



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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'HEREOS ALL'

This speech was delivered by Tricia Steel, a daughter of Pat Petersen on Anzac Day at Koreng Vale, Wedderburn. It has been given pride of place as it is very good.

'Special guest, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys.

I am honoured to have been given the opportunity to speak to you on this important occasion.

Today the word 'hero' is often loosely used to describe the accomplishments of high profile public figures and gifted sportsmen and women. However, this is a misguided and often inaccurate term when used in this context.

Just who is a hero?

Heroes are ordinary people from all walks of life, who do extraordinary things, placing the needs of others above their own, often at great risk to their own safety and wellbeing. Among us today sit many of those heroes, and we also remember those who are no longer with us, because without their sacrifices we may not have been in the position to enjoy our way of life as we know it today.

We owe it to those heroes to continue to honour them by being open to hearing their stories, and by passing on the stories of those who have gone before them, because if we fail to do this, the legacy of their gift to us will be lost forever.

The story of No. 2 Independent Company, later known as the 2/2nd Commando Squadron covers one of the most dramatic periods in Australian military history during World War 2. The 2/2nd Commando Squadron continues to maintain a relationship with their modern day equivalents.

My father Bill was a member of this squadron.

This is his story.

Between July 1941 and February 1942 four Independent Companies completed their training at Wilsons Promontory and were moved to operational areas. Four more companies were formed during 1943. Wilsons Promontory was selected due to its rugged terrain and isolation as the most suitable training location because the formation of the Independent Companies was conducted at the highest 'top secret' level.

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The Denman Family ANZAC Day 2010.



Julie Ann Jackman, Linda Loughton and son Ross.

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Selection criteria required recruits to be of outstanding physical fitness, able to possess individual initiative and to fend for themselves under the most severe of conditions. Needless to say, the majority of the recruits were from rural areas, used to a life of hard physical work and exertion, along with the ability to be self sufficient.

The role of the commandos was outlined at commencement of training. They were to be 'guerrillas, cloak and dagger men, independent workers, saboteurs, using minimum manpower for maximum result.' This was achieved through specialised training in all forms of weapons, physical endurance, field craft, extensive knowledge of demolitions and communications.

Training activities that my father recounted included running to the top of Mt Oberon from the Tidal River camp area, placing a flag at the summit to be retrieved and brought back down the mountain by the next runner. Unlike the moderate 1 km stroll to the top from the car park located near the summit along a well formed track that we enjoy today, the commando recruits had to force their way through virgin bushland up the steep side of the mountain for several kilometres from its base. Another training exercise included mountain runs before daybreak, navigating, sometimes almost impenetrable bush land, followed by wading through deep, reed infested swamps and finally swimming across the Darby River in freezing winter conditions.

Initially shipped to Timor, following the Japanese invasion of Portuguese Timor, the 2/2nd was able to survive by constantly adapting to circumstances, with the support of the Timorese people, while at the same time taking a terrible toll on some of Japan's best troops. With communications cut for many months the

squadron was reported missing, written off, presumed killed or captured. Yet this was not the case.

Three hundred men, most of them sick with malaria, pitted against a 3,000 strong Japanese force was poor odds, but as it eventuated, not insurmountable. Following the successful defence of the Dili airfield by twenty two of these men, the Squadron melted into the island's harsh mountainous interior where it regrouped and launched an extraordinary guerilla campaign, inflicting heavy losses with little overall cost to themselves. Disease and lack of clothes, medicine and other supplies were their main worry until the company signallers were eventually able to build a wireless and communication with Australia was restored.

Several months after its return to Australia, the Squadron was thrown into the steaming jungles of New Guinea to fight another cat and mouse war. Soon after they arrived in New Guinea, they were flown to Goroka and initially set up headquarters in the Central Highlands area, about 1600 metres above sea level. The area patrolled by the 2/2 Commando Company included the Bismarck and the Finisterre Ranges divided by the Ramu Valley. A river snakes along the valley floor and flows at a steady rate of eight knots due to the high rainfall. Crossing the river was a real challenge as its width averaged between 60 and 160 metres, and the water was filled with floating debris including trees.

In addition to the rugged, unforgiving terrain and wet, humid climate, health problems caused by Beri Beri, leeches and malaria added to the challenges faced by the Commandos. Along with many others, my father suffered from bouts of malaria for many years afterwards as part of the legacy of his time in New Guinea.

Following New Guinea, the 2/2nd went on to complete a third campaign in New

Britain prior to the Japanese surrender and their return home. But that is another story in itself.

The Squadron had the distinction of having one of the longest records of front-line service in the whole of the Australian Infantry Forces in World War 2.

While my father wrote and occasionally gave amusing accounts of the period of time when he was training at Wilsons Promontory, along with taking delight in showing us how to decipher Morse Code, he never talked about his experiences in New Guinea, other than to say how grateful he and his mates were to the local New Guinea people for the assistance they rendered to them.

Several years ago I trekked the Kokoda track in the Owen Stanley Ranges in New Guinea in memory of my father. While the Owen Stanley's are situated further south than the central highlands, they provided me with the opportunity to gain some insight into the terrain and the conditions that the 2/2nd experienced. They also gave me a telling insight into the young man who was to become my father, and provided part of the story he was unable to tell.

The land does the telling.

Dense jungle covers wave after wave of ever higher, rugged mountains, with razor back ridges sometimes only a couple of metres wide along which we climbed. Each step reveals a complex and forbidden mountain landscape, with the earth twisted, folded, crushed, resulting in steamy swamps, turbulent creeks and rivers, deep ravines, gut wrenching climbs and knee jerking descents. Rain turns the steep tracks into dangerous mudslides, with the soup-like loam and tangled masses of slippery tree roots demanding 100% concentration. The track is a series of muddy footholds on the mountainside, so slippery that you have to leave your hands free to grab the nearest vine or branch as your feet slide from under you – so steep that in places you can scale

the mountain face only by using both hands and feet, so muddy that at times we sloshed through a quagmire more than ankle deep and felt the cloying mud suck our feet back with every step.

Coupled with the physical impact of the landscape are the visual reminders of a war long ago, including the rusted remains of mortar bombs, hand grenades, bullets, the occasional steel helmet and the wreckage of a plane in its final resting place in the jungle, along with an unexploded bomb half buried in the ground and weapon pits scattered the length of the track. At the peak of Brigade Hill stands rows of steel star picket posts, with a further grouping of similar numbers further down the track in a jungle clearing near Templeton's Crossing, marking the original graves of Australian soldiers and creating a poignant reminder of the often insurmountable challenges that these men faced, with inadequate equipment, a lack of food and clothing, while carrying heavy artillery and being constantly under attack.

Along with my brothers and sisters, I grew up with the ritual of participating in an annual pilgrimage every September to Wilsons Promontory to witness the haunting sounds of the Last Post being played on a bugle in the natural amphitheatre formed by the mountains surrounding Tidal River, of my father and his mates marching in step to the memorial Cairn erected in memory of the Independents – of them taking turns laying red poppies to honour their mates who were no longer with them, and of them spending the afternoon talking amongst themselves, reflecting on the unspoken, with the knowledge that they alone had a shared understanding of the sometimes unspeakable that they were unable to discuss with anyone who had not been there with them in that time and in that place.

The strength of the bond forged as a

result of shared, life changing, often traumatic experiences, and the value of maintaining links with old mates is aptly summarized in the following extract from a poem entitled 'Reunion', written by Jim Smailes, formerly a private in the 2/2nd Commando squadron.

'There's a certain crowd of fellows who gather once per year

The second Independent, and they come from far and near,

To have a yarn and drink a toast, to clasp the hand again,

Of those who speak the language, and sing the old refrain.

They take life rather seriously, are apt to pass you by,

Until you see the face you know, or shout Diac-a-lia.'

But then the story is recalled, the years roll back a few,

And tales are told of one and all, from captain and the crew.'

Today is a time to have a 'yarn and drink a toast' to honour our heroes, both those present with us today, including our World War 2, Korean and Vietnam veterans, present day service men and women, along with those who have gone before us. Those ordinary men and women who did extraordinary things at great risk to themselves in defence of Australia and the values that had grown up here, in defense of the new world and opportunities that we have come to enjoy and take for granted since that time.

I will leave you with the words that are written on a memorial marker which stands at Brigade Hill in the Owen Stanley Ranges:

'They are not dead; not even broken; only their dust has gone back home to earth; for they; the essential they; shall have rebirth whenever a word of them is spoken.'

Thank you **Tricia Steel**

VALE - FRED HUMFREY WX9163

His family kindly provided Fred's Vale.

Fred was born in Bridgetown on 10.06.1913 and died at Royal Perth Hospital on 28th March, 2010, aged 96.

He was one of eight children born to Charles and Mabel Humfrey.

In 1912, the family migrated from Croydon, England to Western Australia on the 'Orsova', along with several aunts, uncles and cousins. Edward, the oldest child was then aged 4 and Hilda the second eldest was aged 2.

They settled in Bridgetown for about 8 years, later moving to Coolup, south of Pinjarra.

The family grew by a further six boys, including Fred, as well as Robert, David, Herbert, Wallace and Jeffrey. Although money was tight and life hard, this was not, of course, an unusual number of children to have in those days.

Fred's father, a butcher, died prematurely in 1929 at the age of 46 years, so it was a considerable challenge for the family to survive. Jeff, the youngest child, was then only 4 years old.

Fred left school when he was 16 years old and took up an apprenticeship with Keall's Bakery in Pinjarra, and as well, he delivered the bread by horse and cart.

As you can no doubt imagine with so many children in the family it wasn't all peace, love and harmony. Jeff recounted a tale of brotherly love regarding the time that Fred grew a vine on the fence and delegated Jeff the job of keeping the caterpillars off the vine. Jeff didn't do a good enough job and copped a right ticking off from Fred.

Jeff took umbrage at Fred's verbal spray and dispensed a caterpillar into Fred's breakfast bowl and hastily locked

himself in his bedroom.

Jeff said that Fred's hands were so strong from kneading the dough that if he had got a grip on him he would never have been able to get away.

Fred had a part time job at the bakery in Northam when he made the decision to enlist in the army. He enlisted on 30.10.1940 at the age of 27.

He worked as a baker in the army at Katherine before being mobilized to Timor where he served as a Private in B Platoon – Section 5 of the original 2/2nd Commandos.

It was no picnic in Timor and Fred got out of there by the skin of his teeth being one of the last to reach the Dutch destroyer that had come to evacuate them on 15th December, 1942.

Fred was discharged from the army on 3rd April, 1944 after which he worked for Brisbane & Wunderlich. His brother, Bert and Jeff's wife, Gladys also worked there.

Fred worked for a time as a baker at Yampi Sound and he also returned to Pinjarra and worked again for Keall's Bakery.

He often came up to Perth to go to the Embassy Ballroom on a Saturday night.

Fred purchased his first car, a Morris Minor, in the early 1950's. The next car that he bought was an FJ Holden which he acquired while he was working in Norseman.

He lived in Victoria for many years. He worked as a relieving baker at various country bakeries including Healesville and he also worked as a night porter at the Batman Hill Hotel where his accommodation was provided and lastly, prior to his retirement, he worked as a kitchen hand at Government House for a little over 2 years.

Fred then returned to WA and lived in a

flat in Tuart Hill for several years. During this time he saw a lot of his brother Wally and his family who lived nearby in Osborne Park.

Fred decided to move to the Masonic Retirement Village in Mt Lawley where he lived for a number of years before going to live at Richard Cleaver Lodge at the Swan Cottages Complex in Bentley to take advantage of the better facilities that they provided and because his sister Hilda was a resident there.

When Fred was in his early 80's he talked about buying a small car to get around in, but after some discussion he realized the difficulties involved in obtaining a licence at his age and so instead opted for a Gopher. He later decided he wanted a luxury version, one with bigger wheels with the capacity to go further and faster.

There was no stopping him then. He regularly went over to Victoria Park to do his shopping and he was able to visit his sister, Hilda who by this stage had left Sean Cottages and moved to Craiglea Park Nursing Home in Bentley.

Although Fred never married, Lloyd and Annette observed how popular he was with the women at Swan Cottages. Comments were not infrequently made about him being a good dancer.

Fred will be sadly missed by his friends at Swan Cottages but our much loved brother and uncle will be sorely missed by all the family.

Keith Hayes saw Fred often in his latter years and he always maintained his interest in the Association becoming a Life Member. He was quite a character.

Fred served in 5 Section B Platoon in Timor under Col Doig, Dud Tapper, Ted Loud, Les Halse, Ray Parry, Harold Brooker and Don Young and others made up a fine section. Fred was a

good soldier and a handy cook and got on well with his mates. Les Halse remains the sole survivor. Keith Hayes and Jack Carey attended Fred's funeral service with Jack saying 'The Ode' and our flag was also displayed. May he rest in peace.

Lest We Forget Editor

**Bill Coker : NX59064 -
28 / 4 / 1917 - 29 / 5 / 2010**

Lentell Edwin Coker, fortunately known to family and friends as Bill, was born at Chatswood on the 28th of April 1917, the third of five children and second son of Arthur and Florence. Bill attended Chatswood Public School and then North Sydney Technical High School. On leaving school he gained a sales position at Benjamins, a large clothing store in Chatswood and rose to the position of buyer for boys clothing before he enlisted in the army in July 1940.

He volunteered to join the first intake of men to be trained by the newly formed British commandos at the freezing Wilson's Promontory in south-east Victoria. Expecting to be posted to Europe he found himself with his mates of the 2/1st Independent Company confronting the Japanese advance in the islands of New Britain and New Ireland.

As fate would have it Bill returned to Australia for further training while most of his comrades, who were captured in the fall of Rabaul were killed when the prison ship Montevideo Maru was torpedoed on its way to Japan.

It was at this time in camp at Bathurst that he met the beautiful Coral Douglas who was working in the camp canteen. Not long after this, a chance meeting in Martin Place with old friends from

the 2/2nd Independent Company, The Double Reds of Timor, saw him heading off to the islands once again and after spending 927 days of his 1,932 enlisted days on active service overseas, Bill was discharged from the army with the rank of Lance Sergeant, in October 1945. The mates he made in the 2/2nd remained great friends for life and it is a privilege to have two of the few that remain, Harry Handicott and Snow Went, here today.

Being back in Australia allowed Bill and Coral more time together and they were married at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Randwick on the 2nd of February, 1946.

They made their first home in a rented flat at Turrumurra then moved to Naremburn whilst Bill and his brother Frank were struggling to set up a business making light fittings.

Lytron Lighting began in small premises in Hercules St Chatswood, until 1952 when the two built a factory in Tulloh Lane, Willoughby where the business remained until the building was sold for them to retire in 1985.

Frank looked after the commercial side of the business and Bill was heavily involved in design and manufacturing to the extent that he was usually seen working on the factory floor with his employees.

The business became successful and employed over 20 people. Bill once designed an insulated fluorescent light that could be safely used in the explosive dust of wheat silos. He wasn't always orthodox in his methods and once, at a meeting with building consultants for fitting out a new thirteen storey building, produced his cost estimates on a beer coaster. He won the contract so the figures must have been visible through the stains!

Bill and Coral were granted a war-service home loan in 1958 to purchase their house at 11 Kameruka Rd, Northbridge. As you know, until illness intervened recently, this was still their home.

Some of Bill's unique problem solving skills can still be seen at the house - digging up and lowering the path under a huge bough of the large jacaranda tree in the backyard to save cutting off the bough - the dip in the path is like a small valley! He paneled the wall under the house but then had white ant problems so - he set perspex panels into the paneling to let in light - well I guess it sounds good in theory. He had a love of bright flowers but as the years wore on he lost the desire to work as hard in the garden so the solution - plastic flowers of course! Not only in pots but in the garden as well!

He often used to chuckle at the number of people walking down the lane who would stop and try to work out what the unusual flowers were. After family, one of Bill's great loves was cricket. He had played tennis before the war and won a number of Northern Suburbs A Grade doubles championships with his great mate Jim Cummings but didn't take up cricket until the 1950's, first playing with Terrey Hills and then Roseville. In 1963 he scored the first century of the season in the Gordon A Grade competition but, as he often laughed, didn't total two hundred runs for the rest of the year! His proudest cricketing moment came the following year, when, at the age of 48, he captained and coached a group of 15 year olds to win the premiership in the Gordon C Grade competition. He was the batting mainstay of the team, scoring 630 at an average of over 50, including 80 not out in the final.

In 1961, with encouragement from his boating brother Frank, and to the

despair of Coral, he began to build a 7 metre cabin cruiser in the backyard. Eighteen months later Seajay (named after Coral Joyce) was launched at Tunks Park. It wasn't long before he realized the boat was too small for the family and purchased an old game fishing boat - the 11 metre Wyoming. He had a dozen years of enjoyment with this boat and his great mates Ted Terry and Reg Lawrie.

Having a boat allowed Bill to indulge in his great love of seafood. Many happy hours were spent on the rocks in the Hawkesbury eating oysters and, better still, illegally filling a sugar bag that would last him for about two weeks at home. Once after having his fill he slipped getting into the dinghy and had to swim down the river to catch it!

He was a keen fisherman and when not working on the boat (which was more often than not) could be seen heading "outside" to fish. We all remember him sucking the gunk out of peeled prawn heads - inevitably sending his kids running away screaming.

Bill was always ready to look at the funny side of life and once when on coast guard duty out to sea off Broken Bay to monitor a power boat race was asked by an official to move closer to shore. His reply - "No, this is where the fish are!"

He didn't play sport as a youngster and vowed that he would always encourage his own children to join sporting teams. He thus became a hands-on father - constantly involved with kids cricket, netball, tennis and both codes of rugby. Mark lost count of the number of times Bill carried the whole cricket team to matches crammed into the family station wagon. He was always a keen gardener and during the sixties built a large bush house in the backyard to

grow orchids. He became a member of the state orchid society and with Jim Cummings successfully exported orchid stems to America. After retirement he built extensive and successful vegetable gardens across the yard.

In retirement Bill and Coral undertook a number of journeys throughout Australia to attend reunions with his commando mates. These included some wonderful trips to Perth by car, train and plane.

He was always an avid reader but towards his latter years he became interested in listening to music and enjoyed nothing better than to sit of an evening on the back deck in his "thinking seat", having a glass or two of wine, often with his good friends and neighbours Guy and Marco.

As a husband, father and grandfather he was the best. He was devoted to Nanna and they were so fortunate to enjoy such a long time together. He wasn't overly demonstrative but you would often hear him referring to Nanna as "Lover Girl". Christmas holidays were always a blast for Graeme, Kim and Mark as the factory shut down for January and they always headed up the north coast where Bill and Coral ensured they had a fun time together. Bill was always there for the three kids when needed, just as he has been for all the grandchildren.

Pa and Nanna were recently separated for the longest time in their lives with Nanna in Lady Davidson Hospital and Pa in Royal North Shore. He said he wanted nothing more than to spend the back end of his life with Coral and his wish was granted as they were able to be together for a week at Terrey Hills Nursing Home before he passed away.

Husband, father, grandfather, soldier, sailor, manufacturer, company director, sportsman, mercer, boat

builder, handyman, gardener, designer, navigator, fisherman, innovator, lover of seafood, lollies, mandarins and a faithful friend who was always extremely generous to everyone he met.

Our Bill, our Dad, our Pa.

From Bill Coker's Eulogy, 4/6/10, as read by granddaughters, Jaime Siviour and Leanne Coker.

Bill joined us in Canunga in early 1943 and served in New Guinea and New Britain. A good soldier who was well known in the unit and respected as a former member of the 1st Independent Company. He received his discharge in October 1945. After the war Bill and Coral took an active part in the Association. He was President of the NSW Branch from 1953 to 1967 and Vice President for 15 years becoming a Life Member. He and Coral attended a number of our safaris.

We mourn the passing of an old comrade and a fine Australian.

Betty Devlin, Harry Handicott and Snow Went were present at Bill's funeral service on 4th June last.

**Lest We Forget
Editor**

VALE - HERBERT (BERT) WILLIAM PRICE TX2781

Bert as he was better know was born on the 17th June, 1920 to parents George and Alice Price. He had four brothers George, Bernie, John and David (Dec) and four sisters Flora, Dorothy, Rosemary and Kay.

He started school at Hastings, attended a number of schools finishing at Leprena. Bert enjoyed his school days. A bright lad, he loved to run and could run like a hare. He was always first at school even when he helped to milk the cows. He knew all the short cuts and was at home in the bush. He was always considerate

of others and got into his share of mischief as most young boys do.

Bert left school at 14 going to work at the Lune River sawmill and continued there until enlisting in the AIF on 1st July, 1940 at the age of 20. He was posted to the 2/40th, the Tasmanian Battalion. The 2/40th did their training at Brighton and were in Darwin when Japan entered the War on 7th December, 1941. Sent to west Timor the battalion with attached units known as Sparrow Force distinguished itself by putting up a brave fight for four days when the Japanese invaded Timor on 19th February, 1941.

Overwhelmed by the sheer weight of numbers the 2/40th had no option but to surrender. Somehow Bert managed to avoid being a POW and with a number of others went on to join the 2/2nd Independent Company who were in Portuguese East Timor. He was a good soldier and served his new company well until they made it back to Australia in mid December 1942. After a brief leave Bert joined the 2/12th Battalion and saw action in New Guinea and Borneo. He received his discharge on 14th December, 1945. While on leave Bert married his sweetheart Billie Blyth on 9th August, 1944. They had a loving family of seven children, Gaylene, Cynthia (Dec), Roseanne, John, Julie, Garry and Peter. Billie had a sister Betty who was the spitting image of her. When the trio went out together and people admired the ladies Bert would say 'I am married to both of them'. He had a great sense of humour. Bert worked with the Forestry Department until 1963 then spent his next 17 years with the Rural Fire Board until he retired in 1980 at the age of 60.

Bert was a great family man. A good sportsman he played footy with Port Arthur, participated in athletics and with

his running prowess winning many races and was also a good axe man. He was very keen on sailing and built several boats. He introduced his children into sailing and fishing which they loved. He also tried his hand at wrestling and enjoyed dancing. A versatile man indeed.

Bert was well known for his unlimited time and care for others throughout the community. He was a good speaker and a strong supporter of the RSL and Legacy. He was awarded an OAM for his services and received several certificates for his charitable efforts.

The family have fond memories of growing up in their early days in the Taranna Tasman Peninsula near Port Arthur.

On Bert's retirement they moved to Hastings and then built their home in Dover where they resided for the last 35 years. Bert and Billie were famous for their lovely gardens, Bert with his veggies and Billie with her flowers especially roses. Bert's veggies fed family and friends and his cattle.

They were blessed with many grandchildren and one great great grandchild all of whom they loved dearly. Bert was known affectionately to them as 'Poppy Bert'.

Billie's passing in 2007 was a great loss for Bert and the family. He did not enjoy the best of health for the next three years and passed away peacefully on 3rd June, 2010, 14 days short of his 90th birthday.

His funeral was held at the Dover Lawn Cemetery on 7th June, with a large attendance present to pay tribute to a great Tasmanian and Australian. His Eulogy was delivered by Mr Garry Doyle of the Dover RSL with the local Volunteer Fire Brigade forming a Guard of Honour.

Bert was a fine man and will be sadly missed.

May He Rest in Peace

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to the Price family.

Bert never forgot the time he spent with the 2/2nd in Timor.

He and Billie worked hard to make such a great success of our Tasmanian Safari in Hobart in March 2000. Bert attended our Perth Safari in November 2003. He contributed to the Courier and was made a Life Member of the Association.

We mourn the passing of a good man.

Lest We Forget

J Carey

VALE – BERT BACHE VX115800

News of the passing of Bert on 7th June was received by Kel Carthew on the 18th June. He was advised by a relative of Sylvia's, Bert's wife, that Sylvia had passed away on June 2nd and Bert's death followed 5 days later. It came as a great shock to their many friends in South Australia including Kel. Bert who was born on 29th January, 1921 in Melbourne was 89. Both Bert and Sylvia who had been in ill health for some time had no children. Kel only came to hear of their passing through Leith Cooper where as it happened the nurse in his ward, as said earlier was a relative of Sylvia's.

Kel was unable to provide much information but did say that Bert and Sylvia were a lovely couple who had been married for 56 years and they both liked to travel and loved the opera. On a number of occasions they flew to Sydney to see the operas and they also visited Japan and other Asian countries.

In his working life Bert was an artist and did many advertising signs for IGA and the Commonwealth Bank. Bert was also a good speaker and Kel said he was an

outstanding President of the Commando Association in South Australia for many years. Bert and Sylvia attended a number of our safaris and until his eyesight failed in his latter years, always read the Courier. He had operations on his eyes at the Flinders Medical Centre and of course could not drive.

A notice appeared in the local paper on the 19th June advising of their deaths. They have donated their bodies to the University of Adelaide. A memorable service of celebration will be held at the Westburne United Church on a date to be fixed.

Bert's army records show that he enlisted in the 2nd AIF on 3rd November, 1942 and joined the 2/2nd at Canunga and served in New Guinea and New Britain. A quiet capable man Bert was a good soldier and got on well with his section mates. He was discharged from the Army on 2nd July, 1946 with the rank of Sergeant.

We mourn his passing – May He Rest in Peace.

Lest We Forget

J Carey

Members will be sorry to hear of the passing of Helen Poynton on 10th May last. Helen had not been well for some time and was a courageous and talented lady. Helen had a farewell party on the 16th January at her home in York to meet many of her old friends for the last time. It was a very happy occasion. Helen and Joe were great people and loyal supporters of the Association.

Their Sunday barbecue days on the long weekend of January bring back happy memories to those who attended them.

Helen chose to have a private funeral.

God Bless Her

News of the recent passing of Jean Yates (NSW) wife of Tom and Elva Rogers-Davidson (Victoria) widow of Bill has been received reducing our ranks of three more of our precious ladies.

May They Rest in Peace

The Association extends its sincere sympathy to the Poynton, Yates, Bache and Rogers-Davidson families.

It is with great respect that we mark the death of Rufino Alves Correia in Bideau, Dili on Wednesday 21st April 2010 at an estimated age of 91.

Rufino Correia lived a life of loyalty, courage and devotion to both the people of Timor-Leste and Australia. As a 22 year old, he served as a faithful companion to Lt. Tom Nisbet of the 2/2nd Independent Company – Australian commando's in Timor-Leste during the Japanese occupation (1942-5).

With his fellow companions, Rufino Alves Correia selflessly provided the Australians with shelter, gathered and shared their food, relayed information on Japanese troop movements and pointed out the best observation and ambush positions. He carried Lt. Nisbet's equipment during many engagements with the Japanese and cared for him through illness and battling the elements. Narrowly escaping death when injured by a grenade, Rufino never wavered in his commitment. The Australian soldiers owed their lives to their companions and many dedicated the rest of their years in repaying this debt of honour. The legacy of these friendships endure today between our nations and serves to remind us of true spirit.

Throughout his humble life of tremendous hardship, he remained an inspiration to his family and to all Australians with the dignity, humility and humour for which

he was known.

A mass to celebrate and honour the life of Rufino Alves Correia was held on, Thursday 22nd April 2010 at 3.30pm at Motael Church and then at Santa Cruz cemetery.

Phnom Penh, Cambodia, 22 April 2010

Condolences on the Passing of a Timorese Hero – Sr Rufino Alves Correia

It is my honour to pay tribute today to a true hero, World War Two Veteran - Sr Rufino Alves Correia; a great man who will forever remain a shining light of hope, peace and humanity. On the historic 10th Anniversary of the popular consultation, 30th of August 2009, I awarded Rufino Alves Correia with the Presidential Medal of Merit for his service to Timor-Leste and humanity. Rufino Alves Correia displayed extraordinary bravery as a young man in 1942 by committing to a path of solidarity with a band of strangers who needed a helping hand. Few would argue that very little was on offer for the young Timorese warriors of World War II, other than the common values of duty, compassion, friendship and resistance to oppression. Rufino emerged from the most tragic period of human history as an inspiration to generations, and he will continue to live in the hearts of generations to come as the true embodiment of our savior Jesus Christ's message to 'love thy neighbour'. He struggled for freedom, justice and peace for the people of Timor-Leste. He accepted sacrifice and hardship to give promise to the future of the region and went on to live his entire life with dignity, respect and honour.

Rufino has **never** forgotten his Australian friends and similarly has never been

forgotten by the Australian soldiers he served beside. Rufino Correia's legacy will serve as a lasting example for all professional soldiers for ages to come. There are few stories that demonstrate with unquestionable purity and simplicity the power that one person, one soldier, can have to inspire, encourage and mobilize the very best in the human spirit.

To Luis, Vicente, Teodelindo, João, Ana Maria, Fatima and the entire Alves Correia Family, on behalf of our people, thank you for being examples of love, friendship and humanity. You are true Ambassadors of Timor-Leste and your family's relationship with our friends in Australia remain a bond between our two countries that individuals and temporal interests cannot divide. My beloved brothers and sisters, please accept my sincere condolences. May the Almighty God bless you.

José Ramos-Horta

President of the Republic

ANZAC DAY – 2010

A chilly but clear morning saw a near record crowd of approximately 40,000 at the Dawn Service in Kings Park. Peter Epps in his customary role laid a beautiful red double wreath on our behalf at a brief but moving ceremony. Bob Smyth and son Richard attended the SAS Regiment's Dawn Service at Swanbourne with Bob laying a beautiful red wreath. Our thanks to Peter, Bob and Richard for once again representing the 2/2nd. Thanks also to Bob for again providing the wreaths.

Held in lovely weather the morning march from Barrack Street to the Esplanade went off well. Neil Barnett carrying the Australian flag led our group of about 35. We were fortunate to be right behind the Royal Agricultural Society of

WA Band and had no trouble keeping in step. The big crowd in attendance were very generous with their applause. The three flag bearers were Mark Chalwell 2/2nd, Justin Chalwell 2/5th and Trevor Boardman 2/8th. Veterans who marched included Bob Smyth, Jack Carey 2/2nd, Harold Durant 2/5th, Olive Jones 2/3, Ron Dearlove 2/4th.

The 2/2nd group included Mike Press, Geoff Payne, Richard Smyth, Robert Marshall and sons Nathan and Brendan, Greg Tyreman, John Denman and daughter Rennaye Bonolo with sons Lachie and Riley, his sister Peta Ganderton and son in law Graham Devenish and others. There were also a number of regulars from other commando squadrons. It was most encouraging to see the sons, daughters and grandchildren marching as the veterans fall away. Dick Darrington, Arthur Marshall, John Burrridge and Jim Lines who were unable to march went in the minibus provided by Peter Epps. Waiting on the Esplanade for the march to end passed pleasantly with Peter providing morning tea. Thanks a million, Peter.

We had a good attendance of 39 at the luncheon at the GoodEarth. The Marshall family led by Arthur and Audrey with David and Susan, Robert and Jackie and sons Nathan, Brendan, Aaron and Justin with lovely grand-daughters Ebony and Faith and friend David Collyer came up from Harvey for the day and they had a table to themselves and were given a warm welcome. Our special guests were Lieutenant Colonel Bruce Willis, CO of the SAS Regiment along with his RSM. WO1 Anthony Symes. The President welcomed all to the luncheon and John Burrridge welcomed and proposed the toast to the renowned SAS Regiment to which

Lieutenant Colonel Willis responded. We value our friendship with such a fine body of men. Bruce Butler and Paul Bridges over from Victoria, spoke briefly on the Debt of Honour photo exhibition to be held in Perth in April 2011. It was nice to see the family groups in the Marshalls, Langridges, Smyths and Bowers present. The GoodEarth staff were obliging and the meal was good. Jenny Beahan, Julie Ann Jackman, Ross and Linda Loughton, Babs and David Langridge, Ian Gregham, Jess Pratt, Margaret Montgomery, Erral and Anne Green, Bob, Margaret and Richard Smyth, Peter Epps, Greg Tyreman, Mike Press, John Carey, Dick Darrington, Jim Lines, the Porter brothers, Graham Scott and Geoff Payne all joined in what was another enjoyable Anzac Day. Thanks for coming!!

Although the Association is winding up in December we intend to be in the march and have an Anzac luncheon next year.

J Carey

ANZAC DAY – MANDURAH

The Dawn Service was exceptionally well attended and a very moving ceremony with the sun rising behind our wonderful Memorial. The large grassed area accommodates a large crowd and the RSL had quite a number of chairs available. It was pleasing to see not only the older members of the city but also a large number of younger people and even the very tiny children, a handful at that hour indeed. As the Last Post was played three large birds flew over the Memorial, almost as a fly past.

The later service was the biggest in spectator attendance that I have seen in the 55 years that I have seen since residing in Mandurah. My two grandchildren, Jonny and Cassie

accompanied me to lay the wreath, generously donated every year by Paddy King in honour of his dad, Charlie. Laying the wreath was a very emotional time for me. I thought of our boys (and they were only boys) who fought for the freedom of this country and to see the violence in our society today is heartrending. We must place our trust in God and pray that the elements worldwide become more peaceful.

We had about 20 of the Kings and Howells marching along with our old stalwart Jock and his grandchildren.

On the following Thursday I attended a service at the Assumption Catholic Primary School. It is so pleasing to see the schools participating.

Thanks here in Mandurah to Members of the RSL.

Best wishes to all **Elvie Howell**

A SEA TRAGEDY

July 1st marks the 68th Anniversary of the sinking of the 'Montevideo Maru' by the US submarine 'Sturgeon' resulting in the loss of 1,053 POW's and civilian internees from New Britain. Most of the 850 soldiers were from the 2/22nd Battalion and attached forces including 121 men of the 1st Independent Company. It was the worst maritime loss of life in Australia's history.

Please remember them in your prayers.

Editor

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN NEWS

In March the Commando Association of South Australia elected a new President, Mr Mo Hancock, new Secretary Rex Lipman, new Vice President Kel Carthew.

Mo (2/3rd Company) joined the army again after the war finished and was

posted to Korea where he attained the rank of Sergeant. On his return he moved to McLaren Vale and his hobby was/still is wine vineyards. When we have meetings Mo does the right thing and brings in wine for the members.

The new Secretary Rex Lipman also dabbles in vineyards in the Adelaide Hills area. Rex was a dentist and now runs 'Angas Travel'. Every second Anzac Day, Rex travels to Fromelles with a group of young people. He served in the 4th Independent Company in Timor as Adjutant, later with the 9th Division in Borneo.

The Vice President is myself, Kel Carthew. We have about 20 members in South Australia, however only 4 attended the last meeting. I belong to a few charities in SA. My main interest was the Red Cross; I received a 20 year medal 4 years ago. I consider the Red Cross a great organisation. I was tied up with the transport section of Red Cross also, taking people on day tours, people from nursing homes etc. I now sell Bingo tickets for another charity called United Way, this charity is the main funding unit – every year it gives out grants to other charities to the value of over \$200,000.

Ruby is tied up with her church. She has held position of Treasurer and now Secretary which keeps her busy.

We have 8 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren, one set of twin boys in Brisbane. Our grandchildren in Adelaide is a 4 year old boy and the other a 3 year old girl. One granddaughter is in Dubai. She is a school teacher over there – her partner works for the copper mines and travels around a fair bit. I was talking to her recently (through Skype/internet.) Her father (my son) is going over there shortly. Only have one unmarried grandson, but the family is hopeful this

will increase one day.

Port Power (Pt Adelaide) is going okay, 4 wins, other Adelaide team Crows 6 losses. It appears Fremantle is the top team in WA.

Another Anzac Day has come and gone, we had 4 members in the march. Rex Lipman 4 Company, Mo Hancock 2/3, George Mann 2/8, Kel Carthew 2/2nd. George has not been at a march for 5 years and we both used walking frames. Weather cool but fine and after the march my grandson and I joined in the festivities of the Vietnam members – I know quite a few of them. My regards to all members, widowers and widows, I wish them well.

Kel Carthew, South Australia

QUEENSLAND NEWS

Dear Jack – here is some of our Queensland news once again.

Lucky and Doreen Goodhew

(Townsville) are going okay. At 86 Lucky is one of our youngsters. There are no hearing aids which suit him but as a retired digger he is doing better than many of our mates. His son is still working his boat at Darwin and his wife has just had a son – another JACK! They are a large family and live mainly around Townsville.

Bulla and Jean Tait (Ayr) Bulla is a bed patient in a local nursing home. He is doped with tablets each day and he has his good and bad days. Jean sees him once or twice a week but he sleeps a lot so if he is sleeping there is no point in her staying. Their family are all fine and Robert has a good job with Child Care. Bulla has been a patient for about three years now.

George and Margo Shield (Bowen) are both well and still enjoying life. George retains an interest with his lodge and his Legacy duties but he has retired from

his lifelong help for the local RSL. Their daughter at Cleveland (near Brisbane) lost her husband in January and the one at Mackay had flood water under her house from the heavy summer rain but fortunately she has a high set house.

Jewell Soper (Townsville) is 84 now. She had a fall at Christmas time and was in hospital for three weeks. She has been in an ILV for eight years but gets very lonely. She expects to move soon to another village where she will have low care and a room to herself. She has had two knee replacements and one hip but can still walk with the help of a walker. Her 15 grandchildren are all very busy plus 5 great grandchildren and another on the way.

We would like to say a very big 'THANK YOU' to Jack Carey for his distribution of our book 'All the Bull's Men' to the universities, TAFE and secondary schools in all parts of Australia. Many 'THANK YOU' letters have been received and we are sure that when we are all dead our books will be well cared for and read by future Australians of all ages. Perhaps the main short message from our book is that in the Pacific war we achieved a similar result as at the siege of Tobruk in Africa except that Tobruk has had more publicity. If the top Japanese units had been in New Guinea and/or the Solomon Islands instead of East Timor then the war may have been longer and **MORE** Allied and Japanese troops killed.

Cheers and best wishes to all our Association members.

Ron and Lyn, Toowong, Qld

NSW NEWS

Dear Jack – I hope this note finds everybody reasonably well. **Jean Yates** passed away after a spell in hospital. She was having a lot of trouble with

her legs and it proved too much. Tom is holding up okay but of course it is a great loss to lose your partner. Our condolences go out to you Tom.

Beryl Cullen also of Kyogle is still keeping well and while you can never disclose a ladies age, I think she passed go a good time ago. Quite a remarkable lady.

Russ Blanch of Bangalow is well but complaining of losing his memory. I sympathized with him but told him it seems to be happening to us all. Must be something to do with ageing I think. Join the Club.

Eric Herd still going well as is his good wife Lorraine. Living in a very nice spot at Iluka. I am sure he is keeping the winter chills away with his usual drop of Rum. I know I am and can recommend it.

May Orr from South Grafton is keeping well. Cannot seem to get a whinge out of May. One of those fortunate people who accepts life with gratitude. I guess we all should.

Beryl Steen is okay and is still living with her son and daughter in law at Townsville. Beryl is just back from visiting her Brisbane family for a few weeks. With the weather we have been having down here I bet she is happy to get back to warmer climes.

Joan Stanley tells me that Gordon is much the same and content in his nursing home. Joan continues to battle on.

Nola Wilson from Gilgandra is well and is another lady who keeps busy all the time. Son David doing very well with his horse stud. He is one of the top horse breeders in Australia. His daughter is also doing very well at pony club and Nola is very pleased about that. Parents get a great kick out of successes with their children and grandchildren, and

why not that is what life is all about.

Beryl Walsh up in Kempsey is going well. She has her sister living with her now which no doubt is a comfort to both of them. I always enjoy a long chat with Beryl.

Harry Handicott is well and keeps in touch quite often. **Harry and Snow Went** are both going to **Bill Coker's** funeral in Sydney tomorrow.

I rang **Nora Kenneally** yesterday and she is very well. Fortunately she has family quite close in Sydney which keeps her from being too lonely. Nora is always a very bright and positive person.

Edith Jones is normally domiciled at Barbara but has been in Queensland long enough to be a citizen. She is at the moment touring the state with one of her daughters. As the bloke said of Clancy, I don't know where he are.

Very best wishes to all and good health.

Happy Greenhalgh, Maclean

PS: Thank you Jack for letting me know of the death of **Bert Price**. I am very sorry, he was a fine man. **Happy**.

VICTORIA NEWS

Dear Jack and 2/2nd friends everywhere – a big 'hello' and 'how are you all'. Greetings to all from us Victorians. I have been talking to different ones on the phone these last few days.

Harry Botterill is in his own words 'bowling along quite well' so that is good. He says it takes him twice as long as it used to, to walk up the street. His family are all well and busy. David has retired and at present he and wife Elizabeth are caravanning up north and will be on the road for a few months. Harry's youngest daughter Lynette lives close by and takes him shopping each week. Lynette came to the Anzac Day lunch with Harry and enjoyed being with

the few of us.

There were only 7 representing the 2/2nd **John and Shirley Southwell, Mavis Broadhurst, Harry and Lynette** plus **Don and I**.

Also at our table were present day Commandos – two had spent time in Timor, one was around Dili most of the time and the other had gone to all the areas where our unit had been during the war.

My boys Colin and Robert are going to Timor on 11th July to visit all the places Ken had covered during his time there in 1942. I hope to get them to write a report for the next Courier.

I rang **Mavis Broadhurst** today. She is well and going along alright. Mavis gets a NSW army paper and in a recent one was news of Rufino's death in Timor. He was **Tom Nisbet's** creado and was over 90.

I also spoke with **Pat Petersen** and **Mary Bone**. Pat recently enjoyed a week's holiday with her son Tony. They went to Lorne, the Grampians and onto Gisborne to Pat's daughter Mandy.

Pat mentioned what a great autumn we have had. The best for a good many years. Lovely to have green grass and full dams.

Mary is still at Lakes Entrance. She was back to Leongatha over Easter and I met her there for lunch one day – I also spoke to **Moir Coats** today. She is going along reasonably well and is fortunate that some of her family are close by.

Ed and Dorothy Bourke are both well and are heading north soon for some warmth. We have had some very cold days lately.

We visited **Leith Cooper** 2 weeks ago. It was great to have our usual chat and we both felt he looked better than the last time we saw him. He is always praising

the staff and says he gets spoilt. He deserves to be spoilt.

I was unable to speak to **Dawn Claney** at Kangaratta but was pleased to get her daughter Sue on the phone. Dawn is being well looked after at St John's Nursing home there.

It was great to get a phone call from **Babs Langridge** last week and catch up on family news.

I also keep in touch with **Joan Fenwick** in Canberra. She is happy in her new unit which is not far from her old home in Curtin.

Don and I are both keeping well and keep busy. Don has a brand new great grandee, little **Maddi Grace** who was born on Monday 7th at Warragul. Maddi's proud mother is Don's grand-daughter. His total is now 11 and will get to 12 in July. I have 5 and another one due in September. We are still gardening and going on trips. Don plays golf when the weather is kind.

That's about all for this time. I often think of you all, the Shiells in Bowen and the Marshalls in Harvey and everyone in between.

All the best to all.

Margaret Monk, Victoria

PRESIDENT'S YEARLY REPORT – 2009

Our 64th year as an Association was as expected, a quiet one. Regretfully 2009 saw the passing of 10 of our members and 8 of our precious ladies, all fine Australians. Ageing brings on many aches and pains as the majority of us know but we are blessed living in a great country for which we should all be grateful.

Financially we are in a fairly sound position. Diminishing numbers has meant fewer donations and with costs rising, mainly for the Courier our

capital has been reduced. Book sales were satisfactory and we are fortunate to have had the previous generous grants from the Lew Thompson and Ray Aitken Estates to bolster our assets. The Association should be in the position to pass on a reasonable sum to our Trustees when we wind up at the end of 2010. Our members and friends are to be commended for their generous donations to the Trust Fund, Courier and various appeals during the past 64 years. It would be interesting to know the total of the donations over that time, it would run into tens of thousands of dollars and more.

Regarding the Courier I would have liked to see more copy coming in from members. The passing of Paddy Kenneally, a prolific and excellent contributor and later Alan Luby made compiling the Courier more difficult. My sincere thanks to Happy Greenhalgh, Margaret Monk, Ron Archer and Kel Carthew who provided news of their state members on a regular basis. Also thanks to our secretary Dorothy Maley, Jenny Beahan, Bob Smyth, Bart Mavrick, Yvonne Walsh, Ed Bourke and Greg Tyreman and others for their assistance, not forgetting the Courier team in Earle Seubert, Evelynne Collins and Tom Vanderveldt.

**Good Luck and God Bless
J Carey**

Recognition of Stalwart Friends of East Timor

* edited article from May 25 issue Tempo Semanal, Dili

On the 8th anniversary of East Timor's restoration 20 May 2010, the State and the people of Timor Leste gave recognition to those people who sacrificed their own interest in order to fight for Timorese independence.

Statements of Receipts Expenditure Year Ending 31st January 2010**General Accounts**

Receipts		Expenditure	
Balance 31 st January 2010	\$ 1304.18	Couriers (4)	\$5500.05
Couriers Donations	\$ 1570.00	Social Events	\$ 1391.11
Social Events	\$ 925.00	PO Box Rental	\$ 190.00
Interest	\$ 2.12	Funeral Notices	\$ 301.18
Ex Unit History	\$ 8000.00	Comm. Service	\$ 310.00
Book Fund		Anzac Day	\$ 120.00
Total:	\$ 10497.12	Capitation Fee ACA	\$ 44.00
		Monumental. Stone ABJ	\$ 3278.00
		Balance 31.01.10	\$ 666.96
Total :	\$ 11801.30	Total :	\$ 11801.30

Independent Trust fund

Receipts		Expenditure	
Balance 31 st January 2009	\$ 2089.10	Nil	
Donations	\$ 1805.00		
Interest	\$2.47		
Balance 31 st January 2010	\$ 3896.57		

Shipment of seeds in 2009 for \$ 9810.09 paid ex Unit History Book Fund

Unit History Book Fund

Receipts		Expenditure	
Balance 31 st January 2009	\$ 11671.98	PO Box Rental	\$ 130.00
Sale of books	\$ 13535.35	Postages	\$ 227.30
Interest	\$ 0.83	General Accounts T/fer	\$ 8000.00
	\$ 13536.18	Seed Shipment	\$ 9810.09
		Air Fare Timor	\$ 1507.89
		Balance 31.01.10	\$ 5532.88
Total : \$ 25208.16	Total :		\$ 25208.16

Investments

\$ 20,000 Maturing 1st May 2010

Ten persons who were long standing campaigners for East Timor received commendation through parliament from President Jose Ramos Horta : Kevin Philip Sherlock and Robert Wesley Smith from Darwin; American Charles Scheiner; Indonesian George J. Adijondro; Mr Collin from New Zealand and Timorese including Veteran F-FDTL Col. Maunana.

Kevin Sherlock was recognized for his committed involvement in research and collecting documents in relation to Timor Leste after he visited East Timor in 1974. His house in Darwin has become a national archive for Timor Leste. Documents collected date from 1500 and cover politics, economy, taxation, geography, agriculture and mining. Documents reveal that since 1901 many companies in Europe, America and Australia have been interested in the oil and gas reserves of Timor island. (In 1975 Darwin resident Robert Wesley Smith acted to defend Timorese rights by establishing Radio Maubere in Darwin to communicate with the resistance in the mountains. He set up the group Australians Free East Timor in Darwin and with colleagues pasted banners and leaflets throughout the town incurring the wrath and close attention of the Australian Federal Police.

President Ramos Horta said he has known and has admired all these individuals since 'the old days'. He said further that George Adijondro was the first activist for East Timor Independence "... because in 1974 he was the first Tempo Jakarta journalist to write an article defending the rights of Timorese people to their independence." (Horta also praised Mr Collin from New Zealand who has dedicated

most of his life for East Timor causes. Charlie Scheiner created the NGO East Timor Action Network in the USA after the massacre in Santa Cruz cemetery in 1991, Through ETAN, Charlie and his colleagues campaigned tirelessly to advocate freedom for the half island Timor Leste. After TL voted to separate itself from Indonesia in 1999 Charlie established La'o Hamutuk , the local NGO dedicated to monitor the development process of Timor Leste. (For info on ETAN : www.etan.org)

Timor-Leste's new Ambassador to Australia, His Excellency Abel Guterres begins his new role (Abel Guterres Timor-Leste's new Ambassador to Australia, presented his credentials to Her Excellency Ms. Quentin Bryce AC in the nation's capital, Canberra on May 20. Ambassador Guterres said "I am very honored to represent my country Timor-Leste and humbled to serve my people in strengthening the ties of friendship between Australia and Timor-Leste."

Abel Guterres has a long history with Australia, having first arrived as a refugee from East Timor in 1975. Between 1975 and 1999, Guterres worked tirelessly as an activist for the East Timorese Resistance and left a lasting footprint. (During the swearing-in ceremony in Timor-Leste, President Jose Ramos Horta said that throughout the years of occupation, Guterres had found energy and time to devote countless hours every day to inform, educate and mobilize Australian public opinion about the struggle in East Timor. ("Abel Guterres not only carried out the mission with complete devotion but he did so always with a smile, respect and friendship towards everyone, avoiding political partisanship and working

with all without regard to their political affiliation." (President Horta credited Abel Guterres for laying the foundations for success of the friendship cities and friendship schools partnership programs, which encouraged communities and schools in Australia to adopt a district, sub-district and school in Timor-Leste. (In 1999 Abel Guterres attended the Oxford Diplomatic Service course in the U.K. and earned the prestigious diploma with distinction. Guterres then served as the Consul General of Timor-Leste in Sydney 2003 to 2009. (Timor Leste Secretary of State Ágio Pereira said "Australia is one of Timor-Leste's closest neighbors and there is a deep bond between the peoples of our two nations.'

Now as our Ambassador, Abel Guterres will represent Timor-Leste with great honor and dignity and we are very pleased that he continues to represent Timor-Leste and the Timorese people in Australia."" (For more information, contact The Office of Secretary of State for the Council of Ministers and Official Spokesperson for the Government of Timor-Leste Mr Ágio Pereira agiopereira@cdm.gov.tl (govtlmedia@gmail.com)
www.timor-lesste.gov.tl

These articles appeared in "The Commando Association of Victoria""Double Diamond" Edition in March 2010 and I think is worth repeating.

BOTH TRUE - and worth reading:

Many years ago Al Capone virtually owned Chicago. Capone wasn't famous for anything heroic. He was notorious for enmeshing the windy city in everything from bootlegged booze and prostitution to murder.

Capone had a lawyer nickname "Easy Eddie". He was Capone's lawyer for a good reason. Eddie was very good! In fact Eddie's skill at legal manoeuvring kept Big Al out of jail for a long time.

To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well. Not only was the money big, but also Eddie got special dividends. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced mansion with live-in help and all the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large that it filled an entire Chicago city block.

Eddie live the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocity that went on around him.

Eddie did have one soft spot however. He had a son that he loved dearly. Eddie saw to it that his young son had clothes, cars and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object and despite his involvement with organized crime Eddie even tried to teach him right from wrong. Eddie wanted his son to be a better man than he was.

Yet, with all his wealth and influence there were two things he could not give his son, he could not pass on a good name or a good example.

One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. Easy Eddie wanted to rectify wrongs he had done.

He decided he would go to the authorities and tell the truth about Al 'Scarface' Capone, clean up his tarnished name, and offer his son some semblance of integrity. To do this, he would have to testify against 'The Mob' and he knew that the cost would be great. So he testified.

Within a year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of gunfire on a lonely Chicago street.

But, in his eyes he had give his son the greatest gift he had to offer at the greatest price he could ever pay. Police

removed from his pockets a rosary, a crucifix, a religious medallion and a poem clipped from a magazine.

The poem read:

*'The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own,
Live, love, toil with a will.
Place no faith in time.
For the clock may soon be still.'*

STORY NUMBER TWO

World War II produced many heroes. One such man was Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare.

He was a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington in the South Pacific. One day his entire squadron was sent on a mission.

After he was airborne, he looked at his fuel gauge and realized that someone had forgotten to top up his fuel tank. He would not have had enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship. His flight leader told him to return to the carrier.

Reluctantly, he dropped out of formation and headed back to the fleet.

As he was returning to the mother ship he saw something that turned his blood cold, a squadron of Japanese aircraft was speeding its way toward the American fleet. The American fighters were gone on a sortie and the fleet was all but defenceless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time to save the fleet nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger. There was only one thing to do. He must somehow divert them from the fleet.

Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety he dove into the formation of Japanese planes. Wing mounted 50 calibre's blazed as he charge in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then

another.

Butch wove in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was finally spent.

Undaunted, he continued the assault.

He dove at the planes, trying to clip a wing or tail in hopes of damaging as many enemy planes as possible and rendering them unfit to fly. Finally the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction.

Deeply relieved, Butch O'Hare and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier. Upon arrival, he reported in and related the event surrounding his return. The film from the gun camera mounted on his plane told the tale. It showed the extent of Butch's daring attempt to protect his fleet. He had, in fact, destroyed five enemy aircraft.

This took place on February 20th, 1942 and for that action Butch became the Navy's first Ace of WWII, and the first Naval Aviator to win the Congressional Medal of Honour.

A year later Butch was killed in aerial combat at the age of 29. His home town would not allow the memory of this WWII hero to fade, and today, O'Hare Airport in Chicago is named in tribute to the courage of this great man.

So what do these two stories have to do with each other?

Butch O'Hare was "Easy Eddie's" son.

Editor: Contributed by Jim Burrowes OAM, (M Spec.).

FROM THE PAST

Being extremely short of copy for the June Courier a section of the late Ray Aitken's personal journal write up on early Timor days has been included in this issue. Ray was a generous friend of the Timorese and wrote a good story.

No research has been undertaken and for this reason more than any other it might properly be called a record of Four Section of B Platoon rather than tales of the Second Second. I can only crave the indulgence of my good friends of A, C and HQ's and plead that the greater emphasis put on Four Section arises from the fact that I served in it and know more about it and that it might well be considered a fairly typical section and exploits and its men pretty typical of all.

For the same reason anonymity of characters has been preserved. In most cases their identity will be apparent to serving members. The move from Koepang took place in stages. We were to occupy Portuguese Timor. No one was sure whether the Portuguese would welcome us or fire on us. We were about to occupy neutral territory without the invitation or consent of its administrators. After the occupation had been affected Churchill was to call it an act of realism on the part of Australia. To us it was a job of work, the worse only because it was unpredictable.

A and C Platoons and HQ staff landed at Dili the capital of the colony. A few days later they were joined by B Platoon which came up from Koepang on a Dutch coaster called 'Canopus'.

When B Platoon arrived in Dili on the Canopus, on which Paddy Knight had caused a disturbance by bathing in the Captain's bath and being caught there by that irate fat man, it found itself somewhat the poor relation.

The landing in Dili had been uncontested but A and C had the salutary experience of wading ashore with rifle and bayonet and each man had felt the 'Butterflies in his belly!'

In a somewhat remarkable attempt to avoid incident those rifles had

been empty. One wonders what the result might have been if the frequent demands of the Portuguese commander to be permitted to resist the landing had not been refused by the Governor.

This experience had enough of the real in it to have made A and C the old soldiers and 'the Bad Bold Boys of B Platoon' to steal a label from the unit poem, were now the beginners.

They camped in a coconut grove on the edge of the air strip with the rest of the company. Rumours were rife that Captain de Costa, the local army chief had broken with the governor and having withdrawn to the mountain garrison town of Aiheu was preparing an attack with his troops and tens of thousands of fierce native spearmen.

We received many stupid orders in the 2/2nd and we did many stupid things. The most stupid order was that which now instructed us not to fraternize with the natives and this frustrated our attempts to learn the language. Another stupid thing was to camp in the plantation exposed to ravenous anopheles (mosquito – the only genus which carries the parasite that causes malaria) that by staying on the flat was to secure for us the remarkable figures of one hundred percent malarial casualties.

One good thing happened to us at Dili, we began to run out of rations and as a result were forced to begin to rely upon the produce of the country. The contacts with Portuguese administration and native population was to stand us in good stead in the hard months to come.

The standard of food and general inaction brought on another crop of 'bloody mindedness', which the command did little to quell. Comforts were undoubtedly few and the paucity

of world news left us wide open to a flock of pessimistic rumours though it is doubtful that the rumours of December 1941 could possibly have been more black than the realities.

When the company had landed they had been joined by two hundred and fifty or so of the Dutch army of Indonesia. These troops established themselves in the town with more comfort than the 2/2nd enjoyed. They also rounded up the surplus Japanese citizenry on the island and incarcerated them in a stone building.

Most of those Japanese were civilians though some were the crew of ancient Jap patrol craft which had been shot up and driven ashore by Australian aircraft and in all they numbered twenty two. Most of them were held in a single room.

An NCO of the 2/2nd was peering at the 'Zoo' one day through a barred window in the side wall where the prisoners sat with folded legs. Despite their lack of space they left an area clear of bodies around one of their number who, dressed in immaculate whites, was immersed in a book. The NCO could see that the book was a Bible, and in English.

The Japanese raised his eyes to the window, smiled and said in unaccented English, 'The Black Hole of Calcutta' must have been a similar situation don't you think? To the NCO's horror this was the Japanese Consul in Dili and like all the consuls of this town he proved to be a spy as well as a consul and after the occupation by his national army, he appeared in uniform with the collar insignias of high rank.

Quick protests by the Australians and considerable pressure on the Dutch authorities secured the consuls release. He was placed under house

arrest and confined to his quarters, this recognition of the diplomatic niceties was to rebound to the advantage of at least one Australian, namely our own consul.

The wife of the Japanese consul was permitted daily shopping excursions. To this end she was called for each afternoon by an Australian NCO (Non commissioned officer) and two Tommy gunners in a two pony 'Gharry'. The lady was attractive in appearance but seemed to nurse a monumental contempt and hatred of all Australians. She acknowledged no salutes and refusing the NCO's hand, always offered, she sprang up and down into the vehicle like a gazelle and it was assumed that part at least of her reserve and complete wordlessness arose from lack of a common language.

An incident occurred on the last day of her escort which seemed to explode this idea. As she descended from the cart in the main shopping area a half caste citizen of bedraggled appearance spat on her dress in passing, 'Deal with that', said the NCO. A sub machine gunner clubbed the citizen neatly over the head with the barrel of a Tommy gun and he was left on his face in the street.

An hour later the NCO stood to attention at the garden gate and gave his habitual salute. As the lady passed between the gate posts she gave him a charming smile and said, 'Good afternoon Corporal and thank you very much indeed'.

As the NCO later remarked, 'She was a bloody little bitch but she 'knew the score''. This from an Australian soldier is an accolade for to 'know the score', is to be worthy of real respect.

Wherever she is we wish her well. She carried herself in difficult times with a dignity worthy of the wife of a diplomat, even a military diplomat.

The Timorese need some introduction. It is popular to suppose that they are of the normal Malay stock and enjoy a close relationship with the Koepanger. This is a very shallow supposition and overlooks most of the evidence. Few anthropologists have worked among them and no really suitable theories to explain their presence and the nature of their dialects has been produced save that of a single Portuguese named Martinhoes. He believes that the people should be generally spoken of as the Tetums. Tetum is the language spoken. It is probable, he considers that the Timorese high upon their mountains resisted a great series of invasions which as a rule passed them by and dissipated themselves in Dutch Timor or in other islands.

The Timorese can hardly claim race purity now. They often do but the colony has been ruled by Europeans for nearly five hundred years. The Arab traders arrived before the Europeans and though they speak Tetum like the rest they still exist and still call themselves Arab. The Chinese have been the island shopkeepers for centuries.

Even the 1912 revolution which was suppressed by African Battalions from Mozambique has left its mark and quite a number of tall African types are the result. Mixed blood people are common and some of the coastal natives bear striking resemblance to Malays. Also Posto Timor is divided from what is now Indonesian Timor only by a river and a mountain range. In Indonesian territory live people of somewhat similar physical appearance but they are Malay speaking. The present day Tetum speaking Timorese may be in some danger of losing their identity. However there is no doubt that the old race still persists. The upper class Timorese of

the high mountains are a race apart both physically and in their philosophy. The language Tetum we were assured by the Portuguese was designed by the early missionaries to provide a common tongue. There is no evidence to support this and Capell a highly skilled linguist of the Australian National University discounts it. Tetum is an original language. It may have been used by the missionaries. It was not designed by them. It may indeed predate Portuguese.

Tetum is an economical language. It would be inadequate for any literary purpose but it is reasonably adequate for normal communication.

Many dialects are spoken but Tetum is the lingua franca and its structure is so similar to the dialects that even a primitive dialect speaking Timorese is soon able to make his way in it.

Many of the nouns in Tetum are drawn from Portuguese and Malay. Most of these are the names of things which have appeared on the island in the last thousand years.

The name for a pony for example is 'kuda' as it is in Malay. For 'troops', one uses the Portuguese 'astropas'. We regretted the Portuguese word for there are nuances of the formidable and frightening in the term 'astropas Japaneges', not to be found in the Australian phrase 'bloody little nips', or in Timorese normal simplicity of 'Japan'.

For the most part Tetum depends on the present tense and to indicate the one interpolates the word 'ulic' meaning 'ecos', which means 'after', gives the future. In our early days failure to notice these subtleties, caused considerable confusion. For the most part however Tetum was very good to us, the terms 'iha' or 'la iha', became very useful.

They mean 'here' or 'not here', or in the context of asking for food, 'have' or 'have not'.

One remembers in belt tightening times a thousand occasions when to question 'Montola iha ca lae' (are these eggs or not) we received the frustrating answer of 'la iha Tuan'. But for those thousand times of extreme frustration there was always the heartwarming one when the answer came out as 'uha'.

It would be unfortunate to give the impression that the Timorese are one people. There are a number of tribes and dialects. In the mountain vastnesses' above Dili and stretching southward over the backbone of the island live the Mombai. This tribe is one of extreme variation on sophistication and in primitive survival.

The Mombai remain the people with the drive and their dialect also called Mombai provides the basic structure for the official Tetum. The spearmen of the Mombai first resisted the Portuguese and then carried them to colonial supremacy. The spears have not been 'racked' forever. Most of the revolts have been Mombai inspired.

The members of this tribe have a striking characteristic. They are uniformly inquisitive. They have a reputation for this amongst their fellows and amongst neighbouring tribes. However no one speaks of this, nor is it true, out of any wish to avoid offence but because the Timorese are an economical people with an economical language and they have found a way of avoiding the need for endless explanation and description.

The tribal name tells the whole story for all time and correctly sums up the outstanding facet of the national character. The word 'Mombai' means literally "What is that?" and the tribal members are outstandingly consistent

"What is that" ?

We found the Mombai quite delightful. They are natural bandits at least in their thinking and despite the obvious were long suffering and loyal in the service of the Australians.

They informed the bulk of our servant force. Each Australian soon acquired an unpaid volunteer batman who did all the menial tasks of washing and carrying so that he might increase the fighting efficiency of his particular 'tuan'. These creados (servants) were youthful adventurers who found an outlet for the surge of hot blood within their veins not normally permitted by the Portos in less troubled times.

When one associated with a loyal Mombai the loyalty was unquestioning, on the other hand disloyalty and open enmity for the Australians in 1942 arose chiefly amongst sections of the Mombai.

They are oppressed people who desire nothing more than action of some kind and they took whatever opportunity offering.

It would be better to have one Mombai at one's side than three of any other tribe, but the reverse is also true. It is not politic to have Mombai as opponents. South of the main Mombai strongholds live the Noga Nogu's. They are somewhat lighter coloured people sometimes of singular facial beauty. Their nature is one of sunny good fellowships.

A Mombai might betray you but he was never late for an appointment. A Noga Nogu is too kindly as a person to betray one, but his undertaking to be at the rendezvous at two o'clock could mean any hour of the twenty four and possibly any day of the week.

They were intelligent and intelligently unreliable, lovable people. The Mombai were not as a rule unfriendly to the Noga

Nogus because in fact it was hard to dislike any Noga. However they smiled when they were mentioned.

Jokes on Timor are frequently of 'shaggy dog' type. They are seldom impromptu and generally traditional and repetitive. The Mombai, amongst their own people always referred in dialect to the Noga Nogus as 'be suti Nogu!' or 'two day Noga Nogus!'.

The Australians showed little interest in this appellation. When all is said and done, when one soldiers with a people known as 'What is that', it comes as little surprise if other peoples have equally unusual titles.

UNIT HISTORY BOOKS

Thanks mainly to the generosity of Ron Archer who has provided the money for 100 of our books to be distributed FREE to various universities and schools libraries throughout Australia plus a steady sale to members and others, the books are nearly all gone. Sale of the 30 left will be held for members who still require them. It has taken 3 years to sell the 2,000 printed and a big thank you goes out to all those members and friends of the Association who have bought them. Thanks also to the good people who assisted me with the sales of the book. It was a pleasing effort, seeing the books never appeared on the shelves of the major book sellers. I have a few copies of Colin Doig's book which has been reprinted by Hesperian Press in WA. These can be obtained by ringing me on (08) 9332 7050. The cost is \$50. Plus postage \$10.

J Carey

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Jack

– greetings to you and all members of the 2/2nd Commando Family across Australia. It is sad to think that the days of receiving 'The Courier' are almost over, but a lot of credit goes to you and the other members of the Association who were instrumental over the years in its distribution Australia wide.

I will soon be moving into a retirement village (21st May). The address will be Unit 41, Cooina Retirement Village, Neptune Street, Umina Beach, NSW 2257. I am not looking forward to the actual move but I am sure I will be happy once I settle in. I have reached the stage where I need looking after. That is not as bad as it sounds as I will be in a self care section and living the same kind of life as I am living now.

Enclosed is a money order for you to use as you wish. I rang Happy Greenhalgh last week and had a nice chat. He gets great joy out of his wild birds that come down into his property.

My memories of the Commando Unit from the time I joined and the safaris are very special.

Good bye and best future wishes to all.

Keith Wilson, Booker Bay, NSW

Dear Jack – thanks for the books, cheque enclosed. Use the extra for whatever you choose. I have had a number of calls following the TV programme for an award to Timor-Leste honouring the Criados. All were interested in Sister Connelly's cause. Thank you for considering me for the role.

We had a quiet Anzac Day thinking about our departed mates.

Best regards. **Ralph Conley**

Dear Jack – many thanks for the Courier recently received. You and your team

excel at keeping members and friends up to date with the latest information etc. There does seem to be unrest in East Timor at present.

Evidently the Yates seed donation crops are a flourishing success, can the resultant crops create a surplus for export to nearby neighbours or just home consumption?

News is scarce re the progress of oil exploration in the Timor Sea. I hope Australia is a genuine supporter for Timorese oil, not for what we can get out of it!

A **Mrs Jean Taylor of Carine** has two typewriters to donate if they would be of use. Particulars of same if you are interested – Phone: 9448 6756.

Please find enclosed a late contribution for the Courier fund. To catch the (mail).

Regards

Clare West, Watermans Bay, WA

Dear Jack – please feel free to use this in the Courier, it is a story of one of my own-‘Heroes’ who are people who do what needs to be done, when it is needed to be done, regardless of all possibilities. I knew some of dad’s history, the rest has only come to light from a box of records and sundry passed to me since my mum Joyce left us.

My dad Bob was a third generation lighthouse keeper. His dad Clifford also fought in WW1 and earned a military medal from the King in 1919 and the Distinguished Service Medal from the Queen in the late 1960’s. Cliffords brother Stuart also fought in WW1 and became senior lighthouse mechanic in his post war years. Their dad, William (Bob’s grandfather) was also a light keeper for 42 years starting on the Sydney lightship ‘Bramble’ in 1888. With Bob’s brothers and some other relief service the Smith family with my small

inclusion have totaled over 150 years to Australia’s lighthouse service.

I found in these records that Bob first attempted to enlist at Byron Bay on the 27.09.1941 as R J Smith, DOB 23.01.1923. He was unsuccessful with the engineer’s drill hall notice stating ‘as you are under the standard military age’. He then re-enlisted on the 03.10.1941 at Lismore as James Robert Smith, DOB 23.01.1922, age 19 years 8 months and his attestation form gave him Army Number NX49210, Unit 8th TRG Battalion.

His service began at Paddington, Sydney, General Details Depot 15.10.1941. Marched out to 8 Trng. Battalion 16.10.1941. Entrained and transferred to 2nd Independent Company 13.01.1942, Darwin and embarked for overseas service 17.01.1942. Disembarked 02.01.1942 Timor, East Indies. I found in Col Doig’s ‘A History of 2nd Independent Company and 2/2nd Commando Squadron’ Bob Smith with reinforcements (Page 250).

Jim Smith, Norah Head, NSW

SEEING THE LIGHT

Dear Jack – It may be of interest to record the use of the Heliograph in Timor. I have not heard of its use in the Pacific War probably because of the type of country the Pacific War was fought in. It was used extensively in the First World War in the desert and possibly there in the Second World War. I believe it could be used over a distance of 50 miles. We used it at B Platoon between Remexio and Liltai during July and August of 1942. It saved a walk of about 4 hours but could only be used in the mornings because of the cloud cover in the afternoons.

Our wireless set was situated at Liltai and the Bull was at Remexio. We had a

direct line of sight from a feature about a half a mile to a mile out of Liltai to a feature at Remexio. Harry Botterill and I would walk the helio and Jack Servante would stay with the set.

Happy Greenhalgh

Dear Mr Carey

I am writing to you to thank you for personally delivering the donation of 'All the Bull's Men' to the University Library. As promised I have written to Mr Archer and thanked him for providing the donation.

The University and the Library are still both in the formative phase of their development and the support of donors like you is crucial in improving our collections.

Military history is a subject of interest to our School of Arts and Sciences so 'All the Bull's Men' has certainly found a good home here at Notre Dame.

It is generous of you to enable us to share these with our staff and students.

Yours sincerely

Stephen McVey, Director Library Services

The University of Notre Dame Australia.

PARS ON PEOPLE

Wilf and Lorraine March who have now settled into their Regal Gardens rest home in Booragoon celebrated their 66th Wedding Anniversary on Saturday 22nd May last. Congratulations to a lovely couple!

Yvonne Walsh had the bad luck to fall off her bike recently badly fracturing her left wrist. Her trip to East Timor for July is now off and it will be sometime before she can travel. Keep your chin up Yvonne.

Olive Chalwell had to move from her

unit in Monash Avenue following a terrific storm we had back in February. She is now settled down again and is getting good support from her loving family. Her phone number is (08) 9380 5352.

Henry Sproxtton is now back in his own unit in Ruislip Street, Wembley. Like most of us, finds the cold weather a challenge. Housebound, he keeps himself warm and enjoys cooking the meals of his choice. A great battler is our Henry.

Dick Darrington who is now 87 still gets around a fair bit. Dick is a great supporter of the association's activities and a contributor to the Courier. Keep going Dick.

Vince Swann turned 93 on the 9th April and is still down in Esperance. Like most of us Vince lives a quiet life but still keeps in touch with his old mates in 9 Section. God Bless.

Les Halse – our apologies to Les for leaving him out of the Birthday Boys list in the December 2009 Courier. Les turned 90 on the 8th December last and no doubt the family made sure he had a happy 90th. Congratulations Les.

Dot Maley and Evie Howell are the only two left of what was once an active branch of the 2/2nd. Both are getting on in years but are still positive and family minded. Keep going girls.

Jim Lines of the 5th Company is still at Mandurah. Jim who was great mates with Joe, Tony, Huddy and others never misses any of our functions and is one of us.

Arthur Marshall – it was nice to meet up with Arthur on Anzac Day. He was not 100% on the day but Audrey tells me he is now back to his old self and still making those emu and kangaroo pies.

Barbara Payne is now in the Seventh Day Adventist care home at 31 Webb

Street, Rossmoyne. Babs Langridge has been to see her and said Barbara was reasonably well and was pleased to see her. Her phone number is (08) 9457 0485 and she would welcome any calls.

J Carey

COURIER DONATIONS

Clare West, John BurrIDGE, Dick Darrington, Julie Ann Jackman, Jim Lines, Bob Smyth, Linda Loughton, Betty Coulson, Rowena Hanna, Keith Wilson, Ralph and Sheila Conley, J Stringfellow, Lucky and Doreen Goodhew, Jim Smith, Harry Handicott.

TRUST FUND

	\$
Betty Coulson	50.00
Keith Wilson	100.00
J Stringfellow	50.00
Jim Smith	30.00
Harry Handicott	50.00

Thank you for your continued support

BIRTHDAY BOYS

John BurrIDGE	April	6	92
Colin Hodson		6	86
Vince Swann		9	94
Harry Botterill		12	90
Eric Smyth		15	90
Arthur Marshall		21	88
Keith Wilson	May	16	89
Lucky Goodhew		30	86
Jim Lines	June	4	88
Jack Carey		19	88

A Happy Birthday to you All

HAVE YOUR SAY!!

The WA Branch will close down on 31st December, 2010. After the June Courier only two more Couriers will be printed. The unit was formed in July 1941 and continued on as an Association in 1946. We have had a pretty good run for

over 69 years and should be grateful for that.

A Trustee Committee comprising Jenny Beahan, John BurrIDGE Jnr and Peter Epps has been set up with three more to be added and selected by the Trustees. From 1st January, 2011 the Trusteeship will be an incorporated body under the title 'Trustees of the 2/2nd Association'. Its responsibility will include handling the finances received from the Association and any other matters which arise. These may include a film being made on our history in 'All the Bull's Men' and as to whether another print of our book should be produced. One thing for sure is that future affairs relating to the Association is in capable hands.

Members and widows of the Association are invited to write in by the **31st July, 2010** and give their opinion on what they would like to see happen after 31st December. Matters which should be considered include:

The Trust Fund is now in its 18th year. It costs \$10,000. to send a parcel of 20,000 vegetable seeds to Timor. Should the fund continue?

Communications – with no Couriers what can be done about maintaining contact with one another?

Records – what should become of the records of the Associations History? Have a think about it and have your say.

J Carey

WANTED TO BUY

'The Double Reds of Timor' by Archie Campbell

If any reader has this book and wishes to sell would you please contact –

Mrs M Broadhurst
140 Christmas Street
Fairfield Victoria 3078
Phone: (03) 9489 2440



The Marshall Family.

ANZAC Day Perth 2010



Relaxing after the March

Arthur Marshall, Jack Carey, Dick Darrington, John Burridge, Bob Smyth.



ANZAC Day Sydney 1968

Sandy Eggleton & Tony Bowers lead carrying our Double Diamond Banner
Geoff Laidlaw leads main body of 115 members. Average age about 46 years