



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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

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THE STILLY NIGHT

Of, in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memories bring the light, of other days around me.

These beautiful lines are the beginning of Thomas Moore's poem 'In The Stilly Night'. Now in our mid 80's plus we can relate to the words therein. Often in bed our mind takes over and memories come flooding back of boyhood days, our loved ones and friends long gone. Our 67 years together as an Army Unit and Association provide a feast of mainly happy memories. To us these are something very special so make the most of them and leave the future to the younger generation who face the challenges of the 21st century. We can only wish and hope they will do well in times ahead in this confused world of ours.

Thomas Moore, Ireland's National Poet was born in Dublin in May 1779. During his 73 years and until his death in February 1852 he wrote many beautiful lyric poems. "The Last Rose of Summer", "The Minstrel Boy", Believe me, if all those endearing young charms and "The Meeting of the Waters" are some which come to mind. Many were put to music with "The Stilly Night" a favourite with the Irish Guards Regimental Band.

J. Carey

**VALE – BERNARD LANGRIDGE -
WX12984**

Bernie was born on the 3rd March, 1917 at Maddington in Western Australia. He was the third child of Barton and Dorothy Langridge who arrived from England on the 12th March, 1912 and finally had eleven children. The family lived on a small farm at Picton until 1926 when they moved to Donnybrook a country town 210kms south of Perth. At first Donnybrook was a timber town but the decline in the industry turned many settlers to farming and horticulture. Bernie began his schooling at Newlands, a small town 4 miles from the farm. Transport being in a horse drawn sulky or buggy driven by the older members of the family. A few years later there were 5 Langridges to go to school, this was the capacity of the transport, so Newlands school was abandoned and the pupils were enough to get a Government school with the teacher living with the family. Here Bernie spent the rest of his school years. He was often called away from school to help out on the farm and this continued until he left school at 15. Later in life he mentioned that poor schooling was a very common problem with country people.

He carried on doing farm work and spent a couple of years in the 25th Light Horse Regiment, part time training. This was in his early twenties. In May 1941 he enlisted in the A.I.F, volunteered for the Hush Hush Group and eventually becoming an original member of the 2/2nd Independent Company formed in July 1941. He became a Lance Corporal in No. 3 Section of A platoon under Clarrie Turner in Timor. Bernie was a conscientious soldier and was well liked by his section mates. Bill Rowan

Robinson who served with Bernie in the Light Horse for 3 years became a life long friend of Bernie's and was also in 3 Section.

He was promoted to Corporal in the New Guinea campaign and his soldiering ability resulted in Bernie becoming a Sergeant by the end of that campaign. He developed a severe thrombosis in his left leg during the New Britain campaign and as a result was hospitalized for some months until December 1945. He was discharged from the Army in January 1946.

When he returned to Donnybrook his father's farm was offered to the Land Settlement Scheme for Soldiers Settlement. Bernie bought 160 acres of the underdeveloped end of the mark for 1,100 pounds thus becoming owner of a small farm with no house and no shed, but did have 5 acres of apples he had planted when the war broke out. A strong man and not afraid of work Bernie set about clearing some of his land and planting fruit trees and built a shed which was his home until material for a house became available. This was in 1947-48 and lasted for the next few years.

A single man Bernie was in Perth in early 1948 when he bumped into, of all people, Dr McInerney (now deceased) our M.O. in New Guinea. They got talking and the Doc said to Bernie "come up to my ward there's 4 lovely nurses and you never know your luck". Bernie accepted. His eyes rested on an attractive lass, one Gladys Crawford and Bernie was smitten. Two years later in January 1950 they were married and spent 58 happy years together. It was certainly Bernie's lucky day when he

bumped into the Doc and was good for a laugh later on in life when the story was retold.

We have heard the term "Green Fingers". Bernie went one step higher, he had magic hands. During his 30 years at Donnybrook by sheer hard work combined with his magic touch he built up a beautiful property. He experimented with great success, especially with apples. He went on to become President of the Rural Potato Growers Association, President of the Fruit Growers Association of Donnybrook, Vice President of the WA Fruit Growers Association and later a delegate to the Australian Fruit Growers of Australia. He and Babs were blessed with a lovely family of 3 boys, Kim, Lex and David and twin girls Gem and Erica, all of whom have done well in life. Eleven grandchildren added to their joy.

Bernie and Babs sold up and moved to Boyanup in mid 1977 buying a small cattle farm and living in a caravan for six months while their house was built. After 6 years in 1983 they moved to Mandurah where they remained until 2001 when they moved to the Collier Retirement Village in Como.

Bernie's backyard at Mandurah was always a pleasure to see. He grew successfully just about every type of fruit you could mention finally settling for grapes which were delicious.

Bernie and Babs were great supporters of the Association and the Mandurah 2/2nd. They attended many safaris and Bernie, a Life Member was President in 1991 and 1992 and served on the committee for a number of years. His counsel was often sought and acted upon.

Bernie's health deteriorated in his latter years and after his great 90th birthday party he had a few falls and became very frail. He passed away peacefully in Hollywood Hospital in the early hours of Friday 18th April with Babs and the family at his bedside. He was 91.

So passed a fine man and a great Australian. Whatever Bernie did he did

well.

May he Rest in Peace

Bernie's funeral service was held on Thursday morning 24th April. The Association was represented by Helen Poynton and Julie Ann, Linda Laughton, Bob Smyth, John Burrridge, Keith and Val Hayes, Colin Hodson, Jack Carey, Tom Foster, Paddy and Victor King.

Tom Foster spoke on behalf of the Association and Jack Carey said "The Ode".

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to Babs and all the family on Bernie's passing.

Lest We Forget

VALE – ROBERT ANDREW (DUSTY) STUDDY - WX 10110

Members, especially those sigs still on deck will be sorry to hear of the passing of Dusty on 24th April. Robert always known as Dusty from school days, was born in Sydney on the 15th August, 1918. He had one sister who is now deceased. His family moved to Midland in WA in the early 1920's where his father became caretaker of the Helena Vale Racecourse, now a housing site. It was at school that he received his nickname. One bright spark dropped the D out of Studdy and rearranged the other 5 letters and came up with Dusty, a name he retained until his death.

Kim Paterson who married Dusty's niece Robin took Dusty under his wing and saw to it that Dusty was well cared for in his latter years. Speaking at his funeral service Kim said "Dusty was a figure straight out of a Henry Lawson story and an Aussie through and through. Dusty lead a simple life leaving whoever was in his presence with a smile on their face. A man going through life satisfied and partaking in whatever was presented – no raised voices – no envy – but by no means a wishy washy personality". A

nice tribute indeed.

Dusty enlisted in the AIF in December 1940 and volunteered for the hush hush group and was accepted and finished up becoming a member of the Signals Section of 30 under John Rose. The sigs were a great group and played a vital part in the 2/2nd operations especially in the Timor campaign. Dusty loved the army life. He had a great sense of humour and revelled in the ribbing which goes on when a group of soldiers get together. In his book Col Doig tells the story of when Dusty was stationed at Ainaro in June 1942 and used to go to the mission and hear the BBC news at night and then come back and retell it to sections in nearby posto's on the partyline. Dusty would start off by saying "In Britain today the navy sank 2 warships or 2 destroyers etc. The sig at the end of the line would kid he was deaf and Dusty would be asked to repeat it 2 or 3 times until his patience gave out whereupon he would let out a full throated roar followed by a heap of expletives. The local boys would roar with laughter at Dusty's response. After the Company returned to Australia he had a short leave and began training again at Canungra. In March 1943. Dusty and Paddy Kenneally were involved in an accident when a truck which they were in turned over. Gordon Mulqueeny was killed and Dusty and Paddy were seriously injured. Happy Greenhalgh who was thrown clear said he thought Dusty was gone when he first saw him soon after the accident. Somehow he survived as did Paddy. As a result Dusty did not return to the Company in New Guinea until late in 1943. On the Jappa patrol, early in 1944, which lasted 3 weeks Dusty had a very severe attack of haemorrhoids which caused him great discomfort and pain but he refused to return to base and saw the patrol out. He was a tough man and remained as a Sig until we broke up in New Britain. During his long spell in hospital after his

accident he learnt to crochet and became very good at crocheting rugs which he continued to do in civilian life. To this day many of our ladies have Dusty's rugs. I know I have still got two and that Dely's loved them.

As a youth Dusty worked for a time on the Marda Thuna Station in the Gascoyne region. He liked the north and after the war did seasonal work usually April to September at the Wyndham, Derby and Broome meatworks for many years. He drove his own car from Perth to the abattoirs and claimed he was one of the first to do so. He also worked at the Midland workshops and the State Electricity Commission at various times.

He loved sport and played football in his early days and later became quite good at bowls. He was a great supporter of cycling on the Midland track. A keen Swan Districts supporter. He enjoyed going to the footy and was not afraid to let fly when he thought the umpiring was crook. Dusty never married and lived in Bayswater for many years.

He suffered a bad attack of shingles in his seventies which gave him hell for many years. He was a loyal and well known member of the Association and was a Life Member. He is fondly remembered for his humorous monologues which he was always called to perform in the days when our annual reunions were pretty boisterous affairs. The 'Midnight Handicap' and 'Blowing out the Candle' always had us in stitches.

He was a great bloke.

Dusty was well looked after at the Mertonne Village at Bassendean and later at the John Bryant House run by the United Church Homes where a more fragile Dusty was well cared for with great affection. He died peacefully in Charles Gairdner Hospital on 24th April, aged 89.

Kim Paterson conducted his funeral service which Bob Smyth, John Burrige,

Keith Hayes and Jack Carey attended. Jack said 'The Ode'.

Our sympathy is extended to his loved ones and with special thanks to Kim Paterson and Robin who looked after Dusty with care and affection in his final years.

Lest We Forget _____ J. Carey

VALE – GEORGE PARKER OBE - NX34821 14.05.2008

Dear Mr Carey – I am writing to you as you are no doubt aware of my dear father's passing (93) recently. It gave myself and other family great comfort that Mr Russ Blanch of Bangalow was able to attend his funeral at Ballina on the 20th May as a representative of the unit. Also in attendance was Mr Alan Luby's niece from Ballina. Happy Greenhalgh, while unable to attend has suggested that I write a brief precis of my father's life after the war for the interest of your readers.

As George was an accidental member of your unit in East Timor, having originally started in West Timor and was found by the 2/2 Company in East Timor and ended up being evacuated with your unit. Many of your men may have lost contact with him thereafter.

After Timor Captain Parker was sent to the 7th division and served with the 7th from the invasion of Lae until the end of the war.

On his return to Sydney, George married and had 3 kids and he then moved to French's Forest (Sydney) in about 1954 and was working as an electrical sign contractor. George planned to retire to the north coast of NSW to where his 2 sons had moved some years earlier. The sudden and unexpected death of his wife Gerry in 1984, hastened this move and by 1985 he was established at Broadwater, NSW.

He loved bushwalking and soon was the president of the bushwalkers club. He also loved collecting orchids and had

a good knowledge and appreciation of nature.

By 2001 the ravages of age had begun to take its toll and George was unable to get sufficient help at home as he was classed as being in a remote area. He was reluctantly forced to move to Ballina ex services home. He settled in well and as was his attitude 'made the most of it'. The home has a beautiful setting adjacent to the Richmond River and within sight of the sea. It has the most lovely views and is next to parkland where his grandchildren played often during visits. He enjoyed his daily walk(s) until the end.

George died peacefully after dinner one evening after returning to his room.

Thanks

Noel Parker

Captain George Parker and a group of 8th Division Sigs arrived in Koepang in January 1942 to provide the intercommunications for the brigade with Brigadier Veale taking charge of operations. He was with Brigadier Veale's small party comprising Major Cape, Captain Arnold Neave plus the brigade's batman who eventually joined up with the 2/2nd. A capable sig officer along with 'Joe' Loveless, Keith Richards, Jack Sargeant, 'Saus' Liversidge, Don Murray, Harry Botteriks, 'Happy' Greenhalgh, Gordon Stanley and others with an element of luck, ingenuity and determination succeeded on the 19th April of making contact with Australia. In his book Colin Doig wrote 'George Parker' for the impress of his personality to get the overall team to work also must merit high praise. After Timor George went on to become a Lieut. Colonel in charge of the 7th Division Sigs in the New Guinea Campaign in 1943/44. While at Nabzad he flew down to our headquarters at Faita to catch up with the "the Bull" and met some of the Sigs he got to know well in Timor.

George enjoyed the Courier and the

occasional visits of Happy Greenhalg. He was a fine man and a good soldier. The Association extends its sincere sympathy to his family.

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

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

Joyce Smith, widow of Bob, passed away on the 7th April a few weeks short of her 80th birthday. She had not been well for the past few years but remained active and retained her keen sense of humour to the end. Bob and Joy were great supporters of the Association and attended a number of safaris. Harry Handicott and Snow Went attended her funeral on our behalf.

Mary McKenzie, widow of Gerry, passed away peacefully on the 15th April at the age of 89. A nursing sister for many years Mary and Gerry were loyal and generous members of the Association. Mary was made an Honorary Life Member of the Association in 1986 and helped out with the Courier in the years of Arch Campbell and later when Len Bagley and Betty held the reins. Jack Carey attended her funeral.

Daphne Friend, widow of Albie, died on 11th May aged 80. Albie and Daphne spent many years at Carnarvon and raised a loving family of 2 sons and 3 daughters which grew into 14 grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren. Albie and Daphne always enjoyed the Courier and were generous to the Association. Jack Carey represented the Association at her funeral.

To the Smith, McKenzie and Friend families the Association extends its deepest sympathy on the loss of their loved ones.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to the Bagley Family, Erika, Len and Gavin on the passing of Fred (Len's brother) who died in Canberra in April from cancer at the age of 80. Fred

always took a keen interest in the 2/2nd and was on the committee with Ron Morris and others for the very successful safari held in Canberra in 1998.

A SAD ANNIVERSARY

July 1st marks the 66th Anniversary of the sinking of the Montevideo Maru off Luzon in the South China sea by a US Submarine operating from Fremantle. The vessel with 853 POW's and 205 civilians, crammed below deck, sank in 6 minutes and all were lost. The 2/2nd Battalion and 1st Independent company made up the bulk of the POW personnel. The discovery of the Sydney and its gallant crew brought some comfort for those who lost their loved ones. Sadly such will not be the case of those who went down on the Montevideo Maru. Please remember them in your prayers.

LEST WE FORGET

ANZAC DAY REPORTS

TIMOR

We landed in East Timor Gerald, Sean, Daniel and myself on 21.04.2008. We travelled extensively over and across the mountains twice, along the south coast from Same to Zumbai and along the north coast from Batugade to Baucau. We were in Dili for Anzac Day. We didn't attend the Dawn Service in Dili. We attended a service at our Memorial site at Fatunaba. Kirsty Sword Gusmao (the Prime Ministers Australian wife) made all the arrangements for this service. AWG (Australian War Graves) restored the site for the occasion. Army engineers carried out the work.

The site was a pleasure to behold, the concrete shelter, painted, the wall in which our plaque is embedded restored to its former grandeur. The scenery that meets the eye from the site is beyond compare. A fitting venue to remember our departed comrades and the courageous people of East Timor who died and suffered so much

for the help they gave to us in the dark days of 1942. The dignitaries attending the service to pay their respects to our departed comrades and our staunch Timorese friends were thoughtful participants in this service. Australia was represented by Warren Snowdon, a minister in the current government, the Australian Ambassador to East Timor, a Royal Australian Naval Commander and a Major from the Australian Army. The Portuguese Ambassador represented Portugal. The Commander of the Timorese Military represented East Timor. The media was present and various people on different assignments to East Timor including a Japanese researcher on Japanese Military occupation 1942-1945. Rufino was amongst those present, immaculately dressed, ramrod straight, a green beret and double red diamond colour patch accompanied by some of his grandchildren.

Pupils from the local school provided the entertainment. In fact, children and the future for hope and peace for the world was the message spelt out by this service. It's about time we found other methods of settling our differences. Slaughtering young men and killing innocent people to win wars doesn't seem to have achieved much except leading to more slaughter, death and destruction.

Paddy Kenneally

ANZAC DAY 2008 – WESTERN AUSTRALIA

A crisp still morning saw a crowd of over 30,000 at the Dawn Service in Kings Park on Anzac Day.

Peter Epps, as he has done for many years laid a beautiful red double diamond wreath on our behalf. At the SAS Regiments Dawn Service in Campbell Barracks attended by two of our ninety year old veterans Bob Smyth and John Burridge. Bob laid a wreath of equal beauty. Bob and John have been regulars for many years. Our sincere thanks to Peter, Bob

and John for a job well done.

Blessed with a lovely day the march went off really well. We were close up behind the Midland Brick Brass Band, a good one at that and kept in step throughout the march. A large and generous crowd gave all who marched an enthusiastic reception. It was great. Neil Barnett carrying the Australian Flag led our group of combined Commando Squadrons. He was followed by flag bearers Justin Chalwell 2/2nd, Ben Clayton 2/5th, veteran Dick Reddell 2/6th and Greg Sells 2/8th proudly bearing their respective Double Diamond flags. Veterans who marched were Bob Smyth and Jack Carey 2/2nd, "Speed" Jones 2/3rd, Ron Dearlove 2/4th, Harold Durant 2/5th and Bert Baron 2/8th. Our ranks were strengthened by mums, sons, daughters, grandchildren. **G o d Bless Them**

Helen Poynton was there with her grandchildren, Jacob, Beth and Rory, Olive Chalwell marched with her 2 grandchildren, Josh and Emma, plus regulars in Nerine, Christine, Mick Press, Geoff Payne, Joe Rose from Queensland, Tom Foster Jnr, John Denman with Laraine and young Lachlan (who again walked tall) and others whose names escape me.

All enjoyed the occasion..

Vince Swann, John Burridge, Dick Darrington, Tom Foster and Jim Lines who were unable to march enjoyed the mini bus which Peter Epps once again kindly provided. Peter also provided drinks on the Esplanade prior to the Leagues service began. What would we do without him. Thanks Peter.

The luncheon at the Goodearth hotel was attended by 35 and was a most enjoyable function. For 60 years (1946-2006) our Anzac Day function was restricted to males. When our ranks dwindled to little more than a handful, in 2007 the ladies were invited. The benefit of this was evident at this years luncheon. Bob Smyth, Dick Darrington, Tom Foster, Vince Swann, Jim Lines and Jack

Carey were the only veterans present but the ladies with their families and friends brightened up the proceedings. Speeches were kept to a minimum with President Jack welcoming all and Bob proposing a toast to the SAS Regiment who were represented by Major Greg Daly and Captain Peter Shaw with Greg responding to the toast. It was an honour to have two fine looking men who both have had their share of active service in the war zones.

Evergreen John Burridge entertained us all with his rendition of two old favourites, "The Tattooed Lady" and "The Guinea Pig Song". The Good Earth staff put on a nice luncheon – we have been eating there for 19 years now and it is good value.

Helen Sheehan (Jack's daughter) with her party of five were accorded a special welcome. Helen had a good chat with John Burridge who was the officer in charge of Jack's No. 8 section. Incidentally John is the sole survivor of the original 20 members of his section. Helen made the trip from Kalgoorlie for the day.

Anne Green and son Rohan, Ross and Linda Laughton, Geoff Payne, Mick Press, Oliver Jones, Dick Reddell, Blair Emery, Tom Foster Junior, Julie Ann, Helen and Aaron, Rhian with family, Rory, Jacob, Beth, Kate and Chloe – all whose presence was noted and appreciated.

So ended our 63rd Anzac Day – of fond memories.

ADELAIDE, SA

Dear Jack – another year has passed, the Anzac Day March in Adelaide was conducted in fine weather with about 40,000 people lining the streets.

The Commando Association had 6 members, 2 from the (2/2), 1 from (2/3) 2 from (2/9) 1 from (2/6).

Bob Williamson and Kel Carthew the two from the 2/2nd, Mo Hancock 2/3rd was the

leader of the Association, Eddie Elstron 2/9. President of the Association, Frank Shaw 2/9, Ron Minge 2/6 and we also had the son of Howard (Karl) Marks. He said he would like to be included in the Courier distribution list. His particulars are – Mr Richard Marks, 43 Livingstone Avenue, Prospect, South Australia. 5082.

He has just returned to South Australia from the Eastern States after 35 years. He knew Bob Williamson, as Bob and Howard were very good friends, so Richard marched for his father alongside Bob.

The Z&M Association had about 10 people, 2 in wheelchairs and 1 with a walker. One of the men in the wheelchair has had 3 knee operations and still no good. The thing about this is he was a doctor and referred himself to a surgeon, not a very good referral I must say. Today the 26th April we are having rain, first for a long time. The nearly dead lawns will now show some green tinges.

I received a phone call from Alan Luby who gave me all the news from NSW and also the sad news of the passing of one of the stalwarts of the Unit and Association in Bernie Langridge.

I will close now. Wishing all members, wives, widows and widowers all the best.

Lee Carthew, Andrews Farm, SA

MANDURAH, WA

The Dawn Service was very well attended including many young couples with children as well as the older generations. Mandurah's War Memorial is very appropriate for the occasion. The Memorial is adjacent to the water and has quite ample grassland around and plenty of parking space.

The march was overwhelmingly supported. The second world war veterans marched as a group this year

as their members are dwindling which is to be expected.

The 2/2nd's were represented by the King and Howell families and some friends of the Howells. 13 in all. We marched behind the 2nd world war contingent with the 2/2nd banner held high by Jonny Howell (Bill's grandson) and his (Bill's son) Ross. The wreath (annually donated by Paddy King (Charlie's son) was laid by Ray Howell (Bill's son) and Ray's children Jonny and Cassie.

Elvie Howell, Mandurah, WA

PRESIDENTS REPORT – YEAR ENDED 2007

The year 2007 our 62nd as an Association has come and gone – how quickly it seemed to pass. Our ranks were further diminished with the passing of 3 members and 12 of our lovely ladies – God Bless them. Our numbers stand at 70 members Australia wide and 116 wives and widows. In line with my policy of keeping committee meetings to a minimum only one was held, this being in September. Old age, travel and parking problems were overcome by the phone and email and I can assure you it works. At our only meeting two important decisions were made. The first being that we endeavour to keep the Association going until December 2010. This means 12 more Couriers – will we make it? God only knows.

The second decision was the appointment of a Trusteeship of three people to ensure our affairs will be taken care of when we call it a day. Mrs Jenny Beahan (Ray Aitken's daughter), Mr John Burridge Jnr and Mr Peter Epps have kindly accepted our invitation to be trustees. All have had close ties with the Association for many years. Jenny has a lawyer friend who will set up the terms of the Trusteeship. The copyright of our book is something which will need to be protected. Your Executive is confident our Association's affairs will

be in good hands.

Four issues of the Courier were produced in 2007, details of which appear in the Editorial Report. Reports for the Trust Fund and Unit History Book Fund are also in this Courier.

It has not been an easy year for me. The loss of Delys leaves me lost for words, but life goes on. I am grateful for the help given to me by many people in the Association. For instance, I have been assured that at our Commemoration Service in November the sons and daughters of members, some no longer with us will have a major role in its running. The response by our ladies and friends to our social functions in 2007 was excellent and I'm sure it will continue.

I would like to thank my committee for their support in the past year. My Vice President, Don Murray, though far from being a well man has been most helpful and he and Ida kindly made their home available for our only meeting. Dorothy Maley has been a capable and dependable secretary while Elvie Howell in providing a place in her home to store our books solved a big problem for us. Having two ladies on a committee is a big plus, that I can assure you.

Dick Darrington, the ever reliable Dick is always there to help out as is Colin Hodson despite health problems. My thanks to Bob Smyth, John Burridge and Bart Mavrick for their continued good work on the Trust Fund. Bob deserves great credit for the success it has achieved since 1991.

Though we have now slowed down to a walk I am confident we can handle 2008 ok. Our future is sound and with ordinary luck our 63rd year as an Association should be a good one.

God Bless, J. Carey

FINANCIAL REPORT

Reviewing the three accounts namely the General, Trust Fund and Unit History

reveals we are in a reasonably sound position. This is mainly due to the two \$20,000. legacies from the Thompson and Aitken Estates, without them we would have been broke.

The General account shows a credit balance of \$2,456. as at 31.01.2008 some \$2,020 more than that of 31.01.2007. This is entirely due to the \$4,000. transferred from the Book account which in turn was Legacy money loaned to write the book. It costs about \$8,000. to run the Association each year. \$5,600 (70%) of which is the cost of the 4 Couriers. If the Association lasts the 3 years we should have enough funds on hand to cover costs for that period.

The Trust Fund account with a balance of \$777. has run out of money. Donations to the fund as to be expected were only \$1,150. To keep the fund going monies will need to be transferred from the Book Fund account which as mentioned was Legacy funded anyway.

I am sure Ray Aitken and Len Thomson who each made grants of \$20,000. would have wanted their legacies to go to the East Timorese in the main so any money required by the Trust Fund will be available as needed.

UNIT HISTORY BOOK

Financial details are covered under a separate report. Sales since the launch total \$92,513. of which \$6,500. has been for postage and packing costs.

It is incumbent on us to sell the remaining 600 as quickly as possible.

Our Willetton box has proved a winner as the box is cleared daily and monies banked promptly.

J. Carey

EDITORIAL REPORT

Four Couriers were produced and every effort was made to maintain a good standard for each issue. The loss of Delys left a big gap in the editorial staff and this has called for a greater effort to maintain the standards she set. The 4 issues cost \$5,649. an average of \$1,417. per issue

while donations totaled \$4,412. Donations were down \$900. in the previous year but this was to be expected as our numbers fall away. Over the years our members have been wonderfully generous with their donations for which we are forever grateful. As already mentioned we plan to produce 12 more Couriers.

One problem which has arisen is the shortage of copy. An article in the March Courier will hopefully solve this problem.

I would like to thank those members who contribute articles regularly to the Courier in Paddy Kenneally, Ron Archer, Happy Greenhalgh, Margaret Monk, Ken Carthew, Mavis Broadhurst and Alan Luby.

Also those involved with the production in Evelynne Collins, Earle Seubert, Tom Vanderveldt and Maureen Baker.

It is a great little paper – let's make sure it continues to be so.

J. Carey

UNIT HISTORY BOOK REPORT

As at 31.01.2008 we had sold 1,400 books (70%) of the total 2,000 printed leaving 600 more to sell.

The sale of 286 books in the past year, while a satisfactory effort, proved to be a very hard sell. The committees decision to write to all the main library centres in Australia, some 430 covering 950 libraries in all, produced a very disappointing result with only a handful bothering to reply. We discovered women librarians are by nature not very interested in WAR HISTORY books and place a low priority when it comes to ordering these type of books. Those few who did, preferred to pay \$30. more for our book from their dealers rather than buy from us for \$30. less. By phoning libraries direct which Ed Bourke did in Victoria we managed to sell one or 2 more. Undeterred we intend to try again this year. \$86,000 of the \$100,000. outlaid to produce 2,000 books has been banked and with 600 books valued at \$36,000. on

hand we have done pretty well since our book launch in April 2006.

If all our readers could sell one book each to the local library or a friend it would be a big help. Please think about it.

J. Carey

INDEPENDENT TRUST REPORT

Year Ending: 31.01.2008

The past 12 months activities included the distribution of the previous seed shipment, which had been handicapped by the ongoing outbreak of public violence.

Our funds covered a further order of 4 x 5,000 varieties. 9,500 packets landed in Dili coinciding with the more recent civil upheaval.

The balance of the shipment is anticipated to arrive in 3 weeks. Six months lead-time is necessary to record our requirements with our supplier Yates, who source their wholesale stock from overseas seasonal areas. There will likely be a small cost increase in further deliveries.

In 1991 the Association had recorded diminishing membership, secretary Jack Carey suggested that a final effort be made to send a message to the indigenous East Timorese that the Australian soldiers they helped in 1942 have not forgotten them.

Though not an original of the 2/2, I accepted the appointment to set up and administrate the Trust. Eventually I was joined by John Burridge, Keith Hayes and later by Ross Shen. Thanks to them for their most effective participation and thanks again to all contributors to our fund over the last 16 years.

Sadly hundreds of thousands of dollar value of donated goods were destroyed by the rampaging Indonesians and their militia followers after independence was won.

In recent years our adoption of the vegetable seeds programme has resulted in more than 60,000 packets of seeds

having been widely distributed amongst the villages.

Mike Gallagher, Northern Territory Govt representative for East Timor and our voluntary Liaison Operator has as usual negotiated clearance and distribution during periods of unrest. Mike Gallagher was made a Life Member of our Association following Jack Carey's suggestion.

I am retiring and relinquishing my position as Chairman and Administrator of the Independent Trust with the approval of our President and this general committee. Bart Mavrick will take over for a duration measured by available funds and the breathing ability of its remaining members.

Bart is past president of the SAS Association of Australia, also the organizer and head administrator of last year's most successful SAS Fifty year's celebrations, which attracted members from Australia wide.

Whatever path the Trust may follow we can be assured that with Bart at the helm it will be in most capable hands. Thank you Bart.

R N Smyth, O.A.M.

TRUST FUND, OUR NEW CHAIRMAN

A brief outline of my background. Born in Dwellingup WA in 1948. Spent time in Harvey and Fremantle as a youngster and joined the Army when I was seventeen. I applied for and was accepted into the SAS Regiment in 1967 and after some rushed training was off to Vietnam in February 1968 at the ripe old age of nineteen. My first trip to SVN was as a patrol signaler. I got out of the army for a short time but found I missed the mate ship and re-enlisted. Returned to SAS and was promoted to Corporal as patrol 2ic and headed back to Vietnam in February 1970. On return to Australia I was promoted to Sergeant and remained in the SAS until 1980 and was then posted to the Parachute School as a

AUDITORS REPORT

To The Members

2/2nd Commando Association

I have examined the Statements of Receipts and Expenditure for the Association for the year ended 31st January, 2008 showing closing balances of \$2,456.16 for the General Account, \$776.78 for the Independent Trust Fund, \$12,186.00 for the Unit History Book Fund and a Term Deposit of \$10,000.

In my opinion the Statements have been correctly drawn up in accordance with the books and records produced to me. I have not been in a position to physically check Unit History Books on hand.

E Smyth

03.03.2008

GENERAL ACCOUNT

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURE	
BALANCE AS AT 31.01.2007	425.81		
Courier Donations	4,412.00	Couriers (4)	5,649.17
Social Events	600.00	Social Events	1,354.50
Ex History Book A/c	4,000.00	PO Box Rental	172.00
Victorian Branch	140.28	Funeral Notices	68.97
Ex Thompson Estate	800.53	Listening Post	50.00
Bank Interest	4.18	Commemoration Serv	362.00
		Capitation Fee ACA	25.00
		Anzac Day	120.00
		Admin Fees	125.00
	<u>9,956.99</u>	Balance 31.01.08.	<u>2,456.16</u>
	<u>10,382.80</u>		<u>10,382.80</u>

Independent Trust Fund**Statement of Receipts & Expenditure Year Ending 31.01.2008****Receipts****Expenditure**

Balance as at 31.01.07.	6,867.78		
Donations	1,150.00	Purchase Seeds	7,275.50
Bank Interest	<u>34.50</u>	Balance: 31.01.08	<u>776.78</u>
	<u>1,184.50</u>		<u>8,052.28</u>
	<u>8,052.28</u>		

UNIT HISTORY BOOK FUND**STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE YEAR ENDING 31.01.2008****Receipts****Expenditure**

Balance as at 31.01.07	8,783.64		
Sale of Books	19,315.45	Box Rental	115.00
Bank Interest	1.35	Cartons & Satchels	980.50
		Postages	818.85
		To General Account	4,000.00
		Investment	10,000.00
	<u>19,316.80</u>	Balance: 31.01.08	<u>12,186.09</u>
	<u>28,100.44</u>		<u>28,100.44</u>

Books sold to date 1,400 (70%) **\$92,513.75 Gross**

Books on Hand 600

\$10,000. invested 01.11.2007 for 7 months @ 6.55%pa

Warrant Officer Instructor.

I left the army again in 1981 and worked as an Ambulance Officer with St John Ambulance for the next twelve years and then worked for Alcoa Australia at the Pinjarra Refinery.

In 1999 I took up the position of the President of the WA Branch of the SAS Association and this is where my relationship with the 2/2nd started. One of my most memorable occasions was the trip to East Timor with Bob Smyth, Ray Aitken, Tom Foster, Keith Hayes, John Burrridge and Paddy Keneally. A fine group of men and I felt very privileged to be with them.

The last couple of years up until September last year had been pretty busy with organising the 50th Anniversary of the SAS and great to see some members of the 2/2 attending.

I feel very privileged and honoured to be invited onto the East Timor Trust and look forward to carrying on your legacy to the people of East Timor into the future.

Bart Mavrck

NB: We can consider ourselves fortunate to have such a capable person taking over from Bob. **J. Carey**

AGM 2008

Our Annual General Meeting was held at the home of Don and Ida Murray in Mandurah on the 11th March last.

Present: Mesdames Dorothy Maley, Ida Murray, Elvie Howell, Helen Poynton.

Bob Smyth, John Burrridge, Don Murray, Dick Darrington, Bart Mavrck, Len Bagley and Jack Carey.

There were 8 apologies.

The reports tabled at the meeting are appearing in the current Courier.

The Executive elected for the coming year is -

President	J Carey
Vice President	D Murray
Secretary	Mrs D Maley

Editor/Treasurer	J Carey
Auditor	E Smyth
Committee	Mrs E Howell, R Darrington & Colin Hodson

General Business

Mr Bob Smyth advised the committee he was retiring from his position as Chairman of the Trust Fund, a position he has held since the Trust was first formed early in 1992. A period of 16 years.

Bob's decision was accepted with great regret by the committee. A motion by Mr Burrridge, seconded by Mr Murray that "a vote of thanks be recorded in the minutes for the outstanding contribution Bob has made to the Trust Fund and the people of East Timor during his years as Chairman". The motion was carried unanimously with applause.

Bob recommended that Mr Bart Mavrck who recently joined the Trust Fund be invited to take over the Chairmanship of the Fund. Bart had indicated he was willing to do so if invited. The committee agreed to Bob's recommendation and Mr Mavrck was duly appointed to the position of Chairman with applause. Mr Mavrck said he was looking forward to his new challenge.

Mr John Burrridge who has been a member of the Trust Fund since its inauguration said now he was 90, he would be standing down. Mr Mavrck said if he needed any help he could obtain it from members of the SAS Regiment.

Regarding money needed for future seed shipments the committee agreed it would be provided from the legacies from the Aitken and Thompson estates.

The committee decided to increase the charge on our functions from \$20. to \$25. per head in future. The luncheon charge is \$25. and the refreshment charges will be met by the Association.

Anzac Day arrangements were well in hand and Mr Peter Epps had kindly arranged a mini bus for the non marchers again this year.

Mr Carey said Mrs Jenny Beahan, now a Trustee for the Association would ask a lawyer friend to prepare a Constitution for the Trustee Ship. Mr Peter Epps and Mr John Burrige were the other two members of the Trust.

Following the meeting Ida and the ladies provided a lovely light luncheon for which we were most grateful.

Dorothy Maley, Secretary.

TIMOR NEWS

Finally, after 12 months since Jack Carey suggested that I write to the Courier from Timor, I have put finger to keyboard so to speak.

Since January 2007 I have been based in Baucau about 85km east of Dili in a straight line. The road is about 120km to the Falintil-Forsa Defesa Timor Leste (F-FDTL or Timorese Defence Force) base in which I live and the road trip takes between 2.25 hours and 3 hours. I work and live with a team of four others, (three engineers and a medic) in a group house on the base. Baucau Township is about eight kilometers away, further west. We operate as part of Australia's Defence Cooperation Programme, without weapons, and we are here to advise the F-FDTL about defence practices and organisation. (We are not part of the International Stabilisation Force that patrols the country.)

Regardless of how my day goes, I still consider it to be an honour to be here representing Australia. I can remember reading that when the 2/2 Commandos arrived in New Guinea they were astounded that the mountains could be higher than they had left behind in Timor. Having spent three years in Papua New Guinea, I can agree that perhaps the mountains are higher but Timor is very steep. When I make that comparison I cannot help but remember that the Commandos ran over them in both countries under fire. Similar

thoughts occur to me every time that my perspiration drips to the ground in whatever activity I am involved in and that many have done it far harder in times gone past.

The Timorese people are kind and welcoming as I have always been told. Returning has allowed me to meet up again with my go-child's family. My go-daughter is Maria Douglas Soares Lemos and she was born 26 January, 2000 while I was living in Ermera. The family is well and the box of 2/2 Commando seeds was divided through an organisation between that area outside Ermera and Ailieu.

Each 19/20 February, I have spent time thinking about the Japanese landing, the death of my uncle, Fred Smith, Merv Ryan's capture and the ration truck tragedy. The old aerodrome is called the heliport now and I am still unsure about the Japanese line of advance and specific locations of incidents. But I always feel fortunate when I pass the likely site of 2 Section's action when they "blew the Drome", which is just one of the stories on which I have been brought up with since childhood and the working bees in King's Park. The location of Three Spurs still eludes me.

In 1999 I lived for a while on the coffee plantation at Aifu, where the 2/2 Company headquarters was apparently located at one stage. My team had a Timorese fellow who worked with us whose father apparently cooked for the Commandos at some stage. (Some claims just need to be accepted rather than pressed too much for verification.)

The opportunities to provide advice by DCP have been sporadic. 2006 saw the crisis that caused Australian troops (ISF) to return to East Timor. 2007 saw troubled times and mini crises' involving elections and 2008 has been spent looking for Alfredo Reinardo (killed 11 February) and his second in command Salsinha (surrendered 25 April).

Paddy Kenneally visited in the week

before ANZAC Day but I learned about it too late to make arrangements to catch up with him and reintroduce myself. Apparently, Tom Snowdon's son was here as well in an official capacity for ANZAC Day also. My ANZAC Day was spent in Baucau with a Dawn Service followed by a normal day's work.

With Salsinha's surrender, the curfews have been lifted and hopefully things will get peacefully back to normal and growth will continue. Although there is a need to be vigilant, I have had a reasonably trouble free existence in my time here. The main exception was when my windscreen was damaged from a grenade blast but no casualties. Gangs cause trouble occasionally and sometimes I think Trouble can be for sale to groups who can benefit from unrest.

I hope that this letter has not gone on for too long. The Timorese people live a hard life but there is definitely hope and faith for a future that is filled with peace, security and an opportunity to work to support their families. Delivery of health care, education and utilities that we take for granted are an ongoing problem and they will need assistance for a long time to come but improvement is happening. Timor Leste is a country of nice people, beautiful countryside and fabulous potential and one to which Australians still owe debts of thanks.

I hope that members and families are as well as can be. I may be able to come down to Perth for the next Norma Hasson Day lunch but need to examine my circumstances here closer to the time. Good luck and stay safe.



Doug, handing over 2/2 seeds to Bakhita Organisation for distribution

Rock fighting is popular but less and less lately. When there is a serious dispute to be settled beheading has occurred. We had two of those in April in the Eastern districts.

My team in Baucau that lives with the First Battalion all speak Tetum. We practice each working day and gradually improve. My language is often a mixture of Tetum, Portuguese and Bahasa in order to get my message across.

Doug Hasson
Major in Charge
Defence Section – Timor Leste
30/04/2008

A CHAMPION OF THE PAST

Dear Jack – Following our conversation regarding my father Bob Corbett and the 150 year anniversary of AFL I have put together the following details. I have also enclosed a copy of the letter inviting me to the Heroes

Dinner being held by the Melbourne Football Club in June at the Crown Palladium and a photograph of my father, also enclosed is a copy of a caricature of him published in the post.

The Melbourne Football Club is also celebrating its 150th birthday and has chosen 150 players from the past 150 years to be their Heroes, among them is my dad, Bob Corbett. He played for Melbourne for 10 years from 1920 when he was recruited from Ballarat. The club used to pay him ten pounds each Saturday to travel down by taxi from Ballarat each week. After a time they decided it would be cheaper as the basic wage at that time was 30 shillings a week and he would be available for training if they brought the whole family down. Dad was able to get a job as a boilermaker at the Victorian Railways where he worked for the rest of his life. Dad represented Victoria nine times and played for Melbourne in five finals but missed the 1926 premiership as he had his jaw broken in the semi final. The caricature is of him running onto the field with his broken jaw because at that time there were only 18 players and no substitutes allowed in the team. After this incident it was brought in that extra players would be allowed in the team to substitute for injured players. NOW LOOK HOW MANY TIMES THEY CAN SUBSTITUTE PLAYERS. One of the interesting facts to come to light in later years was that due to his deafness caused by the concussion of the guns when he was serving in France on the Somme was that he could not hear the final siren and continued to play the game even after the game was finished.

Dad was in the 29th BN AIF and was twice gassed by mustard gas. It is believed that this was the main reason he died at such a young age of 60. After returning to London after being gassed the specialists gave him the clearance to continue

to play sport at a very high level. He won numerous foot races for the army both in London and France and upon his return to Australia he ran and won the Echuca cup and ran second in the Stawell Gift.

George was always determined to beat Bob (my dad) in a foot race but it was not until they raced against each other at the Railway picnic at Werribee that he was able to win. George was 25 and Bob was 50. Bob kept running up until he died. My mother Nellie lived until 2002 and when she passed away she was aged 105. I hope this is what you wanted for the Courier, please let me know if there is anything else I can tell you. Thanks for everything.

**Bettye Coulson, Buderim, Queensland.
4556**

It's a great story Bettye. Ed.

From the AFL HISTORY BOOK THE SPIRIT OF BOB CORBETT

No one displayed the spirit of '26 more than the champion centremen, Bob Corbett. In the preliminary final against Essendon he was king hit from behind while leaving the ground at half time and his jaw was broken. This meant that Melbourne, who were in control of the game up to this point, had to continue the game with 17 men.

The second half of the game was a grueling effort on the part of the Redlegs and the lead dwindled to a few points. Then in the final minutes of the game Corbett, his head swathed in bandages, defied the club doctor's instructions and ran down the race and onto the field to an enormous roar of support from the crowd. 'I just sneaked out to help my side', he said later.



His team mates rallied. Although Corbett was in no condition to contribute to the game, his presence and the spirit he showed contributed to Melbourne holding on for a three point win. Melbourne had won the right to contest the Grand Final. Melbourne went on to beat Collingwood in the Grand Final 17.17 to 9.8.

The 'Corbett incident', as it quickly became known, was influential in bringing about the VFL's introduction of a substitute player (19th man) into the game in 1930.

Corbett was recruited from Ballarat in 1920 and made the State side in his first year. He wanted to go home in 1921 but Melbourne persuaded him to stay, and he played 161 games in 10 seasons.

Lucky's Story

Dear Jack – A long time since I wrote, as I'm not much of a letter writer. Hoping all 2/2 members and families are well as Doreen and I are. Enclosed a cheque for the Courier or whatever. I read in the March Courier that you want members to write about their life or articles like that so here goes. Maybe this may want censoring, I will leave that up to you.

When we walked out of the Ramu Valley area, April 1944, I think it was and set up camp in the Dumpur area. I had a toothache for a month or so and an officer – I forget who told there was a RAP a few miles up the track. I wandered off and found the RAP. The dentist was working on my tooth when a doctor came in the tent and said "you from the 2/2 Commando's?" He then took some of my blood to test for hookworms as we had been living in native huts for 12 months or so. He came back a short time later and said I never had hookworms but I had very bad malaria along with something else that he could not put his finger on. They put me in an ambulance and I remember getting into an aeroplane and then passed out. Woke a couple of days later in a big marquee with lots of beds.

I was in the 2/7 AGH at Lae. I was really crook for a while. However I started to come good and could eat a little soup and some bread. Hadn't had bread for a year. They then brought a bloke along into the bed next to me. The poor buggar was in heaps of pain but a good sense of humour. He had a leech up the eye of his penis and it was swollen up to about the size of a stubby bottle and was about that colour. No stubby bottles in those days but that's what it looked like. He hadn't had a piddle for a long time. The first thing he said to the doc was "can you take the pain out, but leave the swelling there". They operated on him and a nursing sister used to dress and bandage his penis twice a day. After about a week when it was just about healed and not having seen a white woman for 12 months or so and having one fooling about with his penis the inevitable happened and it stood up real stiff. The sister had no trouble bandaging it, round and round and then tying a big bow at the top. She then continued on to other patients and that's when this bloke yelled out "Sister my bandage is off" as his penis had gone down. That afternoon he was discharged. I was laughing so much they also discharged me but not back to my unit but to a recreation camp as they still thought there was something wrong with me.

The camp was run by the Salvo's and situated with jungle on one side and the other three sides open plain. The first thing I noticed was two big towers about 50 feet high, made with four big logs with zigzag steps between and a trap door through to a platform on top with a hand rail around. On the platform's were the biggest machine guns I had ever seen and there was half a dozen Yanks about the place. I asked one of them what it was all about and he replied "to guard you guys from the Japs". I told him if I was a Jap sniper in the jungle only 50 odd yards away the troops on the platform would all be dead in about 30 seconds.

"No guy, we will blast the bush down and kill everything in there". I said "how are you going to blast away if you are already dead". He couldn't see my point at all. After a bit of a feed I went to bed not feeling well. About 8.30pm those machine guns opened up for about 10 minutes. The Yanks must have heard a pig or something in the bush. In the morning I could hardly move the joints of my arms and legs and I was really crook and had a high temperature and a rash all over me. Went to see the doc and more blood tests and it didn't take him long to tell me I had dengue fever. I had never heard of dengue fever. He said it's like malaria and could kill me. He said I must have had malaria and dengue at the same time and that was why I was so crook. Ambulance again and back to the 2/7 AGH to the same bed. I think it was still warm from when I left it. A few days in bed and they then sent me back to my unit who were just boarding trucks at Lae. On then up into the mountain to Wau and Bulolo.

Jack, I hope this is the type of letter you require for the Courier. Please excuse the spelling and writing as I left school at 13 years of age.

All the best to everyone. **Lucky and Doreen Goodhew, Garbutt, NSW**

PS: I forgot to say at the start of this letter that last Christmas, daughter Carolyn and her husband Malcolm took Doreen and me to Tasmania. We hired a car there and went here, there and everywhere. I was there on our safari about 1972 where we went everywhere by bus but the rented car was lots better. We toured down the Gordon River and went from Straun to Queenstown by steam train. How they ever made the original railway through the bush with picks and shovels I couldn't even guess. We had Christmas dinner at the Jail House Restaurant in Launceston. It was a lovely trip. Could I get on the Birthday Boys list, I will be 84 on the 30th May. That's all. **Doreen and Lucky.**

Dear Jack - just a short note to include with the article on the "Flood of the Century" we experienced in February. You mentioned you were looking for articles for the Courier. Please feel free to shorten or cut out anything in the enclosed.

George and I are fine. A few "hick-ups", but nothing worth mentioning. We are leaving for Brisbane after the school holidays (family coming) to attend the wedding of another grand-daughter and will try to contact Ron Archer. We had a lovely visit with him last December in Brisbane.

Hope you are keeping well.

Our very best,

Margo & George Shiels, Bowen, Qld.

Dear Jack – well, we had our biggest flood in over the century early Monday morning (February 11th, 2008) and it will take months to clean up the damage. For the first time in the fifty odd years we have lived here we had water under our house and a foot at that! At 4am we had a phone call from the Shire Council to say the biggest flood ever was coming down and should peak at 7am. We dressed and went out onto the back porch to find house, garage, sheds and all surrounded by swirling water. It was already under the house so we could not raise anything. George went down to close the doors as everything movable such as our yard shoes, small pot plants etc had floated away. Still pouring with rain, at daylight as far as the eye could see there was nothing but swirling muddy river water. We were so fortunate that it was low tide. A wallaby hopped between the back of the house and our little shed but when it saw me it panicked and jumped into the water in the gully at the side of the garage and was immediately swept away in the strong current.

A few hours later the water subsided very quickly and then came the fun! We had a couple of inches or so of silty, black mud

under the house, through the garage, sheds, lawns everywhere. Have you ever walked through flood-soaked areas where the mud squelches over the tops of your shoes? A most unpleasant feeling. Well we lost our housewater motor pump so we were without water for a couple of days. (The spare housewater tank did not perform well on this occasion.) The next day we started to try to scoop up the slippery black mud under the house, George shoveled the mud in half buckets for me to cart out. I must have carted about 40 buckets, but saw we were not getting that far in front, so I rang the SES (State Emergency Services) and asked for help. Two men were to come here to help clean up under the house, but at 2.30am the next morning we had another ring to say another minor flood was due and the bridge was under water off and on for 5 days out of 7. Our neighbour came and helped finish off hosing the front portion of the house. The two SES men finally managed to come in time to cart away to the dump all the furniture and carpet from our spare bedroom under the house. Every cupboard shelf and contents under the one foot of water under the house was covered with mud and we did lose stored special books and magazines, but the hardest was the scraping and washing of mud off the contents and shelves. The two boxes where I store my winter blankets and George's ex-army uniforms were not waterproof either. We lost a small deep freeze. The other electrical goods only needed to be cleaned of mud and grass. We were lucky with the cars as well. The garage was raised and the water reached 6" up the wheels.

Both our chook and duck houses plus runs were washed away. The force of the water and debris gouged a hole two metres deep and 3-4 metres across where we had the chook house. We lost all our chickens. An interesting item was that our neighbour went looking for his

crab pots and found some of them and George's chicken feeder up against a fence approximately a mile away.

I must mention that after a heavy shower on Sunday before the flood on Monday night masses of fish 3-4 inches in length were swimming in puddles on the concrete road the other side of the bridge and our neighbour found some 4" fish swimming in a puddle on his roadway. Instead of raining cats and dogs, we had live fish!

We had the Shire Engineers checking on the damage on each property here and they told us our area bore the brunt of this flood. Well, I have another BEND in the road of my life! When the council cleared the bridge they found a distinct bend in the structure, plus a "hump" on the up side plus a crack about the middle.

A bit more to go and a new chicken house to be built shortly, otherwise we are fine and doing well. We would like to extend our love and best wishes to all our 2/2 friends.

Margo & George Shiels, Bowen, Qld.

Nicola Paris (Don and Ida Murray's daughter) has been working on a range of social justice and environmental issues for a number of years. She recently returned from a one month stint in the Southern Ocean aboard the 'Steve Irwin', one of the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society's vessels, and is continuing to volunteer on board in port in Melbourne. Direct action by the Sea Shepherd group has been acknowledged as the major contributor to the Japanese whaling fleet taking around half of their forecast quota this year.

AN ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE

It seemed normal at the time, Wake up at 6am, make breakfast, look out the porthole at the southern ocean whilst doing the dishes, see the large whaling 'mother' ship, Nisshin Maru,

with 'research' written on the side, make lunch, do some cleaning, look out the porthole, see the Nisshin Maru again, make dinner, go to sleep in my little cabin—see the ship the next day.

This is how a number of days passed on my recent trip to the Southern Ocean as a member of the Sea Shepherd crew working to directly intervene against the killing of whales by the Japanese whaling fleet.

The Sea Shepherd Conservation Society was established in 1979 and has a long and proud history of creative and confrontational direct action tactics. The group has worked to enforce international marine conservation law in the absence of government action in relation to whaling, sealing, shark finning and marine habitat destruction.

With over 150 voyages over twenty years the organisation has been enforcing international laws where no law enforcement has existed—on the high seas. Sea Shepherd continues to work to uphold and enforce international treaties, laws and conventions of world governments – sometimes with cooperation of governments, other times in spite of them.

Most recently the *Farley Mowat*, Sea Shepherd's other vessel, was illegally boarded by the Canadian coastguard, the crew arrested at gunpoint and the ship impounded. At the time of writing the Captain and First Officer were awaiting the results of a further hearing on the 1st May after being deported to their home countries. Their crime? Taking footage of people killing seals in what is one of the most distressing large scale and inhumane slaughters of marine wildlife on the planet. Taking photos or being within one mile of the Canadian seal hunt – which incidentally often features seal pups being skinned alive apparently constitutes a breach of the 'Seal Protection Act'. That's right—the Seal Protection Act.

The Canadian government has long held an animosity for the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, and Canadian founder, Paul Watson. He is regularly described as an eco-terrorist despite a history of not using violence against any person. A number of whaling vessels have not been so lucky. At last count there have been nine ships sunk and a great number more who have been rammed to stop them killing marine wildlife. These tactics are clearly controversial, but have proved to be extremely effective.

On the recent Antarctic campaign I was privileged to be part of, we used direct action tactics to intervene directly to stop the Japanese fleet from killing whales.

We came upon the whaling fleet, around 10 days into our trip. As we headed into the early morning light the Nisshin Maru came into vision. It is a daunting sight—the largest ship in the Japanese fleet, with 'research' written large on its side. It has a large freezing capacity and processes and stores the whales that have been killed. The fleet includes four harpoon vessels, a supply vessel as well as a spotter ship. We were also shadowed for much of the journey by the Fukuyoshi – which is not officially part of the fleet apparently but is basically their spy ship—they follow us and report back to the fleet as to our whereabouts.

The crew were prepared for intervention. We had a number of containers of butyric acid (essentially strong stink bombs), not only does it make work difficult it also taints the meat—and methicel—a chemical that makes the decks slippery on contact with water, by throwing this onto their decks we hope to force them to stop work, if they can't process the whales they can't kill anymore. These tactics are twofold—not only does it stop them from working, it also instigates the kind of media interest that has seen awareness of Sea Shepherd and the work we do grow exponentially in recent years.

In any case, as soon as we come close to

the fleet they run. And if they are running, they are not killing whales.

So, although we interacted with them upon our first and third encounters, we spent over a week just following them-to the point it seemed normal to look out the porthole, and see the slaughterhouse was still there.

The trip itself was an exceptional experience. As someone who has never been to sea before I had no idea how I would react to being out, far from land, whether I would get seasick or have trouble dealing with the confined spaces. I was lucky not to get seasick and quite happy to be away from the mainland.

The crew of 33 was made up of a diverse range of volunteers from all walks of life-some of them with no ocean going background like myself-others seasoned veterans of many campaigns, or experienced sailors.

We were allocated a range of roles-some learning navigation skills on the bridge, engineering, some doing deckhand work. I was given the role of third cook, and was quickly inducted into the challenges of working in an all vegan kitchen, or galley, at sea. Many bruises, cuts and burns ensued.

Although the work in the galley was very hard, it was really interesting and I have stayed on board whilst back in port to run the galley for a couple of weeks, allowing the head cook to take a well deserved break.

Being at sea was an experience in itself, the colours were beautiful, a range of greys and blues that seemed to have different hues every day. We would see large Wandering Albatross diving in out wake with Cape Petrels following close by. I saw my first iceberg and encountered my first snow storm-even went swimming in the icy waters when it was snowing!

We saw many whales over the time we were down there-and on one particular day saw a phenomenal amount of

creatures at one point there were dozens of Minke and Pilot whales, and also Humpbacks that came within metres of the ship. This was all whilst the Nisshin Maru was looming large and ominously in the background.

So it was an experience of extremes-from the physical beauty of the ocean, to the challenge of living in confined space with thirty people you have never met before to seeing so many of the creatures we were working to save, to the physical confrontations we had with the whaling fleet.

The Japanese whaling fleet recently revealed they had only managed to achieve half their quota. They had originally been targeting 935 Minke whales and 50 Fin whales. They only managed to kill 551 Minkes, and no Fin whales at all. Previously they had also been planning on targeting 50 Humpbacks also, but due to a massive public outcry they backed down and didn't kill any. We need to encourage this decision to extend to whaling all over the world-from Japan to Norway to Iceland. Once and for all.

Instead the whalers are calling for legal action against us. Given that they are in contravention of a recent Australian high court decision, the UN World Charter for nature and laws in relation to whale sanctuary zones we would welcome the opportunity to have the legal argument. It would also be helpful if the Australian government and governments worldwide stepped up and stopped sacrificing animals and the environment in the name of commerce. It is not good enough to have Foreign Relations Minister Stephen Smith condemn Sea Shepherd for our interventions that actually stopped whaling when the government will not act. In the absence of action from governments it is up to all of us to step up and Australians have been doing so.

We have had massive support from the Australian people – in fact the only

reason we were able to go back down to the Antarctic for the third leg of this trip was due to the generosity of Australians and other donors worldwide. We run on donations of food and are almost entirely crewed by volunteers. People can find out more information and more ways to help at www.seasheperd.org

Nicola Paris

KOREAN WAR DEDICATION

On the 26th February a wing, dedicated to the men who fought in the Korean War (1950-53) was officially opened at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra.

Ray Parry was invited to attend and had the honour of seeing a scene cast in bronze from the battle of Kapyong (23/24 April, 1951) in which he featured. Ray, with three men under his command, in the early hours of the morning of the 24th April, repulsed three attacks from a force of over 50 Chinese who tried to capture the knoll they held. Daylight revealed 23 dead at the foot of the knoll. Ray was awarded a Military Medal for gallantry. He can be truly proud to know his place and those of his three comrades will be on display for future generations to see.

Well done Ray! (See photo, Page 32) Twenty three nations took part in the Korean war which began on the 25th June, 1950 when North Korea invaded South Korea. From the beginning the United States were the effective core of the UN armies and made by far the biggest contribution of any single nation of the 73,800 of the UN forces killed (there were 250,000 wounded) more than 45,000 were South Koreans, 25,600 Americans and 3,094 from other members of the UN forces of which 289 were Australians.

Ray was a member of the 3rd Battalion Royal Australian Regiment which was awarded the US Presidential Citation for the important part it played in the

Kapyong battled.

Ray Parry MM, Jack Steen – Silver Star, Tom Fitzgerald (wounded), Charlie Anderson (wounded) and George Patterson KIA were all from the 2/2nd and served in the Korean War.

Lest We Forget

J. Carey

CURRENT HISTORY BOOK REPORT

As at the 31st May, 1,500 books have been sold leaving 500 to go. We are still trying to get the main libraries in Australia to buy one for their library but to date only about 10% have purchased one which is most disappointing. Letters like the one below are not encouraging. We repeat if you can talk your local library into buying one it would be a big help.

The following letter confirms what we have been saying which is that lady librarians are adverse to buying war history books for their libraries.

It is a nonsense letter to say that our book is highly specialized and will have limited demand in our community displays and her complete ignorance of the books contents. Our book is a down to earth read, is well written and has been well received.

By refusing to buy the book the 10,000 or more members of the Maitland City Library are being deprived of the opportunity to read our history.

This is the situation throughout 90% of the main libraries in Australia.

J. Carey

"Dear Mr Carey – Re: All the Bull's Men Thank you for forwarding a copy of your letter regarding the publication, *All the Bull's Men* by Cyril Ayres.

The information provided has been reviewed in accordance with Maitland City Library's collection development policy. Additionally, a search was undertaken to

locate published reviews of the title. The national database of library holdings in Australia was also checked.

Our decision not to purchase a copy of *All the Bull's Men* is based on an assessment of information available on the content and focus of the work against the Library's selection criteria for non-fiction materials. It is considered that the work is highly specialized and will have limited demand in our community.

It is noted that copies of the title are available from a range of libraries, including the National Library of Australia, the State Library of NSW and a number of large regional libraries. We are happy to procure the title on interlibrary loan in the event of a customer request.

I apologise that the Library did not initially respond to your letter. As you can appreciate, libraries receive quantities of unsolicited titles on a regular basis. It was not understood that a response to your letter was required.

Thank you for raising our awareness of this title.

Yours faithfully

KERYL COLLARD

City Librarian

Maitland City Council" .8.5.08

J. Carey

Ed Bourke kindly sent me this account by Sister Columba in the Order of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart on their treatment by the Japanese in Rabaul from January 1942 until the War ended in August 1945. It is harrowing story.

RAMALA CAMP - 13TH NOVEMBER, 1945

My Dear Mother, Brothers, Sisters and Friends,

Other more eloquent accounts will appear in print but I know nothing, however eloquent, would appeal to my own good mother, brothers, sisters and friends as a composition of my own. I will do my best to satisfy your legitimate curiosity.

You will wonder why we did not go to Australia. We certainly would have done so had we had the slightest idea of what was ahead of us. We really hoped the Japs would never land, besides help from the south was expected.

But alas! On the 23rd January, 1942 the view which met our gaze on rising that morning, was not pleasant – 40 Japanese war boats in Rabaul Harbour. How blue and helpless we felt! An aged Sister on seeing them exclaimed: "Thank God, help has come in time!" No it was not help and we had to wait three long weary years and more years of suspense and anxiety before we saw a free white man again.

For a week previous to the invasion Rabaul was heavily bombed and the wounded and sick were brought out to our mission hospital in Vunapope. The evening of the 22nd January, I shall never forget. It poured and poured as lorry after lorry of sick and wounded drove in. Some of the men were buried by bombs and dug out, others buried and could not be found. Many of their mates and friends were missing. How sad, sick and broken these men were. It was heartbreaking to hear the story of how their mates and friends had been lost. Many of the other soldiers retreated to the jungle still expecting help. As no help came many had to come in again and surrender, a great number died of sickness and misery in the bush whilst others more lucky managed to get to the South Coast and were taken away by submarines to Australia. On this same evening six military, six civilian and four Methodist Missionary nurses came to us. They too were low spirited and though we made the evening meal as appetizing as possible they could not eat it.

Next morning, knowing that the Japs would take everything they came across, a sister suggested getting food stuffs from Carpenters' and Burns Philps stores for the hospital. Three sisters got the keys from the manager of said store and with the

aid of Mr Edwards and some native boys carted goods for two hours when word came to come home that it was dangerous to remain out any longer. We came home saying: "What a pity to leave such a lot of rise and bully beef for the Japs." Mother Martha said she thought that it would be alright for the two Irish sisters to go back. Ireland was neutral so there would be no danger. Little did the Japs know or cared about neutrality in their first fury. Off we went, Sr Fidelma who comes from Dublin and myself. Just as the lorry was packed we heard a shout of "Hands up" and looking around we saw hundreds of savage, ferocious looking Japs unfolding flags from their bayonets as they rushed madly towards us. I trembled in every limb, my heart bounced as if it would burst through my side. I forgot to put up my hands but kept saying to Sister, "We stayed too long, we stayed too long." In my mind's eye I saw myself a corpse or marched off with these savages. They halted in front of us, two thrusting their bayonets right on our chests and shrieking at us: "You English". We told them that we were Irish Missionaries. They shook their heads, it meant nothing to them what we were. Again they shouted: "Where are the Australian soldiers?" We gave the same reply trying at the same time to look as if we had never seen Australian soldiers nor knew what they meant. After some more questions to which they got no satisfactory answers, the two pulled out suddenly their revolvers, I almost collapsed. Thrusting them likewise at our chests they viciously commanded: "Tell us where the Australian soldiers are." It was useless, we only reiterated our first reply and in desperation they left it at that and went off. We got into the lorry and told the driver to go for his life and get us home. We got home thanking God that those Jap bayonets were not stained with Irish blood.

Next afternoon at 5pm five hundred soldiers surrounded our convent. We were lined up on either side of the verandah, a

Jap with a rifle and bayonet and another with a machine gun at each end. Some officers went up and down between the lines asking us questions as to our nationality etc. Every now and again they would roar out some order or other, which of course we imagined to be orders to shoot us. You can imagine how our blood ran cold every word was like a bayonet thrust through our hearts. Two solid hours they kept us lined up on the verandah whilst the mob downstairs ransacked the place. Every now and again there would be shouts from downstairs and the guards above would walk up and down our lines again periodically stomping their rifles on the floor. Never in my life did I long so much for the protection of a white man. I would have given anything to have our Bishop or one of the Fathers with us. But they too, were lined up in the monastery. As night approached our fear became intense, convinced that they would either shoot or molest us. After what seemed an eternity an officer came up with a body guard. He, after investigations announced that we could stay where we were but that we must not act as spies. Some hours after Rabaul was bombed by the Aussies, they (the Japs) flew for their lives down to the beach. We breathed freely once more, took our tea, said our prayers and went to bed. At 3am we were awakened by the tramping of soldiers. They were all back. My bones rattled, my knees hit together, I knew now that never before had I known or realized what real fear was. I was sure they would molest us now, but to our relief they were satisfied with the verandah downstairs for sleeping. From this time on we had armed guards day and night.

On 25th January the Fathers and Brothers were marched out of their three storey house, told to take only a change of clothes and their mattresses with them as they would be back in two days. They were interned in the convent of the German sisters (we have two religious orders here, the Missionary Sisters of

the Sacred Heart who have their mother house in Germany and the Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, ourselves). There they were kept in the upper storey for six weeks. They were not allowed to come downstairs, not even during air-raids, and were forbidden to open windows facing the sea. For the first week we had no Holy Mass but later a priest was given a permit and came to our convent each morning with an armed guard. From then on, right up to the day of our release we were able to have Holy Mass daily. It was a miracle that sufficient altar wine and flour was saved from the bombing to allow this. Of course the wine was used very sparingly and used hosts the size of a threepence. The Fathers and Brothers were never allowed to return to their home which was occupied by the Japs who also destroyed all their belongings, clothing, books, furniture etc. At the end of six weeks the missionaries were removed to the Girls' school nearby and the sisters had the convent to themselves once more.

We were interned in our convent and not able to continue our ordinary duties. We spent our time studying languages and other subjects. One hour we were teachers and the next pupils so that we had to be indulgent with the pupils knowing that we would be in the benches next. I taught French and commercial subjects and studied German.

One Sunday morning in June 1942 we were awakened at 4am by troops who ordered us from below to come down quickly. We obeyed and when we got down found ourselves surrounded by Japs with rifles and bayonets, machine guns, spades, picks and ropes. We thought that they were going to make us dig our graves and then shoot us. A few days earlier they had made some soldiers at the hospital dig their graves then the Japs lined them up before the graves, placed a machine gun pointing towards them before informing them that

they would be shot and buried there if they did not answer certain questions satisfactorily. It looked pretty black for us. It took the nips quite a time to line us up to their satisfaction and the only thing we could understand was "speak no, speak no", (that meant don't speak). The whisper went from one to another. "They are going to shoot us." Finally an officer said: "Anyone who moves or speaks will be shot." It was hard, but comforting to know that we would be shot only on conditions – we could please ourselves. They searched the house, rooms, presses, books, papers, everything they could find. They even pulled down the pictures and mosquito nets and turned up our beds in the vain endeavour to find the wireless that we didn't have. The search lasted seven hours, four of which were spent standing in the boiling sun. They left us and we went to the chapel for Holy Mass at 11am. It was almost midday before even the very old sisters were able to have a drink. Mother had asked if a sister could light the fire to make a cup of tea for the latter, but it was refused and not a cup of water did they even get.

It was the 5th July when the nurses were taken to Rabaul and from there to Japan together with the officers of the 2/22 battalion. They were taken in a destroyer and arrived safely. Since peace we have learned that they have all been rescued and are now back in Australia. The ordinary soldiers, about eight hundred of them and the civilians from this territory were not so fortunate as they were taken on a troopship which was sunk by a US submarine and all on board were lost. Our only Australian priest and brother, Reverend Father McCullahy and Brother Brennon were taken with the civilians and of course shared their sad fate.

A week later some Australian and Dutch sisters who were till then allowed to remain on out stations were brought in to Vunapope and the Bishop asked if the

neutral sisters could replace them. Sister Fidelma and I..God save Ireland!..... were allowed out. Sister supervised native schools with native teachers and I, though not a trained nurse, had had enough experience to be able to manage a native hospital. The natives get ugly tropical ulcers which worried me at first but I got used to them. There were many cases of malaria, dysentery and pneumonia. I had nursed similar cases before so they gave no trouble though I used to worry a bit about them. The natives would walk miles and give anything for N.A.B. injections, they know from experience how effective these are in the case of tropical wounds and skin diseases. I had crowds for injections as long as the medicine lasted, I like that especially that I could send the fowls and eggs which they brought me as payment into the missionaries in the compound. Just a short time after I left for Tapo these latter were taken out of their own residences and put in smaller houses back towards the hills, houses that before the war were used by our natives.

To be continued – next Courier.

COMMANDO MEMORIAL PLAQUE Rectification Completion

Dear Mr Carey

I am writing to update you on the situation surrounding the rectification works at the 2/2nd Commando Memorial at Dare, East Timor. I am pleased to advise you that after extensive talks with relevant authorities OAWG has received approval to begin rectification work at the memorial. The result is not our original solution but I feel a reasonable compromise. OAWG has liaised closely with the Assistant Defence Attache in Dili, Lieutenant Colonel Symons, who has negotiated with local interested parties and sourced quotes to begin rectification, which at this stage is scheduled to be

completed by ANZAC Day 2008.

OAWG will undertake work to make the existing shelter safe by removing all loose concrete to the first and second column and restoring and reinforcing the steel and concrete to the area that is broken, including supply and paint to match the existing colour.

Work will also be undertaken to repair the original drainage system, refurbish the existing water supply, repair cracks to retaining walls and improve the aesthetics of the concrete block on which the plaque is mounted. The Commemorative plaque is to remain in situ and be refurbished and of course continue to be maintained through this office.

Thank you again for your ongoing interest and assistance in this matter.

Yours sincerely

Kathy Upton-Mitchell

Deputy Director

Department of Veterans' Affairs

Office of Australian War Graves

15th April, 2008

CORRESPONDENCE RECEIVED

Dear Jack – Please find enclosed cheque to be put to your use wherever you see fit (\$50.00).

Thank you for your kind words. We do miss mum and dad but know that they are in a blessed place.

We do enjoy the Courier immensely.

Yours faithfully

Jan & Bill Peake, Waikiki WA

Dear Folks – Please find enclosed \$50.00 towards the Courier. I enjoy getting it.

Has been good talking to Keith Hayes and very much appreciate the cheque to help Bettie the Timorese lass who has started her nursing at University here in Launceston. She seems to be coping okay and she is very dedicated. She came around to see me yesterday and is living not far from me.

I was talking to Lewis Nicholuson

yesterday. He and his wife Jean are now in a nursing home. He is fairly well at present. Have been talking to Bert Price this afternoon and he says he is fair. He had an operation a couple of weeks ago. He is finding it a bit lonely since he lost his wife.

I am keeping fairly well. Few aches and pains but guess one has to just live with them.

Best wishes to all – Yours

Isobel Elmore, Mowbray Tasmania

Dear Members – After finishing work in Brisbane, we, Joan and I moved to Caloundra and not being a handy man we decided to join the Hibiscus Society, and really as I did not know too much about flowers, any rate, from a few hibiscus cuttings the garden got bigger.

You were allowed to enter 12 blooms at a show, there was 4 categories, single, double, miniature and old favourites and each branch had their Annual Show, Gold Coast, Brisbane, Sunshine Coast, Locker Valley. We showed for 10 years winning 3 champion ribbons and two Australian Grand Champion in successive years which is held at Mount Cotha, of course you cannot go back but we do miss our garden and the name of the Grand Champion Hibiscus was “Foster Brady”, a big double and it was pink and cream coloured. Please give all the members our regards. I sent my only photo of myself for the museum, it was the only one I had in the Commando uniform. I was 20 then. I mentioned to Jack on the phone a while back but he has too much on his mind, I would like to get one run off if I could. I'm not sure if I'd put my name to it. I would appreciate it if you can look into it for me. My full name, Leslie Allan Mitchell (Allan). Have enclosed cheque for twenty dollars towards the Courier. Ron Archer rings me up now and again and he passes on all the news to me. Joan and I are going along steady and in reasonable health. My main trouble is my eyes that is why I print.

Will close now and once again, regards to all from

Joan and Allan Mitchell, Caloundra, Qld.

NB: Will see what we can do about your photo Allan. **Jack Carey**

Dear Mrs Maley – enclosed please find my cheque, the allocation of some between the Trust and the Courier. I shall leave to you.

Would you please convey my kind regards to Jack Carey.

Sincerely, Ian Scott, Neutral Bay, NSW

Dear Jack – just a note to accompany this cheque for the Courier and Independent Trust. Sorry it's been a while.

Mum, like everyone, has a few health issues but she remains in good spirits, enjoying our family picnics and little trips out to parks and beaches. She has 6 great grandchildren – all boys – who love having her with us.

Hope you're keeping well, Jack.

All the best. **Roslyn (Moor – Nancy Teague's daughter), Haberfield, NSW**

Dear Jack – Lots of the 2/2nd people who attended the 19th and last safari at the Goodearth Hotel in Perth in November 2003 will remember Chris Thompson. He is Mark's older brother and they are both 6'8". Chris is being married on Mother's Day, 11th May in a garden wedding followed by a reception at Morgans Blue Function Centre at the Scarborough Boat Harbour.

Mark Thompson my other grandson is living in Abu Dhabi working in the shipping industry for the local shah. He said his bedroom in his unit is larger than his whole home in Queensland. Mark also has 2 young men and a lass keeping his unit shipshape and says the money is very good. Lucky Mark!

I have a grand-daughter, Melissa Davies

in the 4th Division ADFA doing her officer training for the Air Force. I visited her in March when I was down in Canberra to attend another grandson's wedding in the old Parliament gardens. I caught up with Joan Fenwick and had a lovely visit with her.

I am looking forward to attending the Melbourne Football Club's "150 Heroes" function to be held on Saturday 7th June at the Crown Palladium.

As daughter of one of the 150 Heroes selected, the evening is free (additional tickets are \$500. each). I'm a very proud and lucky lady.

Kindest regards to all. **Betty Coulson**

Dear Jack – Thought it about time I put pen to paper and send my good wishes to you and the 2/2nd unit family members. I see on the TV news editions where your weather is just as upside down as ours over here on the eastern side of the country. At the moment our weather is real wintery.

My last contact (except by phone) was our day at Dee Why RSL last year – not sure whether it was November or December, but a good time was had by all. Most enjoyable day.

I am enclosing a money order. Out of this I would like you to send me "All The Bull's Men", and keep the balance for use as you see fit.

Cheers for now.

Yours sincerely **Keith Wilson, Booker Bay 2257.**

Dear Jack – A member of our group is going on a "Sparrow Force" trek in Timor Leste soon, so I will ask her to write something about the experience – route etc. and send it to you in time.

Lynne Bujan

Dear Jack – I have been waging a little war on behalf of Z Special Unit. There was a report on TV of a service to mark the moving of the Z Special Unit Memorial at

Cairns. My cousin who lives in Cairns sent me clippings talking about Z Force. I sent the Cairns Post an email pointing out how wrong they were. They printed my email as a 'Letter to the Editor'. So far no one has taken up the cudgels in Cairns.

Simply 'Z Force' does not exist, it was the invention of a script writer, decades after the war. Some of the commandos I'd met in Timor told me never to watch our TV – dreadful they said.

R Gregg, Beresfield, NSW 2322

Dear Jack – It seems such a long time since I have been in touch so here I am putting pen to paper so say hello. I'm hoping this finds you well as it leaves me. I seem to have very little news of interest these days as age keeps me restricted. I really wish I could contribute to the Courier to do my share but I do have a joke, I don't know if it is printable but I'll tell you.

Teacher asking her class, does anyone know the meaning of "Pregnant". Johnny put up his hand, yes miss it means "lovely". Teachers question – how do you think that Johnny. Well miss this morning I heard mum say to dad, I think I'm pregnant and dad said "that's bloody lovely".

Well Jack so that's about it for me. I just wanted to keep in touch with a good friend. I'm hoping to make the Norma Hasson Day if I can arrange it and I will bring my daughter Glenice and granddaughter Carolyn. It will be Carolyn's birthday on the 4th July and as I don't get a chance to see her very much (they both live north of Perth at Woodvale and Hillary's.

Bye for now – my thoughts for your good health and happiness.

God Bless

Joy Chatfield, Dudley Park.

Dear Jack – I'd just like to thank you for the warm welcome on ANZAC day in Perth. To meet some of John's cobblers and march with them was an honour and a privilege. Not having been to a large city

on the 25th as I have always marched in Hillston (Drum Major) it was a very special day in Perth and exciting too with all the bands and young folk there.

John always spoke with much affection about the boys from the "West", but never spoke much about his experience in Timor.

Hoping you will keep the flag flying as long as.

I remain, Your truly **Kevin Rose**
(**Brother John Rose**), Hillston 2675

Dear Jack – after our phone conversation this evening I found **Moira Coates** phone number in the book and rang her. She told me her name is Moira and not Mona as in address book. I had a long talk to her and it was very interesting. She said she has had a lot of trouble with her mail for a quite some time due to a new mailman but all is well now.

She didn't realize she had missed getting a Courier – she is always glad to get it. Her son Brian Coates is in Perth and he goes to the 2/2nd service at Kings Park and he got the book "All the Bull's Men" and sent it to her and she was very pleased to get it and read it from cover to cover.

Moira's husband **Arthur (Ken always called him Boy Coates)** died at 43 and she had 7 children – youngest was 7 – so she had a job looking after them all on her own.

She has just got her Gold Card after 40 years. RSL men at Pascoe Vale finally helped her to get it. I still haven't got one – it would be very handy. Maybe I will get it one day – have tried 3-4 times.

I also got back to **Craig Roberts** and he will be contacting you very soon. Asked me to thank you for your help.

All for this time. Kind regards,

Margaret

Dear Jack – you will note from the above address that I have recently moved from 1/183 Burke Road, Glen Iris 3146 to

Point Lonsdale and would appreciate it if you could amend your mailing records. I still help in South with Alan Luby and will go to see him when next in Sydney (28/06/2008).

Gordon Hart has moved into a nursing home and it was only a matter of time that this would occur.

Annual subs attached.

Kindest regards,

Jim Walker, Point Lonsdale 3225

PARS ON PEOPLE

It was good to see two old timers in **Vince Swann (92)** and **Tom Foster (87)** in town. Vince is holding up well and has been coming up from Esperance for Anzac Day for many years. Tom had a brief break from Geraldton to attend Bernie's funeral and our Anzac Day function. He looks well and said that Mary who he sees daily still knows him. They are a very devoted couple.

Ray Parry's trip to Canberra in February, although supported by daughter Debra, grandson Louis (18) and granddaughter Greta (14) took its toll. Ray, who is battling prostate cancer went into Hollywood for a few weeks on his return and then into palliative care at Hollywood for a period. He is now home and though the going is tough, Ray is baring up well. Ray has lost about 15kgs but is still getting his own meals. He had a nasty fall a week or two ago which shook him up. Keith Hayes and Bob Smyth are keeping their eye on him and Ray is always pleased with the odd phone call. Good luck Ray.

Jess Epps our much loved matriarch had her 93rd birthday on Anzac Day. Jess has her good and bad days. God Bless her.

Edna Fullarton who is 90 and whose health is failing is in a nursing home at Joondalup. Keith and Val keep in touch with their old friend.

Harry Sproxtton – just to add to his many health problems, Harry now has a serious case of arthritis in the neck and is

in constant pain. The arrival of his good mate Happy Greenhalgh from NSW is a big plus for Harry and makes life a lot more bearable.

Greg Tyerman rang from Queensland to say that he was back home again. Greg spent some time in Adelaide with his father who had pneumonia and was seriously ill for a week or two. Fortunately he recovered and is now in a nursing home which is good news for the family.

Gerry Green was 92 on the 31st May. Gerry and Lal lead a quite life as most of us do these days.

Fred Humfrey reached the grand age of 95 on the 10th June and is our oldest member. Fred may attribute his longevity to his army cooking but then again he may not. Keep batting Fred. It would be nice if someone in the 2/2nd reached the 100 mark – trouble is there will not be any mates there to congratulate him.

Peter and Pat Campbell are having a break in Carnarvon to dodge the winter at Esperance. Enjoy your stay Peter and Pat.

John and Olive Chalwell - Olive spent 3 weeks in Bethesda Hospital recently with a bronchial complaint. John is still in Craig Care, Melville and seems more settled much to his families relief.

Lorraine March is feeling much better after a long bout of illness and reports that Wilf (now 91) is also feeling better though still far from 100%. Both have really been through the mill. God Bless you both.

Don Murray, Ted Monk, Len Bagley are all making good use of their gold cards and their health is up and down.

We oldies, in the main don't enjoy the winter months. Keep warm and hibernate as much as possible seems the best advice.

Take care now.

J. Carey.

COURIER DONATIONS

Bill and Jan Peake, Rosslyn Moor, Bill Maley, Allan and Joan Mitchell, Isabel Elmore, Lucky and Doreen Goodhew, Ian Scott, Dick Darrington, Jim Lines, Bob Smyth, Keith Wilson, Alan Luby, Jim Walker, Paul Cleary.

TRUST FUND

Rosslyn Moor	\$50.00
Ian Scott	\$50.00
Lucky & Doreen Goodhew	\$50.00
Keith Wilson	\$50.00
Alan Luby	\$50.00

Thank you for your continued support.

BIRTHDAY BOYS

John Burridge	6 th April	90
Colin Hodson	6 th	84
Vince Swann	9 th	92
Harry Botterill	12 th	88
Eric Smith	15 th	88
Arthur Marshall	21 st	86
Ray Parry	5 th May	85
Keith Wilson	16 th	87
Don Murray	18 th	87
Lucky Goodhew	30 th	84
Gerry Green	31 st	92
Jim Lines	4 th June	86
Fred Humfrey	10 th	95
Jack Carey	19 th	86

A Happy Birthday to you All!!

JOKE

The professor was addressing an 8am lecture. I've found the best way to start the day is exercise for a while, take 2-3 deep breaths of fresh air followed by a cold shower. After that I feel rosy all over. A sleepy voice from the back of the room piped up. "Tell us more about Rosie".



*Keith Hayes, Bart Mavrick, John Burr ridge, and Bob Smyth
Keith, John and Bob who served The Trust Fund well; with new Chairman Bart.*

W.A. MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE

Our Annual Mid-Year Function

NORMA HASSON DAY

Will be held at the GoodEarth Hotel

195 Adelaide Terrace

On Friday, 4 July 2008

From 11.30am – 2.30pm (Lunch at 12.30pm)

This is always an enjoyable day so be there Hail, Rain or Storm.

DON'T FORGET NOW!!



Ray having a chat with the Prime Minister at the Dedication Service.



Ray, the soldier second from the left, is prominent in the scene of the Kapyong action now a feature of the display at the A.W.M.