



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Price 1d.

Ladies' Night

It's on again! That ever popular evening when the gents make an all-out effort to entertain their ladyfolk.

This year is no exception and a grand fare of entertainment, etc., has been arranged to give this evening the "necessary" for the Association's leading function of the year.

The first Tuesday in October is the night and the venue this year is Hills Crawley Bay Tearooms.

Bill Willis will again bring along a host of entertainers from the A.B.C. and a very competent M.C. in Keith Connolly, also of the A.B.C., has been engaged to keep things on the move. There won't be a dull moment, folks, so make this a MUST.

Remember:

Hill's Crawley Bay Tearooms, Crawley

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

Present Jerry Greene, Curly Bowden, George Strickland, Bill Willis, Ron Dook, Fred Napier, George Boyland, Colin Doig, Jack Carey and Wilf March. Apology from Mick Calcutt who was still in hospital.

King's Park Water Scheme

"Blue" Pendergrast's method and plan for the scheme will be carried out everything is dependant on a licensed plumber being contacted to connect up.

The latest quote for pipe and fittings £173/10/11, has been accepted.

Ladies' Night

A charge of 10/- per member to be made to help defray costs. The venue to be at Hills Crawley Bay Tea Rooms.

Decision made to engage M.C. and other artists to provide entertainment. Mr. Bill Willis was to bring along his friends again to help with the amusements, etc.

Country Convention

Colin Criddle has booked the bus for Geraldton and further contact with members would be made on Ladies' Night.

Working Bee

George Boyland is still hobbling around with that broken leg of his and so there is to be a working bee at his home to help him plant his lawn. More will be said about this on Ladies' Night. There will be a "little 5" to help slake the thirsts.

Personalities

Ted Loud:

Was at Lucknow Hospital for a while with a chipped bone in the elbow. He is now back home. By the way he has just taken delivery of a new Vauxhaul Velox.

Mick Calcutt:

Has been in hospital suffering with arthritis but is expected to be discharged any time. Wouldn't be a bit surprised to see him make the Ladies' Night.

MELBOURNE CUP SWEEP

How's the sale of those tickets going, chaps? Are they still in the bottom of the drawer at home. If so please get right on with the job, sell them, then whizz your butts back so as the job will not all be left to the last day. So far the butt returns have been very disappointing and unless the sales of the tickets smarten up we are going to be faced with a year before us without many funds to carry out the work and administration of the Association.

RANDOM HARVEST

Ken Mackintosh:

Of Bridgetown, wrote a short note returning the Melbourne Cup Sweep butts and also tendered a donation for the King's Park Water Scheme. Ken has recently run into a few of the lads including Rowan Robinson, Tom Crouch, Don Young

Ralph Finkelstein:

Already handed in the butts for sweep and asking for more—that's the stuff Ralph.

Jim Smaile:

Of Laverton. Only a short note this time from Jim sending in cash for sweep. Jim is gaining quite a lot of experience in mine management where he is and has been congratulated by directors in Adelaide. He has been kept very busy and experiencing plenty of headaches but is enjoying every moment of it. A promise of a longer letter and more news is awaited, Jim.

Lyle Litchfield:

Note new address: Lenmore Park Station, Via Finke, N.T. Lyle also returned sweep butts together with remittance. About five months ago Lyle gave away the sheep and is now managing a cattle station right in the north west corner of South Australia and is kept fairly busy. The station is about 3,000 square miles and runs between 10,000 and 12,000 head of cattle. Water comes from bores and wells equipped with mills and engines and quite a lot of pumping has to be done—mainly during the summer months.

Lyle's wife presented him with a daughter a few months ago which makes the pigeon pair now. Being right off the beaten track he never sees any of the boys up his way. Shorty Stevens drops him an occasional note but he is being accused of being a poor letter writer so buck up Shorty and make him eat those words. Lyle wishes to send his regards through the 'Courier' to all the boys, specially 7 Section.

Shorty Stevens:

Of Snowtown, South Australia, has at last come good with a very welcome letter. Thanks Shorty, keep up the good work. George Lewis, of Kulpara, received a short visit from Shorty and according to all reports the climate is certainly agreeing with his health. He manages to spend all his spare time on his house and is doing a good job with it. Ron Host, Shorty asks me to give you a reminder to buy a pad

and drop him a line or two—it's over a year since he heard from you.

Shorty is looking for any spare luck going as he has been boring for water on a block of scrub he has bought and so far the net result is no water—and holes he can't even cut up for post holes.

Sweep Butts

* Sent in by Joe Poynton, C. McCaffery and Harry Holden.

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Victorian Vocal Venturings

Unfortunately the last couple of months have proved extremely tedious ones for me and I have been unable to fulfill my obligations to the extent of not rendering any copy to the sorely tried 'Courier' Editor. It is at times a most onerous task when ones mail bag is empty and items of interest few and far between. However that does not mean our activities have slackened, a veritable feast of activities having been planned for the period from now until the Festive Season.

Melbourne Cup sweep tickets are now in the hands of all members, and we trust are being disposed of to the best of your opportunities. As this sweep constitutes the main item of our income, all will readily appreciate the importance of concerted effort in selling these tickets. The Cup sweep drawing (Victorian Branch) will be made on Thursday, Oct. 28, when in conjunction we will be holding another of our very popular Smoke Nights at the George-st. Drill Hall. We are pleased to advise that friend Jack Hartley will be in attendance to watch over the New South Wales interests, al-

though on the results of our first two efforts they really don't need much watching over.

As all know Jack is the energetic secretary of the N.S.W. Branch and we have persuaded him to attend the drawing and also to extend his visit to take in the Melbourne Cup itself. Jack will be staying with Bert Tobin and we have appointed Punter Gerry O'Toole to escort him to Flemington and assist him to bring home the boodle.

A barbecue will be held on Saturday night, Oct. 24, at the Maley Ranch, 10 Agnes-st., Noble Park. It will be held on similar lines as the last function of this nature which proved so popular. This is being organised partly to allow Jack to meet as many of our members and their wives as possible, and partly because it's time we had another. By the way, those who intend coming along might let me know so that I can provide sufficient chops, sausages and grog. to satisfy all.

We have had several more painting bees on the Legacy Home, Stanhope, and I particularly want to thank Arch Claney, George Kennedy, George Robinson and George

Veitch for their assistance. The appreciations expressed by the Legacy Board of Management for our labours was particularly worthwhile hearing and I can assure all the boys that our Association is held in very high regard in more than one quarter as a result.

Christmas is gradually approaching and our plans for the annual Christmas treat are well under way. The first Saturday in December falls on the 4th and that looks like being the big day. The previous parties have proved so popular that it is proposed to conduct this year's on similar lines.

Alan Stewart, until recently President of the N.S.W. Branch, was recently transferred to Melbourne and will be making his abode here permanently. Alan came along to our last Committee meeting, bringing with him the felicitations of the N.S.W. Branch. Although he will be greatly missed by the Cornstalks he will not be lost to the Association as he promises to take a keen interest in the activities of the Victorian Branch.

The Annual Commando Ball is approaching fast and promises to be as gay an occasion as it has proved to be in past years. The venue is the Mison de Luxe, Elwood and the date Friday, Nov. 19. Tickets this year are 25/- each and by the time this is in print they will be available from me.

On Sunday, Sept. 12, a working bee was arranged to aid our stalwart Vice President, Bruce McLaren. Painting was the order of the day and as all know of Bruce's misfortune in contracting a malady of the heart we were confident of a bumper attendance. This however I am unhappy to say, was not the case. In the morning Max Davies, Bert Tobin and Leith Cooper very cheerfully did their bit, while in the afternoon only Alan Stewart showed up. Naturally this was a great disappointment for Bruce and Lorraine as well as being a blot on our record. If we, as an Association of comrades in arms, cannot in the present day rally to the support of our members when our help is needed, then much of our reason for existing disappears. Unless we are prepared to make occasional sacrifices the time will most certainly come when those on whom the load almost invariably falls, will

come to the inevitable conclusion that their efforts are not justified either and then the whole show will without doubt fold up.

With those few observations I will close with
Cheers 'n beers,
GERRY MALEY.

* * * *

REPORT ON RECENT TRIP TO SYDNEY

By Bruce McLaren

On a quick trip to Sydney on business, I managed to run down Frank (Curly) O'Neil. The clerk at the Sunday Telegraph must have thought I was an irate reader after Curley's skull, but after a lot of convincing I managed to find out where Curly lived. It was a Monday and being yet another day off for Curly (he only works Friday and Saturday) I managed to locate him at Collaroy, right out in the bush of Sydney.

It was strange that my visit coincided with Joe (Kiwi) Harrison, as he also had just come down from the back of Bourke. I spent an enjoyable evening with Curly and his very lovely wife, and was only in the house 10 minutes when he decided that Kiwi and I should dry the dishes, while he sat down and read.

Kiwi wishes to be remembered to all the boys, and sends his best regards to Ron Eastick. At the moment he is a fencing contractor and earning good money, but working seven days a week for it. His latest address, Joe Harrison, Nocolleche Station, Wanaaring, N.S.W. If the address is wrong, blame Kiwi, as he was a bit full when he gave it to me. He was saying that he seldom hears news of anyone, so I am sure he will welcome the 'Courier'. Believe it or not, in typical Sydney style he was touched for £50 the second night he was there, and the funny part about it, he got nothing for it. If Curly opens his big heart and his pocket, he hopes to come to Melbourne for our Olympic Games Re-Union. He plans to compete against Sep. Wilson in the Chess Championship of the world. He still reckons he can beat you, Sep., any time, any place.

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New South Wales News

LETTER FROM JACK HARTLEY

Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to be able to send regular and interesting notes on Eastern doings, but whilst the spirit is willing the body is weak, and I find it a physical impossibility to do so. If I were more in touch with our lads I would stand a chance, but my occupation keeps me too tied up to allow me to keep in contact with them.

I am enclosing some notes by Curly O'Neill which are perhaps a little outdated as Curly neglected to post them, but I guess you will be pleased to get them anyway, and they should be a welcome change from my style of writing.

Since Curly has put my weights up, perhaps I should give you a few more details of my personal affairs. The lass he mentions is my fiancée, but it is not altogether true that she is responsible for my laxity. Actually I work four nights a week, have a meeting to attend each Tuesday night and take Maria out on Wednesday nights. That means I get one night a week at home and I'm usually too tired to do anything except to attend to a few personal letters, bills, books, etc. My spare time at home during the day is fully occupied with the task of building a home and the task is becoming more urgent all the time as I am anxious to marry before I get too old for it to be worthwhile.

It's a bit unfortunate that I can't persuade one of the other chaps to take over my job as secretary for a year or so—this is my seventh year in the job and whilst it was a pleasure for the first few years when I had ample time to devote to writing it has now become a millstone around my neck.

I can't promise much in the way of editorials, Wilf, but if you think it would be O.K. I could perhaps contribute a few lines on my thoughts about life, and odd little pieces of prose, etc., which would not normally be read in ordinary literature.

I will rake something up for the next issue and see what you think of it.

Best of luck and again my apolo-

gies for not being much help to you. Kindest regards to all the lads.

* * * * *

Dear Hearts,

By the time you finish reading this some of you may be reaching for cunningly contrived booby traps.

Before you begin posting them to Jack Hartley I had better confess that I, Curly, am this month's correspondent.

Now, as they say on the A.B.C., here is the news.

Joe Harrison and Bruce MacLaren turned up in town recently.

Kiwi had arrived earlier and, as usual, with the impact of a couple of H-bombs. I had a few drinks in town with him and managed to get him home for dinner.

Soon after we got home Bruce MacLaren appeared, and the three of us had a hell of a pleasant reunion. Kiwi and Bruce left about midnight—Bruce next day had to complete the business that had brought him to Sydney. And Joe? Well, you know Joe.

Bruce's visit was brief, but it was good to see him again and to find that he retains his whimsical Victorian humour.

"I'll tell the boys in Melbourne that your harbour bridge isn't too bad, after all," he said in parting.

The next time I saw Joe he had been around more than somewhat and had lost £50 in the process. See what I mean? Joe's yearly trips to Sydney are packed with incident, but I had better not elaborate on this.

Anyhow, the following afternoon Joe telephoned me, and I went to the Hotel Sydney, where I found him drinking with the C.O.

We drank until the barmaids wouldn't sell us any more, and arranged to meet the following evening.

The additional strength at this impromptu gathering included Jack Keenahan, Jock Campbell, Babe Teague, Johnny Rose, Jack Stafford, Harold Newton, Eric Herd, Ron Trengrove, Bill Coker and of course Jack Hartley.

Now this was some tribute because they represented those we were able to contact in the brief

period available.

Again we drank beer until the barmaids wouldn't sell us any more. But this time we defeated 6 p.m. closing by invading the Gallipoli Legion. Ray Cole appeared and joined the group. And, of course, we drank more beer.

The skipper drove Johnny Rose and I to Manly and told us that now he was back in Sydney he would be at the meetings. The last time I saw Johnny he was heading home none to accurately. I haven't seen him since.

A day or so later Joe went back to Wilcannia, and once again peace came to Sydney.

Now the evidence up to this stage has probably led you to believe that you are dealing with the misguided deeds of a bunch of hope less alcoholics. This deduction is not strictly correct.

We all live pretty quietly these days—we have to. And these Unit functions, which our good women regard with an air of tolerance, enable us to let down our hair and get rid of a few inhibitions. More important, we enjoy them. To me the beer always seems better, the company brighter and the atmosphere, though bluer, is always clear er.

However, if you've changed your opinion at this stage and now believe that we are really a very sober lot, subject only to occasional lapses, I had better tell you the truth about our last big get-together—a cricke match against, if I remember rightly, the Arncliffe R.S.L.

The gallons of beer outnumbered the drinkers by about two to one, and outlasted the cricket match by quite a few hours.

Well, someone started one of those friendly scrimmages so popular in the past. And, before we knew it, the cricket match against Arncliffe had become a rugby union game among the 2/2nd.

Now because this match wasn't scheduled, it wasn't accepted too well in certain circles. In fact, I heard more than a few comments begin: "That's the last you'll be attending."

However, come the spring, we will be out again.

Has anybody seen Jim Griffin? I heard from him for a while, then he disappeared again. The reason,

I believe, may be contained in the following:

Many of you will remember the Townie v. Bushie war. This war was conceived and waged in the long nights of Timor, New Guinea and New Britain.

Jim Griffin, with Angus Evans as his assistant, was Commanding General of the Bush Forces.

The tropic nights would often be shattered by General Griffin screaming at me: "I've just got word that the Bush Forces have blown up Sydney Harbour Bridge, and are fighting their way into the city."

And loud would be the general's cries when I told him that I also had received a message, and that it said: "All bushies have surrendered to the townies."

That war, which waged so long, is still going on. Jim told me in his last letter that he was still capturing and torturing townies, or as he calls them, bodgies.

So General Griffin's disappearance is, I believe, merely what he would call a strategic retreat.

Anyhow, if anyone should see the mightiest Roman, would you tell him that I'm looking for him.

Jack Hartley the other night brought to our place the reason why we haven't seen too much of him lately. Her name is Maria, and she's a very charming and attractive young lady. Having eaten one of Jack's dinners, baked with his own fair hand, I nominate Jack as one of the city's most eligible bachelors. How long he'll maintain that status I can't say just yet.

Jimmy English, unfortunately, has been in Concord Repat. Hospital with a duodenal ulcer. He fears that he may have to go back in again, and has promised to tell us if this happens. Jimmy has been having more than his share of bad luck with his own and family illness.

I had a telephone call recently from Alan Cardy. He reported in fit and well, and is soldiering at Glenfield, near Sydney.

Jock Campbell is in Sydney; I've lost his telephone number.

Squirt Johnson is living the quiet life near me and has a new home and a reasonably new car.

Drop Hilliard is still at Broken Hill, but I haven't heard from Drip lately. This may be somewhat of a blessing because he had for a

while the disturbing habit of telephoning me at odd hours, such as 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. and letting me know that his health was fine and that he was very happy.

I met Jack Huyatt at Central a couple of months back when I was going away on a job. He looks the same old Hyatt of those glorious but hectic days of Strathpine.

Neil Bray was in our office recently. He's the Sydney representative of a Melbourne advertising firm, and looks reasonably urbane. (A potential townie recruit.)

I wish a few more of you West Australian characters would drop over. It was really good to have a talk with the few who have come East since the war—Don Turton, Dick Crossing, Tommy Towers, Tommy Fitzgerald and Bob Smythe.

How are you all—Joe, Bing, Wat tie, Finkie, Huddy, Peter, Tony, Frank, Boomer, Doug, Col, Mick, Ajax, Ning, Dookie—all of you?

Merv Jones has a new Morris Minor. He also has a wife who looks at me, shakes her head sadly then asks my wife: "Honestly, Bet, how on earth did you come to marry him?"

I'm just waiting for the day when Marjorie will ask: "How on earth did you come to marry that?" Then I'll lodge a strong protest.

Recently the four of us went to Holdsworth N.S.T. camp to see Cecil Charles Anderson, who events will show to be a gentleman of no insignificant standing in that area.

Leaving the others in the Jones' car, I went into the lines and was directed to a certain hut, where conscientious characters were running needles around foresights and blancoing gaiters.

I asked for Charles, and a young trainee motioned me reverently to a sectioned-off apartment for one, which occupied about two-thirds of the hut.

Charles wasn't there. The trainees shrugged their shoulders with an air of apparent relief.

Suddenly the voice of a Regular Army Corporal, who had heard my request, exploded behind me.

"You heard the gentleman," the voice shrieked, "if he's not there get out and find him."

As no other civilian was present I realised that the corporal was do-

ing me a favour, regardless of how much his judgment had erred.

That terrible voice caused trainees to leave that hut in search of C. C. Anderson far quicker than any ferret pursued rabbit ever left a burrow.

A trainee soon after reported back with the information that Charlie was at the camp pictures.

The corporal then really excelled himself. He looked at the somewhat hapless trainee, swelled up visibly and let go a welkin-raising screech: "Well, get him. Can't you see that this gentleman is waiting?"

Then the corporal, having twice erred in his judgment, gave me a conspiratorial glance, and added: "We will get him all right."

This wasn't strictly correct either. A kindly young trainee finally managed to find Charles for us.

Charles, incidentally, told us later that the corporal was known under the somewhat peculiar title of: "Francis the Talking Mule".

The experience left me rather shaken and I am still wondering whether the corporal was:

Partly blind and had mistaken me for a Field-Marshal in mufti. Owed Charlie a few quid, or was Demonstrating that the taxpayers were really getting their money's worth.

Whatever the answer, the army certainly has changed.

Well, the best to you all and, as Porkey Pig says in the Terry Toons "That's all, folks".

—CURLY O'NEILL.

Heard This?

When Mrs. Green's expensive new fur coat was delivered to her home she fondled it ecstatically and then looked sad for a moment.

"What's the matter, aren't you satisfied with it?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I feel so sorry for the poor thing that was skinned."

"Thanks!" said Mr. Green.

* * * *

Professor of chemistry: "Now follow me carefully students. This is a most dangerous experiment. If it is not successful I shall go up into the air. Come closer so that you can follow me better."

What's So and So Doing

"What's So and So Doing?" is meeting with quite a lot of success in the "Courier" and several have written in giving a newsy letter and all the particulars required to enlighten Association members of your doings, etc.

We are reprinting an odd letter or two just as it is written so please write in yourself straight away as this news is vital to the well-being and continued interest in the Association.

Here is a letter from Norm Tillett and is the ideal type of newsy letter which should appeal to you all.

Thanks very much, Norm. —WILF MARCH, Editor.

"You will be surprised to receive this from one so far from the centre of the Unit activities, but as a regular interested reader of the 'Courier' I am dismayed that news is lacking of Unit members. No doubt all feel as I do that our own doings are of small account but if you can decipher my writing trust the appeal for 'What is doing now' will be helped along.

"My occupation always has been and still is that of a Monumental Mason. On demob. I rebuilt the business on a larger block of land, mechanised the place and have one of the most modern 'works' of its kind in Victoria. My son Grant has just left college and is taking some of the load off my shoulders. Am still interested in sport, playing cricket for several years after the war but now President of the Association which has 76 teams under its control. Took up golf instead of football and soon fell for the secretary's job, jumped out of the pan into the fire by taking over job of greens committee but thoroughly enjoy the game though my handicap has gone out to 10 due to putting jitters. Am a member of the local Rotary Club being a Director of same.

"Don't see much of old members of the Unit though try and see Bert Tobin on my periodical visits to Melbourne. Business is quite good due mainly to the local sheep community—grape growers having a bad time at the moment due to changed selling methods overseas which has cost this district three million pounds loss of revenue to the same period last year. Mildura is a community of 20,000 grape and orange growers with sheep in the outlying districts. Situated 350 miles from Melbourne and 250 from Adelaide on the River Murray and well served by train and plane transport. It is a modern city with a good shopping centre and excellent sporting facilities. I am the only Unit member in the district now that Bill Connell of the Sigs has recently gone to New Guinea.

"The 'Courier' is something to be proud of and is a 'must' to keep all members advised of Unit activities as well as personal comments of interest to all.

"Best wishes to self and all in the West.—Norman Tillett."

VALE CHARLIE RILEY

Many of you will remember Charlie Riley of the 2/3 Commando Squadron. Ron Dook was an officer in the Training Squadron at Canungra and Charlie was in his section.

Charlie was drowned on Sept. 3 when taking a line to a dinghy which was in trouble at Waterman's Bay. The dinghy manned by two men had gone out to pick up three girls carried out to sea in the

heavy undertow. Volunteers ran out the line until Charlie reached the dinghy. He then signalled to be pulled in but the line became entangled in a weed bank. He was unconscious when pulled ashore.

Charlie was a son of Anglican Chaplain—General Bishop C. L. Riley, now in Queensland.

Charlie was a resident of the North Beach-Waterman's Bay area

Our sincerest condolences go to Charlie's widow.

A soldier and a gentleman.