



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

So This Is The West

Have you ever been to West Aust? What! you haven't? Well, pardner, you don't know what you have missed.

It is just 12 months since I arrived in this far flung outpost of the Empire and to quote the words of an eminent member of the medical profession who lives in Fremantle and is well known to most of us: "I think I'm going to like it here."

I first heard of West Aust. in May, 1941, while travelling in a troop train from Melbourne (Vic.) to Foster (Vic.). During this trip I met up with a group of fellow conscripts, whom I soon realised, after about five seconds conversation, were all from the mighty West. It was here that I made one of the greatest mistakes of my life by admitting that I had never been to the West and knew little about the way of life in those parts.

Immediately I made this admission I was surrounded by an eager group who, sensing an innocent victim, started an advertising campaign, that continued non-stop, but with considerable repetition, from Darby to Dilli, from Canungra to Chimbu, from the Ramu to Rabaul via Wayville, Wau, Wide Bay, and wherever else you care to mention—there was no escape from this propaganda machine.

Occasionally I would assert myself and mention that, where I came from we had a bridge, but I quickly learnt that the Causeway overshadowed anything we could produce in the way of bridges. Sydney Harbour, I soon learnt, was only a waterhole compared to the vastness of the Swan River. Bondi Beach was a mere mud flat alongside of Cottesloe or Scarborough, and there was only one type of football worth playing or watching.

All these things I learnt, together with many others, until at last, by the grace of Gen. McArthur and the surrender of the Imperial Japanese Army, I was granted a happy release. The war came to an end and I returned to the very ordinary surroundings of my home in N.S.W.

For nearly nine years I suffered the hardships of life in the East as a civilian, conscious always of the echoes sounding in my ears, telling me of the opportunities and amenities of the mighty West.

Then, suddenly, I was offered a transfer to Perth. Here was my chance. "Go West young man—Go West." I thought to myself—"For years they told me how good it is in the West—and although I still don't believe them I will go over and see for myself just how West Aust. lives up against this part of the world."

So, tearing myself from the earthy pleasures of Sydney, I packed up my covered waggon (Holden type) and using an Ampol (beg pardon) ordnance map and liquid compass (souveniered in New Guinea) I faced toward the setting sun and prepared to conquer the hazards of a trans-continental crossing.

The trip across was quite an experience (I'd like to get my own back and tell you about it sometime, if the Editor will allow me). There was no sign post to indicate when I crossed the border into the mighty West, but they couldn't fool me. I recognised the difference immediately, the potholes were wider and deeper, the road corrugations were bigger and better and the dust was thicker and heavier. I'd never seen anything like it and I knew without doubt, that at long last I had arrived in West Aust.

So in due course I reached Perth, capital city of this fair land and now after having looked around for 12 months. I can say with all sincerity, that West Aust. is almost as good as it was made out to be.

Throughout my travels, from the rugged brown and grey grandeur of the Eastern Goldfields to the lush green valleys of the fertile South West, from the wheat belt country to the open spaces of the north, I have been impressed by the variety and beauty of this golden State. Truly a land of promise and opportunity.

I found Perth a carefree, friendly city with a casual outlook on life, that is both refreshing and relaxing after the hurly burly of other capitals. The only things that seem to excite the local population are the football finals.

The metropolitan beaches were a big disappointment, due largely to an almost complete absence of surf, as I knew it at Bondi and Manly. However, what they lack in surf is more than made up for by dangerous cross currents that keep the local surf club boys pretty busy most weekends.

Both the Swans were up to expectations. The river is a lovely expanse of water, providing an aquatic playground that any city could well be proud of, while the beer, I find, suits my palate admir-

ably and would even be better than the N.S.W. brew—which is really saying something.

Anyone interested in punting would find this part of the world a paradise. Each Saturday the radio stations start broadcasting the Sydney and Melbourne races at 10.30 a.m. or thereabouts and by the time these have concluded about 2.30 p.m. the local meeting is in full swing and carries through till about 5 p.m. Then at 7 p.m. the trotting meeting gets under way and by 10.30 p.m. most of the punters are so broke their voice has even cracked.

There is so much else I could tell you. The natural beauty of Kings Park and the magnificent views of city and river which reveal themselves from this lofty lookout—legalised S.P. betting—pubs open till nine each night—the big timber around Pemberton—the little police men around Perth—good bitumen highways in the country areas—antiquated trams—modern diesel locomotives—tasty crayfish and crabs—and the best footballers in the world—all this and much more, the Golden West has to offer.

So whether you want to just relax and enjoy the warm sunshine or whether you are looking for your big opportunity—take my advice and come West—we'll be glad to have you.

To sum up my impressions, I repeat my earlier quotation: "I think I'm going to like it here."

—THE BULL.

COMING EVENTS

SEPTEMBER: Sports night.

OCTOBER: Ladies' night.

NOVEMBER: Visit to W.A. Glass Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

DECEMBER: Kiddies Xmas party.

JANUARY: No meeting.

FEBRUARY: Annual Re-union.

MARCH: Davis Cup film. Guests.

APRIL: Guest speaker.

MAY: In abeyance.

JUNE: In abeyance.

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West Australian Whisperings

The August meeting was a real success and was a bit different from our usual get-togethers. The evening took the form of a "musical extravaganza" and quiz show. There was much singing and jollification and just the right amount of the doings. The genial Geoff Laidlaw was the successful contestant in "pick a box" winning the lavish first prize of 10/-. Two minutes later the Kings Park Fund benefited to the extent of the same 10/-. Thanks, Bull.

Monthly Committee meeting was held on Tuesday, August 16, with the usual good roll-up, main discussion being on the coming Sports Night on Tuesday, Sept. 6. The Committee will be putting in a lot of time to ensure a smoothly run and successful evening so please come along—all who can make it. Fred Napier, the present holder of the belt awarded to the Greatest Natural champ of Allcomers in (Tabletennis and other Sports (or GNATS for short), will be defending his title. Mention was made of the lack of news from our New South Wales cobbles. How about it, you Cornstalks?

Your Editor will be going away next month for a period of about six weeks to Singapore, Hongkong and other neighbouring places. Wilf March will be doing the editing during that period and looks forward to receiving as much news for the 'Courier' as can be made available.

It was decided that £5/5/- be donated towards the appeal for a Medical School at the W.A. University.

Regarding the Olympic Re-union, will interested members please address all future correspondence to the General Secretary, G.P.O. Box T1646, Perth.

SPORTS NIGHT

Don't forget Tuesday, Sept. 6. Let us see some of the old faces we have not seen for ages. Darts, quoits, table tennis and what-have-you. Come along and make it a really good night.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

This month's nostalgia revolves around a certain dinner-party at the South Australia Hotel. Do you remember those Wayville days when time, patience and particularly money, were running short. Like Micawber, we were all hourly expecting something to turn up.

Purses were all very light in those days, and on one particular Saturday quite a number of the boys decided it was all or nothing on the nags. An uncle of Joe Burridge's whispered "Telemeter" in his ear and the news was duly passed around. Among the punters were Privates Knight and Flynn who risked their entire joint resources of £4 on Telemeter at 20 to 1. Home came Telemeter and the Knight and Flea found themselves again solidly solvent to the extent of eighty-four bananas.

Paddy felt constrained to show his appreciation by turning on the most lavish of dinner-parties and Col Doig, Arch Campbell and Joe Burridge were invited to partake of the best that the South Australia Hotel could provide. Even in those hectic days, a dinner party at the S.A. was generally a pretty starchy affair. Picture, then, the scene. The Flea with his nose gradually falling towards the Soup—the Knight at his most expansive best, sipping champagne with the assurance of a Paris nightclub habitué—the little finger on his right hand stuck out at an exaggerated 90 degree angle. Louis, the head waiter, hovered around the table awaiting Paddy's magnificent and frequent gestures for more champagne. Suddenly realising however, that the Flea was not contributing as frequently as desired, the Knight said, "Flea, how about you buying a bottle of bubbly just for a change?" By this time the Flea's nose was actually IN the soup, but, recovering momentarily, he fixed the scandalised Louis with a firm though bleary eye and, completely oblivious to the proximity of Adelaide's cream of society, demanded in a very loud and aggressive tone: "HEY, MUG, BRING ON THE PLONK!"

Statement of Income and Expenditure for the Year Ended 30th June, 1955

[illegible]

Liabilities

	£	s.	d.
Subs. paid in advance	13	15	0
"Courier" Vic's. share	2	0	0
Olympic Deposits	4	4	0
Capital Account:			
Balance	343	11	3
Add Profit	99	15	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	443	6	3
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£463	5	3

Assets

	£	s.	d.
State Savings Bank	8	10	7
A.&N.Z. Bank, Gen. Ac. 126	12	8	0
A.&N.Z. Bank, Prov. Ac. 100	0	0	0
Petty Cash Advance	2	0	0
1956 Treas. Bond (£100)	98	3	9
200 Tickets, Olympic			
Games Opening	110	0	0
Stationery, etc.	14	17	3
Glasses and Cutlery	3	1	0
	<hr/>		
	£463	5	3

PROVIDENT FUND ACCOUNT

	£	s.	d.
Balance at at 30th June 1954 ...	113	5	4
Less advance made June 1954 ...	30	0	0
	83	5	4
Plus donation Oct. 1954 ...		10	0
Plus Bank Int. to 31st Jan. 1955 ...	1	5	2
Plus Transfer from General Ac. ...	14	19	6
Plus Bank Int. to 31st March 1955 ...		6	10
	100	6	10
Less Advance made April 1955 ...	12	0	0
	88	6	10
Plus Donation April 1955 ...	4	2	0
	92	8	10
Plus Transfer from General Ac. ...	7	11	2
Balance as at 30th June 1955 ...	£100	0	0

Personalities

Bobbie Burns dropped us a letter during the month and it was good to hear from him after a long period. He is now at Rottnest instructing the "Nashos" and looks forward to attending a few meetings. Don't forget Tuesday, Sept. 6, Robbie, which is a Sports evening. We have noted your change of address.

A long letter is to hand from Reg Harrington, at Wyening, who like most cockies certainly has his hands full. He writes of a big rebuilding programme ahead with plenty of work on the old kelly. Pity you couldn't get a few of us pasty faced city slickers to help you Reg—it would surprise you how many would willingly exchange the pen for the ploughshare—temporarily of course. If the shearers get to Reg's on time, he and wife will attend the Ladies Night in October. Here's hoping they both make it! Reg's was a most interesting letter and we quote:

"Dot and I and another young couple took a trip to Learmonth. Actually we left here with the intention of going to Carnarvon only, but met people there who advised us to go to Exmouth Gulf. The road was reported to be quite good so off we went, and it was a most interesting trip too. It makes the game look a bit dinkum when you see them burning oil at the rate of about 18,000 gallons a day, but it seems to be that all you can learn is from what you can see, as they don't tell you much. The only bad feature of the trip was that we had to cut our stay too short. We went up one day and back the next but should have stayed a day longer. That has its difficulties though in as much as you have to camp out and take all your fuel and food.

"On returning to Carnarvon I was just pulling in to park when who should blow along but Bob Smythe. However having two wives along the tragedy was averted. To cap the trip off we took a cruise out after whales and I can honestly say it is the first time I have been out fishing and had to haul the catch home alongside—approximately 120 tons and only three whales at that."

Thanks for your letter, Reg, and it is good to hear that you have been getting your share of the recent rains.

Jack Carey went up to Goomalling during the weekend, August 14, and saw both Wendel Wilkie and Dick Crossing together with wives. The Wilkies boast three nippers and the Crossings two. Jack says that both families are in the pink. They both finished shearing and report good clips and the coming season looks to be a very good one. Wendel, the Editor still sees your sister—Mrs. Billy Trigwell—in Donnybrook from time to time and she tells me that the only trouble you wheat and wool blokes suffer from is lack of hard work: you should try apples and cows sometime!

YOUR ROVING REPORTER

Has Recently Seen

Mal Herbert:

Still farming his property near Nungarin. Was celebrating the latest addition to the family—a baby daughter. Mal still very interested in rifle shooting, also trying his hand at golf occasionally.

Alec Thompson:

Working on a property near Busseton. Looking well and we enjoyed a few beers together. Alec told me that Ted Loud had been very sick a while back and has had to give up his job with the Forestry Dept. Hope you are O.K. now, Ted.

Stan King:

Has a property near Pingaring and is doing nicely, thank you. Stan certainly has not put on any weight, like some of us have. Reckons he is a definite starter for the next reunion. We'll be looking forward to seeing you again, Stan.

Ray Aitken:

Now Headmaster at Dumbleyung. Is as big as the side of a house and certainly looks as though he has been in a good paddock since the war. Still the same fluent and entertaining talker that he always was.

Ken McIntosh:

Manager of Elder Smith at Bridge town and very proud of the new modern showroom and offices that he has just moved into. Ken is looking very well and is hoping to

visit Perth during show week and renew old acquaintances.

Arch Campbell:

Still farming down near Moul-yinning, and busy replacing fences washed away during the February floods. Is coaching the Dumble-yung football team and looks incredibly fit. Hopes to make the trip to Melbourne for the Games and big re-union.

"A penny saved is two pence clear,
A pin a day's a groat a year."

(Benjamin Franklin — "Necessary hints to those that would be rich")

OLYMPIC BULLETIN

We have booked charter buses for our trips to the country.

We have received the following names as certainties for the Games: Bill Bennett and wife (N.S.W.), Alan Luby and wife and family (N.S.W.), Keith Dignum and wife and family (S.A.), Dud Tapper (S.A.), Basher Adams (Queens.), Ivan Brown (Tas.).

This is what we want, the names of the certainties, so as soon as you know your commitments let us have your name. We are still wanting answers from the questionaire sent out to all Victorian members, so hop to it and let us have them back.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

At a recent committee meeting we had a discussion about the formation of the "2nd Commando Company C.M.F." being formed in Victoria with headquarters at Picnic Point, Sandringham, and we decided to send a letter to the Commanding Officer, Major Sneddon, congratulating him on his appointment and offering any assistance we may be able to give and to more or less adopt this Co., and offering him honorary membership. We had a reply from Major Sneddon, thanking us for our very kind offer of assistance and co-operation and honorary membership of our Association. He goes on to explain how he selects his men in a very exhaustive examination including a psychology test. Somebody may be interested in what it takes to be a commando these days so I'll list the conditions.

A. Applicants must be:

Physically fit, between 20 and 28 years of age.

Volunteers for parachutist training and sign an undertaking to serve beyond the limits of the Commonwealth.

Over 5ft. 6in. in height and less than 13½ stone, the holder of at least a Victorian intermediate certificate.

Participant in out door sport,

B. Applicants should be:

Self reliant and possess a high degree of initiative.

Able easily to attend parades at Picnic Point Training Depot, Sandringham.

Able to serve with the 2 Commando Coy. for at least five years.

There are plenty of vacancies so if you know any likely talent send them along to Major Sneddon.

Bert received a letter from Alan Luby who is superintendent and secretary of Silgandra District Ambulance Service, saying he and family are all well and are just getting over the work and heartbreak left by the devastating floods that hit N.S.W. recently. He is kept busy by his job and family of three, Barrie 10, Neta 4, and Maria 1, plus Skipper the fox terrier who is also one. Alan lives on the service property of one acre of land with a 13 roomed house and garages. They had the flood up to 4ft. 2in. level and it was supposed to be a safe area. Alan sends best wishes to the Maley, Jack Servante, Harry Botterill, Bernie Callinan (and congrats on your book Bernie), Max Davies, in fact all the old crew. Best wishes to you too Alan and we are very pleased to hear that you are coming down for the Games.

George Kennedy reports that Bunny Anderson was over from N.S.W. recently on business and had a few beers and a natter. Bunny was looking particularly well and sent his regards to the boys.

I would like to pay a tribute on behalf of the Victorian Branch to Col. Doig for the sterling work he has done for the Association, the long hours he has put into the job, and we are very appreciative of his efforts as he has always given us every assistance over here when we have asked for it and I think we owe a lot to Col for the very strong position the Associations are in today. Congratulations, Col. for a job very well done. Also take this opportunity to congratulate Mick Calcutt on his appointment as President and wish you the best of success Mick.

Sorry to hear that Gerry Mailey, our popular secretary, is in bed with yellow jaundice and glandular fever. Had a very bad time of it for the first two weeks but is now on the mend but must take it quiet-

ly for a few more weeks. Gerry is looking for a new doctor—the one attending him has ordered him off the grog for six months. No Gerry, I didn't laugh.

The Traralegon visit has been postponed indefinitely, but all will be notified about this.

Gerry had a visit from Bill Peterson who has gone into a property at Poverty Ridge, Fish Creek. He has managed to clear about 40 acres of his holding which is very hard yakka and says he has only run over himself with the tractor twice, which is good going.

Bill went on a recce to the old No. 1 training camp at Wilsons Promontory and raided the old demo bowl for a few metal rails to use as bumpers for his tractor. Bill has kindly donated a bag of potatoes towards the Xmas raffle, so with the bottle of whiskey donated by Alan Munroe and the dog food by Bruce McLaren we are getting together quite a variety of prizes. Any other donations will be greatly appreciated.

Heard This?

"Well, my boy, what did you get for your birthday?"

Three year old: "Aw, I got a little red chair, but it ain't much good. It's got a hole in the bottom."

* * * *

Two drunks were staggering down the railroad track. Said one: "Theshe are the longest stairsh I ever saw."

And the second replied: "Yesh, but what getsh me are the low hand railsh."

* * * *

Billy: "Aw, Ma, why do I have to wash my face again before dinner?"

Mother: "Because you got a smudge on it, dear."

Billy: "Why can't I powder it over again like you do?"

Customer: "I'd like to see something cheap in a straw hat."

Salesman: "Certainly, sir. Try this one, sir, and the mirror's on your left."

His wife was very mad, in fact, very, very mad, when he walked in at four o'clock in the morning.

"Well?" she demanded.

"It was like this, dear," he said. "You knew I would be very late at the office tonight and when I had finished, I thought it would be my duty to take my secretary to a bite of supper. Well, when I took her home after that, she asked me into her flat for a night cap. Well, when being such a lovely girl, I went with her, and, well—er—with one thing and another—er—here I am."

"Don't give me that pack of lies," replied the wife, "I know perfectly well you've been out with some other men wasting your money playing cards again."

* * * *

"I must warn you that my husband will be home in less than half an hour."

"But I've done nothing I should not."

"I know, but if you're going to, you'd better hurry."