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# Commando Courier

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## Editorial

### GEORGE VI. KING OF ENGLAND

The death of our late King came as a surprise and a sad shock to all, excepting apparently a few intimate friends, and possibly his family. We had all read, from time to time, of his recent illness, and the observant noticed in newsreels and photographs his drawn face and the rarity of his smiles compared with earlier years. Few, however, could have thought his end was so near.

To the countless va'dictions from all parts of the world, our Association joins with others in paying tribute to a Monarch to whom references have already been made as "The Good King". Let us hope that historians will keep alive this simple and fitting attribute, for is there any other appellation which can, more correctly or concisely, describe his worth?

His reign was a difficult one. His very coronation was a surprise, probably as much to himself as anyone. Of a retiring disposition, his many public appearances were a severe trial—added to which was the extreme difficulty of his halting speech. To have overcome the latter and to have carried out the former with so much grace and dignity, gave evidence of his strength of will and character. Then came the Second World War; and if further proof were needed of his loyalty to his people it was surely demonstrated during these tragic years. Ask any Londoner! Then the last few years of his difficult reign were aggravated by persistent illness; yet, throughout those years, he still drove himself to attend to his many duties. Above all, he did not relax in his public appearances and continued to set a good example to his subjects in all things of importance—love and happiness within his family; dignity, courtesy and friendliness without.

The Poet Laureate has said:

"The everlasting wisdom has ordained  
That this rare soul, his earthly service done,  
Shall leave the peoples over whom he reigned  
For other service at a higher Throne," . . . .

We say goodbye to George V.—The "GOOD KING".

—J. C. BURRIDGE.

## West Australian Whisperings

### Association Activities

Had a very good meeting on 5th February, with a good roll-up of over twenty-five. The guest speaker we had teed up for the night once again could not make it for personal reasons, and we were forced on to our own resources to fill in the evening. On the suggestion of Fred Napier we had a "Stump Speech Night", which consisted of putting subjects to be talked upon in one hat and speakers in another. The innovation proved to be an outstanding success and some latent talent among the lads was revealed and plenty of argument ensued.

The Annual Re-union and the Commemoration Service will have been held ere this 'Courier' is in your hands and a full report will be published in the March issue. Indications at the moment all point to a most successful week-end.

A working bee was held at Kings Park on Sunday, 17th February, with only a fair attendance of nine members, which is a pretty poor result. The area was well raked over and generally cleaned up. To date there is no sign of grass on the area, but we have hopes that the winter rains will germinate the seed and allow of a coverage next summer.

The usual monthly meeting will take place in March on the 4th at Monash Club and the committee is hopeful of arranging a good night's enjoyment for those who attend. If any member knows of a potential guest speaker or a chap with interesting films to show, please let us know, as the committee as such is inclined to be running short of contacts. These monthly meetings in the past have proved to be really interesting evenings and of great value to those attending, apart from the fact that the social contact made with your friends is of inestimable value. We can only hope that the high standard of the past is maintained in the future.

### Committee Comment

By the time you read these comments you will know whether the last meeting of your committee was wasted or whether they did a good job. Practically the whole of the evening was taken up with arrangements for the Annual Re-union and Commemoration Day Service. Programmes were drawn up, catering arranged for, in fact a hundred and one details were brought forward, discussed and decided upon. Everything the committee could do to make the week-end a success was done—all that was needed was a goodly roll up of bodies. Were you one of them? If not, why not?

### Personalities

Arthur Marshall has been in town for the annual Country Week Cricket and had a most successful time with both bat and ball. Scored one century and three scores over 40, the top score for Harvey-Brunswick in every innings. With the ball he captured 34 wickets at an average of a little over 4 runs per wicket to take the 'B' Section bowling average. He has been selected to represent the Country when the annual match, Country versus City, takes place early in March. A nice performance all round 'Marsh' and we congratulate you upon it.

Bob Palmer also down to Country Week, and although we did not sight him from press reports he also did quite well with both bat and ball for Margaret River. Bob is one of the Country Week regulars and rarely fails to get a good score and some wickets with his slows.

Don Hudson is out of hospital once again and back on the job at Collie. He was looking extra well the last time he was sighted and we wish him a complete recovery from his particular disease.

### RAY PARRY M.M., M.I.D.

First and foremost this month is Ray Parry who has been awarded the Military Medal for outstanding services while serving in Korea. According to all reports Ray's job in Korea was really something, and the M.M. was richly deserved. We add our congratulations to all the others, Ray. He has now been posted to training National Service Trainees at Swanbourne Camp.



Had a letter from Bert Burges to say he was certain to make the Re-union and that he had fixed a demonstration of his patent wool winding table with Elder Smith & Co. with an eye to commercialising its prospects.

Dick Crossing has returned from his trip East, where he met quite a few of the lads including Jack Hartley and Curly O'Neil. Says he had a great time over East. He took a case of E.B. with him and was most welcome he says. Since returning he has been confined to the cot with a dose of mumps of all things.

Warwick Crossing is still about the city, but hopes to head north shearing in the very near future. Will he lose some sweat when he gets a hand piece in the hand

again? He appears to be at least a stone above good condition.

John Burrige is doing quite a few country trips of late in connection with the apple business. He has visited Donnybrook and Bridgetown quite recently and reports seeing Bernie Langridge on a couple of occasions.

Tom Crouch has been in town for the Farmers' Union Conference which was held quite recently. He looks long and lean as of yore, but says he is 100% fit and reports a fair season on the dairy farm at Manjimup.

Rumor has it that "Ajax" Harrison was seen hobbling around the Swanbourne Camp with a very bad leg. We hope that Dame Rumor is incorrect, or if it be so, that "Ajax" is fit again ere this.

Gordon Hislop was down with Carnamah for the cricket also and he looks as fit as can be. In excellent spirits and seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself meeting old cronies once again. Afraid he did not hit the headlines with any great scores or bowling performances, but said he had a great time which, after all, is what the Country Week is for.

Ray Aitken has returned to Nyabing, after the Xmas break in the city. Ray says the duck shooting at Nyabing is something all shooters dream about. Wood duck galore and shooting on the local farmers. Ray expects to put in another year at Nyabing before moving to another country centre.

"Robbie" Rown-Robinson also in the Big Smoke, but he has been doing the Summer School engineered by Wesfarmers. Says it is most interesting and informative. Robbie also reports a fair season with the cows, and the apple season appears to be a possible bumper crop. Robbie incidentally has one of the show places of the Bridgetown area.

Saw Jack Fowler early in the month and he was looking very well. Jack reports the season at Wongan Hills tailed off very badly and crops that looked like ten and twelve bag propositions were lucky to go five bags.

Wendel Wilkie was also in the city quite recently and appeared quite prosperous. Dressed up to kill and proudly pushing the pram with the young offspring. Wendel says he had quite a fair season at Konongorring and has big hopes for the future.

Doug Fullerton come out of hibernation recently and says he is now in front of the game at Bunning Bros. after five years hard graft. Says he may have a little time to devote to Association activities in the near future, and believe me we will welcome some new blood. Doug looks extra well and does not appear to have put on a pound of flesh since army days.

Saw Charlie Gordon at the last meeting looking as big as ever. Charlie reports that he is still on the wharf and doing nicely, thank you.

Stan Payne was another seen at

the last meeting. Stan is farming at Nukarnie and has a very nice property. He looks very well and says the season treated him quite kindly.

Jack Penglase sighted in the street the other day. Jack reports a run of bad luck recently in the way of family sickness, but says he hopes he has it tossed now. Jack is a linesman with the P.M.G. Department.

Over from N.S.W. on a business trip was that debonair young gentleman, Bob Field. Bob was in Perth for about a week and luckily managed to meet quite a few of the chaps and have a few social drinks with them. Bob says that things are going quite well with him in business and that he now has a family of three, two girls and a boy. He brought regards to all the gang from Jack Hartley and Alan Luby. And we sent out best regards back to N.S.W. with Bob to pass on to the gang in Sydney.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Henry Sproston who lost his father recently.

A very proud man at the moment is Vince Swan whose wife has just presented him with a son. Further particulars are lacking but we understand both mother, father and baby are doing fine. Our congrats. are added to all the others.

## Reminders

This financial year is rapidly drawing to a close and there is an alarming number of outstanding subscriptions. If for one moment you think you are one of this group then send us along your 5/- contribution.

Don't forget the March meeting at Monash Club on the 4th. These meetings are well worth your attention.

If any reader who served on Timor has not as yet received his Timor subsistence payment, please send in for another claim form to make another application to the Department of the Army.

The above also applies to any next of kin you may know of who have not yet received their payment.

## Victorian Vocal Venturings

May 1, on behalf of the Victorian boys, say how glad we are to hear news of Alan Spence per medium of old friend Bernie Callinan who saw him on his return from Hayman Island. Alan is 100 per cent and has the printing press at Proserpine—the only one—he must be a veritable Nuffield!! Alan and his good lady wish to be remembered to all 2/2 lads where ever they be throughout Aussie. They are the proud parents of three girls and have had the misfortune to lose one, but despite this they are the same happy couple. Bern and Alan chewed the rag over a few of the bottles of necessity on such an occasion and reminisced on old times from Dilli to Betano. Good luck Alan, to you and yours, hope we are favored with a visit from you sometime.

This fair city was favored with a visit from no less an august person than Mickey Mannix, holiday bound from Sydney. He and his mate had not missed one hotel from Sydney to Adelaide—may I add that Mick's figure did not belie his statement. He is not the small Mick we knew of yore. The old personality is still there and he is a very happy person. He revelled in telling tales of old "Basher" Adams and his patrols and how scared he was of the Lieut. Adams as he was at that time in N.G. He sends his kindest to you Tony. We imbibed for a few hours neath the shadow of "Chloe", that is Stan Wepner, Johnny Roberts and myself, to eventually leave slightly the worse for wear.

The mailing list includes a letter from one who dubs himself Arthur E. Coates, of Box 12, Culgoa, Victoria. This same person is anxious to receive all 'Couriers', Col., so as he can catch up on the news. Good to hear from you "Boy" and many thanks for your kind donation, Toby no doubt will do the right thing with it. Be right glad to see you on Anzac Day at our "do"—of the location, etc., you will receive due notice. The Mallee certainly had its share of bush fires and what tragedy followed in their wake.

Glad you escaped it "Boy". Will pass on all your regards to the boys.

Cannot let this 'Courier' go past without a reference to those lads who paid the supreme sacrifice in Timor on the morning of February 20th, 1942. It was then a very sad day indeed, the years have not dimmed the occasion and the loss is irreplaceable in our hearts. How truly the verse fits the occasion:

"They shall not grow old,  
As we that are left grow old,  
Fear not that you have died for  
naught,  
The torch you threw to us we  
caught."

Cut off in the flower of youth, full of the joys of life, they remain to us an emblem of all we owe the lads who then, and since, have given their all that we might travel life's road to its end.

Kevan Curran is to foresake league football in Melbourne for the quiet of the country life! He has taken a lease on the Atheneum Hotel at Bendigo and is to coach a team there for three years. Our best wishes, Kev., may you prosper as "Mine Host" of the Atheneum. Will drop in for a "wee one" sometime.  
—ARCH CAMPBELL

## Heard This?

A henpecked husband begged the night off to go to a stag party. There would only be men there, he pleaded, so his wife needn't be jealous. But to his horror, when he arrived he found four dainty little ladies from the chorus, dancing. He called up his wife immediately. "Unintentionally, my dear, I told you a lie," he said, "I thought there would be only men here, but now women from the theatre are giving a floor show. What shall I do?"

"If you think of anything, come right home," said his wife.

## New South Wales News

Can any reader tell me where I can buy a book of a thousand different ways to begin a letter, each way bright and interesting and with helpful hints in brackets on how to keep awake long enough to finish said letter. Such a book would be worth its weight in gold to we poor overworked and undernourished secretaries. I'm fast becoming mentally effete trying to keep up with all the commitments I'm saddled with. As usual I'm a week late with this column and Col Doig must be tearing his hair.

### Personalities

First and foremost an apology to Bill Holstein. Allan passed your letter on to me, Bill, and I filed it away and forgot about it. It was good to hear from you, Bill, and we are pleased to welcome you into the Association and I hope it will not be long before we meet you again. For the record, Bill is at the Kromback Service Station at Kromback, and says he often sees Cliff Paff.

Bill Coker reports having had another visit from the "Q" bloke, accompanied by wife and three nippers. Joe has sold his farm and has high hopes of obtaining one of the soldier settlement farms in the same area. Bill and Coral Coker are in line for congratulations but I'll say no more until next edition.

Charlie Anderson arrived home from Korea last Tuesday and is looking very fit and well. Charles caught the Manchurian fever while in Korea this trip and in one of his letters to Curly said they almost closed the door on him, but he somehow managed to cheat the man with the reaping hook. I tried to pump Chas for some material for this column when I saw him on Thursday night but all he'd tell me was that Ray Parry had been awarded the Military Medal. This will probably be fully reported on by Col Doig, but from this branch. Ray, felicitations and congratulations from the gang. From reports

I have had from my young brother who was a corporal with the 3rd Bn. from the beginning of the Korea show, the award was well earned. He told me of one episode in which Ray's section ran out of ammo during an attack by the Chinese, and how the section beat off the attack by hurling rocks and empty beer bottles. I hope no one made the horrible mistake of throwing full ones.

Fred Ottway reports another happy event for himself and wife, Lyle. This time a girl, making two girls and a boy. Congratulations Fred and Lyle. Tommy O'Brien is running a dead heat with Fred in the Stork Stakes, his latest being a boy, making two girls and a boy also. Congrats. Tommy and Mrs. O'Brien. Fred says he is not doing much contract work these days, money being a bit tight and spends most of his time with a boss. He reckons he gets pretty sick of paint brushes at times and would like to chuck them to the proverbial latrine and go walkabout over all the old battle grounds. I quite agree with you Fred, that some of the scenery we saw on Timor, etc., was very beautiful, but I could never imagine myself walking over it again. The names you mention Fred, Frying Pan Smith, Charlie Vernede, Tom Foster, Terry Paul and Bert Matthews, are lads I haven't heard anything of for a long time, but perhaps if they see your enquiry they may contact you. 22 Bridge-rd., Cabramatta, is Fred's address. Thanks for the information about the houses, Fred, but don't think Eric wants to buy.

Eric Herd married his Heather about three weeks ago, and I really am sorry Eric, for forgetting the customary telegram. Anyway, congratulations to you both and I hope you find the place you want.

I took a load of timber out to Ron Trengove's new place out at Mona Vale a few weeks ago and it is going to be a beautiful home when finished. Ron has been putting a terrific amount of work into the job, despite indifferent health and he deserves to get on.

Reports from Alan Luby reveal that Doc Gallard has given up work to become a wharfie and it is rumored that Jimmy Hallinan is off-siding Doc. Alan has seen Shadow Olde from passing trains swinging a mighty hammer along the per way and there's enough of him now to make two shadows.

Fred and Beryl Stewart are infanticipating again. Jimmy (Junior) Barnes married Miss Gwen Illman in Adelaide on January 14th. Greetings Jim and congratulations. Jim is now a veterinary surgeon with the Animal Industry Division of the Northern Territory Commission and is stationed at Alice Springs.

Jimmy English has extended an invitation on behalf of the Arncliffe R.S.L. Club for our mob to spend the afternoon of Anzac Day in the club rooms there, and I think I can safely predict a good attendance there. We'll follow our usual practise with lunch at Alan Luby's place with probably enough beer to get everyone sparking and then adjourn to Arncliffe later.

### CRICKET MATCH

This function was of course cancelled when the official day of mourning for our late beloved King was announced on the same date,

but we hope to stage it later in the season. I trust no one went out to Arncliffe as we didn't have sufficient notice to inform everyone.

The following par appeared in the "Sunday Telegraph" recently: "Sydney watersider, Paddy Kennally just back from a trip to Ireland, was more hurt than surprised when a Londoner asked him: 'Who is your King? We don't hear much of him here.' But back came Paddy's reply, without even a blink of an Irish eyelid: 'King Billy of Ooldea Soak.'"

—JACK HARTLEY.

### Heard This?

The minister called at a house one Sunday afternoon. The owner wasn't at home, and his little boy answered the door.

"Is your father in?" the Minister asked.

"No," said the little boy. "Dad ain't at home. He went over to the golf club." Then the boy thought perhaps he shouldn't have said that, so he added: "Oh, he ain't gone to play golf on Sunday. He just went over for a few drinks and a game of poker."

### WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth today,  
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say;  
Not the sinner and saint, for it's well understood,  
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.  
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth  
You must first know the start of his conscience and health;  
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span  
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.  
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years  
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.  
No, the two kinds of people on earth that I mean  
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.  
Wherever you go, you will find the earth's masses  
Are always divided in just these two classes;  
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,  
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.  
In which class are you? Are you easing the load  
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?  
Or are you a leaner who lets others bear  
Your portion of labor and worry and care.

## THE ADJUDANT'S LAMENT.



I have been in this army a good many years,  
I have seen many changes and shed many tears,  
Then I joins this here show and the first thing I hears,  
I was in for a job giving things to you dears.

Now the "Q" is a job, among men of my clan,  
We always did dodge, and we all gave a hand,  
To those who were caught and were unlucky to land,  
A task giving things anyone can demand.

Now I've suffered abuse and some things pretty hot,  
But I can't please 'em all, and give things on the spot,  
Some things we can't give, but you'll get what we've got,  
For despite all your growls we're a pretty fair lot.

I have said all my say, but you'll find down below,  
Some remarks from a bloke who is likely to know,  
About things that are done by myself, Bill and Joe,  
So give us your help and we'll see how we go.

Now the Adjudant "Q" is a much maligned man,  
Though he works pretty hard and does all he can,  
To satisfy blokes like Merv Cash and his clan,  
When their ammo is wet and they want some more jam.

Then the aeroplanes come, and drop kai far and wide,  
And great Mastah Jim, with his bloody thick hide,  
Says, "My boys can't cart boxes, the tucker can bide,  
Where it is at the 'Q', before I'll be defied."

Then Freddy comes down for a small tin of oil,  
And though it's not opened and all the staff toil,  
When Foxy says, "Wait!" he just lets his blood boil,  
Hurls abuse at the "Q", lets his good nature spoil.

And a letter comes after seven days gone,  
Many signals are sent, and Sig. Hearle's very wan,  
For that dumb headed Yank, he has been gone and done,  
Forgot the damn place where that note should have gone.

Then the 7th Div. moans when the census is late,  
And they say parachutes must be in by a date,  
But the planes won't come in, so they just have to wait,  
Hence the "Q" has his troubles—they're both urgent and great.

*Heard This?*

Two gents, obviously under the influence, were hauled before the Court one day.

"All I was doing," protested the first to the Magistrate, "was picking up pebbles."

"And me," chimed in the other, "I was helping."

"It seems to me," said the Magistrate, "that if what these men say is true, I must dismiss the case."

"But, sir," said the police witness grimly, "you should have seen the pebbles."

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