



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

Would just like to relate a fairy tale with relation to real life.

Once upon a time there was a bloke who went to an Annual General Meeting of an association. He was a bit on the dopy side and looked on the ale when it was amber, he talked when he should have been listening, he urged other chaps with great gusto into accepting office. Then in the weakest moment of all he put his hand up and asked the President if he could leave the room for a moment. Lo, when he returned the damage was done—he had been appointed Editor of the monthly journal.

Now editors are very rare specimens, something like orchids, as only very few are found. As a matter of fact this particular paper has

had only three in 12 years. Like orchids they bruise easily and fade just as quickly if not given the right atmosphere. Like orchids they like fertilizer and water to make their best growth and bloom in all their splendour. The type of fertiliser demanded by this "raris avis" is correspondence, and news, things that make good reading, a few small articles, an odd phone call or two from the city folk and bundles of general encouragement.

Sad to relate this particular editor is suffering badly from want of good "fertiliser and water". Generally the Association is treating him as if he were a noxious weed rather than a rare specimen. He is suffering from editor's "B.O."—

SPECIAL REMINDERS

PICTURE NIGHT

Monash Club, Tuesday, Nov. 4th
Olympic Film plus "Men of Timor"
Come and Bring a Mate

CHILDREN'S PARTY

Sunday, Dec. 7th

BARBECUE

Joe Poynton's, Saturday, Dec. 20th

a disease that is a slow killer. All are avoiding him. He is pining by the phone, attending the G.P.O. box T1646 with nil results. All in all a sad and woe begone figure waiting for the drought to break and the flood of autumn and winter rains which will bring the nourishment so badly needed to make him flourish.

The main terror is will he die before the nourishing rains arrive? Will he have to wither and fade before somebody moves in with the watering can and a bit of liquid manure to revive and refresh him?

He always remembers that orchids are rare, that replacements are difficult, sometimes impossible to find. Then the little journal, like the tired and dispirited editor, will fold up its pages and silently fade away.

The moral of the fable is don't wait till annual re-unions and such to tell your editor he is doing a

good job and that you do really appreciate the "Courier". Do it now! Write, ring, talk to the Editor but supply the news and views. With a bit of effort on YOUR part the "Courier" will be the paper you want it to be. It will express the view point of all the members, not just the harassed Editor's.

Don't leave it to the other fellow to write this month as that is just what the other fellow is doing and consequently nobody does anything.

As Editor it would be a real pleasure to be able to print news and views from our more remote brethren like those situated in out-back South Australia and Queensland and from Tassy and N.S.W. Remember these are the boys with the experiences to tell if only they would try.

So boys what about it. Make it a bumper "fertiliser" month next month.

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

Another very successful Committee meeting held on Oct. 14, at Monash Club. A good roll up of Committee members and a lot of work achieved.

Before the meeting started the lads bucked in and got the sweep tickets enveloped and under way and to assist us in this we had the great help of Bill Epps.

Then it was down to the business of the evening.

Firstly a review of the Ladies' Night which all agreed was a real beauty. Only gripe from the Treasurer who would have liked to see a lot more present as it would have resulted in a much smaller loss as many more could have been accommodated without added expense. High praise was meted out to the caterers, Bill Hollis and Ron Dook, and to the people who assisted with entertaining (a full report on this function elsewhere).

It was decided that the November meeting be a Picture Night and efforts be made to obtain the film or

the Olympic Games, also to show the film "Men of Timor" of which thanks to the good offices of the N.S.W. Branch we now have a 16 m.m. copy.

The President gave a resume of a meeting called by R.S.L. to discuss Honour Avenues in King's Park and it was resolved that this Association continue to pursue its own course in this matter. The Association did decide on representation at the Festival of Remembrance which will be conducted by R.S.L. in the Capitol Theatre on Sunday, Nov. 9.

Long discussion then took place on a suggestion by Mr. Burrige for further improvement of our area in King's Park. After much debate it was decided to adopt the plan and thank and congratulate Mr. Burrige for bringing the idea forward (a special article elsewhere on this project).

Mr. Poynton kindly offered his home to hold a barbecue in Xmas week at which we can entertain our lady folk. This was eagerly seized upon and plans made to hold the function on Saturday, Dec. 20.

The meeting closed at midnight.

Association Activities

SWEEP ON PERTH CUP

The annual sweep conducted by this branch is now under way and it is hoped that all recipients of books of tickets will do their utmost to dispose of them expeditiously as funds are badly needed to finance the Children's Party and other early functions. The Association does not make very heavy demands on members and this is your chance to show your good spirit and appreciation of a good organisation by speedily selling your tickets and remitting them to Box T1646, G.P.O. Perth.

This sweep is the life blood of the Association and is the only thing that allows us to stay solvent.

You can assist the organiser no end by applying for extra tickets if you can sell same. Also if you find it impossible to dispose of them return the tickets early for redispal.

A letter with your returned butts will be most welcome and will help to swell the news for the "Courier"

Don't forget when remitting the money to include your sub if you happen to be unfinancial.

Anyhow boys, do your best to make this sweep the best effort ever.

HONOUR AVENUE, KING'S PARK

Your Committee and most members have viewed with some trepidation for a good while now the slow effort to get a good sward of lawn established in our area in King's Park.

Much time and labour has gone into many working bees over a long period to try and make this area really a show place. Although it generally looks much better than surrounding areas it is far below the level we expected.

Mr. John Burrige came forward with a suggestion at the last Committee meeting which was adopted.

This suggestion by John Burrige envisaged a more competitive spirit being fostered to get more work done and generally spread the work a bit more evenly over more members. It was pointed out that quite a few members could not at-

tend working bees on appointed dates but would be most willing to go there at frequent intervals more suitable to themselves and do their share of work.

To foster the competitive spirit it was decided to split the area in King's Park into 10 parts and have each section comprising five trees tended by a particular party.

It was further decided to have each of these sections allocated to members of the sections they originally belonged to in the army. As some of the sections of King's Park are in a better condition than others a ballot for areas was conducted and resulted as follows:

Sections in King's Park on left hand side travelling towards Nedlands comprise 1 to 5 and right hand side going towards Nedlands 6 to 10.

Park Section	Army Section	Section Leader
1	2	Joe Poynton
2	3	R. McDonald
3	9	J. Carey
4	8	J. Burrige
5	6	J. Haire
6	1	K. Bowden
7	10	W. March
8	4	T. Nisbet
9	5	C. Doig
10	7	R. Dook

Section leaders are asked to contact Secretary, President or Editor when a list of potentially available members will be supplied to them. Members are asked to support this plan to the full by re-enlisting in their old original sections and getting behind their leaders to make their section area the best in the Park. Section No. 10 will comprise Sigs., Engineers and H.Q.

All are asked to discover which area is THEIRS and then at any time at their disposal put in a bit of good hard graft at getting the couch grass growing.

The Committee decided at this stage to concentrate on the growing of couch as this should prove to be the best lawn if the right effort to establish it is carried out.

Section leaders are particularly asked to get in touch with the President who is most anxious to get the project under way.

Next month we hope to be able to print the names of persons who have volunteered to assist and also a list of "pressed volunteers" who

have been drafted to the various section leaders. Here is a really brilliant effort to start something of the wonderful team spirit engendered in the "old shindig".

"LEST WE FORGET"

OCTOBER

- Wordie, Pte. R. D., died of illness New Guinea, Oct. 30, 1943, age 23.
Brown, Tpr. H., missing New Guinea, Oct. 25, 1943, age 29.
Mitchell, Pte. P. R., killed in action New Guinea, Oct. 25, 1943, age 20.
Nagle, Lieut. V. F., killed in action New Guinea, Oct. 4, 1943, age 28.

Personalities

Sorry to have to record the death of that grand old man and great supporter of our Unit in war time and peace time, Arthur Turton, father of Don. Mr. Turton senior passed away in his sleep on Friday, Oct. 17, 1958, after quite a long illness. Mr. Turton was one of those "best" types of citizens who gave freely of his money and time for civic and other affairs. He was Mayor of North Fremantle for 25 years and could be truly described as a leading citizen. Our most sincere condolences to Mrs. Turton and family especially Don and Vida in their loss.

Have to chronicle another birth to a member of the Unit, this time Syd and Mrs. McKinley, a son. Good luck Syd. Syd is apparently back on Cocos Island as that was his address on the birth notice.

Saw Stan Payne the other day and he looked real well. Stan said the season up his way at Nukarne was tremendous and not a bit before time as the last couple had been terrible.

Saw Arthur Marshall at the show still agog, not "agrog" from Ladies' Night. Said he was still managing to get a crust carrying timber and such like. Always a pleasure to crack a joke with the "Marsh".

Had a brief note from Jack Hasson. The first to return his sweep butts. Thanks a million Jack, and hereby pass on your good wishes to all the gang.

See Clarrie Varian quite frequently and he is falling away from a "spring cart" to a "waggon". Will not be long before that cabin in the tramways bus will have to be expanded to accommodate Clarrie. He takes a very active interest in Union affairs and was most pleased with the recent court judgement in favour of his union.

Col Criddle wrote to Ron Kirkwood to say he was most sorry not to be able to take a greater interest in Unit affairs but business of one nature or another had him tied up hand and foot. Hoped to be able to take a real keen interest in a couple of years' time.

Haven't seen my old china plate Harold Brooker for so long that I'm afraid we'll have to be introduced once again when we do meet. Visits to the local zoo assure me he is still the "Brook" of old but would prefer to see for myself by an odd meeting or so at Unit get-togethers.

Dave Ritchie still awaiting entry into Hollywood and looking far from well. Hope can give much better news by the time the next "Courier" goes to press.

ANNUAL LADIES' NIGHT 1958

Crawley Bay Tearooms was the scene of another very successful Ladies' Night on Tuesday, Sept. 30. Gay streamers decorated the hall and small tables spaced around the dance floor, with the "bar" arranged at one end, complete with coloured lights and white coated stewards wearing button-holes of red carnations, gave a jovial air to a "bumper" evening.

The President extended a warm welcome to many country members and their wives, including Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fowler and Mr. and Mrs. Stan Sadler from Wongan Hills; Mr. and Mrs. Mal Herbert from Nungarin; Mr. and Mrs. Ted Monk from Latham; Mr. and Mrs. Don Turton from Wandering; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Marshall from Harvey; also Bill Rowan-Robinson of Bridgetown; Bernie Langridge of Donnybrook; Gordon Rowley of Manjimup; and Dick Crossing of Goomalling, who were able to get along although regretably unaccompanied.

Among the city folk were Jim Fenwick, who is on transfer from the East, and Rocky and Mrs. Wil-

liams, who have settled in Applecross after several years at Cocos Island. Lola and Geof Laidlaw were almost strangers as they have been away on business trips for the last two or three Ladies' Nights. Jack and Mrs. Penglase from the Goldfields, and Bob and Mrs. Burns from Ingleburn, who have now made their homes in Perth, were able to be present. As guests of the Association everyone was glad to see Johnnie and Mrs. Morrison and Beryl and Ted Withell.

Being a very capable M.C.—as well as a famous "thrice times champ"—Fred Napier soon had the entertainment well in hand, and with the usual good cheer so ably dispensed by Mick Calcutt and Curly Bowden, the evening proceeded with a swing.

Owing to the sudden illness of Mrs. Hancock, Percy was unable to be present to receive the Champion

Sport Belt and congratulations on his great achievement in wrestling the coveted honours from the famous Fred Napier. Handing over the belt to Jerry Green on Percy's behalf, Fred delivered one of his most outstanding ovations. It is indeed unfortunate that space does not permit publishing this speech in full, for it is bound to go down in history as a Napier masterpiece.

During the evening dancing, slide pictures by Bill Robbie, humorous and vocal items rendered by Johnnie Morrison, Beryl and Ted Withell, Fred Napier, Charlie Gordon and the Bull's "Western With Actions" were thoroughly enjoyed and applauded by all.

A beautiful supper arranged by Bill Hollis and Ron Dook, served buffet style on gaily decorated tables, contributed in a large measure to the success of a very delightful evening.

Random Harvest

Peter Mantle, of Box 120, Biloela, Queensland, writes:

Met a chap whom some of you will remember from the Foster days. Can't say I recognised him at sight, though there was something about his face that was familiar—Lex Fraser—was 2 I.C. No. 1 Independent Company. Lex comes from Ingham, Queensland, and I gather he's pretty well off. He is this year's Governor of District 255 of Rotary International which runs from Cairns right down past Bundaberg and so takes in my part of central Queensland and in the month or so he's been in office has made a great impression.

Any of our chaps who are in Rotary will know that it's a great honour to be chosen a District Governor. He becomes the leader and guiding spirit for the year of perhaps 20 clubs, visits them all at least once in his year, conducts periodical conferences, and pretty well devotes his full time to Rotary for 12 months. Before taking office he attends an intensive school at Lake Placid in the United States, and then goes on to the main conference and assembly with men from about 110 countries in which

Rotary is established. This year it was at Dallas, Texas.

He came to our club a month ago, and I met him again recently in Bundaberg at a Rotary do. As I say, he's doing very well in a job that calls for unusual ability and personal qualities.

Had a man here recently from Arizona, U.S.A., where he grows cotton under irrigation. He declared that local farmers here could readily make £100 an acre profit from irrigated cotton following the methods used in Arizona.

Don't suppose the news filtered through to W.A., but quite a flap on here. At the last Local Government elections voters had to sign at the bottom of their ballot paper, and have it witnessed by a J.P. or an elector of the same Shire who was then required to write 'elector' in the space provided. In our little Shire 791 votes were disallowed for irregularities, including where a grocer was the witness and described himself as 'grocer' instead of 'elector' so some of the defeated candidates brought an action through the Supreme Court to have the sitting councillors ousted from office. The case has already con-

sumed some thousands of man-hours and is still a long way off completion.

(Dear Peter,—Remember Lex Fraser very well. A very likeable bloke and boy could he play a piano or was it just the lager atmosphere of the Darby mess that made him seem so good? Anyhow Peter, it is good to hear of Lex once again and excellent to know that he is such a heavyweight in his own line of business. Thanks for the epistle Peter, keep up the good work as correspondent of one of Australia's greatest coal potential valleys.—Editor.)

W. Rowan-Robinson, of Woodborough, Bridgetown, writes:

You have certainly made a flying start with your new duties as Editor so I had better send you a little bit of news so that you can carry on with the good work.

Going back to the last Re-union. The following morning I picked up Clarry Turner and we headed south again. His good wife had an excellent lunch waiting for us and after a spell there I pushed on to Donnybrook where I again called in to see the langridge and give him the various pieces of news I had gathered the night before. Had a look at his new polled Dorsett stud ewes which were beginning to lamb. They looked well and something to be proud of. By importing this type of high quality stock Bernie is doing the State a good turn as well as himself and I think we all wish him well in his new venture. Looking at the pairs of twin lambs running round the paddock Bernie remarked that he should have expected twins in the family. Everything on the place seemed to be having twins. My wife called in to see the Langridges the other day, the twins are both doing well though they are keeping everyone busy.

By the way the main reason for me being able to write to you is that I'm on the sick list. Can do very little work for a few days. The local vet is injecting needles into me every day. Won't tell you where but I can't sit down. I'm writing on the mantlepiece. Of course there is always work to be done. A few late lambs to be tailed. Ewes to be drenched and a bit of

dagging to be done, but it is quite impossible to bend over a sheep at the moment so all will have to wait. This includes orchard work too. Nearly finished the first spray, cultivating will then follow.

Not really much more to report of interest. Having successfully arranged busy bees for carting stone and sand to build a retaining wall at the local church, digging out foundations and cleaning up after the masons had built it. (By the way I had 13 motor trucks working there one Saturday afternoon which I thought was a pretty fair effort.) The next job like that to come my way was with the local Agricultural Society. The job, cement the tea and luncheon rooms plus kitchen, etc. With tip trucks carting material, the biggest cement mixer I could borrow in the town, plenty of hard working volunteers, we put down the 30 tons of concrete in two Saturdays. Again I think, quite a fair effort.

Hope to be up for the show and Ladies' Night, however arrangements are not yet final. Should be seeing you anyway one way or another.

Stan Sadler, of Wongan Hills, writes:

I see you have taken on the big job of Editor. You are a willing horse no doubt and I sincerely hope that you receive that co-operation from the members of the Association for which you are asking and which any member who takes on the job of Editor is definitely entitled to.

Enclosed is a cheque for subs., the balance to go towards the Christmas Party for the children or any other Association fund you think fit.

Sorry I couldn't make the Re-union this year. Charlie came down and he told me it was a real good show. All being well I don't intend to miss the next one. I think the suggestion that the Commemoration Service be held on the afternoon of the day of the Re-union, is a good one as far as country members are concerned.

I saw Don Hudson in Wongan a couple of months ago. He is with the P.M.G. at Ballidu. Another I met for the first time since Timor was "Pop" Harding. I met him at

Heard This?

Mistress: "I'm glad to hear you are engaged, Dotty. When are your nuptials coming off?"

Dotty: "On our wedding night, Ma'am, and not a minute before."

* * *

"I just heard that your son was an undertaker. I thought you said he was a physician."

"Oh, no. I just said he followed the medical profession."

* * *

A glamorous blonde visited a specialist for a routine check-up. At its conclusion she asked: "Doctor is there anything wrong with me?"

"Yes," he replied truthfully, "but its trifling."

"Oh," she said, "I don't think that's so very wrong, do you?"

* * *

A husband, much against his will, was persuaded to take his wife to a night club. When they arrived, the doorman shouted, "Hi, Bert!" Once inside, the checkroom girl chirped, "How's tricks, Bert old chum?" The head waiter bowed low and said, "Welcome again, Bert. Your same old table awaits you." The waitress patted Bert's hand and whispered, "How are you, Bert?" The cigarette girl voluntarily opened a pack of cigarettes and placed them on the table with, "Your favourite brand, Bert."

Wife, in no uncertain words, asked to be taken home immediately. The husband called a cab and they departed. Once inside the cab, the wife started to tell the husband what she thought of all the goings on. The taxi driver couldn't help hearing the tirade. Pulling up to the kerb, he stopped the cab, turned towards the back seat and said, "Don't put up with that, Bert. Pitch her out and we'll go back and get another."

* * *

He: "If I asked you to be my secretary for £100 a week, would you say yes?"

She: "A dozen times a day if necessary!"

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a golf open day at Ballidu a few weeks ago. He has a school bus run at Kalannie. I was looking for Jack Hasson too, but Norma, his wife, who was there helping with the catering, told me he had too many jobs to do in preparation for shearing, so the golf had to be skipped.

This golf is a good medium for meeting old mates. Last Sunday I met Reg Harrington at a Bolgart golf day. I think Reg is a very active member over there. They certainly have good links there. Speaking of golf, don't get the idea I can play the game. I'm a real mug, but I thoroughly enjoy trying to.

The season is O.K. here. We had too much rain during the winter for this light land and the crops have suffered accordingly. The cub-clover, we buy quite a lot of seed from Don Turton, has appreciated the wet and we have a very good show in parts, the best we have ever had. The wool clip was good, we had an average of 12½ lb. per head over all sheep, not including lambs. We have exceeded this on one occasion, that was when we had half our wheat crop knocked by hail and the sheep gained the benefit of it. However the price is not so hot at the moment and our income from sheep will be down more than a third on last year.

I was out John Fowler's way a week ago and he has an excellent show out there. Bumper crops and feed. He's got some good dirt and a wet winter really makes it sprout. Another good rain within a week or two will assure him of a real bumper year I should say.

How is the Association crop looking at Don Turton's? I note Burridge was a tractor driver. Hope there aren't too many wide wheel marks. Sounded a pretty good weekend.

Since starting this letter several days have elapsed and in the meantime we've had a very good rain, which will cap the season off. We have our annual surplus sheep sale on Friday, three days hence, and I am hoping this rain will put the cookies in a good frame of mind so they may bid a bob or two more. We'll soon see.

I won't labour this any longer.

Historically Yours!

(This very unofficial history is being compiled to bring nostalgic memories to all who participated in the various campaigns, training periods, travels and general get arounds of the Unit. Errors of fact will be made, omissions of importance will most certainly occur because it will be written mostly from memory therefore the writers who will collaborate to bring you this series earnestly appeal to all readers to write in and criticise their efforts and correct errors of fact and omissions of worthwhile importance. We hope this way to eventually arrive at a workable manuscript which can later be published as the history of the Unit because it has been written by all the Unit. Criticisms and additions will be published monthly after each instalment is printed to bring readers up to date. Please accept this as a challenge to help in what should be a thrilling experience.—Editor.)

CHAPTER 1 PROSPECTING FOR ORE

April of 1941 found Northam Military Camp basking in the hot, sultry weather of a West Australian late summer as autumn is very late in coming to areas beyond the Darling Ranges. The typical army camp of galvanised iron hutments was bulging with manpower as the general press of enlistments exceeded the quotas required to bring serving battalions and regiments up to fighting strength. Remember this was the period of the phoney war and as yet prodigality of manpower had not begun.

Training was hard but not severe. The hard rocky outcrops of the surrounding country were trying on the knees as one crawled around on the various stunts, but generally route marches, lectures, P.T. and squad drill still comprised the major portion of training. Weapons were scarce as Australia had denuded herself to make good the losses in England owing to the evacuation from Dunkirk of the British Army from Europe.

There was a plentiful supply of

young officers from either the Officers' Training Unit at Bonegulla and the Militia. Many who were too young when the original divisions were formed or were manpowered by the stringent manpower conditions which operated earlier had rushed to enlist in the A.I.F. after the fall of Belgium.

Officers and men were gradually being drafted in the reinforcements for the various battalions, the 2/11th, 2/16th, 2/28th, 2/7th Field Regt., and many others. Many had a feeling of awe as they waited to be transported overseas. Officers especially had some feeling of misgiving as reinforcement officers always had a trying period of settling in. There was always the feeling that some highly deserving N.C.O. was being robbed of his chance of just promotion by the advent of reo. officers from Australia and this to some extent, was felt by senior N.C.O.'s.

Then suddenly completely unheralded there came a change. Announcements on parades told of the need for special volunteers. Everything intriguingly vague. Men of high sporting ability were required. Could you sail a boat, could you swim, could you box, did you have experience in mountain climbing, were you a good bushman. All these and many more were the questions asked. If you were interested give your name in to your training company orderly room and you would hear more later. All very hush hush!

Hundreds answered the call only to have second thoughts as rumour of all sorts of dire perils flooded the camp.

Then one morning the various company parades were told that volunteers were to muster at the lecture hut on the 2/4th Machine Gun lines to be lectured by a Lt.-Col. Scott.

Crammed to overfull capacity the hut doors and windows were closed and we knew the fateful moment of decision was not far away.

Lt.-Col. Scott proved to be an exceedingly tall, hatchet-faced, balding man with piercing eyes. A perpetual smoker and a staccato

speaker. He did not have a lot to say. A special unit to be formed, plenty of hazards, plenty of guts required, extreme security required.

Then the Colonel noticed someone prying through a window.

"Arrest that man. Bring him in here," he barked in sharp tones. A poor devil who probably was keen to know what it was all about but not game to put his name down to find out in the normal way was thrust into the hut to confront the Colonel. He was given a sharp dressing down and promptly bundled out of the hall.

Lt.-Col. Scott then put all present on their honour not to reveal anything of what he had spoken and told the assembly that a selection committee comprising Lt.-Col. J. E. Mitchell, then commanding the training brigade, and Brigade Majors Salom and Beecher, would carefully select the required personnel from those who would now be given a chance in the light of what they had been told to volunteer.

The prospecting for payable ore had started. The dry-blowers were in to separate the mineral from the dross. Personal interviews, background studies, reports by training battalion and company commanders were studied while we the raw material waited fatefully to hear the news! Were we in or were we out! Not long to wait. In a couple of days orderly room staffs were telling their personnel who had made the grade. The Hush Hush boys were under way.

April 26 saw the granting of six days' home leave prior to movement to the Eastern States for training and so the chosen 130 who were to be the nucleus of the new and unique fighting group were off to see their folk at home.

While all this was happening at Northam similar experiences were occurring in other camps throughout Australia but at the day and hour Northam was the best prospecting ground. A very special bias towards recruitment of specialists such as Signallers and Engineers was taking place among militia as well as A.I.F. camps.

Rapidly, very rapidly, the prospecting process in the way of human ore was taking place. The haste to get this show ino being was practically unseemly.

Six days' leave was over all too soon and assembly once again took place at Northam on the following Sunday with immediate movement to Northam station to entrain for—where?

The original party comprising 15 officers with 115 N.C.O.'s and other ranks, Capt. Dunkley, Aust. Medical Corps, as senior officer, was O.C. troops for the journey.

A few feeble cock-a-doodle-does in the dark of the West Australian night uttered a farewell to old Northam camp which very few of us were to see again as a military establishment.

Meanwhile the sorting out process continued as it was obvious that the party on the move were but an advance guard of what was to be a Unit.

Yes, the prospecting was well under way.

Heard This?

The transport was shoving off for the Orient. Two wistful looking teenagers were waving goodbye from the dock.

"I think it's a shame," said one, "to send all those nice marines to China. What will they do there?" "Ain't you ever been out with a marine?"

* * *

During a bus strike in a big city a good looking young gal was desperately trying to get a ride. A young man whose car was filled, seeing the trouble she was having, inquired: "Why don't you try waving a white hanky?"

The pretty young thing replied: "Darn it all, I'm just trying to get a ride, I don't want to surrender."

* * *

Sign in a mechanic's shop: "Warning to girls—if your sweater is too large for you, look out for the machines. If you are too large for the sweater, look out for the machinists."

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Committee meeting held Wentworth Cafe on Sept. 8, at 8 p.m. Present: H. Botterill (in chair), Bert Tobin, Johnny Robinson, Johnny Roberts, Gerry O'Toole, Bluey Southwell, Jock Campbell, Alan Stewart, Gerry Maley, Mel Broadhurst. Apologies from Bernie Callinan, Max Davies, Jim Wall, George Humphreys, Alan Munro.

Business discussed was arrangements for Melbourne Cup sweep, the allotting of tickets and a working bee by all present in putting the tickets into envelopes for posting that night, and checking of number of books allotted to members in ratio to what they sold last year which is quite a big job and many hands made the job much easier.

The picture night was discussed with a tentative date for October (subject to a hall being available) and decided to make enquiries about the availability of films and projector. A Friday night was decided as being the best night as it is to be a ladies and friend night, also open to the kiddies. It was decided to hold the next committee meeting on Oct. 6. Meeting closed at 10.30 p.m.

Committee meeting held Wentworth Cafe, on Oct. 6, at 8 p.m. Present: H. Botterill (in chair), Jack Campbell, Jim Wall, Bert Tobin, Gerry O'Toole, Gerry Maley, Johnny Roberts. Apologies from Fred Krause, Alan Stewart, Bluey Southwell, George Humphries, Max Davies, Bruce McLaren.

Meeting dealt with final arrangements for drawing of Melbourne Cup sweep, catering, etc., and all members will be notified of place (George St. Drill Hall is not available) of drawing through the mail. Also further arrangements re picture night, and at time of writing the venue looks like being at the Batman-st. Drill Hall on Friday, Oct. 24 (this is subject to approval from Victoria Barracks) but all members will be notified by circular. Progress was discussed for Xmas treat and it is well in hand.

Next committee meeting will be on Monday, Nov. 7, at Wentworth Cafe, at 8 p.m.

Meeting closed at 10 p.m.

I believe Max Davies has not been too good lately, do not know what the trouble is but hope you are getting a lot better, Max.

Bert Tobin is the proud owner of a new Holden (the railways are going to suffer now) and a nice new existence lies ahead.

Heard a whisper that Jim Griffin, from Jerildene, threatens to do the Sydney blokes on leave at Xmas, so look out Curly & Co., you have been duly warned.

Gerry O'Toole bumped into Smash Hodgson at the races last week. Still the same Smasho trying to beat the bookies but still backing the horses with only three legs.

Tex Richards was over from Tassie with his local football team. Got in touch with Bert Tobin and promised to get in touch with him about meeting some of the boys but Tex was never sighted again, but he did say that he might go up to Bendigo to see Kev Curran.

So till next edition, cheerio for now.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

Heard This?

"Sir, I want to marry your daughter!"

"Have you seen my wife yet?"

"Yes, but I still prefer your daughter."

* * *

Six year old Mary woke up about two in the morning. "Tell me a story, mama," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother. "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

* * *

Judge: "I'm sorry, but I can't issue a marriage licence until you have properly filled out your form."

Gal: "Listen, if my boy friend doesn't care, what business is it of yours?"

* * *

Liz: "George won't let me wear my new playsuit to the picnic."

Iris: "Why not? It's a cute playsuit."

Liz: "George thinks it's too darling—too much play and not enough suit."