

2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

THOSE NOT SO FORTUNATE

Without attempting to blow our own trumpet I venture to state that by and large the members of our Association are well blessed with worldly goods and enjoy above average prosperity. Among our numbers are some well-to-do business men, successful farmers, professional men of no mean calibre, men in secure jobs of responsibility, in fact there are few who have not made well of the recent years of prosperity. This is as it should be. We were selected men, put to a severe testing, to fit us for the battle of the peace.

I further state that as a cross section of Australia we enjoy above average matrimonial happiness. It is a regular feature of our meetings to discuss our young families, to show photos of our children, and even the 'Courier', when possible, keeps us posted of weddings, additions, etc. Those so happily placed know that they are fortunate in these days of false values and changing standards, to have achieved this all important goal.

But it is the victims of less fortunate ventures that I wish to bring to your notice. The children of broken homes, innocent and bewildered in a hard and cruel world. I put it to you as responsible citizens; is there something WE could do to alleviate trouble or bring happiness to some less fortunate mite? Surely with all our connections and ability we could take it upon ourselves in some form or other the task of caring for and educating one or two little ones. Not to be treated as cattle or things as many are today, but given a proper home and upbringing at the expense of the Association. I can think of no finer way to devote our efforts and money than in something along these lines. Maybe we should look first among our own ranks for any worthy case, for there are those who did miss out in the battle to rehabilitate themselves. I suggest something along the lines of Legacy, but on a smaller scale and possessing more of the individual touch. Or we may be able to help financially one of the founding homes who specialise in this work, but who are finding the rising costs of today more than they can cope with. The avenues where assistance can be given are many and varied, the field is large and the helpers are few. The cause is urgent and definitely worthy. Surely we who are so well blessed in worldly goods could spend a little of our time and money to the upbringing of some future citizen and create a lasting monument to the efforts of our Association.

—JIM SMAILES.

West Australian Whisperings

Association Activities

ANNUAL RE-UNION

The Annual Re-Union is once again behind us. Again we have enjoyed a real bang-up show.

This year the venue was Shenton Park R.S.L. Hall. The choice was a good one as the hall is ideally situated close to transport and has nice lawns around it. Before the dinner took place a yarn and a few drinks on the lawn was the order of the evening.

The attendance was something to see to believe. It is remarkable how a relatively small unit as ours can regularly have such a huge attendance at re-unions.

Ron Dook and Bill Hollis did a marvellous job of the catering. There was an abundance of all those delicious eats which go so well with a "drop of the old amber".

Jack Carey, Arthur Smith and Bill Willis formed the catering committee and it is due to them that the show was such a success.

Bill Drage arrived at the Re-union with 10 dozen crayfish which Gig Green had refrigerated and brought to the "do". Jack Denman and Jack Carey were not to be outdone and also arrived with more of the delicious crustaceans. It was certainly a sight to see every one at supper with a cray in one hand and a glass in the other.

Mick Calcutt acted as the President's 2 I/C and kept things moving while the President was attending to other matters.

Tom Knight was our very able pianist and his appropriate few bars of music before a speech provoked quite a bit of amusement. Thanks Tom for a grand job.

That great friend of ours—Dave Ross—honoured us with his presence and was duly called upon to answer a toast to the visitors. You don't need me to tell you of Dave's ready wit so you can well imagine how his response was received.

Last but not least thanks go to "Blue" Pendergrast and Bill Cooper who attended to all the hall cleaning up and general utilitarian duties.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

Sunday, Feb. 7, saw the Association members and friends gather in King's Park to pay homage to our fallen.

The ceremony was one of the most stirring since its inauguration.

Mr. Tom Nisbet acted as marshal and marched the men down the aisle of trees and back to the dais where the President, Mr. Colin Doig, gave the address.

To those not fortunate enough to be present and hear the address we reprint it here.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Today we come together at this particular spot to do honour to those comrades of ours who paid the supreme sacrifice. We come to this spot because it is the place that has been made dear to us by the living memorials of the trees which grow in hallowed ground. It is our corner in God's Acre and it stays here during the years to remind us of those who did not return.

This month of February is a month of anniversary for us as it was at this time that we, as a fighting unit, met the blast of the enemies' guns for the first time and were blooded in the heat of battle. We suffered our greatest casualties during this month in Timor and were welded into a strong and purposeful band bent on taking full vengeance for the casualties inflicted upon us. This we did on the hills and dales of Timor and the mountains and rivers of New Guinea and New Britain. We have chosen this month of February to be our particular anniversary and to hold this Commemoration Service.

This is a time of Remembrance of those who have gone to Valhalla, to that Mecca of good soldiers, and they were good and true soldiers. We like to think of them as good mates who we will meet again when our turn comes to depart this vale of tears. These trees acting as living memorials help us to remember them to better advantage.

It is a time of Dedication. This is when we should dedicate our-

seives to work and service which will perpetuate the memory of those who have gone before. It is not enough just to hold an Anniversary Service or to remember on one or two days a year, we must work and strive to do things which will be befitting of those grand souls who are our silent shadows. We must strive for a high ideal and we must always keep our eyes turned to that ideal and serve with common purpose the self imposed task of sacred duty. To this we must dedicate ourselves.

It is up to us who are left behind to make certain that those who have gone did not die in vain. They gave their lives in what was thought would be the war to end all wars. Such has not proved to be the case but to date the conflagrations have at least been of a confined nature. It will have been a wilful waste of human lives if we allow the sacrifices of our good friends to have been without object.

**REMEMBER!
MARCH 27
BE ON PARADE
WEAR YOUR MEDALS**

We are a strong body of men and women, we are welded into a single entity by our war service and our trials and tribulations. We may only be humble people without a great deal of say in the power politics of the world, but we can exert influence in quite a number of places to try and avert a third world war. If we can by example, start other organisations such as our own to also work for this most desirable end then we will have done something of moment to the world in general. We must strive to use our effectiveness as an Association to bring about a better understanding among the peoples of the world. It is useless to bind together without using the power that is generated by such a machine. It must not be allowed to remain dormant.

We must do everything in our power to overcome the errors of the past and believe me they have been plenty. Most of the wars with their consequent loss of life and property have been the result of little faith and of less understanding of the problems of the

day. Little men with big greeds have been too often allowed to lead nations by the nose into the cockpit of world war, sometimes for nothing but personal ego such as Mussolini and Hitler did in the past war.

It does not follow that extending the olive branch is all that is required. Far from it. If you will cast your minds back you will remember that the last war came when the British Commonwealth, America and France, were at the lowest ebb of preparedness. It was this lack of military readiness that encouraged the despots to try and conquer the world by rapid fire tactics before the opposing nations could build up their potential. The lesson to be learned from this is the old Boy Scout motto: "Be Prepared". We must encourage a degree of preparedness in our growing generations not to make them into cannon fodder but to be a deterrent to would-be aggressors.

It is only human nature to try and pick upon the weak and this applies as much to nations as to individuals. We must be strong and prepared and then you will find the danger of a major conflagration will disappear. Don't be beguiled by those who seek disarmament. It didn't work prior to World War II and will not work now. Let us be prepared and the other fellow will smartly look the other way.

Actually world events have shown an appreciable improvement in the past 12 months. Korea has settled down and at least the "Shooting War" is over and if the Armistice looks a little shaky at least it is an Armistice. Events in Malaya and Indo China are also much more stable with the upsurge of malcontents under control. The general tenor of world politics is more one of conciliation than aggression so we may in the next year look forward to a period of certain peace. This has undoubtedly been brought about by the build up of strength by United Nations and any possible aggressor is beginning to realise that it will be no swift war to be won quickly but a war in which he will strike opposition from the very start and one which he will inevitably lose in the long run.

I would like all assembled to reflect for a few minutes on the

plight of those who have lost those who are near and dear to them in our Unit. It may be a mother, father, sister, brother or wife, who has lost someone. To them our thoughts should go on such a day as this. Let them take consolation in the thought that an ever-loving Divinity will look to their problems for them and we as a body will do all in our power to assuage their sorrow and loss. It is not enough for me to say that we condole with them on this day but I would like to say that their sons were more than worthy of them in their hour of greatness and in the words of the poet: "And how can man die better than in facing fearful odds, For the ashes of his fathers and Temples of his Gods?" Please take heart from this fact and let it help to make your life a little more bearable.

Finally I would like to bring to your notice the fact that we intend to make this area even more beautiful than it is at the moment. We intend to reticulate it with water and grow grass over the whole of our area. This has been spoken of in the past and it was our fervent hope that it would have been completed by this year. But it was not to be. Many matters have intervened to put the idea further back. Now we have a complete plan prepared by the Water Supply Department with estimate of costs. Don't for one moment imagine that the cost will stop us. Far from it. We want a good and effective scheme which will do honour to our Honour Avenue and it will definitely be here by this time next year now that we know what is required.

The dais was decorated with a Unit Flag, Union Jack, Australian Flag and Unit Plaque. Squad of marching men was formed up in a hollow square in front of the dais while the womenfolk were provided with seats. After the reading of the address the Honour Roll was read by Mr. Doig. Two minutes' silence was observed after which Mr. Carey recited Binyon's Prayer. The retiring Warden handed over the script of duties to the incoming warden, Mr. Bill Willis. After this part of the ceremony the squad was dismissed.

Personalities

Bill Drage was in Perth for the Re-Union and Commemoration Service. Life is certainly treating Bill well. If he broadens out much more he will be having to get a special seat built into his V8.

Bruss Fagg and Joe Brand were also down for a short spell from Northampton. That old spud boiler "Bruss" doesn't seem to have altered much in the past few years.

Jack Fowler made a hurried trip to Perth from Wongan Hills and returned to home the following night. Jack Hassen and "Wendyll" Wikie also made the trip from Wongan.

Saw Merv Ryan at the Re-Union with his arm still in a sling. A while ago Merv and his wife were involved in a car accident and were

REMEMBER!

March Meeting — Sports Night

lucky to escape as lightly as they did. Merv assures me that they are both well on the mend now.

"Doc" Wheatley bobbed up the other day. Haven't seen him for ages and he is certainly looking thin on it. You must be overworking "Doc". Will have to get out onto a good paddock for a while.

Ernie Dinwoodie is still in Hollywood Hospital so don't forget to pop in and see him now and again chaps, as it gets pretty lonely at times.

A couple of old friends of the boys who spent some time at the Chalet in the Foster camp, turned up at the Re-Union. None other than Jim Menzies and John Lilley. Both are looking well and had an "extra" time. Hope to see more of you boys.

Bert Burgess wasn't able to make the Re-Union this year but Bert has only recently married and perhaps doesn't know how to ask 'Mum' for a night out with the boys. That information is readily available Bert if you so wish.

Saw that dashing Lockinvar, Don Hudson having a rip-roaring time with Joe Poynton. Don and Joe certainly know how to get the most out of a show.

Geraldton's contribution to the annual pilgrimage to Perth was Jack Denman, Eric Smythe, and Irish

Hopkins. Both Jack and Eric turned up at Shenton Park quite early but "Irish" was not about until quite near the end of proceedings. I have heard a whisper that "Irish" was "put abed" early but must have come good and decided that a bit more hair of the dog wouldn't do any harm.

Ray Aitken has been in town for the last few weeks of the Xmas holidays staying at the King Edward Hotel. Ray is to stay at Nigabing for the next year but hopes to move on next year to an-

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other school. He is still most interested in Gun Clubs and says he manages to hold his own in most shoots with the Katanning Gun Club.

Stan King was down for Country Week Cricket and was seen at the Re-Union looking well.

Saw Tommy Martin at Country Week Cricket also. Tom looked real fit. He says he had quite a good year with both his farming and share farming. He hoped to get to the Re-Union but something must have slipped up as he didn't make it.

Fred Napier has gone into hospital again for treatment to his leg. Fred has had a tough time with dermatitis on his leg and spends more than a fair amount of time in Hollywood. We hope he makes a speedy recovery.

Alf Walsh unable to make the Re-Union as he was on the sick list. He looks quite a bit better now and we hope he is on the road to complete fitness.

Saw Geo. Wilson for the first time for ages the other day. Geo. is as big as the side of a house. He is a bus driver with Riverton Buses and says he works very long hours. He was there for the Commemoration Service.

They certainly came from far and wide to the Re-Union. Vince Swan from Salmon Gums, Gordon Rowley from Manjimup, Gordon Holmes

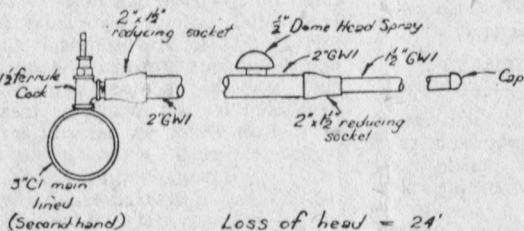
from Cranbrook, Alf Hillman from Broomehill, Jack Denman, Eric Smythe and "Irish" Hopkins from Geraldton and Bruss Fagg, Bill Drage and Joe Brand from Northampton. There's a nice spread of the State for you, nearly forgot Bob Palmer from Cowamerup and Bill Rowan Robinson from Bridgetown. Take in all the lads from places in between plus the city chaps and you will see how representative of W.A. we are.

Would like to take this opportunity of thanking everyone who made the President's job a bit easier at both the Annual Re-Union and the Commemoration Service. First, Mick Calcutt who did a great job as 2 I/C and relieved me of many onerous duties. Geo. Boyland who did so much and then deputised for Alf Walsh as treasurer. Ron Dook as caterer and of course his staff including Bill Hollis, Jack Carey, Arthur Smith and Bill Willis. Keith Hayes for his job on the menus. Dave Ritchie as receptionist, Bill Drage, Jack Denman for the crayfish which finished off the evening perfectly. Tom Nisbet for his marshalling of the lads on Sunday and Fred Napier for his assistance on Sunday. All these plus the wonderful efforts of "Blue" Pendergrast and Bill Cooper who did the clean up, made the task of the President much easier and allowed me to enjoy both functions to the full. —C. D. Doig.

One of the absentees from the Dinner was Neil Brady. He has been playing football with a team of doctors for the past couple of months and Neil (taking the place of the ball) was kicked from player to player more than considerable till at last he was punted into Westminster for what had been described as an immediate operation over two months ago. This op. finally took place on the Tuesday following the dinner. After only a mere seven days in hospital Neil was sent home. When visited the following day he felt more than seedy even though the doctors claimed a very successful job. Here's hoping that after a rest and some good home cooking—plus a little spoiling by the wife and children—you will soon be feeling your old self again.

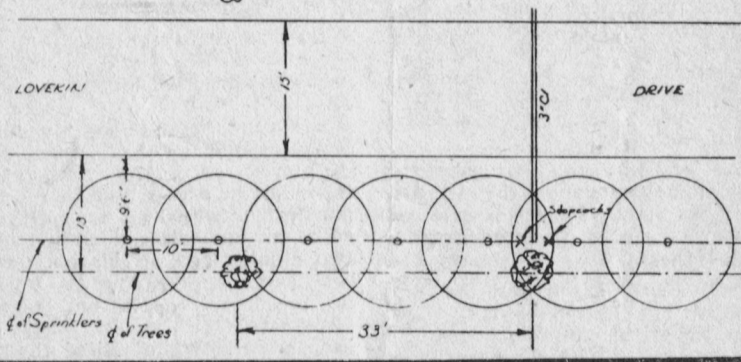
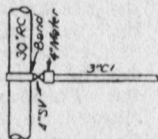
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Say 2100



Loss of head = 24'
 Head left = 26'
 equals a pressure = 11.25 p.s.i.

Each sprinkler requires 70 gpm at 10 p.s.i. to cover circle 15 ft Diam.



LOVEKIN DRIVE HONOUR AVENUE RETICULATION AND BEAUTIFICATION SCHEME APPEAL

On the opposite page is a block of the proposed plan to reticulate and beautify our portion of Honour Avenue in King's Park. I would esteem it a favour if you the reader of this article would study this short section plan and then you will have some idea of the magnitude of the task confronting us.

This area is a living memorial to our gallant comrades who paid the supreme sacrifice. I often think that it is only by the Grace of God that many more of us are not named upon the plaques on these beautiful trees. It behoves us who are fortunate enough to be left alive to keep this area in a manner befitting to those who did not return. At present with frequent working bees we do manage to make this spot a little better than the surrounding area but at some small expense we can by watering and grassing the avenue make it a place of which to be exceedingly proud.

The scheme to reticulate the avenue with water has gone beyond the blue print stage and we are now in a position to know the cost and how to do the job. The cost for materials only and for the Water Supply Department to cut into their main and supply mains to both sides of the road is approximately £280.

Your Committee at its last meeting was unanimous that everyone should be given a chance to contribute towards this worthy effort and decided to open an appeal for funds. The money so raised will be devoted to the purchase of materials and the payment of Water Supply Department charges and to the maintenance of the Avenue when the grassing is complete. A special account will be opened in the Savings Bank in which the donations will be banked. The names of all donors will be published monthly in the 'Courier' together with the progressive total of the appeal.

As President of the West Australian Branch I commend this Appeal to your generosity and hope that the amount required will be raised in a very short space of time just

to show how interested we all are in this lovely spot in King's Park. Here is a chance for everyone wherever he dwells to show his interest in our corner of God's Acre. No matter how big or how small the donation it will be most acceptable. If any member who knows of relatives who would like to subscribe then they too will be welcomed into the Scheme.

Yours fraternally—C. D. DOIG.

RANDOM HARVEST

Don Young wrote from Cunya Station, Waiuna, the other day and had quite a bit to say. Don, as most of you know, is learning the art of how to become a wealthy station owner.

It has been very hot up Don's way and he has been conjuring up fond recollections of what a few cool beers would be like at the annual Re-Union.

A very lucky escape from serious injury has Don keeping his fingers crossed. The other day he was returning from the round of the windmills on a motor cycle when he ran into a stump hidden in the grass—Well it was a kettle job and Don picked himself up with the only thing broken his watch.

Reminders

Bernie Callinan's book, "Independent Company" has hit the jackpot and the first edition is sold out. As soon as the next print is available you will be advised through the 'Courier'. Anyone requiring a copy of this book should send 26/- for an autographed copy or 21/- for an ordinary copy to Box R1273, C. D. Doig, or you may order direct from Alberts.

Next meeting will be on March 2 so make this a MUST as a sports night has been arranged complete with darts, quoits, table tennis, etc. There will be a drop of "amber" to slake those thirsts.

New South Wales News

Well chaps, another year has passed us by, probably a year of little ups and downs for most of us, but I do hope that taken all round it has been a happy one for all of you. It hasn't been a particularly bright one so far as Association achievements are concerned, and for that I can only blame force of circumstances and lack of opportunity for getting together more often. Financially we did fairly well, thanks to the Melbourne Cup sweep, but socially we have been very much in the doldrums. Unfortunately, in these material times each one of us must give primary allegiance to the welfare of our families or business interests, so it is readily understandable that in these first few formative years after army life very few of us will be able to devote as much time as we would like to nurturing the friendships we formed during those long six years. However, let us hope that in the coming year and in each succeeding one the bonds will grow stronger and endure for all time.

Personalities

A quick note from Allan Stewart who has been up the coast on three weeks' leave. Allan has not been enjoying the best of health lately, his illness being diagnosed by various sawbones as anything from cancer to chronic indigestion, but I understand it was finally settled as the latter. Hope you are much better now and thanks for the cash.

Cliff Paff, have no order forms for Bernie Callinan's book as yet, but will do something about it for you. The local publicity agent has been in touch with me about it and I understand from curly O'Neil its a gem. Fred Otway has now moved to 24 Neville-st., Smithfield, where he has purchased a small farm. He is not intending to become a farmer in the true sense of the word, but seems mainly interested in providing for his growing family. A very good scheme, Fred, and I wish you luck with it.

Keith Craig says he often sees Alan Ludy in Giffandra when he

(Keith) comes to town for the weekly treacle and flour. He also had a visit from Angus Evans one Sunday recently and says "Hagan" looks a picture of health and prosperity. Thanks for the letter Keith and will drop you a few lines one of these days if I can find time.

Tom Snowdon wrote from the Federal Capital shortly after returning from Wangaratta where he had been working for a couple of months, and was expecting to depart for Albury on a job for a few weeks. Thanks for the sub, Tom, and don't worry over any back ones—I don't. Tom has two wild junior commandoes now aged three and one. He sends greetings to all the company and especially to Mick Morgan, Paddy Kenneally and the rest of four section—says he might take a trip to the Silver City one day to see Drop Hilliard.

Les Isenhood has been with the Education Department for two and a half years now building schools and likes the job very much, but unfortunately loses a lot of time through illness. Thanks for the cash, Les, and I hope the hookworms aren't worrying you too much.

Bill Holstein sends regards to all from Krambach, where he has recently completed his new home and says he now has more time for recreation. At the time of writing he was suffering from a hangover after attending the Diggers T.B. Ball with Cliff Paff. Bill says Cliff is getting fatter and lazier than ever—as if he could.

Keith Wilson and wife were recently guests of Allan (Mick) Beaucham and his wife at Mick's home at 96 George-st., North Strathfield. Keith was able to give Mick a few back numbers of the 'Courier' and now Mick is keen to be put on the mailing list himself.

There are many more news items from various sources chaps, but I'm afraid I'll have to save them for next issue as the old enemy has caught up with me again.

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VALE ATHOL MacQUEEN

I was shocked to hear recently of the tragic death of another of our friends up in Brisbane. Athol Macqueen received a fatal electric shock while endeavouring to rescue his two children from a live swing under his home in Kine-st., Moorooka. His little daughter aged two was also killed, but fortunately his son aged four escaped with slight burns. The wire of the swing had worn through an electric cable running along the top of the joist.

Peter Hearle, Ron Host and Harry Handicott paid our last respects at the funeral, and Kel-Carthew wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs Macqueen on behalf of the Association. Many thanks Kel, for your thoughtful action and for sending the news to me as I had missed it in the Sydney papers.

To Mrs. Macqueen and Athol's relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolences for the loss of their loved ones.

CRICKET MATCH

On Sunday, Dec. 6, we played the Arncliffe R.S.L. at Barton Park and I'm happy to report we had a marvellous day and won the match 171 runs to 97. There were some outstanding performances on each side, but the best efforts were a faultless 49 runs by the youngest member of the Arncliffe side and a remarkable bowling feat by Doc Gallard. Doc took five wickets with five successive balls, one l.b.w. and four clean bowled. He was then taken off by captain Tommy O'Brien before he wrecked the match altogether, and brought on again when their star batsman was pasting the rest of our bowlers. Doc said: "I'll bowl him first ball," and he did too and finished with 6 for 11.

We were challenged to a return match to be played in February, and I'm sure all those who attended on Sunday will be looking forward to meeting the Arncliffe team again. They are a great lot of sports and we thank them very much for a grand day. Our thanks also to Jimmy English for his work in organising the match.

It seems to me that I've been wrongly accused of shirking my

duty in December issue. but I swear by all that's holy that I DID send a good contribution of news over and a week early at that. If the Editor didn't get them then I'm very sorry but it wasn't my fault.

I was very happy to spend a few hours in the company of Alan and Edith Luby last Monday evening. They have been in the cement jungle on holidays—unfortunately, Edie had to spend a few days in hospital for a check up, but she was quite well when they left for home again on Thursday. Alan as usual was a picture of health and vitality, and still as keenly interested in Association affairs as ever. He travels in style now, per medium of a nice shiny Holden. Tom Martin, Bill Bennett, curly O'Neil, Alan and I fought the battle of New Guinea over again in the Marble Bar at Adams', and I couldn't help thinking what a pity it is these impromptu little gatherings are so few and far between.

Called in to say hello to Russ Symonds one afternoon and found him busy pounding the excess flesh off a few unfortunate businessmen—suggested he might knock a couple of stone off me and Russ very kindly gave me a special diet to follow. I've never been so hungry since Timor days in the big bush, but I think it's doing the trick.

Had the pleasure of conveying Wally Rayner to the station the other night and extracted two bob and a promise from him to appear at the next cricket match. Bill Coker dropped by the rank yesterday to say hello, driving a very nice Humber Hawk—he is working his way up to a Customline.

Tom Martin is doing exceedingly well in Pennants Bowls—I'll be looking for some lessons one of these days Tom. Barrenjoey O'Neil is back on all day work again with A.M. Magazine so he has no excuse now for missing meetings.

Keith Dignum was in town recently on a visit from Adelaide and gave me a ring, but unfortunately the phone was so bad that I could not savvy half of the conversation. He was with Paddy Kennealy at the time and trying to track down a few of his old section, so perhaps Paddy will give me some information later.

Anzac Day is fast approaching again, the ninth peace time day of remembrance since the end of the last big donnybrook, and I suppose we can look forward to the usual crop of complaints about the way we ex-servicemen turn the day into one of celebration with booze parties, etc. Well now, who would know best how to remember one's absent friends than those who were with them in battle when they died? Personally, I'm not a regular drinking man myself, but Anzac Day is one day when I do like to have a few beers with my mates, so to blazes with the kill-joys. How would men like Cyril Doyle, Jack Maley, Bill Holly, Val Nagle, Jack O'Brien, George Paterson and countless other fine soldiers expect us to remember their sacrifices—certainly not by getting around with gloomy faces and crocodile tears. By all means let us gather at the Cenotaph early in the morning to place a wreath to their memory and offer up a silent prayer that such sacrifices will never again be necessary, then let us fall in and march through the city, not with sadness but rather with rejoicing in our hearts that we are free men and women in a wonderful and happy country. Then let us adjourn to the various celebrations and do what those absent mates would be doing if they were here with us in the flesh, grog on and earbash to our heart's content and roll home at the end of the day with our memories and old friendships refreshed. BUT, and I repeat, but, don't ever get the idea that by following this routine year after year on this one particular day that you are doing your full duty and repaying the debt we all owe to those departed comrades. No, gentlemen, we must do more than that, and the best way I can think of to convey my thoughts to you is with these words: "The greatest service one can do for the dead is to look after the living". The loved ones who are left without a husband and father, the sad and lonely wife who has lost her mate and the little boys and girls who ask: "Where's my Dad gone?"

Not in all cases is it necessary for us to render financial assistance to deceased members' families sometimes relatives are well able to

care for them or they are well provided for with insurance policies, compensation and pensions. But sometimes young couples with little children are parted by death, and young wives are left to rear their children without the love and support of their husbands.

So I impress you with that thought, gentlemen; what greater service can we do for our departed mates than to care for the ones they left behind? Someday we shall meet those mates again, and I for one want to look them straight in the eye and say truthfully, "I did my best, mate". How do you feel about it?—Jack Hartley

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N.S.W. Correspondent:

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VALE JIMMY WARD

Tragedy has again struck at our ranks, and it grieves me deeply to have to report the passing of one of our youngest and most popular members—Jimmy Ward. Jim was fatally injured on the third of February at Enfield Goods Yards where he was a fireman. I understand he was coupling up a train and was crushed when the train shunted. The accident happened at seven in the morning and due to the Queen's arrival in Sydney that day, was not reported in the daily papers, so unfortunately we knew nothing about it until the 11th when a workmate of Jim's told Jimmy English. Frank O'Neil and I went out the following night to see Mrs. Ward and we found a most unhappy young girl bewildered by the blow which has struck her home, and wondering how she is going to manage without her husband. There are two lovely children, Pamela aged six, and Garry three. Pamela realises that her daddy is gone but young Garry keeps asking for him, making it all the harder for the young mother.

To Mrs. Ward and all Jimmy's relatives, we extend the heartfelt sympathies of all members. We sincerely hope that the future may hold kinder things for them and we give our pledge of the greatest assistance of which we are capable.

WARD APPEAL

New South Wales members will shortly receive a circular letter appealing for financial aid for Mrs. Ward. Interstate members will not be asked to contribute to the appeal, but if any of them wish to help then their donations will be most welcome. We made Mrs. Ward an immediate gift of ten pounds, with a cheque for another fifteen pounds to follow from our Provident Fund, and a further gift will be made if necessary. At present Mrs. Ward and the children are living with her mother in a

rented flat at Haberfield, and she has expressed the wish that if it is possible she would like to move to another suburb and perhaps buy a small cottage. This will depend of course, upon the amount of compensation she receives from the railways department. Compensation cases sometimes take many months to come before the courts, and in the meantime this girl has two little children to feed and clothe, hence the appeal. There was a small amount of holiday and back pay due to her from the railways, but she had not received a cracker when we saw her.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Unfortunately I was unable to prepare my notes for the last issue of the 'Courier' and accordingly tender my apologies to all for having let you down. The pre-Christmas pressure of work and the swiftly gathering momentum of the Christmas spirit are my prime excuses, they are only valid once a year, and this was it.

Our Christmas Party, blessed by glorious weather, was a resounding success. Fifty kiddies were present and almost thirty ladies, causing all who assisted to feel the glow one gets when a job that has been done proves to have been really worth while. Due to the imagination (childish) of Bert Tobin, Harry Botterill and Bruce McLaren who purchased the toys, the children were all the time receiving further surprises and there was never a dull moment. Jack Servante once again handled the sweet department most ably. Our thanks to all who assisted and to those who came along, some, including Ken Monk, Jack Benson and George Veitch, from quite long distances. The only casualties were Des Williams young fellow, who fell in the briny, and also my own young menace who valiantly endeavoured to swim the channel and was rescued on the point of going down for the third time.

We carried our Christmas effort a little further this year by sending to all country kiddies whose names we possessed, a book with our best

wishes. Thanks to Harry and Bert again we were able to get very good books at a reasonable price. These gifts have proved very popular judging by what I have heard and the appreciation I have received. While on that subject I would again request all who have not yet done so to send me details of their families, names, ages and so on. We do not want to overlook anybody, but if we are in the dark as to who has what in the way of infants, we cannot avoid it.

The week before Xmas week was highlighted by an evening at the Alan (Darby) Munro Ranch at Eaglemont. I think quite frankly it was one of the most enjoyable evenings I have ever spent being highlighted by a stupendous supper which included crayfish, fried rice, chicken, a spaghetti concoction that is Darb's speciality and caraway seed, onion and egg pies. Darby and his charming wife were the ideal host and hostess, and those of us who managed to get along sincerely thank them for a first class party.

Arch Campbell spent the Christmas and New Year holidays in Perth with his mother and folks. I managed to get along to see him off and saddled him with a mighty duck to deliver to my family. Arch is due back any day now and will, I am certain, give me a full report on all the sandroppers he saw for inclusion in either this or the next issue. His good wife, May, is

about due to leave London for home with the Australian Girls Hockey Team any day now and if only he had a house or flat I am sure everything in the garden would be lovely.

Another one of the boys who would really appreciate a house or a flat is Pete Krause, who, with the fair Elvina, visited me on the Saturday prior to Xmas. They are expecting the stork in the near future, and the importance of one's privacy when there is a little one in the house cannot be over emphasised. Anyone who can help Arch or Pete please contact either them or me, and those who can't, keep your eyes and ears open.

Pete and Elvina joined with Margo and I in a visit to a friend with a niner, and we managed to sing a few of the old songs during the evening. I don't know whether any one else appreciated our efforts, but we certainly did.

I have remembered the two who didn't get mentioned after our last Legacy working bee at Stanhope. Bill Tucker and Alex Boast are the boys. Many thanks to you for your help. I managed to apologise personally at the Xmas Party.

There are still some copies of Independent Company available for those who have not written to me as yet. Bernard Callinan tells me that a reprint will be out shortly, the first edition having sold like hot cakes. The book has been praised right and left in Melbourne and I guess everywhere else too. It is a most valuable acquisition for anyone's bookshelf.

It has been suggested that we have a record of the names of members who can obtain hard to get goods or who can purchase goods at a discount. In particular this refers to building materials, paints, home appliances and the like. The benefit this would be to members with homes or setting up homes is obvious and if all who are in a position to assist others of the boys would give me the details I will set about the preparation of the list. The more lines we can save on the better it will be.

Have had a considerable number of queries as to whether we will be holding another competition with a prize of beer tankards and tray. You will recall last year

that we drew one on Anzac Day, the lucky winner being Jack Benson. We will definitely do something similar to be decided on Anzac Day this year, and soon after our next Committee meeting which will be held early in February I will be giving you further details.

With reference to Arch Campbell's suggestion that a working bee be organised to paint my house, I am most grateful for the thought behind the suggestion, and as my physical condition will not allow me to carry out my usual home chores in a workmanlike manner, I will be truly thankful for some assistance. I am in the process of getting the materials lined up and will arrange a date later on.

Anzac Day is on a Sunday this year, and at this juncture all will be pleased to know that we have booked the Drill Hall, George-st., Fitzroy, for our Annual Re-Union on that afternoon.

I had a most enjoyable and informative trip covering three days of the between Christmas and New Year period. It was not without incidents, just before I had intended leaving I was giving the car a last minute check up and found that one of my tie rods was hanging on by a split pin and force of habit only, and that the ball joints had about had the rickard. It took a considerable time to buy and fit new ones and I didn't leave until the late afternoon.

Six year old Anthony was my off-sider and we camped the first night about sixty miles from Melbourne, at Longwarry. Much to the lad's disappointment we didn't see anything to shoot at, so had to eat out of a tin before sleeping under the stars. I'll wager there were more mosquitoes at this spot than there were at Dilli drome that Xmas exactly 12 years ago. In the early morning we had the fascinating experience of watching dozens of possums scampering through the tall gum trees under which we had our camp.

We got an early start after a few fruitless pot shots at bunnies, and headed along the Prince's Highway, through the rich dairying country around Warragul, through Yallourn, which is a staggering place, much larger than I had imagined with its

open cut mines of brown coal. On to Monwell and further shocks. This town is really colossal and will in the not too distant future supply Victoria with the bulk of its electric power and briquettes for heating and fuel. Father Crowe is now at Monwell having been transferred from Yarram. I didn't call in on Terry Paul at Moe, and have since learned that he was moving that morning to Mansfield, so I doubt that I would have been very welcome.

My destination of the moment was Traralgon, which was reached at 6.55 a.m. Being still too early to call on Tom Coyle I decided to journey the 20 or so miles to Heyfield where Blue Sargeant has temporarily hidden himself. We had some breakfast and a few more unsuccessful shots on the way. By this time young Anthony had concluded that my gun was crook. At least he had the common sense not to blame me! We were in Heyfield by eight and after unsuccessfully enquiring for Blue decided to head back to Traralgon. As our efforts to live off the land did not look like proving too successful, I also visited the local butcher.

Traralgon was reached shortly after ten and I made my way round to Tom Coyle's where I learnt from Mrs. Coyle that Tom was at the joinery. I ran him to earth and found him armed with a paint brush brightening the place up. Was a bit disappointed to learn from Tom that I passed Blue's place twice going to and from Heyfield, and have since heard from Blue that he was in Traralgon that morning. Left Tom with the promise that I would meet him at Ryan's at 3 o'clock the following afternoon if I was going home that way. Unfortunately I went home by the South Gippsland Road so had to miss out. Had a look through a few hotels in case any of the other local boys were about but didn't strike any. It was Ted Mulcahy's day to be in town, being "cocky's" day, but I didn't call in the right pubs.

I was struck very forcibly with Traralgon's attractiveness. It is a big place, very busy, with a large well laid out shopping area, wide, clean streets and an attractive War Service Homes section. There is a really modern hospital nearing com-

pletion near which Campbell Rodd is living. With the train line in the course of electrification, it wouldn't surprise me to see this beautiful spot become the capital of Gippsland. No wonder all the boys down there swear by it.

By this time the little feller was asking me when were we going to carry on with our camping, so, after consulting the road map we decided to head across country to Yarram on the South Gippsland Highway, thence to Wilson's Promontory. The road to Yarram is fairly rugged and reminded me with its winding and mountainous turns and bends of the road to the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains. At Yarram I replenished the bread and water supply and also took on board a couple of bottles of Abbots, straight off the ice.

The Highway was quite good though not as good as the Princes Highway, and we had a look at the "Prom" from Port Welshpool before going on through Toora to Foster. As a result of being warned that it was very dry and short of water on the Promontory we decided against exploring it, though we had a good look at it from the mountains above Foster. What a dark forbidding looking place it appeared too. Just a silhouette of black mountains against the sky.

We carried on along the Highway until we came to the Tarwin River which looked just the spot to carry on with our camping and the lad and I both agreed that this spot would do us. We cooked a great feed and tucked into it with gusto, and after cleaning up we went for an exploratory trip along the river. There were a few fish, but no rabbits, and by this time I was starting to get the blame, not the rifle. About then it started to rain. Boy it did rain. We got back to the car and just sat there. I drank a bottle of beer and still it rained. Then my offspring said that it would be as well to go home, and before he could change his mind I started up the buggy and away we went. After all, I'm not as young as I used to be, and wet feet don't appeal to me.

At Korrumburra it was still raining, and there I had a brainwave. Poowong wasn't far away, and Ken Monk was at Poowong, and having

a dairy Ken was sure to have a barn where we could set our stretchers for the night. Sure enough Ken had a barn but he also had a bed and it didn't need much persuasion for us to decide on the bed. We got there in time for the evening meal and Kei and his good wife Margaret really made us welcome. Their two girls, Barbara and Elva introduced Anthony to the barn and the hay and gave him a right royal time. In the morning Ken took us for a run around the district, during the course of which we made the acquaintance of a porcupine, and also saw some lovely country. It is very hilly and a lot is still thickly timbered but most is cleared and is beautiful dairying country. Ken has almost 100 acres, all cleared and milks 30 cows. He has found the nucleus of a first class stud, and has high hopes that the next few years will see the stud returning some of his outlay. They were in the middle of hay baling, but the heavy rain had caused this work to be held up. Ken and Margaret work as a team and share both the milking and household chores with a spirit that is really worth seeing. Besides the two girls, they have a young son, Colin, going on for 18 months old. We left Ken and Margaret after a hearty lunch, and would like to thank them again for looking after us so kindly. We are very keen to visit them again in the very near future.

It was now New Year's Eve and we were homeward bound through Poowong to Nyora, and without much difficulty we located Ted Hodgson's home. Ted and his two brothers were busy fitting in a new tank to their household water supply, and while the kettle was boiling I had the pleasure of meeting Ted's wife and baby. I seemed to be following the "Courier" around on my travels and everyone I met asked was it true about "Smash" having a baby daughter. I can really vouch for it, and what a lovely baby she is. As a matter of fact I saw Ted nursing her, and while she is not quite as big as a Tommy Gun, he seemed to handle her expertly. I appreciated the cup of tea and the cakes and Anthony wants to call again (mainly because of the cakes). "Smash" took me up to the local for a couple of

seasonal beers, and then we were off on the last leg.

We sailed through Toonadin, Cranbourne and Dandenong, and arrived home about 5.30, a little tired, but very happy, and resolved to do a similar trip again before too much water flows under the bridge taking a lot longer and spending more time with all those good friends we met.

I was about to mail this epistle off to our worthy friend Wilf March when Max Davies phoned with the news of Keith Dignum who passed through Melbourne yesterday on his way from Adelaide to Sydney. Keith is as fit as a fiddle and wishes to be remembered to all the gang, especially Bert Tobin. He also brought greetings from Dud Tapper, to all the boys. Dud had better get Max Davies address right, it is 155 Spring-st., Regent, NOT 21 Regent-st., Preston. Poor old Keith did quite a masterly job tracking the big fella down, but it took up so much time that he no sooner arrived than he had to be off again.

Cheers 'n beers—GERRY MALEY

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Vic. Correspondent:

G. Maley,
10 Angus Street,
Noble Park, Victoria.

Heard This?

"Was she pleased when you gave her that charming undie for her birthday?"

"Yes, but she cried a little."

"She did?"

"Yes. She said it was her first slip."

* * * *

The eminent visiting priest had preached at Mass this Sunday morning a most eloquent sermon on the beauties of married life, and two Irish women, as they left the church, were commenting on it.

"Sure, 'tis a fine sermon his virinice is after giving us," said the first.

"Indeed it is," sighed the other, "and I wish I knew as little about the subject as he does."