

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Address all Association Correspondence to: Box T1646, G.P.O. Perth 6001

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

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THE END OF THE ROAD

Sir Harry Lauder was a popular Scottish entertainer specializing in skits and songs in Scottish dialect. Clad in knit kilts and equipped with a knotty cane, Lauder merrily performed the Scottish songs he devised which are all now ingrained in Scotland's cultural fabric. 'I Love a Lassie', 'Roaming in the Gloamin' and 'A Wee Deoch and Doris' being among his best known. Born in Edinburgh on 4th August, 1875 Lauder's father died when he was 13. Harry and his brothers Matthew and John obtained work in the local coal mines in Hamilton and worked there for many years. In the mines Lauder sang songs and told jokes much to the amusement of his fellow miners. At 25 Lauder entered show business. He married at 21 to Ann Wallace. A great entertainer Harry was an immediate success. He performed before King Edward VII in 1908 and toured the world repeatedly appearing in the United States no less than 25 times. When World War One broke out he was in Melbourne and during the war he led successful efforts for 'War Charities', organized a tour of music halls. In 1915 for recruitment purposes he entertained the troops under enemy fire in France. He suffered personal tragedy during the war when his only son John (1891-1916) a captain in the 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed in action on 28th December, 1916 at Poiziers. Harry then wrote the song 'Keep Right on to the End of the Road'. In the wake of John's death he would memorialize his son who was buried in France, in the Little Lauder Cemetery in Glenbranter for his services during the war. Lauder was knighted in January 1919.

Chorus: Keep right on to the end of the road, keep right on to the end,

Tho' the way be long, let your heart be strong, keep right on round the bend.

Tho' you're tired and weary still journey on, till you come to your happy abode,

Where all you love you've been dreaming of will be there at the end of the road.

Sir Harry retired in 1935, however he again entertained troops during World War II. His last years were spent in his home at Strathaven. He died in February 1950, aged 79.

Winston Churchill stated that Lauder by his inspiring songs and valiant life rendered immeasurable service to the Scottish race and to the British Empire.

For our remaining 50 members with an average age of 89 maybe the message in the song should encourage us to keep going for as long as we can.

Good Luck.

J Carey

**VALE - JOHN CHALWELL -
WX37102****20.10.1923 – 21.01.2010**

John Samuel Chalwell was born 20 October, 1923 at the Salvation Army Hillcrest in North Fremantle. His parents were William and Ellen Chalwell and he was the eldest of four, Biddy, Joan and Ken.

John met Olive Macintyre, aged 14 years old when she came down from Kalgoorlie. Some years later they became engaged, were married in 1947 at Fremantle. John was father to Raymond (deceased), Lynette, Margaret, Brian, David, Kevin and Cathryn. He was grandfather to 19 grandchildren and great grandfather to 11 great grandchildren.

John held strong Christian beliefs throughout his life, placing God first and this was reflected in how he lived his life. His love for God was expressed through the Salvation Army. He grew up in Fremantle and much of his life revolved around the Fremantle Salvation Army Corps. John was Corps Sergeant Major at Fremantle and Merredin Corps, and soldier at Morley and ZBalga Corps.

John was a good provider and engaged in many jobs including wool classing, driving the horse and cart delivering bread and later on milk, school bus owner, general store owner and farmer.

The Second World War was a major part of his life as it was for all of his generation. In 1942 John enlisted in the Australian Military Forces and underwent commando training in Canungra Queensland before serving

in New Guinea and New Britain.

John was a man of great determination, very practical and could turn his hand to anything, fixing farm machinery, gardening, building, animal doctoring and handyman and always ready to help others. He loved to joke and was a great mimic.

His interests including fishing, travelling and being a cricket and football spectator.

He lived his life according to one of his favourite scripture verses, Ecclesiastes 9: 10.

**'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with thy might.'**

John was a wonderful, husband, father and grandfather much loved by many.

John was promoted to glory from Hollywood Village on 21 January, 2010.

John's service was held at the Salvation Army Church, Balga and was packed and is a tribute to the high esteem in which he was held. Keith and Val Hayes, Dick Darrington and Jack Carey represented the 2/2nd at the service. J Carey said 'The Ode' and our flag was prominently displayed. It was a moving and impressive service.

Lest We Forget

John joined the 2/2nd at Canungra in early 1943 going on to serve in 9 Section under John Denman with good men in M Devlin, K Wilson, W Rowan-Robinson, J Cullen, E Briggs, H Sproxtton and others. John enjoyed the army life. He was a very good soldier and whatever he did he did well.

A very hard worker he did well in civvy life. He and Olive whom he married in 1947 raised a lovely family. John always took a keen interest in the Association. On his retirement from farm life he moved to Perth and became warden for 6 years at Kings Park from 1999. He also was our flag bearer on Anzac Day for a number of years. He and Olive attended a number of safaris which they thoroughly enjoyed. Life was unkind to John in his later years, a problem he bore manfully. So passed a Great Australian.

J Carey

VALE – GERRY GREEN - WX12145

Born 31st May, 1916 – Died 4th March, 2010.

PRESENTED AT HIS FUNERAL SERVICE ON MONDAY 8TH MARCH, 2010

Although he was born in Melbourne in 1916, Gerry was raised in Geraldton, where his parents Oracle and Florence Green owned and managed the Victoria Hotel. They must have liked living there as they named him Gerald Irwin after Geraldton and the Irwin district. He had a younger sister Gladys and a younger brother Owen. He also had some of his growing years in Narrogin where the family also ran a Hotel.

As Gerry grew, times were hard – these were the days of the Great Depression. When he was about 12 he was selling papers and working for a wine merchant filling wine bottles. He had to work to help support the

family when his mother and siblings moved to Mt Lawley. He went to Perth Boys School but was known to be a bit of a larrikin and like joking and mucking around.

As a young man he loved sport. He excelled at rugby becoming a Life Member of the South Perth Rugby Club. He reached international level but on one occasion missed playing for Australia because he got off the train on the way to the trials and it left without him. That event even got written up in the newspaper. Gerry also won trophies for rifle shooting and basket\ball.

He met and in October 1940 married Alice Pettit. Known as Lal, she was the love of his life. Theirs was to be a marriage of nearly 70 years, during which they shared various challenges.

Together they became parents and raised their two daughters, Geraldine and Janet. Sadly Geraldine died of cancer at a young age and Gerry and Lal took on the responsibility of raising her two children Susan and Jeffery Harrold. They were devoted grandparents and always tried very hard to show love and understanding.

In later years they gained two more grandchildren when Alison and Scott were born to Jan and her husband Phil.

Gerry worked for the State Energy Commission for most of his life. Before the war he worked as a linesman and rode a push bike from Mt Lawley to Kelmscott where he started work each day.

Like many young men of his generation, he responded to the call

to arms at the time of the Second World War. He did not, however, tell his new bride until after their wedding that he had joined what was to become an elite fighting force – the 2/2 Commando Regiment. During his service the 2/2 were overwhelmed by a much larger Japanese force in Timor and they then took to the mountains waging a fierce guerilla war for months until evacuation in December 1942. Without the help of some of the local Timorese they would not have survived. Gerry was missing in action twice during active service in New Guinea and Timor. He reached the rank of Lieutenant and was mentioned in dispatches.

After the war he threw himself into work and at one time he and his brothers-in-law, Jack and Fred ran a poultry business. He also worked with his sister's husband Mark, and learned building techniques and plastering.

He resumed work with the SEC and after Janet was born he decided to build a house in Ascot. During construction Lal and Gerry and the two girls lived on site in a shed partitioned down the centre into two rooms with an outside kitchen. They lived like this for a couple of years while he did everything including making the bricks by hand each night after work and then laying them after they cured. To get the roof tiles he took long service leave and worked for a tile factory, which was the only way to get the tiles to finish the house. Building materials were in very short supply in those days.

That house in Mathieson Road still

stands. During the last year Gerry and Lal were able to go back and see it.

During his time in the SEC he instructed and ran the lines school and ended up before retirement as the Easter District supervisor.

After living in Ascot for a number of years the family moved to Kensington when Geraldine was old enough to start high school and it was home for a further 25 years.

During this time they bought an old beach house in Shoalwater Bay and there began a love of the area where Gerry enjoyed catching fish and putting out the odd craypot. In retirement they built 2 homes in Shoalwater Bay and enjoyed living there until December 2008 when ill health and lack of mobility saw them having to move into the RAAFA estate in Bull Creek.

Gerry loved music and some of the pieces being played today were among his favourites. He was a good ukulele player and loved to sing and whistle, which at times drove Lal mad. He loved doing crosswords and was an avid reader. He kept current with modern technology and was able to keep his driver's license until the age of 92 when he went into aged care accommodation.

He had the great knack of being able to bring in a good haul of fish. He and his brother-in-law, Fred loved to get out in the dinghy and catch whiting and herring.

Gerry had a 'never-say-die' attitude that was proven by his tenacity to 'keep on keeping on' especially in the last year or so. Having to go into aged

care caused him great hardship mentally, but he and Lal have been well supported and much loved the carers, nurses and staff at the RAAFA nursing home. He won all of their hearts with his struggle to maintain his independence to the very last, and for his compassion and love for Lal.

It was on Thursday last week that he died peacefully at Bull Creek, just a few short weeks short of his 94th birthday.

He is remembered by the members of his family as a lovely man, a great father and grandfather and now a great granddad of seven.

To them he was a very special person, brave and thoughtful and kind. His generous spirit often touched all of his family, friends and neighbours, and his love and understanding for everyone was always there.

Lest We Forget

Continued

Gerry's service was held on Monday 8th March at the Parkwood Funeral Chapel. At 93 Gerry had outlived most of his army and working mates and about 50 attended. Colleen Strickland, Keith and Val Hays, Babs Langridge, Bob Smyth and Jack Carey attended representing the 2/2nd. J Carey said 'The Ode' and our flag was on display.

Gerry an original of the 2/2nd and was a Sergeant in the Engineers under Don Turton. The sappers as they were better known were a good team. To name a few, A Hodgson, N Howell, W Epps, G Strickland, R Williamson and W Bennett. Only two, W March and P

Wildy remain of the original 18. Gerry was as tough as nails and was the right man in the right place. He served throughout our campaigns and was awarded an MID in the New Guinea campaign. He was promoted to a Lieutenant in New Guinea and was discharged from the army in July 1946.

Gerry was our Association President in 1956/57 and his expertise played a big part in the setting up of our Honour Avenue reticulation system. He was a Life Member. Following the death of his daughter Geraldine at a young age we saw less of Gerry with him and Lal devoting their time looking after her children. An active man, Gerry got on well with people and was highly respected by all he met. Well lived Gerry.

J Carey

J Iles – VX19520

Bob Iles rang late in March to advise of the passing of his father on 13th December last.

Jack Iles VX19520 joined us at Canunga early in 1943. Jack served in the Middle East in 1940/41 and was in the Crete campaign. With the 2/2nd he served in the Sigs in New Guinea and was a capable Sig.

Bob said Jack was 88 when he passed on and his service was held in Sydney helped by the RSL. He was a plumber by trade. He and his wife Clare lived in Gympie in NSW for a number of years and had two children Bob and Christine. Clare died in 1982. Jack spent his latter years in the ACT. He had a very severe stroke in 2006

and needed high level care until he passed away peacefully in December. Bob promised to send us a Vale for his father for the next Courier.

Lest We Forget

We regret to advise of the passing of Nancy Timms who died peacefully on 10th March. Nancy was 91 and was interred in the Fremantle Cemetery with George who passed away in July 1999.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to the Chalwell and Green families on the passing of John and Gerry and also to the Timms families on the passing of Nancy.

Editor

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL – 04.12.2009

A poor attendance of only 13 was a sign of the times and most disappointing. Our 2010 Christmas

Social will hopefully finish on a better note. The Goodearth turned on a lovely luncheon and those present had a very pleasant two hours. This year everyone won a raffle prize and went home happy.

Present were Kaye and Julie Hanson, Babs Langridge, Margaret Montgomery, Beverley Frankie, Nellie Mullins, Loris Mavrick, Bob and Margaret Smyth, Jim Lines, Greg Tyerman, Dick Darrington and Jack Carey.

HELEN POYNTON'S PARTY

Helen's party was a super success with a large attendance of over 300 people, all old friends of Helen and Joe Poynton's including 5 nursing fraternity sisters and Joe's famous rugby club mates, George Tiger Lines and David from Mandurah.

Only 2/2 members were Dick



Helen with longtime nursing friends l/r Peg Samson, Yvonne Greer and Margaret Gammon.



Darrington, John Denman, Babs Langridge, Anne Green and Linda Loughton were present. Old age and the heat kept many away.

My friends Pearl and Johnny who I brought along always insisting and never missing. Helen's, Mandurah, Barbie and the happy times and everybody spoke highly of them in 1960.

The main organizers Julie Ann Jackman and Rhiann Gosper and the men folk did a wonderful job with the refreshments, the food was delicious and there was heaps of lamb served up. Plenty of lamb and all kinds of goodies and cakes etc. The fellows did a wonderful job creating a happy occasion with everybody enjoying themselves with plenty of cold beers in a lovely new air conditioned home. Helen living under the Salmon gum trees with beautiful views of the farmlands and the hills of the Darling Ranges—simply magic.

I travelled the way with thirty friends from Mandurah in a chartered air-conditioned coach just cruising the 70K to York, up the Greenmount Hill, a comfort stop at the Lakes Tavern. It's years since I came here.

It was a wonderful day with an

excellent and moving speech given by Tom O'Brien on Helen's life, the good times and her happy marriage to Joe and the great work she did in helping and advising friends.

Joe's rugby mates, a tough mob to have around, and we cannot leave out 2/2 members and it made for one brilliant happy family—second to none.

Now, I myself, will include my sincere thanks to Helen for all the friends I brought to the yearly parties of 2/2 members unable to attend. I only hope some will finally get along to our last events before we end the association of 60 years even if we supplied the transport from the homes with oxygen bottles and brandy – now that would have to be wishful thinking.

It brings tears to my eyes to think well this is it. THE END.

God Bless, **Dick Darrington**

Julie Ann and Rhiann and their helpers are to be congratulated on the success of Helen's function. All worked hard to make it a wonderful day for Helen.

Editor

UNIT HISTORY

At the 1st March we had 175 books still to be sold. Ron Archer who was responsible for setting up the Don Bosco Technical Centre, has come to the fore and has generously offered to supply 100 books at his cost to various establishments throughout Australia.

High schools, universities and TAFE colleges will be given priority with each state receiving a quota. The opportunity is still there for members who are considering buying another book, it would be advisable not to leave it too late. 2,000 books were printed and it is most unlikely the book will be reprinted. Think about it!!!

STATE REPORTS

NEW SOUTH WALES

Dear Jack – I may be a bit early this time but I'm not sure, better to be early than late. Most of our members are pretty well considering time is catching up. I hope you are continuing in good health.

Beryl Cullen of Kyogle is well and continues to go with her walker to do her own shopping. (Tom Yates from the same venue is well but Jean is not so well. Still in the nursing home. She has lost the use of her legs but mentally she is as bright as a button. A great consolation.

Russ Blanch from Bangalow is well. Not doing any gardening now but supervising daughter Ellen's efforts. He reckons he has got to be careful of his comments or he will get told off. I tell him 'Silence is Golden'. We keep in touch quite often.

May Orr from South Grafton is well.

Another one of our ladies who does not worry other people with her troubles. Always cheerful and mixed up with a few associations. Not a bad idea for keeping active.

Beryl Steen who is now living in Townsville with her son and daughter in law with whom she gets along very well with. That was one of the reasons for her going up there that they get on so well. I think that is pretty good. Beryl sends her regards to all.

Gordon Stanley is still in his rehabilitation home and according to Joan is quite content there. Joan has her own troubles but is bearing up quite well. She is very lucky to have her daughter hand with support.

Eric and Lorraine Herd are still going well at Iluka and every time I ring he is having the odd rum or two with an old mate. I asked Lorraine how old his old mate was and she said 'he is 72'. Eric is now over 90 so he is giving his mate a fair start.

Nola Wilson from Gilgandra is well. The Castlereagh River did not get into the town but covered all the area around it. Funny thing I have never seen water in the Castlereagh. Normally like your Gascoyne up North the water runs under the sand.

Beryl Walsh from Kempsey is well and always good to talk to. As I have mentioned before Beryl and her twin sister come from up here and we have a fair bit to relate to.

Fred Otway up in the wilds of Brisbane is coping fairly well as is **Paddy Wilby** who Fred sees occasionally. Paddy has trouble with

his eyes but is soldiering on.

Bill and Coral Coker in Sydney are both okay and fortunate in having family reasonably close.

Harry Handicott from Newcastle is very well. As a matter of fact I just caught him the day before as he was leaving on a train trip to Darwin from Sydney. I hope he enjoys it.

Ralph and Jean Conley of Bribie Island, that little part of paradise just north of Brisbane are both very well and although Jean does not play bowls now Ralph is still enjoying competition bowls and is bowling well. Ralph sends regards to all the old time boys.

Edna Vandeleur still going well and sends greetings to all.

Edith Jones I tracked down in the wilds of Queensland and she is fighting fit. Always a pleasure to talk to her and she is not sure when she will be returning to Barraga.

Best wishes and good health to all.
'Happy'

QUEENSLAND

Dear Jack – here is the update on some of our Queensland members and mates.

Ralph and Shella Conley. They and their family are doing fine. Later this month they will go to Murwillumbra for a bowls tour and Ralph still competes in veterans games.

Gordon and Joan Stanley. Gordon is being well cared for in a nursing home at Deception Bay. He has his good days and his bad days. Joan is doing better and still lives in her home which is very close to where her daughter and son-in-law live –

Graham and Christine Newman.

Fred Otway is still going okay. He had a virus but is better now and is still playing his tennis twice a week.

Paddy Wilby has very poor eyesight but with the help of his son he is still kept very busy with two projects in his back yard.

Allan and Joan Mitchell. Allan's eyes are still not good but they are managing pretty well still. With a family of five and two living nearby it is a help. Last Anzac Day at Caloundra Allan was only one of two who marched and were WWII diggers.

Lois Davies manages with the help of a pusher but she still drives her car. For 20 years she has been a member of the local Bird Watching Group and she enjoys getting out into the bush.

Bettye Coulson has had nine weeks in various hospitals with a virus which despite many tests no one was able to identify what it was!! Her family is still growing and she has six great grand children now.

Margaret Hooper is battling on. Her arthritis is not good but she is managing in her house okay with outside caring help. She still keeps up with Probus and drives her car and have a laugh as often as possible.

Pat Barneir is well. Her granddaughter Michelle is still busy with the United Nations court. She is based in London but may go to the Hague.

Essie Veovodin is also well. She has five daughters and there was a big family reunion recently. Keeping her large family home in good repair is a growing problem but she is getting

good outside care and help.

Col and Jeanette Andrew have finished their new home and are kept busy with their local interests. Their son Peter lives nearby and is kept busy too doing his survey work.

Don Bosco Trades School, Dili. All our students are doing very well and I will quote a few lines from their report:

‘At Don Bosco Comoro (Dili) we are providing vocational training for 267 young men and women in electric wiring, metal fabrication, automotive mechanics, carpentry, computers, concrete/masonry and plumbing. A good proportion of whom are on ‘Scholarships’ funded by Australian donors. The luncheon programme continues – for some it is their only meal for the day. Twenty six of these students are OUR students’.

From the 15th to the 19th March I will be visiting Canberra to see my daughter-in-law. Whilst there I expect to have morning tea one day with **Joan Fenwick**. In addition to her news she will give me an update on **Hazel Morris and Erika Bagley**. Sadly we have no mates alive now in ACT.

Best wishes to all our members.

Yours very sincerely, **Ron and Lyn.**

VICTORIA

Dear Jack and 2/2nd Friends – some news from Victoria.

Beautiful weather here – autumn days after some good rain about a week ago. Good to see the grass green again.

I spoke to **Shirley and John Southwell**. John has had a troublesome shoulder for some time

but was looking forward to getting back to bowls this weekend. Shirley is a keen bowler too.

Harry Botterill still going reasonably well even though he said he is slowing down. His 90th birthday is coming up in April.

Leith Cooper has settled in well at the Melaleuca Hostel and Nursing Home at Cowel. He has had a very bad run with shingles and a bad rash and then eye problems. He is really amazing and enjoys a chat and especially a visit when we are able to go. He is very well cared for by the wonderful staff at Melaleuca. We visited Leith on 31st January.

I had a long talk with **Pat Petersen**. She is doing well after recent surgery and is always busy on the farm. She has even found time to trim some shrubs in the garden. Says that will build up her muscles.

Next on my list is **Moir Coats**. Had a nice talk on the phone with her. She is reasonably well and some of her family will be marching on Anzac Day.

I also caught up with **Mary Bone** at Lakes Entrance. She will be spending about 10 days over Easter with Daryl and Dawn at Leongatha and I hope to see her then. She sends best wishes to all and **Fay Campbell** at Benalla was keeping well and happy now that her garden has enjoyed the good rain that Benalla had recently. It was even mentioned on the news so it is quite rare that Benalla gets headlines for its rainfall.

Ed and Dorothy Bourke have gone to Queensland for a short holiday.

I tried to contact **Craig Roberts** and

Dorothy Veltah but no luck. Craig still lives at Neerim South.

I was saddened recently to hear that **Mavis Broadhurst's** grandson had passed away. Mavis keeps well and is always bring when I speak with her.

We have had some warm weather this last week or so. Don has been playing golf. Yesterday was Veteran's Day at Pakenham. He plays at Diouin most Saturdays.

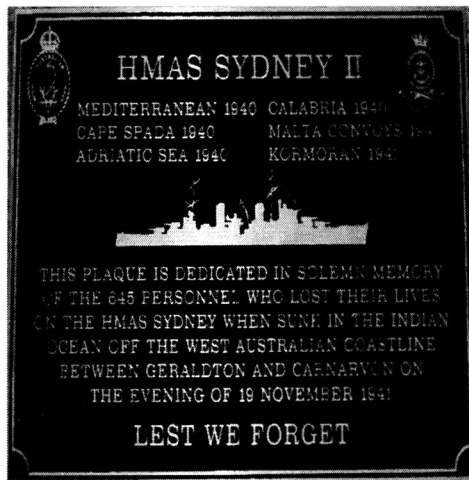
I am pleased to report that my daughter-in-law, Cathy is doing very well. She is having treatment but not chemo. It is wonderful to have her looking so much better. She is able to do her housework etc.

I will sign off now. Don joins me with very best wishes to all.

Till next time. **Margaret Monk**

DAWN SERVICE MEMORIES

I was just six when the family came to live in 'The Lodge' situated in



Fraser Avenue at the entrance of Kings Park in 1938. My father John E Watson applied for and was given the job of superintendent/secretary of Kings Park a position which he held from 1938-1962.

My first introduction to a Dawn Service happened when I was seven years old. Having little knowledge of what was to take place I was allowed to



Anzac Day 1946, 13 year old Margaret Watson (now Smyth) lays a wreath while boyscouts wait to lay theirs.

stay on the verandah and watch the florists delivering wreaths to 'The Lodge' on the eve of the 25th April. Placed on the lawns and guarded by some scouts they were to be picked up in the early hours for the service. All the official wreaths were quite large, round and very beautiful. Cards were clearly marked from the Prime Minister, The Governor, Premier, Navy, Army, Air Force and many private people, small posies left by wives and mothers. Official wreaths were collected and most private ones and bearers would line up with their men and in due course march up Fraser Avenue to the State War Memorial. Medals proudly on the breasts of war veterans and the mood were somber with men greeting their comrades in hushed tones. Mostly it was very quiet. The service was silent apart from 'The Ode' and the bugle pierce on the chilling morning air.

Any wreaths left on the lawn at the entrance were picked up by the senior scouts and placed on the Memorial after the ceremony.

As the 1939/45 war took its toll the number of people attending the Dawn Service grew. I always attended as it was a quiet and very moving ceremony. A time to remember those who lost their lives in the many wars that men and women participated in.

Margaret Smyth

THE CENOTAPH

Unveiled on 24 November, 1929 by the Governor, Colonel Sir William Crompton and dedicated by Rabbi David Freedman, Senior Jewish Chaplain to the Australian Imperial Forces, to commemorate those who

died in World War I. Built of granite the Cenotaph consists of an 18m obelisk set on a podium over an undercroft and crypt. The internal walls of the undercroft are faced with Roll of Honour marble tablets that list under their units, the names of more than 7,000 members of the services killed in action or who died of wounds or illness.

Bronze plaques on the outside walls of the undercroft list, under Navy, Army, Air Force, Merchant Navy and Women's Services, the names of nearly 4,000 Western Australians killed in action or who died of war related wounds in World War II. Also on marble tablets in the undercroft are names of Western Australians killed in Korea 1950-1953, Malaya 1950-1960, Borneo 1962-1966 and Vietnam 1962-1972. The Honorary architect was Lieutenant General Sir J Talbot-Hobbs.

A plaque honouring the entire complement of 645 men who lost their lives when HMAS Sydney was sunk in the Indian Ocean on 19 November, 1941, is also in the undercroft.

MEMORIES OF TIMOR

Domingos de Oliveira has kindly consented for the following article to appear in the Courier. This interview took place September 2005. The interviewer being Brad Horton.

DO: I was born here in Laclubar. But my father was the chief of the *suku* of Fatu Maquerec.

DO: When the Portuguese arrived in 1515 or 1518, they found the island of Timor already socially and politically organized. Up at the top we

had the *liurais*, or the traditional kings whose kingdoms were composed of *sukus* and *knuas*. Under the *liurais* we had the chiefs of the *sukus*, and under the chiefs of the *sukus* there were what we called in Portuguese chiefs of the 'povoacoes' but in Tetum is *knuu*. *Knuu* was the smallest Timorese social organisation; a group of houses, group of families, constituted a *knuu*. A group of *knuas* made up a *suku* and a group of *sukus* constituted a traditional kingdom.

BH: So it would be something along the line of an Indonesian *kampung* or *village*?

DO: That's right. A *suku* is somewhat like *kampung* or *village*. The Portuguese respected the Timorese social organisation. During their colonial rule the whole colony was divided into nine districts, which were subdivided into sub-districts. A sub-district is generally comprised of one or two kingdoms. Fatu Maquerec was a *suku*, a *suku* of Laclubar. Laclubar was and still is a Manututu sub-district.

BH: So the *liurai* would be located in Laclubar?

DO: That's right. The *liurai* was located in Laclubar and Funar and Fatu Maquerec were *sukus*.

BH: OK. And then Manututu would be head of the Portuguese administration?

DO: That's right, but the Portuguese respected those social organisation of Timorese society. They didn't touch it. And they respected the *liurais*, the kings. We call them kings, they had all their privileges, they were

independent among themselves. When the Portuguese arrived, the island was already divided into two main kingdoms: the *Belos* in the east, and the *Servioes* from the west. These kingdoms were sometimes friendly, and at other times in constant war among themselves. So to finish up or to attenuate those kind of wars the kings used to make the weddings, arranged marriages, so that from those marriages the people could understand each other and if there were any conflicts they tried to resolve those conflicts. That was at that time.

But now turning to Fatu Maquerec during the Second World War. I was probably a boy, a little boy of six years old. Early in the morning, my father was talking to some elders, and some chiefs of villages, because my father was the chief of the *suku*, he was talking to the chiefs of the villages. Early in the morning, my mother was preparing, (she was) making some coffee or breakfast for my father and all those people, and I was playing outside with some other kids. All of a sudden I saw some white men coming from here, coming from....they were coming from here.

BH: Ah, coming from the direction of Turiscai.

DO: Yes that is right. And then I called my dad. I said, dad there are some white people there but they don't look like the Portuguese. They are very tall and their hair is different, blond hair. Because the Portuguese have black hair, they are brunettes. These were all blond. I said, dad they are so tall. Then my father and all those elders came out to the verandah

and they started talking to my dad. As far as I remember they had a person who could talk, who could communicate with them in some other languages. Probably English and Bahasa Indonesia, because my father just spoke Portuguese, Tetum and our language, Idate and nothing else.

BH: So Idate is a local language?

OD: Is the language of Laclubar. Laclubar, Funar and Fatu Maquerec all these (kingdoms), our language is Idate. Spoken by about 25,000 people, now days about 25,000 people speak this language.

Then after a few minutes or a half an hour, I don't remember the time, my dad then told my mom that we should move to a small village because the Australians wanted us, my dad (to allow them) to stay in our place, in our home. So they stayed there, they occupied the whole, the village, the head, half the village of Fatu Maquerec and we moved to another village.

I remember that every day, or nearly every day, or three, four times a week, my father used to go and pay them a visit and ask them what they would like to get. And my dad helped them get buffaloes, pigs or goats for them to eat. There were ten or fifteen of them with some other Timorese who helped them and they all remained there. And I remember that when they killed animals they didn't eat the skin. They cut them all and they threw the skin away or they gave the skin to the natives and they just ate the meat. And, they liked very much honey, they liked honey very much and all the time they were asking for honey, and my

dad went from village to village to get honey. Luckily at Fatu Maquerec there was a lot of honey there, and they also liked very much oranges, tangerines and bananas. During the time when they stayed there, my dad helped them get all those things. Without receiving anything from them. They wanted to pay my father but my father said we offer (this to) you, this is our help for you.

Because of this, in recognition of all my dad and mom and others did for them, before they left, when the Japanese were already arriving, they asked my dad to bring (me) here to Australia to be educated. My dad happily agreed but when he went to speak to my mom, she said thank you very much for your kindness, but I don't want him to go with you to study in Australia. So to me, my mom did wrong, because I would have come and who knows, I would have been better than I am now!!

Well they stayed there

DO: The Japanese were progressing from Dili to the interior of East Timor. And because they knew that there was a platoon of the Australians stationed in Fatu Maquerec and Funar, they marched; they went to Fatu Maquerec through Turiscai and

Caimauc? When they arrived there, the Australians wanted to fire on them, but the Japanese were very clever. They hid themselves among the Timorese, a lot, a lot of Timorese, that is the Timorese from Indonesia. In Portuguese we call them

colunas negras, in English it is Black Columns, Black Columns or whatever.

That is why the Australians didn't fire against them, because if they fired against them they could kill so many Timorese. So what they did was just to try to hide themselves.

And then I think they only killed two or three Japanese, that was (what) other people told me because at the time I was a child, I was a boy of 6 years old, and so I was with my mom. According to some accounts, an Australian was killed there. They killed an Australian there. They burned our house. Everything in the village was destroyed by the Japanese. They took everything with them, buffaloes, when I say everything, the buffaloes, horses; these were taken by the Timorese of **Caimuc** and Turisca. And my dad and mum, all the family and other people, we had to run to the jungle. Because there was a lot of forest at Fatu Maquerec and even Soibada or **Teras**.

(Examines Map)

Where is Laclubar? Laclubar, Fatu Maquerec and Soibada is somewhere here, these are mountains here, call Diatutu. Diatuto is jungle. Even during the Indonesian occupation a lot of Timorese used to hide there. We stayed at another forest at Funar by the name of Aihahi for; I don't know whether, a month or so.

And then we went to a small village of Funar. We went there because my father was originally from that village. And then because the Japanese were so many already, especially with the Timorese, those informants, those informants, we call them **bombelas** second class troops, not the regular troops, those voluntary, most of them

were from Indonesian Timor. They were looking for my father because they knew that my father and my uncles and their friends were supporting the Australians in both Fatu Maquerec and Funar. They were hiding, my father and my uncle. My father was the chief of the *suku* of Fatu Maquerec and my uncle was the chief of the *suku* of Funar. They both were in hiding. But then they thought that it would jeopardize the population, so they were courageous enough, and my father and uncle went to my mother and aunt and said. We have to go out and surrender. That was what they did.

Weeks before the Australians left our house Australians, they called my father and said, they summoned my father and said Antonio, my father's name was Antonio:

'We thank you very much for your help. Since your wife does not want us to take your son, here is a small bag with money. When the war is over you can change this money to educate your children.'

My father didn't like to receive the money, my father refused it, because as despite being then very poor people, we are still poor now, a poor people, as Timorese, we are very hospitable, we want to welcome our guests and everybody and we want them to be happy. That is what my father, that was indeed what my father was doing.

The Australians insisted and he reluctantly kept the money. He received the money and thanked them, and he took the money with us, but somebody denounced that he had

that money and he was summoned from Funar to Maubisse. Where is Maubisse. Maubisse is somewhere (near) here.

(Examines Map)

DO: Here he was summoned to here, he was interrogated, the Japanese already with knives. They didn't kill him, but they just wounded (him).

BH: Just pricking him on the hands and face.

DO: That's right. And my father said, look I received them because they didn't do anything against us, they were very friendly and I received them. Like if you arrived first and were very friendly, I would receive you.

But they didn't care about his answers. They tortured him very, very much. I still keep this in my mind, in my memory still. I still keep this. Then one of them, one Timorese, my father told me that one Timorese said where is the money and my father said to him:

'If you want the money, please allow me to go with some of your men, I go back, I will take the money from the hole and give to you'.

Actually my father had dug a hole and hidden the money bag. And then, luckily among those people there was a man from Turiscai who knew my dad, and he said to the Japanese, if you want the money, if you get the money, why don't you let this poor man with his family (go). So he was lucky because the Japanese went with him, he got the money from the hole, they found the bag of money, it was a tin bag, a very strong bag, when

they opened the bag they found money, they were very happy. They said, OK, you are free. We didn't have any medicine, or anything. I just remember that my mom treated my dad with some leaves, or my grandmom, my mom's mom, treated my dad with some leaves, leaves and with a fruit, we call it

kami, kamin. Kamin is a fruit, an oily fruit we burned it, it got very black and mix it, and he was cured.

And we lived under the Japanese terror. There were so many Japanese, the Australians were very few. I remember very few Australians. The Japanese when they went to Laclubar. Ooh, many of them.

BH: So they always travelled in large numbers?

DO: They did, they did! They went to Laclubar. They had, they called it a company. A small company in Laclubar and another huge company up here not in the village of Laclubar, but between Laclubar and Soibada. We call

Wersamoro. **Wer** is water and **Samoro** is a village.

They built houses there to hide themselves from the bombardments, from the attacks by the Australian planes. Because it was jungle, so the Australians could not see the houses, cars and tanks, and all those things. And I remember that they probably wanted to conquer the Timorese hearts, so they didn't touch the political, the Timorese social organisation. So all those who were *sukus*, chief of the *sukus* remained the same, all those who were kings

remained the same.

BH: So when you father was released, then he remained as the head of the *suku*.

DO: That's right, the head of the *suku*. But, contrary, I am not against Japanese, I am just telling you what I (saw), contrary to what the Australians did to the people in Fatu Maquerec, the Japanese, they demanded so many things from us, from my dad. From time to time they demanded parties. Parties in Laclubar, parties in Cledic.

Cledic is somewhere here. Cledic, Cledic is somewhere here. No this is **Clacuc (?)**. Cledic is somewhere here.

So if I am mistaken, if I am not mistaken, every two months they organized a party. All those people had to go there, they had to take buffaloes, and they had to take pigs and things for their parties. They organized also sports activities, and that was life during those three or four years.

BH: The sports activities were for the Japanese soldiers?

DO: For the Japanese soldiers and they also wanted the Timorese who were grown up at that time to participate.

But apart from that we did not have any assistance, no medicine, no soap, and no food. I still remember my mom and aunties and all those people used to wash our clothing with something from the trees, how do you say, they cut the trees.

BH: The sap, the liquid part of the

trees.

DO: Yeah, they mixed (it) together with ash. That was how we lived in those times. We didn't have soap, and when we wanted to have a shower, we cleaned our body with lemon and that is all. I remember my mom and all the other relatives had to work on our native cotton to make some clothing for us. During those three years some people had to wear the – **from palm leaves**. It was terrible. Well it was really terrible.

BH: So the Japanese didn't organize any agriculture in your area?

DO: Not in my area, unless in other areas. I have to ask, when you send me a questionnaire. Send me all this things. I don't remember.

BH: OK. There were no Japanese living in Fatu Maquerec, just near Laclubar.

DO: In Laclubar, but mainly, and then from time to time they went to Funar, to Fatu Maquerec. Because our house were completely burned in Fatu Maquerec. So, being originally from Funar, our family stayed.

BH: So Fatu Maquerec was not rebuilt right away.

DO: No, no, no, only after the war.

BH: So socially he was the head of the *suku* of Fatu Maquerec, but physically he couldn't.

DO: Yeah, that's right. He was still.

BH: What happened to the others from Fatu Maquerec? Did they all go to Funar?

DO: Some of them went to Funar. But others lived in their small huts, in what we call knua (in) the jungle. My

father knew where they were. I remember when we went to Cledic, we couldn't go directly from Funar to Cleric, we go to Fatu Maquerec because my father wanted to visit them and then to encourage them to be patient. Then we go to Cledic.

And I remember every time when a major or colonel, a Japanese major or colonel or general went to Funar, we had to go and welcome him, a big reception with dancing parties. So people were fed up. I remember my dad used to complain a lot. It's funny these people don't let us work in peace.

And I remember talking among them, they used to discuss about Japan, Australia and America. And, my father, because he was educated, my father said oh, how come Australia is such a big country. American and Europe, why can't they stop these bloody Japanese. They are doing so bad here in our country.

But then there were some other people who said. Oh, but you know they are more, they have more population, they are more valiant, they are better soldiers. And then my father used to side with the Australians, my father said the Australians were so few but they had already killed so many Japanese.

Well that's all I remember during those three or four years when the Japanese were in Timor.

BH: Did you yourself see the *colunas negras* or were you completely isolated from any of this?

DO: I was isolated when they burned Fatu Maquerec. But then when

we went to Funar and they took my dad back to Funar, I saw the *colunas negras* or the black columns or whatever.

We have to be impartial to these things. Some Timorese were very, very cruel, very, very cruel. Unfortunately, that is the story. History should be told as things happened.

BH: If you don't understand what really happened in history, you probably won't guess what will happen in the future correctly, and then have problems again.

DO: I fully agree.

BH: Did you ever hear, I know that the biggest group of *colunas negras* came from West Timor, but did you ever hear your father or someone talking about other people from different towns or different *suku* or whatever who might have been rivals or something.

DO: Yeah, especially from Turuca and Caimauc. All our buffaloes, horses, goats. The black columns didn't take to West Timor. They were taken to Turisca and Caimauc. That was what my father told me. And we were lucky because we had some relatives in Turisca and Caimauc. And those relatives recognised my father's good horses. So they pretended to keep the horses. They asked those people, oh, I want to keep these horses for me. So after the war, they sent some people, because we were close relatives, they sent some messengers to my dad: we have three horses with us, two horses with us, we are going to bring them. Because we are very close relatives, we had a good relationship. But then my father

had to give them a donation, according to our culture, had to give them something, not money but pigs or something according to our culture.

BH: The area of Turiscai, were they still the same? You said that the language you grew up speaking was I....?

DO: Idate.

BH: Were they also speakers of Idate?

DO: No, different. Only one or two *sukus* of Turiscai speak a very similar, not very different, but slightly different language or dialect from Idate, we understand each other.

BH: But the others speak a completely different language.

DO: Yeah, they speak Mambai.

BH: Do you know whether the Timorese who came in with the Australians were Mambai speakers or Tetum? You didn't see them yourself?

You said that when the Australians came in and stayed in your home in the central part of the village, along with the 15 or so Australians there were some Timorese, presumably not from your area, probably from somewhere else. I am just curious if you saw them coming in whether you remember, you just said they were talking something other than, they weren't talking your language.

DO: Yeah, they were talking to my dad, my dad probably understood them, because my dad, he spoke Tetum and Mambai as well. I think that the interpreter would be a person who spoke Mambai or Tetum. Because the communication was through three people to me, from Australian to the

interpreter, from the interpreter to my dad, and my dad to me.

I remember they used to, when I went there. Oh, Domingos come here they called me, and my father would say go and they played with me, and they gave me some sweets or biscuits to eat. Take this, this is for you.

Dear Jack,

Here is my update on Timor Bizniz for the first of the Last Couriers of 2010

Greetings to The Greater Family of The Double Red Diamond

2010, the Year of the Tiger will be sadly, 'The Last Roar' of the 2nd/2nd Commando Association - but that does not mean the end of *All that The Men Began* more than six decades ago.

In December Courier I wrote of making contact with serving and former members of ADF in Sydney and in Timor resulting in an informal group "*Friends of 2nd Independent Company*" Our current 'membership' is 12 comprising Falantil & ADF personnel at Sparrow Force House in Dili as well as former Reservists, expats living/working in Dili including Major Mike Stone and a Timorese couple who run Eco-Discovery Tours - one has a relative who trained at Richmond to jump parachutes with Capt Stevenson (Z in '43) and t'other met up with Melbourne 2/2nds & 2/4thers last Anzac Day.

The single goal of *Friends of 2nd Independent Company* is to continue the legacy of 2 I C ie emulate activities of 2/2 Commando

Association and actively enable Timorese development and demonstrate solidarity with Timorese people.

In Dili last October, *Friends of 2 I C* organised two very special meetings. with Capt Tim Jackson and WO Andrew Nichols I visited old friend Rufino Alves Correa on his 92nd birthday and sought his agreement to meeting 97 year old Buru Bere who lives up in the hills and has stories to tell of assisting Australian soldiers get to Betano in '42. We filmed this historic meeting of two Kriadus at Dare Memorial Museum – Mike Stone carried-in Rufino (very shaky on his pins) to meet Buru Bere and his 60 year old son Tilman. That day was extraordinary - visitors at the Museum (and us) were in awe witnessing two national living treasures recounting their war experiences.

Also in October, with some members of *Friends*, we 'pioneered' a mini trek winding through the hills at the back of Camp Phoenix (Aust base at Caicoli on edge of Dili) up to Dare. I did this Trek 3 times on Sundays.

It is a glorious easy walk *around* the ridges through pockets of rainforest, passing clusters of huts and gardens on the sides of hills. Inclines are manageable, they create a good sweat but can be hard-climbing when going via the ridges all the way up instead. Takes about 2 and half to 3 hours depending on how many times one stops for photos.

The Memorial Museum/Cafe has become THE place for let's-get-away-from-Dili-for-coffee-with-a-view ! Cooler temperatures bring visitors to

enjoy the breezes which elude sweaty Dili town and now the Dili-Dare-Dili Trek-Walk has put Dare Memorial 'on the map' literally and culturally.

Dili *Friends of 2 I C* have formatted the route-track and produced a professional map showing coordinates and elevations. *Friend* Toni Favaro (Director, Hotel Dili) funded production of weather-proof signs for place- ment on the Track. The Plaques are secured along the route identifying location, direction, phone nos. for emergency services etc. Timorese *Friend* Manny Napoleao (Eco-Discovery Tours) has met with local folk en route, gained their approval of Trekkers and is negotiating possibilities regarding supply of water and fruit for trekkers. The Memorial Café is benefiting from visitors to the Museum and can just manage to pay a small training wage for the 2 girls who are every weekend learning how to cater for tourists. Aside from the spectacular view, the Museum Chronology of the War – writ large in 3 languages, the panels line the walls – and the 20 minute video Doco (Tetun, English & Portuguese) are securing the identity of the Commandos' Memorial to the Timorese People at Dare-Fatunaba for all who visit there.

Latest information at time of writing, is that

Dili Friends group has met with TL Minister for Tourism - I'm waiting on news via cyber space, and hope to 'report back' in the June Courier. It's really pleasing that connections with Timorese locals are bearing fruit – we are forming genuine people-to-people

relationships between the Little Island and our The Big Island and we can congratulate the former Consul General Senhor Abel Guterres for giving us the model of his Friendship Groups. And it goes without saying that *Friends of 2 IC* welcome and invite input from 2/2 'extended family'.

My 2009 Timor sojourn was special also for 'non-trekking' activities such as the Third Graduation of Archer Trust Scholarship Students at Don Bosco Training Centre. Senhor Xavier Amaral (1st President of East Timor 1975 & friend of the late Ray Aitken) was honoured guest, gave certificates to graduates and spent time with the Archer students. Ron's Trust has now funded 78 vocational training graduates – and all are employed.

Finally, 'a question without notice' concerning two IC men : John Percy Septimus Spencer (WX 10184 dob 15 Sept 1907) and 2/4ther Alfred James O'Reilly aka Bill (dob 2 January 1921 in Deloraine Tasmania). I met the daughters during Christmas visit to SA - the odds for this in remote Whyalla must be exceeding long ! One never lived with her father and only heard references to commandos and Timor by extended family. The other's father would not speak of his war experience, he enlisted in South Aust, was AWOL in the Northern Territory and ended up in a Maintenance Unit. ANY information however obscure is requested to be passed on.

Best wishes to you, Jack and Cheers
to All Yvonne Walsh

yvowalsh@gmail.com

President 2/2 Commando Association
Dear Jack Carey,

I've been intending to contact 2/2nd Commando Association since learning of your Association's Seeds for Timor program. As a reservist I've known the history of the Independent Companies in WW2, and during my service in East Timor I became involved with local folk in Dare and watched the rehabilitation of your Memorial to the people of Timor. Then last year, I heard about Friends of Second Independent Company Group and became a member. So at last I'm sending a few pars to express my respect for your Association and tell about my Timor connections.

In 2000 I deployed to East Timor as part of INTERFET and the formation of the 9th Force Support Battalion (9FSB). We provided maintenance support for both the Australian and International forces from our Dili base – then, the burnt out Main Roads building. The local kids hung around the front gate providing an enjoyable distraction from to the day to day life at the camp and were a good source of information on the status of our immediate area of operation.

In 2007, I was again in East Timor as part of the Timor Leste Battle Group, the Australian Government contribution to stabilisation after the dramas of the civil tensions and unrest in 2006. As a CIMIC operator - Civil Military Co-operation - my real connection with the Timorese people began then.. I was part of the team within the Police Head Quarters Operations Room a critical point of contact been the UN Police, Timorese

Police and the Australian Military. I met and made friends with a interpreter who was a youth worker and lived, still lives in Dare-Fatunaba. Through these interactions with Timorese people, I've maintained several ongoing personal friendships in Timor and I also met Yvonne Walsh who was setting up the project for Fatunaba School and Dare Museum. Then mid 2008 I participated in the Inaugural Sparrow Force Trek across East Timor from north to south approx. 140km from Dili to Betano. Starting at

food when our supplies dwindled - so it did not take long for us Trekkers to bond with our Timorese guides, with the common goal of enjoying the experience. It was a great privilege to walk with the young men - we gained insight into the realities of subsistence existence in a time of war and the psychological terror of threat and brutality from the enemy. The Timor boys gained from our employment of them and learning about the commandos relations with creados.



sea level we quickly climbed to 1000 meters and that first day was the hardest. Over the next 10 days we criss-crossed hills and valleys using local trails, village tracks and the odd roadway, believing we were following routes that 2/2 Independent fought over during 1942. We moved from the wet side of the island to the dry side, carried our food and water, recovering and treating our drinking water when necessary and bought

Last year I brought my family for a month's stay in Timor to meet some of The Timor Mob. We patronised the same Timorese Tour company and employed the same young guides for a combined Trek and drive around the western districts of Timor . It was almost a battle field tour of INTERFET operations and WW2 sites including Bazar Tete, Villa Maria, Lete-Foho, Ermera, Same, Maubisse, Aileu, Dare; then went on to Railaco, Gleno,

Atsabe, Bobonaro, Maliana, Atabae, Liquica and back to Dili.

The result of all this battle tracking is that I've taken on the quest to protect WW2 gun carriages found in shrub at Same as national heritage and restore this and other materiel to local civil authorities – it's a long shot (pardon the pun) and I'll be talking with local folks on my next trip Aug-Sept.

Thus connections in Timor come from History.

Please pass on my respects to all in 2/2nd Association. I'm proud to follow in your footsteps and maintain friendships as you did. And I'm ready if I can assist your Association in any way when in Timor,

Good Luck & regards,

SGT Rob Wallyn

Draughtsman, Soldier and Family Man

27 Ballinderry St , Everton Park,
Brisbane, QLD 4053

RETURN TO PARADISE

On 29th November, 2008 our children decided that I should go back to the place of my birth. We flew to Cairns and next day joined a group of people flying to Kawieng in New Ireland to connect with the 'True North' a 30 passenger cruise ship. Arriving at Kawieng we had to pass through customs and were welcomed by some natives in colourful dancing dress and tom toms. Erica had brought some old photos and my mother's letters to her sister in WA in 1921. She presented them to the man in charge at the airport. He was gob smacked. There

were 3 men and 1 woman dressed smartly in black and red – surprise for me. Last time I was in New Guinea the dress was a lap lap – that's all. The official heard that I was the first child to be born in Kawieng post 14-18 war. My mother decided to have her first child there rather than travel to Australia as the few women there had done, thereby not being away for 3 months and from her husband. The official was quite emotional about it and was amazed that an 87 year old, white haired old lady with a stick had come back 'Nobody before he come' was the way he put it.

On the ship we settled in and then were taken for a bus tour round the town. I sat beside the driver who was amazed when I could recognize places he verified for me (an island seen from my parent's house) still standing on a ridge behind the market place, still in use.

Next day we visited some islands and the tom toms must have been busy because a woman and a man sought me out and looked after me. This occurred everywhere we went. I was both overwhelmed and humbled. Their own life span is short and they don't live much past sixty. I was often in tears both joyful and sad. The sad bit occurred when we flew by helicopter over Rabaul. When I was 2 my father was promoted to Inspector of Radio for WAW in TNG. We went to live in Rabaul as his base and he travelled regularly to the out-stations scattered through TNG and remained there until 1938. The devastation caused by the eruption of 2 volcanoes in 1937 was finished off by the war.

We flew over both volcanoes, one of which still spurts pumice over everything regularly. I was distressed to see what had happened to a real Paradise. When I turned 13 in 1935 I was sent to boarding school in NSW at Kooyong College and remained there until 1938 when my family decided to leave. I returned for 2 weeks in 1936 to see the land starting to recover, my last and only visit. It is still an 'ill wind that blows no good'. Had my family remained they would have been taken prisoner or killed and I would have become an orphan. 1936 was full of fear and home sickness but I was full of joy when I found all was well. My time at Kooyong taught me to be self-reliant and what true values were.

Many years ago Eric and I went to Timor and I am sure that solved some issues with him and again going to New Guinea and New Britain it was the same especially when we flew over Jacquinot Bay.

I delighted in seeing all the fruits and trees of my childhood and our family Phillip, Jan and Erica were astounded with the background in which I grew up. I left humbly. The people are just the same as 73 years ago – no electricity, no running water, canoe transport, no television, no computers or washing machines!! but they seem on the whole, happy and healthy. There dancing and craft is superb and I have a beautifully fashioned ebony walking stick, inlaid with mother of pearl as a reminder.

Our last port of call was in New Guinea where the lifestyle of the people is far more sophisticated than

the island folk and I wondered who was the better off – the 'little islands' people or the other caught in the trappings of the 21st century.

I will never see it again but it will be with me in my heart for ever.

Twy Smith

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Mr Carey – I am enclosing my cheque for my order of 3 books 'All the Bull's Men'.

I have a copy which I cherish. These will be passed onto my children/grandchildren in memory of their pop – Peter Alexander.

Thankyou for a wonderful book. Regards, **Marg Carrott**

Hi Jack – Just a short quick note and cheque to clear my account with the book department. The enclosed should clear my book account plus on my last consignment (8x60). There is not much movement in that department these days. I have still got a few (3 or 4) left which may finish up going to the relatives – the modest surplus going to the Courier Account.

2009 was my 'Annus Horribulis' as our dear Queen said when the palace caught alight. It seems that metaphorically speaking I fell into a health hole in February 2009 and have been struggling to get out of it ever since. I gave up driving and dancing for 9 months but I managed to get back to normal in November 2009 and am still soldiering on and apart from losing the sight of my left eye, I am otherwise 'weight for age'. I will be 90 in August.

I trust that you also are hanging in

there. I will give you a phone call now and again.

All the Best,

Tom Foster.

Dear Jack – Please find enclosed money order for \$100. Which is payment for 'All the Bull's Men' and use the rest however you see fit? My dad was Bob Briggs (Vic) and as a family have all enjoyed reading this great book.

It was an honour to talk to you on the phone. We lost dad nearly 27 years ago. He never spoke of the war but we all knew how proud he was of the 2/2nd.

Mum (Nancy) is keeping well, very involved with Legacy and now a great grandson, Charlie Briggs to love.

Thank you once again Jack for sending another copy of the book, but most of all just those few words about my dad, it was very special.

Yours sincerely, **Shirley Soalzo.**

Jack and all the Courier People – I received the book 'All the Bull's Men' safe and sound and also the little book 'The Independents' by Jim Smailes that I enjoyed very much. We are both keeping fairly well but my doctor took me to an x-ray place for an exercise ECG and a Myocardial Perfusion Study – stress. Had that done but so far no results that I can understand. Just as well vet Affairs pay the bill as it was over \$1,000.

Once again I wish all the 2/2 Commando Association members, family and friends a Merry Christmas and all the best for 2010. **Lucky and Doreen Goodhew**

Dear Jack – Please find enclosed cheque for the 'Courier' or whatever. I guess all good things come to an end and I think you and your Associates are to be congratulated for your efforts. It has been no mean accomplishment.

Keith was a talker but immediately on receiving his copy of the 'Courier' there was silence, apart from a few comments until he had read it from cover to cover! I must say since his death I have been doing pretty well the same thing!

I look forward to the next four issues and would wish you and all readers all the best from 2010. Enclosed cheque for \$50. Yours sincerely,

Win Brown.

Dear Jack – Many thanks for the photos. I had no idea they were being taken. I will give Linda her photos.

I would like to take this opportunity to apologise about my 'no show' at your Christmas party. I regret not being able to attend and I am sorry for not notifying you sooner. Please accept my sincere apologies.

I have just read the 'Courier' and after reading Peter Campbell's eulogy I was feeling really sad. What an amazing life. Dad and he were such great mates and achieved so much during their lives. They lived life to the full and endured much but continued living in a very positive way. 2 Section were a great bunch of blokes and I miss them very much.

I look forward to Helen's little party in January and shall be in touch with

Julianna Jackman.

Our family wishes you a Merry

Christmas and healthy, happy New Year.

I look forward to seeing you again.
Yours sincerely **Anne Green.**

Dear Jack-Enclosed please find money for two books 'All the Bulls Men', the balance use as you think best. I am donating these books to the RSL clubs, I thought they may be more interested to club members than libraries. I have also been speaking to Margaret Monk and said you were looking for Win Humphreys address and it is: 'Sir Wm Hall Hostel', 1-16 Edwin Street, Heidelberg, Victoria 3081.

I would like to take this opportunity before it is too late to thank, especially yourself, and your team for the time and effort you have put in to keep the Association and the Courier going all these years. There are many others who gave their time, effort and contribution who are no longer with us today but not forgotten. I will always remember the reunions Fred and I attended especially seeing the camaraderie between the men. I am sure I can say the same about the wives, who were just as pleased to catch up with each other. It was a sad time when the decision was made for the last Reunion because of age, health and mobility. Now 2010 will be the final year. I have enjoyed reading the Courier with news of our friends, also the experiences the men have written about. Time marches on and catching up with us all. I wish you good health and God Bless you.

Mavis Broadhurst, Fairfield

Thank you for a very nice letter Mavis.
Editor

Mrs Val Hanson has written to say that Jack is having a very bad time of it with a stomach problem which restricts his getting around. Val advises that Jack looks forward to and enjoys the Courier but visitors leave him distressed. Their address now is PO Box 2510, Regent Creek, Hervey Bay.

If there is anything we can do for you Val please let us know.

God Bless. **J Carey**

Hazel Hollow sends her best wishes and love to all.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM RHYS DAVIES, BURPENGARY, QUEENSLAND.

Dear Jack – I received the books yesterday. Thanks very much.

I have enclosed a cheque for the 4 copies of 'All the Bull's Men', the story of the unit in which my father served in his late teens and early twenties. Please accept the balance of the \$300. As a donation. Thanks also for the copies of the Courier.

A copy is intended for the Kedron/Wavell RSL of which my father Eric was a founding member (originally Wavell RSL) and the Caboolture RSL, our local, near where we have been residing for over 30 years.

Another is for a new acquaintance, Peter Nolan who served in Vietnam in the Army Aviation and recently published a book 'Possums & Bird Dogs' (a great read), telling their story. Also a copy for his brother Tony who served with the SAS in Vietnam. I feel proud and privileged to be able to share this story with those interested.

It has been on my mind for some years now to put pen to paper to you and the Courier (which I have enjoyed reading), and I apologise for it being so long, but when the time is right...

Heartfelt thanks to you and all those who have continued over the years to keep the spirit and story alive. It is important, I believe, for the men and their families, and also for fellow Australians (and the world community – I don't think that is too much of a call) to have this record.

Personally it has helped me to have some idea of my father as a person.

Mum (Lois) I think was one of the first to order copies of the book hot off the press for her family and friends. I am a proud recipient of one of Mum's creations. This copy has in the front, her hand written note, and a few added photos of dad and some of his mates from his time with the unit on active service.

It was an emotional time for me to see his face amongst the pages of 'All the Bull's Men', a young, full of life, go for it youth, what a wonderful memory and gift for us. Thankyou. As you are aware, my father was not involved with the association after the war and as Mum said he 'just wanted to forget and get on with life'.

Dad died suddenly from a stroke at a relatively young age when I was in my early teens (he was in his early forties) so I did not know him as an adult, only as a young teenager growing up in the mid sixties. My upbringing and relationship with him appeared all very strict and disciplinary then, but now looking back, he was I believe, trying to instill in me such values and

qualities as honest, reliability and self discipline, as well as the importance of being a person of their word.

Yes, the main memories of my father were as a strict disciplinarian, certainly due to some degree to his time spent in the military. No doubt the effects of wartime experiences on men such as my father would have manifested differently for each individual throughout their later lives in their roles as fathers/husbands/ mates/community members.

As with those of us in similar circumstances, as I aged, I would often wonder at what my father was really like. Mum had reconnected with the 2/2 and met up with Bluey Bone and others in Victoria around 2003. My wife and I had planned a trip around Australia in our Troopy in 2004, so I made plans to catch up with dad's old mate on the way. I was fortunate enough to spend a couple of days with Blue (and Mary) at Lakes Entrance in early 2004 before he passed on.

During this time, Blue eventually shared with me some stories of his life before, during and after WWII with me – some whilst he was having his chemo treatments at the local hospital. This was very difficult for him – 'I never talked about it to anyone and kept the worst to myself'. We had spoken a couple of times on the phone before our meeting so he understood where I was coming from in my desire to know more of what he experienced during his time with the 2/2, and what he remembered of my father.

I realized that he and dad must have

been kindred spirits to have been such good mates. Dad and Blue met mum and her sister Maureen at the O'Connor Boathouse (popular dances there) beside the Brisbane River in Brisbane, whilst on leave during the war. He said he was proud to call Eric (my father) his mate – 'we knew what the other was thinking'.

Blue described his mate Eric as 'placid in nature-it took a lot to stir him up, but he could get stirred up and I could see that he would have been very strict'.

They enlisted for what Bluey Bone described 'as an adventure-you had to be a bit of an outlaw'. Blue also said that 'you never asked new recruits their religion or the work they did-some were crims-it straightened a few of them out'.

'We lost the best years of our life – 16-21 – it may be another reason why we were so strict without kids-we wanted the best for our family'.

I never regretted going to war, came back wiser, learnt to get along with people.

Thanks to my conversations with Blue (and the book), I now have a deeper understanding of, and am grateful to my father and all those who served with him in the 2/2 as well as those who served in all wars.

I am grateful for, and have accepted the time that we had together as father and son as I know he was trying to do his best, as he would have during his time with the 2/2. The gifts that he (and my mother) has given me I recognize in them. Being able to work alone and in a team, the ability to

improvise, an adventurous spirit and a great love of the outdoors and nature, especially the beach (I still surf), attention to detail (I am a pharmacist), value of home, family and friends.

I also now recognize that some traits can go against us if we carry them too far, the need for balance in our lives I am acutely aware of.

I also recognize in myself their creativity, rebelliousness, ability to stick at something when most others have given it up, sense of fair play, an enduring spirit and an inquirer after the divine mysteries of life.

Thanks again to you and all those others who have endeavoured to ensure that your history is recorded (and to those who lost their lives whilst creating that history).

Yours sincerely, **Rhys Davies (son of the late Eric Davies)**

'THE HISTORY OF BIDDABBABA CREEK'

During the war years, thousands of soldiers were carried on the troop trains on this line (Canungra) as it served both the American Army Camp at Camp Cable and the Jungle Training Centre at Canungra. 1946 was the peak year for Camp Cable (1-1/2 miles) with 32,026 passengers and Canungra's peak year was 1945 with 21,488 passengers.

One of the soldiers recalls the 'dashing' speed and is sure it would be the only train in the world where the fireman got out and opened the gates across the road and then the guard would get out and close them

after the train had passed through. He thought the theme song for the Queensland Railways must be 'I'll Walk Beside You'.

Another old Commando remembers that they had travelled by train from Melbourne with many, many stops and being shunted on to loop lines to let other trains pass. They were really tired and fed up with the long delays when they stopped at this little station in the bush. It must have been Logan Village and someone spotted some of those green canvas cylinders that were used to transport ice-cream, so they quickly hopped out and 'requisitioned' them and all the troops got an ice-cream bucket or two. By the time they had reached Canungra the loss had been reported. The angry American CD was on the phone practically demanding that they be court martialled!! They were not officially penalized for the theft but by the time they had walked over the Darlington Range to their camp whilst carrying their heavy packs they felt as if they had been more than punished.

Ron Archer

OUR HISTORY

Colin Doig served the Association faithfully for 50 years from 1946 until his death in October 1996. During that period he wrote reams of articles ranging from Vales, Editorials, humour and on a range of other subjects. His book 'A Great Fraternity' covered the activities of the 2/2nd from 1946-1992. He put an enormous amount of work into the book which is of great credit to him. Let's hope some will one day produce the balance of the story of the

Association from 1993 to 2010.

In his book Colin paid a tribute to those members (mostly have now passed on) of the various states that helped to set up and maintain the objects of the Association. We are indeed fortunate to have so many capable members and ladies who have kept this fine Association going for the past 65 years.

Editor

PARS ON PEOPLE

Wilf and Lorraine March have moved from their lovely home at Attadale to the Regent Gardens Rest Home in Marmion Street, Booragoon. Both Wilf and Lorraine were both in hospital for a number of weeks and it was decided they could not manage at their old home. They moved in about five weeks ago and are together which is a big plus. Lorraine seems to be settling in okay but Wilf is finding it hard to accept. Old age certainly plays havoc with peoples plans. Wilf was 92 on 15th February last.

Ted Monk was in a nursing home for a while after Peg passed away but he is now back in his Bedford home and has a daughter looking after him. Ted was 90 on 13th March last. Well done Ted.

Barbara Payne has moved from Merredin to a nursing home in the Rossmoyne area and has been there for 6 weeks. As yet we have not heard from Barbara but expect to soon.

Henry Sproxtton has been back in his unit for 10 weeks now after falling and breaking his right hip. Henry reckons 'there is no place like home' and is

Colleen Strickland. It was nice to catch up again with Colleen at Gerry's funeral. George her husband was in the sappars with Gerry. Colleen looked well and was bright as always.

2/2 Commando Association

A Happy Birthday to you all!

W A MEMBERS - PLEASE NOTE

ANZAC DAY, SUNDAY 25TH APRIL, 2010

Those intending to March are asked to assemble in St George's Terrace just down from the Barrack Street intersection by 9.45am. March off is listed for 10.00am.

This year marching will be four abreast as against six in previous years. Next of kin marching should wear their medals on the right breast. Veterans to lead the march. No prams allowed. Check the West on the 24th April for full details of the Service.

Mr Peter Epps will once again provide transport for those unable to March. Transport leaves the Good Earth Hotel at 9.00am. Please let Peter Epps know if you need transport.

A luncheon will be held at the Good Earth Hotel. Drinks from 12 noon and lunch at 12.45pm. Please let J Carey 9332 7050 or Mrs Dorothy Maley 9581 7298 know if you are coming by no later than Monday 19th April.

Xanana wrote this at Cipinang Prison on 20th November, 1995, the 3rd anniversary of his capture.

20th November 1992

The cool dawn of a dusty Dili morning of mist and smoke

Of a day in a life... ushering in another, a destiny, which began in the dark confusion of spirit, somewhere between belief and disbelief, that everything of something had happened uncontrollably like this...

A terrible day in the sensation of brutalized weakness condemning the laughter which wanted to be hatred....

Bitterness of fate which ended a march in the struggle, long march of the best years of life...

A Destiny... the turning of a yellowed page of a difficult time never to be forgotten.

The Courier staff wish to thank all those members and friends who sent Christmas/New Year Greetings.

A HAPPY EASTER TO ALL!

Rufino, Andrew Nichols, Buru Bere and son.



Rufino saluting the 2/2nd