

# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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## Editorial

This is the season, the silly season possibly when practically everyone makes some resolution or other with regard to his or her intentions for the year to come. Mostly these good or bad intentions fall by the wayside ere January has reached its close. It's all good clean fun and in the main does no harm and helps to keep up traditions which are as old as Adam.

Here is your chance as the "Gentle Reader" to make a small resolution which won't take a bundle of effort on your part to keep. Make a firm resolve to make a greater effort to help with your Association. Remember all that was said was a "greater effort". If your effort in the past was of the "mouse" variety it won't take much to improve it, but if it was of "elephant" proportions of course the improvement will naturally be of a lesser degree. For the "mice" I suggest a letter or two in the year now upon us, an attendance at an odd function or so. For those whose work in the past has been Herculean just keep it up is the suggestion.

It is pointed out that though the

tradition of our Association and Unit is not of very long standing it is nevertheless a great tradition and a tradition of which all members are a part. It is also something that many people would give an eye or an arm to be part of but owing to the fact that they were not part of us they cannot ever really enter into. This tradition is something to be proud of and to cherish and more than anything to take active part in.

Let us whatever State we may dwell in, take part in the affairs of the Association, which, after all, is only the embodiment of the mate-ship which a great Unit bequeathed to us, to the extent that we find is most possible. Let us hope that those in the States where numbers are smallest will do something to form small branches to enable even the few to get together and talk and act on the traditions which are ours and let us hope that those States which already have branches formed will go on to greater success and greater friendship.

Let us remember our slogan for this year of our Lord: "The Unit is fine in '59".

## SPECIAL REMINDERS

DON'T FORGET

**FEBRUARY MEETING, MONASH CLUB, on 3rd**

**A Shooting Tooting Night for All**

**MARCH 3rd, BOWLS NIGHT, SAME VENUE**

## West Australian Whisperings

### Committee Comment

A Committee meeting was held on Jan. 5, 1959, at Monash Club, and sad to relate the attendance was much below average. Possibly the reason was the holiday season, but the lack of numbers was a very restricting factor in making any real decisions. It was all the more deplorable when Don Turton came along to give us some ideas for the extension of the project which he so successfully started and most of the decisions have had to be deferred when speed could easily have been the essence of the contract.

None the less quite a bit was achieved and Don Turton has agreed to go further with his ideas.

It was decided that the February meeting on the 3rd, take the form of a shoot with small bore rifle. As there may be quite a few country folk in town at this time of the year it was thought that they may enjoy an evening of this nature.

It was also decided to make the March meeting, also on the 3rd., into our annual indoor bowls night with competition for the cup at present held by Keith Hayes.

The organiser gave a brief report on the sweep which proved to be a great success once again. (Further report elsewhere.)

The barbecue at Joe Poynton's home was reported on by the President and Secretary who voted it one of the best shows ever held, despite the weather. The Committee were most impressed and thankful to Joe and Helen for their magnificent effort.

### Association Activities

#### BARBECUE AT JOE POYNTON'S

Despite the worst that Jupiter Pluribus could do in the way of December weather a good crowd of 26 members, mostly plus wives, attended and had a wonderful time at Joe's home in Adderly-st., Mt. Claremont. The theme for the night was "Eat at Joes" and all delved in to advantage.

It was originally intended to have the show outdoors but a steady drizzle set in and all moved into the

more than adequate garage. Music, singing, talking, drinking and films took up most of the evening. The films shown were the Unit one "Men of Timor" and the Olympic Tyres film of the Melbourne Olympic Games. Excellent film fare was the verdict of all present.

When it came time for supper the rain was still falling steadily and this to a minor extent interfered with the barbecue. Not to be in any way deterred and the fires had been alight for some time, Ron Kirkwood and Dick Crossing became self appointed barbecuists (a new word, that one) and did most of the cooking. Miles in front of "Frying Pan" Smith and "Hash" Jensen somebody who didn't venture into the rain reckoned.

Bill Hollis, as usual, assisted no end by supplying many needed things in the eating line and once again we append our thanks. Jack Carey was the butcher to the Unit and those present all wished he was personal butcher to their family as the wares purveyed were outstanding.

The show broke up in the "wee sma" hours with everyone more than satisfied and firmly resolved that this was another event to be permanently on the calendar as a Christmas must.

A hearty vote of thanks to Helen and Joe Poynton for making such a grand night possible.

It was good to see Dick Crossing and his good spouse present and from memory I think they were the only country folk who were able to make it.

#### HARVEST AT DON TURTON'S

A small gang of lads moved down to Don Turton's farm at Wandering on Dec. 15, 1958, to assist Don to harvest the crop which was sown earlier in the year with much ceremony. (Remember the report by our Assistant Secretary in an earlier "Courier"?) Fred and Glad Napier, Arch and May Campbell, Arthur Smith, Joe Poynton, Merv Ryan, Mick Calcutt, Ken Bowden and "Ping" Anderson comprised the party.

Don was tractor driver in chief

with Arch and Smithy assisting on the header, and then later Smithy was fire prevention officer with the Landrover. Fred Napier, "Curly," Mick, "Ping" and Joe were bag sewers extraordinary with Joe doing an extra stunt as bag repairer.

Working steadily all Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning the crop was reaped, bagged, sewn and carted and the job completed by one o'clock Sunday.

The result was terrific. Around about 160 three-bushel bags taken off the area although some of the boys reckon Don's idea of our area was pretty heavily on the generous side.

Don advised later he never had a better working gang. Possibly it was because they could see the end in sight even before they started or because the day's work was split into two with a night's "rest?" in between, but for raw rookies they went well.

A small modicum of the juice that cheers may have had a good acceleration effort something like the new additives in the petrol or the mere fact of such a good crop may have been the carrot in front of the donkey but it must be admitted the gang went well.

A most amusing incident is told of the trip down. Joe Poynton and his car load which included "Curly" Bowden, Merv Ryan, Mick Calcutt and "Ping" Anderson, called in at a well known water hole with the odd name of the "Travellers Arms". Mick ordered his particular tippie which was a "Half Scotch". The bar maid supplied same and Mick said: "In town they usually give me a hunk of ice with this." "No ice here," quoth Hebe. (It is well known that everything is off the ice at the Travellers Arms—28 miles off!) "Slave," said Mick turning to one of his gang, "get me some ice." In a twinkling a large slice of ice was secured from Joe's vehicle. (I wonder what that was doing there?) Hebe much chagrined by this, smashed up a piece with ill favour, plopped it into Mick's "ski" which nearly flew out of the glass with the weight of the splash. "That's what I call service," says Calcutt without cracking a smile.

Anyhow a good weekend was had by all and once again I have

been asked to extend to Don and Vida Turton the best possible thanks of those who attended for their outstanding hospitality and from the Association as a whole the Order of Merit for a magnificent gesture of goodwill which will always out-weigh the benevolence of the project. Association funds will benefit mightily and it now behoves us to plan to spend this wisely and well as befits such an outstanding gesture. If only from the amazing good will which has come from this venture it is hoped that other Association members will be able to carry the move further. Money is **not** the prime object. **Goodwill** is the main idea.

#### SWEEP ON PERTH CUP

This sweep is now a matter of history, and once again has shown the wonderful co-operative spirit existent within our Association.

Ticket sales were slightly in excess of 92 per cent of tickets issued which is a remarkable performance when you consider the spread of members. Some really good performances in ticket selling were made and to name but a couple at random I'd like to mention Ralph Finkelstein who sent off over a dozen books and "Dusty" Studdy who was a half dozen man. These are great performances but do not dwarf the efforts of others who find selling of tickets a terrific chore but still do their bit.

As a result of these efforts the liquid funds (that is the funds not tied up in bonds) of the Association, has received a timely boost after the expenses of Christmas.

A very tidy profit has been made and a point often overlooked it is truly amazing the number of donations to funds which also result from this sweep. Add to this the harvest of correspondence which gladdens the Editor's heart and you will see that the overall result is stupendous.

First prize for drawing Fairetha, the Cup winner, went to Fred Munday, of Karlparin, and was sold by Stan King. Second prize went to Tom Nisbet who drew the favourite Zacia, and sold himself the ticket. Third prize was sold by Ralph Finkelstein to an anonymous party.

Lottery tickets to 29 other drawers of horses were spread far and

wide and our old friend Jim Smailes in N.S.W. even got one (from five books!).

The thanks of the Association to all who so ably assisted and a special piece of thanks from the organiser to Arthur Smith, Ron Kirkwood and Fred Napier who so ably assisted on the administrative side.

The following made donations to the Association funds over the last three months: D. K. Turton, T. G. Nesbit, S. E. Sadler, H. E. James, J. Fowler, R. G. Bowers, C. H. Sadler, B. C. Langridge, T. Martin, Bert Burges, N. D. Thornton, R. J. Sprigg, W. Drage, W. Monk, M. S. Herbert, G. R. Lewis, S. E. Payne, S. Rogers.

## Personalities

Saw Herbie Thomas and his wife a couple of times during the Christmas season. Herbie looking real well and also job hunting after a long convalescence period.

**Anyone want a job of carrying done, distance no object, satisfaction guaranteed, then Geo. Strickland is your man. Can be contacted at 6 5733 or at his home address 15 Dudley-st., Rivervale. Geo has just gone into this business and if you know anyone who requires a job done here is your chance to do the boy scout act.**

Arch and May Campbell have been on holidays over the Christmas period and the beach has been taking a thrashing I believe. Lucky you.

Mick Calcutt at present foreman carpenter for the firm who are laying the new Velodrome at Mongers Lake which will be the first of the Empire Games sites to be completed. My informant says he is doing a crackerjack job.

Saw Bill Howell at Peninsula Hotel, Mandurah, during Christmas. Building his own home which is almost finished. Working at pub 10 hours a day but looking really fit. Baby expected early February.

Tony Bowers seen at North Cottesloe swimming. Had a flat with all conveniences just above Ocean Beach Hotel. He just missed Joe Poynton's party but had a big day with Joe later. Tony looks bigger than ever and boy, that's saying something.

Brief note from Jack Wicks to return sweep butts and wish all well.

Steve Rogers, from Southern Cross Bakery, sent a donation along with his sweep butts and his best regards to the gang.

Don Hudson now at Northampton, sent back his sweep butts which had followed him half way round W.A. and said Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone.

Eric Smyth wrote very briefly to apologise for being late with tickets but wished us all well.

The briefest of brief notes from my old china plate Neil Scott, to say good day, good bye. Come on Neil, as a chalky you should be able to put pen to paper better than that.

Alf Blundy wrote from Beverley to send in his butts and subs., and tell me how flat out he was. Says he has hardly time to read the head lines in the local rag. Good to hear you are so busy, Alf, won't get out of work that way. Good luck to you mate.

Rip McMahon said good day to the mob along with his sweep butts. Still serving pots in the city but I know not where. Rip moves too fast for me.

Gordon Rowley sent in his sweep returns and said that time was a scarce commodity, promised to write a reasonable letter at a later date. Keep you to that promise, Gordon.

Heard from Jack Denman via the sweep. He wishes all well and says he may be in the city late in January. Look me up Jack, it will be a real pleasure.

Slim Holly gave me a brief look at his calligraphy when returning his sweep butts and saying how-do to all and sundry.

Mrs. Giles wrote on behalf of Bernie, who has changed his address to Royal Mail Hotel, Meekatharra. On behalf of "Boomer" she wished us all well. Thanks a ton, Mrs. Giles, and hope Bernie is extra fit again.

Tom Crouch said good day in a brief note with his sweep returns. Added seasons' greetings to all and promised to write at length later. Another promise to be kept, Tom.

Paddy Doyle is another to greet the gang. Reckoned that the end of 1958 couldn't come quick enough for him as it was bad. Sorry to hear it, Pat. Hope the new year is a big improvement.

Ted Monk, from out Latham way, returned his sweep butts with a short missive and sent a donation also. Thanks a ton, Ted.

From Esperance Country Vice Peter Campbell sent seasons' greetings and said the season had been good to him. Also added a promise to put us in the picture more fully later. Thanks Peter old pal. I'm sure I can rely on you.

Joan Hamilton-Smith wrote on behalf of "Gordie" who is suffering from cramp in the "write" hand, and wished all a Happy New Year. Thanks, Joan, get that hubby of yours to work with the biro.

Bob Williamson dropped a short note with his sweep tickets, says he will write more fully at a later date. Thanks a ton, Bob. Will be most pleased to hear from you.

Geo Bayliss was at his briefest sending in his butts but something is better than nought as the Poms say.

My old mate Ning McCaig sent a short epistle to say cheerio to the gang and assure me that the "Courier" was now finding its way to him.

## Random Harvest

**Colin Criddle, of 124 Nanson Street Wembley, writes:—**

Received 5/- lottery ticket No. 84309 and have passed it on to the lucky winner.

I would like to report at this stage how sorry I am not being able to attend meetings. The reason, I have a part time job, every night, the extra money needed to pay off my car. One can't do it on wages these days.

The "Courier" keeps me up to date with the Association activities, but that's not like attending the good nights the Association puts on.

I've mentioned to Arthur Smith to give me an account of my subs owing, but up to date have not received same. Maybe you could jog his memory.

Saturday just passed I ran into Merv Ryan at the Wembley and had

Mrs. King wrote on behalf of Charlie to wish all the very best for the new year and thank the Association for the Christmas party for the children. Thanks Mrs. King, and my best regards to Chas.

Joe Brand that old stalwart from Ogilvie way, had an odd word to say and in true cocky style is working on "After Harvest Terms" says he will write after harvest. Keep you up to that, Joe, you old bouncer.

From Bob Smyth I heard of Ross Shevin who is back in W.A. again. Bob met Ross in the street and promptly bled him for a dollar and sent it into the Association. Will put Ross on mailing list once again Bob, and thanks a million. Bob also advises that Sam Fullbrook is steering a truck on behalf of Bill Shanks, of Onslow, who reckons the old Sam is one of his best employees. Bob also met Buck Peters in the Port Hedland area where Buck is working with a main road gang.

Harry Holder sent in his sweep butts and also gave me the address of one of the gang who was on Timor with us and was previously in the L.A.D., he now has a garage at Scarborough. His name is Ron Rears, address Flat 9, Indiana Flats, Scarborough.

a few beers. He was going through to Yanchepp crayfishing for the week end. Looks a ball of muscle.

To conclude, I would like to wish all the best in the new year to you and yours and a bumper year for the Association.

**Stan King, of Pingaring, via Lake Grace, writes:—**

Like a lot more of the "old mob" I've been intending to write, but just keep putting it off till later. Bad show, but that's the way it is. Nearly everyone around here has finished harvesting, only two or three to go, and they've probably been held up with breakdowns or inclement weather. The crops have turned out pretty good and judging by a few wide smiles, some have had better than expected. The weather hasn't been too kind for

the last month or so, hot as hell with a few storms thrown in for good measure, but judging by the news everywhere is the same. I wouldn't have liked to have been in Perth when you were copping the hundreds. I think I would have found myself a nice cool pub and done in a few fivers. By the way, the bloke that won the sweep, Fred Munday (from Karlgarin not Kalgoolie) tells me he used to be a cook at Foster, but was too old in tooth to go away with us. Says he knows Joe Poynton (who does not), Fred Humphries and a few others. I didn't know him there, but some of the boys might remember him. I got the cheque O.K. and will pass it on to him when I see him. Glad to hear that you've got the old sections toiling again. Some of the chaps I saw at the Annual Do whose waist lines were expanding at an alarming rate (no names, please) will really appreciate it. By the way, if I might make a suggestion, how would it be if the different sections were to use different manures on their plots. Not having had any experience of the various types of manure used on lawns down there I can't name any, but I was thinking that there must be quite a few different types to try out. I know that you've had strife before in getting the right type of fertiliser and thought that if the sections were to try different manures they might strike one that would suit the lot. I'm a bit too far away to be of any help on the job but I hope to be in Perth about the 23rd and would like to slip up and have a look at the Avenue. I'm going in to Lake Grace this afternoon to try out a few sherberts, so if it's nice and hot in the office I'll have one for you too.

**Arthur Marshall, of 7 Peet Street, Harvey, writes:—**

All the best for '59 to yourself and all the Association boys.

I've been more than having my share of work this last few months and haven't been able to get around to selling the sweep butts. Have been baling hay since the middle of October and have done about 42,000 bales. At the same time I have been going back and forth to Katanning getting my bulk super spreading unit ready for work,

which we start on this coming week. The Transport Board stopped me carting direct from Albany to the farmers (that is long distance) so now the railway carts it in bulk to the siding and I get it out with a conveyor into bulk bins on my semi. The conveyor cost £1,000 so you can see it is backs to the wall again for this season. There's always some bloody restriction to put a spoke in a man's wheel when he looks like making a few bob. Remember that drawing I had of a super spreader when I came in to see you a couple of years ago? Well, it worked, but I have made two other different ones since. The latest one holds five tons of bulk super and is on a trailer. We tow it behind a Chamberlain tractor. This super in bulk is just starting to come into its own and I should say that in a few years it will be the done thing and bags will be out.

I still play cricket and it takes up a fair bit of my time. You see I look after our turf wickets, am captain of our club team and give a hand with association affairs. Still it is worth it, because after playing a team last Sunday led by Ken Meuleman, he told us our wicket was amongst the best six in the State. Just in passing we bowled Meuleman out for a duck. It really spoils the day for everyone because we were hoping to see him turn on a good innings.

**F. C. Fagg, Northampton, writes:—**

Sorry to be so damn late but hope these arrive in time. I am enclosing a cheque for £2 as I think maybe I'm all that behind in subs. If this doesn't cover subs up to date, let me know sometime. I've been working away from home for the last three months and cripes don't seem to have any spare time at all. All the chaps up here: Big Bill, Joe Brand, etc., seem to be doing O.K. I believe Don Hudson is up here with the P.M.G. but I have not run into him yet.

**Don Murray, 157 Daghish Street, Wembley, writes:—**

Firstly I must apologise for not having written sooner. For some time I have intended to let you have a story on my wanderings over the State and the number of the lads with whom I have come in contact.

They are many and very scattered. Some of them we haven't heard of for some time so it will probably interest their old mates. However for now I will leave it until the sweep rush is over.

Please find enclosed my butts and doin's.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking, with all sincerity, your committee responsible for the Kiddies' Christmas Party. The youngsters had a wonderful afternoon and were and are really appreciative of the good books they received as presents.

Thanks once again on behalf of the youngsters and Ida.

Compliments of the season to yourself, the Committee and all the lads of the old 2/2.

**Bob Palmer, of Cowaramup, writes:**

Running late with the sweep butts as usual. They should reach you in time all the same. Have put off sending them as I had hoped to be able to drop a few lines as well.

Season not so good down this way this year as far as production goes but has finished very well for hay. I have been on that job for about six weeks firstly with the baler and then carting. Still have a couple of days carting left yet and a small amount of baling.

Some time back in the "Courier" there was a write-up on our member who joined the Island Rgt. His surname was McMillen but I just can't remember his christian name at all. I know I should because he was one of my corporals at Canungra. I am not certain of his army number but am fairly sure he was NX. Some of our lads over there may be able to track him down for I'm sure he would welcome the "Courier" if he could be located.

Also met Ben Davies, of 2/6 Sqd. recently. I don't know as you know him personally or not. I forget whether he said so or not, but knows quite a few of the gang. He said that their lot only has about 35. He said a definite number but my memory is not as good as of old and they had 33 at their last meeting. They lack weight of numbers to do much themselves for all their keenness. As I am one of very few who were interviewed for

the 2/2—a couple of others I can recall being Eric Smyth and Jack Denman—may I put a suggestion that at some future date our Association may feel inclined to take these smaller groups from other squadrons under our wing and help them in any way possible. It's only a suggestion and other members may have ideas about it which I would like to hear.

Very sorry I had to miss the Annual Re-union but will get to one again one of these days. May be next year and I should go while Ben is at Busselton. I would like to take him up also.

Was great being able to speak to both yourself and Jess when I rang.

Just one other point while I think of it. Is there some way you willing workers could let us backwoods folk know how our subs stand? At one stage I was about six years ahead, but could be almost that behind now.

Well this is enough to try your eyes for once so will end. Will enclose cheque for 30/- Put 10/- towards subs if I'm behind.

**Syd McKinley, of Shell Co., Cocos Island, writes:—**

No doubt I take the belt as your poorest correspondent, and the fact that I enjoy the "Courier" immensely makes me feel very mean in not contributing to your columns more often.

First off I should like to wish you and all members of the Association a very Happy Christmas—with a particular vote of thanks to those people doing such a splendid job in keeping the Association alive.

After 2½ years on Cocos I returned to Perth with wife and family towards the end of 1956 and spent the next two years on permanent afternoon shift, which effectively took care of all but two nights each week—hence the absence of yours truly at meetings, etc.

The rush and bustle of the big smoke proved too much for us so we decided another term at Cocos was indicated. The end of August saw me at Cocos, but unfortunately June had to remain in Perth till such time as the baby chose to arrive (due to miscalculations this was a month later than expected!).

During this time she had the four children to care for alone and what with operations for tonsils on the two youngest, plus the fact that she expected to go to hospital any tick for about two weeks she had really "had it" when she finally arrived here. However, everyone is now well and happy and the new daughter is thriving.

Am enclosing the butts for two books of sweep tickets, also cash for same. The extra £1 is to cover such subs as may be due. Sometime in the near future I will write again and give some information on this glorious "tropical paradise?" where-at I will be spending the next couple of years.

Cheers for now, regards to all.

**Ted Loud, Forests Dept., Pemberton, writes:—**

Enclosed £4 and butts, the extra £2 is for subs in which I must be well behind.

Sorry to have left this till the very last but I have been holidaying down the coast for a month before starting work after another foot operation in Hollywood, and have just arrived home two days ago.

I had my foot in plaster for four months and another month in Hollywood receiving physiotherapy treatment.

Met Ron Dook and wife at Hollywood the day before he sailed to S.A. They came to visit Ron's brother, Jack.

It is a couple of years since I saw Alec Thomson but I hear of him quite often and that he is doing O.K. I am in the process of building myself a house and that certainly takes some time and some dough.

Regards to all the boys and hope to see you next time I'm in Perth and may even make the next Reunion.

**John Fowler, of Box 73, Wongan Hills, writes:—**

Sorry I have overlooked the sweep tickets. I have been a busy man trying to get the harvest off, which is very slow. We are working on new bull dozed ground and the holes and stones are terrific, and I am doing nothing but repairing broken down machines. Fortunately our crop is good so helps out with the breakdowns and trouble.

Sorry we couldn't make the Christmas party, but I just can't keep up to all the Christmas parties there seems to be in December as we started Christmas on Dec. 5. Last night was our R.S.L. Christmas party and of course just about every night from now to the new year. As soon as the harvest is off Mandurah first stop.

Well I guess I had better say cheerio for now as the last few days have been beautes. Just hope it cools off a little.

**Shorty Stevens, of Box 62, Snowtown, writes:—**

My apologies for the delay in returning the sweep butts but this is a busy time for me and I did keep thinking of it, but each night I'd put it off till next night. However I've caught up a bit now. Have finished reaping oats and barley—what the wind left. I lost a good third of my barley and am now waiting for the moisture content of the wheat to fall.

I did try and overcome the writing a little in regard to the sweep as if you look back in the "Courier" you'll find I wrote in August and enclosed an extra £1 then for my tickets so that you'd not have to contact me. You should have received this in September. I am enclosing the butts in this letter.

Wishing the "Courier" staff a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year together with a successful sweep.

**(Owing to a real flood of letters written to return sweep butts we find we have run out of space in this issue so have reluctantly held quite a number of letters over and these will be printed in February.)**

### "LEST WE FORGET"

#### JANUARY

- Cole, Tpr. A. J., killed in action, New Guinea, Jan. 7, 1944. Age 33.
- Hopper, Lt. P., killed in action, New Guinea, Jan. 27, 1944. Age 28.
- Ramshaw, Tpr. D., killed in action, New Guinea, Jan. 10, 1944. Age 20.
- Beardman, Tpr. R. L., killed in action, New Guinea, Jan. 10, 1944. Age 22.

# Historically Yours!

## CHAPTER II.

### THE REFINING PROCESS BEGINS

The large lecture hut with its centrally placed lecturn seemed charged with electricity as we 130 plus instructors crammed in to hear the induction lecture by Col. Mahood.

The Colonel took his stand behind the lecturn, shuffled his notes a little and then seemed to fix every one in the room with his gaze. He was not a great speaker but a very penetrating personality. He did not take long to get down to taws. He explained in rapid sentences what our role may be. We were to be guerillas, we were cloak and dagger men. We were to be independent workers. Behind the line operators, saboteurs, hit and run killers. We were to be trained to do work of any nature which would further the war effort and we would do it in small parties the economy of manpower, but the maximum of result. This could only be obtained with high and specialised training in all forms of weapons, rugged physical endurance, outstanding fieldcraft and deep knowledge of all forms of demolitions and strong sense of the correct use of good and modern communications. We would probably be out on our own, no larger formations to lean on, no mail, live off the country and at our wits end most of the time. Spadmodic raids would be our portion. The Colonel instanced the famous raid on the Lofotten Islands, the raids on Staveinger in Norway, as being some of the type of work we could be called upon to perform. Most chins were on an easy hinge by the time his short lecture was at an end and a look around showed most mouths agape.

He invited questions and the inevitable question was soon out: "Are we to be paratroopers?" That was a distinct possibility. After all we would use any means of transport whatsoever to reach our objective. It could be destroyer, submarine, our own flat feet or it could be a parachute. It all depended on the role and the mode of operation.

Afraid we were still a bit stunned as questions were at a minimum. I don't think the inormity of what we had let ourselves in for had yet been fully understood and questions seemed a bit out of place.

The lecture over and we were rapidly formed into a Cadre. Officers and N.C.O.'s who departed from W.A. and a few who had been left over from Australian No. 1 Coy. became the actual school, along with a few selected privates who had apparently obtained good reports from the selection committee at Northam. This cadre was approximately 70 in number, the rest of the privates were immediately placed on permanent fatigues, much to the disgust and chagrin of those so selected.

The training group was further broken down in each training wing into syndicates of four who remained together throughout the course and worked as a team in the carrying out of tasks.

The training wings were four in number, comprising Weapons, Fieldcraft, Demolitions and Signals.

The Demolitions Wing was under command of Capt. Calvert who had as his assistants Lt. Bernard J. Callinan, a brilliant young civil engineer from Melbourne; Lt. "Johnny" Johnson, of the New Zealand Army and also an engineer by profession, and W/O2 Hammond, a permanent Australian Instructional Corps engineer.

Capt. Spencer Chapman was very much in charge of the Fieldcraft Wing, and his helpers were Lt. Charlie Saxon, of the New Zealand Army; Lt. Rolfe Baldwin, a Grammar School teacher in private life with a gen. for mountaineering and lastly Sgt. David Dexter, a young Uni. graduate who was training as a career diplomat with the Dept. of External Affairs prior to enlistment.

W/O1 Peter Stafford ran the Weapons side as his training in the British Army naturally fitted him for this onerous role. He was assisted by Capt. Paddy Rickards, a young militia officer who had done the short course at Duntroon; W/O2 Terry Hines, of the New

Zealand Army and a permanent soldier by profession being in the N.Z. equivalent of the A.I.C. The fourth member of this instructional team was also an N.Zer, W/O Il Ron Grigg, who like Terry Hines, was a permanent soldier.

The Signals Wing was under command of Lt. Paul Burcham, of the N.Z. Army, an up and coming young man in the radio game and already the inventor of a light and portable Morse sending radio set which was to play a big part in events to come. W/O1 Muswellbrook, of the British Army was his 2 I.C. and as stated earlier he was specially brought from England for this job. He was a master of the technique of teaching the Morse code rapidly to large groups. Sgt. Johnny Rose, a young ex-militiaman now A.I.F. was another instructor. The fourth instructor in this wing escapes me but he was another young Aussie Sergeant.

These were the teams who were to start the refining process on the ore gathered mostly in W.A., but with a sprinkling of stone from other States.

While the cadre shook down to serious training the other lads started to take up their various tasks on fatigues and other work. Dr. Dunkley took over the camp hospital from the previous doctor who moved out as M.O. to the 1st Aust. Coy. He had a small team of R.A.P. helpers including Sgt. Cliff Paff and Cpl. Alan Luby and L/Cpl. Fred Sparkman. A few of the men moved in as clerks, etc., in the administrative block and also the quartermaster's store. Others assisted in the Officers and Sgts. Messes. Those selected as cooks went on cooking duties in the various messes. The rest were on general camp fatigues.

Although these chaps felt cheated at being so specially selected in the various training camps to come to Foster to do fatigues most in true Aussie fashion found themselves a niche which most suited their personalities and rapidly settled down to enjoy themselves as best they could. But even at this stage the sense of frustration was manifest in the many letters which found their way back to the C.O.'s of many training battalions at Northam telling in a disgruntled manner of the

fate that had befallen them in being placed on permanent fatigues. This was to mitigate at a not so late date in the type of recruit who was selected to form the Company and a lot of good men still at Northam decided it would be a good show to by-pass. I may be wrong in this statement but that is how it struck me at the time. If all had managed to contain their patience a few short weeks it would have straightened itself out.

Naturally in this hurly burly personalities would quickly emerge and just such a personality was Pte. "Paddy" Knight, a huge bulk of a man with one slight crossed eye and a fund of Irish-Australian wit. He had really been round the block and was a ganger on the trans line when the war broke out and he enlisted with a big gang of Kalgoorlie boys. Paddy being no fool, swiftly found himself a fatigue which would give him the greatest possible scope for his "talents". This proved to be off-sider to the truck driver who conveyed the pig swill from the Promontory to the pig farm at Foster. This ensured that Paddy was in Foster daily near a beloved hotel and could his 18 stone bulk consume plenty of grog without a quiver. Paddy was not the caged bird type and the nomadic existence of travelling in and around Foster suited him nicely. The winding road to the Prom, plus straying cattle, made the trip a hazard and it could never be boring and there was always the inevitable accident when drivers hit livestock and turned over on bends and there came the day when Paddy and his driver Bob Chambers had their little accident which was best described in Paddy's words. "We were rapidly approaching a bend and I could see we just weren't going to take that bend, so with great alacrity I became a pedestrian," which puts in a few words the Knight's description of the falling truck. Luckily nobody was hurt. There was a sequel to this when the court of inquiry was held into the accident and that will be related in due course.

Out of all this the gang that left W.A. had found the first of its real live personalities who was to be a dominant figure for a long time.

Training all this time was on in earnest. The hours were long, the weather was bleak, the food was good and plentiful and appetites more than equal to it. It was a case of rise at 5.45 a.m. in the murky dimness of a Promontory winter's morning and work or be lectured all day with either night stunts or study which rarely saw one to bed before 10 o'clock. Over 16 hours a day of work and tough play. The sheer interest and newness of it all made it child's play as we proceeded to toughen up. We saw weapons we never thought existed outside gangsterism in America. The Thompson sub machine gun, two inch mortar, sniper's rifle, the much publicised but rarely seen elsewhere Bren gun, knives, knuckle dusters, demolitions which were a saboteurs dream in the way of time switches, magnetic limpets for blowing holes in ships, sticky tank grenades, explosives very new like plastic explosive known as P.E. and all the old ones like gelnite, monabel, gun cotton, T.N.T. and blasting powder, wireless and signal gear on the highly secret list, walkie talkie sets known as No. 18s and light Morse sets such as Paul Burcham's newly invented 108 which was no larger than a carton of cigarettes, but had a terrific performance as regards distance. Station sets like the 208, 210 and others capable of transmitting a couple of hundred miles. Packs and harness and rations of a special character dear to the heart of Spencer Chapman who was eager to try all these things like Everest Carriers and special webbing under field conditions. The Everest Carriers were huge ruck sacks

All this plus the special lectures made the day and night go like mad. Special toughening up P.T. controlled by Chapman and Calvert for the officers and Callinan, Hammond, Sax on and Co. for the O.R.'s soon brought about a state of fitness.

Spencer Chapman's speciality was mountain runs to Tongue Pt. and other distant parts of the Prom. The first jaunt under Chapman was on our first morning and was little more than a token effort but the afternoon effort was different, no murky dawn to cover up defection and practically taunted by Freddy's superior air of telling us that we

could drop out when we felt we had had it, made us hang on while he set a mile eating pace up and down hill while we panted and gasped in the rear each determined not to be the first to chuck it. Breath came in panting sobs and gradually it was just sheer desperation which kept us in sight of the flying figure of this Englishman. "No bloody Pommie can do this to me." "I'll stay with the bastard if it kills me." "Cripes wish I hadn't drunk all that grog on the way here. I'm bleeding pure beer." Then bloody minded thoughts of what we had let ourselves in for became paramount. Only three, including Freddy, finished that course but it instilled iron into our souls, this wouldn't happen again! No damned Pommie can make a fool of us! Little did we know that our chances of staying with him were those of an ice cream in hell. This was his meat and drink!

Capt. Michael Calvert's idea of P.T. was violent horseplay with bundles of exercises with bodily contact. Not for him the niceties of P.T. according to the book, where you exercise a set of muscles then relax them. He scoffed at that rubbish. "Do something till it hurts, then keep going," was his motto. Only if somebody pulled a muscle, did an ankle or knee or collar bone was he really satisfied. We thanked God for Lt. Arch Campbell who had dislocated his shoulder a dozen times at footy and it would slip in and out for him practically at will. The Calvert piece de resistance was to run us back to the Darby River on a cold and clammy morning with the temperature near freezing and say: "Right, swim over." This was the blackest, coldest, darkest stream in the whole world those mornings and it was amazing the few strokes it took to get to the over bank with teeth chattering and body blue with the cold. Thank God for the hot showers at the Chalet.

Yes, this was the start of the refining process and what a tough crucible it was. No chance of any dross getting by. The game was truly on and it was a case of "Could we take it?" "Were we of the stuff required?" A few short weeks were to provide the answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Victorian Vocal Venturings

Our last committee meeting was held in very unusual surroundings, owing to the Wentworth being closed for repairs we adjourned to Bruce McLaren's car in Flinders Lane and held our meeting there.

Present: Harry Botterell (behind the wheel), Jim Wall, George Humphries, Bruce McLaren, Fred Broadhurst, Johnny Roberts, Jock Campbell. Apologies received from Max Davies, Bert Tobin, Alan Munro, Gerry Maley.

Final arrangements were made for the Christmas Party to be held on Saturday, Dec. 6, at Bonbeach. Also discussed programme for next year and decided to hold a barbecue picnic and also another picture night during the months of February and March. Final arrangements to be made at next committee meeting in February.

Tony "Basher" Adams was down in Melbourne on holidays with his family recently and we arranged a very good night with him. On Nov. 25 we met for a few beers after work then on to dinner at the London. Quite a good roll up for such short notice. Stan Wepner (came down specially for the occasion), Johnny Roberts, George (Pancho) Humphries, Leith Cooper, Gerry Maley, Max Davies, Bert Tobin, Jim Fenwick, Harry Botterell, all stayed on for dinner and Gerry (Bomber) McKenzie, Paul Costella and Jim Wall called in for a few short snorts but could not stay. Basher was very pleased to see so many of the boys and thoroughly enjoyed himself. As for Basher, he was looking superbly fit, lost a bit of weight since war years and a few hairs on top but still the same Basher with the hearty laugh. He was telling us that he had just received word from his bank that he has been transferred from Coolangatta to Longreach, so we wish him all the success and luck in his move. Said to tell Doigie that he has not been receiving any "Couriers". So Col, you can reach him c/- A.N.Z. Bank, Longreach, Queensland.

Blessed with quite a reasonable day on Dec. 6 we journeyed forth to Bonbeach for our annual Christmas party and like the others be-

fore it, it was a very good day and the kiddies thoroughly enjoyed themselves—and so too did the Mums and Dads. Paul Costello and family and Bill Roger-Davison and family, were starters for the first time and voted it a terrific show and that's all the thanks we want for the effort that goes into it. It's for the kids and we want to see them enjoy it. Smasho happened to pick the right Saturday this year (he was a week late late last year) and Ken and Margaret Monk and family made the trip down from Poowong. They haven't missed one Christmas party yet. It's good to see them come down and I only wish more country blokes could find time to come down. Johnny Roberts had a bit of bad luck on the way down. Brakes failed, but he put Mum and the kids in a taxi and they made it safely—a little late but the kiddies didn't miss out.

Pete Krause is quite the proud father of two boys and another (?) expected next June. So it looks as though our parties will go on for a few more years.

If Pete is a proud father you should have seen Gerry Maley with his brand new baby daughter (Suzette), (yes at long last and got just what he ordered) and baby daughter, Margo and Gerry all looking very well.

George Veitch and family down from Sunbury, another country family to always make the trip. Jim Fenwick and family came along. Jim gave us the latest news of his visit to the West and he also gave me an article he wrote on his visit to be put into the "Courier" with this present issue. Also enclosing a cutting of an article on Canungra written by Curly O'Niell, which may be of interest to some of the chaps.

Seeing as this news will not make it before Christmas I'll take the opportunity to wish everybody a very happy and prosperous new year and may we all go on to brighter and bigger things in our Association this coming year.—HARRY BOTTERELL.

**Address All Your Correspondence:  
Box T1646, G.P.O. Perth**

Thought I had better put a few lines to you about my visit to the West.

I contacted Col Doig the first weekend I was there and he told me of a meeting or should I say Sport Night to be held at the Monash Club on the Tuesday. Was unable to contact Wilf March as he was out when I rang but met him at the sports night. This sports night is a trap for Eastern visitors so I would recommend that all intending visitors to the West get in a bit of practice on dart throwing, quoits, table tennis and ringie (hookey it is also called). Believe you me you will need the practice as these Sandgroppers are good at these games all the time.

At the sports night I saw Col Doig looking younger than ever; Ron Kirkwood, Arthur Smith, Sprig MacDonald, Curly Bowden, Fred Napier, Robbie Byrnes, Wilf March, Mick Calcutt, Joe Poynton still keeping fit with his rugby, and a few others whose names escape me now.

After a minute's silence around the Honour Roll, the sports night proceeded. The part I liked best was the constant pouring from the jug.

The honour roll is really worth seeing and is a credit to the designers and the people who did the actual work.

The belt was won by Perc Hancock.

I next attended the Ladies Night at Clawley Bay.

In addition to most of the chaps whom I had met at the sports night I met Stan Sadler looking not a day older and just the same good bloke as always, Gordon Rowley now given up working for others and employing others to make his fortune. Gerry Greene, Don Turton, Geoff Laidlaw, Don Murray, Mal Herbert, Bernie Langridge, Jack Poynton, Slim Holly, Rowan Robinson, and a few more whose names again escape me. Seeing that I am doing this at 2 a.m. you will understand why.

There was dancing and a few excellent turns not excluding Fred Napier's able assistance in some of the numbers, Geoff Laidlaw's western song with all the actions.

Rowan Robinson produced some colour slides with projector and

showed many shots of New Guinea especially some of the places the Unit had been. Well worth seeing.

I was to have gone to the Cup Night held at Monash Club but was down with the flu, bad throat, and so had to leave it go.

Please express my thanks to the Westralians for the hospitality extended to me and the pleasure it was to see so many of the chaps whom I served with. I am sorry that I was unable to see more of them but my job over there took up a lot of the time and kept me tied down a great deal. I hope that I will be able to make the trip for the Games in 1962—JIM FENWICK

## WAR — AND PEACE — AND MEMORIES

By Frank O'Neil

Cows grazed, birds sang, and a gentle breeze swayed the grass as I stood last week in this lonely paddock at Canungra jungle training centre in Queensland.

Fifteen years ago about 300 men were camped in that peaceful paddock.

I was one of them.

We were men of the 2/2 Commando Squadron.

We had come to Canungra after the guerrilla war of Timor.

Soon we were to go to New Guinea and New Britain.

Memories came flooding back . . .

A pipsqueak subaltern came over from the jungle training headquarters and addressed us thus:

"You think you're pretty tough soldiers, but you've been sitting on your — up there getting plenty of food and tobacco . . .

"I want to tell you . . ."

The remainder of his address was lost in the soul-terrifying growl of angry men as they surged towards him.

He was lucky. A unit officer heard him, held up his hand, stopped the surge.

The subaltern jumped in his jeep and moved out—breaking the speed limit.

That was our introduction to Canungra in January, 1943.

I remembered the roar of our sergeant-major: "Men, there is too much use of a certain word in this camp. The word I refer to is —. Cut it OUT."

And: "Men, I hear a noise like they are coming down the straight at Randwick. I look outside my tent and lo and behold it's a mess parade."

I looked down the lines in the paddock and saw the familiar faces once more . . .

Joe, who Horatius-like, had defended a small bridge in Timor against a landing force of Japanese marines.

Joe, who went from that paddock to New Guinea and in one stunt served as a guinea-pig in an ambush by leaving his footprints in mud for the enemy to find.

The Japs did find them and clustered around.

And 44 of them died in four minutes in the neatest ambush of the New Guinea campaign.

Then there was Joe's little mate, who was always singing "The Moun tains of Mourne".

He died in that ambush.

He was newly-married.

And down that line were the two corporals who went from that paddock and killed the "Bread Knife Man" of the Ramu Valley.

He was a Japanese officer who had won some fame by creeping up on lonely Australian posts with his men and butchering the occupants.

He crawled up on part of the 2/2 Commando Unit—and the two corporals were waiting for him.

They handed out a bullet in the groin for the officer and grenades for his men.

The "Bread Knife Man" screamed for hours, then shot himself early in the morning.

His sword was later sold to the Americans.

I saw again the face of old H., who said after Timor: "They'll never get me. They won't get a chance."

But they got him on his first patrol in New Guinea.

I remembered the face of an officer who died charging a Japanese-held village.

The face, too, of the Kalgoorlie professional gambler, a six-bob-a-day soldier who put hundreds on horses and walked away for a cup of tea as they raced.

And the face of King Jim, of World War 1, who escaped from the surrender in Dutch Timor to

join the Unit and to stay with it until war's end.

Those ferns in that paddock hid Jim every morning as he escaped from the physical training he considered neither necessary nor tolerable.

There was Snow, the cook, who came to that paddock after foot-slogging through Greece and Crete.

He was radical in his dress, seldom wearing boots, but ultra-conservative in his politics.

And D., who died in a plane crash in Timor when he went back on a parachuting mission.

And Bloss, who was captured when he parachuted back into Timor.

He tried to bite out his tongue and smash his brains out against the wall so that he wouldn't give away information.

I heard again songs sentimental, bawdy and obscene, stories of conquest, and the laughter of men.

In that paddock I saw again C.C., who loped along the jungle tracks of World War II to fight and bleed in Korea, to go down fighting on March 4, 1956.

He was the first Australian soldier to be killed in action against the terrorists.

I heard again the C.O.'s roar: "Squadron will move to the left in column of route . . . Left TURN!

"Squadron, by the left . . . Quick MARCH!"

I heard the order thrown down the line and saw them move, rifles, Brens and Owen guns gleaming under their arms and on their shoulders.

The past gave way to the present, and a farmer drove over the hill with a crowd of kids in the back of his truck.

And the sound of young laughter floated back to me as I stood alone in the paddock where cows grazed, birds sang, and the breeze swayed the grass.

## Heard This?

Guest (to host on first visit to new home): "Well, Marvin, how do you find it here?"

Marvin: "Walk right up those stairs, turn left and it's two doors to the right."

## New South Wales News

Help, Help, Help for all the poor armless coots in the State of New South Wales who once were members of one of the best bloody units that ever was and now don't care whether the cow calves or breaks her bloody neck as long as they don't have to put pen to paper

One member who is the leading feature writer of the second best paper on Sundays in Sydney gets enormous cramps when it comes to writing for the "Courier" or even the thought of writing for it. Come on Frank rewrite the Canungra story for us and few more besides now and again. I'll even ask Packer if it's O.K.

I could have a word with Paddy Kenneally out at Doody Street to speak to that gentleman in charge out there to whisper in Packer's pink ear about allowing you to write now and again.

And what about all you other smirkers surely there is a question you would like settled such as— "How many times a day did Sprock go over the ridge at Mendillo when he and I had dysentery, or how many times I passed him at the door on my way over?" Questions like that can be asked, settled and laughed at. If it's true that I did a patrol at Malliana with no pants and Eric protected my rear on the way back to keep the belles from coming home with us.

You land squatters, north, south, east, west of this State, you have something of interest to all the readers of the "Courier". You have time of an evening while you're watching wool, wheat, cattle, grow or that log fire burn. We all have chores day and night, but even a page once a quarter would help.

Well City slickers, what about you?

You, John Rose. All those Charlie Wheelers you interviewed, you must have a stock of anecdotes, faux pas., etc.

Did any of you chaps hear about Eric Herd taking up the trumpet in 1944 whilst in camp at Brisbane?

Well he was in a unit which had a lot of ex-musicians from civvie street in it and as our hero had always wanted to tickle his tongue on the right end of a trumpet he

decided here was the time, the teachers and the space (the camp name escapes me for the moment. It was on the right hand side half way between Brisbane and Strathpine).

Time and much practice, practice practice, passes. Trumpeter Harry James Herd comes home to Glebe trumpet and mute (that's the gadget you stick (don't be rude) in the end to quieten it down a bit) for a spot of leave, a spot of something else besides trumpet playing as well. However our bugler boy used to blow while enjoying his leave and relax in the front room of 28 Broughton-st. with the scales and an occasional Flight of the Bumble Bee for one tongue and eight sets of bellows.

Now right opposite 28 is a block of very nice flats with each front door protected by a weather porch shelter. Well the lady who lived in the ground floor flat had a habit of leaving her front door open to get cool summer breezes down the hallway on these bright days. T. H. J. Herd would grab his trumpet, point same at 28's front window and blow you beauty blow right across the street would those notes travel.

Sometime after these events took place Eric found out that the lady in the flat with the porch and front door open was complaining to the neighbours. Her words, quote:

That every time Eric Herd played his trumpet he blew right up her passage. Unquote.

Believe me, or believe me not, Broughton-st. still gets a laugh over that, and so do I.

Now how about a little bit of news on the cricket.

The traditions of sport at all cost were held up by the 2/2 on Nov. 30, when we played a team from Arncliffe R.S.L. Roll call as follows, P. Kenneally, Pat Costello, Bill Bennett, Shadow Old, H. Newton, Eric Herd, Jim English, Jack Hartley, J. Keenahan, Fred Stewart Snowy Wendt, Jim Hallinan and me. The batting was moderate, bowling the same, fielding above average, drinking below normal but a great day was had by all including the kids, but I fear rather dull for the ladies, except one lady hoped that



a certain fielder would get twice as much work on the field so as he would be tired at night. Why I don't know. Suffice to say he sure did, as all batsmen favoured that area or him. He seemed to have as much trouble with his feet as most of you fellows have writing.

Jim English deserves our hearty thanks for a very well organised day and it deserved a better roll up.

I for one am enjoying "Historically Yours" and will certainly be pleased to read more and know more about those I know and of those I don't.

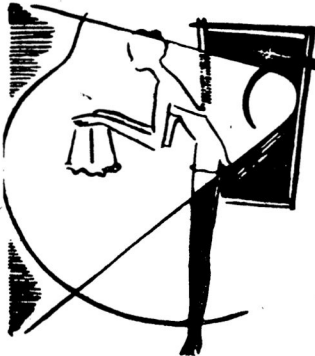
The new year will be here when you read this so while wishing you all well I wish you N.S.W. blokes to lend a hand to keep the "Courier" well nourished. Items of interest to all ex-Timor men. In the recent Federal elections one of the new members elected in N.S.W. was Tom Uren who went over in the Westralia with us and was in the Coastal Battery. Tom was taken

prisoner and spent most of it in Malaya. He was originally a permanent army man and was tipped in 1941 to be the next heavy weight boxing champ and something like his original namesake, only better. When he returned Eric and I met him very soon after and he had started to train again but as everyone can guess he could not regain what he had lost although only 24 years of age in 1946.

I feel sure that he will be an asset to the country and if he has any of the drive and quickness of thought that he had when I used to spar with him in Penfooi Camp then there should be some interesting times in the House.

This should be of interest to those members in the Reid electorate particularly. — RON TREN-GROVE.

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## Headlights

A boy who wants to make the news  
Aspires to fill his father's shoes.  
His sister aims for something better  
She hopes to fill her brother's  
sweater.

★

"How did you find yourself this morning?" asked Smith after the night before.

"Oh," replied Mac, "easy enough. I just looked under the table and there I was."

★

A blackmailer wrote a letter to a wealthy merchant, threatening to kidnap his wife unless a substantial sum of money was paid over.

By mistake the letter was delivered to a labourer of the same name, who replied: "I ain't got no money, but I'm interested in your proposition."

★

A nice girl is one who whispers sweet nothing doings in your ear.

Magistrate: "Where is your husband?"

Defendant: "I ain't got no husband. He's been dead for 10 years."

Magistrate: "Are all these little children yours?"

Defendant: "Sure."

Magistrate: "But I thought you said your husband was dead."

Defendant: "Yes, sir. He is dead, but I ain't."

\* \* \*

The makers claim that the new cars have a lot of pick-up. The one we saw last week certainly lived up to their claims, there were three blondes, two brunettes and a red-head in it.