



White over Green

MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE 2/4 INFANTRY BATTALION ASSOCIATION

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Periodical, Category "A".
PATRON: Major-General Sir Ivan Dougherty, C.B.E., D.S.O. & BAR, E.D., B.Ec.

29th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Vol. 29, No. 12

PRICE 15c PER COPY

DECEMBER, 1974

PRESIDENT: Harry Gjedsted, B.E.M., 2/25 Mona Rd., Darling Pt., N.S.W. 2027. **Phones:** 276350 (Bus.); 323977 (A.H.)
VICE-PRESIDENTS—Senior: Bill MacLennan, 2 Amaroo Avenue, Castle Cove 2069. **Phone:** Sydney 406-4927.
Northern N.S.W.: Esca Riordan, 36 Cameron Street, West Kempsey, N.S.W. 2440. **Phone:** Kempsey 62-4671.
Southern N.S.W.: Tim West, "Yarrabundah", Cowra, N.S.W. 2794. **Phone:** Chiverton 42-9240.
Queensland: Tom Provians, 65 Foxton Street, Morningside, Q'land 4170. **Phone:** Brisb. 95-4181
South Australia: Peter Denver, "Wyndgate", Hindmarsh Island, Box 51 Goolwa, S.A. **Phone:** Goolwa 552252.
Victoria: Claude Raymond, 92 Rose Street, West Coburg, Vic. 3058. **Phone:** Melbourne 35-1145.
COMMITTEE: P. Cade, C. Chrystal, J. Copland, J. Dooley, R. Faulder, E. Fox, J. Meehan, H. Wright.
SECRETARY: Athol Heath, 5 Akora Street, French's Forest 2086. **Phone:** 451-4466. **Assistant Sec.:** Dick Morris.
TREASURER: Allen Lindsay, 21A Mirral Road, Caringbah 2229. **Phone:** 524-1937.
WELFARE OFFICERS: John Copland, 117 Charles Street, Ryde 2112. **Phone:** 80-3771.
Dick Faulder, 68 Phillip Road, Ryde 2112. **Phone:** 80-1820.
EDITOR: Dick Morris, 1115 Victoria Road, West Ryde 2114. **Phone:** 20922 Ext. 2296.
COLUMNIST: Jim "Cock" Robin, 20 Adderstone Avenue, North Sydney 2060—Author of "Cock's" Column.

JANUARY MEETING: Friday, 24th January

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING: Friday, 28th February

8 P.M.

Gallipoli Memorial Club

12-14 Loftus St., Sydney

A Merry Christmas

To all members, their families and their friends—

Greetings

especially remembering our war widows and the sons and daughters
—and grandchildren—of our late members.

Our Patron, Sir Ivan, and Lady Dougherty, together with President Harry and the Committee, expressed the wish that all members thoroughly enjoy this essentially "family and friends" season—for we are a large and pretty close-knit family, joined in comradeship of such long-standing that we may well look forward, God willing, to many more Festive Seasons as a "family".

"W.O.G." Greetings

May I, as Editor, take this opportunity to extend to all readers, especially the "special" mates and families, best wishes for the Festive Season from myself and family.

Special mention to our dear "Cock" Robin, columnist supreme (move over Jim "Mac"); Bill & Gwen MacLennan and their "happy wrappers"; our good printing friend, Joe Hanna; and all contributors to W.O.G.—and the "customers"—for without such, we would be out of business.

If this may be taken as Greetings to those to whom I normally send cards, it would be appreciated—and I'm prepared that reciprocal Greetings can be "taken as read".

I am most busy with family, "W.O.G." and "Galipoli Gazette" and haven't sent a card as yet!

Merry Christmas to all.

DICK MORRIS.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

1975 Subscriptions to the Association are due by the 31st December.

Members are urged to continue the wonderful support they have given over the years, by sending along their **\$6 (\$1 subscription, \$5 for W.O.G.)**.

This is important:

Due to bulk postage regulations it is vital that members renew membership by the due date so that W.O.G. will be going to 90% (minimum) subscribing members with no more than 10% "free list".

The free list should need only comprise our war widows, T.P.I.'s, good friends of the Association, and to those unit associations who reciprocate by sending us copies of their publications.

NEWCASTLE GATHERING

Following the numerous inquiries made at Young as to when the Newcastle Group were having another Dinner Dance at Tattersalls' Club, a night has been arranged for Saturday, 18th January, 1975.

Although this is not a reunion, we would be pleased to see anyone who would care to make the trip.

However, for booking and accommodation arrangements, could you advise any of the Newcastle boys as soon as possible.

Bill White—phone Newcastle 43 4134.

TOPICAL TAMWORTH

Nick Allardice was good enough to ring recently to speak on his sojourn in hospital and the wonderful way he was taken care of by the late Eric Lilliebridge's daughter, Sister Bernadette Lilliebridge, of Tamworth Hospital.

He reported the unfortunate death of Bill McGinnitty, who sailed with the main North Coast "Mob".

As it was a private funeral, Nick was unable to attend, but he conveyed his and the Association's condolences to Bill's family.

Nick often sees George Sugden, Dave ("Mournie") Peters and also "Snow" Lovelec. (Not "Bint", who is no longer with us.)

Allen Lindsay can expect a cheque from Nick shortly for subs., badges and car stickers. (Any more customers?)

Nick also rang Dick Latimer and was pleased to find "our Richard" about and active again.

We should see Nick's smiling face early in the New Year—something to look forward to, Nick old mate.

Thanks for all the news—both happy and sad—for we have to take the bitter with the sweet.

GENTLEMAN JIM—No. 1

Your Editor's No. 1 son, Rick, reported to Dad that Jim Graham, Canterbury Rugby Union Club's No. 1 barracker, has been elected No. 1 Life Member of that Club.

Congratulations, Jim. We'll have a beer on that next season.

"NAUTICAL" NEWS

Keith ("Sailor") Harvey has been doing a little liaison work now that he is retired.

He has recently managed to have a convivial yarn with Joe Rognini, who is now living at Harbord; Danny Karange, Coogee area; and Freddie "Blutso" Hudson, now at Jannali.

A cheerio to Joe, Danny and Fred, and a "thank you" to "Sailor" for passing on the news.

WELFARE

Nick Allardice of Tamworth is recovering from an operation, carried out at Tamworth Hospital, where he was in the excellent hands of Sister Lilliebridge, daughter of the late Eric, of the Bn.

Nick rang your editor to order badges and stickers, and he was full of praise for Bernadette for the way she looked after him.

Nick also passed on news of Bill McGinnitty's death.

LAST POST

NX46959 W. J. (Bill) McGINNITTY

NX47381 LEWIS LLOYD LEMON

ISOBEL NELSON-SLEE

Lewis Lloyd Lemon was a member of our Unit and well-known to our George Mitchell of Newcastle, who sailed with him on the "Queen Elizabeth" to the Middle East in 1941 as reinforcements to the Bat-

talion. George had met Lewis several times since their discharge.

A party of 5 was struck by a car outside the Baptist Church at Stroud on the night of November the 2nd, and we understand Lewis was killed instantly. Another member of the party died at a later date.

Lewis was 72 years of age, and prior to his retirement worked as a linesman with the Shortland County Council. He lived at Booral.

I have extended our Association's sincere sympathies to Joyce Lemon and to other members of the family.

JIM SHERRITT.

Vale Lewis

Farrer House,
24 Collins Street,
Melbourne, 3000.
22nd November, 1974.

Dear Mr. Morris,

I am writing on behalf of my wife who is the next of kin of the late Mrs. Isobel Nelson-Slee of South West Rocks, Via Kempsey, N.S.W.

As you may know, her husband was an ex-member of your Battalion and she has maintained an interest in the Association since his death.

This is to let you know that she died last week.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely,
GRAHAM W. COOPER,
M.B., B.S.(Melb.),
M.R.C.P.(Lond.), F.R.A.C.P.

Vale Isobel

Leo Lynch is in Grafton Hospital following a heart attack, but doing OK.

Jack Heaney reports Ted Harris, of Cowra, is in Ward 510, Concord Hospital. Ted would like visitors.

COCK'S COLUMN

November meeting: **Harry Gjedsted, Athol Heath, Dick Morris, John Meehan, Dick Pinson, Ken Webb, Stan Bowen, Harry Wright, George Stack, Dick Faulder, Ces Chrystal, Ted Fox, Harry Silver, Ron Barber, "Sailor" Harvey, John Copland, Ted Hopkins, Ces "Slim" Powers, and myself.**

I was pleased to see **John Copland** there, up and about again. Like myself, John is recently out of hospital.

Was also pleased to see **Ted Hopkins** at the meeting. Hope to see you more often Ted, and that you'll be a regular.

I was hoping to get some news for the Column from the boys who had been at the Young Reunion, but no luck, only from one, **Ken Webb**, who had met **L. Annis-Brown** (NX5841) whom he had not seen for years. Thanks Ken.

Am pleased to hear of you again, **L. Annis-Brown**, please write, and let me know your Christian name, and where you are, and of any other 2/4ers in your area, or any you know of.

In the last W.O.G. (October), I made a request to those who had attended the Reunion, to write me news. Only two have done so. The first letter was from **Bob Jackson, Wagga**. The second was from **Jim Sherritt, Charlestown (Newcastle)**. So sincere thanks to you, Bob and Jim.

Bob and Enid's letter from Wagga: They were sorry to know that I had been in hospital, wished me a speedy recovery to the best of health again. (The letter will be printed in Mail Bag).

Just some brief pars. Bob writes: "I see the local 2/4ers very rarely. I see **Perce Dallas'** son, **John**, often at St. Paul's C. of E."

Bob will be going up to Tarcutta R.S.L. on 29th to honour **Stan Blacksley's** Presentation of Life Membership. Congratulations Stan, wishing you all the best.

Bob was sorry to read of **Johnny Jordan's** passing, but was pleased to hear that **Dick Latimer** is up and doing again. So thank you, Bob and Enid, for your very nice letter.

Bob also comments on "what a good job Ces Powers did of 'writing it up'".

Very nice letter from **Jim Sherritt**, 26 Mulbinga Street, Charlestown, 2290.

"Dear Robin, Pleased you are out of hospital now and on the mend again. Sorry you were not well enough to make the Young Reunion.

"Am enclosing some local news for your Column.

"**Alf Carpenter, Cliff Curran, John Rae and Jim Sherritt** attended the 2/1st Field Regiment's annual dinner on the first of November at the United Services Club as guests of their Association. There was a very good roll-up, with quite a few from Sydney.

"It was interesting to discuss with some of the originals the happenings on Mt. Carmel when we were associated with them as XY Regiment on the 3.7 A.A. under the direction of the British 28th Battery Royal Artillery.

"**Jim ("Stumpy") Wright** is still not well and was unable to attend our November get-together at the Adamstown R.S.L. Club.

"**Bill ("Bully") Hayes** is still overseas visiting daughter Alicia, and son-in-law Richard.

"**Big Ernie Bowdidge**, now retired from Newstan Colliery, has sold his home at Toronto and has built a new home at Ravenshoe in Queensland, which climate apparently is agreeing with his rheumatic condition."

Thank you sincerely, Jim, for your kind remarks, information, and writing to me. Robin.

Hi to **Alf Carpenter, Cliff Curran and John Rae**. You got a mention in Jim Sherritt's letter, how about writing one of your own, each, please.

To **Jim ("Stumpy") Wright**: I am sorry to read that you are not enjoying the best of health, Jim. Sincerely hoping that things will go better for you in the future.

To **Ernie Bowdidge**: So you are going up North, Ernie, joining the banana benders? Ravenshoe—I think that's the last station on that line, past Wondecla, am I right? Write from there Ern.

"COCK" ROBIN.

THE COSTA RICA (Cont.)

Readers are reminded that this article by the Editor of "FIRST POST" (Association of First Battalions) was commenced in the November issue.

"A HERITAGE IS GIVEN"

by Ian Allan, M.P. (S.M.H. 25-4-69)

Beyond the roll call of mighty deeds recalled by old soldiers each Anzac Day lie deep layers of events which are too personal, or too fragmentary, to be related as anecdotes.

Yet these were the events, the episodes, and the incidents that formed the fabric of the Anzac spirit. They were the background to heroism in two world wars, and to the wars in Korea and Vietnam.

It is impossible to measure the flavour of Anzac unless one first understands the nature of these memory-locked events.

Let us take as an example the experience of some soldiers who spent Anzac Day, 1941, on the beach at Kalamata in the south of Greece. Their trucks had been smashed with sledge-hammers, and these veterans of the Libyan and Greek campaigns now lay among the bamboos waiting for nightfall.

Very late that night they surged up into the "Costa Rica", a passenger ship from the South American run. Ropes were strung across the ship to mount machine-guns (fortunately a machine-gun unit was aboard), and all ammunition was collected from the troops below for use on deck. Every space was packed with soldiers, but those fortunate enough to bed down in the saloon found themselves looking up at another crowded saloon bordered all round by balustrades, and beyond that to a wide leadlight dome. The upper section contained a grand piano and opened out to the deck.

The Stukas attacked before dawn, while the ship was within easy range. They continued their raids at short intervals, each sortie being heralded throughout the ship by the combined blast of klaxon buzzers. Then the guns would fire—a chattering roar from scores of small arms—the Stukas would circle overhead, peeling off to make their screaming runs, and the bombs would fall into the sea.

It could only be a matter of time for the "Costa Rica". Yet, incredibly the barrage of small arms fire continued, hour after hour, fending off disaster and bringing down some of the attackers.

In the midst of this drama, those soldiers who stood filling the upper and lower saloons were entertained and led by a pianist . . . a soldier pianist—who knows who this virtuoso was?

He sat at the piano throughout that chaotic day, playing and replaying the songs the troops loved. And the men sang.

And when the klaxon sounded, he would break off in mid-verse to swing into "And the captain's name was Captain Brown, And he played his ukelele as the ship went down". Bedlam would break loose on deck, followed by wild and excited cheers. And the piano would pick up again. The sight and the sound were infinitely stirring. Old panelled walls, gilded mirrors, fine furnishings—tired, dirty, brave young men—the intoxicating compound of danger, comradeship, and tinkling music.

An event—an incident—that ended as happily as it could. The last bomb of the last Stuka hit the stern of the "Costa Rica". The ship sank in comfort and quiet. The soldiers escaped with their lives—and their memories.

Charles Golding's letter was published four days later and I quote from it:—"Our battalion was on the 'Costa Rica' during the evacuation of Greece in 1941 and took part in that dramatic day.

"Mr. Allan tells of a virtuoso pianist who played the grand piano in the ship's saloon and wonders who he was. He was Sergeant John N. Pritchett of our battalion who, during his long service with 2/1 Battalion, was an eternal source of entertainment whenever he could get near a piano.

"Today Mr. Pritchett lives at St. Ives, and hasn't lost this wonderful gift. He is also one of Sydney's most prominent yachtsmen.

"Charles W. Golding, Beauty Point."

My Old Man's A Bowler

My old man's a leader,
He plays without a hitch
He puts one on the kitty,
Then the other in the ditch.

My old man's a second
He likes to have a whack
He goes up for position
But he always shifts the jack.

My old man's a third
He always likes to swank,
He told the skipper what to do
And now he's on the bank.

My old man's a skipper,
There's nothing he can't do,
But when he goes to pennants
He always downs a few.

My old man's a selector,
He hasn't got a friend,
He's got a stomach full of ulcers,
And he's nearly round the bend.

My old man's a bowler,
He's got a heart of gold,
And when he gives up bowling
I'll know he's getting old.

"BY A LADY BOWLER".

(From Earlwood-Bardwell Park's "THE DRUM".)

* * *

From John Copland:

Men are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.
Charles Colton.

* * *

From John Copland:

A slip of the foot may soon be recovered; but that of the tongue—never.

Thomas Fuller.