



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Address All Association Correspondence to Box T1646, G.P.O. Perth

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Editorial

A SPECIAL APPEAL

This editorial is devoted to a special request for ALL to assist the associate Editors of the special feature now running through these columns "Historically Yours!"

When first this feature was started it was hoped that it would evoke sufficient interest among members for them to voluntarily write in and give information which would assist those compiling the history. To date, apart from a very few corrections to copy which has appeared, no such assistance has occurred. The actual writing of the feature until the Unit arrived in Timor will not present unsurpassable difficulties, but once the campaign in Timor is reached then assistance will be required in a big way if the feature is to embrace the activities of ALL persons, otherwise it will swiftly become the history **only of the person** writing the feature article of the month.

Contributors must understand that the material required must be well in advance of the actual printing date to allow plenty of time for the editors to collate the material into one integral part.

This appeal is directed to YOU the reader, and this is a chance for YOU to assist because after all you had experiences and these are what we want to print. You are humbly beseeched to write in now to the box address (T1646 G.P.O.) setting out any particular experiences of note which should be incorporated in the history. Especially required are accounts of actions with casualties to both sides and time and place of such action, deeds of heroism by persons who were near you, incidents which could be called humorous and typical of the Unit. This information is required of all the campaigns in which we served and the sooner we can receive it the better.

Also corrections to articles already printed or about to be published will be welcomed as mistakes are certain to be made and if corrected the final result should be as accurate as possible.

It is hoped you will answer this appeal with all the resources at your command and thus make this historical feature something worthy of the great Unit with which we all served.

SPECIAL REMINDERS

APRIL MEETING. Be in it Boys!!

Hear Mr. Alistair Dick discourse on his experiences in Malaya on 7th at Monash Club

ANZAC DAY is a must for you Metrop types!

Fall in spot Cathedral Avenue

Order of Dress: Medals at the High Post

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

The usual monthly meeting of the Management Committee took place at Monash Club on Tuesday, March 17. An excellent attendance of members took part in the discussions which ensued.

It was decided to make a special appeal to members to turn up for parade on Anzac Day and to wear medals.

A lengthy discussion took place on the project commenced by Don Turton and it was decided to open a trust account and place the proceeds of sale of crop in this until such time as a firm decision is made as to what is the best form of endowment the fund should take. It was decided that the April Committee meeting be devoted to discussion of the best scheme to devote proceeds of Turton scheme and any other funds which may accrue from further participation.

It was reported that the area in Kings Park had been mowed and was now in fairly good order although some sections required further grassing.

Mr. Napier advised that it was possible to arrange a bowls night (the genuine article) with the Maimed and Limbless Soldiers at their H.Q. in Colins-st., on Friday, April 10. It was decided to accept this date and publicise this in the "Courier". It is necessary to obtain 16 players but as many as like can come along as urgers.

Meeting closed at 11 p.m.

"LEST WE FORGET"

FEBRUARY

Smith, Pte. F. C., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 20.

MARCH

Mitchell, Pte. E. H., killed in action, Timor, March 2, 1942, age 35.
Stewart, Cpl. Alex, killed in action, New Guinea, March 19, 1944, age 24.

Mulqueaney, Pte. G., killed on service, Queensland, March 22, 1943, age 37.

Knight, Pte. P., killed in action, Timor, March 2, 1942, age 31.

Association Activities

Bowls Night, conducted at Monash Club on March 3, proved to be an unqualified success. A very nice roll-up of members pitted their skill or lack of it against the vagaries of a strip of coconut matting and the bias of a set of bowls and it was remarkable how these two factors brought the best and the worst together to make a very tight competition. Eventual winner was your President, Ron Kirkwood, who proved to be too good for the opposition. Ron holds the President's Cup for a year and should be a most worthy title holder.

Les Dingle, of the 2/16th Bn. Association, came along to see how we do things and was duly impressed and had a most enjoyable evening. He and Col Doig celebrated their birthdays on this night and that made it doubly enjoyable for both of them.

Next year we hope to have further contests in the way of pairs and fours.

These monthly get togethers are proving to be most popular and their sheer diversity makes for a good night out.

April meeting will take the form of a Guest Speaker and all are requested to make every effort to be there and you can also bring along a mate if you so desire to assist in swelling the ranks and giving the speaker a respectable audience.

The speaker on this occasion will be Mr. Alister Dick, secretary in W.A. of the Legacy Club. Mr. Dick was operating in Malaya during the war and has a good story to tell and he has also promised to bring along some slides to amplify his talk. He will also give us an outline on the good work done by Legacy all over Australia to look after the widows and children of the fallen.

Please make an especial effort to be present on this occasion and give Mr. Dick the hearing he deserves for being so kind as to agree to address us as he is a very busy man.

The time is rapidly approaching when we start to think of Anzac Day. As this may be the last issue of the "Courier" before Anzac Day an outline of the programme will be

given so you will know what is going on.

A wreath will be laid on the State War Memorial at the Dawn Service by representatives of the Unit. If you have never attended one of these services you would be well advised to go along as this is one of the most impressive ceremonies that is possible to imagine. The actual ceremony starts at approx. 6.15 but it is well to be there at least half an hour before this hour to take up position in time to commence the service.

Then their is the service on the Esplanade. Markers will be called for at 9.30 and Unit members are requested to be at the assembly point near Cathedral Avenue by this hour. It is expected that the march will commence at 10 a.m. via St. George's Terrace and William-st. to the Esplanade. After the march members will adjourn to 16th Bn. Drill Hall for the usual re-union. Accommodation has been booked in the hall for our Unit as the area usually used in rear of the Drill Hall is no longer available as it is used as a vehicle turn about for the new Dept. of Interior building erected on the next door site. Abundant refreshment, both liquid and solid will be provided to make this the usual wonderful day.

A small working bee to clean up dead bark and tree limbs in Kings Park area took place on Sunday, Feb. 22. Ron Kirkwood, Jerry Haire, Henry Sproxtton and Slim Holly turned up and they smartly raked over the area to prepare it for mowing which will take place shortly. The area is definitely beginning to take shape and our hopes should be realised very shortly in regard to grassing of the whole area. The Association's thanks to those who turned up at the working bee and also to all who are doing their bit toward keeping the section areas in good shape.

Personalities

A little bird tells me that Kev Curran, his good wife Gladys, and small son will be holidaying in W.A. in mid-May. We hope to see quite a bit of the Currans on their visit. More anon when the visit is a certainty.

Good to see Herbie Thomas at the Bowls Night trundling up his molly-dooker bowls. With anything up to 10 years practice Herb will be another Glynn Bosisto.

Still trying to trace the whereabouts of H. (Gunner) Brown so that his credo in Timor can return him the cigarette lighter he so faithfully has held for him all these years. Surely someone of the gang has heard of "Gunner" and can convey some lead that will allow me to track him down.

Don Murray is now stationed at Wagin with Ampol and is working that area of the Great Southern on behalf of the firm of which Geoff Laidlaw is State Manager.

Dave Ritchie is still not in the best of health, has a ton of trouble with chest and head. We hope that he gets relief before the onset of winter. By the way, if any of you members want the best of attention in the way of men's wear at the best possible prices Dave is your man at the Don Clothing Co., of which he is a partner.

After I had gone to all the trouble of writing a "missing person" par on Don Young, he has turned up and I have had to scrap the original par and can now tell all that Don is domiciled at Mullewa working for Bowtell Bros. Says he and his brothers are buying a bulldozer which one of the young Youngies will operate while Don has the pleasure of paying for it. Good to hear of you and see you again Don.

Jack Carey made a flying trip to Melbourne to see the Inter Dominion trotting series. Half his luck! Hope he managed to find time to look up a few of the gang, also hope he had plenty of luck at the horse sports.

An S.O.S. to Alec Thomson to write a letter and let us know that he is still in the land of the living. Same applies to Eric Thornander who has not written for an age.

Saw Kev Waddington briefly the other day taking in a political speech on G.P.O. steps. Hope he learned plenty from the oratorical type giving tongue.

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

Random Harvest

Grace Swann, of Samon Gums, writes:—

Please find enclosed sweep butts and cheque for same, also Geoff's sub to the Association. He always follows the 2/2nd magazine but not a very good news agent I fear.

Recently had a fortnight off with measles that knocked him about a bit. Is now busy harvesting. We have a very good season after two very dry ones, so plenty of smiles but also plenty of hard yakka with wheat carting, etc.

Geoff sends best wishes to the Association.

W. N. ROWAN-ROBINSON, "Woodborough," Bridgetown, writes:

Letter writing always seems to be a big effort for me, but I know a few lines to you is long overdue and so I have more or less caught up with seasonal work, I'm going to make a bit of an effort this afternoon. Although I'm not dairying these days my time seems to be fully occupied from dawn until dark, however life is a little easier without the cows. I still have them of course, but they are out in the paddock looking after their calves.

Like Bernie Langridge I'm watering the orchard this year. It certainly takes some time up. Every two or three hours the pipes have to be moved but it is a great sight to see the sprays going up over the trees and to be walking around in mud in the middle of summer, even the air smells good when the sprays are going.

Seen quite a bit of Bernie just lately, the family are doing well, the twins are a credit to them both. Not that I'm much of a judge of babies, but you don't have to be in this case. His family have all had a holiday on the coast up near Perth. At the same time my family spent a few weeks at Mandurah, among other things attending swimming lessons. One can't help giving credit to those teachers, and what a marvellous sight it is to watch these young Australians all learning to swim.

I joined my family whenever possible at Mandurah and met Jack Fowler there with his family. They

have a small cottage of their own there, which must be very nice for them. Jack was only down for a day, during the wet spell. It stopped harvesting operations, so he left the farm to join his family. "More rain, more rest," they say. I understand he will be coming down for a week or two as soon as harvesting is finished. Finish your holiday a bit earlier next year Jack and we might be able to spend an evening at the Peninsula. I gather Jack has had just about a record crop. By the way, he, one of the Sadler boys and five other public spirited locals, are buying the local pub for the good of the district. It has meant quite a lot of work for them, raising the finance is quite a job on its own.

I have not seen anyone else lately. Had a letter from Don Turton but have not had time to read, mark learn and inwardly digest it yet.

My desk is covered to over flowing with unanswered mail. Will have to draw this letter to a close and I hope you are "Fine for 59" Col, I don't know what we would do without you.

BERT BURGESS, of "Burlands," Broomehill, writes:

You will be thinking my promises are no better than those of some of our politicians.

Marie and I went through to Geraldton about six weeks ago, chiefly to see my Dad and other members of the family. Struck the heat wave caused by the N.W. cyclones and so travelled mostly at night. Sorry we weren't able to see you, but only spent a few hours each way in Fremantle for purpose of rest and no time in Perth.

Those I saw in Geraldton included Jack Denman, looking almost 100 per cent again and eager to hear of any of the boys. Sorry we didn't get around as hoped, Jack.

Eric Smyth, just back from holidays, looking very fit despite the fact he was complaining of a chill—probably caught from drinking draught beer. Eric was one of those who so successfully revived the Geraldton Rowing Club.

Nip Cunningham who had always previously eluded me. Nip is the

same cheerful old Lyons and seems happy with his lot. Is having a spot of bother with his eyes however, and now wearing blinkers.

Tried to contact Bill Drage and some of the Northampton lads without result. Bill had retired to his summer residence at Horrocks'. Was fortunate enough to contact Mrs. Drage by phone one morning. Bill had sent her home to get him some clean shirts. She assured me there was no need to be concerned about Bill anyway.

Arthur Marshall with his wife, wife's mother and girl under school age were out here a few days ago. Arthur looks remarkably fit and it is obvious he would enjoy chasing the leather at Country Week cricket or anywhere. Says to tell you we didn't go back along the trail. Arthur has a bulk super spreading out fit operating over here and at present is living in Katanning during the week and back to Harvey for weekends with his family to look after his interests there. He is doing a wonderful job of pioneering the bulk super business but is up against great difficulties and obstructions.

I would be pleased if you would let me have Bernie Callinan's address when you can. Was interested to hear of Tony Adams. Have been addressing cards to wrong address.

(B. J. Callinan, 63 Haydena Rd., Beaumaris, S.10, Victoria.—Ed.)

Have missed most of the recent storm rains. Haven't had any falls of consequence, though of course we don't want any yet. By the wireless this morning heard that Dumbleyung and surrounding districts registered up to 300 points in less than an hour yesterday with quite a lot of damage to roads, etc.

Also per medium of the wireless this morning heard that a Queensland doctor has produced a grass that gives a luxuriant growth to an inch in height, remaining at that level, thus eliminating need for cutting. Am wondering will it thrive in Lovekin Drive.

W. J. CONNELL, of Bruce-st., Woodbridge, Queensland, writes:—

Once again just a few lines to help fill your pages.

I don't know that I have ever said what a wonderful job you and

your "staff" are doing for our paper over in W.A. so I'd like to say that I for one appreciate it very much. I thoroughly enjoy every page of every issue. I must owe something by now in way of subs., so please find enclosed cheque.

I have disposed of my mixed business since last writing and am back at the trade again.

I have just returned to Brisbane after three months at Cloncurry, N.W. Queensland. I saw "Chappie" Cyril Chapman up there, but I'm sorry to say I do not think he is an ardent 2/2nd fan. Anyway, for those who may be interested he is still at Cloncurry. I believe his family own about three stations and a couple of butcher shops and goodness knows what else. He has and is receiving the "Courier" fairly regularly, I think.

By the way I got Fred Otway's address wrong last time. It is: Weckers Road, Mt. Gravath, Q. He has not received any "Couriers" and I do think he is a person who should, being one of the original 2/2nd. Please see to it, Ed.

Bowls Night, Maimed and Limbless Soldiers, Colin-st., West Perth, Friday, April 10.

Please keep this night free as a good night is assured. Advise President as soon as possible of your ability to attend.

Heard This?

"Oh, doctor," said the young lady, "will the scar show?"

"That, madam," said the doctor, "is entirely up to you."

★
A young reporter reported a near-fatality this way:

"This woman was overcome by gas while taking a bath, but owes her life to the watchfulness of the janitor."

★
Customer: "I want to see some ladies' satin underwear."

Salegirl: "For your wife, sir, or something better?"

Historically Yours!

CHAPTER 3

THE MOULDING OF A UNIT

Cadre leave of six days was soon over and once again the train journey to Foster was under way. A very sober and sombre bunch of trainees mustered at the Chalet to await the outcome of selection. But it was not to be just yet. It was decided by the training staff that further training would take place while awaiting the personnel from W.A. to form the main body of the new company.

Capt. Calvert was so impressed with the paper work put into the Tarwyn River Bridge scheme that he decided that this would be enacted as a dummy scheme. The plan prepared by Lt. Geo. Boyland and his engineering syndicate, was selected as the one offering the best possibilities of success and Lt. Boyland was made O.C. of this operation. A defence force of various members of the fatigue party on the Promontory were used as sentries and defenders of the two bridges over the Tarwyn River at Fish Creek and the Cadre was to attack the bridges, remove the sentries by stealth and without betraying themselves place prepared charges of cordtex on both bridges and then evaporate into the night.

It was a misty, bleak night in June, 1941, when the attack went under way and proved to be an unqualified success. Cpl. Ray Aitken's party, who dealt with the sentries, did an amazing job of silencing a body of chaps who were to some extent aware of what was going to happen. The surprise element was fully carried out. The raiding parties laid their dummy charges at strategic positions on the two bridges with delayed fuses using time pencils to explode the charges. The cordtex went off with a terrific bang! The populace of Fish Creek who were not aware of what was occurring, rushed out of their beds thinking a genuine attack was on. The cattle and poultry set up a colossal clatter in the dark hours of the night as the parties melted into the gloom towards the

trucks which were to take them back to the Prom. This was the most successful stunt carried out during our Cadre and even the critical eyes of Calvert and Chapman could find little wrong with the "modus operandi".

This was to be our last stunt as a Cadre and the formation of the 2nd Australian Independent Coy. was only days away.

During the whole time we were training on the Prom. a piquet was maintained on the narrow neck of land which joined the Cadre to the mainland. This small guard had a wonderful time being able to sneak off to Melbourne on odd occasions and able also to hunt wallabies in the near bush. One of the hunters lost a bolt out of his rifle and this was always a source of dismay every time an inspection of the piquet was mooted. When the Cadre returned from leave a certain number were told off to relieve this piquet. Cpl. Curran was in charge of the relieving guard. This gang naturally proceeded to act much as the preceding gang did and went shooting and fishing at every opportunity. Then out of the blue Major Love decided to have an inspection! The bush telegraph smartly got word to the piquet that the good Major was on his way. All hands were rapidly mustered, rifles cleaned and the tent lines put in good order. All claimed their muskets smartly and the boltless one was left for Kevin Curran. It was now that Cpl. Curran showed his ability as a quick thinker. Looking around the tent he said to one private: "Look, straighten up your paliasse and put those blankets in order. Quick!" The poor old private jumped to it as the Major's party was already in sight. The Curran made a very rapid switch of rifles leaving the luckless private with the boltless variety and no time to argue as he fell in the piquet. Major Love was aghast when he "For Inspection, Port Arms" and noticed that one rifle was U.S. with a hapless private doing his damndest to kid he was working a non-existent bolt. He gave both Curran and the O.R. a good chin wagging and shov-

ed off with a wry grin as no one could enjoy a joke better than Major Love.

Now was the time for selection. Major Alan Spence, from Queensland, had been selected as C.O. of the to be formed Coy. Major Spence had been 2 I.C. of the 1st Australian Independent Coy. and had been given command of the newly formed Coy. as the most senior available officer. Rumour had it that both Capt. Calvert and Capt. Chapman were eager to command the new Coy. as they had had their fill of the training role.

Major Spence was a tall, very erect, fair man with a small toothbrush moustache and looked every bit a soldier. He had joined the Militia in outback Queensland when Billy Hughes called for his famous 80,000 to swell the ranks of Australia's Defence Forces. He rose rapidly to the rank of Lieutenant with the 26th Bn. and then became a Coy. Commander on the Bn's. first long camp with rank of Captain. He joined the A.I.F. with 2/26th Bn. and then transferred to the "Hush Hush" troops and trained with the 1st Australian Cadre on the Prom.

Bernard J. Callinan was promoted to rank of Captain and made 2 I.C. of the Company. Capt. Callinan had been an instructor on the Demolitions Wing at Foster and prior to that had considerable experience with the R.E. Militia in Victoria. Not so dominating a figure as Major Spence, he was dark and sallow of complexion but impressed all with his very obvious braininess.

Lt. Rolf R. Baldwin was elevated to Captain and was to command "A" Platoon. Capt. Baldwin, a school teacher by profession, had quite a lot of peacetime soldiering experience with Melbourne University Rifles.

Geoffrey Gosford Laidlaw was promoted to Captain and would command "B" Platoon. A very imposing figure. Heavily built and with a most shrewd approach. He had a fine sporting record behind him, having been an Australian junior champion surfer and had played representative rugby for Newcastle against visiting English sides. He had also made a hobby of soldiering and was a machine gun officer with

a N.S.W. Militia Bn. prior to joining the A.I.F.

The last of the platoon commanders was Geo. Boyland, who was promoted Captain and was the only West Australian apart from Captain Dunkley, to be in the top structure. Capt. Boyland had been through the O.C.T.U. at Bonegilla with a lot of other W.A. lads early in 1941 and had been commissioned as a result of this course.

Capt. C. Roger Dunkley was to be R.M.O. Capt. Dunkley was to be the only member with previous combat experience. He had served as a private with the 28th Bn. in France in World War 1 and returned still a very young man to do his medical studies at Melbourne University, and returned to practice at Fremantle. He was a remarkably fit man and his participation in many of the more arduous stunts on the Promontory had proved just how perfect he was for the role of R.M.O. of a guerilla force.

These men were to be the nucleus of the new 2nd Independent Coy. The rest were still to be selected. The hearing quizz was on. "Could you take it?" "What was your sporting ability?" "Had the Cadre course proved severe?" These and hundreds more were the questions fired at us.

Eventually on a winter's Sunday morning at Darby the names of the lucky, or unlucky, selections were announced and were as follows. Signals Officer: Lt. John Rose, who had been an instructor on Signals Wing in the Cadre and had been commissioned on the Prom. Engineer Officer, Lt. Donald K. Turton, who had been commissioned after O.C.T.U. at Bonegilla. "A" Platoon section leaders were to be: No. 1 Section, Lt. David St.A. Dexter, ex-Field Craft Instructor and commissioned on the Prom; No. 2 Section: Lt. C. F. G. McKenzie, and No. 3 Section, Lt. Clarrie Turner, both of whom had been commissioned from O.C.T.U. at Bonegilla. The section officers of "B" Platoon were: Lt. T. G. Nisbet, No. 4 Section; Lt. C. D. Doig, No. 5 Section, and Lt. K. G. Mackintosh, No. 6 Section. Lts. Nisbet and Doig had held commissions in Militia shows in W.A. with 25th Light Horse. Lt. Mackintosh was another of the lads who went through O.C.T.U. at Bonegilla. "C"

2nd AUSTRALIAN INDEPENDENT COMPANY, A.I.F.

HEADQUARTERS:

Major A. Spence, C.O.
 Capt. B. J. Callinan, 2 I/C.
 W.O.II A. Craigie, Coy. S.M.
 S/Sgt. Tomasetti A., Orderly Room
 L/Cpl. Kirkwood R., Pay & Postal
 Pte. Marchant L.
 „ Brady N.

R.A.M.C.

Capt. C. R. Dunkley, R.M.O.
 Sgt. Paff C.
 Cpl. Luby A.
 „ Sparkman F. C.
 „ Wares A.
 Pte. Wilson G.

“Q” STAFF:

S/Sgt. Walker J., C.O.M.S.
 Pte. Garland J., Store
 Cpl. Jones A., A.O.C.
 Dvr. Chalmers R.
 „ Swift R. R.
 Sgt. Jensen E., Cook.
 Cpl. Bryant F., Cook.
 „ Jordan, Cook.
 Pte. Smith J., Cook.
 „ McLaughlin, Cook.
 „ Sargent, Cook.
 „ Fagg F., Butcher.

ENGINEERS:

Lt. D. K. Turton, O.C.
 Sgt. Green G. I. Pl.Sgt.
 L/Sgt. James H. E.
 Cpl. Epps W.
 Spr. Adams R.
 „ Bennett W.
 „ Brown F.
 „ Grachan A.
 „ Hodgson E.
 „ Howell W.
 „ March W.
 „ Martin A.
 „ Strickland G.
 „ Richards R.
 „ Thompson L.
 „ Veal J.
 „ Williamson R.
 „ Wilby P.

SIGNALS:

Lt. J. A. Rose, O.C.
 Sgt. Press F. A., Pl.Sgt.
 L/Sgt. O'Brien J.
 Cpl. Rae H.
 Sig. Bayliss G. Sig. Murray D.
 „ Botterill H. „ Pacey V.
 „ Brown I. „ Richards K.
 „ Davies G. „ Servante J.
 „ Gannon B. I. „ Smith M. A. M.
 „ Greenhalgh G. „ Sprigg R.
 „ Hancock P. „ Stanley G.
 „ King H. „ Studdy R.
 „ Krause P. „ Tatam R.
 „ Loveless J. „ Waddington K.
 „ McMahan B. „ Willis W.
 „ McPhee P. „ Kennedy G.
 „ Maley G. „ Addison A.

JOINED AT WAYVILLE:

Pte. Fowler J. (No. 2 Sec.)
 „ Smith B. (No. 2 Sec.)
 „ Brown A. (No. 3 Sec.)
 „ Wellings M. (No. 3 Sec.)
 „ Banovich P. (No. 5 Sec.)
 „ Coates A. (No. 5 Sec.)
 „ Vanderleur G. (No. 5 Sec.)

“A” PLATOON:

Capt. R. R. Baldwin, O.C. Sgt. Smyth E. W., Pl.Sgt.

Pte. Corney J.	Pte. Doran R.	Pte. Yeates A. E.
„ Davidson A.	„ Geere R. L.	

No. 1 Section:	No. 2 Section:	No. 3 Section:
Lt. D. St.A. Dexter	Lt. C. F. G. McKenzie	Lt. C. Turner
L/Sgt. Denman J.	Cpl. Curran K. S.	Cpl. Palmer R.
Cpl. Cash M. C.	„ Delbridge A.	„ Hillman A.
L/Cpl. Fullerton D.	L/Cpl. Brown H.	L/Cpl. Johnson R.
„ Vernede C.	„ Criddle C.	„ Langridge B.
Pte. Dhu R.	Pte. Bowers A.	Pte. Anderson L.
„ Dodge C.	„ Campbell P.	„ Congdon W.
„ Foster T.	„ Doyle C.	„ Cooper W.
„ Freestone F.	„ Grows F.	„ Holmes G.
„ Evans E.	„ Hasson J.	„ Longbottom A.
„ Hislop G.	„ Holly C. J.	„ McEachern K.
„ McCaffery C.	„ Hooper N.	„ Marshall A.
„ Matthews A.	„ Hudson D.	„ Nichols M.
„ Mulqueeny G.	„ Poynton J. W.	„ Pendergrast G.
„ Maley J.	„ Ryan M.	„ Rowan-Robinson W.
„ Mally T.	„ Smith F. C.	„ Wallace N.
„ Potts A.	„ Thomas H. E.	„ Waller D. C.
„ Otway F.	„ Watson R.	„ Waller F. J.
		„ Weller E.

“B” PLATOON:

Capt. G. G. Laidlaw, O.C. Sgt. Coupland A. A., Pl.Sgt.

Pte. Blundy A.	Pte. Scott N.	Pte. Towers T.
„ Meyers H.	„ Thornander E.	„ Watson

No. 4 Section:	No. 5 Section:	No. 6 Section:
Lt. T. G. Nisbet	Lt. C. D. Doig	Lt. K. G. Mackintosh
L/Sgt. Morgan H. J.	Cpl. Loud E.	Cpl. Haire J.
Cpl. Aitken R.	„ Tapper D.	„ McKenzie R.
L/Cpl. Ludlow S.	L/Cpl. Carrier G.	L/Cpl. Drage W.
„ Thornton N.	„ Pickering C.	„ Burges J.
Pte. C. Aghill E.	Pte. Barnes G.	Pte. Brand J.
„ Ewan R.	„ Brooker H.	„ Cunningham
„ Fitzgerald T.	„ Cornelius E.	„ Goodall I.
„ Frind A.	„ Doyle P.	„ Griffiths F.
„ Hollow A.	„ Humfreys F.	„ Harrington R.
„ Holly W. I.	„ Halse L.	„ Herbert M.
„ King C.	„ Little	„ Lawrence B.
„ Knight P.	„ Lewis G.	„ Martin T.
„ Lacey D.	„ Merritt G.	„ Newton H.
„ Mitchell E.	„ Palmer C.	„ Payne S.
„ Quinn E.	„ Parry R.	„ Penglase J.
„ Roffey J. G.	„ Pearce R.	„ Smith J. R.
„ Smith G. H.	„ Thomson A.	„ Spencer J.
„ West S.	„ Young D.	„ Wilkes F.

“C” PLATOON:

Capt. G. Boyland, O.C. Sgt. Smith A. E., Pl.Sgt.

Pte. Brady A.	Pte. Hoffman E.	Pte. Parker N.	Pte. Jarvis S.
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No. 7 Section:	No. 8 Section:	No. 9 Section:
Lt. A. Campbell	Lt. J. C. Burridge	Lt. R. Cole
L/Sgt. Chiswell G.	Cpl. Taylor W.	Cpl. Mantle P.
Cpl. Simson J.	„ Walsh A.	„ Ritchie D.
Pte. Airey D.	L/Cpl. Rogers S.	L/Cpl. Wilson S.
„ Alexander P.	„ Stewart A.	„ Wilkerson R.
„ Alford F. J.	Pte. Alexander R. G.	Pte. Burton R.
„ Calcutt H.	„ Hewitt H.	„ Carey J.
„ Cottsworth H.	„ Napier F.	„ Crouch T.
„ Dook R. L.	„ O'Toole G.	„ Chopping C.
„ Hayes K.	„ Rowley G.	„ Dinwoodie E.
„ Hogg K.	„ Sadler C.	„ Glasson E.
„ Crowder F.	„ Sadler S. E.	„ Harding J.
„ Marriott H.	„ Sheehan J.	„ Neuzerling R.
„ Monk W.	„ Smailes J.	„ Sproxton H.
„ Murray R.	„ Smeaton A.	„ Swann V.
„ Lane A.	„ Thomas G.	„ Varian C.
„ Stanton C. L.	„ Timms G.	„ Ward S. J.
„ Pollard J.	„ Wallis W.	„ Wicks J.
„ Miller	„ Wheatley M.	„ Crossing W. A.
„ Staples H.	„ Williams J. B.	
„ Lindsey W.		

Platoon officers comprised: No. 7 Section: Lt. Arch Campbell; No. 8 Section, Lt. J. C. Burrige, and No. 9 Section, Lt. Ray Cole. Lts. Campbell and Burrige also had obtained their pips after attending O.C.T.U. at Bonegilla and Lt. Cole was a Militia officer who had been commissioned in the 44th Bn. in W.A.

This was the officer structure of the new company. N.C.O.'s were to be appointed at a meeting of all officers. Much lobbying of N.C.O.'s and officers took place as quite a few N.C.O.'s wanted to operate with a particular officer who they knew or had worked with during the Cadre.

The Officers, N.C.O.'s and those lads who had been on fatigues at Foster moved down to No. 1 Camp Tidal River on Sunday, July 11, 1941, to prepare the camp for the reception of the main body of troops who were then on their way from W.A. having made a similar trip as the original Cadre force and been through the same beery haze of Kalgoorlie, Adelaide and Caulfield.

To digress a moment to tell some thing of the make-up of an Independent Coy., as envisaged in mid-1941. It was to comprise 272 all ranks. Was to be made up of a Headquarters, "Q" Staff, Engineer Section, Signals Section, R.A.M.C. Section and three Platoons, each of three Sections. H.Q. was to be C.O., 2 I.C., C.S.M. and Orderly Room Staff Sgt., L/Cpl. Pay and Postal, and two O.R.'s. "Q" comprised Staff Sgt. Q.M., Storeman, Cpl. Armourer, two Drivers, Sgt. Cook, Cpl. Cook, six O.R. Cooks. Engineer Section: one officer and 18 O.R.'s. Signal Section: one officer and 30 O.R.'s. R.A.M.C.: one Capt. M.O., Sgt. R.A.P., and three Cpls. R.A.P. Then three Platoons each composed of Capt. O.C., Plt. Sgt., Pl. H.G. of six O.R.'s. Then three Sections each of one officer and 18 O.R.'s. Operationally it was expected that Engineers, Signallers and R.A.P. would be distributed between Platoons and H.Q. for specialist duties. The whole to be a small, compact and hard hitting force not dependent on any other formation and not even dependent on another platoon.

Sunday morning saw the camp

site put into order. Tent lines re-erected after the departure of No. 1 Coy. and all standing by awaiting the arrival of the main body of troops by truck from Foster station. These arrived in the late afternoon and were immediately drafted to the various sections, friends being allowed to stay together as much as possible.

Monday morning saw an immediate start with training. This was to be along similar lines to that provided by the Cadre. We were soon disillusioned. These troops supposedly trained in the basic elements of section training at Northam and allegedly hand picked, soon proved to be very very raw material. A very big number knew not the rudiments of basic soldiering and it was a case of scrap the syllabus and start from taws on squad and rifle drill and ease the new training in at the best rate possible. We had been given six weeks to knock them into shape but it was very soon evident that this would be most inadequate.

Because of the newness of it all and the exuberance of the recruits progress became rapid. A real morale booster was the issue of Colour Patches. Our patch was a double red linked diamond on a grey background. This gave all a sense of belonging to something. It was remarkable how quickly the training progressed once this symbol of unitship was issued. Being a unique patch all were proud to possess it. It was different from being a reinforcement to an already formed show, it was something new, something of which you could claim to be original and it helped to lift the esprit de corps no end.

Yes, the game was now on. The rabble who left Northam only a couple of months or so ago were a new-found entity, we had made the grade as far as getting in was concerned, it only needed now that we train our Unit the same way as we were trained and show our mettle when the lead was hot and the war was real and not just play acting.

The second week of training saw some real shaking down. The first of the stunts were being enacted. All night out compass traverse and field craft exercise through the rifle range and the country beyond. The weather was wet and miserable and

the camp not so very far away. Some of the shrewdies thought it would be a good idea to "get lost" and sneak back to the warm comfort of the tent lines and blankets. The dawn roll call soon showed up those "adriit" and they got short shift. A smart telling off and kicked back to Northam. We just did not have the time to muck about with malingerers who didn't try. These chaps were a trifle unlucky perhaps as it was well known that good recruits existed at the Darby camp in the way of fatigues who were the excess members brought from Northam to fill our Company. They had been in a truck which broke down on the way from Foster to the Prom. and proved to be in excess of requirements and therefore were to be put on fatigues for the 3rd Australian Cadre. These boys resented this even more bitterly than did the fatigues who came over with the original contingent. In fact they "jacked up" and refused point blank to do camp duties. Sgt. Major Remington (Camp S.M.) remonstrated with them but it was "no dice". Major Love harangued them to no avail. Pte. Doug. Fullerton (he had shed three stripes at Northam to come over) seemed to cop the main blame and was in fact sentenced to "time" in Bendigo for his refusal of duty. At this stage wiser councils prevailed and Doug Fullerton did not have to go "behind bars". Vacancies were rapidly occurring in our ranks and Capt. Callinan was daily going to Darby to select new recruits to replace "weak horses". In this way we gained chaps who later proved to be outstanding members of the Unit and showed that "birds of a feather flock together" as this particular truck load did not provide any duds.

The end of the second week saw a vast improvement in training standards. All sections were showing form which suggested that here was good material. Training sometimes proved embarrassing for young officers and N.C.O.'s, especially with regard to demolitions. A lot of the recruits hailed from mining towns all over the West and explosives were second nature to them and they were inclined to regard such things as using special pliers to crimp detonators onto fuses as a

bit sissy having used their teeth for years. The point they failed to remember was that a lot of lads were very timid where explosives were concerned and had to be instructed in the safest possible way to establish early confidence as it was essential that everybody become proficient and rapid in the use of all forms of explosive and the laying of charges.

Big Pte. "Paddy" Knight dropped over a gem while "B" Platoon were being instructed in the laying of charges, especially the tamping in of charges. He said, with a dirty leer all over his face: "Excuse me, Sir, but who tamps the piles?" Naturally a great guffaw of laughter went round the mob before the disconcerted Lt. could think of a suitable rejoinder.

A visit to the rifle range proved to be a good method of further culling the ranks as some of the crowd couldn't hit the proverbial cow in the tail with a frying pan. There was no time to teach these blokes how to aim and fire a .303, Tommy gun or pistol if they didn't have a bit of natural acumen, then they had to make way for some of the recruits still at Darby. This was a ruthless procedure but then this was to be a ruthless organisation. The mere fact that plenty of adequate reserves were known to be available for the taking made for ruthless culling and the spending of the minimum of time on chaps who couldn't quickly make the grade.

Elsewhere in this issue is a list compiled from several memories of the personnel who comprised the original Unit. It is not 100 per cent complete, four or five names could be missing. Some chaps may be wrongly designated as far as Pl: H.G. or sections are concerned. This is your chance to make this list 100 per cent. If you know someone who has been missed let us know and we will put the matter right.

(To be continued)

★
From the instalment printed in February the following extract was omitted by our good printer. It should be read after the paragraph about the "Akbar" stunt as it rounds off this "minor action".

We wild goose chased hither and thither and for two days and nights

got no closer to the elusive Akbar. It should be mentioned here that on this exercise Capt. Chapman decided to try out the Everest Carriers—those cavernous rucksacks capable of carrying at least a ton (or so it seemed) complete with tump line (a strap from the rucksack passed over the forehead to assist in balance). Each two persons had a carrier between them and were supposed to take it in turn to do the carrying. Afraid there was plenty of "poling" went on especially scrambling up Mt. Hunter and other devious mountains. Despite the huge packs food was kept very scarce and opportunity to prepare it even more so. This was to be an exercise in austerity plus arduousness.

On the third afternoon the Akbar's party was sighted and it seemed that he was equidistant from both the N.Zers and ourselves. An

excellent forced march by a party led by Lt. John Lilley eventually nabbed the elusive Oriental and whisked him away while the N.Z. party was held at bay on the beach front by the rest of our party.

Quite a brilliant success on our part although the "autopsy" showed plenty of faults when the keen and critical brain of fieldcraft expert Spencer Chapman exposed it to the light of day.

Also in the February issue the name John Tilley should be read John Lilley, another unfortunate error owing to the printer having to battle with my atrocious scrawl.

Gerry Green disclaims all blame for the incident with Sgt. Harry Wilkins recounted in February issue. Come on you guilty party, "Fess up" and let us know just who did set that charge on poor old Harry.

Address All Association Correspondence to Box T1646, G.P.O. Perth



Headlights

The M.P. stuck his head in the orderly room door.

"Is there a mackintosh in here big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

"No, but there's a MacPherson who is willing to try," was the top-kick's reply.

"Howdy, George. Where you been the last two weeks?"

"Went to the city."

"Zat so? See any sights?"

"Yep!"

"Where did you stay in the city?"

"House of ill-repute."

"You did! Kinda expensive wasn't it?"

"Nope. Relative."

Mother (coming in unexpectedly): "Well, I never . . ."

Sophisticated Daughter: "Oh, Mum, you must have!"

A famous humorist had finished his after-dinner speech at a gathering of notables, and when he had seated himself, a well-known lawyer who was also an amateur wit, rose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be so funny?"

When the laugh had subsided, the humorist drawled.

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Our first committee meeting of 1959 held at Wentworth Cafe, Tuesday, Feb. 24.

Present: H. Botterill in chair, Bruce McLaren, Max Davies, Johnny Roberts, Gery O'Toole, Freddie Broadhurst, Jock Campbell, Bluey Southwell, Jim Wall.

Arrangements were finalised for picture night to be held on Friday, March 6, at Batman-st. Drill Hall theatre. Similar function to our last picture night. Ladies to bring along plate and other refreshments supplied. Further discussion on barbecue—but owing to the hot weather we have had and threat of fire danger it was decided to hold this later when the weather permits. Some arrangements were made re Anzac Day re-union, mainly that we are able to have the use of the George-st. Drill Hall again. Final arrangements will be made at our next committee meeting.

Discussion took place about the annual general meeting, namely a most suitable time of the year to hold it. In the past we have held it about the middle of the year and it was felt that the cold weather was mainly responsible for the poor attendance, so it was decided to hold it on the first Tuesday during show week (September) in the hope that it may attract some of our country members along.

The next committee meeting was fixed for Tuesday, April 7. Meeting ended 9.40 p.m. and we partook of supper.

Bill Tomasetti is down from New Guinea on leave with wife and youngest daughter and we are looking forward to seeing Bill at the picture night. Also Neil Bray, late of Sydney, is now domiciled in Melbourne and at present is busy setting up home and then we hope to see a lot of Neil in the future.

Happy Greenhalgh was down from Moulamein, N.S.W., seeing a specialist about his allergy complaint. (Said specialist is Dr. Bewster of 1st Independent Coy. fame.) Took in a spot of Test cricket before heading back home. Sends his regards to all the boys. Hap is the local postmaster at Moulamein.

I spent a very enjoyable week's camping at Tidal River camp over

Christmas. The camp which has become a very popular holiday resort (12,000 people there over Christmas) is situated on the site of the N.Z. camp when we were down there during the war, and is well supplied with showers, toilets, stores, etc., but is kept strictly as a National Park area, no dogs or cats allowed and no shooting at all, only fishing, swimming and walking. I went up to the top of Mt. Oberon but it is a little different now, as a graded road has been made up to the summit where a P.M.G. station is situated for communication to Tasmania and the ranger of the camp has also cut several tracks to various parts of the bays around the area. It is still possible to get to the lighthouse but the Sealers Cove track is overgrown and the people are advised not to go there unless they are experienced bushmen.

Bill Tucker has been transferred back to Melbourne and has been made Australian Sales Manager of Electrical Appliances for Turner Industries. Bumped into him over Christmas and is looking very fit.

The Association extends its deepest sympathy to Norm Tillet and family on the loss of his wife who passed away on Jan. 7. Also to Bernie Callinan who lost his father recently.

Yours as always—HARRY BOTTERILL.

Heard This?

A Refinement

A reverend's new car was side-swiped by an irresponsible driver. "It's my fault," the offender hastily assured, "but I can't do much about it. I ain't got a dime's worth of insurance. I'm broke and out of work. But, if it'll make you feel any better, cuss me out!"

"Being a righteous man," answered the reverend, "my vocabulary contains no profane words of any kind. I have only this to say: I hope that when you get home to-night your mother runs out from under the porch, barks ferociously and bites you on the leg."

New South Wales News

Jack Hartley rang me one evening last week to let me know that Mickey Mannix had arranged a cricket match for the 2/2nd at Hollywood Park for the next Sunday, Feb. 22. I promised to get there if I could but as I have been busy getting quotes from various suppliers and contractors to complete a figure for War Service Home regards lending me sufficient money to finish my home which I now have to do myself, as present costs are above the maximum they would lend me, I was unable to get to the match. For that I am very sorry, Mick, and as I haven't heard I trust you managed a team.

Jack said he would not be there as he was moving into his new home at West Pymble that weekend and I can imagine what that entails. I think I know approximately where it is Jack as I go through that way every time we go to the St. George district.

Eric Herd only arrived back on Feb. 21 from his second honeymoon of three weeks and certainly looked better for it than the previous honeymoon, although Heather says he hasn't deteriorated any and judging from the amount of prawns, fish cream, etc., they consumed they should have shown some benefit. It is a long time since I have seen them looking so well. Young Mark, their eldest boy (as yet), (funny things happen on honeymoon holidays) certainly benefitted from the change as he hadn't been so well for some weeks before they went. Eric and Heather recommend to all you New South Welshmen Sussex Inlet makes you feel like things and things, etc.

I thought I saw Frank O'Neil one evening on my way home. He was driving (he can, you know) his chariot with one arm stuck out presumably to do a right hand turn, and not as some of you thought, a rude gesture, as I was in the top deck of the 190 Palm Beach bus I couldn't get his attention. Just as well because the last time I attracted his attention as I was going past he gave a rude gesture, a rude remark and tried to crash into me.

Ain't he coarse?

I was very pleased to read Frank's Canungra story in the "Courier". He has written several good articles of interest to us of the 2/2nd and he should send them over to be printed for all of us to read, but I guess that natural shyness and retiring quiet nature of his won't allow him to do so.

When I approached War Service to complete my home I said that I wanted them to handle everything—finance, builder, everything—as I was not now capable of doing it myself owing to ill-health, etc. That was last June. The result is now I have to do it all and by doing so I will save about £700. Fortunately since my sojourn in Concord I am enjoying the best health for some time. With any luck I should start it before June this year and have it finished before Christmas.

By the way any Tasmanian 2/2nd boys anywhere near Launceston, have you heard, seen or known of Peter Cannon, real name Elwyn Cannon, who was in Timor with us? Should you ever run across him or anyone who knows him, tell them or him Eric Herd and Ron Trenchgrove would like to hear from him.

Any time any of you fellows want a forecast of your stars, or should I say Horrible Scope, well just get in touch with Heather Herd and I guarantee you will be surprised. Eric is always getting surprises, especially when he buys his lottery tickets in the right cycle (cycle as in star cycle, get me?). He hasn't cracked a prize because possibly he was on a Malvern Star.

I trust I am not the only correspondent from N.S.W. this month.

Don't forget, let's see you all Anzac Day. You have Sunday to recover and get home if you live far away from Sydney. If you have items of interest then or before give it to me. Phone XX 3629, my wife writes shorthand so I can put her on if you are in a hurry. I'll take over for the rude bits.

—RON TRENCHGROVE.

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THE VOYAGE OF H.M.A.S. KURU—A Story of Valour at Sea

Little Ships the Japanese Couldn't Bomb Into Defeat

By Captain J. A. Grant, who in 1942, commanded H.M.A.S. Kuru, one of the small ships which ran the gauntlet to supply Australian commandoes on Japanese-occupied Timor

In the middle of April, 1942, 59 days after the Japanese had landed in Timor, army signallers in Darwin intercepted a mysterious wireless message from the island.

The call supposedly came from a band of Australian commandoes who had been cut off in Timor, and were harrying the Japs from their mountain hideouts.

Since the Japanese landing, no news had come out of Timor. As far as the Australian authorities knew there were no Australians still fighting on the island.

The officer in charge of the Darwin signals suspected a Japanese ruse. The message might be a hoax intended to lead any relief parties into a prepared trap.

The caller was asked to wait a moment.

One of the Darwin signallers knew there was a private in the area who had joined up with one of the officers who had been serving with the Timor commandoes. This private was swiftly rounded up and brought to the transmitter.

The mysterious caller was then asked: "Do you know Jack Smith?"

"Yes. He is with us."

"What is his rank?"

"What is his rank? Answer immediately."

Swiftly the answer came: "Captain."

"Is he there? Bring him to the transmitter."

The distant radio transmitter tapped out: "Captain Jack Smith here"

"What is your wife's name?"

"Betty."

"What is the number of your house, and in what street?"

The correct answer came back, and also the name of his wife's pet cat, Tibby.

The existence of a gallant band of Australians fighting on behind the

enemy lines in Timor had been established beyond doubt.

So commenced a dramatic chain of events that was to lead to the adventurous voyage of H.M.A.S. Kuru, a former Government patrol vessel of 75 feet long, which used to hunt Japanese pearl shell poachers before the war.

On that voyage it was the Japanese who did the hunting, and before it was over Kuru had made a niche in Australian naval history as the most heavily bombed vessel on the coast, and one of the most heavily bombed small ships in the whole of World War II.

She was also hunted by a Jap submarine and two Jap cruisers—but she came back to Darwin under her own power, to meet an ignominious end in harbour.

A Corvette Was Sunk

The Corvette, H.M.A.S. Armidale, which went on that same mission with Kuru, was not so lucky. She was sunk with heavy loss of life.

I was to command Kuru on that incident-packed mission, but neither I nor my crew had an inkling of what lay ahead of us on the day the dramatic first message from Timor came through.

At that date I was not even serving in Kuru.

Soon after they had got out their first message the Timor commandoes informed Darwin: "Badly need boots money, tommy guns, ammunition, quinine."

The money required was to be in the form of silver coins to pay loyal natives on the island for their assistance.

Darwin, recovered from the more shattering effects of its first air-raid, two months earlier, swung into action, preparing aid for the Timor men.

At first supplies were dropped by air, but as some of these supplies

were lost, other means of delivery were decided on.

The Navy was called in to send troop reinforcements as well as supplies to the sorely pressed commandos.

Of course all preparations for the first voyage to Timor were carried out in great secrecy. H.M.A.S. Vigilant, a small steel vessel formerly used as a Queensland Customs boat, was detailed for the job.

No charts were available of the locality which had been agreed on as a landing place, so Vigilant's commander, Sub-Lieut. Allan Bennett, a young West Australian, was flown over the area by the R.A.A.F. to make an aerial study of the region.

Stores Were Landed

Vigilant duly sailed with a small party of reinforcements, supplies and equipment for the Timor men. She contacted them by pre-arranged signals, landed the men and stores in the darkness and returned without being detected by the Japs.

That was the start of the hazardous Darwin-Timor run.

Vigilant made several successful trips and was then replaced by H.M.A.S. Voyager, a destroyer with a fine war record in the Mediterranean.

Voyager had successfully landed reinforcements and stores on Timor and some of her complement were ashore, when she got caught in a long ground swell and ran ashore, beyond hope of being moved.

This was doubly disastrous, as not only did we lose a fine ship but her presence on the beach gave away to the Japs the fact that the commandos were being assisted by our navy.

Hitherto all ships that had made the voyage had run in and out during the hours of darkness, and had never been detected by the Japs.

When daylight came on that fateful day Japanese aircraft based on Timor were not long in finding the helpless Voyager.

Fighters dived down on her, filled her with holes, then concentrated on the piles of much-needed stores still on the beach. Most of the stores were destroyed.

A corvette arrived from Darwin a few days later and took off Voyager's crew, who, in the meantime, had been looked after by the commandos.

Now Kuru came into the Timor story.

Commanded first by Lieut. Bennett, recently promoted, then by Lieut. Meldrum, she and Vigilant took over the run from Voyager.

Then I was given command of Kuru.

For a period we were engaged on escort and patrol duties.

Then one morning, as we lay peacefully at our mooring buoy in Darwin Harbour, my signalman handed me a message from the naval officer-in-charge, Darwin: "You are to report at my office at 1000 hours tomorrow for instructions."

The game was afoot—and highly exciting that game was to prove.

(Next Instalment:
"Into The Hornet's Nest")

★

Heard This?

An Irishman and a Scotchman went into a hotel for refreshment. They were asked to sign their names and nationality.

The Irishman signed: "Irish—and proud of it!"

The Scotchman signed: "Scotch—and fond of it!"

* * *

Hear about the fellow who had so much fun at his bachelor party that he called off the wedding?

* * *

"You ought to get married and have a wife to share your life."

"Oh, no! A lot of those shareholders end up as directors."

* * *

"It's a good idea to keep your words soft and sweet, because you never know when you'll have to eat them."

* * *

Teacher: "Harold, what are the three great American parties?"

Harold: "Republican, Democrat and cocktail."

* * *

Waitress: "I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, and pigs' feet."

Diner: "Don't tell me your troubles, sister. Bring me some vegetable soup."