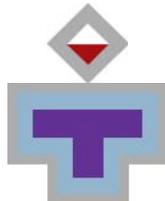


**The Furphy Flyer in Mufti.**



**I HOLD FAST**

Official Organ of the 2/24 Australian Infantry Battalion Association Inc.

**Webb Page <http://2-24.battalion.org.au>**

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**COMING EVENTS FOR 2009**

**2/24<sup>th</sup>'s Shrine Pilgrimage – Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> October, 2.00pm  
(Assemble 1.30pm)**

*(see inside for further details)*

**9<sup>th</sup> Division's Shrine Service, Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> October**

*(see inside for further details)*

**Wangaratta Weekend Reunion, 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> & 8<sup>th</sup> November**

*(see inside for further details)*

**Australian War Memorial, Canberra - Dedication Service, 26<sup>th</sup> November**

*(see inside for further details)*

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***Vale***

David R Barnes

SX33156

19 July 2009

Rex Campbell

Norma Ives

20 March 2009

Lesley Hawke

18 April 2009

Nancy Thyme

14 May 2009

Val Wilson

26 June 2009

All members of the 2/24<sup>th</sup> Battalion Association offer their deepest sympathy and understanding to those bereaved by the passing of members of the Association.

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**As we go to print today, it is with great shock and sorrow that we announce the sudden passing of our dear friend and hard working colleague, Michael Oakley, our wonderful Secretary; our love to Marg and family.**

## Letters to our Secretary and President

From **Pam Evans** of Bli Bli QLD. Pam is the daughter of the late Ray Ferrier .....

Dear Alan, really enjoy the Furphy Flyer in Mufti, very interesting articles. Also at times recognize names that have been heard when I was young.

We have a grandson in year 11 extremely keen to enter the services. He is hoping to go to ADFA.

I do hope your health is as good as it can be. Special thoughts and best wishes to you.

*Thanks for your note and support Pam.*

From **Jack Hunter** of Baldhills QLD. Jack is the Sate Secretary/Treasurer of ROTA Queensland.....

Dear Michael, I thought you would like to read our journal from up here in Qld. We are still fairly active at present although a bit less in numbers due to age.

I read your recent newsletter which I received from Mrs Lyle Johnson, wife of our late President Ron, of the 2/24<sup>th</sup>. Wishing you well.

*Thanks for your note and newsletter Jack. Our best wishes to you and your members.*

From **Diana Wymond** of Sorrento .....

Please find enclosed subscriptions and a donation. Michael and I will be in Wangaratta in November and look forward to the weekend. Thank you for the 'Furphy Flyer', we like to hear all the news.

*Thanks Diana, your donation is very much appreciated.*

From **Jack and Ellen Webb** of Maffra .....

Dear Michael, I wish to advise that we have moved into our new residence at Stretton Park Hostel. At age 91 and 90 it's time for us to be cared for.

Thanks for your services and the good work you do. As an old 13 Platoon C company man I know our mates are few. I look forward to receiving the 'Furphy Flyer'

*Nice to hear from you Jack. We wish you and Ellen our very best wishes with the move.*

From **Andrew Finlay** of Morven NSW .....

Please find enclosed a cheque for subs. I always enjoy reading the 'Furphy Flyer' and the contributions that are put into it.

The ANZAC Day march coverage on television was so good to watch with the representation from the 2/24<sup>th</sup> Battalion. It was such a fine effort for those able to march and attend, and with Alan Macfarlane leading the 9<sup>th</sup> Division.

*I agree with you Andrew. The Battalion and the 9<sup>th</sup> Division were very well represented by the men of the 2/24<sup>th</sup> and their relatives. Thank you for your letter and your support.*

From **Nance Ongley** of Mortlake.....

I have just received my Battalion newsletter and noticed that you require numbers wishing to attend the Wangaratta weekend. I was disappointed last year as I had to cancel, because of no driver, so have made certain of one this year.

Hoping that all is falling into place with all the arrangements, please pass on my regards to all the 2/24<sup>th</sup> members.

*We look forward to seeing you and your family at Wangaratta. Thanks Nance.*

From **Fred Pratt** of the Library at ANZAC House. Fred has an enquiry about a word used by 2/24<sup>th</sup> Italian Prisoner of War, James McCracken, VX45756, who was writing to his Dad.

Dear Michael, the letter is as follows :

'My Dear Pop,

Just a line to tell you that I will not see you again as I am going to be shot by the Fascists in Varallo in the morning. Would you let Mrs Beggs know what has happened to me please. Also, I left my **aloppo**(??) with Phyllis at Ballarat. You can do what you like with it now. I hope that you are all well just at present so give my love to all the Beggs also Gwen and my girlfriend Phyllis and hoping that she will be happy without me there with her. I am with two English boys and they are going with me. How is Melbourne? I suppose it is just as bad as ever. Lots of love to you all...Goodbye.'

James McCracken, along with two Englishmen, was duly shot on the 16/4/1944 at Varallo.

"aloppo" probably has something to do with payments or wages or suchlike. But it would be good to know for sure; any help you can provide would be appreciated.

Kind regards.

*James was shot because he was caught and arrested in civilian clothes. A terribly sad letter which must have been devastating for the family to receive. A letter which stirs your emotions 65 years later.*

*In the May issue of the "Furphy Flyer" Sherry Radman wrote asking about a book on Jungle Warfare that she remembered from her childhood. I'm not exactly sure which book she meant but I was able to locate some books that were published in 1943, 1944 and 1945 called Khaki and Green, Jungle Warfare and Stand Easy. These publications consisted of contributions from soldiers about their day to day experiences of Army life during the War. In this issue I have included a few selections from these books.*

### **This washing business. (from Khaki and Green, 1943)**

Before they joined the Army most men thought that clothes washed themselves. They had some hazy idea that a lot of soiled socks, and dirty towels and things had to be tipped out of a basket, that a copper had to be boiled, soapsuds had to fly, and that sheets and shirts and things would flap about on lines.

They knew that on Mondays the lady of the house was usually astir early, and that in the evenings she looked a bit tired; but the washing itself just seemed to happen like the illumination from an electric light bulb, the ring from a telephone bell, the voice from a radio, or the gravy on roast beef.

This mystic rite of clothes ablution was as foreign to eighty per cent of Australian men as the language of Lapland. To most it came as a pretty big shock when they had to set to, without any preliminary instruction from N.C.Os (who were probably in the same boat), and try to wash a shirt or a sock, or even a handkerchief. As time went on they became a little proficient of course, and by the time most of them were drafted off to battle areas they knew a little of what should be known about washing clothes.

All the same it seems strange that the Army has never published an F.S.P.B. (this means Field Service Pocket Book, but that's too much of a mouthful) on the subject "Clothes—Washing of in Military Camps and (or) on Active Service. Parts I, II, III with amendments. (Revised July 1943)", for there are many things about washing a shirt that a soldier could be told about without making him blush, even if he does read all the soap ads.

How many chaps know, for instance, that the longer you soak a shirt, or a pair of K.D. trousers, the longer you keep your mates from using the wash bucket and the smellier the clothes get? One chap in my tent actually soaks his clothes for six days, then lets them hang to dry for one day, and wears them on the next day only; Official issue in this area is two shirts and two KD trousers only per man – so you can see what a problem he sets for himself and everybody else.

Another soldier in the same tent is almost as bad—he soaks his clothes for about ten minutes, lets them hang to dry for the next half day, and wears them for the next six days! Meanwhile there's a shortage of tubs, water, and soap in the camp, and here I've seen big robust men, with arms like the legs of mutton you see in butchers' advertisements, trying to wash their socks by pouring drips of water from their two pint bottles, and attempting to lather up with a tooth brush and shaving soap.

During the wet season it is a common sight in inland camps of Northern Territory to see chaps washing their clothes (and themselves at the same time) out in the rain. Usually the bore water is so hard that it's almost impossible to get a lather up.

Batmen are always men to be envied, and yet pitied, by their fellow common soldiers, when it comes to a clothes-washing viewpoint. The chances they have of missing parades, getting tit-bits of food, drink, and travel are often very enticing; but once you've watched a batman doing his daily strafe on a heap of officers' washing (in forward areas one man often "bats" for three or four officers) you realize he is a man with a lot of patience, a lot of soap, and probably not much hope.

He is often despised by other privates who pretend to be disgusted with him, when actually they are envious—not of his "batting" ability, but of his prowess at washing garments under all sorts of conditions.

Show me a man who can wash three or four shorts and shirts, five or six K.D. trousers, eight or ten pairs of socks, double the quantity of handkerchiefs, and even an odd pair of underpants—show me the man who can wash these in the teeth of a sun-scorched south-east breeze, with its billows of choking dust, and its spattering of grass and twigs, and other debris of a Northern Territory military camp, to blow all over the wet clothes!

I really don't want to see such a man, but I still say "Show him to me" just to make me feel that all heroes are not in the front line by any means (even though some of them are out of it for the same reason). Ah no! An officer is rarely a hero to his batman, but a batman is never a hero to anybody.

In the wet season his washing worries are even more so, for 'tis then that he finds great difficulty in getting the clothes dry, and if he doesn't get 'em dry the mildew forms all over them and the officers

go crook. This is an officer's privilege, of course, but it doesn't make the batman feel any better, and certainly doesn't get the washing dry, or help the war effort in any way whatever.

Systems, or methods of washing in the Army are of infinite variety (I think Shakespeare used that term but it's still tops). Here are just a few styles:

1. Stand naked under the shower and wash to your heart's content. (Only possible where water is plentiful and showers are not too cold or too crowded.)
2. Soak clothes in washing powder and rinse two days later. (Only possible where enough buckets or tubs are on hand.)
3. Scrub clothes vigorously with aid of hard brush and curse when buttons fly off. (This method often causes heated protests from other soldiers as dirty water gets swept into next man's wash tub, or even into his face.)
4. Swill clothes for long period in soapsuds, rinse very lightly, and hang up sopping wet. (This is a waste of time in dusty areas but still very popular.)
5. Tear the dirty clothing to ribbons and apply at Q store for new ones. (Only possible where there's a new, or troppo Q.-M. man, and even then it's generally impossible.)

Most chaps wash in the day time, but I've even known some to wash at midnight—but never during a mess period or while writing letters to their girls. But no matter how, when, or where (or what) they wash, one and all of them will agree that it's a job they would rather not have to do. Yes sir! Most Australian men know a lot more about washing clothes now than they used to, but even though they still have a lot to learn about the finer points, they would rather not be taught.

If there is one thing these chaps appreciate more than another, when their hands are all over soap and there's a heck of a lot of rinsing out ahead of them, it is the woman's hands who used to do their washing in pre-war days, and which will probably do it in the days to come. VX69200.

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A woman walks into the local Centrelink office, trailed by 13 kids.

"Wow" says the social worker, "Are they all yours?"

"Yes, they're all mine" said the flustered mother, having heard that question a thousand times.

She turns to the children and says "Sit down Francis", and all the children rush to find a seat.

The social worker is impressed, "Well I suppose you're here to sign up for benefits. I'll need all your children's names".

"Well we keep it simple, the boys are all named 'Francis' and the girls are all named 'Frances'."

In disbelief the case worker asks, "Are you serious? They're all named Francis?"

The mother replied, "Yes, it makes it easier when its time to get them out of bed and ready for school. I yell, 'Francis'. And when its time for dinner, I just yell 'Francis' and they all come running. And if I need to stop one from running into the street, I just yell 'Francis' and all of them stop. It's the smartest idea I ever had, naming them all Francis."

The social worker thinks this over for a bit, then wrinkles her forehead and says tentatively, "But what if you just want ONE of your children to come, and not the whole bunch?"

"Then I call them by their last names."

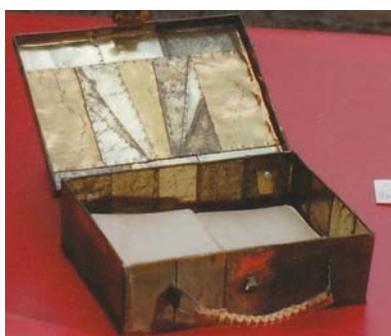
- 
- Is Marx's tomb a communist plot?
  - If the world was a logical place, men would ride horses side-saddle.

*The following anecdotes were sent in by our good friend Eric Edwards. Thanks Eric.*

While I was a POW in the Italian camp at Gruppignano (P.G. 57), I met a chap (I think that his name was Anstis but he was not a member of the 2/24<sup>th</sup>) who became very adept at making articles with empty tins from Red Cross food parcels. His specialties seemed to be suit cases and food tins. The suit cases were approx. the size and shape of a normal suit case while the food tins were about 15" x 15" x 12", with lids, and used in which to store food and to keep out any mice.

I went to him one day and asked him if he would make for me a small tin case which would contain a foolscap sized sheet of paper folded in half, so that I could carry it around my neck and thus leave my hands free to carry blankets or such like.

He made such a case for me made entirely from empty tins from Red Cross food parcels except for the handle which contained twine from around Red Cross food parcels, a piece of cellophane, two small pieces of leather and two small pieces of wire. Its size was 8 3/4" x 6 3/4" x 2 3/4". I brought it home with me, see photo. You may keep the photo if you wish but I am not prepared to loan the tin case to anyone although I am willing to show it to anyone who cares to call in here and would like to see it.



As you are seeking anecdotes maybe the following will be of interest. It happened early in 1941 while the Battalion was stationed at Dimra, which was about 3 miles north of Gaza in Palestine (now Israel). I was in C Company headquarters and Captain Frank Budge was the company commander of C Company.

Captain Budge decided to have a night exercise to test his company and to see how the men were coming along. He allocated an area of the nearby sands for each platoon and company headquarters and his plan was that the company would march out at 8 o'clock and each platoon and company H Q would go to its allotted area and post sentries which would be changed at hourly intervals. Between 6.00 am and 7.00 am (dawn) the entire company was to "Stand To" i.e. to be in absolute readiness in case of a dawn attack (a very favoured time) by an imaginary enemy.

The company duly assembled at 8.00 p.m., moved out and took up the allotted positions.

At 7.15 a.m the next day, as it was becoming very cold standing still, the company sergeant major said, "It's very cold standing here, it's a quarter past seven and the "Stand To" is officially over, let's have a game of leapfrog to keep warm. We did and he joined in.

In the meantime, Captain Budge had begun his tour of inspection beginning with the platoons and he wasn't very pleased with the result. In one platoon, the men were sitting around a fire, in another, some had their rifles piled, while the third, who were supposed to be watching for an enemy, did not even notice his approach. Feeling disgusted and none too happy about the "tactical exercise", he said to his runner, "Come on! Let's go and inspect company headquarters, they're sure to be all right."

And they were! Happily playing leapfrog on the skyline. He could hardly believe his eyes and he was so speechless over the incident that he had to send his second-in-command along to reprimand us. The sergeant major took the blame and the company commander had a good laugh afterwards.

Later that morning two or three men appeared before Captain Budge because they had not taken part in the exercise. Captain Budge asked one of them why he had not appeared on parade at 8 o'clock the previous evening to march out with the rest of the company.

"I did come along, sir, but I was a few minutes late and I found the company had gone." "Well, and what did you do then?" asked Captain Budge, apparently expecting him to say he had made some effort to follow the company, but he replied, "I staggered back to the canteen, sir." I leave these two items of memorabilia with you to do with them as you please. With kind regards and best wishes, Eric.

---

### **Sleep (from *Jungle Warfare*, edition 1944)**

Did you ever consider in how many positions it is possible to sleep? One can sleep on a stretcher, or in a hay stack, on the beach or in a meadow, but to experience *all* the unusual forms of sleep, one has to join the Army. We have slept on the ground, with a rock for a pillow and stars for blankets. We have also slept in mud with torrential rain for eiderdown.

I recall the occasion when we left on a short bivouac in nice, warm weather, in our summer outfits and with one blanket for each man, ran into a snowstorm and spent the night like Eskimos—under the snow.

I shall never forget how grateful we were to our Brigadier, who, back in camp, stood sentry duty for four hours outside the showers and kept everybody away, to conserve the hot water for us. He was to my knowledge the only brig. in the whole history of the A.I.F. to do that.

I am blessed in a very special way—I can sleep under any circumstances. I have slept under the one blanket and a couple of inches of snow. I have also slept in the back of a three-ton truck, driven at twenty miles per hour across country at night, with the lights out.

Sleeping in a tent I consider an unnecessary luxury. But even I have come a cropper once, and under very unusual circumstances.

After sleeping for eight months under the skies or under a truck, depending on circumstances, we were glad to be given tents. We slept like lords. Six men per tent and no rain down your neck. And then some higher authority decided that we must have palliasses and straw. Ten pounds of straw per man.

The camp was in an uproar. The two-up game was cancelled. The wet canteen was neglected. Everybody got ready to go to sleep at 7 p.m.

And then it happened. The unbelievable—nay, the impossible—happened. We could not sleep. Not on account of the straw or the palliasse, but because a few grains of sand managed to find their way into our blankets. We, who previously did not mind half-a-dozen centipedes or rocks, could not sleep.

Eventually I got used to disregarding a few grains of sand in conjunction with straw and palliasse and slept just as well as ever, but my pride is deflated. I still consider myself an authority on sleep, but I do it very modestly and do not proclaim the fact as I used to, once upon a time. VX61400

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- Protons have mass? I didn't even know they were Catholic
- If swimming is so good for your figure, how do you explain whales?
- They told me I was gullible... and I believed them.
- Is there another word for synonym?
- All I want is a chance to prove that money can't make me happy.
- Two can live as cheaply as one, for half as long.]
- What if there were no hypothetical questions?

## **Troopship (from Stand Easy, 1945)**

It is Sunday night and the air vent is blowing above my head. The air smells of smoke from the funnel, but it is cool and makes the sweat on my body feel like tiny droplets of ice water.

I am down in the hold and it is hot. The air that hangs in a layer across the floor is hot and smelly and damp. As it gets higher and passes the bunks, still in layers, it loses the dampness and gathers within itself more heat from the electric-light bulbs.

It is a troopship hold and everywhere there is gear. Packs hang from the roof and rifles hang from the packs and life-jackets hang from the rifles. And between the hanging gear there are men: men lying in rows, in lines, banked up on the canvas bunks, naked, half-naked, sweating.

It is hot in the hold and I am right under the air vent. I am smoking when I should not be smoking.

Around me, among the gear and the smelly air that changes every fifteen minutes, the men try to rest. They can't sleep. They just lie with their eyes closed against the electric lights. The lights are hot and they are on all night. Some of the men have their heads shaved. I always think that it only makes it easier for the mosquitoes. I don't believe in helping mosquitoes.

I am hot and I am right underneath the blower. There is a man underneath me and another underneath him. The bottom man must be hot. He is lying on his back, naked, one leg hanging over the side resting on the dirty floor.

The engines make the hold throb and the ship rolls gently. It is raining on a calm sea and it is that fine, soft rain that makes little holes where it hits the water. This is another troopship, a different one from last time, yet somehow it is the same, yet somehow different. It is Sunday night and we are going to New Britain.

Now and again something seems to creak in the gentle roll; it may be the ironwork of the hold. And up on deck, above the for'ard hatch, some men are singing. The sound of their voices comes down and mixes with the heat and wanders around the hold. They are singing hymns.

Every now and then somebody moves down between the rows of bunks and lying men. Then there is the clicking of steel on steel as they climb the stairs to the deck. Every now and then somebody comes back.

A man down on the end bunk says, "As if it isn't bad enough being down here without having to listen to that singing going on up top." Somebody else says, "Let's start a jive session in opposition."

Then the singing stops and the man on the end bunk calls out, "More, more. Give us number twenty-five."

The men are stirring, some of them are sitting up. Over at the back near the steps a man says, "I was just having a dream and I dreamed that the ship was sinking." The man down on the end bunk has a towel over his head to keep the light from his eyes and from under the towel he is calling, "Number twenty-five." Opposite me a bunch of men are arguing about politics.

One of them says, "Me, I am definitely a hammer-and-sickle merchant myself. Definitely a red man."

Another, over against the steel side of the ship tells them, "I am a capitalist."

"Garn, you ain't got no money."

"Like hell I ain't," says the capitalist. "I got six hundred quid in property."

"Gawd, I got that much in deferred pay. Almost."

"You gotta have brains to be a capitalist."

"Like hell. They say brains is beat by boloney every time. I got more boloney than any two men."

And the ship is hardly rolling and it is hot. Down in the hold it is always night-time, or day-time, you can't tell which. There are always the light bulbs and the men lying on their bunks huddled, sticky with sweat, uncomfortable.

Up on deck they sing "Count your many blessings, count them one by one."

It is Sunday night. NX73132

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Here's a one-question IQ Test to help you decide how you should spend the rest of your day.....

There is a mute who wants to buy a toothbrush.

By imitating the action of brushing one's teeth, he successfully expresses himself to the shopkeeper and the purchase is done.

Now, if there is a blind man who wishes to buy a pair of sunglasses, how should he express himself?

*Answer on next Page*

**Answer :** He opens his mouth and says. "I would like to buy a pair of Sunglasses." If you got this wrong, please take the rest of the day off and relax with a cup of tea, coffee or whisky.

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**Magazines have been received from the following units and read with pleasure.**

- Tobruk House News                      Rats of Tobruk Association
  - ROTA                                         Rats of Tobruk Association, NSW Branch
  - Tobruk Truth                                Rats of Tobruk Association, QLD Branch
  - Dial Sight                                    2/7 Aust Field Regiment Social and Welfare Club.
  - 53<sup>rd</sup> Australian Composite Anti-Aircraft Regimental Association.
- 

**Sick Parade**

Norm Gray, Alan Macfarlane, plus I know there are a lot of members out there with niggling aches and pains, and other conditions much worse. Please remember that we are thinking of you and our best wishes go out to everyone who is not feeling 100%.

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**Subscriptions and Donations**

Please note that receipts will not be sent unless a reply paid envelope is enclosed with your subscription. All subscriptions and donations will be acknowledged in the Furphy Flyer in Mufti. Thank you for your generous support.

**Subscriptions :**

Sandra Sharp, J Sveala, D Richardson, Greg Mitchell, John Mitchell, Mathew Tranter, Jack Devlin, Pam Evans, John Francisco, John Richardson, Rowland Richardson, Diana Wymond

**Donations :**

Andrew Finlay, June Mitchell, Diana Wymond. **Memorial Wall Donation :** John Francisco

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**Cake from home. (from Jungle Warfare, edition 1944)**

No parcel from home has quite the appeal of a cake, and a definite routine has now grown up at the receiving end. The process is something like this:

The sar-major reads out a list of "parcels at the battery-office for the following". You go to the battery-office, and after searching through a pile of parcels you find one bearing, your name and bear it triumphantly to the tent. You place it reverently under your bed until supper-time arrives. Then the precious cloth-enclosed shape is brought out, and you announce in a highly elated voice which, though you have striven to keep it nonchalant, is infused with pity for your less fortunate mates, "I've got a cake!" That announcement is greeted with more activity than the sar-major's bellow of "turn out E Troop".

Someone rushes at you with a pair of scissors, while two or three others are jammed in the doorway in an effort to find you a knife. While you are still struggling to remove the hessian, several knives are thrust at you, with orders in very definite terms to "shake-it-up". Your hands begin to shake with excitement and you learn that you are meant to shake-up the job not the cake. Finally the cloth comes way, closely followed by the lid, and there, in all its glory (iced or otherwise), lies that coveted golden-brown creation, most desired by every soldier. You grasp the nearest knife firmly in your still-shaking hand and cut the cake in halves, resolving to save one half until tomorrow night.

You take the half chosen for immediate sacrifice, and after a quick mental calculation divide it into the required number of slices, always taking care that your own slice is slightly larger than the rest—and distribute them around the tent. For a short space of time almost complete silence reigns, but is broken ultimately by voices mumbling through mouthfuls of cake bestowing all the blessings of the Celestial Powers on the head of the baker.

Finally, the last morsel is washed down with cocoa. There are sighs of contentment, but it is short-lived for soon they remember the other half. They start in domineering tones, but come down by easy stages until they are beseeching you to cut it up. At first you are adamant, but finally you acquiesce and the whole of the cake has gone. VX61841.

### 2/24<sup>th</sup>'s Shrine Pilgrimage, Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> October 2009.

We will be gathering at the Shrine again this year for our Shrine Pilgrimage. Weather permitting, we shall meet at our tree at approximately 1.30 pm., with the ceremony taking place in the Inner Sanctum of the Shrine at approximately 2.00 pm.

The wonderful Shrine staff provide guards for the traditional service which includes the singing of the hymn, Abide with Me, followed by the laying of the wreath and the observance of One Minute's Silence. The Last Post, Lament and Reveille are then played in this very sacred place.

Later we will adjourn to an ante room where afternoon tea (kindly supplied by all attending) can be enjoyed by all.

I would encourage everyone to come along and spend 1½ to 2 hours at this iconic Melbourne landmark, remembering the men of the 2/24<sup>th</sup> Australian Infantry Battalion.

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### Ninth Division Shrine Pilgrimage and Lunch, Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> October 2009

The Shrine Pilgrimage, organized by the 9<sup>th</sup> Australian Division Association - Victoria, is to remember and respect our fallen comrades. If you are able to attend, please do so and if you require a carer to assist you, that person, whether wife, son, daughter or friend, would be most welcome.

Those attending should assemble at the East Entrance of the Shrine of Remembrance at 11.30 am.

Following the ceremony you are invited to Lunch at the Observation Café, situated just opposite the Shrine. If you are attending the lunch the cost will be \$28 per person. Please forward payment, made payable to 2/24<sup>th</sup> Battalion Association, to our Secretary prior to the 14<sup>th</sup> October.

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### From Alastair Davison

#### Why is Tobruk shown as Tobruch on the 2/24<sup>th</sup> banner?

The modern, Anglicised spelling of the port in Libya is Tobruk. But the 2/24<sup>th</sup> banner shows the spelling as Tobruch.

In 1911 the Prime Minister of Italy, [Giovanni Giolitti](#), declared war on the Ottoman Empire, of which [Libya](#) was part. As a result of this conflict Libya became a colony of Italy and many of the location names became Italianised, including Tobruq . There are records of the town being known as Tobruq in the 1700s, but it was originally an [ancient Greek](#) agricultural colony, and was known as Antipyrgos. In the [Roman](#) era, the town became a [fortress](#) guarding the [Cyrenaican](#) frontier and then a station on the [caravan](#) route that ran along the coast.

Tobruch was also the spelling used by the Germans and, as far as I can establish, by the French. Early British documents of WW2 also refer to the town as Tobruch.

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Jack and Mary are both aged 92 and are very excited about their decision to get married. They go for a stroll to discuss the wedding and on the way they pass a chemist. Jack decides to go in and have a chat with the pharmacist.

Jack sheepishly says "We are about to get married, do you sell heart medication?"

Pharmacist, "Of course we do."

Jack, "How about medicine for circulation?"

Pharmacist, "All kinds."

Jack, "Medicine for rheumatism, scoliosis?"

Pharmacist, "Definitely"

Jack, "How about vitamins, sleeping pills, Viagra, medicine for memory problems, wheelchairs, walkers?"

Pharmacist, "Yes, yes we can supply all those things, why do you ask, is there something I can help you with?"

Jack, "We'd like to nominate your store as our Bridal Gift Registry."

## ***2/24<sup>th</sup> Plaque Dedication Ceremony, 26<sup>th</sup> November 2009 - Australian War Memorial, Canberra.***

By now you would have received our flyer outlining this special event in Canberra. All 2/24<sup>th</sup> Battalion Veterans, their families and friends are invited to attend.

We have received expressions of interest from a least one bus load of people which is fantastic. We need to know urgently if you are intending coming by this method as organisation of this event needs to be finalized. Please refer to the flyer for any further details.

Refer to web page for further updates <http://2-24.battalion.org.au>

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### ***2/24 Battalion Association Website***

We encourage you look at the website at <http://2-24.battalion.org.au> New pages are being added regularly as well as old ones updated. The most recent additions are a Forum and a Wiki. Links to them are on the front page of the website.

The Forum has three main topic areas: *Announcements*, *General Discussion* and *Seeking Information*. The *Announcements* area provides details of upcoming events, while the *Seeking Information* area is for members or interested people to ask questions about the 2/24<sup>th</sup>. People with answers to the query can add a reply to the original post if they have registered on the Forum web page. The *General Discussion* allows people to introduce themselves, raise issues and/or comment on events. These discussion boards are monitored, and totally irrelevant or obnoxious content will be deleted.

The Wiki is like an online encyclopedia where the content is provided by members who have registered. Several topics are in preparation, and if you have further material you may add to the topic; or you may like to provide a new topic.

Note that registering for Forum or Wiki allows access to the other with the same password.

Alastair Davison and Cameron Blackwood.

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### **Wangaratta Reunion 2009 - Program**

**Friday 6<sup>th</sup> Nov**      Registration and “**Get Together**” **Dinner**    Wangaratta RSL from 6pm

#### **Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> Nov**

2.30pm                      Assemble at Cemetery for our **Annual Memorial Service**  
and **Schools Awards Presentation Ceremony**.  
Afternoon tea courtesy Zonta ladies.

6.30pm                      **Reception** at Wangaratta Performing Arts Centre sponsored by the Mayor and  
Councillors of the Rural City of Wangaratta and the Lions Club

7.00pm                      **Reunion Dinner** – Wangaratta Performing Arts Centre.

#### **Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> Nov**

11.00pm                     Assemble at the City Cenotaph for the Battalion Service followed by Morning  
Tea at the Wangaratta RSL.

Saturday Night Reception / Dinner

**In order for us to organize catering for the Dinner we need to know who will be attending. All inclusive costs for the functions will be \$30.00 per head for the dinner and payment is required beforehand. Please complete the slip below and indicate which events you will be attending.**

Mail slip and cheque, payable to "2/24<sup>th</sup> Infantry Battalion Assoc. Inc", to :-

**President 2/24<sup>th</sup>, 1 Philip Street Vermont VIC 3133 .....by the 20<sup>th</sup> October 2009.**

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Dinner (Friday) at Wangaratta RSL – Yes / No                      How many people ? \_\_\_\_\_

Dinner (Saturday) \$30.00 each – Yes / No                      How many people ? \_\_\_\_\_

**I enclose a cheque for total \$ .....**

If possible, please let us know what Motel you are staying at so that Members can keep in touch.

I am staying at .....

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*Please list below those attending the Wangaratta weekend.*

*If you or your guests are not original members of the Battalion, could you please indicate what your relationship is, for example, wife, daughter, grandson, mate, etc. This is not compulsory, but it will help to update our records and match names to faces and faces to names.*

**Name.**  
**Member**

**Associated with Battalion**

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**We look forward to seeing you at Wangaratta !**