up occasionally.

Had a nice visit recently with ex 2/40 Sergeant Don Woolley age 94 called – he was with Western Aussie “C. Dodge” tried to boat it back to Australia but were picked up by the Japs and spent 3-1/2 years as a POW’s. I met up with both when they were in the army hospital at Balikpapan, Borneo soon after they came out of the POW camp.

Don and I had plenty to talk about as enlisted on the same day, 15 July, 1940 and were together when the Japs arrived in West Timor and some how we got split up and I was the lucky one to get to the 2/2nd in East Timor.

Think we are down to, two Tasmanians who were 2/40th men, to serve with the 2/2nd I.D.C. in East Timor – Louis Nichlason, Launceston and myself.

It is always good to read Paddy Kenneally’s writing in the Courier and he has written to me with long, newsy letters. He is someone special to get around and write like he does – keep it up Paddy.

It was nice to read the eulogy for Geoff Wood. He was a man with great character – our family went through

his zoo at Granton, Tasmania and it was a great experience and I met him at our 2/40 reunions.

Afraid this is not a very newsy letter and I feel so much better now I have made the effort and will do my best to write in the future.

Regards to all and keep smiling.

Bert Price, Tasmania

NB: Sorry to hear the 2/40th boys have called it a day. They were a fine battalion.

Lest We Forget

Editor

UNIT HISTORY BOOK REPORT

Sales have continued to be on the slow side and we still have about 420 books to sell. We had 2,000 books printed and the book was launched in April 2006. In time, due to the limited number printed, the book being of good quality will increase in value. At \$60. plus postage of \$10. it is a very good buy and would make an excellent Christmas present for those interested in Military History. Ring J. Carey on (08) 9332 7050 and a book will be posted to you the following day. Delivery time in WA is 2-3 days and to the other states 5-6 days.

Each book will have at least 3 autographs of members, it is a book well worth having in your collection.

Cheques made out to 2/2nd Commando Association and posted to

2/2nd

PO Box 11

Willetton WA 6955

TRUST FUND NEWS

I have been working with Bob Smyth to get our next shipment of seeds off to Timor. Kevin Bailey is the Honorary Consul to East Timor in Melbourne and is an ex SAS guy. He has put me on to a contact in Dili through Rotary and I feel confident he has given us the right person to get the widest distribution of the seeds. Hopefully after this shipment gets away and I have the process in place, we can retire Bob after his wonderful efforts in getting this off the ground and overcoming many challenges in the process. I look forward to continuing your legacy in the future.

I felt privileged to be asked to be the Parade Marshall for this years service in Kings Park and I must say the 2/2 boys who marched still have a bit of spring in their step.

Loris and I are off to Switzerland in a couple of weeks to meet our son's partner Aurelia's family and to spend Christmas with them. Loris is excited at the prospect of a white Christmas but to me, snow just means cold. (Lossy thinks I am not very romantic!) We arrive back in Australia for New Year.

I take this opportunity from Loris and myself to wish all members of the 2/2 and their families a Merry Christmas and a prosperous and healthy New Year.

Kindest regards,

Bart Mavrick

PS: Just a quick note. The SAS Association has once again produced a calendar for 2009. The theme of this years' calendar is SAS art. Cost of the calendar is \$10. for the wall and \$5. for the desk. Postage for 1 or 2 is \$3.50 and orders should be to Jack Carey.

READERS PLEASE NOTE

The SAS Association's 2009 calendars are on offer.

Wall calendars	\$10.00
plus postage	\$3.50
Desk calendars	\$5.00
plus postage	\$2.30

If you want one for a Christmas gift please ring **J. Carey on (08) 9332 7050** and it will be posted out pronto.

For later orders contact:

**Bart Mavrick, 18 Gratitude Way
DAWESVILLE WA 6210
Phone: (08) 9582 2424**

**Please provide your mailing details.
Both are quality calendars and are
recommended.**

THE ARCHER MEMORIAL

Dear Jack – this is mainly to give you an update on what is going on at our Don Bosco Technical Training Centre, Comoro. As you are aware our 2/2nd war widow, Yvonne Walsh has spent a good deal of time in Timor Leste in recent years and sent me a CD from which I have taken a few photos and have sent it to W.A. English is a compulsory subject for all the students at the school and our Scholarship holders attend at least once a year a Memorial Service at our Honour Board in the Australian Embassy.

Our Trust funds two students from each of the thirteen districts in E.T. It covers each year's courses for education and accommodation, meals etc, when necessary. Some country students have relatives or friends in Dili where they can stay. At graduation each student receives a kit of tools. The ANZ Trustees and I have presently funded these scholarships on the basis of \$10,000. pa and I have a provision in my will that this amount of money will be available to fully pay the above (in perpetuity) when I have passed away. This sum particularly covers education, accommodation,

meals etc. **BUT** if you examine the cost of kits etc. in U.S. Dollars the line gets a bit thin. With about 80% of the Timorese unemployed AND the people desperately poor, these graduates need their kits to help them and their nation to make a new start, **SO** if you know of any organisation or people who feel they would like to help a very deserving cause then I suggest they phone or write to Jeff Litters, ANZ Trustees, GPO Box 1336, Brisbane, 4001. (ABN: 33 006 132 332), (Phone Number (07) 3228 5063). This fund is known as

Archer Memorial East Timor Scholarships

ANZ Charitable Trust Australia (1629 3835). All monies received will qualify for a

Tax Deductible Receipt.

Whilst you are already aware of most of the above I hope you like the enclosed photos. Congratulations Jack on your editorial in our September 2008 2/2nd Commando Courier – you completely hit the nail on the head.

Our two trusts are meant as a tribute and a **LIVING MEMORIAL** and as a thankyou to all these people. May God always bless them. Also enclosed is \$1,000. half for the association and half for our Independent Trust Fund. Do hope our “2/2nd Commando Courier” problems are over now.

Good health and happiness Jack.
Cheers

Ron Archer, Brisbane

Dear Ron – thank you for your very generous donation. You are to be commended for setting up and funding the Archer Memorial East Timor Scholarship Scheme.

I'm sure the 26 students who do the courses on offer each year will benefit

greatly from your scheme.
Congratulations and well done!!

J. Carey

The average price of a kit is about \$140. Members wishing to donate a kit should phone or write to Jeff Litters (see above).

RAMALA CAMP – 13TH NOVEMBER 1945 - Conclusion

Then the tragic and never to be forgotten day dawned,

“twas February 11th. 1944. At about 9.30am the siren went. Those ever on the alert went straight to the big trench. After about 30 minutes on came the bombers. We, standing near a very small trench near the house were as usual admiring them when suddenly Mother Martha shouted: “Sisters get in, they are diving!” Immediately they opened fire riddling the place with machine gunning. A few minutes later the bombs were falling all around us. The little trench, which had only a covering of about a foot of earth could not stand it and it caved in, in parts nearly burying us. We were terribly frightened but it was only when we emerged that we realized how serious things were. In the missing buildings alone, 300 Japs were killed. All our buildings, which the Japs occupied got direct hits and a trench just a few yards from our trench also got a direct hit. Ninety were killed in this trench. When we came out there were human bodies, pieces of flesh, hands, arms etc all over the place. It was gruesome. The Japs came around gathering up the remains of their comrades, but they didn't get the half of it, our children were gathering up pieces for weeks after. You can imagine the stench during this time, it was indescribable. We missionaries had a few casualties. An American brother was killed outright and 10 Fathers, brothers

and two sisters were wounded. The two sisters recovered but the others all died later. Of course we got no treatment or medicines for them from the Japs. Our laundry, kitchen, hospital and pharmacy were completely destroyed. The side of the chapel was blown away, bullets and pieces of shrapnel penetrated all our camp houses destroying almost everything that was in them. All the roof was full of holes and in many places whole sheets of iron were torn away so that we were never sure of a dry bed after that. Very few though ever slept in the house again. That first night nobody dared to remain in the house, we went early to our battered chapel, said our prayers and each taking a blanket and pillow went to the trench. It was like leaving home, we wondered if we would ever again see our house. There was not nearly enough sleeping place in the trench, so some of us slept on logs, others in tool sheds close by. With the dawning of a new day and with the strength of our Holy Mass and Holy Communion new courage filled our hearts. We took up our duties once more but of course under very altered conditions. Each day we had to rush several times to the trenches, there were several big raids daily, besides single planes dashing out of the blue at all times of the day. On the 18th we had a particularly terrifying experience. We were caught somewhat unawares, two planes shot over us machine gunning fiercely as they went. We made a wild rush to get to the trench but only about three yards from the house, we had to throw ourselves on the ground, it passed over not hurting us but the bullets fell all around us. Another few yards we rushed and fell down flat again, still we were safe, another dash madly ahead when a third plane was approaching, we lay flat again, how long those minutes seemed.

We thought we would never reach that trench alive, we reached it eventually breathless and terrified. That same night Vunapope was shelled from the war ships. It was a continuous blasting for about three hours, the noise was ear splitting. We sat praying in our trenches trusting our good angels to keep the shells away from the entrance to our trench. Sunday night a second shelling was just as terrifying, if not more so. When we would come out of the trench a magnificent, but terrible sight met our gaze. The Fathers and Brothers former house was ablaze and terrific explosions were occurring at intervals. This was supposed to be a Red Cross Hospital but those explosions were certainly not Aspro's or Aspirins going off.

The most terrible of our experiences was still in store for us. On February 29th at 9am the siren blew. We were scarcely in our trench when huge water torpedo bombs were crashing every where. The lights were extinguished by the blast of the first ones so that we were there in pitch darkness, the trench itself rocking and big clumps of soil falling everywhere, we expected to be killed this time. General absolution was given and we prayed as never we had prayed in our lives before. My word it takes bombs to teach one to pray. No Treatise of St Alphonsus Ligouri was ever more effective than those crashing monsters. Once again Our Blessed Mother and our good Angels had protected us, how grateful we will ever remain for this loving care of us all. When we could venture out what devastation we saw – huge craters every where, buildings before only damaged were now flat, truly it was a desolate scene. But we could not muse too long. There were dead animals lying about and men must be fed. We got to work gathering up what we could and

preparing it for consumption. What a task it proved. There we were out in the blazing sun, hot, weary and tired and there seemed to be no end to our work. Quite suddenly the sky changed and rain came up. It was almost a deluge and there we were again worried by the unmerciful elements. No trials were spared us that day, but we consoled ourselves with the thought of the great meal that we would have on the morrow. The morrow came but with it no respite. Quite early the bombers were over again giving us an even worse doing than on the previous day. First raid over we were about to emerge when a second group was heard and our hearts sank, our nerves were all on edge and we were almost panicking and it seemed as if they were determined not to leave us alive this time. We crushed in....and still further in as far as we could possibly go. By this time we were soaked in perspiration, our tongues parched with thirst. Down the bombs came again, in front, on and behind the trench. We prayed even more fervently than before if that were possible. We cried from the depths of our hearts, with all the strength of our soul: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee." At last 'twas over and we tried to light the lamps but could not owing to atmospheric conditions. We groped our way out and found but a desert before us, not a tree, not a blade of grass left only twisted, hideous iron and charred remains of our once beautiful mission. It was a sad, sad sight but still there welled up in our hearts, gratitude, deep, deep gratitude to the Good God who had brought us through such a terrible ordeal. In spite of all our hopes ran high, surely this was but a prelude to the arrival of our liberators. Little did we think that almost sixteen months of anxiety, suspense and deprivation were yet ahead of us. It was

afternoon when we emerged from our dark holes. The Japs had all gone to the bush, we felt free and now as our time to provide ourselves with some of their stores. (I forgot to mention that the lovely meal that we had prepared under such difficulties the previous day went up with all the rest in the bombing of the morning, our dinner for this day was a strip of coconut.) At night, the boys went over to our former houses and managed to get quite a supply of food., We got some every night whilst the Japs were away, a period of at least four weeks, so we lived high on cocoa and biscuits for breakfast each morning. For four months we lived in these trenches, we had to remain in them almost all day as well as all night, as planes would shoot out from the blue at any and every minute of the day machine gunning as they went. When there were no planes we were driven in by the hot sun or else the rain, we had no shelter. It was the deprivation of water that we suffered most from during all this time. For the days immediately following this bombing we had very little water, not even enough for drinking. Both our water supplies had got direct hits and it was only under cover of night that our boys could go to the beach to get any. Another difficulty was that we had scarcely any vessels that would hold water. Buckets, tubs and jugs were lying mangled and twisted about the grounds or else had bullet holes in them. For five days no one was able to have a wash. Just imagine this in such a climate and under those conditions. For our first wash we had one dish of water, not too big either, for forty sisters. Each sister washed her face in turn and then each washed the feet. Yes, the water was mud when it was finished. After this we got about a pint and a half of water per person every night and in this we had to wash ourselves and then

our clothes. Naturally we all got a horrible skin disease from the filth and dirt.

Air raids continued daily, we could hear the planes for about ten minutes before they reached us. Those ten minutes were an eternity and a sort of suffocating feeling would come over us, our hearts would beat at an abnormal rate and we would just huddle together, praying and waiting for the bombs to fall. Thank goodness none actually fell on our place again, but they were often still perilously near and always the same dread would seize us. It was very unpleasant sleeping on the bare ground in the trenches. It was like a furnace, we were drenched in perspiration, could scarcely get any air and we just used to lie there or sit up most of the time, waiting and longing for the morning to come. Holy Mass was said in the trench each morning and we had the comfort of Holy Communion daily, it was our one joy during all this misery, indeed without it I think many of us would not have kept our heads. Some weeks later when we had got over the first shock a Dutch sister and myself put up a small shelter and slept out. We got some planks for a bed and stole some Jap sail for the sides of the hut...it was great.

In the dug-outs opposite ours were most of the missionary sisters of the Sacred Heart together with the old and sick Fathers and Brothers. It was a terrible hole for all these sick and ailing people. Every few days we had a death, fifteen along died within a few weeks. Some of our pioneers especially had a sad end to their mission life. Old Br Deon got a fracture of his arm. (Brother was 84 years of age.) There was no accommodation for sick people not even sufficient space for all who were seeking shelter. In a small corner the suffering Brother lay patiently awaiting the end of his long and

fruitful life. Several times when the raids were on, his bed and he himself were covered with mud and soil which fell from the shaking walls. He only smiled and it was with a smile that he gave up his childlike soul to God on the 25th February. Immediately after his death Father Halt was placed in his bed. He was very ill too, and four days later he followed the Brother to his grave. His burial took place under the most miserable conditions.

During the night we had had a very heavy rain, which caused great heaps of earth and mud to fall down through the airshaft in the middle of the dug-out. The passage was almost closed and it was very, very difficult to remove the body. It was a sad sight to see the venerable remains of one of God's Priests, wrapped only in the blanket which had covered him in his last hours dragged through this mud and hastily buried a few yards from the mouth of the trench. It has to be hurried, another missionary was dying and there were planes around. Rev Br Buescher, an old brother of 73 years died a few hours later. He had passed peacefully away, quiet and silent as had been his whole life. He was buried beside Father Halt and only a few of his confreres stood beside the open grave, the Bishop had told the others to remain in the trench as the planes were machine gunning in the vicinity and might suddenly swoop over us before there was a chance to get back in again. On the night of the 9th-10th March we had two deaths within four hours of each other. Brother Ignatius had suffered long from diabetes, whilst Brother Leonard had been wounded by a machine gun bullet and in addition had contracted dysentery. Of the twelve who were wounded the eight Fathers and Brothers died but the two sisters recovered. We had lots of cases of typhus, dysentery and pneumonia. It was

always a problem to find a somewhat suitable place to place these suffering ones – in fact it was an impossibility. A sister who was dying of pneumonia had only a board 20 inches wide on which to lie. The wary patient had nowhere to rest her tired arms so the sisters would take it in turns to support their dying companion. She too was buried as she died, no religious habit, no coffin, she wore only a simple cotton dress made after our clothing was bombed and was wrapped in an old blanket. Two new cemeteries were commenced during these dreadful times, one close to the entrance to each trench, as many times it was not safe to go even from one trench to the other.

About May 20th, 1944 the Japanese authorities told us that we would have to move to another locality. We feared going out into the unknown. We had only one consolation where we were – we knew that our trenches were bomb proof. To go elsewhere where we had no such protection was frightening. However they agreed to let some brothers and work boys go ahead of us to prepare a place. We came here to Ramala in the beginning of June. It is a very deep gully through which flows a fine creek. The area allowed us was very small and all communication with outsiders was strictly forbidden. On our arrival a Jap officer read out the rules and regulations of the camp, ending up with the usual “Doxology”, anyone who infringes these rules will be shot to death”. We had plenty of water here which was a great boon but the food was very poor. We had to be self supporting as the Japs told us, and they saw to it that we were, for they gave us nothing whatever after the first three months. They gave us rice for the period because we could produce nothing from our gardens in that time. From then on we lived entirely on

vegetables and for weeks at a time we would be without any salt even to put in them. Our salt was sea water.

Japs would permit the boys to go once a week to the beach for it but when things were going bad with them they would have it out on us by refusing their permission. We loved them a lot at these times. Many times we thought that we would eventually die of starvation nevertheless we lived on it spite of it all, and indeed are very much alive today.

On August 19th, 1945, the police told us Armistice was signed. That was a day! We talked and talked, we went out to the gardens for the first time during our whole imprisonment without guards and at night nobody could sleep. Three weeks elapsed – these seemed almost the longest of our internment. Then we heard from an Indian that there were boats in the harbour and that we could expect to see our rescuers any day. We were so excited that Mother thought it necessary to give us a little advice.—“Sisters,” said Mother, “When the soldiers do arrive, there will surely be officers amongst them, who will want to make enquiries about everything. You must remember your place and not rush in an talk before you are called for. Then, too you must put your Sunday dresses on when they arrive so as to look a bit respectable.” None of us had worn stockings during our camp life, our shoes were wooden clogs made by the brothers from bush wood and our “habits” cotton dresses of all the colours of the rainbow. We were not allowed to wear anything white “We would have been shot to death if we did”, so with bark and paint and other coloured rags we had produced some of the most weird creations one could imagine. Had the AIF photographers come then they would have got some worthwhile pictures. We

all understood mother's warning and all had the best intentions in the world, but when we heard the Australian "Cooee" at the top of the hill about nine o'clock on the 13th September we all rushed like mad towards that hill, the good manners and the Sunday dresses were forgotten. What a morning that was! Everyone was talking and laughing and crying most at the same time. What questions we had to ask. How we talked and talked and could not hear enough. It seemed as if we had come back from another world and truly it had been at least another life from which we emerged – four years of silence and isolation from the rest of the world.

Since then nearly a hundred other missionaries have left for Australia in order to recuperate down there. The rest of us, hale and hearty are remaining in the hope of being able to commence our missionary work soon again.

It is lucky for us that peace came when it did. It appears that documents were round in Rabaul showing that an attack was to have been made by the Japs on Jacquinot Bay where the Australian soldiers were on the 15th August and that as soon as the troops had moved off the civilian prisoners were to be killed. Javanese soldiers told us that Japs told them (after peace of course) that we were to be put in the trenches and machine gunned. In July all the half caste families were taken away from this camp and once out they were told that something dreadful was going to happen to the missionaries. This had been the fate of one whole village of natives. One was suspected of having communication with the Australians and the whole lot, men, women and children were lined up and machine gunned.

We have also received news of the tragic deaths of many of our missionaries. The details are uncertain yet, but reports

that that Fr Harris, an Australian was taken aboard a boat, shot and thrown overboard. Fr Culhane was shot. Two fathers in New Ireland were decapitated, twelve others are supposed to have been put on a small boat, the boat sent a short distance from the shore and then blown up. Father Murphy who just arrived from Ireland before the war was shot. In Manus three of our sisters and three fathers were lined up on the beach, shot and their bodies thrown into the sea. Many fathers on isolated stations were tortured, beaten until their bodies became numb, handcuffed, left without food for days and eventually brought into our camp just because they belonged to the white race. We were moved to tears as each victim, weary and exhausted was brought in and told his sad story.

Ramale has changed. From a prison camp it has turned into quite a famous and pleasant place. We have streams of visitors every day, privates, majors, colonels and right up to generals. We have been entertained by brass bands several times and at the rate the chocolates are pouring in we should begin to look alike any day now. It is quite an experience being an ex prisoner or in other words a POW. Most of us have had letters bringing good news of home and loved ones, this has been a great joy for us.

I will finish off here. Perhaps more might be written about the war here and of our experiences during it. If so you may rest assured that I will try to get a copy of any such work that might appear and send it to you. Cheerio, in the meantime and God save Ireland!

Signed: Sr M Columba, Catholic Mission, Rabaul, New Britain.

IMPRESSIONS OF A STUDY TOUR

I was very fortunate and privileged to be invited as an interpreter and guide for a study tour group from Perth which visited Timor-Leste in October. All members of the group arrived in Dili on the 2nd of October and on October 3rd they headed to Lete-Foho sub-district where they spent one night at the Bachita Centre at Eraulo. This centre was set up in 2000 by Edi de Pina and 3 other young East Timorese who after 23 years in Perth returned to their homeland in 1999. Thanks to Edi's vision, determination, intelligence, hard work, charisma and to the help from Australian friends as well as friendly humanitarian organisations the Bachita Centre has flourished and it has been serving the Eraulo Community in many aspects.

The group arrived at Eraulo at 2.30pm and was warmly welcomed by the personnel in charge of the centre. After savouring delicious East Timorese organic coffee, cooked yam and roasted banana we joined members of the Edmund Rice Immersion group from Australia and New Zealand for a walk to Eraulo village to meet the villagers, interview or play and talk to them. From 6pm to 8pm we entertained ourselves with topics on Timor-Leste's history, culture and other issues related to the country. We actually had a lovely time with the Immersion group, but stayed there just for one night.

On the following day we drove to Funar, a remote village in the southwest of Manatuto district. Funar and Fato-Makerek are the poorest and the most remote villages of Manatuto District, but have beautiful views and are potential eco-tourism destinations when better roads link them to the main towns of the country.

We spent three days in Funar, talking to

the villagers, interviewing some of them, playing soccer, teaching a few English words of learning Tetum with the kids, visiting some families and their traditional houses. We even climbed a hill which the natives regard as sacred. The view from the top of the sacred hill is absolutely stunning. One can see the range of hills, mountains, valleys far away and the two strategic villages of Fato-Makerek and Funar where back in 1942 some 2/2nd Commando platoon members stayed! Funar has a population of nearly 1,500 people being 60% under 20 years of age. There is a primary school there attended by 270 children with 7 teachers. The school has been receiving help from the Perth based Christian Centre for Social Action in desks, pens, school bags, exercise books and other stationary. The centre is also supervising a water project for the school and the population nearby. During a short visit to the school members, the group briefed the students on many issues and encouraged them to study hard so that they might be whatever they can or want to be for a better life in the future.

From Funar we went to Baucau where we stayed another three nights. While there we visited a creche, primary and secondary schools and the Catholic Institute for Teacher Training. I was very impressed by the progress some of the Institute students had made in mastering the English language! I then learned that their English teachers and lecturers have been working tirelessly!!

We met also a young, beautiful and intelligent girl, Julieta Cabral who underwent a heart operation at Princess Margaret Hospital, in Perth two years ago. She was very happy to see us and hugged emotionally one of the visitors thanking him and Carolina Ferreira for being her interpreter, and asking him to convey her love to Dr Andrew Bullock,

his colleagues, to all the nurses and personnel from Princess Margaret Hospital.

The co-coordinator of the Christian Centre for Social Action, Peter Stewart met the Bishop of Baucau, Monsignor Basilio Nascimento who thanked him for the help so far being sent by the Centre to the Diocese Schools and said that he and the people of Lautem village are very happy and grateful to both, the Notre Dame parishioners in Belmont, Western Australia for the money raised and the team for the work they had done.

As the team puts it, at this stage the water project supplied the first safe water supply to Lautem. The high school now has their first water on site and hand pump and two rain water tanks. A local village community of 30 families also has safe water from a hand pump. The Lautem church has been fitted with a rainwater storage tank. Anyhow the project needs on going support to develop a water supply for all the community of 1,500 people from approximately 200 families.

Peter Stewart and members of the tour visited Lautem on the 9th October, before returning to Dili on the 10th.

Our last programme was a visit to "Mana Lu's" Centre some 20 kilometres south of Dili. Lourdes da Cruz was an intelligent young novice who studied in Dili and Indonesia. Attracted by Liberation Theology she read many books by Leonardo Boff, Gustavo Gutierrez, Segundo Galilea and felt that she would better set up her own religious order which is flourishing and is looking after patients and elders in quite a few health centres built by the Portuguese Government. She gets also help from

some Australian organisations and religious orders.

It was so fascinating to listen to her story from 1977 to the date her order was finally acknowledged by the Catholic Church.

I do hope that a continued generosity and supervision from the Australian friends will make a lot of difference in remote villages of Timor-Leste.

From the bottom of my heart I would like to thank Peter Stewart for inviting me to be interpreter and guide, the friendship and hospitality of Eraulo and Funar people.

A special thankyou goes also to the dedicated English teachers and lecturers of the Catholic Teachers Institute and Mana Lu.

May God and Our Lady bless and keep them all safe to carry on their good work. **Domingos de Oliveira**

THE INAUGRAL "SPARROW FORCE" 8 DAY TREK IN JULY, 2008

Comoro River junction to Betano beach.

Climbing the hills to the 3,000 metres of Mount Ramelau then making camp in its clouds was just one of many emotional highs I experienced during the inaugural 136km trek in July. "**Mana Ivonny, now you hold my hand and you walk your feet in the steps I put my feet**" –with these words Maun Arnaldo took my hand and lead me across Ramelau's northern face: a 45 degree slope of loose boulders and gravel, smoothed rocks and scrub vegetation – I held Arnaldo's hand.

With Timorese youths as our guides and helpers, we 5 trekkers trod tracks, climbed hills and waded streams, crossing the island as did **the men of the 2/2nd** in 1942. We saw stunning vistas they saw then. Perhaps we

walked in their footsteps. Food, water, clothing and camaraderie was shared with our young helpers as we tracked and camped our way to the south coast through the magnificent landscapes of Daurudo, Selo, Raimansu Kraik, Soro, Hato Udo, Cassa, Hutseo, Akarloran and Bobe to our destination Betano Suco.

Our camp on Betano beach was safe from crocodiles but not from hilarious inspections by local children declaring "Malae Bulak" (foreigners are crazy), the surprisingly timid buffalo kept their distance. We found the remains of Voyager had resisted six decades of buffeting by the sea – the locals spoke of malae visitors using tools to prise off souvenirs'.

Our return drive to Dili included sites of significance: Same, Maubisse, Aileu and especially Dare where we inspected the newly constructed Fatunaba-Dare Memorial School – we left flowers and sand from Betano under the memorial plaque.

For me, Sparrow Force Trek was the realization of a long held dream of walking the land where the sun rises. Our experience of trekking with young Timorese men was a reprise of the bond of friendship forged sixty-six years ago and which honoured 'the ties that bind'.

Yvonne Walsh

PS: Barry Gran (President) on behalf of NSW Commando Squadron sends Seasons Greetings to the interstate 2/2 Commando community.

PPS: If anyone would like information re Sparrow Force Trek, local government, training or friendship group programmes, I am happy to oblige, just send email to yvowalsh@gmail.com

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

Surely the above title is a strange one for a woman rapidly (far too rapidly) approaching her 90th birthday, but it does seem to fit to my present life style so – here goes!

I have been asked by the editor to write something about my past life and experiences, however it occurred to me that the readers of the "Courier" would unlikely to be interested in my young days – but they might just like to hear about what I am doing to my future (however long or short that might be).

After Mark died nearly five years ago I kept on living in my big house with huge lawns – I had to pay a mower to keep them immaculate – enormous garden – I had to pay a gardener to help me with that – and all in all it was a lonesome life. Most of my nice neighbours worked so that meant I rarely saw them, and after I decided against driving the car at 88 years I could not easily get out or around too much. None of my family lived close and although they all kept in frequent touch they all had their own lives and work.

And THEN – one day my son Lex suggested I should buy a little house coming up for sale in the rather new Life Style Village where he had been living for about two years. Well, I was flabbergasted. I sort of knew that I would have to move somewhere, sometime as I got older, but I kept putting off the thought of going to a retirement place. I was independent wasn't I?

I had reasonably good health didn't I? BUT – what about five or ten years down the track! Would I still be fit to live alone?

Well I went and looked at this little – and I mean LITTLE house (2 bedrooms, 1

bath as the agents put it) and fell in love with it. Everything almost brand new, sparkling white and shining – outside small lawns at every house looked after by the village administration. The water wise outside gardens maintained and watered by underground reticulation – no watering schedules to worry about, no gardening to bother my creaking back it sounded like heaven.

So, here I am – a resident of Pineview Life Style Village where, in order to live there, you are required to be at least 45 years of age or more (I just qualified for that!) I had sold my big house very quickly – it was the period of the housing boom – and bought my little dream house with my son Lex living in his house just around the corner from me – and always ready to drive me to shops, medical appointments, outings etc, etc (as the King of Siam said)!

Living in a village is such fun – there is always someone walking past or dropping in and so many activities that my days seem filled all the time.

And THEN – the amenities – all for free and used whenever you wish. A very large club house is the hub of the administration and, as well provides a huge area for social nights and activities. It houses a marvelously equipped gymnasium, a huge indoor heated swimming pool with spa and sauna, squash courts, a billiard room and library. Outdoors there are tennis courts, bowling greens even outdoor chess with huge chess pieces. At the family centre – a separate building where you can entertain family and friends – there are a children's activity room, enormous kitchen, lounge areas and barbecues, an outdoor swimming pool, a bocci green and even an area where golf enthusiasts

can practice drives and putting. During the week various club functions – craft and quilters – I forgot to mention a beautifully set out craft room which is well patronized by the many clever ladies who produce some magnificent work. I am not a member of the craft club as I am quite useless doing anything with my hands, but I am a fervent member of the bridge club. I play indoor bowls, use the pool (heated of course) and gymnasium. I also attend most of the social functions which are always being organized by the social committee – dances (yes, I dance a lot), barbecues, sausage sizzles, ragtime band events, and recently a concert which was fabulous – directed by using village members, a Remembrance Day ceremony on November 11th, a quiz night – I mustn't forget that it is next week – and I note that a class to teach belly dancing is commencing. I think I will give that one a miss – my belly is no longer fit for public viewing!

And so it goes on! I have come from becoming a rather lonely, almost house bound OLD LADY to a trendy, youngish SENIOR LADY (sounds better than "OLD" doesn't it) with hardly a moment to spare and so – for me – I feel I am living in the Fast Lane. I have many new friends (everyone is your friend in the village). The beauty of it all is that you can be as busy and active or lazy and inactive as you want to be and all this within a very small distance from where you live.

I have not mentioned that we have very good security here. An electronic gateway is in operation from 5.00pm to 7.00am each day. Village residents are provided with a special button to press if you happen to be out after 5.00pm, so – no hoons rushing around with

radios thumping – and that is a real bonus. My little house is on a corner of a boundary road and one of the little streets, so I have no houses opposite my front, instead from my kitchen window I have a lovely view of native bush land – even sometimes a glimpse of a kangaroo mother with her little joey. The bush is separated from the road by a high wire mesh security fence that does not detract from the view. At the moment a large tree growing directly opposite my window is covered with creamy white blossoms – lovely! Sometimes I sit on my front porch, wine glass in hand and watch the sun set. On a day that hosts a few clouds drifting across the western sky, the setting sun causes huge banks of red, gold, yellow, pink, indigo intermingling with bits of blue sky and produces a pallet of colour, so beautiful that once or twice I have cried – it is so lovely. Where I lived before I could not see the sun set because of all the house roofs.

I am so lucky to live where I have so many people who care about me – a son living close to me and my other son David and his wife spending every Friday with me going shopping, having a meal together. I am a lucky person to be living in my own – for me – Fast Lane – not dwelling on the past, happy as it was, but enjoying the NOW and that wonderful MAYBE!!!

Elsie Jordan

Thank you Elsie for a very interesting article – We envy you.

Editor

CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED

Dear Jack – Please excuse the lateness of Courier donation these past six months have not been the best of times for me but I do realize that many are much worse off than me healthwise and I am thankful for every little improvement and for family and friends. I caused severe damage to my Achilles tendon at the end of May, then my diabetics' medication was changed and I suffered dreadful side effects for several weeks but was put back onto previous medication and am now on the up and up. I do appreciate the walker though I do not venture far from home as yet.

Alan Luby and I keep in touch, also Bettye Coulsen and now and again Nora and Paddy Kenneally.

My sister Beryl died a few weeks back and I was not able to take the trip to Queensland for her farewell service, and our eldest daughter took my place as she lives in Brisbane.

Enjoy catching up with everyone through the Courier and send my best wishes to all.

Regards

Joan Fenwick

Dear Jack – Every time the Courier arrives I mean to write – then another three months go by and I haven't done it.

The September copy arrived this morning and I haven't even read it yet. At last my guilty conscience has caught up with me.

First of all, please accept the enclosed cheque – donation, Courier expenses whatever you want. You will know how best to use it.

I do hope you are keeping well. As you say, we are all getting rather elderly and slowing down, still the only way to keep going is just to keep going!

I seem to be fortunate so far, I still regularly go to my allotment. I have a smaller area than I did when Ian was alive, I grow more flowers and less vegetables and it really did look a very

pretty cottage garden this summer. Now, of course it's autumn and things are being cleared or moved ready to put to bed before I leave here in December.

Thank you for the offer to redirect the Courier. At present my plans are not settled so it is best to send it here as usual. I know when I'm getting to Adelaide but I may leave earlier to visit family in Melbourne or Japan. Or I may do a trip to Borneo – I'll see what is available when I get there.

Still, travelling isn't nearly so enjoyable when you are one, not a couple. I do miss Ian and find it hard to realize that it is 3-1/2 years since he died. I think often of the meal we had with you and Delys after the reunion – and that must be coming up to five years ago. Where does all the time go?

Right – I will put this ready to post, and then I will read the Courier.

Take care, All the best

Margaret Ronald, Kent, England

Dear Jack – Please find enclosed cheque towards "The Courier" or whatever.

As always I thoroughly enjoyed reading it especially Paddy Kenneally's latest trip to Timor in September's issue.

How marvelous Paddy had two of his sons and a grandson with him to show them where he had spent the best part of his youth that had left a lasting impact on his life and didn't Daniel have something different to tell his school mates regarding school holidays spent in Timor and not at the boring Gold Coast!!

Maria Hartley called in a couple of weeks ago and it was good to see her. We do keep in contact by phone but like most grandparents she has a busy life.

After reading Alan Luby had been in hospital again I phoned him. He assured me he was feeling well and sounded it. Enclosed cheque for \$50.

Regards to all

Winifred Brown

Dear Jack – Just letting you know that my mother Elsie Penglase now lives at Yallambie Hostel, 1 Fenton Street, Mundaring. 6073.

She was transferred there last year after ill health and short term memory loss but is now well and would still like to receive the 2/2 Commando Courier.

Enclosed are two donations of \$50. to go towards the Courier as we do enjoy reading all the news and interesting stories.

Please say "Hi" to the Hasson family. Great to read about their travels and also their ongoing commitment to the 2/2 family.

Always good to hear about the special projects and wonderful work being done for the Timorese people.

Recently I visited Cambodia. Another poor country trying to recover from the ravages of war. Discovered there were many Australians who not only raise money to help with schooling and living conditions etc but also donate their time volunteering by working in the orphanages and also teaching basic trade skills to adults.

Wishing you all good health and happiness.

Warm Regards

Marlene Stanley (Penglase)

Dear Jack – Thank you for sending the 'Courier'. Enclosed \$60.

I enjoyed reading the poem "Walking in New Guinea" by Robert Monk.

Do hope you and yours are all well.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Prior, Victoria

Dear Jack – Getting on to Xmas once again, time seems to go twice as fast as we grow older. Doreen and I are keeping reasonably well. Doreen had her 80th birthday a few weeks ago and daughter Carolyn organized a lovely party to celebrate the occasion.

Not much rain – or none – around the place and the ground is very dry, maybe that will change in the next month or so.

Enclosed cheque for Courier or whatever. We wish all 2/2 members, their families and friends a very Happy Xmas and all the best for 2009.

Lucky and Doreen Goodhew

Kath Press has left her home in Orange and is now in a nursing home unit in Carcoar. Her driving days are over but Kath is in good spirits and not bad shape for a 92 year old. God Bless you Kath.

Dear Jack - I trust all is well with you and our members particularly those who have battled illness for years.

There are hardly enough of us here in Sydney to warrant mention. Alan not too bad, Bill Coker similarly. I haven't a clue on how well Fred Janvrien and Doug Dixon are, me, well apart from being useless and I mean useless, I can't complain, when I say useless I mean it in the context of carrying out any tasks that require physical strength, the use of tools, climbing ladders etc, any thing to do with reading, writing, a bit of maths, history and geography and arguments, particularly arguments and I'm away in top gear. I'm going pretty well and dam all to complain about.

Cripes who would want Barack Obama's job and what he inherited from George Bush. Obama has one enormous task to tackle, apart from the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq. I wish him luck.

As for NSW we are in one hell of a mess, years of neglect in the quest to remain popular and win elections. The population of Sydney has gone from 1 million in 1945 to 4 million in 2008 and two branch suburban rail services is all that has been added to its rail service. Sydney-Newcastle, Sydney-Nowra and Sydney-Lithgow have been electrified.

Those lines were in use from way back. No new lines were required and the opposition when it wins the next State election will be no better. That's enough gloom.

The All Blacks beat us at rugby, the Irish beat us at that new fangled hybrid game, India may beat us in the cricket tests, Australia beat New Zealand in league but of course Australia looks pretty certain to win the travesty of what Rugby League calls a World Cup. Should we lose, one more loss won't matter we are becoming far too cocky. A few hard kicks on the backside could improve our attitude and manners in matters pertaining to sport.

We are keeping well, the clan is very close knit and they are in constant contact with Nora and I but also with each other.

A Joyful and Merry Christmas and a trouble free 2009 to all our members and their families.

Paddy Kenneally

Dear Jack – The usual card sending off to you to say hello and apologise for not attending the Commemorative Service in Kings Park yesterday. My thoughts were with you all yesterday, I just was not able to make it.

I am sorry because I really wanted to make it. I am so sad to hear of our great Don Murray's passing. May he have eternal rest.

Hoping you are keeping well and your family also.

I am hoping to make our Xmas get together and say hello to all friends of the famous Double Red Diamond.

Best wishes to all for a Happy Xmas – Good Health for the New Year.

Cheerio for now Jack. Take care and all the best.

Joy Chatfield

Dear Jack – Just a small donation to the funds. Guess every little helps. Thought I should just write a few lines now as

I have to go to Vision Aids next month as my sight has deteriorated too far for glasses to help but that's just a way of life when we are getting on in age I guess. I have 24 great grandchildren now, not bad for an 84 year old I guess but a bit hard on the bank account but as Eric would have said, you can't take it with you.

Hope you are still having your get togethers. I liked reading about your trips and holidays and keeping in touch with each other.

Nearly another year gone by. I would like to wish everyone a great Christmas and New Year. Early I know but who knows what may happen any time especially with all the traffic and so many idiots with heavy feet that must speed.

That's about my thoughts for today.

All the best to you all and your families.

Thanks again for the Courier.

Regards

Joyce Chapman

Dear Sir – Thank you for sending us the two “All the Bull’s Men” books which we received yesterday. They look very interesting and I guess will take a long time to read. We have bought them for our ex son-in-law and our grandson both of whom are very interested in reading any books on war experiences with all the bravery involved.

Wishing you all a very “Happy Christmas” and good luck with your big book of memories and facts.

Thanking you,

Sincerely

(Mrs) Sylvia Williams

PARS ON PEOPLE

Congratulations to **Arthur and Audrey Marshall** who celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on the 11th September. They first met at Freecorns shop in Harvey in 1946. It

was a case of love at first sight and they married 2 years later. Three boys and two girls followed and they now have 18 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren. Arthur has worked hard all his life and is still making 300 pies a week and operating his stall on the Old Coast Road selling produce including his very special orange juice. In earlier times he invented the Marshall spreader which sold well, did his money on his emu farm venture but bounced back and he and Audrey live a full life. Arthur was a former top cricketer and has a pavilion named after him for his contribution to the game. Audrey was a talented tennis player and still plays. All the kids have done well in a closely knit and loving family. Good luck to a lovely couple and God Bless you both.

Pat Campbell had the misfortune to fall and break her right hip when she slipped and fell when entering her motel in Manjimup on the morning of the 14th November. Peter who was showering at the time heard her cry out and rushed to her aid, starkers and covered in soap. He too slipped and fell finishing up in a heap close to Pat who had her second shock in just over a minute. Luckily Peter was not hurt or charged with indecent exposure. When Peter related his story to his friends, although sympathetic to Pat, everyone laughed their heads off. Peter had a grin too. Pat is now back home but it will be some time before she is 100%.

It was nice to meet up with **Barbara Payne and her daughter** at the service. A survivor, Barbara misses her Stan. She enjoyed her afternoon

tea with Geoff, his wife and Michelle and it was a good break for her.

Wilf March is back home after 5 weeks in Hollywood. A real warrior Wilf has his good and bad days but battles on. Lorraine, the lovely Lorraine, is a tower of strength despite her own health problems.

Henry Sproxtton is far from well and is in constant pain which he handles well. His friends and phone calls help him make the days more bearable.

We don't see much of the **Sadler girls** or should I say ladies these days. Mavis who is 87 still drives and keeps herself busy around the home. Blanche has given up driving and does not enjoy the best of health but does what she can and still has a good outlook on life. The Sadler families have been wonderful supporters of the Association since day one. God bless them.

John Chalwell is still in Craigcare at Melville. Olive who has not been well herself would like to visit him more often but distance and age make it difficult for her to do so. Advancing age certainly has its problems.



COURIER DONATIONS

Ron Archer, Elsie Penglase, Fred Stewart, Marlene Stanley, Joan Fenwick, Don and Ida Murray, Wyn Thomson, Margaret Ronald, Winifred Brown, Rob Crossing, Elizabeth Prior, Lucky and Doreen Goodhew, Don Bowden, Paddy and Nora Kenneally, Michael Burges, Joyce Chapman, Elsie Jordan, Mavis Broadhurst, Margaret Monk, Nora Wilson, Len Bagley, Dick Darrington, Jim Lines, Bob Smyth, Clare West.

TRUST FUND

Ron Archer	\$500.00
Margaret Ronald	\$100.00
Paddy & Nora Kenneally	\$100.00
Fred Stewart	\$50.00
Yvonne Walsh	\$60.00

Thank you all for your continued support.

BIRTHDAY BOYS

George Shiels	September	17 th	87
Tom Martin	October	5 th	92
Bob Smyth		8 th	91
Len Bagley		13 th	85
John Chawell		20 th	85
Dick Darrington		31 st	86
Bulla Tate	November	29 th	86
Leith Cooper	December	8 th	92
Les Halse		8 th	89
Kel Carthew		12 th	86
Fred Stewart		18 th	96
Paddy Wilby		19 th	87

A Happy Birthday to you all

To all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

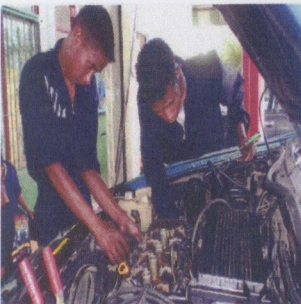
From: Evelynne, Earle, Tom, Dot and Jack.



Graduation Day Dom Bosco Technical School



Computing



Automotive



Carpentry



Welding



L-R Peter Campbell, Jack Carey, Dick Darrington, Bob Smyth, Len Bagley, Ted Monk



2008 Commemoration Service in Kings Park