



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

WHITHER CIVIL DEFENCE?

This article is prompted by the sheer plugging of Jack Denman at Geraldton for something to be done in that area about the very necessary subject of civil defence.

Some three years ago the Commonwealth Government set up some form of training in civil defence for the higher brass both of Civvy Street and the army at Mt. Macedon in Victoria but to date the impact of the scheme is the equal of a penny cracker against a severe tropical thunderstorm.

Everything seems to be top secret or high security or considered to be too much to be told to the humble masses who of course will be the ones most affected by a nuclear war. It is high time this cocoon of security was ripped away from the whole idea and the people of this nation put well and truly in the picture as far as defence of the masses against all types of modern warfare is concerned.

There can be no effective reason why this knowledge should not be given to everyone and some form of training instituted and carried

out on a national basis. If the reason for the present lethargy is lack of plans then the answer is very, very plain and that is a vast sacking match with those responsible. The thinking of the nation should have been coloured immediately by Nagasaki and Hiroshima. That was the original date of the first lesson and that occurred over 14 years ago. If we haven't started to get those lessons moving by now then those in charge have failed in their duty to the nation.

Civil defence is a must and it is a very urgent problem that must be tackled boldly by men of vision who are prepared to put the whole nation in the picture. There has been sufficient procrastination and this must be replied with Action with a capital "A". We must achieve a plan and get it into operation and get **all** the people under training, it will be too late if someone springs a quick war with all the horror of modern weapons and then one of the apologists comes up with the excuse that "We didn't think it would happen". This must not happen to us.

SPECIAL REMINDERS

There will be NO Meeting on JUNE 2 as this meeting has been put forward one week to enable as many as possible to greet Kevin Curran.

Don't Forget the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING on JULY 7, 1959. THIS IS A MUST

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

The Management Committee met on May 19, when as usual considerable business was transacted. The attendance was below our best but apologies were received from four members. Mr. Geoff Laidlaw was present by invitation as the subject of claiming of Theatre and Battle Honours for the Unit was due for discussion.

Arrangements for Anzac Day were discussed and those present were quite happy at the response from members and the general arrangements. It was decided that at future parades the Unit use a drummer to try and maintain a steady step. It was decided to write and request the R.S.L. to have one band stationed near the saluting base as this will enable one step to be maintained by all units marching off.

The Committee were sorry to see such a poor attendance at the May Meeting. It was generally accepted that the evening was a success and the subjects chosen for debate were excellent. The reason for the poor attendance was considered to be the proximity to Anzac Day.

A statement from the treasurer showed that the finances were in a healthy position and we could finish the year in one of the best positions for many years.

Considerable discussion took place on the venue for the Annual Re-union Dinner. After long and at times somewhat acrimonious discussion it was decided to leave the matter with Mr. Nisbett to arrange a venue in one of the army drill halls.

An invitation from 2/16th Bn. for two of our members to attend their Annual Re-union was received and Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Nisbett were nominated to attend.

Much discussion took place on correspondence which had been received regarding the claim for Battle and Theatre Honours for our Unit. A sub-committee comprising Messrs. Laidlaw (chairman), Nisbett, Kirkwood and Doig, was formed to

go into the whole matter and report back to the Management Committee.

This concluded a lengthy meeting at 11.30 p.m.

Association Activities

ANZAC DAY

Again the Association had a wonderful day on Anzac Day. The day dawned dull and slightly threatening but eventually cleared away to be beautiful weather.

A wreath in the form of a Double Red Diamond was laid on the State War Memorial at the Dawn Service by Fred Napier, Col Doig and Geo. Boyland. It is a pity more of the Unit do not attend this most impressive service.

The march at 10.15 a.m. saw one of our biggest roll calls. Over 60 marched behind the now famous Double Red Diamond banner carried by the imposing figure of Mick Morgan. Geoff Laidlaw once again marshalled the parade and led our contingent in a most competent manner. As usual we had a little band trouble being placed between two bands each with a different beat and therefore there was a bit of hop skip and jumping, but we eventually arrived at the Esplanade.

With the service over we adjourned with unseemly haste to the 16th Bn. Drill Hall where Arthur Smith and Mick Calcutt had already gone into action and had the "canteen" in motion.

Just after midday Bill Hollis arrived with the victuals and a tasty drop of lunch, too! Thanks a million Bill. Don't know what we would do without you.

By early afternoon the area was knee deep in Japs and jungle. Battles were raging madly and the wordy deeds definitely merited bundles of decorations. Everyone had a wonderful time in other words. We closed down at 5 p.m. and cleaned up and packed up and headed our various ways. We must be getting respectable with the passing of the years as there were no reports of continuing revels this year and didn't see anyone who looked as though he had at-

Personalities

Gordon Barnes travelled all the way from Rocky Gully to be with the lads on Anzac Day and the old "Barney" has change very little. Says the going has been a bit tough for the soldier settlers at Rocky Gully but he can see a great future in the area.

Good to see Don Murray who also made the trip from the country to be in the march. Don is now at Wagin as area superintendent of Ampol and says he likes the place very much.

Jim McLaughlin at his second Anzac Day in succession. Jim is a country traveller and says it is impossible to make monthly meetings as he has to leave the city on Monday mornings. He looks real well and has put on quite a bit of weight. Told me he couldn't talk the Brooker into being present as he had to manoeuvre the elephant or something at the zoo.

Bob Smyth on parade and looking a million dollars. He had a mate with him and he also appeared to be having a great time.

Our flag will never suffer for ability to be seen while Mick Morgan is the "Sister Hannah who carries the banner". This year they instituted a colour party fall in and then marched off by a band. Each standard bearer joined his Unit and big Mick made our banner appear to be outstanding. Mick looks a lot better than for some time, but says the old arthritis is still very much present.

Jock Sweet, of 2/7 Sqn., was with us once again and had a good day out. Jim Menzies, of 2/3rd, also among those present at the march, but did not make it for the later get-together.

Dick Brand is becoming one of our regular visitors and always has a good day.

Alby Friend is back in the city once again and says he is in the butchery game once again.

Geo Wilson was at the march but as his wife was ill he could not make it for the re-union activities.

It was excellent to see Ray Parry with the lads once again. Ray says he has now finished his building activities and hopes to be able to come to Association functions more frequently.

tended an Anzac Day such as those hectic days of the late forties and early fifties.

The Association's thanks to all who assisted in making this Anzac Day Re-union another outstanding success especially Bill Hollis, Arthur Smith, Mick Calcutt, Joe Poynton, Fred Napier and Jack Carey—these latter two doing a great job of handling the "dibs".

Something of those present will be given under personalities.

MAY MEETING

The May meeting held at Monash Club on the 5th, took the form of a debate or stump speech night. Don't know whether it was the near proximity to Anzac Day or not but the roll up was very poor. John Burridge and Ron Kirkwood went to a considerable amount of trouble to get together a good selection of subjects which were drawn from a hat by anyone at random and spoken to and argued about ad lib.

Added to the above the City of Perth Sub Branch R.S.L. asked us to supply them with our opinion on the conduct of Anzac Day. This was debated at great length and a five point plan was given to the Sub Branch for presentation to their general meeting. These points for your edification were: (1) Anzac Day to be observed as a National Day on a uniform basis all over Australia; (2) That it be a day in two parts, (a) Commemoration in the morning, and (b) a day of re-union in the afternoon; (3) National groups be not encouraged to march under their own National banner but encouraged to march under Commonwealth Flags of Units with whom they served; (4) Order of March to be (a) Boer War veterans, (b) 1st A.I.F., (c) 2nd A.I.F., (d) Militia, (e) other organisations; (5) The march off from the Esplanade be made by all units mixed together to show a complete "oneship" of all assembled. The Sub Branch showed considerable interest in the suggestions put forward.

The meeting, despite the poor attendance, was thoroughly enjoyable and those who failed to make it were the losers.

Fred Sparkman there with medals flying for the first time for years. Sparky is now living in the metropolitan area so we should see him more often in the future.

Tom Nisbet was leading the C.M.F. in his role of Brigadier H.Q. group and could not make our function. Tom goes to the R. of O. this month so will be with us with nobs on next year.

This largely applied to "Bloss" Lawrence who marched with his C.M.F. unit at Fremantle. (There is a letter from "Bloss" elsewhere.)

Ray Aitken was doing his best to make everyone march out of step, as a matter of fact we relegated him from the front rank to further back on the march for the march off. Still the same whimsical Ray with the ready smile and cryptic quip.

Sighted Henry Sproxtion looking as well as ever. Is still toying with the idea of transferring his building activities to S.A. where opportunities look to be a bit better.

Also seen on parade, Geoff Laidlaw, Kev Waddington, Fred Napier, Arthur Smith, Col Doig, Joe Burridge, Ken Bowden, Merv Ryan, "Dusty" Studdy, Joe Poynton, Mick Calcutt, Perc Hancock, Geo. Boyland, Arch Campbell, Dick Crossing (at Dawn Service), Ernie Dinwoodie, Bill Epps, Dick Geere, Gerry Green, Slim Holly, Bill Hollis, Charlie King, Merv Cash, Spriggy McDonald, Rip McMahon, Jack Penglase, Herbie Thomas, Tom Towers, Jack Wicks and Bill Willis. All in all a great muster of the mob.

Dave Ritchie has now returned to work but not 100 per cent fit yet but definitely a ton better. Hope you completely recover ere long, Dave.

Jim Ritchie and Merv Cash both more than slightly interested in going to Sarawak to Doug Fullerton. Hope they are lucky.

Saw Arthur Marshall the other day for a brief while and he looks and acts just like "Marsh" Still battling along to get the bulk super carting and spreading under way. He gave me quite a bit of dope for "Historically Yours!" which will find its way into print as soon as possible.

A screed from "Dud" Tapper also giving quite a bit of dope on 5 Section activities in Timor for

"Historically Yours!" Thanks a million, Dud. Hope all the others hop in too.

Fred Otway also gave me some material for "H.Y." which will prove to be interesting. Thanks for the letter Fred. Will see you are on the mailing list of the "Courier" in future.

Peter Mantle also wrote to say he was sending on a copy of his paper which may provide copy for the "Excellent Courier" (his words not mine). Thanks Peter, all grains of copy very acceptable.

Saw Jack Fowler for a couple of minutes the other day. A most busy man rushing around assisting with negotiations for the purchase of the hotel at Wongan by the community. Jack still President of the R.S.L. at Wongan and finds that that also takes up a fair bit of his time.

Don Turton in town the other day. He now has a new diesel powered Land Rover which he reckons is just the thing. Hopes to make a trip East later in the year in this vehicle.

"LEST WE FORGET"

MAY

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

Heard This?

Sequence

Two hospital patients at Yaralla, bored and unable to find playing cards, sneaked the diagnostic cards from a nurse's pocket as she walked by. They started a game of draw poker with these. On the very first hand, after the draw, they hit high and over-raised each other until all their money was on the table.

"Well," said one reaching out for the money, "I guess I win. I've got three appendectomies and two gall-stones."

"Just a minute," said the other. "Not so fast; I've got four enemas."

"O.K.," said the first, "you win the pot."

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Random Harvest

BLOSS LAWRENCE, of Fire Station, Fremantle, writes:

I am sorry I was unable to get along on Anzac Day this year, from all accounts a good muster was had with the good cheer as plentiful as always. As befitting a just and upright member of the C.M.F. I marched with my push in Fremantle (the cleanest port in the world) post meridian, which did not allow me time to appear at the Perth service. Other people, not ex-members of the 2/2nd, do, I know. The Guv., G.O.C. and other men about town to name a couple, they do not have insistent characters at their elbows urging them to have one more drink. "What the hell, Bloss, all they can do is shoot you." I have no objections to being shot, it's the paper work that ah'm scared of, boss.

This was the last obligatory parade for the C.M.F. so barring a sudden removal to the country I should be there next year if only to fill the blank file of the 2/2nd. I think the army have had their share of Mrs. L.'s boy, I have been with our Unit twice since 1948 in civvies so now comes the turn of 2/2.

A Sydney trip is on again this year in June-July with a brief stop-over in Melbourne on the way home. I will have advised all those who should know by the time this appears in the "Courier" but in case of accident here are the dates:

Friday, June 26, dep. Perth Ansett A.N.A., arr. Melbourne 0900, dep. 1000, arr. Sydney 1130, Saturday, June 27.

Report Chowder Bay, Sunday, 28 and commence the grind Monday, 29, until Friday, July 10.

Depart Sydney 0800, Sat. July 11 arr. Melbourne 0930 and leave for home on Monday, July 13, at 1100.

Due to the limited time off at these schools I have told Jack Hartley what nights would be the best for any gathering he may arrange and Bert Tobin knows the score for the weekend 11-12 July, so there is no need to reiterate them here. If there is anything to go over or come back, if anyone has a word of good cheer to be carried or even something like: "A curse on O'Neill and all who mix with him," well,

I'll carry that too. All being well, I should be at the June meeting easily recognised by my thinning hair.

After Sydney, etc., comes a trip up the coast leaving on July 15 and arriving at Geraldton same day. After that it could be anywhere, we will have a fortnight left to play with. I hear the fishing is good at Carnarvon from the jetty and Port Hedland also. Shark Bay has been mentioned and as you can see we will be working to elastic sided rules, the ones Mr. Rafferty made famous. I think I can find Nip Cunningham without any effort and Eric Smyth also. Bill Drage could be anywhere so help may be needed there and other directions to see as many as I can whilst mother, small daughter and I are up north or do you think Eric Smyth can supply? However there is no rush here, if we miss out going we must pick up somebody coming back.

That's all I can put down right now so until the June meeting I'll be seeing you. Incidentally if anybody cannot make the meeting a call to me at 52201 will suffice for any message to go.

FRED OTWAY, of 98 Wecker-rd., Mt. Gravatt, writes:

I am enclosing a sub, which I must owe by now. I see Bill Connell has reminded you I am not on the mailing list.

Somebody told me of a chap who was a cook somewhere in Queensland, who was with us in Timor, and it sounded like "Frying Pan" Smith to me. Come to think of it I haven't seen him in print.

I've got 80 hives of bees now, and do a bit of contract painting. We have had another bad season, and to make it worse the overseas market isn't too good. Sixty per cent of our honey is exported. I dropped a bit of honey around to Angus McLaughlin, and Eddie Timms the other day. Eddie is with the P.M.G. He gets around the country a bit. He tells me Neal Hooper is as fat as the pig that Kev Curran shot at Cailaco. The old Hoop is at Roma.

Just before Christmas I was painting at Canungra. We had two

two-storied barracks to do. There was also a big kitchen and amenities block going up. I can't make much comparison to the war years, as I only spent one night in Canungra. There were seven of us under Cpl. Jones, Ludlow, Joe Poynton, Dad Mathews, The Duck (Don Lacey) and myself, if memory serves me right. We arrived from Sydney and got ourselves shifted up to Cairns, where we learnt the Unit had gone. Some got berths, and some didn't, as the Unit was pretty well full up.

I tried to picture the creek where we crept down to have a wash in the morning, and give the mosquitoes their breakfast. There is a creek there but it rang no bell. I could see the old assault courses down in the scrub. There is also a married quarters block of about two dozen houses from what I could see, and a lot of other buildings. They have got the water on too. Not having done the course at Canungra I can say Canungra has some nice scenery.

I'll take the family for a picnic this winter and try and rope Bill Connell in, he knows all about the place. I wonder if Gordon Mulqueeney is buried in the cemetery there?

The football season being upon us I am busy giving young Geoffrey some pointers. Football is football in the West, but being in Queensland you say Aust. rules. They call handball football here, as in Sydney. Well Geoffrey is going to be a first class player. He has all the natural ability of a good player.

RON (Babe) TEAGUE, of 5 Heinger-st., Dapto, N.S.W., writes:

Would you please note the change of address as above and send my copies of the "Courier" to it in future?

I suppose if I left this letter there you would be quite entitled to say some of those descriptive phrases that often coloured the Timor air. Brother, how you could colour it! Your meanings were never in doubt.

Firstly I would like to thank you Westralians for the effort you put into making the "Courier" such an interesting and amusing paper. You must keep some doubtful company

to hear all those dits you use.

"Historically Yours!" I find most interesting as it is the first time I have read or heard this part of the story. I did read Bernie Callinan's "Independent Company" and found it an interesting book but this seems a bit more personal.

Since the war I've acquired three daughters, two birds and a dog.

The reason for the change of address is that I've been transferred from Bunnerone Power Station to Tallawarra on the shore of Lake Illawarra just south (about 12 mile) of Wollongong. It is reasonably new and next June (1960) we hope to put into service the first 100 M/W (which will be the largest steam driven turbo alternator in Australia). The powers that be think so much of the sets that our three top engineers have to go to England to have a bo-peep at a similar unit there. The unfortunate part for them is that they have to fly via India and Europe going over and via U.S.A. coming home with appropriate stops here and there. The trip is done on a fairly tight schedule and only six months allowed from home to home so they don't see too much of the scenery en route. Now you know why electricity is so dear in N.S.W.

I've been having a few trips to Yaralla since last October and have been accepted as a war disability (no, NOT liability) without a pension. They still haven't decided what the actual cause of the bother is but are putting a lot of time (mine) and a lot of effort (theirs) into their investigations. The L.M.O. down here is an eager beaver and has been on their backs to do more. Last week I received a telegram on Wednesday afternoon to report Thursday morning. Having been caught before I rang Garalla and their admissions clerk did not know anything about the matter so I asked him to let his boss know I would want a bit more notice. Result, I haven't heard any more at the moment.

Would you please give my regards to all the boys, particularly Paddy Wilby, Blue Pendergrast and the old "D" Platoon.

I was at the R.A.S. a couple of years back and met George Adams looking very smart in a blue two-piece with (I think) one nice silver

stripe on each arm. Apart from George I haven't met up with too many of the boys except Slim Webster who is living at Minanda and doing it the hard way in his own carrying business. The address if he's not on your mailing list is: 21 Fredrick-st., Miranda. When I say I haven't met up with anyone I don't mean the regulars at the march. I've met them sometimes with disastrous results. Have to apologise to Curly O'Neill about the march this year. I promised I'd be there but was pulled out of bed to do a job and was too late getting home to make the trip.

If any of the boys are passing through Dapto and they call in at the local League's Club, we have no R.S.L. at present, they will give you my address and you will be very welcome. I can recommend the brew they dispense.

JIM SMAILES, writes:—

Am now receiving the "Courier" regularly and enjoy hearing the latest from all the boys. I hope one day to dig out some of the N.S.W. members but have been kept busy to date. At Christmas time I did take my family for a few days drive along the North Coast and saw a few towns and had a look about. From Armidale we went down through Dorrigo, to Belingen where the Sara quads came from, to Coff's Harbour on the coast. From here we went north to Grafton and I dug out Alan Luby who is Ambulance Superintendent there. We had a good old yarn about old times and met his wife Edie and family. Being Boxing Day we were finding it hard to get a place to stay, but Alan rang up a friend of his who has a hotel at McLean on the Clarence River and fixed everything. Next day we pushed on north again through Lismore and Casino and into southern Queensland, later returning through Warwick and Tenterfield, Glenn Innes to Guyra. We all really enjoyed it especially seeing the Clarence in flood. The towns over here are much larger and older than W.A. and the main roads are good although very congested. I have had occasion since being here to travel out west quite a lot on company business and been to some of Banjo Patterson's country, such as Walgett, Bourke, etc.,

and the Darling, Lathan and Barwon Rivers. It is indeed a huge and interesting place. I always make it a point of seeing as much of Australia as I can while I have the chance, especially the real Australia beyond the bitumen roads, and tram tracks. There has been a lot of striving and battling in the past, opening up the country to make it what it is today. There is no doubt we have a country to be proud of, but oh how vulnerable.

I was called to Sydney two weeks ago and arrived there on Sunday, April 26. From the Australia Hotel I took a walk into Martin Place to see the beautiful flower display left over from Anzac Day. I was really thrilled to see our big Double Diamond patch so conspicuously displayed with a nice wreath. I must congratulate the N.S.W. Branch on their fine effort. Several people admired it. There were literally tons of flowers piled all over the Cenotaph and it was barricaded off for a few days. A great sight to see.

I took part in the Armidale march on Anzac Day and had an amber brew or two before catching the plane for Sydney that evening. I don't think there are any 2/2nd boys in this district. Although last March in the State election there was a chap named Potty put up for the Gugra seat who claimed he was a Timor Commando and many people asked me if I knew him. I can only surmise that he is a 2/4th man as I am sure we had nobody of that name with us. Anyhow he didn't get into Parliament.

The job here continues to be interesting and profitable and the children all doing well at school. We see them each weekend and get them home once a month and end of terms. Vincent my eldest, is 15 and in the cadets at the high school. He marched with his unit on Anzac Day and made me feel really old because he was born after I was discharged from the army. It's a sign of the times.

Am in bed at present getting over a severe bout of the flu. About half the men here have had it or got it and it has interfered with the work quite a lot. I got up too soon and had a relapse, but glad to say am coming good now. It is a

very severe type of flu and can't be taken cheaply.

Well, enough for now. Keep up the good work on the "Courier". It sure keeps the boys in touch. "Historically Yours!" is most interesting.

Cheerio for now and more later on.

B. J. (Peter) BARDEN, of Box 310 Geraldton, writes:

Just a few lines to let you know of some of the activities of ex-Double Red Diamond types in the Geraldton region.

Anzac Day provided the opportunity for a re-union between some of the Geraldton and Northampton boys. Nip Cunningham was noticed enjoying himself among the fish and rum which followed the dawn service. Nip travelled to Northampton with a contingent of members from the Geraldton R.S.L. Sub-Branch and attended the Anzac service in that town, which gave him the opportunity to have a good wongie with Joe Brand, Bill Drage and Brush Fagg. Nip says Joe Brand, who is farming at Ogilvie, is looking in the pink; that Bill Drage, who is farming at Northampton, is living a very quiet life and sold part of his farm because he reckoned it was too much for him to farm and he's got no sons to give a helping hand or to carry on the farm. Nip says Mrs. Drage has a charming voice and practically led the singing at the Anzac Service.

Faggie, who is the local plumber, is reported to be doing well, and is kept flat out since Northampton recently acquired a reticulated water scheme. "Yours Faithfully" saw Brush at the Geraldton R.S.L. re-union and he certainly appeared to be looking in the pink. Joe Brand then came into Geraldton in the afternoon and attended the Anzac Commemoration, which is conducted by the R.S.L. in conjunction with the Municipal Council and which is attracting record crowds each year because no ministers of religion take part, with the result that the R.C.'s have supported the parade and commemoration in full strength (the idea, of course, is for members of the various denominations to attend their own Anzac Day church service). Joe Brand

and his wife visited the Cunningham household and Nip says: "We knocked over a couple of bottles."

Now a bit about one Eric Smyth. Eric is a Councillor of the Geraldton Jaycees, an organisation of young men which is doing excellent work for the town. Eric has the honour of being featured in one of the three photos in the 28-page magazine the Jaycees have just had published. The photo shows Eric with his business partner and the latter's Flying Dutchman yacht in which they competed at the Cockburn Sound regatta. I would mention that the Hon. the Premier has such a high opinion of the sterling work of the Jaycees that he wrote an introduction to their magazine.

Jack Denman continues to take an active interest in what he calls the apparent lack of progress in the organisation of civil defence in W.A. As a result of Jack's motion, the Geraldton R.S.L. Sub-Branch will endeavour to get State Congress to pass a motion deploring this lack of progress.

Still haven't heard from Arthur Burns. If you know of his whereabouts would you tell my old China I would like to have a line or two to let me know what he's doing these days.

Well, Mr. Editor, it's time for me to go into the studio to read the seven minutes to 7 p.m. regional news which I compiled throughout the day, so I will close now with kind regards to yourself and all the boys.

THE STORY OF THE KURU

Owing to the lack of space in this issue the final instalment of this story will appear in a later issue.

★

Heard This?

A woman is a person who will spend ten pound on a beautiful slip and then be annoyed if it shows.

★

Your friends don't believe you make as much as you do, and the government doesn't believe you make as little.

Historically Yours!

Chapter Four

A UNIT ON THE MOVE

Late August saw the Unit on its way to Adelaide in two echelons, the advance party under Lt. Arch Campbell, moving a few days in advance of the main party from W.A. Those members from the Eastern States because of lesser travelling time, were already in Adelaide awaiting the arrival of the main body of troops.

Wayville Showgrounds was to be our domicile during what was to be a brief stay in Adelaide. This show ground was situated very close to the metropolis and right on the fringe of the green belt of parks which surrounds the city proper. Requisitioned during the early days of the war it was normally used as staging camp, recruit reception depot and leave depot. The main camp was under command of Major "Nip" Pellew, famous cricketer, whose fame extended from being a member of the famous 1st A.I.F. team through years of Tests and S.A. cricket up to the early thirties. A prince of good fellows and marvellous mixer which was easy to understand as he was a traveller for a whisky firm in civvy life. Also ensconced at Wayville at this particular moment was certain elements of the newly formed Armoured Division under Lt.-Col. Wells whom we were to get to know very well during the stay in Adelaide.

The N.C.O.'s and O.R.'s were bunked down in what was the motor pavilion—a huge building capable of holding hundreds of troops with a bitumen floor. Owing to the meningitis scare men were to sleep head to foot to keep the danger of spread and infection to a bare minimum. Officers lines were in tents directly across the show grounds road from the motor pavilion with the cook house in rear of officers' lines.

The stay in Adelaide was to start somewhat tragically for the good name of the Unit and the prestige of our newly gotten colour patch. Three of the members jumped the

Railway Transport Officer at Adelaide station when he tried to intercept them to show their leave passes. It was a senseless and brutal assault of the worst type as the officer concerned was a really decent type who could co-operate in a big way and wink an eye at leave passes and such like in no uncertain manner. They not only beat him up but put the boots in too. These chaps were soon apprehended and held for trial which took some time but eventually they were found guilty by a court martial and sentenced to long terms at Bendigo detention barracks and never rejoined the Unit again. This did us a heap of no good as it occurred so soon after our colour patch started to show up on the streets of Adelaide. But from then on but for very odd isolated instances the standard of conduct of the gang was so good that we left the S.A. capital with a remarkably high reputation for good conduct.

Leave and plenty of it was the order of the day from the time we arrived at Wayville. The syllabus was mainly P.T., basic training and route marches during the day and leave most nights for all except those required for camp guard duties and orderly duties as demanded by the camp staff. Only trouble was money. After pre-em leave in the West and various Eastern States pay books were extra light on and hardly had a quid been accumulated than it was swiftly withdrawn and given the rough treatment. Those that had dough banked those without in the true comradely fashion which is the sheer indication of esprit de corps.

Many were the friendships and alliances made during the six weeks stay in Adelaide. Many were the engagements and many persisted to a state of matrimony at a later date but of course many were wrecked on the rocks of war and the American Invasion which was to occur at a later date.

Wayville abounded with much in the way of amusing incidents. Foremost was the Rum Rebellion. The Unit rum issue was packed with the cook house stores and was under the charge of the Sgt. Cook and O.M. Sgt. With thirsts running high and pockets running low it was not long before the rum issue was broached and slowly at first but more rapidly towards the finish, it was "totted" away. All we had to show for many demi-johns of rum was quite a few shickered cooks and others and about a half a bottle of rum. The C.O., Major Spence, reckoned it was about time an inquiry of sorts was conducted into the "loss" of the rum issue. One of the most obvious culprits was Signaller "Taffy" Davies, a raw Welshman who had been a regular British Army soldier serving in India, Hong Kong, etc., between wars. "Taffy" had been a machine miner at Wiluna just before joining up. He had been in a state of permanent intoxication for a couple of days or so and had been seen in the vicinity of the cookhouse. The Major had the Orderly Officer parade Sig. Davies along with a couple of the cooks before him and proceeded to question them on the source of their liquor supply. He held up the half bottle of rum salvaged from the wreckage and asked Davies: "Sig. Davies, can you buy this type of rum in Adelaide?" An unabashed Davies reached out and grabbed the bottle, took a deep swig, wiped his lips with the back of his hand and said: "No, sir. Nothing as good as that in Adelaide." By this time the C.O.'s eyes had nearly popped out of their sockets at the brazen effrontery of Davies. He castigated all present, but owing to lack of proof positive not much could be done in the matter.

When first we arrived in Adelaide the unique colour patch soon drew forth plenty of enquiries as to what we were. Naturally the old word "Paratroops" loomed largely and those who saw our stores at the railway station were easily deceived by the cases containing our sleeping bags and mosquito nets showing green through the cracks and also the cases of rubber sneaker boots for issue when on silent pat-

rols. Without really being specific it wasn't very hard for the lads to give the impression that the light weight cases of sleeping bags and mossie nets were parachutes and the rubber boots were to break the fall. Others said we were reinforcements for the Salvation Army and still others special V.D. prevention troops. All this pulling of the wool over many eyes managed to maintain the veil of security which had enveloped the show since original selection.

Training, as mentioned earlier, was at a minimum. Squad drill to polish up those things skipped at the Promontory. P.T. to attempt to get the effects of practically continuous night leave out of the system. Route marches to ease the boredom and to introduce the lads to the hosteleries they hadn't seen on their visits to Adelaide. The C.S.M. Craigie, now known as "Wimpy" (God only knows why) tried his hand as company drill instructor and decided to march the Company in the various company formations including "in line". Boy, what a glorious hash he made of it all, or was it just non-operation on the part of the mob? Lt. Arch Campbell took over and got a semblance of order out of the chaos and I can't ever remember "Wimpy" doing more than call a parade to order and hand over to the 2 I/C. ever after.

It was decided to hold a Unit sports meeting on the Wayville Oval to decide the champions in the various sports. This proved to be a good afternoon's sport, with many excellent efforts. Cpl. Kevin Curran emerged as champion sprinter, winning from Lt. Dexter and Lt. Doig. The high jump went to Pte. Hooper from Lt. McKenzie and Cpl. J. Haire. Pte. C. Doyle won the mile from Lt. Arch Campbell and these are the main results that can be remembered at this juncture.

As a result of the light nature of training and excess of leave avoid-upois was rapidly catching up and the good done by the tough training at Foster was rapidly being undone although certain aspects were adding to the overall picture of the moulding of a Unit. To be able to successfully stick together and maintain a high standard of good behaviour over a fairly lengthy

period of inactivity showed that the Unit had welded into a body with a pride in the colour patch.

When it was obvious that we could not stick it out at Wayville much longer the C.O. decided it would be a good idea to have a dummy run of boarding and alighting from trains. Orders were given that all personnel were to pack all their gear in approved style including packs, haversacks, kit bags and sea kits and parade on the main parade ground. As usual Pte. Paddy Knight treated the whole matter as a senseless and needless intrusion on his all important leisure and the usual games of chance and other activities which he was want to enjoy. He appeared on parade with gear hanging all over him like a Christmas tree. Capt. Laidlaw swiftly tore a strip off him and momentarily put him in his place but it was not for long. While the actual exercise was being conducted in boarding the imaginary train, opening carriage doors, dropping imaginary windows so tin hats would not break them while stowing gear, Paddy was noted to be wringing his hand. The C.O. promptly asked the necessary question: "What's wrong with you, Pte. Knight?" "Jambled my hand in the imaginary door, sir." Loud guffaws of laughter and exercise smartly ended.

Paddy was concerned in another incident at about this time along with Pte. Quinny who was nicknamed "The Flea" owing to his size. Paddy and Quinny had gone to the races at Morphettville one Saturday and there met several officers and Cpl. Ray Aitken. The crowd hardly left the bar but with tips from sundry gentry and using The Flea as runner they never stopped backing winners. Everyone won a nice sum but Paddy and Quinny being good gamblers won plenty and decided to take the rest of the party to dinner at the Hotel South Australia, probably the poshest pub in Adelaide, renowned for its wonderful table, personally presided over by Louis the Matre de Hotel and a flock of immaculate waiters both drink and otherwise.

One of the officers expired while awaiting a table in the dining room and was promptly turfed into the Morgue (a special room where drunks slept it off). Another expired with his nose in the soup. Paddy with impeccable manners ate his way through a colossal feast, wetted down with the right wines as suggested by Louis under the benign influence of heavy tips, then ordered a large magnum of champagne which was rapidly lowered. "The Flea" received a playful thump over the ear about the equal of a large tap from a grizzly bear from Paddy who said: "Your turn to buy, Flea." Quinny looked around to Louis: "Hey, mug," a visible shudder from Louis. "Another bottle of plonk." Louis turned ashen at the thought of his particular vintage champagne being referred to as "plonk" but did the honours in truly regal style.

Rumours started to fly. We were to be on the move. Katherine in the Northern Territory was mentioned. Furious looking at maps to see where this place may be. Much disgruntlement from the general run of the troops who thought they would be in action ere this. Remember the Japanese were not in the war at this stage and the only common enemy was Germany and Italy. It was well known from troops returning from the Darwin area that this was a great morale destroyer as a unit sent there had their numbers depleted by reinforcing other shows already overseas. Already the 2/4th Machine Gun Bn. was in the N.T. and many of our boys had mates and relatives in the 2/4th and knew just what they were doing in that area.

Naturally long and strong were the murmurs of disapproval from chaps who had joined the army in early 1940 and were still in Australia while their mates already had been in action in the M.E.

At last word went round officially that there was to be a move. Just prior to this Major Spence had informed the officers in confidence that we were going to Katherine and the leak of this info. sparked off a good telling off by the C.O. to all

officers. Final farewells to all the friends made in Adelaide had to be made. The officers decided to hold a final farewell party at the Blue Grotto. Capt. Dunkley was appointed treasurer for the night and the necessary flagons ordered and delivered. The "Doc" issued warnings to all to go quiet on the food ordering as the exchequer was a bit "clino". When the party arrived the manager informed us that the flagons were there and as usual said they have been paid for which was the usual subterfuge to cover up the licencing laws. A wonderful night was had by all but Dr. Dunkley who was on tender hooks all night with regard to the presen-

tation of the "bill". We departed next day and the bill never did arrive. Thank God, as it could never have been met. The Dunkley was seen to be heaving sighs of relief and we did not discover who was the benefactor.

As our train carried us north from Adelaide we passed the "boob" and there in the garden hoeing the lettuce was Pte. "Bloodso" Watson who had been picked up earlier for striking an officer of the law. He got a rousing cheer as we sped away from the paradise which was Adelaide where our Unit had learned to accept and respect hospitality second to none in Australia.

(To be continued)

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

Heard This?

Routine in the offices of the eminent bone and muscle specialist went on with almost machine-like regularity. The famous doctor had a highly trained crop of attendants who directed the stream of patients through his inner offices.

One morning a young, neatly-dressed chap appeared in the doctor's reception rooms. In answer to the query of the nurse in charge, the youth said he wished to see the famous surgeon privately.

"Have you an appointment?" asked the nurse.

"No."

"Then this is your first visit here?"

"Yes."

"Then go into that dressing room there, remove all your clothing, even to your shoes and socks. When you have finished, or shortly after, a bell will ring twice. That will be your signal. Enter Dr. Blank's office through the door in the dressing room marked 'Office'."

"But . . ." the boy blushing began to protest.

The nurse in charge stopped him with a gesture.

"If you really want to see the doctor, you must conform to the rules which he has set down. He does not modify them for anyone."

Still murmuring protests, the boy allowed himself to be hustled into the dressing room where he began

to disrobe. After a short while his signal came and he opened a door and tripped across the sill into the famous doctor's office, clad in nothing but a few beads of perspiration.

The eminent specialist was seated at his desk.

"Well," he barked, as the youth came into the room, "what's the matter with you?"

"There isn't anything wrong with me, doc," answered the new arrival.

"Well, what in blazes are you doing in my office?"

"I came," said the boy, "to see if you'd care to renew your subscription to the 'Courier'."

★

A blonde and a brunette were discussing a young man who had a reputation for being a wolf.

"I went for a moonlight swim with him," said the blonde, "and I found him to be a perfect gentleman."

"Yes," answered the brunette, "he bores me too."

★

Credit Report On Debtor

"No property, either real or personal; no credit, either actual or potential; no prospects, either present or future; and no hope, either here or hereafter."

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Once again Anzac Day has come around and we met again to fight out all the old battles and remember the trials and tribulations but mainly remembered the funny incidents, if all the laughter I heard was any indication.

We were blessed with a cool day but we only had a few light showers and we marched with the Combined Commando Squadrons behind their impressive banner and our numbers would be about 200—not quite as many as last year.

We had our Re-union after the march at the George-st. Drill Hall, Fitzroy, and a few of the boys who are not able to march had gone on there and had set out all the refreshments on tables and had the liquid amber all ready to go as soon as the boys were back from the march. We had our usual good night and I think that this is our best function of the year. There were approximately 60 to 80 present and noticed were a lot of new faces that belonged to friends of our members and it was good to see them all enjoying themselves.

At 6 p.m. we had our own little ceremony to remember our fallen comrades. This is a very quiet and solemn but very impressive show. We formed into a hollow square facing our Honour Board draped with the Union Jack and Major Love addressed us with some very well chosen words. Major Love may be getting old in years but he spoke with lots of feeling and sincerity. Then Bruce McLaren laid the wreath at the foot of the Honour Board and we observed a silence while our president, Bernie Callinan read out the names of the boys who could not be with us—but we will always remember them for the supreme sacrifice they paid.

Baldy came up from Geelong and also marched with us. He has given up the Anzac Day parades he has always taken at Geelong Grammar School and we should see him every Anzac Day now. He really enjoys himself and when Bernie won a bottle of whisky I heard Baldy say it was going to be a real good session at Bernie's place (Baldy's staying with him) later and that they

would soon straighten out all the world affairs to suit everyone. Alec Boast was a welcome visitor. Had not seen him for some time. Still as lean as ever but the grin is always there. He is working for Malcolm Reeds furniture manufacturers at the timber yard at Oakleigh, which is right near where Alec lives.

Dan Thomas turned up out of the blue wearing uniform and a corporal no less, looking particularly fit. He is over from Tassie doing a course and expects to go back in two or three months time.

Tom Foster was another welcome visitor. He is residing in Victoria now, stationed at Sale (I got this second hand so hope it is right). I believe he is managing an experimental farm just out from Sale. He looks a lot leaner now but I hadn't seen him since the war, but is fighting fit and sends his regards to all the boys.

Ken Monk was up from Noowong and stayed the night with me so that he could make a real good night of it.

With pride and puffed out chest I announce the arrival of a baby girl (Lynette Anne Botterill), weight 6 lb. 2 oz., length 22in., black hair, the image of her old man (skite, ain't I?), so that takes our total to three now. Olive and Dad have weathered it well and our kids are very pleased.

We are having a particularly dry spell of weather at present and the farmers are starting to get a bit worried, holding up the wheat planting, etc.

That's the lot for now, folks, till next issue all the best.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

★

Heard This?

"Did you forget your wench?" lisped the cutie to the plumber who was fooling around beneath the sink.

"No, baby," he replied. "I'll get to you in a few minutes."

New South Wales News

Anzac Day was the biggest effort for the 2/2nd yet. Twenty-three turned up for the march and then a few more arrived at Arncliffe R.S.L. where the brown ale was imbibed. Those at the march were as follows: J. Rose, J. Hartley, F. O'Neil, M. Clarke, E. Herd, P. Kennally, J. Till, R. Hilliard, G. Olde, J. Jones, Snowy Went, Taffy Davies C. Downe, Ross Smith, J. Hallinan, R. Goodacre, Alfredo De Santos, B. Hoy, J. English, T. Mulcahy, Roy Harris, R. Trengrove. Those who turned up at the R.S.L.: J. Keenan, J. Darge, F. Stewart, B. Coker. If I missed anyone's name it is only because I didn't see them or was under the impression I had already written it down.

Ted Mulcahy was a very welcome addition and made the trip from Wollongong which was a pretty good effort when some who live much closer don't come.

Ross Smith also makes the trip from Newcastle every year and everyone of the regulars are very pleased to see him as efforts like these are examples to us all to put ourselves out a little more and even if it's only once a year we see you all, each and everyone gets a kick out of times gone by.

While waiting for the march to start that cheery chit, chat, chaff and chatter that passes between friends, was in full swing and Ron Hilliard was heard to say: "Alright, O'Neil, you won the bet. You have had it long enough. Give the pig back his head."

From the foregoing exchange you can see that the old form was there wit, half wits, and all. A lot of uncouth remarks were made about Hilliard's front, but believe me he assured me it was all "guzzle," pardon me, I mean "muscle".

Taffy Davies doesn't seem to have altered one bit and gave out with a Welsh song with help from another Welshman. There was one other at the march, Cec Kaine. I haven't seen Cec since 1943.

On Anzac Day we seek them here, we seek them there. Many were there but Merv Jones, no. Many and oft was he spoke of between quaffs but did he turn up? No. a thousand times, no. But he

was sighted by a few of us later in the evening holding court at O'Neil's place surrounded by women.

As we usually do on Anzac Day, between five and six, those of us who are still at Arncliffe, migrated to Jim English's mother's place where the good lady feeds the multitude. Here I might add John Rose led the choir and everyone gazed with rapture at the facial contortions of the actors. The songs were quite good but some of the voices were crook or maybe it was just the rough passages the voices were coming from.

A party of us made a flying visit to Hurstville R.S.L. to see Tom Martin, that worthy being the president of this club and being tied up on Anzac Day with his duties, etc., we don't see him, hence the visit. Those who made the trip: Bill Coker, J. Rose, R. Trengrove, J. Hartley, Roy Harris, Ross Smith.

Eric Heard took Ted Mulcahy back to town as he had to meet the mob with whom he came to Sydney for the return trip. We all wonder how Ted was when he reached town. Nobody warned him though many could have from experience. Well, Ted, you are one of the few who has now experienced space travel.

So we thinned out and went our devious ways, some no doubt, direct home, some others, and me included, indirect. John Rose, Curly O'Neil, Squirt Clarke, Alfredo De Santos, Yours Truly, and Jack Hartley as driver and director. First delivery Alfredo, unfortunately a rubbidy got in the way at Alexandria and as Curly said it was his shout we didn't dissuade him. He liberally tipped the barmaid who he wanted to make love to, but she wasn't having any. Onward, ever onward. Alfredo's next stop. Ruby, here we come. More beer, a nice supper, a good argument. Onward, less one, next stop Curly's. At least that was the order but we momentarily delayed at the pub opposite St. Leonards Park for a small refresher and some pick-me-ups, when we arrived at Curley's. From here on we

started to have O'Neil trouble. He kept on making love, violent and demonstrative, to Jack Hartley. Well, after many times rescuing Jack from the spider-like clutches of love at 40 m.p.h., we arrived at O'Neil mansions where everyone was welcomed by a lovely kiss from Betty who no doubt was overcome with gratitude at the safe if somewhat early arrival of her encumbrance, to whit, Curly.

There, to our amazed gaze, sat none other than Mervyn P. Jones, his thunder gone because we had arrived. Those who know the Jones will know what the initial stands for in his name. Betty immediately handed around a Chinese dish, food not girls. Remembering my previous Chinese meal I declined to partake so Bet set me up with bacon and eggs which made everyone else jealous, so she gave them the same to stop the clamour and meanness which only drink brings out in the beasts. All this helped along with several cups of coffee, then the music started and several of us did a soft shoe shuffle. Oh, Mr. Rose, you dance divinely. The latter obliged with renditions of songs. Some sounded like they were torn apart but very good. The favourite which received the most applause and repeated with actions was, I repeat the words or some of the words, went like this: "Send the Territorials, the Old Brigade, my mother, my sister, my brother, but for C— sake don't send me." So good was this song that Curly later in the evening, 1.15 a.m. to be exact, sang it from the top of his front fence.

However Johnnie Rose definitely has the makings of a good singer if we can find a surgeon who could do something with his throat. He also trips the light fantastic rather decorously with or without a partner and although self praise is no recommendation, I didn't do too bad myself in this line of entertainment, also with and without the aid of a partner who shall be nameless. Squirt rendered a fine stanza of the Pub With No Beer.

Merv and Marj Jones did a very nice cut a rug shuffle and if I may say so our hostess performs rather well with a smooth wiggle of the hips and to all this our host, Curly, excused all the ladies for having

fallen so desperately in love with him. Incidentally Curly, with the assistance of his father, is painting the mansion but from the remarks Pop made about his illustrious son's ability Salvador Dali had better watch out.

This takes nearly as long to write about as it took to happen. Howsoever, time mooched along, and it was time or past time to go. Once again Jack Hartley, the Guardian Angel of us all, deposited Squirt back to Dee Why and Yours Truly to Mona Vale. Jack would probably arrive home himself about 2.30 a.m. Why you don't get sick of shepherding us Jack, I don't know, but once again thanks a million. I sailed up the garden path fumbling for keys. No keys. Did not take them. Tried the kids' window. No one was home. Did a magnificent climb through and squatted on top of the lowboy trying to shut the damn window after me. Eventually succeeded after much rocking of aforementioned furniture, then stepped off as if I was stepping over the gutter in George-st. Magnificent three point landing was achieved. No undercarriage down. Recovered balance. Staggered to my own room, traces of clothing like a paper chase after me, and a hop, step, crash into the cot—out cold.

All the foregoing, from whoa to go is true and relates to all living people at the time of going to press was not accidental nor coincidental but was meant to be written as I saw and heard it.

Now I think I should mention that it is time that we of N.S.W. dropped at least 10/- per recipient of the "Courier" over to the West to help defray the costs incurred to allow you to read what us poor scribes have to say about you.

A few of the boys mentioned to me the fact that they hadn't paid dues or monies for so long they wonder who is paying the bill. Well here I am acting for them and if you wish to put the 10/- in, please send it direct to J. Hartley, or Col Doig, per Box T1646 G.P.O. Perth.

By the way, Joe Till would like to receive the "Courier". Address: 8 Carrington-ave., Morddale; also Alfredo De Santos, 19 Goodchap-st., Surrey Hills.

Sunday, April 19. An Anzac Commemoration Service was held. Forty letters were sent out by Jack Hartley, excluding phone calls, regards the attendance we wished to have at this service conducted by the Arncliffe R.S.L. Eight 2/2nd members turned up. We were conspicuous by our small representation. Those present: Jack Hartley, Jim English, Bill Bennett, Jack Jones, Eric Herd, Lionel (Slim) Webster.

Three wreaths were laid at the memorial when called. Bill Bennett and Eric Herd laid Double Diamond wreath, Jack Hartley 2/2nd wreath, R. Trengrove wreath for C. Anderson.

Jim English and Ron Hilliard have been doing this every year since the war and the expenses incurred have some out of their own pockets. It was lightened a bit this year and

we hope that it will be lighter next year. It is an impressive ceremony and one that everyone feels part of.

A former officer of Charlie Anderson's Malayan Btn. turned up. Ian Hans who knew Charlie well and he joined us later for a noggin (he also was with us on the 25th).

We once more retired to Mother English's home where a certain hungry mob ate all the soup and the ladies got none, and I had four cups of tea and got things in a much better perspective although as you all know I only drink liquor for medicinal purposes only.

Well two letters in the one month isn't bad, so I had better close before I get like the rest of you fellows—muscle bound. Anyway, thanks for all those kind words about my efforts, and I will try to keep it up. —RON TRENGROVE.

Heard This?

"Why is it if I buy a beautiful new evening dress, you never notice it? But you get pop-eyed staring at every other woman in the place!"

"Once you know what's in the package, it doesn't matter how it's wrapped."

★

You can never kiss a girl unexpectedly—only sooner than she thought you would.

★

When his daughter returned to the farm from the girls' college, the farmer regarded her critically, and then demanded.

"Ain't you got a lot fatter than you was,"

"Yes, Fawther," the girl admitted. "I weigh one hundred and forty pounds stripped for gym."

The father stared for a moment in horrified amazement, then shouted: "Who in thunder is Jim?"

★

Inspecting a mint, a commission said our coins are just as sound as ever. And they have a much faster getaway power.

Souse (phoning the missus): "Thash you, dear? Tell the maid I won't be home tonight."

★

Communist: A capitalist without capital.

★

They say the best leather is now going into steaks.

★

Water Power

I think I'd like to be a duck; Ducks have some handy skills: They simply dive beneath the waves And liquidate their bills.

★

The School of Experience is a wonderful institution. The only trouble is its graduates are too old to work.

★

Most people who say: "The less said about it the better," keep yapping about it for half an hour.

★

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.