

# Thumbs Up 2021

The Annual Newsletter of the  
2/20th Battalion Association

[www.secondtwentieth.org.au](http://www.secondtwentieth.org.au)



[2/20<sup>th</sup> Battalion](#)

## President's Report 2021

On a road trip in May/June 2019, Wendy and I visited Ray Gaffney and his wife Sheryl. Ray is one of our members, who lives in Cairns and he so very kindly donated \$700 plus towards the cost of our ANZAC Day Luncheon in 2019 even though he was unable to attend due to ill health. Thanks again Ray for your generosity.

On the 15/2/2020 Wendy and I along with James Keady, Stewart and Jane Thompson, Bev Cockle and her cousin Marlene James attended The Last Post Ceremony at the Australian War Memorial in honour of Private Gordon William Blair NX71591 of the 2/18th Battalion, killed in action on the 27/1/1942. Bev and Marlene laid a wreath on behalf of their late fathers, Private James Ceely NX876 and Private Ken Ceely NX879 both killed in action on the same day, the 10/2/1942, both members of the 2/20th Infantry Battalion. I laid a wreath on behalf of our Association. On the 10/2/1942 the 2/20th Infantry Battalion lost 129 men including William Ferguson, the father of our Patron Ron Ferguson.

In early February 2020 Wendy and I spent a week on Norfolk Island, what an interesting place, plenty to see and do. Whilst there we visited the War Memorial, which is located in a park of Kingston. Among the names listed on the memorial are the following 2/20th Infantry Battalion members. Private Neville Albert Herbert Buffett NX73683 who died in Naoetsu Japan on the 8/1/1944, Lance Corporal Allen Charles Christian NX50943 who died at Singapore on the 15/2/1942 and Adrian Brancker King Nobbs NX65394 who died on the 10/2/1942. Another 2/20th member Private Hastings Henry Quintal NX30208 who survived the war and returned to Norfolk Island, he is buried at the Norfolk Island Cemetery.

On the 15/8/2020 Stewart Thompson and his son James represented our association at The Last Post Ceremony at the Australian War Memorial in honour of Private Dudley Boughton NX58805 of the 2/18th Infantry Battalion who died on the 28/1/1944 of illness in Japan. James laid a wreath on behalf of our Association.

On the 15/2/2021 Wendy and I along with Stewart and Jane Thompson attended The Last Post Ceremony at the Australian War Memorial in honour of Private Orphwood Henry Jack Heasman NX2835 of the 2/30th Infantry Battalion, who died on the 14/5/1943 in Thailand. I laid a wreath on behalf of the Association. Prior to the commencement of The Last Post Ceremony I had a conversation with a woman who was also going to lay a wreath. I asked her if she was a relative of Jack Heasman. She replied "No", my husband and I were visiting the war memorial to pay our respects to my cousin's son, Corporal Cameron Baird VC MG Killed In Action in Afghanistan on the 22/6/2013. The 100th Australian to be awarded the VC. She was asked to lay a wreath at this ceremony and was quite moved by this occasion.

Looking forward to catching up with everyone on ANZAC Day - Dennis Baker.

## Patron's Corner - Ron Ferguson's Book Donation

I recently donated some 200 plus books to the ANZAC Memorial located in Hyde Park Sydney. I collected the books over many years, I frequently referenced them whilst Secretary of the 8th Division Association when people enquired about a relative.

The books (included Australian, British, American and Japanese books) covered all aspects of the campaigns in Malaya/Singapore/Timor/Ambon and Rabaul - a lot of Unit histories. The Burma/Thai Railway and the POW camps.

The books are being used by the Guides and Educators at the Memorial for their research purposes.

See you on ANZAC Day - Ron Ferguson.

## Items of interest

Here is an extract from the 1st Edition of Thumbs Up which I hope everyone finds of interest.

### Selections from the "TWENTIETH" Poets

#### THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

(With apologies to the writer of the song of that name)

Thanks for the memory, of Wallgrove's canvas camp,  
of days in mud and damp,  
And sneaking in at two to find some cow has pinched your lamp,  
How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory, of Ingleburn and huts,  
the Unit now has guts,  
When every spare hour found us picking matches up, and butts.  
I thank you so much.

Many a march in the moonlight,  
Crawling to Camp about midnight,  
An M.O.'s parade, p'raps a blue-light,  
A night in town,  
Without a brown,

So thanks for the memory, when Bathurst was in reach;  
A night with some sweet peach,  
Then 20 in a taxi but still charged a deener each.  
I thank you so much.

Thanks for memory, of two-up games on board.  
Till "Black-out" whistles roared,  
Of getting drunk on two-bob, if two-bob we could afford,  
How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory, of lovely tropic moons,  
Of bully-beef and prunes,  
And strolling round the prom. deck in our tropic pantaloons,  
I thank you so much.

Then after two weeks of water,  
And thoughts of a cow-cocky's daughter,  
I shouldered my gear like a porter,  
And tramped with my load,  
A mile upon the road,

And thanks for the memory, of breakfast on the train.  
A route march in the rain,  
But now the trip's a memory and we're at work again.  
So thank you, so much.

—" Pic."

#### SOMEWHERE IN MALAYA

We are somewhere in Malaya, where they very seldom pay "yer,"  
And conjecture and opinion now runs free,  
For the troops grow daily thinner on what (they'd like) for dinner.  
But we're soldiers in Malaya, by the sea.

After working hard for hours, we come home to find no showers,  
And, no matter how the troops protest or plead,  
We are told we should know better, just to go and don a sweater  
'Cause we're living in Malaya, by the sea.

Drains and itches breed mosquitoes which are big enough to eat us.  
And with scorpions like monsters from the sea;  
Add to these the snakes and lizards and the lot get in our "gizzards"—  
Wish we'd never seen Malaya, by the sea.

Now according to the papers, we are cutting fancy capers.  
And our life is just eternally a spree,  
But to us it's quite apparent, that our bright reporters haven't  
Ever seen Malaya, by the sea.

When we're done with camps and bivvies and we all go back to "civvies,"  
Swapping lies and pitching yarns, and feeling free,  
Not one second would we wonder, if for all the blood and thunder  
We'd go back to Malaya, by the sea.

So in passing, let's remember, when life's just a glowing ember,  
And our name, perhaps, a hallowed memory,  
Just despite this old "hard-bitten," we will find his deeds are written  
In the history of Malaya, by the sea.

Cpl. C. W. Lewis.

#### FOAM

Dull clouds upon the sky obscure  
the sun,  
And sight short-ranged:  
The sea is dull, a sombre greyish  
pool.  
Which heaves unchanged;  
The sullen wave goes gay and dons  
a plume,  
Which flutters in  
The steady breeze, till at its peak it  
droops,  
And slow grows thin;  
It spreads itself a curtain on the  
sea,  
As if in shame,  
To hide the swelling breast of sullen  
wave  
From where it came;  
But one brief minute in the space  
of time.  
And it is free;  
A live thing, reaching for the sun,  
Born of the sea.

—G.N.H.

#### JUNGLE JIM

Where the jungle is the toughest,  
Where the going is the roughest,  
Bathed in sweat with face so grim  
You will find him—Jungle Jim.

Wading through the filth and mud,  
He has proved he is no dud;  
"Onward always" is his hymn:  
He's a tiger—Jungle Jim.

Where he goes he pulls his weight,  
At rendezvous he's never late;  
Though he's light, and rather slim,  
He's a battler—Jungle Jim.

When at last he fades away,  
(Not, we hope, for many a day)  
Then the angels loud will sing,  
"Here he comes—Old Jungle Jim."

—" Gibbo."

#### TWO TOPICAL TRIOLETS

If ever I become a king,  
Or something potent—say dictator  
I'll take the Censor 'neath my wing,  
If ever I become a king,  
And to his senses soon will bring  
This seeming senseless segregator:  
If ever I become a king,  
Or something potent—say dictator.

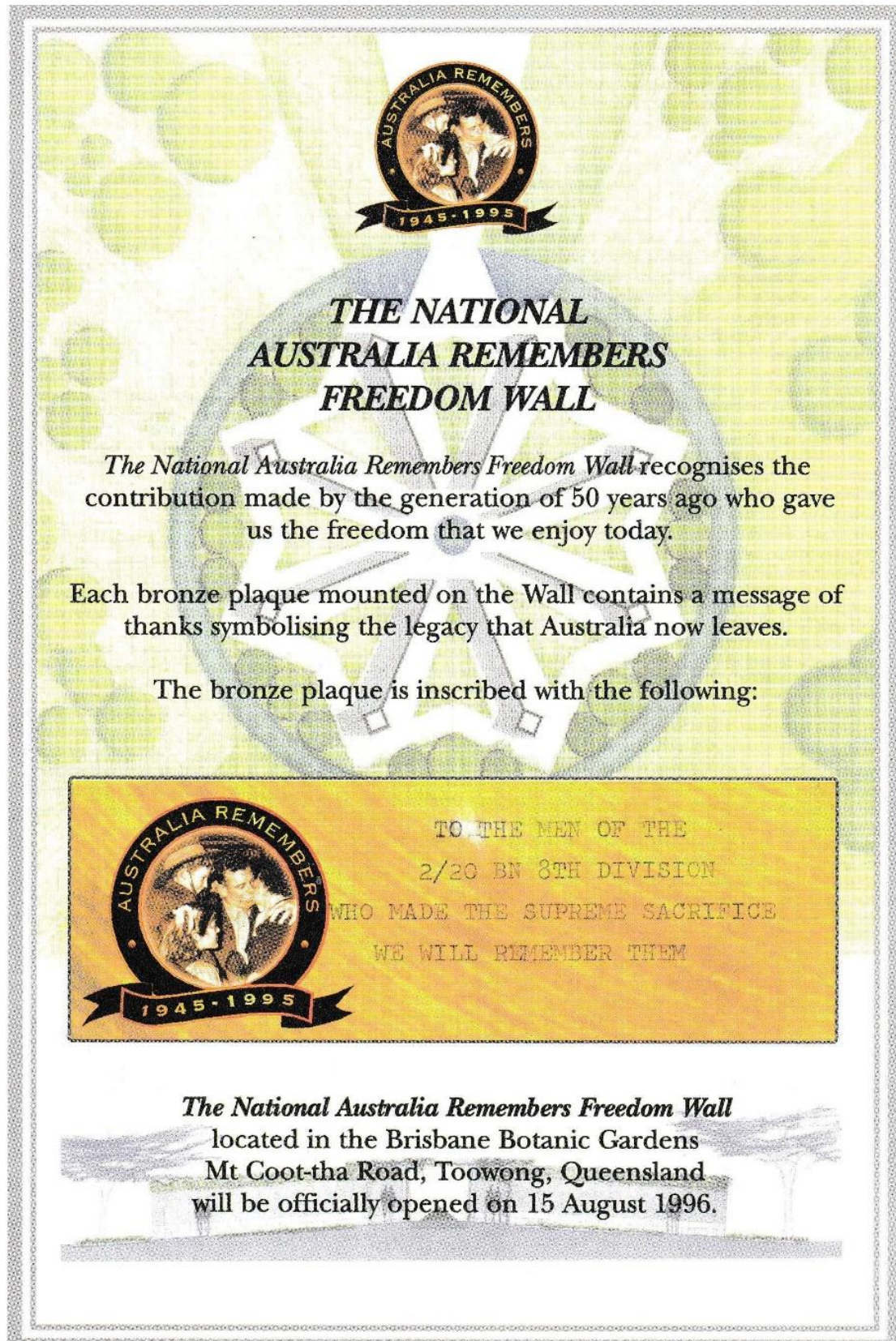
Whenever we've a little moan,  
We like to air it freely:  
Not crawl into our bunks and groan.  
Whenever we've a little moan;  
That's why the old bush telephone  
Work's overtime; but, really,  
Whenever we've a little moan  
We like to air it freely.

—E.K.N.



## A Plaque of the 2/20th Battalion

The National Australia Remembers Freedom Wall is located in the Brisbane Botanic Gardens Mt. Coot-tha Rd Toowong Queensland. The wall was officially opened on the 11/11/1996. A bronze plaque honours the Men of the 2/20th Battalion



## Ingleburn Military Heritage Precinct

The Ingleburn Army Camp was one of Australia's major army camps from 1939 to the 1970s, it was the first purpose built training camp for WW2. The Heritage Precinct comprises of the Old Bardia Barracks entrance gates, Guard House and Cell Block, the Chaplain's Office, Post Office and three maintained guns. It also has a small museum and five memorials, one being to the Fallen Servicemen. The camp closed in 1999 and this site is on the State Heritage Register. The army camp area is only open by appointment, the tours are free but donations are gratefully accepted, this is well worth a visit. The heritage site is on Old Campbelltown Road Ingleburn and for an appointment Phone 02 4572 7768.

