



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

LEST WE FORGET

"Courage is rightly esteemed the first of human qualities, because it is the quality which guarantees all others."

These are the words of that grand old gentleman, Sir Winston Churchill, and come to mind on the occasion of Anzac Day when we pay homage to our fallen comrades, who gave their lives so that this world would become a fit-place for those fortunate enough to survive.

It is for us all to hope and pray that this supreme sacrifice has not been in vain.

The world is far from the stage of being at peace.

Whilst the average Australian is not a very demonstrative person he still has the normal feelings towards his fellow man.

There would not be an Aussie on this day who would not have a few moments thought towards those fine lads and lassies who gave their lives in the supreme endeavour to rid the world of a scourge which had fallen upon it.

They will always be remembered and keep a hallowed thought in our minds.

—WILF MARCH.

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

March Meeting

Minutes of Committee meeting held at Monash Club, Perth, on Tuesday, March 18, those present being Messrs. Green, McDonald, Smith, Carey, Doig, Geere, Kirkwood, Napier and Holly. Apology received from our Editor, Mr. March, who was ill and could not attend. The Secretary read the minutes which were received on the motion of Mr. Doig, seconded by Mr. Carey.

The Fairy Floss machine came up for discussion and it was decided

to leave it in the capable hands of Mr. Doig and Mr. Green.

The R.S.L. Public Service Board, Mr. Doig volunteered to make contact with the body. Colin Hodson to be contacted also.

A long discussion then took place on our Honour Avenue. The Secretary then read a letter received from the Kings Park Board stating that the board was giving our proposition re mowing of grass, consideration. The merits of various methods of growing grass were brought up for consideration, discussed, rejected, argued over and finally as no concrete method was decided upon, Mr. Doig volunteered

to mow our area in Kings Park should we receive a negative reply from the King's Park Board.

Geraldton Convention. Mr. Doig moved that a long range plan be made to hold a convention at Geraldton on the Queens Birthday, 1958. Seconded by Mr. Napier and carried.

Library Scheme. Deferred to our next Committee meeting.

Re Don Turton's Offer. The Secretary then read letters sent to Mr. Turton and to our Country Vice Presidents. After a short discussion it was found that nothing more could be done on this matter.

Mr. Napier then moved that the minutes be adopted. Seconded by Ron Kirkwood, and carried.

Mr. Doig then moved that correspondence both in and out, as read, be received and adopted. Seconded by Mr. McDonald and carried.

Finance. As the Treasurer had not yet received all his books from the Auditor, on the motion of Mr. Doig, seconded by Mr. Holly, the Treasurer was asked to produce a reasonable account of our financial position at the next Committee meeting.

General Business. The April meeting was discussed.

It was decided to contact Ampol re showing us the Davis Cup film. Circulars to be sent to members. Extra beer if necessary to be obtained as per minutes. A letter to be sent to Jeff Laidlaw congratulating him on becoming Ampol's manager in W.A. This was a motion of Mr. Doig, seconded by Mr. Geere.

A long discussion then took place re absorbing members of kindred units. It was decided against admitting them to membership.

Anzac Day. Arrangements as usual. Permission to be sought to use the rear of the drill hall 16th Battalion. Mr. Hollis and Mr. Dook to be contacted re eats. Mr. Napier and Mr. Doig to lay our wreath at the Dawn Service.

Annual Re-union. Considerable discussion took place on this subject and we finally decided to hold it as usual in the Shenton Park R.S.L. Hall on Saturday, August 16, 1958, and to hold our Commemoration Service on Sunday, August 17, 1958.

On the motion of Mr. Doig, sec-

onded by Mr. Kirkwood, it was decided to invite His Excellency the Governor, Sir Charles Gairdner, to our Annual Dinner.

There being no further business the President closed the meeting at 11 p.m.

April Meeting

Minutes of Committee meeting held at Monash Club on April 15, 1958, those present being Messrs. McDonald, Napier, March, Smith, Green, Doig, Geere, Kirkwood, Carey and Holly.

Owing to the late arrival of the President our Vice President occupied the chair.

The Secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting which were received on the motion of Mr. Doig, seconded by Mr. Napier.

The Fairy Floss machine was again brought up for discussion. Mr. March stated that he could get the address of a person who had one of these machines for sale. It was decided to follow up both avenues.

Honour Avenue. A reply to our request for the Kings Park Board re mowing our area in Lovekin Drive was received. Along with this the Secretary spoke re a lawn mowing contractor he had taken up to inspect and to give a quote for mowing this area. Mr. Doig then moved that the Kings Park Board be written to and advised that their offer is beyond our financial position, and that we are forced to resort to other means. Mr. Belair to be contacted and his offer accepted for the first time. Lawn to be mowed at earliest and revised price submitted before our next Committee meeting. Seconded by Mr. Geere, and carried.

Anzac Day. The wreath had been arranged for the Dawn Service. The march arrangements were also completed. Beer, glasses and jugs were also arranged. As this completed the minutes Mr. Napier moved that the minutes as debated be confirmed, seconded by Mr. Carey and carried.

Correspondence. A letter was received from the 2/16 Battalion requesting the presence of two representatives of our Unit at their annual dinner on May 16, 1958. It was agreed that Mr. McDonald and Mr. Napier be given the honour of representing our Unit.

Mr. Green then read out a very

interesting letter from Mr. Callinan.

Mr. Doig then moved that correspondence as read be received, seconded by Mr. Geere and carried.

The Treasurer was then called upon for a report. This showed that we were quite sound financially but caution was needed in future to keep expenses to a minimum. Quite a long discussion on future expenses then took place.

General Business. Mr. Green reported having seen Mr. Turton and had a further discussion with him re his cropping proposition. Mr. Turton said he would let us know when he was ready. The Secretary was instructed to ring Mr. Turton to find out what number of male and females he could accommodate. The following then volunteered to make the trip: Mr. and Mrs. Doig, Mr. and Mrs. March, Mr. and Mrs. Napier, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Messrs. Kirkwood, Green, Holly and Carey.

May Meeting. A guest speaker to be arranged if possible.

There being no further business the Vice President closed the meeting at 10.40 p.m.

Association Activities

ANZAC DAY

Another Anzac Day has come and gone and the old Unit was well and truly on deck in the true spirit of our war time experience.

Firstly a magnificent wreath of red carnations with a white border in the shape of our colour patch, was laid on the State War Memorial by Fred Napier, assisted by Geo. Boyland and Col. Doig.

Then marching under the old Double Red Diamond banner was a nice hardy, grizzled bunch of veterans numbering some 65 or more, still managing to keep the step set so ably by our leader, Geoff (The Bull) Laidlaw, with Mick Morgan in the role of "Sister Hannah who carried the banner". This was followed by the service on the Esplanade and then the march off. Not so successful this time as not a brass or any other type of band within eyeshot or earshot. This state of affairs will have to be rectified next year by subsidising a

band to stick by us come hell or high water.

The speed that all and sundry managed to muster from the parade dismissal point to the rear of the 16th Battalion Drill Hall was truly amazing. Anyone would think they were thirsty!

By the time we arrived at the Drill Hall Mick Calcutt and Arthur Smith had things well under control and the amber liquid flowed with real freedom. Then Ron Dook and Bill Hollis took over and a most enjoyable finger lunch was provided.

First things first. A great big slap on the back to Bill Hollis for providing hot fish for lunch, then a ditto repeat to Ron Dook for all the trimmings that made such a good and hearty meal. Then to Arthur Smith our indefatigable Secretary for his wonderful organisation. Not a stone left unturned to make a wonderful day. Jack Carey and Fred Napier to be congratulated for their able handling of finances and of course in this category "Spriggy" McDonald and "Slim" Holly did a great job of augmenting funds by a small raffle.

Now for some personalities.

Doug Fullarton down on leave from Borneo looking really fit and not a pound heavier than in army days. Says he likes it up in the "wildman's" country and the money is good. Tony Bowers down from Kojonup and looking extra fit was really keeping No. 2 Section to the fore on the conversation front. Seen for the first time for ages was Jim McLaughlin, ex-No. 5 Section who raced back from a trip to the country to be present. Pleased to welcome old faces such as Jim's to such gatherings and hope we see more of him in the future at other functions. Tom Nisbet seen later in the day resplendent in Brigadier's Battle Dress he had marched with the A.M.F. and was to speak at another Anzac Service later in the afternoon. Although there were races at Randwick "Slim" James was able to take a day off from the S.P. shop to be with the boys. "Rip" McMahon turned up from God knows where and managed to lose his overcoat, so if any of you boys have a spare overcoat that doesn't belong to you then you know who it probably belongs to.

Among the hardy annuals seen inbibing were your President, Jerry Greene; Vice, "Spriggy" McDonald; Arch Campbell; Ray Aitken, making an appearance after a long sojourn in the bush, looking as big as a house; Mick Morgan; Mick Calcutt; Arthur Smith; Jack Carey; Fred Napier; Stan Holly. Jack Sweet; Ron Dook; Bill Holly; Dick Brand; Dick Geere; Joe Burridge; Joe Poynton; Col Doig; Bill Epps; Geo Strickland; Geoff Laidlaw; Merv Ryan; "Curly" Bowden; Harry Sproxtton; Geo Boyland; "Ajax" Harrison; Ron Kirkwood, and a bundle more I can't remember at the time of writing. All were looking well and all were in good talking form and by the time the party broke up at the "going down of the sun" the place was knee deep in dead Japs and everybody was dog tired from the various forced marches undertaken. - Another good Anzac Day had officially come to an end with firm vows from all to make it a "must" next year.

Dame Rumour has it that quite a few soldiered on at private parties and extended the leave pass to its most stretchable limits.

To those who couldn't make it for any reason we extend our best wishes and hope to see you at this function next year.

AN ANZAC ASIDE RYAN & CO.

There was once a "little" boy named Ryan—yes, you've all heard of him—only too well at times.

It appears that a certain amount of mischief was organised—or disorganised by this Ryan person.

After the Anzac Parade and the "follow up" Shiner Ryan cooked up a bit of the old pleasure.

Did you ever hear the story about the old bull and the young bull—well never mind that now, but you can rest assured a "Bull" figured in the meanderings of Ryan & Co.

A very quiet and respectable game of ping-pong has just reminded me that there was a peanut whom the boys called "Ping" there. His other name was one of those "New Australian" names like Anderson. Shiner assures me that he shouldn't have been in his company but he kept on butting in and looking for a drink on the cheap and eventually tagged along.

There was a tall gangling youth named Tony something or other. Sounded like Bowers to me, but it couldn't possibly have been the nice quiet Tony Bowers I know.

Also among this gang was a chap-pie called Joe. His other name was Pointing or it sounded like that to me.

Around about 6 p.m. after a couple of drinks with the boys the gang adjourned to the "Pointing" establishment.

Crayfish and what-have-you were duly partaken of.

Joe's dog took quite a fancy to "Ping" and it was a race to see who reached Ping's face first, the crayfish or Joe's dog. Joe must have been in the dog house again hence the appeal of Ping for his canine friend.

After a while Ping's face took on a delicate shade of green—something he ate perhaps, and he made a hurried dash to feed the ducks. A most unorthodox manner, I believe.

When Ping had collected enough of himself together to make a further visit into the unknown, a jaunt to Swanbourne Barracks was proposed—leaving Joe's wife, Helen a pile of dishes to contend with.

In perfect formation two cars moved off to this army establishment and the gang proceeded to make a b—— nuisance of themselves. Still the old double diamond charm won out and they eventually made bosom friends of the local lads.

I hear the "Bull" lost a miserable deener on some machine or other and Ping kept monopolising the gadget and he was unable to crack the jackpot.

It was pushing 11 p.m. and the night being young it was decided to shoot through.

The next sally was made on the love nest of "The Bull". A raid on the fridge was proposed and that soldier of soldiers, "The Bull" led the attack.

Bottles of beer were the objective and duly captured.

Suddenly a voice cried, "Is that you, honey?" or something just as corny, and the "Bull" replied, "Darling it's just me. Your voice sounded very familiar."

Now beer duly disposed of in true commando fashion and wondering what the hell to do next.

Only three left now—no names but everyone knows who they were, Ping, Shiner and Tony.

Where did they go? No place other than duck feeder Ping's, who had recovered some of his lost composure by this time.

A bottle of plonk went overboard and the brain boxes started working out where they were. Ping decided to show Tony where Shiner lived so that meant another journey, but undeterred they made it.

Pasties, more plonk from the Ryan cellars and etc., went down. Tony began to see the light. Possibly dawn, but I haven't checked up on that yet.

Good old Tony showed Ping where he lived then and decided to hook up on radar and eventually made his way home to Cottesloe. Wonderful thing radar, don't you think?

It's a good thing spirituous liquor is not available on Anzac days, isn't it?

(This article is brought to you at great expense to the 'Courier' or someone or other. Mr. Ryan assures me that these items are exclusive to our paper. —Wilf March, Editor.)

MAY MEETING

This evening was scheduled for a guest speaker—but through some misadventure he failed to arrive. The lads were not deterred and between darts and quoits had quite an enjoyable evening around the ker.

Quite an encouraging roll-up was noticed and a few old faces made the evening a good night's entertainment.

JUNE MEETING

This should prove to be one of our most successful.

Doug Fullarton has consented to address us on his experiences in the near East. Doug has been in Sarawak for some time and has a wealth of knowledge to impart. Knowing Doug you must make a point of being there and really hearing something worth while.

Don't forget the date—Tuesday, June 3.

**Address All Your Correspondence:
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"THE KNIGHT"

Big Paddy Knight was still in the croupier business in the gambling joint at Cairns and one of his more regular punters was a Chinaman who had a queer superstition he pandered to of throwing a handful of loose change over his shoulder out the open window when his luck was going bad. Being in the middle of the "depression" all the gambling joint "Fleas" were a wake up to the Chinaman and in the hope of turning an honest or dishonest penny they would hang around the window in the fairly sure hope of being in the shower of coins when Chinese was trying to change his luck. Paddy took a quick look at the gang around the window and slipped the Chink a handful of something and with a broad wink from his crossed right eye and a swift nod towards the window gave Ah Sam the office to perform. The howls of anguish as fingers got trodden on in the fight for a handful of bottle tops brought from Paddy the remark: "That Cairns beer is red hot, you can even get a decent fight out of the bottle tops." —"Seedy".

LEST WE FORGET

APRIL

Barclay, Tpr. C. J., died of illness, New Britain, April 6, 1945.

MAY

Lilya, Sgt. D., killed in action, Timor, May 17, 1945, age 21.

Heard This?

Young bride of three months complained to her relatives about her husband's continued drinking habits.

"If you knew he drank, why did you marry him?" she was asked.

"I didn't know he drank until one night he came home sober!"

* * *

Jonathan was careless about keeping his clothes tidy. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and the floor, she inquired, "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured, "Adam."

Personalities

Merv Cash was at the meeting and had quite a good time of it. He was fortunate enough to make the Anzac parade for the first time since 1946. He soldiered on with the boys afterwards and had quite a natter on old times. Merv is employed with a local hot water system manufacturer but has a small property of four acres at Cannington. He keeps a cow and falls for the milking job. What about you, Jean? How about giving your mate a break and taking over the "dairy" side? Merv's venture into the poultry field so he sold the lot and said: "To hell with the Egg Board." He often sees Charlie King who works on the weighbridge at Cannington.

Herb Thomas was telling me the other day that he ran into Merv Ryan at the East Fremantle Oval. He also saw Bluey Smith, of 6 Section recently and won 4/- off him on the football. By the way Blue, Herb is still hollering for his 4/-. Herb Thomas wishes Alf Longbottom to know that if he comes to Perth with wife and kiddies and finds accommodation hard to come by, just contact him and he will fix you up. Haven't seen you for years myself, Alf. Try and make one of the meetings when next in the big smoke.

George Beyland rolled up at the May meeting and as usual is still overworked and underpaid. He is still not in the best of health and intends to have another crack at the Repat. He didn't march in the Anzac parade but turned up afterwards and had a noggin or 20.

Our old pal Col Doig has a new job in the Department of Social Services. This time it's with the Paymaster Accounts Branch. Col assures me he really has to work there. We all know how Col thrives on it so it will not have any troubles for him. Congratulations Colin, on your new appointment.

Eddie Craighill is still with the Public Works Department where he is an electric welder and boiler maker. He has been on loan to the State Engineering Works for the past few months, but is now back at his old job with the Harbour Works at Fremantle. Even though around the wharves quite a

lot he very seldom sees any of the gang who work there. When he was working on board the "S.S. Delane" he used to see Ning McCaigh who is a time keeper with the State Engineering Works. Recently Eddie has had his hands full with family sickness. Kiddies in hospital and wife confined to the cot. Never mind Eddy, every cloud has a silver lining.

Don Hudson flew down from the north-west recently and is looking for a job—preferably city. Truck driving for preference but is prepared to do anything. It was bad luck that Don wasn't able to make the Anzac parade and get together afterwards. You all know Don's great liking for these shows.

A further note on Herbie Thomas. The old fox was married early in the year. He certainly kept it quiet. He promises to present his little lady at the next Ladies' Night. Herbie is another one on the lookout for a job. He is only able to do light work and would like an inside job such as cleaner, watchman, etc. Keep this in mind boys and you may be able to help these lads in their job seeking.

Alby Friend is still doing well with his new venture with a shearing team in the north-west. His wife, Daphne, tells me he has seen quite a lot of the boys in his travels in the hinterland. More news about Alby next "Courier".

Irish Hopkins is reported to be still pulling the glorious amber fluid in Mullewa. Haven't seen much of you lately, Irish. How about getting together about £400 or £500 and coming down to Perth for a quiet few days?

Heard This?

A school master says he gave the kids an intelligence test recently.

Some of the answers:—

"King Alfred the Great conquered the Dames."

"A Morality Play is a play in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins and other supernatural creatures."

"They gave William IV a lovely funeral. It took six men to carry the beer."

"In case of fainting. Rub the person's chest, or if a lady, rub her arm above the hand."

Random Harvest

Paddy Kenneally, of 28 Wilkins-st., Yayoona, N.S.W., writes:

Twelve months ago I wrote that one Drip Hilliard was leaving these shores for "John Bulls" land, and in typical fashion I forgot to name the ship. Well the said Drip sailed from Tilbury (London) a couple of weeks ago, on the return journey. The ship is the "Orcades," an Orient liner. I don't know who their Fremantle agent is, however should you contact the Orient Steamship Co. they will give you date of arrival in Fremantle, and all pertinent G.G. Drip was in No. 4 Section so at least Mick Morgan would be keen to renew an old friendship.

Drip was, and still is, quite a character. Good and pleasant company. His wife and heir are travelling with him. The heir went to England for nothing but Drip has to pay its fare back. Don't forget the "Orcades" is the ship, the Orient line the company.

Anzac Day came round, and so did many old faces. Quite a good roll up. You chaps in "D" Platoon, Timor, may remember Eric Hurd and his cobber Ron (surname forgotten). Both very staunch men at all dos. Johnny Rose, a little on the rotund side, however just the same old Johnny. Jimmy English, Jack Keenahan, Jack Hartley, Irish O'Brien, Twilight Collins, Micky Mannix, Ross Smith, Merv Jones, Cuffy O'Neil, Bob Felds, Mick Denlin, Billy Hoy and one or two others whom I just can't place at present. One of them I won't mention, as his wife had apparently only given him a leave pass for the duration of the march, because no one sighted him at the doings. By the way Arcliffe R.S.L. treats us like lords and has open house for us at their re-union "do" every year. They certainly treat us well. Oh, yes, Bill Coker, ex-2/1, was there looking extra well and prosperous. He also made a very fine gesture donating a fiver for a good cause. I'm in a hurry so excuse this scribble. One day I'll settle down and send you a book on the blokes over here.

Regards to all over there, especially Mick Morgan. Joe Poynton. I'll be writing to Norm Thornton and Smithy shorty, I hope.

Fred Otway, of 98 Wecker-rd., Mt. Gravatt, writes:

Since I've moved to Queensland I seem to have lost touch with everything, which is entirely my own fault. I am sending some back money which I must owe. Just before I left Sydney I ran into Kev Curran at Randwick the day Sailors Guide won the Sydney Cup. I lost on the day but Kev backed about 10 winners that day. He must have won a packet. I ran into Colonel Spence and as he was down from Prosserpine on business we went to the pub and had a yarn about the good old days. He has a newspaper at Prosserpine, but intends to move to Brisbane. Terry Paul stayed a couple of days with me, his wife Ivy and the two girls. We went to Angus MacLachlan's place and Eddie Timms came along, he lives a few streets from Angus. Well we had a good time as you can imagine. All you could hear all night was, "Remember when . . ." It was 13 years since I had seen them all. How the years fly by. I took along my photos. I wonder if anyone has any spare negatives, or perhaps a few too many that they would like to give away.

Anyway Angus had to get the shovel and clear away the bull-dust after we had all finished magging.

Terry has gone back to Victoria now, and I'll have to drop in on Angus and Eddie one day. I am taking up bee keeping, but the drought has struck a deadly blow. Lots of bees have died. No pollen from the ground flora for the brood so hives die out. There will be little honey produced in Queensland this season. I have 40 hives and all I've got so far is bee stings. A cow cocky gets an occasional kick but we get stung all the time. After a couple of years I expect to get used to the stings, even though you use gloves they still get at you.

I'm still painting, but hope to give it away eventually and make bees my living. Mt. Gravatt is a suburb of Brisbane on the way to the so-called Gold Coast. The Gold Coast is of beautiful climate, after Sydney at any rate, but is nothing compared to the beautiful south coast of Sydney, or any of the beaches around Perth.

The three kids came top of their classes at school. All taking after me of course. If I can sell this place I'll probably take a holiday in the West, so here's hoping.

G. E. Pendergrast, of 69 Porter-st., Collie, writes:

Knowing my skill as a writer I have selected the smallest pad I could find but perhaps you may be able to make some news from it.

I haven't seen anything of our other chaps from down here so I can't give you any news of them, but as soon as I get a little time I will go around and see them and give you a report.

I have the sewerage licence now and have been flat out on that work ever since it opened up. I have been working seven days a week and my evenings have been taken up pricing jobs, etc.

At present I am working in the low lying part of Collie but as soon as it rains I will have to shift to the higher ground as there will be too much water for laying drains.

I never expected to have so much work on hand as I have now as a matter of fact I am employing a labourer to do my digging for me and I could do with a few tradesmen to catch up with the work.

I took four days off at Easter and went fishing with an uncle of mine from down here. We went to Kilkarnup (that's just out of Margaret River). We were lucky enough to get on to some nice sized skippy and salmon and can those salmon fight! We ended up catching so many we had a job to get rid of them. On the Sunday night we went out to get some to take home but as per usual ended only catching seven but they are a good size fish and one gave us a good feed for the family. The other we gave to various friends.

A Few Words from Edith Pendergrast:

Self and kiddies spent Easter with Ivy and Bill Cooper at Scarborough. Didn't go out much though as I missed having the better half driving me around in the car.

Peter Mantle, in a letter to Fred Napier, writes:

Very nice indeed to get your note with the receipt. Sorry to know that your health hasn't al-

ways been good since the end of the war. So far mine has been alright, though I don't seem to do any exercise, and smoke too much.

With memories of the sun-dried boong tobacco we smoked in Timor I recently got some tobacco leaves from the local Regional Experimental Station which produces all the seed for Queensland, chopped it up as they used to do, laid it in the sun, and kidded myself that I was going to save £1 a week. It was vile. Maybe I did something wrong or I'm 16 years older, but I just couldn't manage it.

Anzac Day's just gone, and for a little country town way back in the bush, we did pretty well. March to Dawn Service, followed by coffee and rum at the local Anzac Memorial Club. A little later in the day we marched to a church service in the park, after which ex-servicemen were joined by scouts, etc., plus lodges and school children, led by the local band, marched a few blocks to the local theatre for a citizens commemoration service, laying of wreaths and so on. At one o'clock the R.S.L. Ladies' Auxiliary served lunch to 140.

Running this little country weekly, plus a bit of job printing, is a very satisfying job, but it does entail long hours in the office, plus many nights attending and reporting meetings. At the same time a local paper can do a lot of good. My wife's been carrying a very heavy burden of being wife, mother, office manager and social reporter. Recently we got hold of a nice young girl who seems to be making a good fist of the accounts, so life will be a little easier for my wife.

I have a very attractive daughter of nine and a devilish handsome son of seven—both born in India, plus a daughter of three. I picked a winner in the matrimonial lottery and our kids give us great joy. Altogether I'm one of the lucky ones.

It's a glorious climate here. Just a few miles south of the tropics, nestling in a valley which keeps out the harsh winds, and very few folk have fireplaces in their homes. It's almost the end of April, and I still have a fan going in my office. Every time I think of the cold of Canberra I congratulate myself on making the move before I was too old to try new tricks.

Tex Richards, of Bradshaw-st., Latrobe, Tasmania, writes:

Don't pass out, perhaps it's the long dry spell has brought me back to earth and realise it's about time I wrote you a few lines.

I received December's 'Courier'. It was great to read words penned by the two greats, "Dumb Dumb" and "Bye Bye". Am glad to hear they are doing alright for themselves. As for myself am fat as a pig but these days am built for comfort not speed. Still like my glass or two or ???.

We are enjoying an extra spell of weather this summer, rather strange for Tassy.

I didn't make the Games. Where I am working the plant is expanding so I couldn't get my time off but I was in Melbourne prior to the Games and saw quite a few of the boys. Had dinner at the London with them. Alf took me bush and we dug up Smash and had a few at the local with him. Would have liked to have had more time with them but was over there on football business.

I am a member of the club here. If you follow the game you would have seen two of our boys play for Tassy in Perth year before last. They were Bryan Pierce and Joe Murphy. Last season we came from second last to finish second in the competition. This season we are hoping to get to the top. We have plans of having a trip to Adelaide so I am looking forward to seeing Bob and Jim.

Took my wife Anne, kids, Charles 11 years, Denise 10 years, Warren 7 years, and Patrice 2 years to Hobart for the long weekend last month. Had a good time but the Cascade I used to rave about has gone to the dogs. Quite a few pubs have turned over to Melbourne, and I rather like it myself.

Have had a good trot of health these last few months but haven't enjoyed much pleasure. Have had the old nose to the grind stone. I am a fitter and turner at Goliath Portland Cement Coy., Railton, about eight mile from Latrobe. We can't produce enough to supply Have one order for Singapore of 200,000 tons that's equal to about one year's production.

I work on earth moving equipment and crusher plants. Don't know how wages compare in the

West to ours but our flat rate is £17/10/- a week but if one can manage to work a full 12 months you get around about £1,200 a year. Living on the coast here is pretty good. Grow most of the eats in the garden, potatoes not worth growing, can buy some for 10/- or 12/- a bag.

I had better hurry myself and finish this note, kids will be out of school soon and promised I would go for a swim with them.

Anne is bashing the spine by the way and sends her regards to all. Gets as much kick out of reading the 'Courier' as I do. My regards to Gerry Green, Stricky, you also Wilf, also "The Boy". Don't hear much of Bill Epps. Saw Alby Martin and Bob Brown while in Melbourne last trip. The Sapper section is certainly scattered, just about one in every State.

My regards to Don Turton when you see him again.

Have promised myself a trip to Perth within the next few years. Anne said I would have to do it on my own and reckons I wouldn't see daylight when I meet up with you all. She must read between the lines.

Well, pals, I will give this letter writing away for this trip and am enclosing £1. Do what you will with it. Wishing you and all 2/2nd an extra good year this 1958. Be writing again.

Heard This?

A husband and wife were asleep. About 3 a.m. the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man. Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming in. In her sleep she shrieked: "Heavens, my husband."

Her husband, awakened by her shriek, leaped out of the window.

* * *

Joe: "Where've you been?"

Jim: "In a phone booth talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the phone, so we had to get out."

* * *

Ed: "That new car of Jim's is giving him a lot of trouble."

Ted: "But I thought it ran perfectly."

Ed: "So it does, but he's being sued by a girl he took riding."

New South Wales News

Anzac Day and the best roll-up we've ever had.

Picture, if you will, the scene: The city of Sydney at its best. Countless thousands are cheering the lines of marching men.

Voice from the sidelines: "What mob is that straggling along at the end of the Commando Associations?"

Voice of conscience: "The 2/2nd."

Sidelines: "Surely those old characters in the rear rank were-in at the siege of Mafeking?"

Conscience: "No. There's Tommy O'Brien, Snowy Wendt, Jimmy Hallinan, Mickey Mannix, and the aged gentleman hobbling along near them is Mick Devlin."

Sidelines: "And the ranks immediately in front. Surely, they fought on the Somme, at Ypres and such places?"

Conscience: "No. World War II. There's Johnny Rose, Bluey Harris, Paddy Kenneally, Merv Jones, Billy Hoy, Bill Coker, Les Collins, Freddy Janvrin, Ross Smith, Jack Hartley, Eric Herd and Ron Trengrove."

Sidelines: "And those two characters who joined you after the march were, well, elderly?"

Conscience: "No. They were Bob Fields and Arthur Birch. Arthur Birch? Yes, for the first time since the war and looking very much like, well, Arthur Birch."

Sidelines: "They all look a bit old, yourself excepted, of course."

Conscience: "Of course. But I must agree that there is evidence of receding hairlines and thinning locks."

In the background voices are heard singing: "Old Soldiers Never Die" and the emphasis is on the old.

That was the march and the venerable gentlemen of the 2/2nd, then proceeded to Arncliffe R.S.L.

Every year this club invites us out en masse. They are very kind and courteous. What mistakes we make on one Anzac Day they overlook by the next. I know of no other club in N.S.W. extending a similar privilege to a unit.

More of the 2/2nd rolled up to Arncliffe. Squirt Johnson appeared first, then Don Woodhouse, and Jimmy English. Alfredo dos San-

tos was there . . . the magnificent Alfredo of the International Brigade.

Then there was a hushed silence. A casualty arrived.

Hobbling in on one foot came Jack Keenahan. What desperate story of valour had he to tell? What epic was wrapped up with that bandaged foot?

It seems that Keenahan's foot got mixed up with the rotating blade of a motor mower.

The wound kept him quiet all day. He wasn't game to start anything because there were any number of volunteers ready to jump on his injured foot.

And on went the drinking.

I have a rather vague recollection of us going to Jim English's place and eating and drinking later.

I also have a recollection of a cop telling Squirt not to drive his car. I finished up in a taxi.

So ended Anzac Day.

I must add that during the day a party of us went to see the parents of Drop and Drip Hilliard. Drip is on his way back from England and Drop is still in Broken Hill.

It has been a couple of years since I've written for this excellent publication.

I resigned from work and went to Queensland, meeting Angus MacLaughlin, Eddie Timmins, Col Cubis and talking by phone to Dr. McPhee and Peter Hearle.

On the north coast of N.S.W. I met Snowy Weir and spent some time at a fishing village with Noel Buckman and Billy Walsh.

If I ever get some damn money I'll be away, meeting them all again.

Fairly recently I have seen Joe Harrison and Bunny Anderson. And, of course, I am still waging the Townie war against the Bushies and by letter I am in frequent and violent contact with King Bushie Griffin.

Some time ago I met Bruce McLaren and Darby Munro and our old chum Terry Paul dropped in.

Well, that's about it.

To all the ageing characters of the 2/2nd everywhere this is hello and goodbye from N.S.W. for the present.

In passing, might I ask whether Perth still has its causeway?

All the best—Curly.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Committee meeting held at Wayside Inn on April 10. Present, H. Botterill in chair, Gerry Maley, Alan Stewart, Johnny Roberts, Jim Wall, Bert Tobin. Apologies from Bernie Callinan (in Hobart), Des Williams, Jim Fenwick, Gerry O'Toole (sick), Max Davies, Bruce McLaren. Treasurer's report showed us still in a very healthy state. Still awaiting some expense figures from N.S.W. and then we will have final figures on our Melbourne Cup sweep. In correspondence a letter was read written by the President of W.A., Gerry Green, to Bernie Callinan, our President, in reference to the future of the 'Courier' which has been brought about by lack of news from the Eastern States among other things, and it was decided to bring the matter up at a general meeting to be held some time next month when we can give it a lot of discussion and pass on our comments to W.A. Also discussed were the coming resignations of Gerry Maley as secretary, and Alan Stewart as treasurer, who will be moving to Canberra later in the year but will carry on till relieved. Gerry Maley who has given the branch sterling service for 13 years has now become a very important man in his present job (namely managing director) and finds that the time needed as secretary of the branch is now impossible for him to give and he feels that the branch may be suffering because of this, but to you Gerry, we say thank you for a mighty job you have always done and we know that you are going to be right behind us as a member of the committee.

Bernie Callinan also wishes to pass on the job as President as he feels that his job takes him away so much that he is leaving everything to be done by the other members of the committee, but we can assure Bernie that we like to have him in that position and we think he is doing a very good job there.

These positions will be dealt with at the general meeting next month.

We then moved on to the Anzac Day arrangements for the re-union which is the highlight event of our year and these arrangements were

dealt with in a very smooth and efficient manner. The place of venue was the George-st. Drill Hall in Collingwood. The meeting closed with our usual refreshments.

Anzac Day Re-Union

We were blessed with a glorious day and had fewer of our members marching but the Commando Association as a whole had their biggest numbers at a march that I can remember. It was a good march and a very short but appropriate service at the shrine. Then we wended our way to the drill hall for our re-union.

The re-union was a great success. Quite a few familiar faces were missing but we had a lot of visitors who were made very welcome. We had our usual little moving ceremony where the names of the fallen were read out by Bernie Callinan and the wreath laid by Harry Botterill, followed by a two minute silence. This ceremony has a very sacred place during our re-union and the visitors were very impressed by its sincerity and simplicity.

Freddie Broadhurst was a face not seen for a long time and he really enjoyed himself especially when the singing started. He told me a real shaggy cat story. Said the kids out his way are very cruel, got hold of a cat, poured a cup of petrol down the cat's throat, let it go and off it zoomed like a jet, round and round the streets, then dived into Freddie's place, round to the back yard, did a couple of circuits there then collapsed. "But," said Freddie, "it was not dead—just run out of petrol."

Freddie said that he recently had a holiday and went out to see Frank Sharpe who lives at 5 Martina Parade, Lithgow, N.S.W. Frank is an engine driver and married, with a boy, Geoffrey, eight years old.

Fred also said he keeps in touch with Tommy, of Kyogle, N.S.W., who is also married and has four kiddies.

Jack Johanson, President of the Commando Association, came along and he suggested that we get W.A. to send them a copy of our 'Courier' and they can send a copy of their 'Double Diamond'. So I gave him the box address in Perth, and

he gave me their box address here in Melbourne which is: Commando Association (Vic.), Box 912, G.P.O. Melbourne.

Jack Fox was complaining that he has not been receiving his copy of the 'Courier,' his address is 10 Wedd-st., Cheltenham, Victoria.

Frank Sharpe, 5 Martini Parade, Lithgow, N.S.W., also has not received his 'Courier' and would like to be put on the mailing list.

Pete Krause is in the process of buying a home in Mentone and will forward on his new address when he makes the move.

Norm Tillett was a very welcome visitor from Mildura, he made his first march ever, and enjoyed himself immensely at the re-union meeting blokes he hadn't seen since the war. Unfortunately Norm's wife is in the Royal Melbourne Hospital and we all join Norm in hoping that she will soon get well again. Norm has taken his 21 year old son into his stonemasonry business now and has a girl nine years old.

Baldy made the trip up from Geelong, is still his old self and was going great guns when I left. He certainly enjoys these shows and everybody is very pleased to see him.

We miss a very familiar face now, namely Bill Tucker, who has gone to Brisbane to become sales manager of the Turner manufacturing group. So I can see the sales of the Turner super washing machine going right up now. All the very best to you Bill and Joan and family and we all hope you enjoy your selves up there and the very best of success Bill.

Jack Campbell was looking fit as usual and certainly married life agrees with him.

We had our usual sprinkling of the 1st Company boys who come along each year, also Max Waller, C.O. of the 4th Company.

Jim Fenwick was there with all his bulk. He has recently had an addition to the family, a baby girl.

Don Fryer is at present stationed just out of Brisbane. Is with the Queensland Mounted Infantry. That is all the news I have of Don through the courtesy of Jim Fenwick who made enquiries through the army to find out where Don is.

Paffy was down from Moulamein a couple of weeks ago to see a specialist about an allergy he has.

Loaded him up with pills and snuff and away he went.

Bumped into Tommy Mildern a few weeks back. Having a few days in town. Tommy is with the railways as a ganger and works up around Wanganatta.

I plugged the lack of news for the 'Courier' with the chaps at the re-union so now I will sit back and await some news to help things going. Cheerio for now.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

Heard This?

"Miss Jones," said the science professor, "would you care to tell the class what happens when a body is immersed in water?"

"Sir," said Miss Jones, "the telephone rings."

* * *

Small voice in the night in a parked car in Lovers' Lane:

"Honey, your good conduct medal is scratching me."

* * *

It was the first wedding ceremony for the young minister, and he was almost as bashful and embarrassed as the young couple before him. In a brave effort to round out the affair, the minister stammered:

"It's all over now. Go and sin no more."

* * *

Joe's wife insists he stops betting on racehorses. To keep the peace, Joe agrees, but continues to bet under the lap.

Bill calls in and isn't aware of the embargo. "Did you have any luck with Susan on Saturday?" he asks.

The wife shoots Joe a dirty look and prances out of the room.

"You've ripped it," says Joe. "She thinks I've given up betting. Square off for me."

The wife comes back. Breezily, Bill, says, "I'm sorry if I misled you just now. Susan isn't a horse, you know. She's a barmaid."

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