



# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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## *Editorial*

### THE SPIRIT OF THE ANZACS

**"Their memory cannot grow old; their honour is the envy of all men; mourned for their nature as mortal, they are famed as immortal for their valour."**

Anzac Day, remembered with church services, parades and gatherings around monuments—the sacrifice of the original Anzacs and the sacrifice of the generation that fought the last war. It is good, of course, to remember every year what two generations of Australians gave for the cause of freedom, but it is appropriate to think not only proudly of the men who died but also what they died for. Was it for an array of fine speeches and impressive parades alone—did they think much of the glory of war that is so stressed wherever are talks of the dead of World War I and World War II? Some, maybe, were attracted by the vision of adventure, but most went out to fight because of a plain sense of obligation, because they thought it was necessary to do this thing in order to preserve their country and the world from the horrors that war meant.

They went to war to end the possibility of war in the future.

We face today, in a world of turmoil, the pathetic realisation that the thing they died for hasn't happened.

They fought for peace, but nobody can say that there is real peace in the world today. I know that we are only small change in the eyes of the world and our voice is a small voice in the councils of the nations, but at least we can make it articulate on behalf of our brave and unselfish dead. At least, then, every Anzac Day we can make the accent, not on the gloomy of war for which the Anzacs had little thought, and little time, but on the glory of peace for which they, in the true spirit of chivalry, went out to fight. Let there be a resolve in our hearts not to talk loosely about another war and not regard it in a fatalistic fashion as inevitable. Because, if our dead could speak they would say that the world which they had fought to make free had betrayed them, if ever it plunged into another war. Admittedly, another war if it happens, will not be our doing, but we at least can all do our best in our own way to make sure that the will for peace shall ever be in our hearts and minds. I doubt if there ever will be such a thing as a war to end wars, because real peace must come, not in the clash of armaments, but in the merging of ideals of common humanity, and the will for peace among all the peoples.

Let us not instill in young minds the idea that there is glory in war—that is the last thing the Anzacs would want them told. The greatest glory that mankind can achieve is in peaceful living, in the pursuit of cultural ideals, and in the making of a world that will be better for the common man. If the dead could speak they would ask us today not to glorify what they did in war, but what they tried to do for peace.

—WILF MARCH.

# West Australian Whisperings

## Committee Comment

Present at the March Committee meeting were Messrs. Arthur Smith, Curly Bowden, Mick Calcutt, Bill Willis, George Boyland, Colin Doig, Jack Carey and Wilf March.

### Water Scheme

Committee wishes to announce that they do not wish members to be impatient regards this scheme as it only needs the finishing details now.

Unfortunately Mr. Fred Napier's sojourn in Hollywood Hospital has held things up to a certain extent.

### Annual Re-Union

Will be continued in February in view of overwhelming voting for that month.

### Xmas Party or Picnic

Considerable discussion took place in regards this subject but the subject has been deferred to next meeting.

### Notice of Motion

Mick Calcutt has given in this notice of motion to amend one of the rules.

That sub-clause (e) be added to Rule 3, membership, that life membership be only conferred upon a member on recommendation from the committee.

The secretary wishes to thank all those members' wives who were so kind as to send a reply to the circular re the Xmas Party or Picnic. The response was good and proved just what the committee was after.

### Addresses You May Require:

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## Association Activities

### EX-SERVICEMEN'S PARADE FOR THE QUEEN

Saturday afternoon, March 27, saw Western Australia's Ex-Servicemen parade before Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II.

It was the honour of the 2/2 to have a place in this parade. Even though there were many whose faces we don't see very often it was a very disappointing turn up to a function which might never be repeated in our lifetime.

After the Queen and the Duke had driven round the lines in a Landrover and the march past had taken place the lads made a rendezvous at the Kensington Hotel where a little liquid refreshment was partaken.

There was quite a number of lads from other Commando Squadrons marching with us and we had quite a natter on old experiences and told the inevitable few jokes.

In all—a grand day.

### ANZAC DAY PARADE AND DAWN SERVICE

Warden Bill Willis and Vice President Mick Calcutt laid the Association wreath on the War Memorial at the Dawn Service on Anzac Day.

Later in the afternoon members met and marched in the Anzac Parade.

Parade, as far as the association turn-up was concerned, was very poor and does not give much heart to the stalwarts who turn up time and again for these shows.

Surely to goodness there is no excuse why you shouldn't pay homage to the boys who have fallen. It might have been you.

Colin Doig took his usual position at the head of the parade and Mick Morgan carried the flag.

Our band was very small but "turned it on" in their usual grand manner.

After the parade the lads retired to the 16th Batt. Drill Hall (by special permission of Tom Nesbit) and had a convivial drink and munched a ham and sausage roll.

### HONOUR AVENUE APPEAL

Last month I stressed the need for donations to the above appeal. So far the response has been quite good with £31/4/- being to hand.

This scheme deserves your earnest attention as we are pioneering an idea in King's Park and need to raise a considerable sum of money to reticulate that area granted to us to perpetuate the memory of our fallen.

Donors so far are: C. Doig, B. Langridge, J. Burrige, G. Green, M. Wheatley, J. Hasson, S. Sadler, H. Burges, A. Hillman, Tom Crouch

### APRIL GENERAL MEETING

Davis Cup film night and guest evening saw a good roll-up of the boys and their guests. The fare for the evening was the Slazenger Davis Cup film and some excellent shots of the Coronation march and ceremony at the Abbey. These films are always well received and this one was no exception. Ted Trainer and his film operator certainly put on a good show and the boys showed their appreciation in no uncertain manner.

It was good to see a few "new" old faces again. Keep up the good work lads and roll up to the next meeting—you had a good time didn't you?

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Perth Sub-Branch R.S.L. were holding some sort of a "do" in the main hall and at supper time they brought along great loads of sandwiches and saviories to us. The boys needed no second invitation and quickly polished off the plates. A few beers and a yarn or two helped to round off a very successful evening.

### Independent Company

Bernie Callinan's book "Independent Company", is on sale again at Alberts, so all you lads who were disappointed in not receiving a copy when they first came out can procure one now.

The price of the book is 21/- but if you pay 26/- a personally autographed copy by Bernie will be available to you. Try and get one of these autographed copies as the extra 5/- is to go to Unit Association funds.

## Personalities

Peter Campbell from Southern Hills, dropped us a line the other day and sent in his replies to the Xmas Party and Annual Re-Union questionnaire. Peter says that rain has been looked forward to without any forthcoming. About 20 points to catch a bit of water would make him happy. Anyway Peter, rain can't be far off now so here's hoping that your prayers will soon be heard and that the tanks will fill.

A few lines from Merv (Doc.) Wheatley and he says that the tomatoes have kept him busy out at his Byford property. Growing tomatoes is "Doc's" speciality and I believe he sure has the game sewn up. The dry season has been right up "Doc's" ally as tomatoes have been dear so of course a little more "hay" for him.

"Doc" who belongs to the Jarrahdale Rifle Club, went down to Waroona where the Waroona Rifle Club made them welcome. The Waroona Club donated a trophy for the best score put up by Jarrahdale members and "Doc" duly carried off this honour. This is no surprise to us as we all know what a crack shot "Doc" is. A brace of ash trays for the dining room mantle—good work, "Doc". Too much work and no play is no good "Doc" so try and get out a bit more and put on your old weight. "Doc" sends his regards to all the boys and hopes to see you again in the near future.

Ernie Dinwoodie is progressing along the right track. The doctors have up graded Ernie and he is to go home for a spell to see how he fares there. Before going home he will be in the Edward Milne in Victoria Park until about June. Ernie has a house at 212 South Ter., Kensington, South Perth, so any of you lads who wish to write may contact him at that address.

By the way Ernie popped down to the Esplanade to see the boys on Sunday at the Anzac Parade. It was good to see Ernie about again and having a natter with the boys. Mal Herbert was down in Perth the other day and went along to the last general meeting to see the Davis Cup film. Mal, as you know, is a farmer at Nungarin and seemed

to be simply exuding that rare brand of good health that only the "cocky" enjoys. By the way, somebody took a fancy to Mal's car and stole it while in Perth. I haven't had any further news of whether he has recovered it or not. (Stop press: He has it back.)

To all those old pals of Sid McKinley—Sid is off to the Cocos Islands far out in the Indian Ocean. Sid is to take up a position with Shell as aircraft superintendent and expects to be away for about two years. He will leave on May 11.

I saw "Boyo" Hewitt at the film night and believe me the old "Boyo" hasn't changed very much—a little longer in the tooth perhaps but the same old "Boyo". We had quite a chat and I was given the lowdown about the fields in general. Once the old "Boyo" was wound up he really went to town.

Johnny Burrige with his inevitable grin and bow tie was enjoying himself at the meeting. Johnny always seems to get the most out of life and can always be relied upon to supply a good word and a joke for all and sundry.

The old Burrige has been down in the apple area during the recent Apple Festival and he tells me that he has been very busy.

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#### REMINDER

**Annual General Meeting will take place on Tuesday, June 1st. A place on Tuesday, June 1st. A good roll-up is expected at this very important meeting.**

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Harold Brooker came along to the April Committee meeting as one of the guests and gave his points of view on many subjects discussed. The old "Brook" is at present a keeper at South Perth zoo. "Brook" tells me that over at the zoo there are only two keepers who can handle the elephant and he is one of them. This unfortunately brings a lot of extra responsibility onto his shoulders but they are broad and can take it. The elephant is a female of the species and like all their kind takes a bit of handling.

Had a yarn with Mick Calcutt the other evening. Mick swings the bag in the time honoured fashion

down at Fremantle. The so-called "suckers" who keep Mick in chicken and champagne certainly took him to the cleaners over the Easter Racing Round. Never mind, Mick, they are on again next week and you will get it all back again with interest.

Had quite a yarn with Slim James after the Anzac Parade. Slim doesn't change much and after I had sorted out a lot of bolony—it goes by another name sometimes—I found that the old Slim is working in the Metropolitan Markets during the week and also endeavouring to add a few shekells to the weekly income by laying the odds—a la S.P. at Scarborough on the weekends.

I saw Percy McPhee last Sunday and he has certainly added to the advoidupois since I last saw him. Percy must have a nice little set-up somewhere but he assures me that he is working quite hard.

Archie Campbell arrived here on Sunday night from the Eastern States. I believe Arch is thinking of going down Moulyinny way to do a bit of "cockying".

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#### *Heard This?*

The crowd gathered that evening for no apparent reason when the subject of conversation got around to most embarrassing moments.

"One time I went to visit friends," said one of the wives, "and during the course of the evening found it necessary to go and powder my nose. Now, my friend had just redecorated her bathroom with a delightful new colour scheme in that new, supposed to be fast drying, glossy, plastic enamel. Only this batch didn't seem to have dried fast enough and I found myself stuck. I screamed and in came my friend. She could do nothing and much to my embarrassment; she called her husband, who at least was able to remove the screws and detach the thing so I could stand up. But we couldn't get it off so we called the doctor.

"Did you ever see anything like this before?" my friend's husband asked the doctor.

"Yes," he replied, "but as I recall it, this is the first time I ever saw one framed."





n the Orion capped off an "extra" holiday for Blanche and Stan.

A few lines from Norma Hasson—Jack being the busy man has left his little wife to answer correspondence from the association and send in his donation to the Water Scheme.

Jack and Norma have been down to Safety Bay enjoying themselves.

Had a letter from one of our good correspondents in Don Young Don can usually be relied upon for a few words now and again to let us know how things are around his area. Rain seems to be his bugbear too—so rain, rain, rain, and make these country types happy.

Long time no hear Bernie Langridge—but what a busy soul. When I think of the amount of work you put into one day I say, "Thank goodness there are only seven days in a week."

Bernie says that he has built a very effective prison wall around himself per medium of his family—three boys, 19 dairy cows and 13 acres of orchard—and yes, of course, by no means last, a wife.

Bernie says the reason we see so little of him is that as soon as the cows are dry the fruit is just starting to come in. Ernie Bingham—if you are listening in—a cheerio from Bernie—he would like to hear from you.

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## Heard This?

A farmer visiting a mental hospital was strolling about the grounds when he came upon an inmate sprawled restfully under the shade of a tree. After a word of greeting the man sat up and eyed the visitor with interest.

"What do you do for a living?" he finally asked.

"I'm a farmer."

"Farmer, eh? I used to be a farmer. Darned hard work."

"Sure is," agreed the visitor.

"Ever tried being crazy?"

"Why no," the shocked farmer replied.

"You ought to," declared the inmate as he again relaxed on the cool grass. "Beats farming."

Some years ago, a courthouse in a small town in Southern France was the scene of a "sensational" trial, which attracted many women of the so-called best society. During one period of the trial, when the testimony promised to become a shade too sensational, the judge arose and said, "At this point in the proceedings I would ask all respectable women in this court room to leave immediately."

Not a single woman moved.

After a short pause the judge turned to some policemen and said in a loud voice. "Now that all the respectable women have left, clear out these others."

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The manager of a large organisation called in eight departmental executives for a confidential discussion.

"I understand," he said, "that all of you have been dating Miss Trudy, the receptionist. I want the truth. How many of you have been taking her out?"

Seven of the execs. raised their hands and looked sheepish. Mr. Manager glared at the eighth man and intoned: "Are you SURE that you are telling the truth?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply.

"All right then," came the order, "you fire her!"

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A man wished to introduce a friend to his wife at the seashore. When the pair got to the resort they found the wife in the surf. Entering the bathhouse, the men donned their costumes and went into the water. The husband introduced his friend. A week later the friend observed the woman he had met in the water sitting opposite him in the street car. He bowed. She looked puzzled for a moment and then exclaimed: "Oh, how do you do? I didn't know you with your clothes on."

They abruptly left the car at the next corner.

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"Do you mean to tell me you get three every time?" asked the stranger of the mother of three sets of triplets.

"Oh, no, sir," she replied coyly. "Sometimes we don't get any at all."