



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

An Editor's Repeat Bleat

About 18 months ago a special Editorial was directed at members to assist the harassed writers of the feature "Historically Yours!" The response was not exactly magnificent but at least for a few months some copy did roll in and quite a few letters of appreciation of the feature were received. Since then things have been really difficult and apart from Ray Aitken and Paddy Kenneally nothing has been received for months.

Unfortunately the principal writer has not at his finger tips any material for quite large portions of the Timor Campaign and his own sphere of operations at the time was mainly of a static nature although events of great importance were happening elsewhere. As mentioned previously it is highly desirable that this feature be the history of ALL connected with the Unit and not just the events as they occurred to a single person or a small group of persons.

If readers don't assist the feature will degenerate into the memoirs of the actual writer which would be a most deplorable situation.

Please send in YOUR experiences in the Timor show, if necessary covering what happened to your Section, including the various battles fought or in which you took some part. Personalities are important. Funny incidents most

acceptable. Dates and timing are not of paramount importance, but if you can remember when a particular event took place it will be of more than passing importance. When casualties occurred is of importance and is the sort of information required.

At the present time the writer is bogged down in the period from April to August, 1942, in which so much occurred to so many but very little happened to the writer except that he was in hospital for quite a length of time. During this period "A," "B," "C," and "D" Platoons were in almost daily contact with the Nip and there were some most worthy achievements which should be printed. As an instance there was the ambush that "Doc" Wheatley and Co. were involved in, the writer knows of it in a general sort of way but this deserves better and could best be described by one of the participants. This applies to dozens of other skirmishes that occurred at this time and would make marvelous reading if only someone will set them down on paper.

Corrections to articles as they appear will also assist in a big way as it is hoped that when the series is complete we may have the whole thing edited and produced as history. So you will readily see that corrections to previously printed

articles will make the eventual result all the more accurate.

It is hoped you will answer this second appeal for assistance with all the resources at your command, and this especially applies to those who kept diaries and are in a position to refresh their memories, and thus make this historical feature something worthy of the great Unit in which we all served. Unfortunately the Official War History portion of the Timor Campaign does us less than justice and we should set out to rectify this position by producing an adequate record of our own.

Association Activities

LADIES' NIGHT

Although the organisers would liked to have seen a bigger roll up those in attendance had an enjoyable evening. Mick Morgan was the life of the party and did a mighty job as M.C. The impromptu footy act created much fun. 'Slim' James (East Perth), 'Sprig' McDonald (Swans), Mick Calcutt (Old Easts), Merv Haskell (South) demonstrated how their club players trained. 'Slim' was properly rubbished but 'Spriggy' drew loud cheers for the popular Black and Whites. The Calcutt impressed as a likely colt—for Sunset that is. Arch Campbell as umpire Montgomery, received a typical Monty reception though in this instance a police escort was not necessary.

Dancing honours were carried off by the Murrays—the Charleston champions, Fred Napier and Mrs. Morrison were the Samba specialists, and Johnny Burrigge and Jean Morgan did their best to catch the judge's eye, without success.

Vocal items rendered by Neil McDonald, Johnny Morrison, the Withells and Maestro Morgan himself, were all well received.

Des Browne was kept busy tickling the ivories whilst the background music kindly presented by Don Snowball made for pleasant listening. A tasty supper received the full treatment.

For a change the hubbies were on their best behaviour and kept away from the barrel with the result there was a more get-togetherness spirit than usual.

All the ladies looked very smart.

Among those noticed enjoying themselves were: The Gay Gordons, Slim and Maud James, Charlie King and wife, Don and Ida Murray, Fred Sparkman and wife, Merv and Dulcie Ryan, Wilf and Lorraine March, Percy and Val Hancock, Fred and Glad Napier, Ping Anderson and wife, Bill and Jess Epps, Slim and Olga Holly, Arch and May Campbell, Ernie Dinwoodie and wife, whose party included Mr. and Mrs. Rowcliff and Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Ted and Beryl Withell, Don and Vida Turton, Russ Friend and wife, Herby and May Thomas (hope you got home O.K. Herb), Mr. and Mrs. Tom Towers, Blue and Edie Pendergrast (up from Collie), Sprig and Betty McDonald (novel tie that Sprig), Jack and Norma Hasson, Mick and Jean Morgan, and the Morrisons. Arthur Smith and John Burrigge were on their own, their good wives being indisposed.

All in all a good night.

FIELD DAY AT DON TURTON'S

Once again at the instigation of Don and Vida Turton the Association was placed in a position where we could do some good for persons less well placed than ourselves.

Don and Vida offered to put on a picnic field day at their property at West Pingelly and asked the Association to arrange the details. Thanks to wonderful work by Jack Cary, "Sprigg" McDonald and Clarrie Varian, we were able to offer the trip to children from Sister Kates Home on Sunday, Oct. 15.

The children were picked up at the home at 8.30 a.m. in a Tramsways Bus driven by Clarrie Varian, and they were accompanied by "Sprig" McDonald, Jack Carey, Percy Hancock, Col Doig, Mick Calcutt and Les Haskell. Ron and Gwenda Kirkwood and family, Fred Napier and Gerry O'Toole (over on a trip from Melbourne), Alby Friend and his good wife, and Mick and Jean Morgan (their families travelled on the bus), Gerry Maley and his wife and family, "Slim" James and his family, made the trip by car.

The party arrived at Don's place at 11.15 a.m. and were immediately given some ginger beer to slake the thirst, then Don, son Ian, and Ernie Bingham, proceeded to show

the assembly just what happens on a farm and how!!

"Bing" peeled the fleeces off a couple of sheep while an agog audience of some 60 kiddies watched. Don showed them how to knock a fleece into shape, losing most of the wool in the process as the kids souveniered it at a rate of knots. Then Don and Ian plus sheep dog Topsy, and again about 50 "billy lids" set out to round up a mob of sheep (ewes and lambs). The task initially proved impossible as the kids stampeded the sheep faster than Don and Topsy could gather them in and an S.O.S. was required to round up the children, not the sheep.

Eventually this side of proceedings was made secure and Don was able to demonstrate drafting, inoculation and drenching to the gang who by this time were wild with excitement and eager to grab lambs and nurse them.

The "Turt" was back at his army best in the next demo., showing those present how to split a log by the use of explosives. With much cajoling the "nippers" were pushed back to a vantage point that offered security from flying pieces and off went the explosion with a good Turton bang, only to be deluged by humanity as the kids descended upon the split log digging bits out of the ground to take home.

A goodly sized red gum was then felled using a power driven chain saw and most of it reduced to firewood logs in a matter of minutes.

This was the final demo before lunch. The kids then put on a demo at lowering pies and sandwiches at a speed that would make a chain saw look second rate! The ginger beer keg was emptied quicker than any other "ten" ever tapped. It seemed essential that nature be given a chance to cope with this terrific inflow of vitamins and dinner was allowed to settle until 1.30 p.m.

The concourse was then loaded onto the "Turton Train" comprising Land Rover and two trailers and tractor and one trailer, and headed for a near-by paddock to witness further features of the farming life. The first of these was the operation of a forage harvester and the making of silage. This forage harvest-

ter is really the father and mother of all lawn mowers and a real eye catcher. The kids chased this with a will and also rode on the buck rake like a gang of wild indians. The T.V. cameras missed a golden opportunity to make a real wild western with this gang of kids. Then the tractor hitched on to a hay mower and the first essential was to clear the crop of humanity as the children disappeared into a 6ft. high crop like a mob of rabbits. Steadily they were shown the complete operation of hay raking and hay baling.

Then the "Turton Train" proceeded to rumble round the property through patches of peas and crop and boy did those peas go off!! They ate them by the pound. The children were absolutely ago to see a clutch of small wild ducks on one of the dams. While they were looking at these Don and "Bing" went round some more sheep and caught a couple of well grown lambs to provide the kids with a competition at catching these for a prize. One lamb made good his escape pursued madly by "Topsy" (the sheep dog) and at least 30 kids. The other one was swiftly dived on by at least half a dozen kids and had to be released a second time to find a winner. She didn't get far the second time either before she was caught up.

Further meanderings by the "train" to see the big herd of beef cattle then back to the homestead at about 4.15 p.m. Here the main difficulty was to keep them from falling into the swimming pool.

A benevolent nature co-operated in providing a beautiful day and also a couple of small sheep dog pups who have never been nursed so much in their young lives.

The adults had afternoon tea and at about five o'clock a barbecue tea was provided for all. Once again I'm sure that certain eating records were established but can't be verified. These kids have hollow legs plus.

President "Sprig" McDonald called everyone together and thanked Don and Vida on behalf of all present and called on the kids to give three cheers which they did with a will.

One of the "Aunts" from Blister

Kates also said "Thank you" and called for more cheers.

The bus took off at 6 p.m. and this time accompanied by "Spriggy" McD., Jack Carey, Percy Hancock and Col Doig. Mick and Les decided to stay and help Don with a bit more hospitality, along with the others at Wandering.

The bus arrived back at Sister Kates Home at 8.10 p.m. which was in itself a wonderful feat of driving by the imperturbable Clarrie Varian. We thought after the efforts of the day that the kids would flake out on the home journey but not a bit of it, they sang and wrestled practically the whole way and crowded all over Clarrie Varian like a swarm of bees.

The behaviour of the children was wonderful even if a bit exuberant but this was to be understood as it was like letting them off a chain and it was truly wonderful to see them having such enjoyment.

Now for a word or two of thanks. Firstly to Don and Vida who provided the idea, the venue and most of the work and most of the food. The split-second timing of the enormous programme was wonderful to see. We are once more heavily indebted to this wonderful couple for all they have done for us and for those dear kids.

Next, to that silent and marvelous co-operator Ernie Bingham, who never let up all day and was working like a beaver right up to the end. "Bing's" efforts are highly appreciated by the Association and we thank him most sincerely.

Then to all the ladies who assisted Vida by helping with the catering and trying in some way to lighten the burden on Vida we say thanks a million.

Must make mention of the organisational work of Jack Carey and the way he saw all was as it should be and of course he had a hand in the catering as he usually does.

Clarrie Varian did a terrific job with the transport and the trip was made the more enjoyable for his wonderful driving. Thanks Clarrie.

Then to President "Spriggy" McDonald who must be the greatest child "looker-after" this side of the black stump. They crawled all over him all the way back and he kept them in wonderful spirits. A really good job.

A truly wonderful day and I was pleased that Gerry O'Toole was present to take part and be able to advise our mates in Victoria what a wonderful job Don is doing over here. In the very humble opinion of the writer this ranks as the greatest achievement of the Association in this State, not because of the effort involved, but because of the end produced, the happiness brought to the lives of these truly under-privileged children who relished all that was lavished upon them and will have something to talk about for months to come. I also feel that Don and Vida have brought upon themselves many blessings for bringing such happiness into the lives of kids who get so little in life and who are so appreciative of what little that is done for them. This day was a highly personal job, but the Association is intensely proud to have been allowed to take part.

EMPIRE GAME RE-UNION

Do not in any way be deterred by any adverse publicity you may have read about the various venues to be provided for the Games. You can be assured these will be completed on time and will be the best of their kind for the occasion. Probably the only venue not well advanced is the swimming pool and that will be a greater denial to W.A. than to the other States as our own swimmers will be lacking in good facilities until our pool is ready. The stadium is well under way and will be most adequate.

The Association is at this stage keen to know the names of all who PROPOSE visiting W.A. for the Games, and the Re-Union, to enable administrative details to be handled. Please advise as soon as possible if you, at this stage PROPOSE to come to Perth, how many will be involved in your family group and what your main interest as far as sports you desire to see, so that you may be billeted with your closest friends in the best proximity to your major interest.

This is an urgent matter as the Association does not want to hold up accommodation which could go to other people if not availed of by our own members. Please assist by informing the W.A. Branch at Box T1646, G.P.O., Perth, as soon

as you can. Remember you don't have to be absolutely certain to come but if you have even the remotest idea of coming let us know your details please.

NOVEMBER MEETING

This will be held at Anzac House on Tuesday, Nov. 7, and you will be able to hear John Burrridge give his impressions of his recent trip through the Near East, Europe and Scandinavia. This should be a real treat and warrants a bumper roll up

"LEST WE FORGET"

OCTOBER

Wordie, Pte. R. D., died of illness New Guinea, Oct. 30, 1943. Age 23.

Brown, Tpr. H., missing New Guinea Oct. 25, 1943. Age 29.

Michell, Pte. P. R., killed in action New Guinea, Oct. 25, 1943. Age 20.

Nagle, Lt. V. F., killed in action New Guinea, Oct. 4, 1943. Age 28.

Personalities

Probably the greatest thing that has happened to an Association member for a long time was the winning of the W.A. Queens Prize and Grand Aggregate for Rifle Shooting by Mal Herbert. Our heartiest congrats. Mal, and we know just how much you deserve to win the very high honour. Winning a Queens is plenty but to equal the previous highest total of 341 makes it even greater and then to throw in the Grand Aggregate for good measure seems like all your birthdays at once. Mal has been a tremendous battler for the rifle shooting movement and is at present on the executive of the N.R.A. in this State. He captained and coached the last two teams from this State going to Hobart and Brisbane and helping the State side to take off major team victories on both occasions. He has been trying to win a Queens since 1937 and has had to wait till 1961 to achieve it, which shows the terrific patience required of a rifle

shooter. Good luck to you, Mal. Hope this is only the forerunner of many more such prizes.

The Association is in a very remote way also associated in another big occasion. The winner of the title Miss W.A. this year was Dawn Ryan, sister of the one and only Merv Ryan of our gang. Please pass on our sincere congrats, Merv, next time you see your young sister and don't kid yourself that being so related makes you into any Mr. Beautiful.

Our best wishes to Terry Epps, son of Bill and Jess Epps, on winning the trophy for Fairest and Best in the grand final of his junior baseball team, acting as catcher. Must be modelling himself on one Tom Nisbet who also earned great renown in the same posy. If I remember correctly dad mostly fielded in the outfield.

'Twas good to see the one and only Gerry O'Toole over here for a brief holiday even if he did get me into more strife than I've been in for some time. Gerry looks as fit as a fiddle and take it from me he had a great day at the Turton's. Was tickled pink.

Ran in with Tony Bowers the same day as I met the O'Toole and that also contributed to my neglect for the day. Tony still as big as ever and as fit as ever. I have not got better than a grog fog of what we talked about so you will have to excuse me Tony for not being able to pass on more information to the lads.

Jack Carey has recently been on holidays and went down to Salmon Gums and stayed with Vince Swann Says "Swanny" is top of the world and has a very nice property, well developed and improving every year. Also saw Peter Campbell at Gibson while he was there and said Peter was also doing very well. Jack did bring back the remark of the year. He asked Peter Campbell the best way to get a good farm like Peter's. The reply: "Inherit it." Don't get the idea Peter inherited his as he and his brother worked hard for every acre of their spread.

Nice to see "Slim" James back in the fold and taking a lively interest in Association doings. He has hardly missed a show for months now and really is enjoying

every moment of them. He lapped up the Ladies' Night and also that fabulous day at Turton's and was seen getting his camera to work to get the record of the day. His boy nearly had a nasty accident as he had his finger gashed by the mower blade. "Slim" didn't seem badly concerned, probably would have been real worried if it had been himself.

Would like to acknowledge those people who sent in brief (?) letters with their sweep butts. Just to show they are not forgotten here they are:

Ron Trengrove, from N.S.W., in a hell of a hurry. You are excused Ron as you are one of my best scribes.

Mark Conroy, from Launceston, Tassy, who wrote to Bill Epps to say he has a dozen kids. I hope is only joking as that practically amounts to a crime these days.

W. J. Cowie, "Hotel Holmesville" N.S.W., wishing the Association bundles of success.

"Bluey" Harris, Lane Cove, N.S.W., stating he has changed his address. This will now be fixed up Blue, and you should get all future mail.

Beryl Griffiths writing on behalf of Fred to return the tickets and actually calling me dear friend. Did not think I had one, Beryl. Thanks for the compliment.

Mal Nichols, from Burracoppin, saying he had lost his book but included the dough anyhow. Thanks Mal. What about a long printable letter about yourself?

Jack Denman saving paper by returning the sweep circular. You will be forgiven Jack when you send me a long letter.

"Snow" Went, from Canly Vale, N.S.W., "Emitasol".

Syd McKinley, extended best wishes to all the gang.

Bert Matthews making a promise to make the next Re-union by hook or by crook.

"Slim" Holly wishing everybody success.

Dulcie Ryan writing on behalf of Merv and forwarding the Oscar Ashe. Thanks Dulcie, get that old man of yours to pick up the pen himself next time otherwise he'll expect his slippers laid out soon.

Bill Hollis from Eneabber, via Three Springs, asking to be re-

membered to all the boys. Says he only goes to town once a week. Hope you are getting among the money Bill, you deserve it.

"Col" Knight, N.S.W., saying he gets much pleasure from receiving the "Courier". Thanks Col, a little appreciation now and again is very nice. What about a letter?

"Bruss" Fagg, from Northampton saying it seemed his luck was out as far as Re-unions go as he never seems to be able to fit it in. You will have to make a supreme effort next year Bruss, as this will be a mighty show with all the inter-staters.

"Johnny" Moore, from Dwelling-up, to say he had no further news since he saw me last time.

Harry Foster, to say he and his wife enjoyed receiving the "Courier" and liked to keep abreast of the boys' doings. Thanks Harry we do our best.

Syd Jarvis from Gosnells, sending in butts but little news would be very nice Syd my boy.

Eric Smyth just as pithy. Very busy man, Eric, so you are excused this time.

Bill O'Connor, from Busselton, to say he couldn't make the Re-union as March is the only month any good to dairy farmers. Have to try hard next year, Bill.

Alex Thomson also was most brief and to think of all those long letters written on toilet paper I saw him write in the army! Tut, tut, Alec. You can do better than that. Come my lad write a long letter ad tell me all about it.

"Mick" Holland, from Carlisle, complaining bitterly about us using the wrong address. Will rectify Michael my boy and keep those posties off your back.

Ernie Hoffman, from Porphryr. His letter like Clancy of the Overflow, I quote verbatim. "Have you ever tried writing a letter, listen to the cricket with wickets falling and meet that bloody mail? Well I can't. Hoff." A classic in excuses, Hoff. Go to the top of the class.

Kev Millington from Donnybrook says time again for annual note and boy, note it was. Come on Kev, a bit more than news that you are a McCulloch saw owner working on the mill.

Cyril Chaplain, from Cloncurry,

Queen's Prize Winner



MAL HERBERT waves his hat as cheering clubmates from Nun-garin give him the traditional "chairing" at Swanbourne after he had won the 1961 Queen's Prize. Mal hoisted his son, Geof-frey (aged three), into the chair to share the excitement.

(Block by courtesy of "The Sunday Times")

Old., was extra brief, but boy, that cheque. Thanks Chappy. Hope to see you in the West next year.

Elsie Newton writing from Broken Hill on behalf of Lionel to say they appreciated receiving the "Courier" and all that and doling out a modicum of praise to the Ed. Thanks Elsie am most appreciative.

"Rocky" Williams, from Rose Bay, N.S.W., to say enjoys "Courier" and will write a few lines later. Hope this proves a memory jogger "Rocky" and we hear of your doings in N.S.W.

R. (Johnno) Johnson, from Koor- da, referring to me as Dear Sir. Now Johnno, no dear sirs in our show, call me Col. Everybody else does, and write a nice long letter just to prove you can.

Am most disappointed in you Harold Newton. Probably the best calligraphist in the whole Unit and all you can show me is a few lines on the circular. Now Harold just show the gang you do know what a letter is.

Lionel Freeman, Gayoona, N.S.W. to say good day, good bye.

Merv Jones, from Warriewood, N.S.W., also pleased to receive the "Courier". Some more copy please Merv.

Bill Gallard to say he is still in the land of the living and saying if he won anything in the sweep to keep it for the "Courier". Thanks for the thought Bill, shows you appreciate our efforts.

Freddie Otway wishing everybody well and saying he was quietly waiting to milk his bees. Thanks Fred, glad its you and not me with bees as all I ever seem to be is sting material.

Eddie Rowe, from Pine Creek, via Canungra, to say he is in the pink and wishing everybody well. Once again Eddie what about a long letter telling us about your family, etc.

From "Ning" McCaig wishing us success with the sweep and pointing out the correct spelling of his name. My apologies Ning. Will see that the matter is rectified one of these days.

"Shadow" Olde, from Canley Vale, N.S.W., to say good day to the mob and saying he had no worthwhile news to offer. Thanks "Shadow" glad to hear from you again.

Well, that takes care of the scribes who wrote to me briefly. Despite any of the remarks above please accept from me my heartfelt thanks for your assistance with the sweep and also to know you are still in the land of the living.

(Printed for the publisher by "The Swan Express," 10 Helena Street, Midland, W.A.)

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SPECIAL MENTIONS:

NOVEMBER MEETING

At Anzac Club on 7th (two nights after Bon Fire night). Be in it to hear "Joe" Burrridge discourse on his recent trip. A night to remember!

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

At South Perth Zoo on Sunday, 10th December, 1961. Paste this in your hat. Make certain you are available with Mum and the "Billy Lids".

NEW GUINEA. PAY-BACK

In place of "Historically Yours" this month we print here an article called "New Guinea Pay-Back," by Russell Clark, of Toronto, and as you read it you will, I think, be interested. (Ed.).

In war it is nothing unusual for a man to save the life of a pal. But to repay such a debt is not easy. The cards seldom fall that way. That is what makes this story so unusual.

It began early in 1944 when a U.S. fighter plane flown by Lt. Nelson Flack cut out on him. He put it down in the jungle. The landing stunned him. But, apart from a few minor injuries, he was safe—as safe as anyone can be lost, isolated, without food or water in jungle that is being patrolled by the Jap.

The first thing Flack did was to fire his plane so the Japs would not get it. He was groggy and sick. He had no way of knowing if anyone had seen him come down. He did the sensible thing. He waited for a while.

Within hours, an L-5—better known as a "Flying Jeep"—was buzzing around overhead. In the cockpit was Eugene Salitnik, of Alhambra, Cal., one of that precious little band who called themselves "Guinea Short Lines".

Their job was purely rescue work. They flew nothing but the tiny jeeps—slow, cheeky vest-pocket machines that could nose in and out of everything, including trouble.

Salitnik stooged around the burning plane. There was no one near it, and the open patch of kunai-covered ground where it lay was not suitable for making even a bad-risk landing.

Nearby, however, there was another spot that looked likely. The grass seemed reasonably level. Salitnik held his breath and nosed in.

The ground was not as level as it had seemed, and the grass was longer than it had looked. The wheels bumped. The grass tangled the plane's "undercart". And the next thing Salitnik knew, his "Flying Jeep" was lying on its back. Salitnik's troubles were just be-

ginning. For days he hunted for Flack. Then he found the kunai patch where Flack's burnt-out plane was lying. Other L-5's found him, then, and he signalled to them. They dropped food and supplies.

Salitnik laboriously tramped down enough of the long grass to make a reasonably safe landing-strip. Then another Californian "Short Line" pilot skidded in on it. But the strip was too short and too bumpy for him to get off with a passenger. So he took off again—alone.

Meanwhile Flack wandered in, sick and weary. Then another "Flying Jeep" tried for a landing. It ended up on its nose with one wing torn off. Now there were three men in trouble—and no way out except to walk.

The strip was not big enough or good enough for a larger plane to land. None of the three knew how to walk out, or where to go. Then the weather closed in.

Day after day they waited. Rain pelted down. Mosquitoes came in their trillions.

They sat in their miserable shelter discussing the situation back and forth. Food and drinking water were running short. Then the sky cleared and a plane came in over the trees.

Something dropped out of it and flowered into a parachute. The three men watched it.

There was a man dangling below it. He landed within 100ft. of them. They raced towards him.

He was an Australian Commando—Lt. Hendstridge—and he stood there grinning with his hand held out towards them. "Dr. Livingston I presume," he said, soberly.

For hours they bashed their way through all-but-impassable jungle in an attempt to find an emergency fighter strip which was located somewhere in the area. They found it, but it was in bad shape.

They decided that, rather than

risk cracking up another plane, they would hike on towards a spot where an Australian patrol might pick them up.

Hendstridge took over the leadership. This was his meat. He was expert at this sort of thing.

At the start of their journey they had only two days' rations. "And somehow," Salitnik said, "that guy made those two days' rations last for 10 days."

Trudging through New Guinea on a full stomach is hard enough. Walking on a perpetually empty stomach is a hideous nightmare of deadening exhaustion.

Their food ran out. They had eked it out with wild nuts, berries and fish—when they could catch fish. And when they caught fish they mostly had to eat them raw.

After about two weeks, they found natives. Hendstridge found one who understood pidgin English and talked to him for a while. "Capan-man, he come," the native said.

Hendstridge talked a little while longer, then turned to his comrades. "There's a Jap patrol coming after us," he said.

They knew what that meant. It meant that they would have to flog their weary, starved, lead-weighted limbs onwards.

They went on. For days past, Hendstridge had been troubled with tiny leeches in his eye. Salitnik tried to get them out, but could not shift them. And, even though they were becoming a torture, they had to be left there.

In all these days a resolve was growing in Salitnik's mind. Some day, somehow, if ever he got out of all this, he would pay back.

That was a native term—"pay back". You paid back good or evil with good or evil. If a man killed your brother you killed the man. If a man saved you, you hoped and watched for a chance to save him—or his brother.

For the last five or six days the four men had trudged along on feet that were blistered and bleeding and caked with mud. Their boots had completely rotted away. They had jungle sores all over their bodies. Every step they took was a torture.

Then, on their 21st day out, there was a slight noise ahead and they slid back into the jungle, and

waited. Some natives came around the bend in the track. They were the advance guard of an Australian patrol that had been trailing them for five days. Later the patrol itself arrived.

They were safe, but their journey was not over. The patrol brought the four men back by easy stages. They were weary beyond description, thin as rakes, dirty, unshaven, starved.

But none of them would accept any assistance, beyond food, water and medical attention. They would go in under their own steam, thank you. At the base, authority took over and put them all into hospital.

I suppose nothing much in the way of thanks was expressed between the four of them, because there are some things that are too big to be put into words. There are some things that fighting men just don't say to each other. They sound shallow and futile when you try to say them.

So Salitnik said nothing about the resolve he had made. It wasn't a thing you would talk about. He felt he owed a debt to some Australian—not the usual debt to be paid out of ordinary comradeship, but a special, personal debt. Some day, somewhere.

It was months later when that day came—the opportunity to pay back, the chance Salitnik had been waiting for.

Flying-Officer Harvey, RAAF, had been forced down in the jungle. He had been located and contacted from the air. Salitnik undertook—almost demanded—the job of guiding him in.

That job would not be easy. It would mean hunting for Harvey in the midst of thick jungle that looks like a tangle of green cotton wool from the air, finding a speck in an ocean of green. But Salitnik wanted the job—and he got it.

Every day for three weeks the American, in a Cub, contacted the Australian. The American dropped not only food and medical supplies, but also directions and signalling instructions. Those notes told how far the Australian was to travel by next day, what markers he was to set out for his aerial supporter. And one note said: "Be sure to take your atebirin."

Early in Salitnik's vigil his message said: "Take things easy and we will have you in in no time." The advice was impossible of acceptance, and the forecast was over optimistic.

For the Australian was having a dreadful ordeal.

He had been injured when he parachuted down. But after three days' walking he was so tired he had to rest every 20 minutes or so.

"It was hard going," he said.

"The creek I was following was terribly muddy. Sometimes, crossing it, I sank over my knees and had to lay my packs on the mud and crawl over them. The planes dropped me a dinghy and I put my stuff in it and hauled it along the creek."

"Next day I set off early, and although I had to carry my raft and supplies many times, I got a fair way before lunch. I saw a lot of crocodiles. One about 12ft. long rushed at me. I threw my big jungle knife and hit it on the head."

"Then I scrambled out of the raft and up the bank. It stopped on the edge of the creek and sidled off. After that I always kept my pistol on my lap when I paddled."

"The next day the planes dropped message No. 10. It read: 'How are things going, Harvey? Everything all right?' I just waved and they understood."

"Friday, June 23, was lucky. It could have been most unlucky."

"A big croc rushed at me in mid-stream. I splashed furiously, but that had no effect. When it was about a foot away I hit it on the snout with my paddle."

"It submerged and re-appeared a couple of seconds later. I thrust my paddle at it and, as it grabbed it and wrenched it from me, I put a shot down its throat. It went under."

"Then I got to the bank—pretty quick. I waited about 10 minutes then its snout appeared. It seemed to be dead, but I put a shot into its head just to make sure."

"Again about 10 minutes later, its whole head came to the top for a few seconds, then it sank. You can quote me as saying I was a bundle of nerves."

"I pushed on. Around noon I came across a small shelter, the remains of a fire (which did not

feel warm), a strip of blanket, half a sugar bag, and an elastic belt."

"I waited there for the planes. They dropped a message that said a patrol was setting off to meet me next day. I had a good rest that night."

"The next day I came across another deserted Jap camp. I investigated and was rewarded with a gold-mounted Jap sword, complete with blue and crimson sash. Twice, later in the day, I came across more evidence of Japs, and eluded three large crocs."

"Early next morning, I was again attacked by a croc. I shot him when he got within 18 inches. Later I came across another Jap shelter."

"Shortly after lunch I saw a Jap sitting under a palm shelter on the bank of the creek. When he saw me he called out in a pleading voice."

"I pointed my revolver at him. I didn't fire, because I had seen smoke rising from around the next bend. He lit out into the bush."

"Round the bend there was a small tent with a fire, but no sign of Japs. Thinking they might be waiting to snipe me, I swam past this on the far side of my dinghy, holding on to it and my revolver."

"Another croc attempted to attack me, but I put two shots into him. I had to shoot another one next morning."

"I saw another Jap walking high up on the bank of the creek. Later I heard singing, and on rounding the bend I saw two Japs outside a tent. Apparently they didn't see me."

"The planes came over with message No. 14. I had to laugh about that. It referred to crocodiles and told me they are easy to frighten off."

"On the morning of June 27 I got off to a good start. Half an hour later, however, I ran into terrific rapids. I skirted two, travelling through terrible undergrowth."

"Then I ran into a third—or, rather, was sucked into it. The raft went under. I could not make the bank. I was tossed and bashed around."

"Fortunately my two main packages floated and the rafe caught in some logs about half a mile downstream. The river flattened out

into a sluggish stream. My back and arms got very sore.

"I saw quite a few crocs, but they were only 5ft. or 6ft. long. Some of them followed me for a while but kept at a distance.

"Next day the planes dropped supplies. They fell into the river and Salitnik came back with another lot and a message to say they were not sending a patrol to meet me, as it would run into great difficulty.

"I was bitterly disappointed about that, but I guessed I could hold out for another five days—which was Salitnik's estimate of the time it would take me to reach the lake where a Walrus was to pick me up.

"On the morning of July 4, I got up early, walked about a quarter

of a mile through jungle, then struck the swamp around the edge of the lake. It was the hardest going of the whole trip. But it was a beautiful, beautiful swamp, because out there a Walrus was going to land, pick me up, and take me home.

"I inflated my dinghy and sat in it scanning the sky. The sun was beginning to sink before the Walrus hove in view.

"It circled a few times and I was dead scared it would be unable to land. Eventually it settled down.

"I paddled out to it. The first thing I saw as I got near was Salitnik's face.

"It had a great, beaming grin smeared all over it. I reckon that grin is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen."

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Committee meeting held at Bert Tobin's office, August 24, present, Jock Campbell, Bluey Southwell, Bill Tucker, Jim Wall, John Sheldrich (Adj. of No. 2 Commando Coy.), Johnny Roberts, Bert Tobin, George Kennedy, Harry Botterill.

Arrangements were made for our Melbourne Cup Sweep, getting tickets printed, finding out whether N.S.W. were wanting tickets again as W.A. had sent out tickets for their sweep. We sent word to Jack Hartley and he replied to send up tickets. The drawing night was set for Thursday, Nov. 2, and No. 2 Commando Coy Drill Hall in Ripponlea. Arrangements were made for catering for this night. This function has really developed into one of our best turn-outs and a good night is assured for all who can make it. Also set the date for the Annual General Meeting for Friday, Sept. 29, at Commando Drill Hall. Meeting closed approx. 10.30 and our thanks to Bert for making his office available.

The Annual General Meeting was duly held on Sept. 29. A very disappointing turnout, but quite a few apologies were received. It was good to see a new face, namely Charlie Brown, and we hope to see a lot of him in the future. The el-

ection of office bearers took place and the following were elected: Bruce McLaren, President; Harry Botterill, Alan Munro and Bernie Callinan, Vice Presidents; Jock Campbell, Secretary; Jim Wall, Treasurer; Bert Tobin, Auditor; Johnny Roberts, George Humphries, George Robinson, Bill Davidson, Ron Eastick, Bluey Southwell, Bert Tobin, George Kennedy, Committee. Some new blood here and there and we wish them all the best in their tasks for the coming year.

The Christmas party was discussed and arrangements made to have it at the usual place at the Bonbeach Life Saving Club, with Harry Botterill to go ahead with the buying of presents and books which are posted to the country kiddies each year. The date to be Saturday, Dec. 2, or failing this date, Dec. 9, but all will be notified later when date is affirmed with Bonbeach Club secretary.

The next committee meeting was set down for Tuesday, Nov. 14. All to be notified later. Meeting closed and then we partook of refreshments.

Was very sorry to hear that Max Davies had contacted hepatitis a while back. Really took the weight off him and he was a very sick boy,

but is feeling pretty good again. Good to hear it, Max, and we wish you all the best and hope you can keep that weight under control.

Arch Claney and wife still keeping the birth rate up. Had another set of twins, this makes six all told, two lots of twins girls and boys, also a boy and girl. Nice going Arch, and all the very best to you all on the farm.

Johnny Roberts has just moved into a new house at 75 Nicholson-st., East Coburg. That should keep you occupied for a while man.

Also Bill Roger-Davidson would like you to note his address is Flat 2, 7 Salisbury-st., Elsternwick. You are still sending the "Courier" to his old address.

Would like to recommend David Dexter's volume of New Guinea Offensive, official war history, to anybody who has not read this. It's a terrific book and a wonderful credit to Dex. He has put together some great actions in New Guinea in a very down to earth and easy to read way, not the usual history of dates and bull one comes to expect in these volumes. He must have

put a lot of time in compiling the book because every bit of it has to be checked and rechecked for authenticity.

Ron Eastick has recently changed jobs. He is now working for F. F. Brunning and is an out of doors man on bowling greens, ovals, golf clubs, working on the relaying of greens, etc. Likes it very much and the way he looks it agrees with him.

Cut out a piece from "Black and white" (a column in our "Herald") and quote: "Miss Vivian Leigh says she is also thrilled with the paintings she brought here. She already owns Russell Drysdale's, and says she is 'mad' about Australian artists. Says she bought a coloured drawing (of dancing girls) by James Wigley and an oil (of a girl cleaning fish) by Sam Fulbrook." Sounds very much like our Sam as I believe he went in for painting in a big way and if it is, all the best to him, and I hope he sells lots more.

That's all the news I have for the present so until next time all the best. —HARRY BOTTERILL.

Random Harvest

TED LOUD, of Forests Dept., Pemberton, writes:—

Enclosing sweep butts and £4, the extra two quid to go to my subs or whatever you like. Hope the sweep is a great success.

Was called to Perth about a month ago by the Repat for an operation on my foot, but after spending a week in Hollywood they decided not to operate as further surgical treatment might mess it up altogether. So I had a few extra days in Perth and was very pleased to meet quite a few of the boys and have quite a few beers and earbashes with Ray Aitken, Col Doig, Ron Kirkwood, Eddie Craighill and Dave and Jimmy Ritchie. It was quite a treat to meet them and see them looking so well. Haven't struck Alec Thomson for about eight or nine months but hear he is still very well at Dunsborough.

There isn't much news down in this neck of the woods. Plenty of

rain and very cold and I'm still working pretty hard as an overseer in the Forestry Dept.

Wishing you all the very best of luck.

JOAN HAMILTON-SMITH, writes:

Herewith £2 and raffle butts. I ought to warn you that if you're expecting any news from the Hamilton-Smith's bread winner you'll be waiting a long time. In fact during our marriage ceremony the thought uppermost in my mind was: "Will he write his name or sign it with an X?" Actually looking at the document now it's a cross between the two.

I read with interest the account of the ambush of the Singapore Tiger. I should most definitely say that George had something to do with it as shooting is still his favourite pastime—shooting bull that is. He must have shot every bull within a radius of 100 miles

and stored their dust up for future use. I'm always buying new brushes and dustpans.

We don't see many ex-Commandos down here. Saw Terry Paull a couple of years ago. Gordon Rowley paid a brief visit. Of course Norman Douglas is still going strong and has a nice wife and four children, various cats, countless budgerigars, plenty of assets. Actually he made the transition from guns to hammers very well. He's like Gandi, believes in passive resistance. When some of his more difficult lady clients give him advice as to the way they want their house built Norman nods his head and agrees with them and then does it the way he was going to do it in the first place anyway. Mr. Patrick Kenneally would do well to take a leaf out of the same book.

We are hoping to come to Perth for the Games next year but if we are going to make it we'll either have to give up eating or wearing clothes for the next 12 months to finance it.

TOM YATES, of 224 Kyogle Road, Kyogle, N.S.W., writes:—

I put off writing this letter in hopes that I would find something to write about, but I am afraid that I have been unsuccessful. During the past year I have been living the same quiet life as usual and I'm afraid that I have nothing that I can add to your collection of news.

With the ticket butts I am enclosing a postal note for £1. I'll leave it up to you to put the extra 10/- to the section which you think best suited.

Many thanks to the Association for the "Courier" which I have received during the past years. It has been my main source of information on what has been happening with the old mob.

With regards and best wishes to the mob over there.

REG HARRINGTON, of "Ainaro," Wyening, writes:—

Herewith sweep butts. I hope they arrive in time. Also find cheque to cover same plus any arrears in subs or to whatever you see fit.

It seems to be years since my scribble has been in evidence in

your mail. I'm a past master at not writing letters.

Well, I'm a bit like the proverbial paper-hanger at the present. Have just invested in a few pigs and am flat out getting things set up for them. I'm afraid I put the cart before the horse and bought the pigs before building the house, etc. However they only spent one cold night.

Shearing is the next move. We are due to kick up on Monday. It's a bad show too starting on a Monday. It interferes with golf. Had a nice weekend of golf this weekend past, at Northam. It looks like I might have disposed of another stroke which will bring the handicap to 15, along with a wife and six kids and lack of ability.

The season looks like turning out fairly well so far. I only hope it carries on that way as I have spent a couple of thousand trillions on the strength of it, buying a new header and utility, then at exactly 450 miles poked the ute's nose in on the back of a car. Fortunately was still sticking to the prescribed 50 m.p.h. and had 20 ft. to see that the other chap had stopped. That is the first dent in a lot of years of driving, but hope not to make a habit of it.

While I'm afraid I am not much help by way of providing material for it, I must say how much I enjoy reading "Historically Yours". The episode of the Singapore Tiger took place very close to where I well remember lying in a peanut patch counting heads as they went by, in company with Jerry Haire, Jack Spencer, Jack Hanson, Blue Wilkes, Tom Martin and a couple of others I can't recall. We had been on the Daralau O.P. when we sighted a team of our very good friends approaching from Dilli direction so immediately decided to give them a little more room and retired back towards Remexio where Jerry set us up at that little low wall where we were want to sit and spell awhile and that was as much room as he intended them to have. Having set us up covering the track Jerry decided that there might have been a better spot that we passed so went to investigate. This was all at the time when we were under instructions not to shoot if it could be avoided. In the meantime the

little gentlemen had made the same encircling move as on the previous occasion and before Jerry had arrived back were wiping their boots at our back door. The two Jacks and myself had a whispered conference and decided to walk straight into them when a dozen or so had got around the corner. We were the only ones available at that area. However Jerry arrived back so we ducked over the side and lay down looking as much like a peanut plant as possible and counted heads as they went by. Jack Spencer came close to giving the show away by giggling at an old boong who was squatting down with his spear between his legs. Jack's imagination was taking reign a bit and he was wondering what sort of take off the old fellow would produce if the lead started to fly. If I remember right there were 60 or 90 odd heads went by and there being seven of us only, I doubt that he would have stayed out in front for long.

Another episode at Remexio that might fill a chapter if one Harold Thomas Newton could be prevailed upon to narrate it, was the day when the scare was on a market day. There was a Portuguese there with a long flowing beard. Immediately the scare was on the old chappie decided on a fast trip to the east end of the island and didn't stop to pack a bag. However the clothes line met him under the chin and dropped him on the broad of his back where he lay for some time still running so fast he could not get up. When he did he was in full stride till a shot went off and he improved on that. The said Harold Thomas dropped to the bottom of a great deep pit and near broke his leg and had a hell of a job to climb out when things had quietened down. Using all his training he was making his stealthy way back and when he went to cock his Tommy gun found it was already cocked. The shot that was fired was when he passed a bush. It had pulled the cocking-handle far enough back to engage a slug and had provided his own sound effects.

I must once again commend you boys from the big smoke for the way you are keeping the memory of events such as these alive. It

may not sound funny on paper, but just writing about this one gave me a good laugh. It is only by reading the "Courier" and seeing articles by and about the boys, that these memories live.

ALFREDO DOS SANTOS, 19 Goodchap Street, Surry Hills, writes:

I received your letter and tickets. I am sending money for the tickets and also £2 for fees and "Courier" (that I enjoy reading). I hope it will help.

I sometimes see these mates: Curly O'Neil, Jim English, N. Buck, Jack Hartley, Kevin Curran, and Frank Press. I also had a very pleasant visit to Victoria Barracks with Capt. Cardy and Frank O'Neil. Best regards to all.

BOB WILLIAMSON, of 2 Goldsworthy Crescent, Nth. Glenelg, S.A., writes:—

Please accept my most abject apologies. I have just discovered the tickets here, as yet unsold, and I have noticed the closing date. I have sold very few so have taken the rest myself. The cheque is enclosed. If they are too late for inclusion in the draw, accept the cheque as a donation with my best wishes, and I will refund to my mates the price of the few tickets I sold. I most sincerely regret this, as it was my intention this year to get them back pronto.

I will drop a line to the "Courier" shortly. Next time I will get the butts back like a flash.

BILL BENNETT, of 18 South Creek Road, Dee Why, N.S.W., writes:

Find enclosed sweep butts and a cheque for £2. I am probably away behind in subs so please use the extra quid to help bring me up to date.

Sorry to be so late returning butts, but for the last few weeks have not had much time for anything, as my mother, who is 73 years old, has had a very serious operation and even yet we do not know whether she will come out O.K. Naturally I have been terribly worried and not very interested in other things.

As for myself, wife and two children, we are all well and now waiting to see how my son acquits himself in the intermediate exam.

Contrary to what Ron Trengrove wrote, I do not make many millions profit from the poker machines (cursed things). Just had a lucky run on Anzac Day.

RON SPRIGG, of 60 Hill Street, Albany, writes:—

A few lines along with the sweep butts. Seems to be my only effort nowadays, but that does not mean I do not appreciate the "Courier". I think it does a marvelous job.

Am afraid was not able to attend the summoned meeting, so am sending an extra fiddly with the sweep money as my penalty. Do hope the evening was a huge success.

I've applied for my holidays to commence the middle of September and take in the Royal Show, and if successful will be down there with a friend from Mt. Barker to assist with his cattle. Not having seen a Royal Show since 1936 am looking forward to it. Also should see a number of the boys.

Everybody fit in my part of the world, apart from the usual family sniffles, etc.

Wish you every success with the sweep.

I copped an extra tax on receipt of sweep tickets. Am wondering how many got caught.

BOB PALMER, of Cowaramup, writes:—

Running against time again with the sweep butts but they should arrive before the dead-line.

I didn't make the annual Re-Union as you are probably well aware. A bad time of the year for me. The family wanted me to make the effort and go as Barb can do the jobs as well as I can, but a bit risky as far as engine failures and such like are concerned. The S.E.C. is likely to be through this way in a year or so which will make it a little easier to get away. As it is I have resolved to go next year already.

Haven't seen many of the old show during the last year or so. Did have a visit from G. P. Rowley earlier in the year and that boy can sure use a chain saw. Lost a few gallons of sweat showing me how they could cut.

Not long after that visit I had word that D. R. Fullarton was at

our local club for a couple of hours only. It finished up with Doug staying the night—or what was left of it—and half the next day. Was great to see them both again even though my young hopefuls must have worried Doug to death.

Eric Smyth was out to see us towards the end of last year and I gave him a snap for Merv Ryan.

The only other contact with anyone was a note I had handed to me at the club the other night from Alex Thompson. Sorry to have missed him.

Well that is enough to try your eyes for this time. Will enclose a cheque for £3. You can credit some to subs to bring me up to date or donate to general funds.

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

Herewith sweep butts and cheque for £3—for explanation see Bill Drage's letter as per "Courier".

Best wishes for a successful sweep with the added hope that the prizes go to those in most need.

Sorry I didn't make the Re-Union, reason, same as last year. Alf Hillman says it is becoming quite a habit. However we think our family is complete now.

It is a pity that this year's Country Convention could not have been held at Katanning to coincide with the Festival of the Fleece that is being conducted at the end of October. I did not suggest it as accommodation would be pretty hopeless. If any of our members are desirous of spending the week, or part of same, here, they would be well advised to book early. An accommodation committee has the job well under control—believe they are arranging for 2,000 beds for visitors.

As you probably know, the week will take in the shows of Gnowangerup, Kojanup, Wagin and Katanning, plus a non-stop variety programme.

Looks as though we will be shearing during the Royal Show again. We have an invitation to the opening of the new R. & I. Bank in Perth—unlikely that we will get there, however.

Write to Your Editor:

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Box T1646,