

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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TIME AND TIDE

Time and tide wait for no man is a very true saying. Time has finally caught up with the 2/2nd Commando Association. Down to 42 members spread over 5 states, Queensland with 13, NSW/11, Victoria/4, South Australia 1/ and WA/13. The December Courier will be our last issue. The Courier in the form of a newsletter on a single foolscap page printed on the front and back began in early 1947 over 64 years ago with Colin Doig, Bill Epps and Keith Hayes, a committee of three.

In May 1951 the Commando Courier appeared for the first time with Colin Doig, the Epps Family and Keith being the Foundation Members of what has turned out to be a fine small magazine. Tributes to those who have kept it going all these years will be listed in the last Courier.

From the Association's beginning early in 1946 we were fortunate to have had capable members in every state who set up well organized branches. Many have passed on and a tribute will be paid to them in the final issue.

Some members wanted the Courier to continue but this was not possible. At a Committee meeting held in September 2007 it was resolved to endeavour to keep the Courier going until December 2010 and the time has come for this to happen.

Any Members who would like to have a final word on the Courier or the Association have until 25th November to do so.

Jack Carey
President

**VALE – WILFRED EDWARD MARCH
- WX12144 8th August, 2010****WILF'S VALE WAS PRESENTED BY
HIS SON TERRY**

We are here to celebrate Dad's life. Dad liked a good celebration. Not this sort, but the ones where he could sit down with family and friends, relax and enjoy a good yarn and a beer. We used to joke at one time that he had rarely had a photo taken without having a glass of beer in his hand. It wasn't true, but he was happy to foster the legend.

Dad was born in Perth on 15th February, 1917 and he spent his early life in North Perth where his father had several butcher shops. Later on the family moved to Mount Lawley and he lived there with his parents and only sister Doris until soon after he was married.

He attended Highgate Primary School and later Perth Junior Tech College before he left school at age 14 to commence a printing apprenticeship with the Sunday Times newspaper. He worked there as a compositor for 29 years and after a brief spell at Geraldton Newspapers, moved to the West Australian where he worked until he retired. During his time at the West he was part of a team that introduced photo composition techniques – the forerunner of today's computerized newspaper layout processes.

I believe that Dad was on holidays in Geraldton when he met mum and love blossomed. Unfortunately, as happened with many young couples at that time, the war intervened. Dad enlisted in the AIF on 29th April, 1941 and was in camp near Pinjarra training as a sapper with the Field Engineers when notices were posted seeking volunteers to undertake some special training. Dad, never frightened to try something new, volunteered. In time he found out that what he had volunteered for was some

hush-hush commando training. The group he trained with became the No. 2 Independent Company, later known as the 2/2nd Commando Squadron.

The men of the 2/2nd were sent to what was known, at that time, as Portuguese East Timor where they waged an extraordinary guerrilla campaign, inflicting immense losses on the enemy for very little overall cost to themselves. After many months the 2/2nd was dramatically evacuated en-masse to Darwin. A short period of recuperation and leave followed before the men were on their way again. This time to New Guinea. It was there that dad became ill and he was repatriated to Australia where he then spent many months in hospital. He was discharged from the Army on 15th May, 1944.

I have spoken only very briefly and in a collective sense about this momentous and character defining period in dad's life because I think that would have been his wish. He was immensely proud of his contribution during those difficult times and to have served with such an elite group of men who to this day continue to share a remarkably strong bond of mate ship. Over many years both he and mum enjoyed the many reunions and safaris arranged by the 2/2nd Association.

He rarely spoke of the war years other than in a peripheral sense:

- The cold arduous training at Wilson's Promontory.
- Being transported across Australia in cattle trucks immediately after the cattle moved out.
- The little green monkey that he kept in his shirt when he was overseas.
- The young Timorese lad, or Criado, who was with him through thick and thin in Timor.
- Being given jungle training after having spent 12 months fighting in the tropics and mountains of Timor. I would

love to have been a fly on the wall at that time as I understand that none of the men took it kindly.

Mum and dad were married in May of 1944 a week after he was discharged from hospital and they celebrated their 66th wedding anniversary only a few months ago.

In the early years after they were married they lived mainly in Mount Lawley and East Perth and after the arrival of their two children, my sister Karen and myself, rented a small cottage on the riverfront at Canning Bridge.

In December 1952 they moved into a new home they had purchased in Attadale and it is there that they lived until early this year when they moved to Regents Garden in Booragoon. There were many new houses in the area when they moved to Attadale, but no roads, only sandy tracks. The roads did not follow until about 6 or 7 years later. These unique conditions led to a degree of comradeship amongst most of the residents in the street and there were many regular get togethers.

Dad set about developing the large block on which their house was situated and when I reflect on it, it was about that time I think I first became aware of how passionate, meticulous, inventive, stubborn and determined he was.

You will have to ask mum whether he was passionate in a romantic sense but he was certainly passionate about many things, particularly his garden. He had a large array of magnificent roses in the front garden and many lush trees and shrubs along the fences. The rear part of the yard was taken up by two large chook pens and a very large veggie patch. After he retired he built a massive shade house across the back yard as well as several smaller ones so that he could propagate plants, mainly ferns, fuchsias and birds nest ferns. Dad never did anything by half measures. There were soon potted plants

and hanging baskets everywhere.

He was passionate about his fishing. This is something that mum also enjoyed and I believe they even went fishing in Bunbury whilst on their honeymoon. When dad worked at the Sunday Times he always had Monday off and on many of those days, despite suffering severely with sea sickness, would go out in a small boat to fish off the West End of Rottnest with a group of mates. He was a brilliant fisherman and could land a bag full of fish before you got your line in the water. I enjoyed many hours fishing with him at Robb's Jetty, off the wharf and moles in Fremantle and the occasional overnight trips to Palm Beach Jetty and Mandurah. Mum and dad also loved to head off regularly to places like Jurien Bay to relax and do a bit of fishing.

Dad loved music although he rarely played recorded music. He learnt to play the violin as a youngster, that's an image that I still cannot quite picture. Dad playing a violin ! He played the piano accordion and harmonica very well and when he retired he purchased an electronic organ with all the bells and whistles on it – and he was quite a dab hand at that as well. Dad taught ballroom dancing when he was younger and mum said that in the early years of their marriage they didn't miss many of the balls that were held in Perth.

Dad was passionate and some would say an obsessive stamp collector from the time he was nine years of age. He collected stamps, not for their monetary value but because he enjoyed them and believed that you could learn a great deal from what was portrayed on them and where they came from. His grandchildren all fondly remember getting a small packet of stamps each time they met up with him and the excitement they experienced in finding out what was inside and working out with him where the stamps had come

from. Even before dad lost much of his mobility, stamps were his refuge and he would spend many hours each day sorting and cataloguing his stamps. He amassed an immense collection over time. The walls of one bedroom were lined with bookcases, each tightly packed with albums and that's besides the many boxes of 'works in progress'.

Apart from regularly receiving small packets of stamps each time they saw him, his grandchildren fondly remember many things about the times they spent with him. It is difficult to list all of them but a few spring to mind:

- How bright and excited he would get when they talked about the Eagles, even though he might have been in hospital and quite ill at the time.
- Being able to sit and watch the cricket with him for hours on end.
- His friendly happy greeting whenever he saw them or spoke to them.
- His subtle, and at times not so subtle, hints about arranging a feed of Mandurah crabs for him.
- Helping to chase the lawnmower around the yard and prune the mulberry tree.
- Helping rip up newspapers for his two very large compost heaps. He was a greenie well before the word was invented.
- Going in the back of his little car to his favourite watering hole to pick up a carton of the big brown bottles.
- Helping them play a tune on his cherished organ.
- Ice-cream. He loved his ice-cream. Mum was always very generous with the ice-cream and there would not have been too many days that dad did not get a good helping along with anyone else who was present.
- Pa's Jar. This was a lolly jar which

although labeled Pa's Jar and claimed by dad, was kept well stocked by mum for when the grandchildren came. Dad, even though he was a diabetic, used to find the contents irresistible.

There are some things that dad appeared to approach 'like a bull at a gate', however he was always very neat, meticulous and quite inventive with everything he did. Things were always neatly labeled and laid out in a very orderly manner. It did not matter what he was assembling, making or repairing he always did it skillfully and ensured that the end result was of the highest quality.

Dad was also a very stubborn and determined man and whilst that got him into trouble with mum from time to time, it is a trait that got him through many of the difficult times in his life and to me was particularly evident in later years as he battled multiple myeloma and as his mobility and eyesight decreased.

Earlier this year one of mum and dad's wonderful neighbours and friends who have collectively provided a great deal of support for them in recent years said to me: 'You know, Wilf's a wonderful bloke. I cannot help but marvel at what he does, but I had to get very cross with him the other day I caught him out the front with his walker trying to push the wheelie bin up the driveway to the edge of the road'.

I think that epitomizes the man we knew and loved. He was a happy and proud family man, resolute and determined to the end. He loved life and lived it well.

TERRY MARCH

NB: Wilf was an original member of the sappers and served under Don Turton. Others included Gerry Green, Ben Epps, Alf Grachan, George Sutherland, Bill Howell, Len Richards to name a few. They were a great group of men and Wilf was in his element and enjoyed the tough life. When he passed away on 8th

August at the age of 93 he was the last of the sappers to go. Paddy Wilby went a month earlier and Gerry Green in early March. As Terry mentioned, Wilf was a good piano accordion and mouth organ player and often entertained the troops when in camp. In his early 80's he developed cancer and for the next 13 years until his death, he was constantly under treatment and in considerable pain. He bore his cross manfully and was courageous to the very end. Lorraine and the family were always there to lend support along with many good family friends.

Wilf and Lorraine were always loyal and generous members of the Association especially in the early years when both were well.

Bob Smyth and Jack Carey attended Wilf's funeral service held at Karrakatta on 16th August with Jack saying 'the ODE'. **Rest in peace Wilf.**

Lest we Forget
Editor

VALE – THOMAS PULLEINE - WX12585

Karen Ainsworth, a daughter of Tom Pulleine has written and advised of Tom's passing on the 20th July, 2010. He was 85-1/2 years old.

A FORTUNATE LIFE

Today we are gathered to celebrate, honour and give thanks to the life of Thomas James Pulleine or more commonly known as Tom and affectionately 'POP'.

He was born in 1924 and he was a baker's son who spent his childhood blessed with a happy home among many brothers and sisters in Kalgoorlie.

When our country went to war, brave Pop desperately wanted to join up, although not at the legal age he had to travel to

Perth, where no questions were asked. He was a bloody tough and proud soldier who served our country and come every ANZAC day he reminisced his tours of duty, he was a Commando of the 2/2nd Company and saved Timor along with 300 Aussie men against many thousand Japanese men in fierce jungle warfare that lasted 12 months. He fought what he believed in and gave us the greatest gift of all, Liberty, Democracy and the Freedom to be who we are today. Those doctrines from that tour are still used in army teachings today. Pop reflected every Anzac day whether he marches or not and he enjoyed a few beers with his sons and mates.

Five years of army life gave Pop the opportunity to travel our country and eventually he settled into a town and made it our home, Young, NSW. This is where he created and moulded his legacy – The Pulleine Family.

Pop was blessed with 14 healthy, happy children and loved 15 children. As a father he was a great provider, a father who never stopped loving, always there for advice and tow you into line at the first sign of trouble, a shoulder to cry on in difficult times and his support and hugs were endless, he loved whole heartedly ALL of his children with passion and pride and he lived graciously for them ALL. He embedded family values that carry on today.

Fond memories of dad would be when he came home from a night on the town, with a few beers tucked under his belt and he would, unbelievably perform handstands where his pockets were full of coins which would cascade onto the floor and like lightening a dozen kids would find themselves scrambling to pick up his shrapnel, bellies of laughter would erupt in the room – those were happy times.

As a grandfather and great grandfather

to so, so many, his love for each and everyone was UNCONDITIONAL, he knew us all, our birthdays, our personalities and he relished in our achievements and accomplishments and in his mighty big heart he was proud and let us not forget his famous lolly jar that was always magically full. All of his grand and great grand children were so blessed. Pop you touched us all in your own fatherly way and provided us with so many aunts and uncles, a warm and happy close knit family.

Yes – Pop was a proud man with a mighty heart that burst with love and admiration for his whole family and as we reminisce walking the steps of 23 Cooks Crescent and peer into the window, Pop sitting behind his table would look up surprised and with that loving smile would waver across his face and as you entered the door he would move from behind the table and you were greeted with one almighty embrace, a kiss on the lips and that moment in time seemed to linger for eternity and if you were lucky enough to sit on his lap or pulled a chair up beside him then he would creep up behind your back and give you a tickle, he loved to touch, he loved to love, he loved to laugh, his home was your home.

Pop had many passions in life and mapping his family tree, stubbie shorts, green tomato pickles and who could not forget those red roses that smelt like the most expensive bottle of perfume and of course his ginger beer. It is all amazing how we all lived through the explosions. He reveled in and enjoyed a heated discussion whether it was politics, religion or the current economic state of our country, he always had something to offer if you liked it or not, his opinion!

He never forgot Christmas and every year someone was given the chore of writing and delivering the Christmas cards and there was always a special message and always signed, love TOM or POP.

He will be remembered as a hard worker, a labourer and a man who experienced life to the fullest to provide for his family and even in his retirement he found odd jobs and helped the community where he could such as mowing the Young lawn cemetery.

Pop gave so much and took nothing throughout his life. He was a mate to share a drink and a yarn with, a loving brother, brother in law, uncle, cousin, father, grandfather and great grandfather. He adored ALL your company.

Pop

Your life was fortunate and blessed in so many ways and will carry on in your legacy. Your family, in comfort today, we unite, honour and reminisce your incredible achievements and in return we give thanks for your endless UNCONDITIONAL love, POP we are proud of you. Thank you for creating such an amazing family. The envy of all families.

It is your loved ones, your family and friends that have been enriched and who are the fortunate ones.

Karen Ainsworth.

Thanks Karen for a very moving Vale.

NB: Thomas James Pulleine was born in Kalgoorlie on 7th November, 1924. He had 3 brothers and 5 sisters. A Baker's son and though small in stature he developed a very strong physique in his early youth and soon learned to be able to look after himself. In May 1941 Tom put back his age 4 years and enlisted in Perth in the 2nd AIF. He volunteered for the hush, hush group becoming an original member of the then No. 2 Independent Company. Though only 16 the demanding course was no trouble to him. To demonstrate his confidence, in a physical training exercise when the instructor called for someone to challenge him Tom

volunteered. He surprised the instructor with a swift drop kick to the chest, got him in a headlock and finished up applying the Boston crab and hold thus winning a brief contest. Not bad for a 16 year old. He turned 17 on 7th November, a month before war broke out with Japan and would have been our youngest member. Tom served in No. 1 Section A Platoon under Dave Dexter. Dave had a good section which included Jack Denman, Doug Fullarton, Merv Cash, Jack Maley, Fred Otway, Terry Paull and Tom Foster to mention a few. Tom always pulled his weight and was a good soldier.

When discharged on 14th June, 1946 Tom returned to Kalgoorlie but in the early 1950's went to Young, NSW where he remained for the rest of his life. He met Dulcie whom he married. They had 14 children in 21 years and over the years Tom's family grew up, married and at the time of his passing had 143 grand and great grandchildren. All 8 girls and 6 boys are still going well – what a man!! Dulcie passed away in 1998. Tom took a keen interest in the old unit, enjoyed the Courier and was generous to the Association.

May he rest in Peace.

Lest We Forget.

J Carey

The Association extends their sincere condolences to Harry Handicott who lost his beloved wife Amyce on 16th September and also to the Claney family in Victoria on the passing of their loving mother Dawn on the 3rd August.

May they Rest in Peace

VALE – PADDY WILBY - VX60836

This Eulogy was kindly delivered by his family.

On behalf of Nanay Josie and the rest of

our family, we thank you all for joining us here today to celebrate Dad's amazingly fruitful life as a thoughtful and loving stepfather, husband, grandfather and a dear friend to many.

My mother and dad married 27 years ago and quite easily, dad carried on into his new role as our stepfather. His 'instant family' started with six children but throughout the years extended into five sons and daughters-in-law and 10 grandchildren. Although not given to public displays of affection, dad was a perpetually caring person and genuinely welcoming to his extended family, and yes, even to the cats and dogs that came to stay in their house.

A child of the Great Depression, dad was a frugal man, but only with himself. In fact, to everyone who knows him well, he was an unfailingly generous person. However, his generosity is not only confined to tangible matters, dad was also generous in supporting his family, in whatever way possible to achieve our dreams and to live fulfilling lives.

Dad lived a life of quiet inspiration. At the age of 82 he wrote and published a book in 1998. Titled 'Australia's Great Field of Human Endeavour', the book is a compilation of his 'ramblings' about issues in our society, including unemployment and harnessing natural energy to name just a few. Although not destined to be a bestseller, the book gave us a sneak peek into dad's dream of living in a fair and equitable society; no matter who you are and no matter where you came from.

Unbeknownst to many, dad was a budding inventor. Even at a later part of his life, dad was so passionate about his 'hydro-electric project'. With my husband like as his willing sidekick they would design, re-design, apply and re-apply their plans to make the project work. Almost to the point of obsession, these

two stooges would spend weeks talking and plotting about the 'project'. Despite sniggering and rolling of eyes on my part, dad and Ike stuck by their guns and continued with their experiment. Whether they achieved their goal or not is another story. Ike swears they're in the 'blue print' stage. Yeah, right.

Typical of men of his generation, one of dad's legacies is for his family to appreciate and acknowledge Australian history. He imparted his appreciation of the past by religiously joining the ANZAC marches every year even at the time of his failing health and sight. Perhaps it was due to dad's strong sense of 'mateship' that pushed him to join the marches. But whatever it is, we come to realize how dad loved this country and all the past events that made it what it is today. The country that he loved so much and the country that we now call home.

We take pride of being an integral part of dad's life as he did to each and every member of our family. His life is worth emulating as it was a life of great faith, fairness and generosity; it is a life of simple joys and adventures.

Dad, we once again thank you for everything that you brought into Nanay's life and our lives. You mean a lot to all the people who have come to know and love you. In our hearts, we hope we have thanked you enough. We love you dad, you will be sorely missed.

Ron Archer has kindly provided the following on Paddy.

Vincent Patrick (Paddy) Wilby was born at Bendigo on the 19th December, 1920 and passed away on the 4th July, 2010. For part of his early life he was a bushman in Queensland but he enlisted in the AIF in Melbourne on 1st August, 1941. He joined the 2/2nd serving as a Sapper in the Engineers Sectional and played an active role in the East Timor Campaign in 1942.

Shortly after the Japanese landed on 19th February, 1942 events moved quickly and as the company had no usable vehicles, Paddy, who had a way with horses, was put in charge of recruiting pony trains which he did very successfully. He was able to organize the famous Timor ponies and their Timorese helpers into effective teams which carried important gear, food supplies, and ammunition and at that time sick personnel over the rough terrain. Flooded rivers and landslides tested his teams to the full but he did this with a minimum of loss and it also spoke volumes for the hardiness and strength of the Timor ponies. A modest man with a good sense of humour Paddy loved his ponies and always treated his Timorese helpers fairly.

We are not surprised about Paddy's hydro-electric project and his book 'Australia's Great Field of Human Endeavour' he was always very versatile and could turn his hand to anything or any problem.

Fred Otway, Lyn and Ron Archer attended his Thanksgiving Mass on 4th July, on behalf of the Association and Members convey our deepest condolences to Josie and the family.

Lest We Forget

NB: Paddy could write a good story, a number of which appeared in the Courier. This one 'Shades of Caruso' which was in the September 1991 Courier is worth repeating. It is a tribute to one of his many talents.

Editor

'Shades of Caruso' from V P Wilby

It would have been early May 1942 when we first moved into Lucki Arma. We were at starvation level: little did we know it then that it would develop into a reasonable district to supply us with food.

The stage for this had been set by Babe

Teague, who had done a few trips with me on the pack trains a few months before. Babe had a very powerful voice and had been trained in Sydney to sing as a baritone. The 'boller boller' bush telegraph had also been some help too. Previous to Babe's stint on the pack trains my creado Berimo taught me how to make use of the Bolla Bolla, bush telegraph, when I was trying to make arrangements to obtain some pack ponies for my next trip. The Bolla Bolla was a centuries old arrangement of communication, used long before Australia was discovered.

This is how it was done. Berimo would stand on a hill at evening or night when sound appeared to travel a lot easier and further. He would face the direction in which he intended to send his voice. Then he would open his mouth and shout or Bolla out my request to the next village building up to a crescendo then lapsing off to a sort of sing song question. Some male in the next village would pick up the shouted message and send it on to the next village on, and on it would go. Sometimes it would take from a quarter of an hour to an hour to complete the first round. Then Berimo and I would send another Bolla inquiring whether the recipients could meet my requirements. Then we would wait and listen while that message did the rounds until we got a satisfactory answer. Sometimes the whole process could take up to two hours or more. Various sections used it quite often. But sad to say I suspect undesirables from West Timor used it against us towards the end of the campaign. (But that's for someone else to write about!)

While most of us remain mere mortals there are others who go on to generate enough power to move mountains, so to speak.

Babe and I had left the hideout above

Atsabe and were on our way down to Hatolia to load up another pony pack train of ammo and explosives when Babe turned to me and said 'Paddy, are you sure there are no Japs around here?' I assured him by saying 'I wouldn't be here if there were'. We are in the safest part of Timor. The fighting sections are out patrolling all the time making things very safe for us while we are moving all the ammo etc to the hideout. He appeared to be very satisfied with my answer and decided to get in some practice by singing 'Rose Marie' followed by the 'Indian Love Call'. It was then that I knew that he really could sing. So did the natives. And I told Berimo that there was an Italian singer by the name of Enrico Caruso who had such a powerful voice that he could crack a wine glass if he held it a foot away from his mouth while singing. Berimo passed this information along the line to the rest of the horse handlers (osilyers) who seemed to dwell on this latest topic of conversation and seemed to be turning it over in their minds wondering what they could do with it. Back came this suggestion. How about a Dansa sing song at Numery Num on our way back from Hatolia. With Babe doing the singing and the Timorese doing the dancing Babe agreed. So out went the message on the Bolla Bolla bush telegraph informing all of the coming event the night after next. Many Timorese turned up for it bearing gifts of food and a few extra pack ponies. A good night was had by all, marveling at the power of Babe's voice. Oh yes, the war was still going on.

But Babe and I didn't appear to be in it, well not just then but tomorrow would be a different day.

The next morning at daybreak we loaded up the ponies and were on our way back to the hideout. We had only been going a quarter of an hour when our leading ponies ran into trouble. They started

sinking up to their bellies in mud. Babe and I and Berimo rushed up to relieve them of their loads and extricate them, meanwhile instructing the rest of the natives to remain on solid ground and move back 100 yards if necessary. We had four ponies in strife, 2 with ammo and two with cases of gelignite. We joined the lifeline ropes together. With the ponies struggling to get out they turned the soft ground into a brown soupy ooze making things worse for all of us. However by hanging onto the lifelines that the natives on solid ground had tied to safe trees, we were able to unload all of the ponies who eventually struggled free though they were badly bruised and had abrasions. We then concentrated on salvaging the cases. By this time we had about a dozen natives in there helping us manhandle the cases back to solid ground. Two cases of gelignite were getting away from us and drifting away with the mud. By now we realized we were on a landslide. Thank god for the lifeline. We knew we stood a good chance of returning to dry land as long as we had it. Babe had turned himself towards safe land when 2 natives threw a 50lb. case of gelignite towards him. It hit him in the back. He let out a great bellow. Natives rushed in to rescue him and lay him on dry land. He was in great pain. We just had to let those two cases of gelignite drift away and attend to Babe. The natives made up a bamboo stretcher and carried him up to Atsabe for treatment. Come to think of it. I was never to hear Babe sing again after that incident.

Meantime we reorganized on dry, safe land. We cleaned up the four ponies that had abrasions as best we could. The natives from the local village promised to look after them and a couple of our natives who had been knocked about by rocks and tree roots on the landslide. Berimo and I copped a bit of bruising and

abrasions ourselves but not enough to deter us from carrying on with our job.

We loaded up again using some of the spare ponies, then detoured well up the mountainside away from the unsafe landslide area and arrived in Atsabe that night with a few sad tales to tell. We visited Babe at the Poste. He wasn't in a singing mood but he was coming along okay. Later that night I heard a few loud noises. Some of the HQ staff said it was naval gunfire way out to sea. I knew what it was all about. It was the landslide dropping bit by bit into the river. I wasn't letting on as such information might cause a panic as our Company HQ staff were in a few rooms at the Atsabe Poste which was on the edge of a sheer cliff, and as landslides were on the menu that day the less HQ knew about them the better.

Our 2IC, Captain Bernie Callinan insisted that there should always be at least 2 Aussies on these big long, haul pack trains in case we were strafed or bombed. One man up front, one at the rear and if possible it would be better if we could have an extra 2 Aussies in the middle of the pack train which would make for good control if trouble should arise. As it would be better to get in with half a pack train than no pack train at all.

I approached Sgt Major Craigie (Wimpy) for a couple of extra Aussies to go with me on the next trip to Hatolia. He said no can do, but how about taking a few Dutchies with you to replace Babe. Then I said – no can do! Those bludgers are too heavy handed when dealing with natives. They would desert in the first half hour and take their pack ponies with them. Sgt Major 'Wimpy' agreed. He went inside and saw Don Turton who said Bluey is around here somewhere on an errand. You two always get along okay. Take Bluey Pendergast with you and the job will be sure to get done.

I caught up with Bluey and through various means we formed up another pack train and headed down the mountain towards Hatolia to pick up another load. We camped the night at Numery Num not far from the landslide.

We were a very long time trying to get off to sleep as the bush telegraph had started up, inquiring about Babe, Caruso's name was also mentioned. The bollering seemed to go on for hours with the chiefs in the various villages debating who the best singer was, Caruso or Babe. They didn't think much of Caruso and his voice as he could only crack wineglass whereas the power of Babe's voice could move mountains, as happened yesterday.

Cop that Pavarotti!!! **Paddy Wilby, 1992.**

NB: Babe Teague passed away in October 1988.

2nd COMMITTEE MEETING

John BurrIDGE, Dick Darrington, Bob Smyth and Jack Carey attended a meeting held at Bob and Margaret's lovely home in Nedlands on Tuesday 24th August at 10.30am. Meetings have been few and far between in recent years. In WA we are down to 13 members. 4 of whom live in the country and with an average age of 89 years meetings are not easy to come by.

The main discussion centered around the coming handover of the Association's affairs to the Trusteeship under Chairperson Jenny Beahan (Ray Aitken's daughter). Jenny has a crew of 5 to assist her, they being John BurrIDGE (Jnr), Peter Epps, Murray Thornton, Colleen Ward and John N Carey.

Our financial situation is reasonably sound and it was agreed that all our assets would be passed on to the Trustees when the present Association

is wound up on the 31.12.2010. Our declining numbers has resulted in donations for the Courier, generously received from members and friends of the Association over the past 60 years are now but a trickle and we have drawn heavily on our reserves. It was decided to make a final appeal to members especially those who served in Timor, to contribute for the last time.

The few members who replied to our request for their thoughts about the future of the Association were mixed with some saying the Trust Fund should cease and others saying it should carry on. It was agreed that with no Couriers, members in their respective states will have to do their own communicating.

The committee agreed the Anzac Day march and luncheon along with the Memorial Service in Lovekin Drive should continue. A number of sons and daughters have offered their services to see that they do.

It was resolved the Association should go ahead and have a plaque placed in the Darwin Memorial Centre along with the many plaques of other units who served in Darwin and South Pacific areas. The cost of about \$800 will be met by the Association and the plaque will be in place before the end of December.

The committee plan to have a meeting with Trustee members in October. There will be plenty of things to discuss and be finalized.

Special thanks to Margaret for providing a delightful morning tea.

J Carey

A LAST APPEAL

As mentioned in the Committee Report the Association is lodging it's last appeal in this issue. The contribution to the upkeep of the Courier and our various appeals over the last 65 years by our

Members families and friends has been extraordinarily generous. It is with some reluctance we ask our generous givers again for this last time.

If you have a spare dollar or two please send your contribution to Box T1646, GPO, Perth 6001 by 25th November next so it can be recorded in our last Courier. The remaining 20 members who served in Timor in 1941/42 know only too well that, but for the help of the Timorese they would not be still soldiering on today. It is something worth thinking about.

J Carey

UNIT HISTORY BOOKS

All our books have now been sold. The last went on the 5th September. Of the 2,000 printed, 1,966 were sold, 30 were donated, 3 were lost in the post and one with a printing error had to be replaced. The book was launched on 9th April, 2006 so it took nearly 4-1/2 years to sell them. The fact the books were sold only by the Association, meant they did not appear on bookshop shelves and so took longer to sell. The response from members and friends was terrific and accounted for 60% of the sales. My thanks to those family groups who bought up big for their families and Ron Archer who contributed \$7,280 to purchase 104 books and donated them to various universities, schools etc throughout Australia, deserves a special big thank you. 25 of these went to WA, 18 NSW, 16 Victoria, 11 Queensland, 11 South Australia, 10 ACT, 9 Northern Territory and 4 to Tasmania.

P K Print Pty Ltd, Hamilton Hill, WA produced a book of quality and Cyril Ayris the Editor took great pains to write and design a history we can all be proud of.

As to whether the book will be reproduced is in the hands of the new Trusteeship.

Once again, thank you one and all for your support.

J W Carey

QUEENSLAND NEWS

Herewith is the latest on our Queenslanders. Some are still kind of 'soldiering on', but of course time is not on our side anymore.

Gordon and Joan Stanley. Have spoken to Joan who is reasonably well but not very mobile now. Gordon remains about the same. Their Melbourne daughter Helen has just arrived to wish her father happy 'Father's Day'. A few of our members keep in touch with Joan which is good.

Bill and Irma Connell. I called on them recently. They have moved from their retirement village at Manly to Mitchelton where their son lives and he has built a very comfortable unit under his house where they now live. They both needed low care and this was a better arrangement for them than being in a retirement village. It is very close to a local shopping centre, railway station etc and is not far from where Lyn lives.

Dr Graham and Genevieve Isbell. Medically Graham is in fair health but Genevieve and her sister Trish still lead very busy lives and are involved with their familiar activities. Genevieve rang me recently and said she had just read 'The Men who came out of the Ground' by Paul Cleary. She wondered how our members have responded to this book because it has been written so differently to our book "All the Bull's Men"?

Ralph and Sheila Conley are both well and Ralph is still enjoying many games of bowls, including competition games. They have been saddened by their loss of a son and Sheila's sister.

Pat Barnier. At 84 she is doing very well and keeps active and interested in all

that is going on. Her daughter Andrea lives at Everton and has two daughters, Louise with a new baby and Michelle who lives in London and does part time work for the United Nations. Pat's son lives in Sydney and is semi retired and has grown up children.

Margaret Hooper is reasonably well and is still active and making the most of what is left of her life like all of us. Her membership of Probus is a very big PLUS.

Fred Otway is going better now. He has had a virus for a long time but the treatment for it was not right so Doctor Otway has taken over. He still plays tennis twice a week and is determined to stay fit and well.

Elsie Veovodin is still going along okay and her five daughters and their families are doing well in their different ways of life. Her grandson Andrew has done his army service in Afghanistan and is an instructor at Puckapunyal. He will probably learn a trade there before being discharged.

Col and Jeanette Andrew. Col has a heart beat problem and is under his doctor's instructions and a puffer helps, otherwise they are happy in their fully finished new home. Their son Peter is doing local survey work and their Canberra daughter visits them each Christmas.

Alan and Joan Mitchell. Alan apart from his poor eyesight is otherwise pretty well and keeping up with his family, many living near. In fact today (5th September) is Father's Day and a family picnic was being organized.

Edna Vandeleur was 90 this year and is almost blind, however she is still managing okay and participates in some of her village's social activities.

Lois Davies is still pretty well, drives her car but needs help for walking (walker

or a stick). She leads an active life and her daughter Vicki has a separate unit at her home.

Betty Coulson is well again and still leads a very busy life keeping up with her large family and many friends around Australia. I think she has good potential to be a Centenarian like her mum Nellie in time!!

Joan Fenwick (Canberra) visited her daughter's sister in Brisbane. We had morning tea with her and caught up with each other's news. Like all of us she is growing old and needs a bit of help with her walking now but otherwise seems to manage okay.

Had a letter dated 8/6/2010 from the **Salesian Missions**, part of which reads as under:

'I write to thank you for your support of the Salesians' in Timor Leste. It is because of your contributions that the Australian Salesian Mission Overseas Aid Fund (ASMOAF) has been able to transfer funds regularly to sustain schools, orphanages, run school luncheon programmes, a medical centre, agricultural projects and other activities.

I share with you some of the feedback we have received over the past month or so from the Salesians' and the Sisters in Timor Leste.'

1. Father Antonio Trans Pinto, Don Bosco Training Centre Comoro. We are fortunate to be supported by ASMOAF. In 2009 the financial assistance coming from ASMOAF has helped us to provide skills training for more than 250 young men and women at our training centre in electrical wiring, metal fabrication, automotive, carpentry and basic computer skills.

Included in the above each year we provide **Twenty Six Scholarships** for students from each of the nation's **thirteen districts**. Also during the year

they attend a **Memorial Service** at (Timor Leste) and our **Honour Board**.

This is a Perpetual Living Memorial for our helpers in 1942. They will never be forgotten.

With best wishes to all our members. **Ron and Lyn, Toowong, Queensland.**

VICTORIAN NEWS

I have been contacting Victorian members and widows during the past week to gather news for the Courier. Our numbers are low but spirits are high and all send their best wishes to all.

We have had the coldest and wettest winter for many years and this has curtailed the activities of those who like being outdoors.

Mavis Broadhurst is a keen walker and says she has had to take shorter walks of late because of the cold weather. She is well.

Mary Bone is still at Lakes Entrance. She recently cracked a rib while trying to pull a big weed out of her garden. We had a nice talk on the phone and hope to meet up in mid September when she plans to be back in Leongatha for a short stay with her family.

Pat Petersen may be able to join **Mary and I** for lunch one day. Pat is busy on the farm, cows are calving so not much spare time. Her daughter's article in the last Courier was really wonderful as I am sure everyone will agree. Many thanks.

I also spoke with **Fay Campbell** at Benalla where they have had more than their share of rain. Fay had been on a roundabout trip to Mildura and said the crops everywhere looked excellent. It is to be hoped the locust plague that is predicted won't devastate the crops.

I have tried to contact **Craig Roberts** and have left a message on his phone.

Harry Botterill is doing very well and still enjoys his Meals on Wheels. He goes

out to lunch each Tuesday with a group in a bus provided by the council so that is very nice for him.

Ed and Dorothy Bourke have been to Queensland for a short break. The weather up there has not been as warm as usual.

Leith Cooper has not been at all well since having shingles. He has had a bad rash as a result of the medication to ease the pain and it has been worse than the shingles. On the brighter side he sees his daughters regularly and is full of praise for the staff at Melaleuca Hostel in Cowes. Don and I last visited Leith on 29th May so it is about time to go again. He always likes a chat and would appreciate phone calls – his number is (03) 5952 2646.

We were saddened last month when we had a phone call from **Dawn Claney's daughter Sue** telling us her mother had passed away on 3rd August. We always called to see Dawn each time we went to Wangaratta. **Ken and I and Harry and Olive Botterill** had a number of trips with **Arch and Dawn** over the years especially the weekend safaris at **Keith and Betty Craig's at Young.**

My boys **Colin and Robert** went to Timor in July and had a very interesting and enjoyable time. I will leave you to read their story in the Courier. I am very pleased that they were able to go and see where Ken had been back in 1942. **Ken was there for his 21st birthday – 4th August, 1942.**

Mavis Broadhurst told me of 2 books written about 2/2nd. 'The Men who came out of the Ground' by Paul Cleary and 'Jungle Soldier', the story of the life of Freddie Spencer-Chapman. I wonder if any of our Courier readers have heard of these books.

I talked with **Moir Coats** on her 83rd birthday (4th September). She had a

lovely day with some of her family. She has 19 grandchildren and 6 great grandies and after 40 years living in her Broadmeadows home she has decided to sell and move to something quite a lot smaller making things easier.

Don and I are keeping well and busy. It has been too cold and wet for Don to play golf for quite a while now and some courses have been too wet for buggies. Spring is here so warmer days cannot be too far off. It has even been too wet for gardening but the camellias have been beautiful.

Thank you again Jack for the wonderful work you keep doing for the Association. One more Courier after this one so I hope we get a few members to write in for the last time.

Goodbye from me for this time. Don joins me with regards to all.

Margaret Monk

NSW NEWS

Dear Jack – I was very sorry to hear of **Tommy Pulleine's** passing and also that I had not kept in contact with him more often. Tom did tell me once that he was 17 years old the day he stepped onto the 'Zearandia' to go to Timor and probably the youngest bloke we had. He more than made up for his years. I think he left more than sixty dependents.

Beryl Cullen is still keeping reasonably well and with the aid of her walker still shopping. Very remarkable lady.

Russ Blanch keeping the flag flying at Bangalow. Has his spring seeds all ready for daughter Ellen to plant. I would love to be a fly on the wall – Russ telling Ellen what to do and Ellen telling him quietly to pull his head in. As he says he has a lovely family.

Edith Jones is pretty well and still hoping to get back home to Barraba. Although

son Chris of the Gold Coast would like to keep her there with him.

Beryl Steen is still very happy in Townsville with her son and caring daughter in law and she is keeping in good health too.

May Orr from South Grafton is still going well. Not so much gardening as would like. Slowing down but doing a little. I think we are all looking forward to the warmer weather although spring is here and it is good.

Eric Herd and Lorraine of Iluka are still going okay and counting their blessings. A very quiet spot is Iluka at the mouth of the Clarence River and with a good climate. One of the best in Australia opposite the mouth of the river from Yamba.

Beryl Walsh from Kempsey is well I hope and probably out shopping when I rang but I will call again a bit later.

Nola Wilson from Gilgandra was very well last time I rang and said they are having a very good season following the big drought. On the radio this morning I heard that it now looks like they will be having a bumper wheat crop this year. I hope they do as it has been a long time.

Gordon Stanley and Joan are both well. Gordon still being cared for in a nursing home and Joan in a granny flat with her daughter. A very good arrangement.

Fred Otway had his 90th a couple of weeks ago so I rang him for the day. Would you believe he was not home the first time I called because he was playing tennis. Marvelous.

Tom Yates of Kyogle still okay but slowing down a bit. Tom along with Tom Foster, Freddy Otway and myself had our 90th birthdays' within a few weeks of each other. Must have been a vintage year.

Julie Cholerton of Evans, Ted Cholerton's daughter is still going well

and is a librarian at Evans Head Library. Very pleasant spot.

Best wishes to all in our penultimate Courier. Keep well. **'Happy' Greenhalgh, Maclean.**

TRUST FUND - BRIEF HISTORY 2/9/2010

Mr Michael Lynch

Chief Executive Officer

Australian Export Service Overseas
Programme Ltd

PO Box 25

DEAKIN WEST ACT 2600

Dear Sir

The 2/2nd Commando Association of Australia is now supported by 13 remaining members in WA.

From 1st January, 2011 a Trustee Committee initially comprising Jenny Beahan, John Burrige (Jnr) and Peter Epps will operate as an incorporated body titled 'Trustees of the 2/2nd Association'.

Enclosed is a report of the contribution by volunteers who visited East Timor following contact by our members.

The volunteers functioned only because their air fares were so readily approved and provided for by AESOP.

We remain grateful and thank AESOP.

Yours sincerely

(Signed)

ROBERT N SMYTH

INDEPENDENT TRUST

2/2ND COMMANDO ASSOCIATION

The Independent Trust of the 2/2nd Commando Association (June 1992) was proposed by Jack W Carey.

Its objective has been to acknowledge the wartime assistance of the indigenous people to the 2/2nd isolated forces.

Food supply was available only from their

own limited village gardens.

Bob Smyth as administrator was assisted by John Burrige (Snr), Keith Hayes and Ross Shenn. (Finally Bart Maverick of the SAS who is now Administrator).

We sponsored volunteers Les and Verna Cranfield of Shoalwater, Western Australia for a 3 month visit. Les introduced new methods of land management and Verna, a skilled seamstress, teaching dressmaking.

Les subsequently planted and harvested a 90Ha (then 140Ha) rice crop with equipment we sourced (via the ABC Radio) from Queensland.

Les and Verna Cranfield worked in East Timor for a total of 20 months in 7 visits during the following 4 years (from November 1996 to July 2000).

Father Jose of Don Bosco, Fuloro reported that Les and Verna Cranfield diligently worked long hours giving encouragement and confidence to a severely downtrodden and frightened people who returned love and affection to them.

The other volunteers were as follows:

Viv Paust (Bindoon, Western Australia)

- Carpentry Aid Project
- Manual Arts Teacher and University Lecturer
- Furniture Construction
- Organised the Salesians Comoro Dili Carpenter Shop
- Taught 7 instructors over a limited 60 day Indonesian Admin. Visa authority

Lindsay Bennett (7 months – Marmion, Western Australia)

- Age 53, Vietnam veteran, carpenter, builder ex SAS Swanbourne project.
- At Fuloro East Timor constructed 4 large and 2 small silos, co-ordinated for rice harvest.
- Constructed workers shelters etc.,

critical requirement for 970 pupils and villagers. Also assisted by Aust Aid.

Mike Gallagher as agent for the NT Government Administration in Dili East Timor for some 16 years was most effective to liaise our endeavours to or through a difficult Indonesian influenced East Timor Administration.

We also gratefully acknowledge the vital flow of information relayed via internet and transcripts of statements and lectures by prominent university research professionals.

Frequent contributors were: **Paddy Kenneally's daughter Helen, and Colleen (Thornton) Ward***.

Patsy Thatcher for introductory guidance.

(*) Colleen's brother **Murray Thornton** from Denmark has also spent some months in East Timor as a volunteer consultant on building projects in the Suai district working for Timor Aid.

NB: Bob has done a tremendous amount of work as Chairman of the Trust Fund over the past 18 years and, though now retired, still maintains an active interest in the fund. Bob will be 93 on the 5th October and we wish him well for the day.

J Carey

TRIP TO TIMOR

After hearing stories of Timor from my grandfather Stan Payne all my life, I was delighted to make the trip to Timor with my dad Geoff and brother Andrew in July of this year.

We began our trip by flying from Darwin. The thick cloud cover over the mountains reduced visibility so our first glimpse of Timor was of Auturo Island and Dili Harbour. We touched down safely and caught a taxi to our hotel. It was exciting to see 'Sparrow Force House' emblazoned across one of the buildings

in the Australian Embassy! Later we were to see that the 2/2nd are remembered across the island.

Dili is a bustling place full of contrasts. Shiny new cars drive past local Timorese walking to market with their produce carried on a stick across their shoulders, and shops selling mobile phones and electronic goods are nearly as numerous as stalls selling fresh fish and vegetables. The overall feeling is one of activity, peace and growth. During the day Dili feels very safe to the casual visitor. The only visible weapons are carried by the visiting military and police forces. I was comfortable walking around on my own and felt none of the 'hassle' one often feels in other South East Asian nations. Timor has come a long way in a very short time.

We spent a couple of days exploring Dili and getting our bearings. We climbed up to the 'Jesus statue' at Cape Fatucama and checked out the beautiful beaches on the east of Dili. The government has spent money creating a lovely boardwalk area on this beach, and it is exciting to see a growing number of tourists enjoying these areas and the natural beauty of Timor.

We then went to the 2/2nd Memorial in Dare. It is a beautiful building and a wonderful tribute to the Timorese who helped the company so much in 1942. The café is in a stunning location on the hill overlooking Dili and the views are truly 'million dollar'. The café is up and running on weekends, so we were able to enjoy a delicious Timorese coffee and snacks while we looked at the displays. The memorial to fallen soldiers is prominently displayed as well as very professional large posters, which explain the role the Creados played in keeping the Australian soldiers safe throughout the conflict. A DVD is also played which is a moving and beautiful tribute to the Creados and the Australian soldiers and

the relationship between them. While a moving and informative memorial to the sacrifices made in 1942, the café also serves a current goal in employing several Timorese and the education of young people in the school next door. Through this beautiful memorial, the sacrifices of Timorese and Australians will not be forgotten.

After the memorial, we decided to follow in the footsteps of the 2/2nd and walk down into Dili. The beauty and ruggedness of the terrain was very impressive and prompted my brother to remark 'you wouldn't want to do this in thongs would you?' Of course we were then overtaken by a young Timorese man, who was not only barefoot but carrying over 20kg, at a cracking pace. Suitably put back into our place, we could only wonder at the effort it must have taken to fight a war in these mountainous conditions.

After our trip to Dare, we hired a car and driver, Argus. This turned out to be an excellent idea, as while signs of progress are all over East Timor, road signs generally are not. Without Argus I am not sure if we would have figured out how to get out of Dili!!

On the first day we went west to Maubara, Batugade and Baliabo. The 'Australia House' has been made into a somber memorial, and is visited by many each year. More recent is the memorial put up by the Australian forces serving in this region in INTERFET. We spent a short time in this region before heading back to Dili in preparation for a mammoth day the next day.

We woke up early as we had decided we would drive from Dili south to Betano to see the beach my grandfather had spoken of when he described the evacuation. The drive through the mountains was incredibly beautiful, but due to the parlous state of the roads in Timor, very slow. We stopped for a short

time in Maubisse, and the breathtakingly beautiful pousada with 360 degree views of the surrounding gorgeous mountain country. Then we pushed on through Same to Betano beach. When we got there we found the ruins of a beautiful old Portuguese building, which made a handy place to get changed for a swim. As soon as we hopped into the water, locals came running to warn us of the crocodiles! It was very special to us to be able to visit the area we had heard about in granddad's stories, and to stand on the last beach he stood on in Timor. After a quick and somewhat nervous swim we jumped back in the car to head back to Dili. It was a long day and an incredible drive, but a highlight of the trip to Timor.

After seeing these places that were significant to the memory of my grandfather, we had a lovely holiday which included scuba diving and snorkeling, staying and hiking on beautiful Aurore Island and much lying about on the many beautiful beaches in Timor. We all felt really privileged to visit this beautiful country, and see the way that history is being preserved, and the country is finally getting the opportunity to move forward and develop. The work of the 2/2nd is remembered across the country and your influence lives on today in the memorials and schools you have built.

Jennifer Payne, Broome, WA

Thank you for a very interesting letter Jennifer. (Editor)

Good news from East Timor

*edited from Green Left Weekly No. 852,
11 Sept, Y. Walsh*

A special film screening 28 Sept in Petersham, Sydney will celebrate the graduation of the first 18 East Timorese students through Cuba's medical training

aid program, which began in East Timor in 2003.

Dr Tim Anderson (University of Sydney) has followed the journeys of these students and will present his films

The Doctors of Tomorrow and The Pacific School of Medicine, as well as footage from the recent graduation ceremony in Timor.

Under Cuba's program, students spend years studying at the Latin American School of Medicine before returning to the medical faculty in East Timor to complete studies. More than 400 East Timorese doctors will graduate in the next two years and hundreds more in years to come. This program also involves hundreds of Cuban doctors providing free health care throughout East Timor. (Cuba also trains students from the Solomon Islands, Vanuatu, Kiribati, Fiji, Tuvalu, Nauru and Tonga.)

Tim Anderson recently returned from the graduation ceremony in Dili attended by more than 1000 people and broadcast live on national television. Tim found the graduation very moving particularly speeches by the students "You could hear a pin drop, & people were applauding and crying, the graduates spoke very humbly that they were committing themselves to supporting the people and were not motivated by private or commercial interests. The political leaders paid attention to those new doctors voices and what they represented" At the ceremony, graduates were sworn in as doctors and will soon be deployed to rural areas, where they will gradually replace the Cuban doctors working there. The Cubans will move into teaching and training. The big challenge is to build up Timor's medical faculty, which has had

minimal investment and needs facilities to accommodate all the students coming back from Cuba to finish their studies.

Anderson said Australia was in a key position to help the project: "What the Australian foreign minister did earlier this year was quite a turnaround. He met with the Cuban foreign minister in Perth, and for the first time acknowledged the work the Cubans were doing in the Pacific and in Timor. Saying Australia was prepared to work with the Cubans in the Pacific and the Caribbean.

One of the problems for Timor's medical faculty has been lack of investment partly to do with the domestic politics. Anderson said it was also a resource issue and Australia now has an opportunity to play a constructive role with both the Cubans and Timorese. He elaborated: "The Australian government has had to recognise that Cuba is a dominant health player in the region. Australia, despite all its money, can't really compete with Cuba.

"It's an extremely powerful program and even right-wing people come to accept it because it's an incredibly good deal & and no one else is doing anything like this." The Cuban training program is powerful because it builds the capacity of a country to address its own problems, the issues of self-determination and independence. The ethos of training health workers as public servants not running health as a business, strikes a chord in Timorese culture by virtue of their struggle for independence and focus on supporting communities."

Film event : 7.30pm September 28 , Petersham Bowling Club, 77 Brighton St, Petersham. Entry via sub \$15/\$12 conc. Contact Alex 0449 184 801

Dear Jack and extended family of 2/2 Association,

It is with mixed emotions I contemplate this penultimate issue of Commando Courier - the oldest-surviving WW2 bulletin published regularly by returned men of a single company. I'm sure you're aware The Courier holds this esteemed record and I for one, am sad knowing the end is nigh.

It brings a smile to recall those four times per year when Vince used to say, "Phew, my Vale's not in this issue, so must it be I'm alive and kicking!"

Over the years, Vince did have contact with Alan Luby and phoned you occasionally, but no more than that. I puzzled often over Vince's arms length involvement with 2/2 Association given that he taught me Tetum phrases, we had Timor books galore and through his work with government, Vince maintained links with military/naval elements as well as socially at Holsworthy Army Barracks.

However all things Timor brought about a certain mental-emotional state that challenged Vin's composure and habitual equanimity. I'm sure Vince was typical of his generation in that he held war as men's business and thus carried his war deep within. Vin yielded only details about starving on mangos (never to eat them again); sudden blindness whilst crossing a swollen river and about being caught short by a giggling chorus of Loron diak tuani from Timorese girls passing by. The physical beauty of Timor moved Vince to write poetry, yet the name of his Credo is lost in the research of the Japanese scholar who visited 2/2nd Men in the late 1990s. That interview stirred profoundly painful memories which Vince could not speak of further.

The rest as they say, is history I wept with Vince watching Timor's hard won Independence Ceremony in 2002 and promised I'd visit Timor Lorosae to say thank you for him and pay respects at Dare.

Then meeting you all for the first time at The Last Safari in Perth three months after Vince died was, as today's young say just awesome!

You may recall at that meeting on the last day, Chris Hartley and I offered our services to The Men of 2/2nd? Well, I reiterate here, that we both are keen and would be honoured to assist with 2/2 Association bizniz when the Trust assumes its role next year.

Much has been achieved already since the first response to Chris's and my pledge at the Last Safari. The Ron Archer Trust Vocational Training Scholarships are powering along : the fourth cohort of 26 students (2 from each 13 Districts) will graduate in December. Ambassador Peter Heyward will give the graduation address at Don Bosco Centre and activities include a visit to Sparrow Force House to view historic 1941-43 photos, the 2/2nd & 2/4th Honour Board and to meet serving Falanti and ADF Personnel.

As reported in March Courier, The Dare Memorial Museum and Café are well patronised at weekends and well supported by Dili Friends of Second Independent Company. Mr Toni Favaro (President Dili Rotary and patron of Dare Museum) is now Chair of the Dare Memorial Museum Board. This is just one of many endeavours that Mana Kirsty and her dedicated team are involved in nurturing.

Another major achievement has recently come to fruition via Friendship Groups networking between communities in Timor and Australia. Professor Patricia Rich one of the scientists from Monash University who surveyed Dare Memorial Site in 2007, installed a science education exhibition in neighbouring hill town Aileu. Pat and colleague Dr Corrie Williams are establishing a National Museum for Timor Leste. Their first prehistoric exhibit 2008/09 is housed in the President's Palace and features a true size replica

skeleton of a dinosaur to represent Timor's 250 million years geological history.

Other Dili Friends of 2 IC are benefiting from 2nd & 4th ICs connections ; Manny Napoliteao and Maria Noronha of Eco-Discovery Tours report they are run off their feet with tourists wanting trekking routes ! Manny's Sparrow Force Trek can be designated 2-3 days in 2-3 Districts or cross the island from coast to coast in 8-10 days. He ensures camping in community en route is pre-arranged and relations are ethical, local youth are hired as guides and Manny is well informed regarding combat sites. In Districts I've visited, appealing treks for future trialling are: Dili-Remexio-Hera, Remexio-Maubisse, Bazatete-Atsabe plus exploring around Vila Maria and Bobonaro. Depending on fitness and degree of preferred difficulty, Manny can organise combinations of walk+4wheel drive, climb+trek along ridges or low incline trekking - my advice is to Go Now before tourists numbers escalate!

As for my intended September Trek, I'll have to wait till next year to walk the hills while surgery on my ruptured thumb is pending. In the meantime, news of Dare-Fatunaba comes via email from fellow Trekker and local youth worker Salvador Ribeiro. Sal has part time work in Dili interpreting at UNPOL call centre (Police). As well, he is completing his (interrupted) degree, managing a local rock band and building a new house in Dare. A young man with intermediate level English, Salvador is a typical Timorese doer ñ reliable, charming, industrious, he has many ambitions to fulfil. Sal and another local man Senhor Rogerio Martins are self-selected ambassadors for Dare Memorial and are well connected with teachers and students of Fatunaba School and with Friends of 2 IC network in Dili.

Last but not least, I send Greetings to All

The Grand Old Men of 2IC and blessings for peace of mind and spirit - Your legacy in Timor is solid and shall not want for active custodians.

Ho respeitu, Yvonne Walsh, Sydney.
(yvowalsh@gmail.com)

DEBT OF HONOUR EXHIBITION COMING TO PERTH

Dear Jack,

We are really pleased to advise that the photographic exhibition *DEBT OF HONOUR* which tells the story of the support of the Timorese people during the action against the Japanese in Portuguese Timor in WW2, is now coming to Perth. I was hoping for March 2011 but it now looks like it will open at the Western Australian Museum (WAM) in Perth in August 2011. This new date will give the Western Australian Museum the time needed to develop a comprehensive quality exhibition together with all the related promotional activities. *DEBT OF HONOUR* has been showing in Victoria over the past year and it's really exciting that the WA Museum is now going to take on the exhibition and in doing so, it will be the next step in having this exhibition as a permanent commemoration on general view around Australia.

EXHIBITION TO GET BIGGER & BETTER

It is also pleasing that the WA Museum will substantially increase the size and scope of the exhibition so that it starts from the training of the 2/2nd in Wilsons Promontory, the period in Portuguese Timor including the 2/4th, and the return to Australia. The post WW2 period will be briefly covered ie the fight for independence, the Indonesian invasion in 1975 and occupation through to 1999, the Australian intervention and subsequent peace keeping roles, and finally the Timor Sea oil negotiations.

So, while the exhibition will focus on the WW2 period, it will have post WW2 content so that it covers with the historical relationship between Australia and Timor up to the present time.

The WAM has a professional team that will result in a high quality exhibition that will include text panels, photographs from official and private sources, maps and website will be developed so that anyone interested will be able to access the exhibition on line. Further, we are planning to show a short continuously playing DVD together with the Exhibition so visitors, particularly the younger ones, will be more engaged.

Additionally, the new exhibition will include period and reproduction artefacts to explain the campaign. These will include uniforms, equipment and weapons never before brought together in a single display. The Australian War Memorial is supporting this project and we have asked for them to make "Winnie the War Winner" radio available.

By an interesting co-incidence, the Director of Exhibitions at the WAM who is in charge of the project is James Dexter, the son of Lieutenant David Dexter, by all accounts a good man, and a fine soldier from a military family.

It is intended that the enlarged exhibition be toured to major cities and regional centres in Australia. While it will open in Perth, it will also travel to the other WAM sites in WA namely Geraldton, Albany and Kalgoorlie for approximately 3 months at each location. It will go to the Shrine of Remembrance Museum in Melbourne, regional cities in Victoria and to Darwin. My personal objective is to have it as a permanent exhibition in the Australian War Memorial in Canberra.

Finally, a version of the exhibition will be donated to the people of East Timor and discussions are in place to determine the best location which at this stage is

looking like the Resistance Museum in Dili. There is very little known in East Timor about WW2 as more than half of the population is under 17 years of age and there are inadequate books and teachers.

Having this exhibition available to young people so they may learn of their history and the bravery of those who supported the Australians in WW2, is a really important small part of establishing a national identity for the country and a sense of social cohesion.

Jack, please ask your readers to come forward with any artefacts that may be of interest for the exhibition. They could directly contact the curator, Paul Bridges in Perth at 08 9377 1914.

With best regards,

Bruce R Butler

Aug 26, 2010

Mr Alex Coles

Chief Executive Officer

C/-Mr James Dexter

Director Public Programs

Western Australian Museum

Locked Bag 49, Welshpool DC

WA 6986

Dear Alex

On behalf of the 2/2nd Commando Association of Australia I am very pleased to offer my endorsement of your proposal to mount and tour the *Debt of Honour* Exhibition. This will explore and offer new insights and interpretation of the Australian and Timorese experience of WW11 and beyond.

There are many important issues to be explored in such an exhibition, which are deserving of wider recognition and interrogation by Australians. For example, Portuguese Timor was a neutral country when we Australians were landed there in 1942. We only survived because of the support of many

brave Timorese people, some of them just young children and boys. The price for this support exacted a heavy toll on the Timorese people, with somewhere between 40,000-70,000 (of a population of 400,000) losing their lives through savage reprisals and starvation. (From all fronts, Australia lost 48,000 (of 5 million) in this war.)

Timor itself has had a long struggle to achieve Independence and is only now in the position to explore and celebrate its cultural heritage in a peaceful environment. This exhibition will be an important development in the cultural life of Timor Leste.

Given the renewed interest in the Australian Timorese experience, generated by our own commissioned history and the new Paul Cleary book, recently reviewed in the *Week - End Australian*, this proposed exhibition is timely. The soldiers of the 2nd/2nd were Australia's first commandos, forerunner to today's SAS. We were drawn from all states of Australia, although more of us came from Western Australia, than any other state. We came from Australia's country towns and its cities, so the exhibition should be of relevance and interest to a broad cross section of Australians.

Our survival, cut off from the rest of the world and presumed dead by Australia, until months later we were able to re-establish radio contact, even now, reads like a thriller. We were out-numbered by more than three thousand Japanese. (All but forty of us came home.) We have retained our links with the Timorese people, often through turbulent political times and great difficulties.

Australia and Timor however, are not creating new history together. I am very pleased to support this proposal on behalf of the 2/2nd

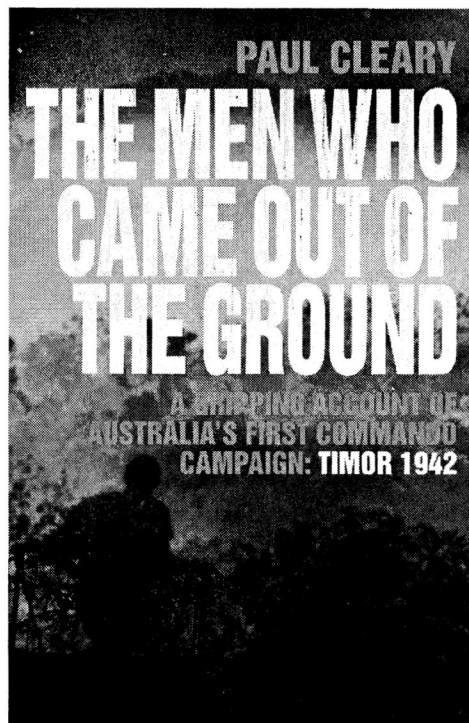
Yours sincerely,
Jack Carey, President

Author and journalist Paul Cleary has just published a gripping account of the 2/2nd Company's Timor campaign, which is called *The Men Who Came out Of the Ground*. The book is published by Hachette Australia and is widely available in all good book stores, including discount stores like Big W.

The book attracted a lot of media interest and has received very favourable reviews.

Leading war historian Paul Ham said: "This book is about a small group of Australian men who were the real thing."

"After a fitful start, these tough young



farmers, miners and sportsmen found their inner guerrillas'. They built a radio, commandeered a pony train, established a field hospital and ingratiated themselves with the East Timorese people who acted

as their eyes and ears, and whose affection for the Australians tended to be genuine," wrote Ham in a Review published in *The Weekend Australian*.

Ham also praises Cleary's writing style and his detached, non-judgemental approach.

"Paul Cleary tells this story in an arresting narrative voice unblemished by the lapse into histrionics that so often debases the history of war. Nor will he indulge in careless Australian triumphalism. The men of the 2/2 demonstrated human, not peculiarly Aussie, qualities of courage and resilience," Ham wrote.

Ham concludes: "Cleary gives the facts and largely refrains from judgment. This well-researched book tells a story about men whose achievement demands, yet has received so little of, our attention."

The RRP is \$35. Anyone interested in buying multiple copies at a discount price can contact the author at paulcleary01@gmail.com

MORE ON OUR HONOUR AVENUE

The recent passing of Gerry Green and his and the contribution of others to the setting up of our Honour Avenue deserves repeating. This article by Colin Doig deals with the problems encountered and hard work put in by those members involved, most of whom are now gone.

KINGS PARK HONOUR AVENUE

Ever since the Association managed to acquire that compact area on Lovekin Drive in Kings Park it has been a source of great endeavour as we proceeded to tend it with the loving care of a hen with chickens. There seemed to be so much to do to bring it to the high standard that was envisaged. It was decided that Working Bees would be required to clear away the dead leaves and bark, and a Warden was to be appointed to report on

the condition of the area and call for work to be done. Cyril (Slim) Holly was the first Warden and he did a very good job.

Working Bees were always on Sunday mornings and it was not long before we were partaking of a little liquid refreshment after the work was done. These Working Bees have always been a great deal of fun.

In October 1951 Don Turton came down from his farm at Wandering with a land rover and heavy harrows to stir up the ground which was sown to couch grass with the object of establishing a lawn. At that time George Boyland was the Warden.

Special efforts were made prior to Anzac Day and the Commemoration Service to ensure the area presented the best possible aspect.

The experiment to try and grow grass without reticulation proved to be a dismal failure, and in 1953 the Committee agreed to look into the matter of reticulation. This was to be a big job as the 50 trees covered about half a mile which would require a lot of piping and many outlets. Luckily there was a water main in the area and water was readily available. In September, 1953 the Water Supply Department agreed to supply two taps off the main for our purposes and a very nominal annual water rate of one pound per outlet was to be charged. Fred Napier had a reticulation plan drawn up by the Water Supply Department at no expense to the Association and quotes were obtained for the necessary piping, sprinklers, valves etc. Through the good offices of Don Turton, Pipemakers Ltd of North Fremantle gave an excellent price and the Association was able to proceed. A call for donations brought a magnificent response. By December 1954, with the piping delivered, we were ready to go.

The first Working Bee was held at 'Blue' Prendergast's home on the 28th

November when the two inch pipes were cut, bored and tapped to take the sprinkler uprights. Gerry Green brought a heavy weight drill and did all the drilling while others did the tapping and threading. As the sprinklers were ten feet apart the smaller 1-1/4 inch pipes were cut and re-threaded and prepared to take tee joints for the sprinkler uprights. The organisation by Gerry and 'Blue' was excellent and this arduous job was completed in one day.

On the 12th December, 1954 a huge Working Bee was arranged for the pipe laying and connecting. A registered plumber gave his services free of charge. Over 40 people turned up and the pipes were laid out and trenching was undertaken. The trenching became a bugbear because of tree roots. Luckily Mr John Watson, Manager of Kings Park was an experienced Forester and he showed how an axe could be swung and what roots could be cut.

As the trenches proceeded so the pipes were laid and the half inch piping for the sprinkler heads was cut and threaded. Gerry Green provided a vehicle with cutting and threading gear and, with experts like 'Blue' Prendergast, Gerry Green, Mick Calcutt, Harry Sproxton and 'Curly' Bowden to provide the expertise; it was amazing how quickly this job went ahead.

For purposes of pressure it was necessary to break up the area into eight sections with the necessary on/off valves for each section. This took a whole day to complete, with each worker providing his own cut lunch and the Association providing a good drop of the 'doings' secreted in the nearby bush. This was probably our most productive Working Bee ever. It so occurred that Geoff Laidlaw was among those present, but he was not the Officer in Charge for once!

The water scheme was declared open by Col Doig in 1955. A week later a further Working Bee was called to sow couch grass. This was the start of a long battle to fully grass the area and try to make it a thing of beauty. During the winter of 1955 the grass showed signs of a good germination and high hopes were expressed of a good lawn in a short time, but it was not to be as the dead gum leaves and bark seemed to poison the soil and Bill Epps, who was now the Warden, called for Working Bees to rake and fertilise. One memorable day we were to spread blood and bone obtained from Robbs Jetty Abattoir by Jack Carey. Clarrie Varian was there with his four year old son (the survivor of twins and with the mischief of quadruplets). While Clarrie was propelling the fertilizer machine the lad was at the back having a great fee. On another occasion we retired to the Shenton Park Hotel after a Working Bee and Clarrie locked the lad in his car. When we returned about half an hour later all the wiring was disconnected from under the dash board and most of the trimming dislodged from the back seat. It was just as well it was an old vehicle and Clarrie was a top grade mechanic, he had the wiring back in about 10 minutes.

The Working Bees continued until 1958 when the area was divided into ten segments (Headquarters and the nine Sections, as in the army days). The idea was for each Section to work on their own plot to try and establish a lawn. This was not a great success. The area certainly did not lack fertilizer, with many offers by our farming members such as Reg Harrington, Don Turton, Bert Burgess and Alf Hillman. Watering was a problem and 'Blue' Prendergast used to turn the sprinklers on with some regularity and when he transferred to Collie, John Burrridge and Bob Smyth took over for a while but they had to

leave the sprinklers on all day and this soon raised the ire of the Water Supply Department, and we engaged a Boy Scout Troop for a nominal fee for a while until eventually an employee of Kings Park offered to do the watering. His name was Adams and he was a cousin of one of the Victorian Adams in our original SAPPERS. We used to take him a couple of dozen of beer every Christmas. When he died another of the Kings Park staff, Len Titchall, a friend of Harry Sproxtton, did the job until he retired in 1968. Rod Dhu and George Fletcher did the job for us then until the whole area was taken over by the Kings Park Board in 1986.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Jack – In answer to your request in the Courier for opinions of what should happen after December 31st – my thoughts are Trust Fund.

I am not too sure on what should happen there. It has been a marvelous idea over the years and I think what has been done re sending seeds to Timor has been really marvelous and it would be good if that could continue.

As for communications I think phone calls are the best way to keep in touch and the Records of the History of the Association I think the Trustees are the best ones to decide what to do and then further down the track records could be in the care of the present 2/2nd and then there is the museum that Peter Epps has so capably helped with.

I have found this Courier more than interesting. Pat Petersen's daughter Tricia wrote a wonderful article – speech delivered by her on Anzac Day. I have talked with Pat on the phone and she was very proud of her and rightly so.

Colin and Robert arrived home on

Saturday after their trips to Timor and were really glad they went. Colin wrote a diary and Robert took 1,600 pictures so I was very pleased. Colin asked for your phone number when he was here yesterday so you will be hearing from him.

It is sad to read of the passing of different ones in each Courier but it has been wonderful that so many have lived to great ages after all the trials they experienced.

Jack, you and Delys have done an outstanding job keeping the Couriers going for so long and I am sure everyone who receives it is very grateful for your wonderful work over the years.

All for this time – all the best Jack.
Love Margaret Monk

Dear Jack – I have been up to Darwin for a couple of weeks to help my daughter Robyn and her husband Peter Davies and have had a most successful weekend making money for Darwin Rotary. We made \$4,800. In the one weekend. I have enclosed the photo of us in the Northern Territory Newspapers. We charged \$6. to come in. I was completely beggared but it was well worth the effort. We were interviewed by the local radio who kept reminding everyone to come and meet Grandma who had come all the way from Brisbane to help her daughter.

Peter has just retired from the army. He is a Colonel. He is now working for the Northern Territory looking after bush fires, floods and all other emergencies. He seems to be flying all over Australia to check all the states.

I hear Robert missed you last time he visited. I hope he is not being too much of a nuisance. He will ring before he comes next time I am sure.

Hope I haven't been in real trouble. Lots of love, **Bettye Coulson**.

Dear Jack – greetings and congratulations to you all who have managed the Courier and those who have taken the time to send in articles to make it such a great way of keeping in touch. I sit down with a coffee and read the Courier from front to back as soon as I receive it.

June 27th, Qantas flight to Brisbane to spend five weeks with my daughter Ann who was in poor health and enjoyed the company of her two teenage children and caught up with nieces and nephews and cuddled one of my great great nephews who is 2 months of age. Helped my sister celebrate her 95th birthday. Mavis and our sister Beryl served in Sigs from 1942 to the end of the war, Mavis a Lieutenant, Beryl a Corporal in Townsville. I wished to join but the sudden death of my dad meant I was needed at home to support mum and two younger sisters, no brothers.

While in Brisbane Rob Archer and Lyn took me out for morning coffee and filled me in on the health of old 2/2nds. Sorry I could not get in touch with the others. I did enjoy their company. Ann's birthday we celebrated on July 28th and I came home August 1st.

August 26th I go to the national capital to have a pacemaker put in which will only take an hour but Dr McGill booked me in for 2 nights.

Spoke with Bettye Coulson on her birthday; she is amazing the way she gets about. September 9th I will celebrate a year in Villa 2. It is all I can manage now and I have just a small courtyard of garden and some pot plants and a tiny garden out the front. There are 27 villas all on one level and people are very friendly and helpful. We have a leisure centre where we can take family and friends, hold quiz and happy hours, talks, dinners etc.

Regards to all, **Joan Fenwick**

Dear Jack – further to our phone conversation this morning please find enclosed enough for 3 copies of 'All the Bull's Men'. These will be going to various libraries around our district.

I have also become involved in Sister Connolley's project in East Timor in a small way.

Kind regards, **Joe Rose, Hillston, NSW**

Mr Jack Carey – I was delighted to read the latest book written about the 2/2 Commandos. I had not realized that the unit was still functioning as my last contact was when my mother, Peg McPhee, died in 2000 and I wrote to advise her death. The Courier stopped coming and I suppose my focus changed.

My father, Ian McPhee, did not join the unit as MO until after their return from Timor, however from my earliest sensible memory of his war service, I knew he had joined a very courageous group whom he held in great respect. However I understand he did not quite feel the same way about their co-operation in managing their own health and reporting sick! The action in New Guinea sounds as if it was quite different, although many of the men must have continued to suffer health issues. My father was always a quiet man who spoke little to his family of his experience. I know, however, he did join a number of safaris and had a great deal of respect and affection for those I remember he spoke of from the unit.

In June 1988 while working for DVA I visited Hollywood for the implementation of a computer system there. I also spent a day with Arch Campbell, organized by my mother. He was a generous gentleman who gave me time to show me a little of his home town.

From Paul Cleary's book I read that the

Association is to be wound up at the end of the year and I would like to make an appropriate contribution to mark the occasion. I am also writing to ask to be put in touch with Jenny Beahan who is managing the ongoing legacy of the unit for the Timorese.

If copies of 'All the Bull's Men' are still available, I would like to arrange a purchase. I would also like to buy a copy of Col Doig's book that was reprinted recently. I see I can purchase it on the internet but if the unit aims are furthered by purchase through the unit I would prefer this route if you can advise me.

With very best wishes to you and your remaining comrades of the 2/2nd.

(Signed) Sally (McPhee) Mellick, Cleveland, Queensland 4163

PARS ON PEOPLE

Jean Holland is looking forward to a boat trip around Australia in October. Jean said it will be her first sea trip since her last in 1937 and she hopes not to get sea sick. Enjoy your trip Jean.

Lorraine March is settling in at her new room. Number 85 at the Regent Gardens, Marmion Street, Booragoon. Losing Wilf after their 66 years together was a great loss but she is coping well. Her phone number is 9330 3131.

Babs Langridge – Babs has had a busy couple of months having a granddaughter from the USA staying with her followed by other family members from the East who kept her on her toes. Babs likes cooking so her visitors were looked after well. A stomach virus took a week to get over but she is okay again now. Well done Babs.

Val Hayes has not been well. An infection on her right leg needs constant treatment. Val would like to be 100%

for Keith's 90th Birthday coming up in January. They are a lovely couple.

Henry Sproxton survived another winter keeping warm in what was a very cold winter during which we had little rain and was a testing time. He enjoys footy on the TV and takes a keen interest in all current issues and is a generous man.

Ida Murray – Ida now living in Bunbury is having a pretty tough time of it with cancer. A lovely, brave lady, Ida has her loving family to support her and is bearing up well. Our thoughts and prayers are with you Ida. God Bless.

Nora Kenneally – Spoke to Nora on the phone recently. Nora is still living in their Wilkins Street home although the family suggested she move down to Canberra. Although a delightful place, Nora said it was far too cold for her liking and she is staying where she is. She misses Paddy terribly – we all do as he was such a great character. Helen her daughter is in constant contact and the boys are wonderful. Take care Nora and God Bless.

Tom Foster - Tom now 90 is okay and visits Mary every day. Mary is slipping away slowly but enjoys her meals. Tom said the Geraldton area had fared better than others with the winter rains and the crops were looking good.

For WA it has been our second lowest winter rainfall ever and many of our farmers are in absolute drought conditions, such are the problems of farming.

One cannot help admire the spirit of our widowed ladies who battle on after losing their loved one. They are a very special group.

God Bless you All.

J Carey

In memory of all the 'Ringers' (Stockmen) that had fought in WW2. This poem was written by Land Bombardier, Sydney Kelly and published in the Australian Women's Weekly on 12 October, 1940. The poem was widely published and hangs on many walls of old western homesteads.

THE RINGERS FROM THE WEST

They have finished now with riding
Down the lonely cattle trails
They are through with swapping stories
Watching riders from the rails.

And the moleskins and the leggings
That were sweaty, old and torn
Are discarded for the glory
Of a khaki uniform.

They won't be drafting bullocks
For many days to come
And the noise of rushing cattle
Will yield to roaring gun.

And those nights spent by the camp
fire
In the stock camp near the yard
Will just be pleasant memories
To a ringer doing guard.

They are using now a field gun
Where they once just used the reins
And they're marching and they're
drilling
Getting cusses for their pains.

But they know the job's worth doing
And so they give their best
They are No.1 good fellows
Are the ringers from the West.

And when they're cold and hungry
Sitting, shivering like lost souls
There will come some fragrant
memories
Of grilling rib bones on the coals.

With a damper in the ashes
And a quart pot full of tea
And the black boys hobbling horses
Singing native songs of glee.

And when the war is over
And the bugler calls no more.
Then the ringers will be moving
To a southern tropic shore.

And as the sky grows crimson
Beneath the setting sun
You will see each ringer heading
For a distant cattle run.

Sydney Kelly

BIRTHDAY BOYS

Harry Handicott	July 4 th	88
George Greenhalgh	6 th	90
Tom Yates	21 st	90
John Southwell	27 th	87
Tom Foster	August 1 st	90
Jack Hanson	10 th	89
Russ Blanch	23 rd	89
Fred Otway	September 3 rd	90
Doug Dixon	8 th	89

A Happy Birthday to you All!!

COURIER DONATIONS

Karen Ainsworth, Tom Foster, Arthur
and Audrey Marshall.

TRUST FUND

Jack Carey \$1,000.

W A MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE

Our 61st Annual Commemoration Service
will be held in Lovekin Drive, Kings Park
on Sunday 21st November, 2010.

The service commences at 3.00pm.

Members are requested to wear their War Medals.

Members and Friends are asked to make a special effort to attend.

DON'T FORGET NOW

After the service Afternoon Tea will be provided at
'The House', Seaward Avenue, Swanbourne from 4.00pm – 5.30pm.

OUR XMAS LUNCHEON

Will be held at the Goodearth Hotel, 198 Adelaide Terrace

On

Friday 3rd December, 2010.

Drinks from: 11.30am. Luncheon: 12.30pm

HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE

Archer Trust Students



Festival Dancers Dili





Fatunaba Memorial - April 2000

(L-R) Tom Foster, Paddy Kenneally, Bob Smyth, Bart Mavrick, Ray Aitken, John Burrridge, Keith Hayes