

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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

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COUNTDOWN

At our Annual General meeting in March last year it was decided that the Association would endeavour to keep going until December 2010 when our last Courier would mark the end of our very fine Association. At the present time we have 60 members Australia wide, 20 in WA, 16 in Queensland, 14 in New South Wales, 5 in Victoria, 2 in South Australia, 2 in Tasmania and 1 in the ACT. WA is the only state still operating. By the end of 2010 the average age of those still on deck will be 90 years and our number will be around the 50 mark.

The Association was formed in February 1946 and is now in its 64th year. The passage of time has taken a steady toll of the men who served in the unit. Our records show that 441 have passed on since 1946 including two killed on active service, one in Korea and one in Malaysia. Add the 50 who paid the supreme sacrifice and whose names are on the plaques in our Honour Avenue section in Kings Park gives an overall total of 551 being approximately 90% of those who served in the unit between 1941 and 1945.

If all goes according to plan there will be only seven more Couriers issued. To those of our readers who would like to contribute an article for the Courier now is the time. We are always chasing copy in order to maintain the standard of previous issues. You may have reminiscences of earlier association times or other experiences which readers would find interesting. Please give it some thought.

J. Carey

Vale – Reg Tatam - WX10053

Reg passed away on the 22nd January, 2009. His Eulogy was delivered by his daughter Jennifer.

Reg was born the eldest of 4 boys to Edward Walter and Hilda Marie Tatam (nee Barnard) in Mount Lawley on the 1st January, 1920.

Edward and Hilda had married in Islington England on the 8th October, 1918 while Edward was stationed overseas during WW1.

Reg and his brothers Alfred, Laurie (who was killed during the war in 1945 in Borneo) and Ernest who sadly passed away in 2000, were raised at 2 Westbury Rd, South Perth and spent their childhood swimming, fishing and prawning in the Swan River being typical adventurous young boys. Next door number 4 Westbury Rd was a vacant block so Edward purchased it and there he raised fowls, ducks and his beloved vege garden. Some of my fondest childhood memories are of the family enjoying cold drinks and jam lattice biscuits while sitting under the enormous mulberry tree in the centre of the block and then all the kids playing chasey through the vege garden.

While growing up Reg and his brothers had to gather firewood, weed the gardens, feed the chooks and ducks and dig for blood worms down by the Swan River for Sunday morning fishing for trumpeters, cobblers, small whiting, the occasional garfish and crabs at the Causeway. In those days the Swan River had nice white sandy beaches and crystal clear water and no wall around it. Imagine!! On the way they would cross Suburban Rd, now called Mill Point Rd, and pass the zoo and the horse paddocks where the horses were

regularly killed to feed the zoo lions. In the still of the night they could often hear the lions roar from the zoo. If the boys were not by the river they were at the rifle range which ran alongside the pine plantation, where they went to dig for spent rifle bullets to take home and there they would melt the lead down to make sinkers for their fishing lines. So resourceful! They even collected the fluffy down from the duck's nests to give to their mother so that she could make pillows with it! Edward bought 2 seagulls from a man at the zoo who had clipped their wings. These birds were named Micky and Minnie by the boys and were used to eat grubs around the garden.

For the princely sum of one penny the boys would catch the tram which ran along Fremantle Rd, now Canning Highway into Boans in Perth to buy groceries like bacon or cheese for their mum. Each school day the boys had to run home which was about a mile each way, for lunch and then run back, hoping for some time left for play time before the bell went. Occasionally their Saturday night treat was to go to the neighbour's house to watch a magic lantern picture which showed pictures on a wall. As they got older they could go to the Hurlingham to see Flash Gordon in his space ship fighting all the monsters which was quite frightening for them so they would run hard all the way home so the monsters wouldn't get them, but they didn't dare tell their parents for fear of not being allowed to go again.

Dad used to talk about how his mum would feed them bread and dripping to try to fill them up – he said she used to say that they must have hollow legs! As a mother of 3 boys myself I can't help but relate to that!!

Reg became a signaller during WW11, assigned to the 2/2nd Australian Independent Company, AIF in Timor.

Dad's nickname became Doodah, as he was the signaller whose job it was to send the Morse code' – doo doo dah dah etc.

His group of Commandos lost contact with Australia for 59 days after the Japanese landing on the island and had been written off as missing or dead. These resilient and ingenious young men worked in the thin air of a Timor mountain hideout and, using a smoking, stinking light of a pig-fat flare, built a radio which was a crazy contraption built from scraps of wire and tin and pieces of long discarded radio sets which they affectionately nicknamed – "Winnie the War Winner". Eventually, using weak batteries, they managed to send a message by dots and dashes to Darwin which said "Force intact. Still fighting, badly need boots, money, quinine, tommygun ammunition". One interesting quirk of Dad's came to light during his army service and that was that although he grew a full heavy beard, he could not grow a moustache! His photos attest to this strange attribute, but it always allowed us to pick him out in any army photos!

Prior to the war, dad had completed an apprenticeship as a cooper with the Swan Brewery. With the introduction of metal kegs, dad re-trained as a clerk. He continued working at the Swan Brewery until his retirement in 1985, having served a total of 44 years. Dad's father Edward was also a cooper, serving 48 years with the Swan Brewery, a testament to their strong work ethics. 92 years of combined family service with one company would be extremely rare, I would expect, especially in today's world.

Dad married Joan Armstrong in February 1948. They purchased a quarter acre block in Dover Road in Scarborough and dad built their house outside of his working

hours with the help of his brother Alf. Mum gave birth to two baby girls Cheryl and Karen exactly one year apart and spent some tough years living in what would later become the back verandah, while dad built the house around them in his every spare moment away from the brewery. Dad was proud to say that he built everything in the house except for the electrical and plumbing. A third daughter, Jennifer, me, came along as a surprise 5-1/2 years later. Dad used to tell me how he chugged along Scarborough Beach Road in their old Singer car in terrible winter weather to drop mum at the hospital in Mt Hawthorn and then he and the girls had to go back home to wait – how times have changed!!

On the night of my birth, dad had to go next door to the Morrisons, as we didn't have a phone to call the hospital to ask if mum had given birth yet. When they said I was a girl, dad told the nurse to go back and have another look, so much wanting a son!

One particular day the family were driving through the "switchbacks" (which were a stretch of hills along one of the roads in Scarborough) in the old Singer car but unfortunately the poor old Singer couldn't make it up one of the hills, so half way up dad made us all get out so that he could let the car roll back down the hill, he then let us jump back in and turned around to go a different way home.

Dad's love of fishing continued through most of his life and he used to take us along with him. My greatest fishing achievement under dad's watchful eye was to catch 6 King George whiting off the beach at City Beach but I was also great at catching blowies.

When on holidays, we fished off the Busselton jetty for hours on end and always came home with lots of fish as well as just as many stories of the ones that got away. Although I enjoyed fishing with

dad I did struggle to bait my line as it was usually slimey or yucky so I would always be asking dad to bait my line for me which he did endlessly.

Crabbing and prawning were also regular pastimes, especially as we all had an insatiable love of eating them. We holidayed regularly in Mandurah and Bunbury and especially Australind which was one of our favourite holiday locations as we stayed in an on-site van at the Australind Caravan Park and could just walk across the road to put the nets in to the water to catch crabs. Dad would bring the crabs back and cook them while mum laid out the table with paper and fresh bread with lashings of butter and we were in heaven! We had nutcrackers to break the crab shells, although I remember using my teeth most of the time.

Prawning off the Swan River foreshore at Crawley was always a highlight particularly on New Years Eve. It was always great fun with lots of family and friends and often while the grown-ups were trawling through the warm waters, all of the kids would be playing games in the dark which was a huge delight – we revelled in the simple things in life.

Many holidays were spent in Swan Brewery owned beach shacks at Naval Base in old converted trams where we had to go daily to buy ice for the ice-chest. We shared our accommodation with spiders, snakes and goannas but we still loved those special times so much. A few years later the Brewery built new holiday units at Point Peron so each year we couldn't wait to get together there with the regular families who gathered. We spent countless hours on the beach, sunbathing and swimming which was always followed by sunburn and blisters and then peeling the skin from each others backs.

Dad would take us fishing out in a row boat and we were kept well fed with plentiful supplies of fresh fish and of course we

went crabbing at every opportunity, cooking them on the beach over a fire.

At night we gathered to socialize in the recreation shack and had hours and hours of fabulous innocent childhood fun.

Neighbourhood get togethers in Dover Road were a regular occurrence as all the kids played together and the adults socialized together. It was a lovely community to grow up in. In the extreme summer heat we all ran through our sprinklers being one of the only houses with a bore and in fact were the envy of the street as dad built a concrete hole out the back with a pipe which allowed the bore water to be pumped into it. There was no such thing as filtration and boy did the frogs love it at night!

Dad's job at the Swan Brewery allowed us lots of social times such as regular river cruises to Garden Island or even just cruises to nowhere along the river, which was especially lovely on a balmy summer's night. On the way back we just loved seeing the lights in the shape of a ship which adorned the Brewery at night. I recall there were always plenty of kegs of beer and crates of water melons on board for our Garden Island lunch landings.

At the regular 'socials' as they were called, (dances) the kids were encouraged to join in and we learned to do the barn dance and Pride of Erin. There were kegs of ginger beer there just for us and later in the night the kids would all sleep in the cloak room on the benches while the adults partied on.

In 1971 we moved to Hamersley to a brand new home and we thought it was wonderful. I think mum would have preferred to stay in Scarborough where all her friends were. Dad enjoyed countless hours of carpentry in his workshop and tending his vege garden – like father, like son. Dad even built a mini brewery in his workshop with all the

necessities, even a bottling section. I recall he experimented with all sorts of beer even stout. The son-in-laws were always very willing to be guinea pigs for his latest brew. Dad's passing last Thursday was coincidentally the day before the 14th Anniversary of mums passing. Dad lived alone, but happy in his own company where he enjoyed his beloved workshop, garden and cooking until last Easter when sadly his dementia got the better of him and he has ended his twilight years at David Buttfeld Centre at Gwelup.

I think if we could choose our own life's ending most would agree that dad's final days were fortunate in that he had his family around him, he was pain-free and simply slipped away in his sleep. Not a bad innings at 89 as well.

While I miss my dad already, I know that he had a long, happy and healthy life but his time had come and he is now with his Joanie, our dear mum and his brothers Laurie and Ernie. May you Rest in Peace my darling Dad. I Love you.

Reg's funeral service was held at the Pinnaroo Valley Memorial Chapel on the 29th January. J. Carey represented the Association and said 'The Ode'.

Lest We Forget

NB: Thank you Jennifer for a very fine eulogy. Reg was a good soldier and fine man.

Lest We Forget

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to the Tatam family.

Vale – Donovan Francis Murray - WX13205

As reported in our December Courier Don, as he was always known, passed away peacefully on 13th November, 2008. He was 87.

His family has kindly provided his Eulogy. Donovan Francis Murray was born in North Perth on the 18th May, 1921. He was the third child and first son in a family to eventually be made up of four girls and four boys.

Don's first memories go back to starting school at Eric Street Primary in Cottesloe. The family moved to Claremont and then Don attended the Claremont Central School where he stayed until grade eight. Whilst at Claremont he became proficient at sport and was school captain in swimming and gym.

In 1935 he was offered a sporting scholarship at Christian Brothers College, Perth. He was only there for a little over one term because he had passed the entrance exam to the PMG (Post Master Generals Service) and they offered him an apprenticeship. However, he had just won the under 15 years swimming cup so the good old brothers gave the cup to someone else!!

Don's career was fairly active with sessions at Fremantle as a messenger and Perth on the central counters, then a transfer to Tambellup for country experience.

Don was transferred back to Fremantle when the war started and he and a good friend, Harry Price ran courses in Morse Code training'— as they were all aspirants for the Air Force. Shortly after, he received an order from the PMG that he had been transferred on loan to the Australian Army as a secret and correspondence clerk in Townsville.

Don joined the Army in May 1941 and did whatever his dad had told him NOT to do – and volunteered for the—"Hush Hush Mob". One had to run, fight, swim, sail, do all sorts of things to become a member of what turned out to be the 2/2nd Independent Company. After six weeks of intensive training, mainly at Wilson's

Promontory in July/August 1941 by Englishmen, Don's unit was sent on pre-embarkation leave to Perth – at the conclusion of which they were prepared to move north rather than to England as expected.

In Timor Don played his part in the setting up of "Winnie the War Winner" and being an experienced signaller was a key man in that phase of the company's operation. He also served in New Guinea and New Britain and was discharged in January 1946.

Don had met Ida McKenzie once during his leave in 1944 and this encounter was later confirmed in them being married in 1946 – a wonderful loving relationship that lasted for 62 years.

After the war Don worked first on his uncle's farm, then spent some time again at the PMG. During this time they had grown their family to three daughters – Pam, Lyn and Vicki. A while later the family moved to York where Don initially managed a farm, then worked for a company called the York Traders.

After two years with York Traders, Don joined Ampol Petroleum as a country representative in 1955.

Don forged a career with Ampol Petroleum and eventually transferred to New South Wales where he resigned in 1970. As Pam and Lyn had left home by this stage; Don, Ida and Vicki moved to Coffs Harbour to take over an Ampol Roadhouse. After a time they moved on to another business in town and then returned to Sydney. Don worked for a real estate firm in Sydney and within two years was awarded his own Real Estate license.

In early 1978 Don and Ida came home to Perth on holidays and decided that they liked it more than where they were so the couple decided to move back to Perth and Don bought a half share in a Real Estate business in Rockingham. Don worked there for around eight years during which

time both Pam and Vicki also moved to Western Australia.

Throughout Don's life he maintained his passion for swimming and would swim every day. Don was with several different swimming clubs over the years and loved it. When a very good and dear friend from his swimming club died at a premature age, Don decided that he had worked for long enough and it was time to retire.

Don and Ida lived a peaceful life in Rockingham for 14 years then in 1992 they sold up and moved to Mandurah.

Life for Don and Ida has been good in Mandurah, times have been relaxed and happy – although tragically marred by the loss of Pam in 2003.

The joy of watching his grandchildren grow was always a source of pride. Mark, Joanne, Nicola, David and Matthew are now all adults – and first great grandchild, Tahlia arrived nearly three years ago.

Don visited the Ferguson Valley many times after Vicki and Boyd moved there in 1995. In fact his love for the place (and the wine they produced!) was such that one would be forgiven for thinking he had first discovered it. They had intended to move to "Paradise" this year.

When Ida asked Don recently what he considered his greatest achievement in his life – his answer was "His Girls". His beloved wife and his three daughters have adored him, spoilt him and revered him – Father Bear, Mother Bear and the three little Bears.

Don's funeral was held at the West Chapel Fremantle Cemetery on 20th November. A large attendance was testimony of the esteem in which he was held. His grandchildren were pall bearers and a Guard of Honour was provided by R Smyth, K Hayes, L Bagley and J Carey (2/2nd), J Lines (2/5th) and R Reddell (2/6th) with J Carey saying "The Ode". Also present from the 2/2nd were Helen

Poynton, Babs Langridge, Dorothy Maley and Julie Ann Jackman.

So passed a fine man and great Australian.

Lest We Forget

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to Ida, Vicki and Lyn and their families.

Corporal Don Murray

An original, Don was a top line signaller and served in the unit's three campaigns in Timor, New Guinea and New Britain. On February 19th, 1942 the night the Japs landed in Dili, Don and 2 other sigs were on the OP above Three Spurs. Don who was in charge had to maintain contact with the sig on the aerodrome "Porky" Gannon who would relay a message by Lucas lamp in the event of a possible attack. A heavy fog which descended about 9.00pm prevented Porky from contacting Don although he did his best to do so from 9.00pm until the early hours of the next morning. Don was in a dilemma. During the night the trio heard what seemed like explosions but it was not until the fog cleared and Don saw fires on the drome he realized something very serious had happened. He immediately hurried down to 'C' platoon headquarters and he arrived there shortly after 6.00am by which time the ill fated ration truck had left for Dili with the bulk of 7 section.

Don never ever forgot that long night even though what happened was beyond his control. He was a very conscientious soldier and a good one at that.

Don's father Thomas who died in July 1954 was a 10th Light Horse veteran. He lost his right leg at Gallipoli but this did not deter him from raising a lovely family. A fine citizen, he played a leading role in the 2/2nd Welfare Association during the war years which later helped to set up our association. As life would have it Don lost

his right leg not long before he died and smiled when he was reminded his father had lost his left leg.

In June 2004 he had a triple bypass after which he developed renal failure followed by bleeding ulcers and a mild stroke. Don's strong constitution and loving family support enabled him to pull through. During his four month ordeal last year. Don displayed great courage and composure until the end. Ida, Vicki, Lyn and the family were always there to support him.

Don and Ida were great supporters of the Association, Don being Vice President at the time of his death. He was invited to be President on more than one occasion but refused because of his health problems. A fine man and great Australian who will be sadly missed.

J. Carey

VALE - "PADDY" KENNEALLY - NX77689

Our readers will all be saddened by news of the passing of Paddy who died on Sunday morning 1st March, 23 days after his 93rd birthday.

His daughter Helen has kindly provided this moving eulogy on her father's life. We thank her for that and also Nora and the family for the copies of the two fine tributes to Paddy penned by the President of Timor-Leste, Jose Ramos-Horta and the Prime Minister Xanana Gusmao.

John Patrick Kenneally or Paddy Kenneally as he was known to many died quietly and on his own terms in the early hours of 1st March. Paddy's last few months had been very difficult and he was overcome by a complete lack of energy. "I'm buggered!" he would say to anyone who would listen. For a man of such indomitable energy, enthusiasm and

determination these last few months were cruel and frustrating not only for him but also for those who loved and knew him.

As we all gathered at the home that Mum and Dad shared for nearly 58 years, we knew that not only had we lost a wonderful husband, father, grandfather brother and uncle, but many others had lost a great friend and colleague. From the minute he was born and until the day he died, Dad embraced all that life had to offer and in return he lived a life of outstanding generosity and service, and breathtaking integrity.

Dad was born in 1916 in Youghal a beautiful coastal fishing village on the south east coast of Ireland to Michael and Ellen Kenneally. He has five siblings Michael died as a young child and Julia at the age of 93. Dad's two remaining siblings Joe (91) and Mary (89) have that Kenneally longevity. Dad's father was unable to get work to support his growing family and in the early 1920's he moved to Australia and worked as a merchant seaman in the Australian Coastal trade. On St Patrick's Day 1927 all the family were reunited in Sydney and Australia became home.

Dad's new playground became the Sydney Harbour Foreshores and the family settled into rented accommodation at Miller's Point. Dad went to St Patricks Church Hill and also did his stint as an altar boy. For reasons best known to him, Dad decided to go to the Marist Novitiate at Mittagong and we understand there was a collective sigh of relief when my father came to the view that his particular personality type would not be suited to life obedience!

For the next few years Dad wandered – picking up work here and there in Sydney and the bush until joining the wharves in 1937. When the news that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbour broke, Dad just put his hook in his belt climbed the

ladder and said to the supervisor "I'm off Tom, get yourself another man. I am off to fight not for the Yanks, the British or the Russians but for Australia."

Dad landed in Timor in January 1942 and left in January 1943. There are many places to read about the Sparrow Force's amazing and courageous engagement with the Japanese. However as Dad left East Timor under the cover of darkness he made a commitment to the Timorese credos who sheltered, guided and cared for the men in his unit, that he and Australia would never forget them. He spent the rest of his life trying to repay that debt and forged many friends and a few enemies along the way. His lifelong friendship with Rufino Correia has been an enduring symbol of the bond between the people of Timor Leste and Australia.

Dad saw out WWII in the jungles of New Guinea and after the end of War, he again spent a number of years wandering - working on the wharves and ships in WA and timber felling in Tasmania, New Zealand and Acacia Plateau. In late 1951 he decided to take his mother home to Ireland for her first visit since arriving in 1927. It was during a stopover in England to visit his Uncle Ned, that Dad met the love of his life Nora Kelly - a woman also from Youghal who was working in England and sending money home to Ireland to support her family.

We often say that Mum's journey to Australia was not only a journey of love but also of blind faith! My parents' love and commitment to each other was unconditional. It was a relationship that grew through various twists and turns of life and it ended nearly 58 years later as it started, with deep love and respect for each other.

Dad returned to shift work on the wharves and worked part time at the Women's Weekly to help purchase their first and only home at Yagoona. By 1958 he had left the waterfront and the Weekly and spent the rest of his working life kerb and guttering all over Sydney.

Dad retired in 1984, at the age of 68. This was not an idle retirement: rather it gave him time to continue with his many causes and interests: Paddy was self educated - he read extensively, he was an avid researcher and he maintained an exhaustive program of letter writing. Many a politician, public servant, newspaper editor and others had the pleasure of Dad correcting their ill-founded assumptions and assertions - particularly relating to Timor Leste. However he also maintained personal correspondence with many others including the readers of the Courier. Dad had a beautiful way of crafting words and as you read his words it was as though he was speaking with you in that broad Irish accent that he never quite lost. Dad also maintained an equally busy program of travel and visitation to old army, school, work mates and parishioners of Christ the King and made sure that anyone who had previously crossed his path be it in Australia, Timor Leste or Ireland was visited, respected and if necessary supported.

Throughout his life Dad retained a deep friendship and respect for the men and families of Double Red Diamond. Paddy may or may not have agreed with particular directions or decisions of the Association but with few exceptions he always had this wonderful way of separating the issue and the individual. My brothers Michael, Sean, Gerald and I have special memories of the first Safari to Sydney in the late 1960s, and the Safari to West Australia in 1972. Along with my mother we have all enjoyed and treasured the special friendships and connections

that came from the Commando Association.

There have been many celebrations of Paddy's life over the last couple of weeks. This included a very special Dawn Service led by Padre Alves at Motael Church in Dili and attended by Rufino as well as many others from all walks of life. Dad would have been embarrassed by the attention but he would have loved the beautiful Timorese choir that raised their voices to the heavens to help him on that final journey. There was also a special mass in Mum and Dad's home town of Youghal where many friends and family gathered to remember him and to send messages of support to so many others. And then of course there was the final Australian Farewell at Mum and Dad's parish at Christ the King. Nearly 400 people were present but we remain deeply aware of the presence of many others.

- Hernani Coelho da Silva the Timorese Ambassador joined Paddy's grandchildren in placing his life symbols a Tais, rosary beads, bible, crucifix and photo of Paddy on his coffin.

- Sean and I both spoke. Sean explained that Dad's one luxury was to follow West's Rugby League Team. Many of you reading this can see Paddy not in the supportive environment of the West's supporters but right in the middle of the opposition team supporters where he loudly questioned everything from the eye sight to the parentage of the referee, the linesmen and anyone else who did not see it his way!!

- Sr Josephine from the Mary McKellar Institute spoke of Dad's work in Timor both during the Indonesian Occupation and subsequently since Independence and read a tribute from Xanana and Kirsty Gusmao

- The Timorese Ambassador and Consul General read very special and

personal letters from the President and Prime Minister of Timor Leste which have been copied in this Courier.

• Fr Williams who has known Dad for nearly 15 years and he talked of Dad's contribution and commitment to his Church and his strong and deep faith.

After the service we all gathered in the parish hall with many friends, family and colleagues for a lovely reunion and reminisce of Paddy's life. We later laid Dad to rest with my mother's roses, a Tais from Timor Leste, a decade of the rosary and in the company of huge gum trees, singing birds and clean country air. We thank Xanana and Kirsty Gusmao for the following:

'And now, dearest friend, rest in the knowledge that "Tusan selu tiha ona" (the debt is paid).

Our family would like to thank everyone for their wonderful friendship and support of Paddy throughout his life and of us following his death.

Tax Deductible Donations in Paddy's Memory can be made to:

Mary McKillop East Timor Mission PO Box 299 St Marys NSW 1790 or online at www.mmiets.org.au

Nora, Helen, Michael, Sean and Gerald Kenneally

"Personal message from President Jose Ramos-Horta, Dili, 3 March, 2009.

You're Excellencies,

It is my honour and privilege to pay tribute today to one of the greatest human being I have known. As I sit here in my home in Dili thinking of John 'Paddy' Kenneally I find it difficult to control the smile on my face. What an amazing man God gave us in Paddy; a man of courage, serenity, compassion, loyalty and joy. I sit here in a free and independent Timor-Leste and think how blessed we are to have had such great friends like Paddy Kenneally.

Some say Paddy visited Timor-Leste 8 times; I think maybe it was 9. I remember the last time he visited was for ANZAC DAY in 2008 – at 92 years of age!

The first time was to war in late 1941 with the 2/2nd Independent Commando Company. On 19th February 1942, on the day that Darwin was bombed, Paddy was to start fighting on the outskirts of Dili. Since the time that Paddy and his comrades sought shelter in the mountains of Timor, they forged a close relationship with their Timorese supporters. These relationships were forged not just through necessity, rather through the common values of duty, compassion, friendship and resistance to oppression. I recall that he felt they owed their lives to these poor but generous and loyal people.

After the war, Paddy committed to a lifelong friendship with the people of East Timor.

Paddy spoke out against the abandonment of East Timor in 1975 and remained a passionate advocate for our country all the days of his remarkable life. With his friends from 1942 and others in the solidarity movement they were stalwart supporters raising valuable awareness and hundreds of thousands of dollars in aid.

In our minds, in our hearts and in our stories, Paddy and his comrades of Sparrow Force have never forgotten their friends of Timor....And we will not forget them.

His spirit is alive and well in our story, as rich as he will remain in the story of Australia.

To Nora, Helen, Michael, Gerald and Sean, on behalf of our people, thank you and please accept our sincere condolences. May the Almighty God Bless you all.

Jose Ramos-Horta, President"

**Letter from “REPUBLICA
DEMOCRATICA DE TIMOR-LESTE,
GABINETE DO PRIMEIRO-MINISTRO”**

“Dear Mrs Nora Kenneally

I was saddened to hear that your beloved husband, Paddy Kenneally, passed away over the weekend.

Paddy was a great friend of Timor-Leste and he will be missed. I wrote to Paddy only a few days ago when I heard that he had been admitted to hospital to let him know that my thoughts were with him. Regrettably, I understand that he did not have the opportunity to read the letter which spoke of his extraordinary contribution to Timor-Leste and our People.

Paddy’s service to Timor-Leste was tireless and his affinity and solidarity with the Timorese was remarkable. He would not let Australians forget the support that the Timorese gave to Australian soldiers during World War 11 and he never stopped campaigning for the Timorese people.

As I said in my letter to Paddy, the goodwill that he has fostered in Australia towards Timor-Leste and the Timorese will endure for generations to come. While unfortunately I will be unable to attend Paddy’s funeral, I honour his outstanding contribution to the freedom which our People enjoy today. He was a true humanitarian and a great man and we will remember him.

My thoughts are now with you, your children Helen, Michael, Sean and Gerald and with all of Paddy’s family and friends. While you will be in mourning for Paddy, you can take solace in the life that Paddy led, the contribution he made to our nation and the difference he has made to our People.

Yours in friendship,

**Kay Rala Xanana-Gusmao
Prime Minister”**

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to Nora, Helen, Michael, Gerald and Sean and all members of the Kenneally family.

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

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

Audrey Tapper, widow of Dudley. Died in December, 2008

Grace Tapper, widow of Laurie. Died in January, 2009

Hazel Wicks, widow of Jack. Died in February, 2009.

May They Rest in Peace

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to the Tapper and Wicks families.

Isabel Elmore has advised that Lewis Nicklason passed away recently in Tasmania.

His eulogy will appear in the June Courier. Our sincere sympathy is extended to his wife Jean and the family.

XMAS SOCIAL

Our Xmas luncheon held on Friday 5th December at the Goodearth Hotel went off well. At our age, group numbers attending is always a bit of a worry when it comes to catering. Early on it did not look too promising but 25 made it, 15 ladies and 10 veterans and all had a pleasant time.

We have been having functions at the Goodearth now for the past 20 years and always get well looked after by the staff. The late John Poynton was a Director back in those days and it was John who was responsible for our introduction to the hotel. We have three socials booked again this year. Anzac Day, Norma Hasson Day (July) and the Xmas social. So we all better

hang on for another year or two.

The luncheon was excellent and the tables nicely decorated. President Jack welcomed and thanked all for their continued support. Laurie Harrington told a couple of stories and even Julie Ann told one. Well done Julie. Kay and Laurie ran the free raffle and there were 12 lucky winners. Everyone relaxed and enjoyed the occasion.

Mandurah was represented by Julie Ann Jackman, Joy Chatfield, Len Bagley and Jim Lines, Kay and daughter Julie Hanson, Fred and Robyn Hasson, Laurie and Sheryle Harrington, all were in good form and kept things moving. Also present were Bob and Margaret Smyth, Mike Press from Bakers Hill and Speed Jones (2/3rd) and the ever reliable Dick Darrington, Anne Green and Linda Loughton (Tony Bower's daughters) and Jean Young. Nellie Mullins, Clare West, Babs Langridge and her friends Jess Pratt and Margaret Montgomery. All the ladies looked great. Greg Tyreman over from Queensland took a group photo of the ladies. Greg is very good with his camera and earns our thanks.

J Carey

4th February, 2009

Trooper Mark Donaldson, VC
The SAS Regiment
Campbell Barracks
SWANBOURNE WA 6010

Dear Mark

On behalf of the members of our Association we congratulate you on being awarded The Victoria Cross for outstanding bravery when in action in Afghanistan on 2nd September last.

We, along with all Australians, salute you Mark for what you did on that day. You now join the illustrious ranks of 96 former Army Victoria Cross winners of whom only 2 remain. You have done your country and

your regiment proud.

May you be spared to live a long and progressive life.

Good luck and God bless.

Yours sincerely

J W Carey

President

2/2nd Commando Association of Australia

UNIT HISTORY BOOK

We have now sold 1,610 books, 80% of the 2,000 we had printed so we are just about square on our initial outlay of \$101,000. As mentioned previously the response by our members and friends has been good over the three year period since the book was launched in April, 2006.

The WA committee would like to see the remaining 390 books sold before we call it a day for the Association in December, 2010 and will make every effort to see this objective is achieved. Some members and our good ladies have donated a book to their local library as a tribute to their next of kin who served in the 2/2nd. It is a nice gesture and one worth thinking about.

Anything you can do to further the cause would be appreciated.

J. Carey

STATE REPORTS

QUEENSLAND

Dear Jack

– During February Lyn and I spent a few days at Caloundra and caught up with our three members there.

Col and Jeanette Andrew plus their son Peter. A few years ago this family had lived at Caloundra for a long time but bought the caravan park at Laidley. Col as a builder built his own home. This was sold but Peter kept his separate home. About a year ago now they sold the caravan park and returned to Caloundra. Peter moved

back into his home and I spoke to Jeanette on the phone and Col and Jeanette have either bought or built a new home in a new estate and in fact their street is not listed yet in the directories. All three are well, happy and still working FLAT OUT! Their address and phone number is Liekefett Way, Little Mountain 4551, and Telephone: (07) 5492 5482. They still get our '2/2nd Courier' and their daughter in Canberra visits them every Christmas.

Allan and Joan Mitchell are still getting along okay except that Allan is extremely short sighted. They have a close and loving family that keep there eye on them.

Lois Davies keeps well and still leads a very active life. Her daughter Vicki sold her home at Beerwak and now lives with her mother.

Bluey and Joan Stanley – Bluey is now in the RSL retirement village, high care section and is not able to walk much now. Like many of us he has his good days and bad days. Joan is still living at Burpengary which is not far away and she is able to see him often. Joan is still having her long time back problem and the “experts” don't seem to be able to get her right.

Fred Otway still plays tennis twice a week and sometimes goes on long walks. These help to keep him fit but he admits he has slowed down a lot!

Paddy Wilby still has very poor eyesight and the top eye doctors here don't seem to be able to help him; however he still has wonderful spirit and is determined to write his next book!

Bill and Irma Connell – Bill is not at all well. He is getting help at his retirement unit but Irma had a fall and is at present in hospital.

Ralph and Sheila Conley – On Australia Day they celebrated a wonderful two day 90th birthday for Ralph. The Saturday was at his bowls club with friends and the Sunday at his daughter's home with family.

He is still a keen bowler and will probably organize another bowls trip later this year.

Edna Vandeleur says she is 88 and George would have been 95. She is still very short sighted and this limits where she can go and what she can do. Often she needs to be accompanied by someone. She says all the units around her are empty in her retirement village. At over \$400,000. each many people cannot afford this much money so they just stay on in their homes. Still it sounds a bit strange to be LONELY in a retirement village?

Elsie Veovodin is managing okay. Still living in her large family home which Alex built but at least it suits her and her family for now. She is very proud of her grandson Sergeant Andrew who has served in Afghanistan and is presently an instructor at the Puckapunyal camp.

Bettye Coulson hurt her hand in a fall and it is still on the mend. Bettye being right handed finds that she is up against it BUT she never takes off her running shoes. She is getting in some bicycle riding practice for her trip to Lord Howe Island.

Pat Barnier had a fall in a shopping centre at Christmas time and broke her pelvis. This meant being in hospital but with family help (Andrea) she is on the mend again. Her granddaughter Michelle is still busy with her legal work and has spent some time in Sri Lanka. She will be home again in June for her sister's marriage (Louise).

Margaret Hooper has osteoarthritis problems but is still able to lead an active life with the help of relatives, friends and Probus. She still drives her car too.

Enclosed are a couple of pages out of our “Commando News” (March 2000). It is an East Timor story out of General Peter Cosgrove's book “My Story”. I am told it makes a good read and I guess the Anzac day described took place shortly after 1999.

All Queenslanders were very sad with the loss of our Paddy Kenneally and send our deepest condolences to Nora, Gerald, Michael and families. His war record PLUS how he helped our Association AFTER the war was really wonderful. One thing we both had in common was that we were both discharged from the army on the same day 31.01.1946— he in Sydney and me in Brisbane.

With best wishes to all our Association mates, now and always.

Ron and Lyn, Toowong.

VICTORIA

Dear Jack and 2/2nd friends everywhere – It is raining at last after weeks of dry weather so we are all very pleased. Dreadful bushfires have been blazing for more than a month with enormous loss of life and destruction of homes and farmlands. No need for me to say more as it has all been on TV and in the papers – let's hope this rain will help to quell the fires and the anxiety will be relieved.

All Victoria 2/2nd were deeply saddened with the news of Paddy Kenneally's death. He has always been a wonderful man in every way. We will all miss him especially for his letters to the Courier so regularly over the years. It was always great to hear details of his trips back to Timor to. Deepest sympathy is extended from us all to Nora and all family members.

In the last two days I have been talking with different ones on the phone.

Mary Bone is still at Lakes Entrance and is reasonably well. She would really love to return to live in Leongatha so perhaps someday her wish will be granted.

Pat Petersen is as busy as ever and helps each day with the care of her mother who will reach 102 years in June.

Moira Coats is still driving her car and happy in her home at Broadmeadows where she has lived for over 40 years. Her

family live nearby and she sees them often. One son Brian lives in the West – he lives at Nedlands.

I had a talk with—**Fay Campbell** in Benalla a few days ago – she is well and her garden keeps her busy. Very dry up that way too so lets hope they get rain there soon.

We haven't visited **Leith Cooper** for a while but talk on the phone often.

On 25th January we called to see **Craig Roberts** at Neerim South – he looked well but is still having regular visits to Melbourne regarding his hearing after the Cochlear Ear implant he had done— said it still needs more "fine tuning". It was good to see him.

I also rang **Harry Botterill** last week and in his own words "I am bowling along OK". He gets meals on wheels and says he enjoys them so that is good. Lynette takes him shopping each week and is there for him when he needs her.

Eddie Bourke rang to tell me that Paddy had passed away. He and Dorothy are doing fairly well – Eddie had spoken to—**John Southwell** recently. He was home after having a week in hospital. John and Shirley are very keen bowlers so we hope John is able to get back to that very soon. I have tried twice to get **Dot Veitch** but no luck.

Mavis Broadhurst is always bright and is looking forward to visiting her son Gary and family in Queensland in May when the weather is cooler up there.

Moira Coats rang me this afternoon with some more news. She will be in Perth for Anzac Day – Brian will tell unit members of her impending visit. Brian's phone number is (08) 924 7105. It was lovely to have 2 phone calls from Babs Langridge when the fires were so bad.

The nearest they got to us was on the north side of Drouin 20 kms away. Some farmhouses were burnt, fences and

pastures lost.

The generosity of people has been amazing and many farmers have volunteers helping repair fences.

I rang **'Margo and George Shiels** at Bowen when the floods were at their worst up there – Australia is certainly a land “of droughts and flooding rains”.

Now a bit of family news – Colin's younger girl Corrina was married on 24th January in a friend's garden. It was the only pleasant Saturday weather-wise for quite a few weeks. Corrina was a beautiful bride and she had her sister Tenielle and her two little girls as attendants – Zali is now 6-1/2 and in her 2nd year at school. She attends Athlone school and this weekend we are celebrating the school's centenary. Ken went there from 1931-34.

That's about all for this time.

Best wishes to all from the Victorians.

Margaret Monk

NEW SOUTH WALES

Dear Jack – Time goes so quickly as we get older perhaps it's because we take so long to do anything. I've found the cure and put it off – then it catches up. Catch 22.

I'm penning this as news of the big cyclone in Queensland is coming through. I hope I miss it.

News of **Gordon Stanley** is not good. Jean is quite worried. I just rang Joan but both she and her daughter are out so I will try and gather some news later. Caught up with Jean who says there is no improvement today.

Russ Blanch is reasonably well and he is getting organized for his daughter and son-in-law's trip to the UK. She reckons he is getting old but I always tell him he is getting older – not old. I don't know if he believes me or not.

Eric and Lorraine Herd from Iluka are

both well. Lorraine's eyes have now settled down satisfactorily. Congratulations to Eric who was 90 on the 20th January.

Beryl Steen is up in Cairns with a son I think. Her daughter in Brisbane says she is well but I bet she has had her fill of the rain and cyclone.

Beryl Cullen from Kyogle doing well and recently celebrated her 91st. I reckon she will make 100 easily. I hope so.

Beryl Walsh from Kempsey is still going well despite adversity but no complaints. She is really something special.

Tom and Jean Yates from Kyogle are both going well. Jean is a bit better than last time around but by no means well. Tom's a great backstop and says home help is of great assistance.

May Orr of South Grafton is going along well. She was telling me about her local Laurel club AGN when out of over 40 people there they could not get a president or secretary so the previous president kept his posy and took the secretary's job as well. May says she took assistant secretary and most probably will do the work. Young people wont take on jobs.

Edith Jones of Barraba was again visiting Chris and family on the Gold Coast. As per last time they missed the bad storms and it seems might be lucky again with the recent big cyclone.

Nola Wilson at Gilgandra is doing wonderfully well after the operation on her knees. Both knees mind you. She is now moving without the walker and not relying on a stick. Nola continues to massage them and says she still feels a bit of pain but they are getting better all the time. Wonderful.

Edna Vandeleur is ok despite the usual eye problem. It does prevent us getting around as much as we would like to. Edna continues to participate in the activities in her village.

Keith Wilson of Booker Bay on the central

coast is doing ok and sends regards to all. He regrets he couldn't make it to Paddy's funeral.

Fred Otway is still going strong. Still plays tennis although he says he cannot run after the ball much. Fancy that. God Bless him he is a marvel.

All the best to everyone as we march on.

PS: Had my left eye cataract fixed – all ok now but I get a shock when I have a shave.

Who's the Old Bloke!!!

Happy Greenhalgh

Pilgrimage to East Timor

I had long harboured a wish to travel to East Timor as a result of the sporadic anecdotes related by my father, William Edward (Bill) Willis, and a brief handwritten memoir he left about his experiences there with the 2/2nd Independent Company during WW11. He had trained as a signaller and he served in the Signals Section commanded by Lieutenant J A (Johnnie) Rose.

After doing some Web-based research, I decided to undertake a four day tour offered by Grand Touring, a Darwin based tour company

(<http://www.grandtouringcoaches.com/>).

(I was too late to book for the inaugural Sparrow Force Trek reported on in the December 2008 Courier by Yvonne Walsh). The option I selected was the "4 Day Ramelau & Same Tour" because it covers a large segment of the country in which the 2/2nd and 2/4th Independent Companies operated, running south from Dili to the Coast at Betano through Dare, Aileu, Maubisse, Hato-Builico, Ainaro, Hato-Udo and Same. Once on the tour, I altered the itinerary on the last day to take in the Comoro River, Tibar, Liquica and Maubisse to the west of Dili.

I arrived in Timor on Monday 28th July, 2008 and returned to Darwin on Friday 1st

August after flying from Perth and staying overnight in Darwin. Upon my return to Darwin there was time for me to go on an afternoon tour of the city that took in the harbour and other defence-related sites that would have been familiar to the men of the 2/2nd and 2/4th before and after they returned from Timor.

My tour was conducted in a mid-90s vintage Toyota Prado 4-wheel drive with a dedicated driver and multilingual tour guide. Grand Touring contract with the Dili based tour firm Mega Tours to provide this service for the Timor tours they advertise (<http://www.timormegatours.com/>). The guide, driver and vehicle all provided excellent service at a remarkably cheap price; the major costs I incurred for this tour were for airfares and accommodation in Darwin.

I have written an account of my "pilgrimage" that is too long for inclusion in the Courier (over 80 pages with photos). In writing this record of my journey I resorted to published descriptions of the places I visited especially Bernard Callinan's classic account, "Independent Company". Callinan was a peripatetic commander and travelled frequently and extensively visiting the dispersed locations occupied by the Australians. The book reveals that he was an acute observer of the people, terrain and localities over which the campaign was conducted and recorded what he saw with considerable insight and self-deprecating humour. Given Timor's underdevelopment, especially away from Dili, many of the scenes he describes in his book are still recognizable today. I have incorporated extracts from his book and other sources at relevant points in the narrative intertwined with my own observations. The tour itinerary was in line with the maps in Callinan's book and his description of the two unit's area of operations.

Where possible, I have also attempted to

locate near contemporary photos; i.e.: photos from the 1930's and 40's, of the places I visited (particularly from the Australian War Memorial's online collection) for comparison with the ones that I took to link with the story as it unfolds. Others, especially those intending to travel to Timor for a similar pilgrimage may find my account of some interest. If you are interested, please contact me by e-mail (ew988662@bigpond.net.au) and I will send you instructions about how to download a copy from the Web.

Apart from the family connection and my interest in military history, I found my Timor visit to be a marvellous travel experience. It is a country with many sights of amazing natural beauty and national heritage interest and has outstanding tourism potential. Let us hope long term peace prevails so that this aspect of their national economy can be more rapidly developed and provide valuable employment opportunities for the people.

I intend to return to the Northern Territory and Timor later this year for a longer stay and cover more of the ground linked historically with the 2/2nd. When my resources permit, I will also travel to Koepang in West Timor.

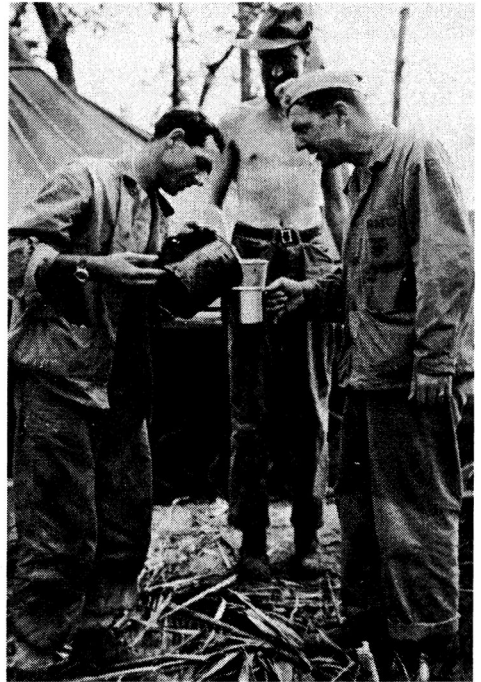
Ed Willis

DAMIEN PARER (1912-1944)

This photo taken on Guam on the 3rd September 1944 is of Damien pouring a cup of billy tea for an American soldier while John Brennan, the Bulletin correspondent looks on. Fourteen days later on the 17th September Parer was killed by a Japanese machine gunner when walking backwards behind a tank to capture the expression in soldiers' eyes as they went into action.

Thus ended the life at 32 years of an intrepid and outstanding photographer and cameraman.

Damien Peter Parer was born on the 1st August, 1912 at Malvern, Victoria the youngest of eight children of a hotel keeper from Spain, John Parer and his Victorian born wife Teresa. He attended the Loreto Convent School, Portland and later St Stanislaw's' College, Bathurst and St Kevin's College, Toorak, Melbourne (1929/30). He was apprenticed as a photographer and completed his articles in 1933. Over the next 7 years he gained



Damien Parer and John Brennan, "Bulletin Correspondent" invite an American to take a cup of billy tea on Guam. 3rd September 1943

valuable experience becoming a camera assistant for Charles Chauvel and National Studios Ltd in the shooting of a number of films "Heritage" (1935), "Uncivilised" (1936), "The Flying Doctor" (1936) and "The Forty Thousand Horseman" (1939). Between movies Parer made home movies and documentaries. In late 1938

he directed the photography of a short film "This Place Australia" which depicted (in two parts) poems by Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson.

In January 1940 Parer became a photographer with the Commonwealth Department of Information and sailed for the Middle East with elements of the 2nd AIF. He covered many actions beginning with Bardia, (1941), the Australian assault on Tobruk and accompanied 'C' Company of the 2nd 11th battalions attack on the aerodrome at Derna and shot his first film of infantry under fire. He went on to take motion pictures of the Greek (April 1941) and Syria (June-July) and the siege of Tobruk (April-December 1941). He established himself as an outstanding cameraman and his work was seen in newsreels and his name became well known.

When Japan entered the war, Parer returned to Australia – covering operations by Kanga Force around Wau and Salamaua, New Guinea in 1942/43. He filmed the Australian withdrawal along the Kokoda Track. In September 1942 released the newsreel Kokoda Front Line using his footage which brought home to Australians the realities of the war. In 1943 his footage was used in the Cinesound Newsreels, – "Men of Timor", "The Bismarck Convoy Smashed" and arguably his finest work "Assault on Salamaua". Parer was not happy with his salary and allowances with the Department of Information and resigned in August 1943 and joined Paramount News. Thereafter he covered American operations. He married Elizabeth Marie Cotter at St Mary's Catholic Church, North Sydney on 23rd March, 1944 and went on to be killed on the second day of the invasion of Peleliu in the Guam Group in September 1944.

He was buried in Ambon. His son was born the following year.

Parer was more than a combat cameraman. His films were narratives about the human situation. His images of a caped soldier crossing a stream and of a Salvation Army officer lighting a cigarette for a wounded digger became part of the Anzac legend. He was a self effacing man and a devout Catholic.

This photo was kindly presented to Henry Sproxtton by Mrs Gene Chalk (nee Gillard) of Albany via her daughter Adrienne. Mrs Chalk who is 91 and blind lives on her own in Albany was a long time friend of the Parer family. At nineteen she became a catholic and Damien Parer was her godfather when she was baptized. This would have been in 1937.

It was a great tragedy that Damien Parer was taken so young. In the period 1941/1944 he took great risks filming Australian troops in action in what were at times desperate situations and won the admiration and respect of those men involved with him.

He was a fine cameraman and a great Australian.

J. Carey

THE ODE

Laurence Binyon who wrote 'The Ode To The Fallen' was a stretcher bearer in France during the first World War. Born in England in 1869 he died in 1943. Laurence Binyon was a poet, a keeper of paints and drawings of the British Museum, and he was an authority on Oriental Art.

His experiences as a stretcher bearer moved him to write his 'Ode To The Fallen', one verse of which has become a universal eulogy for ex-servicemen and women when they meet and remember departed comrades.

The reciting of the Ode each day in ex-service clubs affects people in different ways. To some it is probably only a routine

to be endured, but to others it does stir up a feeling of reverence and possibly memories of comrades and events of years gone by, but do we stop to think of the meaning of the words as Binyon wrote them.

'They Shall Grow Not Old, As We That Are Left Grow Old'. We remember people as we saw them last, and those who died so young and so many years ago, we still remember as young and virile, while those friends who have grown old alongside us, we shall remember when they are gone, as old and less active persons as when we first met them.

'Age Shall Not Weary Them Nor The Years (Contemn) Condemn'. The trials and tribulations of life can no longer sicken or pall thee. As the years go by we will still remember them in high esteem with respect for the cause for which they died. They will never be despised or scorned.

As originally written by Laurence Binyon the word was

'CONTEMN', a word very little used these days. The word 'CONDEMN' has by general usage taken its place. 'CONTEMN'. Despise, scorn, disdain hold cheap or unworthy. 'CONDEMN'. Blame, censure, reprove.

'At The Going Down of The Sun, And In The Morning We Will Remember Them'. They will be remembered somewhere by someone each minute of the day. They are enshrined by our memory forever.

The ceremony of 'The Ode' is held nightly at the MENIM GATE in Flanders. The Menim Gate is a British War Memorial astride the Menim Road. It was here around Ypres that three great battles were fought on the Belgian frontier with France in the first World War. There are 55,000 names inscribed on the monument in its huge wall and 6,176 of them are Australians (who died there).

20th February, 2009

Major General William Crew AO (Retd.)
National President

The Returned Services League of
Australia Ltd

GPO Box 303

CANBERRA ACT 2601

Dear Sir

The Ode

In December 2003 I wrote to you on the above subject proposing that the League consider people who attend the Anzac Day Services throughout Australia be invited to join in and say The Ode. At present one executive officer recites The Ode and everyone else present listens. It was also proposed that children at their Anzac Day Services also be encouraged to say it. Nothing came of the proposal.

I am concerned that at the last two Anzac Day Services of the Leagues WA Branch while The Ode has been said by the President, Mr W Gaynor, the words did not even appear on the service sheet. If this continues how are the people ever going to learn or understand the words. I did write to Mr Gaynor prior to these services asking that people be invited to join with him in saying The Ode but both letters were ignored and not answered.

The Leagues attitude is hard to follow, and as a result of its negativity people know precious little about The Ode and why it is said and never will while the Leagues policy of '**protocol before people**' is maintained.

The men and women who served Australia in World War 1 have all passed on. By the year 2020 there will only be a handful of those who served in World War 11 left. By 2035 the Korean veterans will be gone and by 2045 only a handful of Vietnam veterans will remain. The men and women now serving overseas will be in their advanced years and what of The Ode?

Inviting our people and children to say and

become familiar with the words of The Ode will ensure that generations yet to come will carry on honouring those who served their country.

A decision to take up this proposal is in the hands of your executive. I would ask that you give it your serious consideration.

Yours sincerely

J W Carey, OAM

President

TIMOR JOURNEY- MICK PRESS

Dear Jack – I've been meaning to write this letter for some time but never seem to get around to it, then the next edition of the Courier comes out and once again my conscious is pricked and I make my self the same promise to write again.

My dear mum Kath Press will be 92 in May and is keeping well except for the osteoporosis which got the better of her last year. She has had to move out of her unit in Orange and is now a resident in a lovely small retirement village in Carcoar and from all reports is being well looked after. I will be flying over to see her on the 14th March and expect to find her in fine spirit, her hearing is not the best these

days but the mind is as sharp as ever. Her new mailing address is –

Kath Press

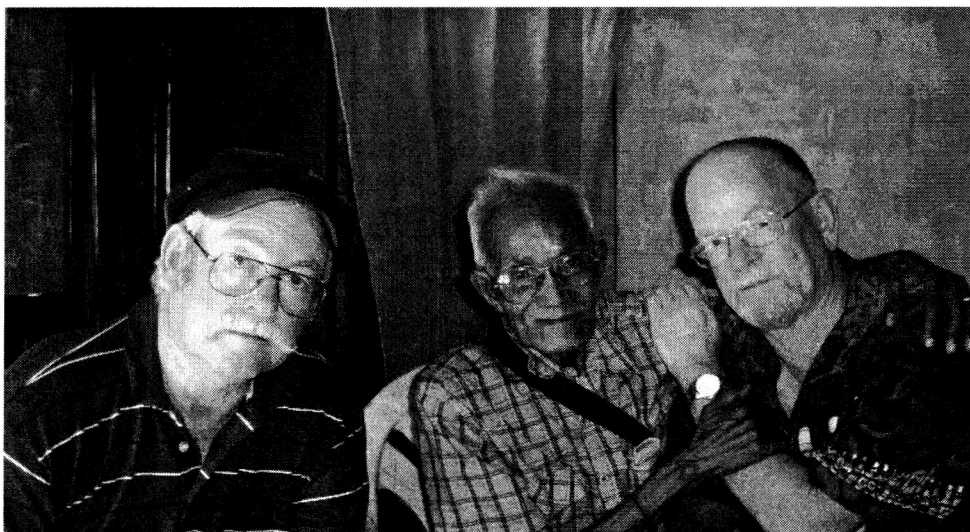
Uralaba Retirement Village

Carcoar NSW 2791

After reading Paddy Kenneally's report on his trip to Timor in the September issue of the Courier it brought back memories of my trip over there in October 2005.

A friend and neighbour of mine Steve Pitman was serving with the Federal Police and at the time was stationed in Dili and over a few beers one night suggested that I should take the opportunity to visit the island while he was stationed there, so along with my brother John, a retired army major, a cousin Dick Sutton and another neighbour and Vietnam veteran Russell Jameson we seized the chance.

It was the trip of a lifetime. On Sunday afternoon I saw the weekly cock fights where quite a few dollars change hands in the punt, went night clubbing at one of the karaoke bars and during the seven days we visited the villages of Maubisi, Aileu, Balibo and spent a night at the UN



L-R: John Press, Rufino and Mick Press

October 2005

compound at Meliano. The UN service men could not do enough for us, they did everything they could to make our visit a memorable one. Lieutenant Colonel Steve Cross escorted us through the border check point where he briefed us on recent events and introduced us to the Timorese border patrol.

Major Luke Gosling took us over the army training camp at Metainaro.

Another trip was to the Memorial at Dare' where we visited the school and met some of the beautiful children in the class room. Later that week journeyed to Bazar Tete. After reading about the events there during the units campaign I put that on the must visit list, the local police officer found us a guide who took us to the grave site on the side of the mountain. As we walked along the narrow jungle path parts of the trail was lined with a bright red native flower. It was a beautiful and moving experience and the site is still being looked after by the local villagers. We then moved on to Bobonaro where I believe Frank (my dad) spent a fair bit of his time stationed there. As you probably know he called his soldiers settlers block Bobanaro, he once told me that he thought he was going to die there so after drawing the block at Carcoar the name of the village (complete with incorrect spelling) was the only name it could be.

The Timorese people are beautiful, especially the village people in the mountains, they are a people who are happy with their lot with a willing smile and a wave they always made us feel welcome wherever we went.

On the day we were leaving Luke Gosling had arranged for us to visit Rufino. It was a fitting finale to an unforgettable week. We were made welcome in his small home where he lives with his extended family and we were offered a cup of tea by his granddaughter who served it up in a

beautiful bone china tea set. It gave me the impression it only comes out on very special occasions. We sat and chatted for an hour where Tom Nisbet's name came up on more than one occasion while we were trying our best to understand each other. We all chipped in and left him with US\$250. As we were leaving and on the advice of Luke Gosling we split in half, John slipped him \$120. which he put in his top pocket in view of family members, I slipped him the balance while shaking his hand, this was discreetly put into his trouser pocket and I was the only one who saw it.

Jack, I am enclosing a photo of myself and my brother John with Rufino. It was snapped just as he was saying to me "Paddy Kenneally my friend", his face lit up at the mention of his name and he clenched my wrist as he put his arm around my shoulder. I hope you can use it.

Find enclosed \$50.00 to use as the unit sees fit.

Regards

Mick Press, Bakers Hill, WA

Letter from Dean Maughan to Arthur Marshall

Dear Arthur – In October last I returned from PNG after spending 8 days walking the Kokoda Track from Kokoda to Owers Corner.

While walking the track, I could not help think of you and the many other young soldiers who endured such a difficult time in PNG in 1942 and beyond.

While on my trek, I realized that;

- I had a guide who carried my pack.
- I had a tent that kept me dry at night.
- I had a sleeping bag, a self inflating mattress and pillow to ensure that I had a good nights sleep.

- I had more food than I could eat and I had it cooked by the local porters.
- I only walked for 6-8 hours per day, although our days were longer than this if you include morning tea and lunch.
- I had great boots and good clothing.

Often while walking I could only think of some of the things that you must have endured;

- You must have been wet most of the time.
- Nights must have been awful and cold with little sleep.
- No doubt you were often hungry.
- You must have been tired from carrying your pack, your guns and your ammunition.
- You must have found the track muddy and difficult as a result of so many people using it.
- You would have found the terrain as more difficult than I did. Those hills were certainly very steep.
- I am sure that you would have spent a great deal of time in the jungle, not like me who stayed mainly on the track.
- And of course you would have had the threat of the enemy which I can only imagine would have been terrible.

I have always had a keen interest in the activities that took place in Kokoda and PNG during the war. I thought that I had an appreciation of what may have happened. I can assure you that after having spent 8 days in PNG, I know that it is impossible to have an appreciation of what it must have been like for you and the many other soldiers. The terrain and the conditions were more challenging than I had imagined and I had no Japanese soldier trying to kill me.

Arthur, while in PNG I felt compelled to write

to you to **THANK YOU** for what you did for Australia, for what you did for your fellow soldiers and for what you did for people like me. I know so very well that because of the harsh and awful conditions and experiences that you and many others endured I now live in a peaceful country that offers me and my family so much.

Again THANK YOU.

The trek of the Kokoda Track was one of the hardest things that I have ever done. The walk certainly is challenging and many of those hills (mountains) are difficult to deal with, no matter whether I was going up or down them. I always gained a sense of satisfaction when I got to the top or bottom of a mountain.

While I did find parts of the trek challenging, I often said to myself how lucky I was that I did not have a Jap chasing me up one of those hills with a gun ready to kill me. I am sure that you had many challenging moments that were far more serious than mine.

I can say that my visit to Kokoda and walking the track is one of the best things that I have ever done. I will never forget what I saw, what I learnt and how I felt about what young people like you did for me and others in this great country of ours.

Thank you for all that you did and God Bless you.

All the very best,

Dean Maughan, Harvey, WA

NB: The 2/2nd did not serve in the Kokoda campaign. Those men who served there did a wonderful job. It was very tough going.

TOUGH TIMES

More humour from Colin Doig's "The Rambling of a Rat Bag", the story of his life in the depression years.

Alf Holland, uncle of my mate Podge, and brother of the billiard saloon owner, Jack, was a real wit and had more original sayings than you could point a stick at. I

acquired an outstanding vocabulary of his similes' over the years, and have had a real feed off them. Such sayings as "As useful as a sore arse to a boundary rider", "Useless as a kerosene tin of urine", "Shines like a dollar on a sweep's arse". Many others were culled from dear old Alf's repertoire. Most of his stuff is not repeatable in female company, but guaranteed to bring a laugh among the boys.

Les Smith was one of the hardest cases I ever ran in with. He was the master of the practical joke. He had served in the South Australian Light Horse Regiment in World War 1, and was an outstanding horseman and horse breaker. He was remarkable at breaking a hack so that it never bucked and never would buck, and would come at a call. This was perfect when breaking in ladies hacks. He had lost an eye while making a penknife out of a bullet which blew his eye out, and the glass eye replacement gave him the ammunition for heaps of jokes. One special was in the billiard room when he was going outside to the toilet. He would take out his glass eye, put it on the cushion of the table and tell it to "Keep an eye on these bastards and see they don't change the position of the balls or the score". I also worked for a while with Les Smith on a travelling chaff cutter which was run by his father-in-law. These cutters travelled from farm to farm and cut up big stacks of hay into chaff. They were driven by steam engines, and the steam was used to dampen the hay as it went through the knives. Les used to handle the packers where the bagged chaff came off. I used to lump the bags back to the stack ready for it to be sent to be marked or used on the farm. The bags used to be sewn up with a needle about 16 inches long and after making the first ear on the bag it would be put through about four times to the other end and the last ear made, thus sealing the bag. It only

took seconds for an experienced sewer to sew a bag and rethread the needle.

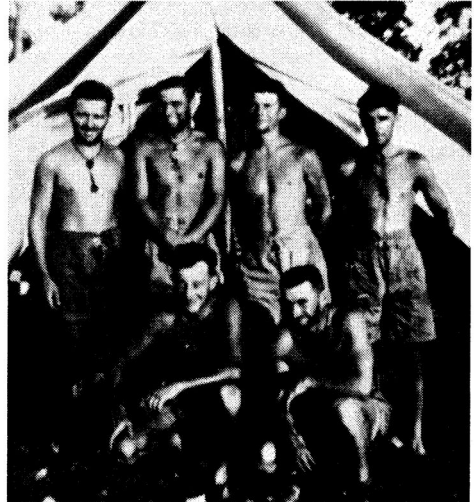
One time we were on a stack and Smithy was without a hat. A crow flew over and left his trademark which landed dead on Smithy's spare blond thatch. Without even looking up he said, "Thank God cows don't fly".

One farm we went to was run by two maiden middle aged ladies who had been left this property by their father. They used to keep three or four carpet snakes as pets to keep the mice down. We used to sleep on bags of chaff in the barn and one night one of these bloody snakes dropped down from the rafters right on top of me. Now I have never like snakes, and my idea was to kill it then and find out the breed later. I promptly dispatched this one with a pitchfork and next morning there was much wailing and howling as I had killed the beloved "Dossie". I was in very poor stead with the maiden women, and they were pleased to see the end of us. Smithy knowing my hatred of snakes used to wait until I was asleep and would promptly put a neck rope over my face and frighten hell out of me. I got that way I would not go to sleep until he was snoring.

"Jimmy" Brock was one of the local performers but more of the gutter type. He had the morals of an alley cat and would say anything in any company. He was completely illiterate and ran a local carrying business, also holding the post of local grave sinker. Like a lot of illiterates he was very superstitious. One day Smithy was riding down the road outside the cemetery and sighted the soil coming out of a grave, and seeing Brocky's dray tied up nearby, Smithy tied his pony up in the bush and sneaked over to this grave through the long grass growing all over the cemetery. He dropped into an already sunk grave next to the one Jim Brock was digging. Les took a rock and knocked on the side of the grave a couple of times,

then stopped and repeated this caper a couple of times. Brocky started to get a bit unnerved and then Les said in a sepulchre voice,

“That you Jimmy?.....This is old Watkins.....What about the horse you stole?” Watkins had been dead for years. Jimmy panicked, leapt out of the grave, into his dray, and whipped the big Clydesdale into a gallop into town. Smithy couldn't get to town quick enough to retell the event to all us yahoos at the billiard room.



A Forgotten Hero

This photo kindly provided by Happy Greenhalgh was taken at the Batchelor Drome, Darwin in late November, 1941.

Standing: (L/R) Bryant Gannon, Harry Botterill, Reg Tatam and George Bayliss.

Sitting: George Greenhalgh and RIP McMahon.

Bryant “Porky” Gannon WX10548 was born in Mundaring, Western Australia on the 15th July, 1912. He was working in Kalgoorlie in 1940 and enlisted in the AIF in December of that year. He volunteered for the hush hush group and he became a signaller in the 2/2nd in July, 1941.

He along with Gordon Stanley, Reg Tatam and Percy Hancock were stationed in Dili in February 1942. One of their duties was to maintain contact with Three Spurs where ‘C’ platoon were based. Don Murray and two other sigs operated an OP (observation post) from a point high above Three Spurs and every evening maintained contact with the drome by the Lucas lamp method of signalling.

“Porky” as we all knew him was on duty on the west side of the drome in a small slit trench on the night of the 19-20 February ready to contact Don and his group. At 9.00pm a fog descended and visibility was impossible. The Japanese began landing at about 10.00pm and shortly after 11.00pm Dili was shelled and the invasion was

on. “Porky” Gannon showed great courage staying at his post, continually operating his Lucas lamp in a desperate attempt to get a vital message through to Don. He kept on trying throughout the night and was severely wounded by the Japanese who targeted the flashing lamp. At dawn 2 section after a valiant fight were forced to retreat. By this time Porky was in a bad way and just about spent. Joe Poynton went across and spoke to him and ensured he had his water bottle before leaving him. So died Bryant “Porky” Gannon on 20th February, 1942 over 67 years ago. He was a hero in every respect. His courage and determination to carry on to the very end on that eventful night has not been forgotten by his few sig mates still with us.

He was a great Australian

Lest We Forget

Local Government officials from Timor in Sydney

Two years of lobbying and negotiations came to fruition in August when I returned to Sydney accompanying 2 Timorese men to trial a 3 months training opportunity. Randwick City Council funded travel, living costs and training and my former employer UNSW Institute of Languages, provided

scholarships for English tuition for Jacinto da Costa Pinto and Paulino Pinto both from Uato-Carabau an isolated sub-district on the south coast. It was a steep learning curve for the two Pintos as well as for those involved in their program. Exposure to urban environments was matched with an attachment in rural NSW to explore commonalities of drought, flood, pestilence, crop and waste water management and animal husbandry.

That Jacinto and Paulino were able to take up the offer of training was a minor miracle as out-of-country-training for their level of community development work is unheard of. And it was this level of contact in Australia which had the greatest impact on both sides. Both Pintos were warmly received by rural folks and their relative inexperience opened urban minds to the harsh realities of life endured by the impoverished folk of Timor. Building local government infrastructure will take more than a visit to Australia but Jack and Paul as their rural friends named them now have a vision of what and how basic services can be introduced into their communities.

Timing could not have been better for Jacinto and Paulino. In August, the TL government announced its decentralization program and prioritized capacity building training to enable local communities to become self governing and sustainable municipalities. Further training in-country is now on the horizon for the two Pintos from Uato-Carabau. And continuing contact with Australians through friendships made during training is now part of their individual lives and the future life of their community.

Yours sincerely

Yvonne Walsh, Sydney

Greetings from Randwick – hello Jack
How nice it was to receive your Christmas card – thank you for sending the Special Services calendar, a very handy addition to my desk.

Last year rushed by as usual and although I achieved a lot regarding Timor Bizniz, I'm now taking stock of all that eventuated. Undoubtedly, the highlight for the 2 Timorese officials who returned to Sydney with me in August was our visit to Temora Shire. Just imagine, 2 men from "the sticks" of Timor, first time out of their country, on a 5 hour train journey to Cootamundra"– they were amazed we were still in NSW!!!

Jacinto and Paulino didn't stop talking about the things they saw in Temora Shire and the genuine kindness of the people we met there. Randwick Council included this rural training as part of the pilot local government training program I negotiated for them.

Jacinto's confidence using English seemed to increase day-by-day and one evening over dinner he told me the Saudi Arabian students in his class were very surprised to learn he spoke 3 languages and that Paulino spoke 4. He said Timorese were richer in language and culture because the Saudis only spoke Arabic! An astute observation I think.

When we talked about 'what to do next', Jacinto said he could see a future outside agriculture for the first time in his life and he wants to develop youth work in his community. Fortunately, he is not married plus children and therefore has a degree of freedom – he'll be able to stay with extended family in Dili. I've managed to arrange 2 mentors who'll look out for the 'boy from the sticks'. One is a Timorese who I befriended on my trek and already supervises scholarship students in Dili and the other is a man from Jacinto's own district who is now a director in Dept of

Statistics in Dili. All I need to accomplish next is funding for Jacinto's continuing study in Dili, so I have the Rotary Club of Maroubra in my sights. I'll let you know what transpires.

In the meantime, a friend and I have managed 2 months support for Jacinto at US\$6 per day to cover food and bus fares which comes to A\$284 per month. I got him enrolled in a reputable school in Dili run by a philanthropic organisation at US\$9/A\$14 per month which is amazingly inexpensive for half a day English classes. Classes started on Monday and Jacinto said he likes being a student again. Senor Paulino has returned to his job at home in the isolated district of Uato-Carabau to resume work as community development officer.

Of course in Australia we never hear about the areas outside capital Dili and yet this is where 80% of the population ekes out their living via subsistence agriculture! Temora Shire and Uato-Carabau happen to have a lot in common: its drought, flood or pestilence – locust or rats – in the ever present context of social distress. Poor fellows both respective countries, I say.

No doubt 2009 will further reveal the unravelling of the so called economy – I wonder where that (what I thought was basic Australian) 'common sense' gene went? It surely got lost during the Howard years – our Australian democracy suffered as much as America's did – now we have the reckoning.

The Year of the Ox is upon us, so I send my happy Chinese New Year greetings to you apparently President Obama was born under this sign and attributes are 'hardworking' and persistent and 'eloquent'. I think we have the man for the job.

Yours sincerely
Yvonne Walsh

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Mr Carey– please find enclosed a cheque of \$50. for the Commando Courier. I do so like reading about Queensland members, as they were so kind to me when my father, (ML (Spud) Murphy 2/2 Independent Company) passed away.

I'm sorry I didn't meet these 'true gentlemen' earlier, but dad always kept his war mates and memories separate from family life.

I've kept in touch with Ron Archer, and aren't the Archer Memorial East Timor Scholarships a great idea! So good of Ron. I've donated what I can and intend to do so yearly.

I was a member of the University of Queensland Speleological Society (the exploration and study of caves) in the seventies. Some of the members had done a reconnaissance mission in 1972 to Timor, to investigate the limestone caves. A full scientific expedition was planned for 1974-75, but visas for East and West Timor were not forthcoming, despite the intervention of a federal member. Lucky for us we didn't get the visas, but how horrible for the East Timorese. I am so glad those years of lobbying etc had some effect, but angry at pragmatic politicians of any stripe.

Yours sincerely,

Rosie Shannon (Ms), Tasmania

Dear Jack – my recent trip to East Timor was certainly interesting and provided me with the opportunity of visiting areas that the 2/2 and 2/4 units operated in. The unit histories of these two squadrons gave the traveller a more realistic overview of the conditions that existed in 1942-43.

One of my objectives in going to Timor was to visit Aclalu to see if there were any credos still living with the exception of Norm Nicolofs (Nicolof) all had either died or disappeared. Apparently most of the

ones who disappeared were severely dealt with by the Japanese. The identity of Nicolof was made by the local village head in conjunction with a policeman who accompanied me on my travels. As I do not have Norm's address I would appreciate it if you could onforward the enclosed photo of Nicolof to him.

I had the opportunity of meeting Kirsty Sword at Dare and although the school has been established on the memorial site the tablet depicting the names of 2/2 and 2/4 personnel who made the supreme sacrifice is kept in good condition.

When I visited the Australian Embassy I presented to the Military Attaché, Lt Col John Symons a print of 2/4 officers together with a copy of "Commando" which will be kept in their library. John indicated that he would arrange for the photo to be placed on one side of Ron Archer's Honour Board. John hinted that he would like to obtain a copy of 2/2 officers which he proposes to also place on the wall. I was wondering if a photo is in existence and that arrangements could be made to send it to Marco Artur Neves de Sousa, the Defence administration assistant who I met in John Symons office. No doubt you have been informed John retires this month however he will still take a keen interest in 2/2 and 2/4 activities as he will be residing in Dili. I found him extremely helpful which made my visit all the more enjoyable.

In respect to All the Bulls Men do you know if a copy has been forwarded to the Embassy/Ambassador? I understand Ron Archer made one available. Caught up with Alan Luby when I was last in Sydney (15/11/2008). He appears to be in good spirit and is alert as ever.

Kindest regards,

Jim Walker, Point Lonsdale, Victoria

Dear Jack – Please find enclosed donation (\$50.) being a small memoriam for dad

and mum (Joyce & Charlie Gorton). Use it any way that you would like.

Thank you for the Courier as well.

Regards and God Bless

Jan Peake, Waikiki, WA

Dear Jack– Tho you haven't heard from me for a while, it does not mean I have lost interest.

The last few months have not been so good for me and seven consecutive weeks in Hollywood followed by a week of convalescence at Bethesda left me at a pretty low ebb. Right now I'm feeling 100% except physically I'm not much good. In fact I am no better than the way our own evergreen Paddy Kenneally described himself in the last December Courier.

I am now living at Ocean Gardens Village and could not be happier. They are a great bunch of people and the amenities are superb. Every day into the pool for exercise is particularly rewarding.

I am sorry to have missed the Commemoration Service'—and I have only missed a few. I will be at the march and luncheon on Anzac Day providing Peter Epps is maintaining his special service for which we will be eternally grateful to Peter for his kindness. Luckily I have not had to miss a single Anzac Day march since the war ended.

I have told Bob Smyth that I cannot join him this year for the SAS Dawn Service. Herewith a cheque for \$170. - \$100. towards the Courier or Trust Fund at your discretion. \$70. for a book to go to the Nedlands library. If Nedlands already has one it can go to Claremont library or any other library which has not got one. (Thank you Margaret Monk for your thoughts.)

Best wishes, Jack and kind regards.

John Burrige, City Beach, WA

Dear Jack – this has been a very mixed year for us but all told we are on an even

keel now. We started off very well congratulating ourselves on being so well at 85, having achieved our golden wedding anniversary. We had still been taking short trips in the caravan and decided to take our time and drive to Albury to attend the graduation of a grandchild from uni and all went well.

On the way home Marj had trouble walking and this progressed. After a number of tests, we have been told that the vascular problem that she has had for so many years had spread to the mobility part of her brain and cannot be operated on. She is on medication to attempt to stabilize the condition but still finds it very hard to even move around the unit but we have good care here and have help from Veterans Affairs. I am still keeping well and am now chief cook and bottle washer – I'm not bad at bottle washing but we suffer from indigestion.

Luckily, we kept the 4WD so that I was able to buy a small battery powered Go-chair for Marj and had a lift installed to put it in the back of the car. Still having trouble getting used to driving the chair but we'll get there.

Jack Peattie, Tamworth

Dear Jack, Please excuse the writing as I have only 5+5 both eyes now and it makes writing and reading very hard, still only for my eyes I am getting along fine and so is Joan. I had a phone call from Ron Archer – he was staying for a few days in Caloundra and he was saying that Col Andrews is now living back in Caloundra. We are now having strong winds from cyclone Hamish, although it never got down as far as us – it has still done a lot of damage to our beaches.

Jack, how are you keeping and all of the other 2/2nd men. Do hope that they are all as well as they can be and please give them all our regards from Allan and Joan

Mitchell. Have enclosed cheque for \$20. for the Courier which we will all miss when the last one is rolled off the press.

Allan Mitchell, Caloundra

PARS ON PEOPLE

Gerry and Lal Green have moved from their Shoalwater Bay home and are now located at the RAAF Estate in Bullcreek. Gerry is in the Gordon Lodge and Lal, who suffers from dementia and needs special care is close by. Gerry visits her daily. Gerry who will be 93 on the 31st May has some difficulty getting about and takes things very quietly. His phone number is 9311 4508.

It was nice to hear from Elinore Herbert, the widow of Mal who passed away in September 1987. Elinore has a lovely home in Mount Pleasant and is in good health. She is still a keen bowler and enjoys reading the Courier.

Les Halse enjoys the hot weather and will be 90 in December and still does his own shopping in Kalamunda. Good for you Les – keep it up.

Tom Foster – Tom spent a few weeks in hospital in February with a severe stomach upset but is coming good. He missed Mary who he normally sees daily and Kate their daughter has taken over until Tom is well enough.

Bob Smyth is making steady progress following a major heart operation, the first of its kind ever performed in WA. It was a great relief for Margaret and the family and Bob who is no spring chicken at 91. God Bless.

Helen Poynton – has finally sold her lovely home at Mandurah and will be a busy girl over the next 6 weeks preparing to move. She expects to be in her new unit at York by mid May. We wish you well in times ahead Helen.

Eric and Tiny Smyth are considering moving from their comfortable home at

Busselton. Tiny is still her bright and happy self but Eric has a problem with his eyes which restricts his activities and finds this very frustrating. We hope things work out for you Eric.

Wilf March who was 92 on 15th February takes 23 pills a day, and is battling on ok. Lorraine says Wilf is eating better than he did earlier in the year which is encouraging. They have been at their Bricknell Road home now for 56 years and have a lovely garden.

Henry Sproxtton is another big pill taker. He still prepares his own meals but is finding life pretty tough going. He may have to move into a care situation but he loves his unit and would prefer to stay put.

BIRTHDAY BOYS

Allan Mitchell	4 th	January	85
Keith Hayes	15 th	'	88
Peter Campbell	18 th	'	88
Eric Herd	20 th	'	90
Ralph Conley	26 th	'	90
Bert Bache	29 th	'	88
Harry Sproxtton	8 th	February	86
Ed Bourke	8 th	'	86
Wilf March	15 th	'	92
Bill Connell	12 th	March	86
Ted Monk	13 th	'	89
Alan Adams	18 th	'	90
Gordon Stanley	23 rd	'	88

A Happy Birthday To You All

Courier Donations

Blanche Sadler, Christan Steel, Geoff Payne, Alma Moore, Verna Cranfield, Rosie Shannon, Kevin Rose, Janice Peake, John Burridge, Mick and Christine Press, Allan and Joan Mitchell, Ed Willis.

Trust Fund

John Burridge \$50.00

FUZZY WUZZY ANGELS

Many a Mother in Australia, when the busy day is done,

Sends a prayer to the Almighty for the keeping of her Son,

Asking that an Angle guide him and bring him safely back,

Now we see our prayers are answered on the Owen Stanley track.

For they haven't any Haloes, only holes slashed in their ears,

And their faces worked with tattoos, and scratch pins in their hair,

Bringing back the badly wounded, just as steady as a hearse,

Using leaves to keep the rain off and as careful as a nurse.

Slow and careful in bad places on that awful mountain track,

And the look on their faces, makes you think that Christ was black.

Not a move to hurt the wounded, and they treat him like a saint,

It's a picture worth recording that an artist's yet to paint.

Many a lad will see his mother, and husbands will see their wives,

Just because the "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" carried them to save their lives,

From mortar or machine gun fire, or a chance surprise attack,

May the Mothers of Australia, when they offer up a prayer,

Mention those impromptu Angels with the Fuzzy Wuzzy hair.

So great was the demand for these verses, Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels extolling the services by the New Guinea natives to the Allied Soldiers that they were reprinted in "The Daily News" on Friday 28th May, 1943.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so,
I want to be fit for myself to know,
I want to be able as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.

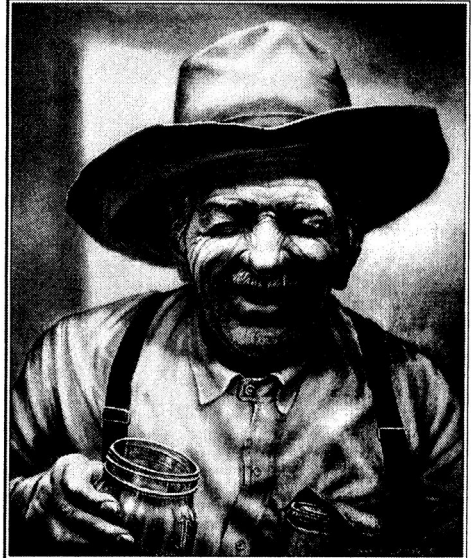
I don't want to keep on the closet shelf,
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am,
I don't want to dress myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect.
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself,
I want to look at myself and know,
That I'm not bluster and bluff and empty
show.

I never can hide myself from me,
I know what others may never see,
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself and so
Whatever happens I want to be,
Self respecting and conscience free.

-Jack Hartley.

-Taken from Courier – December 1952



An old cowboy sat down at the bar and ordered a drink. As he sat sipping his drink, a young woman sat down next to him. She turned to the cowboy and asked,

“Are you a real cowboy?”

He replied, “Well I've spent my whole life, breaking colts, working cows, going to rodeos, fixing fences, pulling calves, bailing hay, doctoring calves, cleaning my barn, fixing flats, working on tractors and feeding my dogs, so I guess I am a cowboy.”

She said, “I'm a lesbian. I spend my whole day thinking about women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about women. When I shower, I think about women. When I watch TV, I think about women. I even think about women when I eat. It seems that everything makes me think of women”.

The two sat sipping in silence.

A little while later, a man sat down on the other side of the old cowboy and asked, “Are you a real cowboy?”

He replied, “I always thought I was, but I just found out I'm a lesbian.”

W.A. MEMBERS - PLEASE NOTE**ANZAC DAY – SATURDAY 25TH APRIL, 2009**

Those intending to march are asked to assemble in the same place as last year in St George's Terrace just down from the Barrack Street intersection by 9.45am. The march off is listed for 10.00am.

Members and their ladies are invited to attend our luncheon after the Service at the Goodearth Hotel in Adelaide Terrace. Drinks from 12 noon and luncheon at 1.00pm.

Please let **J. Carey (9332 7050)** or **Mrs D Maley (9581 7298)** by no later than Monday 20th April if you are coming.

Mr Peter Epps has once again kindly arranged for transport to be available leaving the Goodearth Hotel at 9.00am Anzac Day. Please advise J. Carey if you require transport.

Check the West Australian on 24th April for full details of the Service.

A big thank you to our readers who sent in Christmas and New Year greetings to the staff. They were appreciated.

A HAPPY EASTER TO ALL



Ladies attending Christmas Luncheon, Goodearth Hotel, December 2008



The nuns are happy and relieved to be free again. Rabaul, September 1945