



# 2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

(Registered at the G.P.O. Perth, for transmission by post as a periodical)

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

Vol. 15. No. 147.

FEBRUARY, 1961

Price 1d.

## Editorial

### THE PROBLEM OF YOUTH EMPLOYMENT

Many members throughout Australia will be becoming increasingly aware of the problem of finding situations for their children. The whole problem of youth employment has prompted this Editorial. The thoughts that follow are not meant to be taken dogmatically but they do spring from the writer's fairly lengthy experience in trying to place youth in suitable employment.

When a child comes to that stage in life that he or she is about to think of leaving school and seek employment that child has definitely reached a most crucial time in its life. If the parents and the children have left the problem of employment up in the air until school leaving looms up then they are in for plenty of trouble. Position-seekers should know within fairly well defined limits just what sort of job they want.

The problem of what sort of position a child desires has got to be faced at least two years before leaving school. This has got to be faced up to by both parents and children. Practically every school in Australia now has a guidance officer attached either on a full time or part time basis on the staff. These people are trained to measure a child's capacity for further study or to give advice on the aptitudes of the child in the various forms of employment. Although

this writer does not go all the way with these guidance officers they do offer, along with sound common sense on the part of the parent, a better degree of selection than can be achieved by rushing at the situation like a bull at a gate.

To digress a moment. In the present employment set-up the call is most definitely for higher education with special emphasis on University study or degree and diploma courses of all kinds. If your child has the capacity for greater learning then in his own and the national interest, you should try and get him or her the fullest journey along the road. Jobs at the bottom are one of the scarcest commodities at the present time and the call is all the time for trained brains. Then it must be remembered if your child has not the capacity for greater study and the examinations in 1st, 2nd and 3rd year post primary should reveal this to the parent and it is useless trying to turn geese into swans by forcing a child to try and take matriculation examinations when he or she would be much better spending valuable years in learning a trade or getting basically into a suitable job at the right employable age. Always remember employers like to get plain raw material which they have to train at the cheapest possible price and that is as soon after the normal school leaving age as pos

To return to the main theme of this article. Once a child knows largely what it wants in the way of a situation then this must be pursued with tenacity using all available means to get the right job. The Commonwealth Employment Service Youth Employment Section is one avenue and this should be exploited if only to get the benefit of vocational guidance officers who are more in touch with general employment than the guidance officers attached to schools. Probably the situations vacant portion of the daily press offers the greatest scope but an important point to remember is that in most States the completion of the school year and the annual close down of many employment prospects is unfortunately at the same time of the year. Many children come on the labour market at a time when employers are most reluctant to even think about next year's labour requirements. As a result of this many children take the best job offering at the time, irrespective of whether it is within their most desirable field. Later in the year, around late March to June, really good types of jobs come up for filling and they more often than not go to inferior material.

Parents can assist their children here by not being insistent on early employment on leaving school. After all it is better to send your child back to school for a term or portion of a term so that he or she is more available for a position which is suited to the talent.

It has been constantly noted that once a boy or girl goes to a position especially if it has been difficult to obtain, they are reluctant to leave to better themselves and that is why this article says make haste slowly in taking an initial position it may be this will be a lifetime job.

When a child's job seeking progressive dressing is not in the best interests of the applicant. We all know that the rebellion against school uniforms takes place as soon as a child leaves school and it usually results in the selection of the most progressive of clothing that is the current fashion at this time. Remember the person to whom your child may be applying for a job has got all this out of his or her system many years ago and

conveniently forgets that he or she once acted this way themselves and is only guided by the current newspaper reports on "larrakin," "bodgie," "Teddy Boys" or what have you that appear to the detriment of this type of dress.

To sum up let me put it to you this way:—

1. Take a keen interest in your child's education, especially in the years at high school.
2. Decide early with the assistance of head masters and guidance officers, what your child is best fitted to do.
3. Err a bit on the side of higher education as that is the great requirement of the moment.
4. Don't ever err on the education as if exams show that your child is not suited for further study get the best advice as to his or her potential and get a firm idea of the desires and pursue it relentlessly.
5. Don't let your child leave school with a hazy idea of what it requires. A child with a goal in mind will in most instances, achieve it. No goal—plenty trouble.
6. Don't rush in at the end of the school year and take the first job offering, this is the BAD employment time and the months just before winter are usually the best. It has been shown over and over that children rarely change from their initial placement. A further investment in a few more months at school until a good employment proposition shows up will pay dividends. This cost will be negligible.

As stated earlier this article is not to be treated dogmatically as the be all and end all of employment but it may give you a few useful pointers in handling a problem which will be coming to most parents shortly.

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## 'West Australian Whisperings

### Committee Comment

The usual management committee meeting was held at Anzac Club on Tuesday, Feb. 21.

There was, as usual, an excellent attendance of committee members. Unfortunately our hard working Secretary, Jack Carey, was absent for the first time for many months owing to an accident.

The financial position was noted as being quite healthy for this time of the year as with all outstanding accounts paid the balance in the general account was in excess of £150. The Treasurer reported that the sweep showed a profit of £225 for this year.

The Committee decided that a donation of £10 should be made to the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund for Fire and Flood Victims.

Many useful suggestions were put forward for the better conduct of the Anzac Day March and one in particular by Bob Smythe to have an electric metronome at the end of each street in the march, namely St. George's Terrace, William St., and Riverside Drive, should do away with the awful bogey of break of step with the various bands. This metronome would be a light that rose and fell at the required beat of say 110 paces per minute and would be visible to all drummers in the various bands, thus keeping them in the one time. It was decided to refer this suggestion to the R.S.L. Executive.

A short discussion took place on the form of the Anzac Day Re-Union in view of the changed character of the day in this State as result of the recent poll of Sub-Branches. All were agreed that they could see no useful purpose would be served by changing our method at this stage. So Anzac Day will be celebrated by the 2 Bar 2 as of yore.

Committee members were more than satisfied with the result of the first monthly meeting at Anzac House and thought the impromptu evening owing to failure to get a picture show, turned out very well. Members were most pleased with

the progress of the area in Kings Park and were now certain that a victory could be won in this area, if not fully this year then for certain next year.

It was decided that the Secretary write to the various Country Vice Presidents concerned regarding the best time and venue for a Country Convention.

The meeting closed at 10 p.m.

### Association Activities

#### FEBRUARY MEETING

Owing to unforeseen difficulties it was not possible to obtain a picture show for the February meeting held at Anzac Club on the 7th. It was decided to start off with a general sort of a meeting and let it develop. Develop it did!

It was wonderful to welcome people whom we had not seen for a long while, such as Jim Corney, Herbie Thomas, Ray Aitken, Rocky Williams and most particularly Jerry Maley who has now returned to W.A. after a long sojourn in Victoria. (More on these chaps in "Personalities".)

John Burridge started the meeting off by asking what the Association had in mind for the fairly large funds on hand. This was booted about for a while and referred to the Committee to have a further looksee. Jerry Maley gave quite a long resume on the way the Association worked in Victoria and all present were happy to hear that this was such a closely knit little set-up with its present strong affiliation with the 2nd Commando Company C.M.F. in that State.

A discussion then took place on the area in Kings Park and a working bee was fixed for Sunday, Feb. 19, to do a little more planting of the more sparse areas and to rake the dead bark and leaves from the more thickly leaved areas. Mr. Burridge and Mr. Aitken each donated a bag of fertilizer to be spread on the area, for which they were smartly thanked.

Ray Aitken was asked to give a brief talk on Primary Education which was much appreciated as it

was given only as Ray can give such a talk and was full of meat and sensible suggestions for parents.

This meeting broke with precedent in that in addition to the usual keg we had to get some soft stuff for our two "on the square" boys in Herbie Thomas and Jim Corney. Good on you Jim and Herbie, it is a good start and we hope it will encourage more of our teetotal lads to attend.

### MARCH MEETING

This will be a Carpet Bowls Night at Anzac Club on March 7. Association Championship is involved so come along all you would be bowlers and show us how good you are. We should get a good muster for this if the present interest of members in lawn bowls is any indication. Mick Calcutt, Kev Waddington, Fred Gardiner, Fred Napier, "Rusty" Studdy, "Slim" James, are a few who spring to mind as regular pennant bowlers in one grade or another. Can't recall who is the present holder of the title but it probably is Ron Kirkwood.

### ANZAC DAY

Arrangements for Anzac Day will be as in the past, namely the laying of a wreath by the Association at the Dawn Service, participation in the March and Service on the Esplanade commencing at 9.30 a.m. and then the Re-union at 16th Bn. Drill Hall after the march off. **Medals should be worn** as in the opinion of this writer this is the one day that the Association reverts to its function as a Unit and we should definitely show this proudly by marching behind our banner with medals at the high port. Get them out and dust them off ready for a good day.

### EMPIRE GAMES RE-UNION

Gerry Maley gave the impression that quite a few of the lads from Victoria would be making the trip to Perth all things being equal and this was heartening news. It will present a great opportunity for a grand Re-union if we can get a good interstate representation.

Preparations for the Games are going along apace. The City of Perth have released plans of what

the completed stadium will comprise and it looks really something. The actual work at the stadium site is feverish. The central oval contained inside the quarter mile track has had hundreds of tons of loam worked into it and is in the process of being seeded with couch grass and it is expected to be grassed in nine or ten weeks time. The actual track has been "boxed" ready to receive the cinders base and the special surface. This will not be done for a while yet as experiments are still taking place to determine the best material for surfacing to make certain that this will be one of the best tracks in the world. Reports have it that this stadium will out rival the famous "Santee" circuit in Dublin where Herb Elliott and Alby Thomas put up such phenomenal times. A special "warm up" track of a quarter mile is situated right behind the main stadium and should make for good conditioning of athletes and be good for actual organisation of the various meetings.

The clearing of the village site is complete and the laying of roads well under way. The competition for architecture of the actual houses closes any day now and the housing is to be completed by June 1962, well in time for the Games in Nov.-Dec. and not too soon to have them despoiled by vandals.

The Chevron-Hilton Hotel is under way and the demolition of old buildings to make way for the new City Hall is to start any day now.

It is understood that box plans for various events will open shortly and the committee in this State will keep this well in mind and be ready to make provisional bookings as soon as possible for the more attractive programmes.

You will be further advised monthly of the progress of this great function and by now you should be aware of what this Association is prepared to do. Remember:—

1. We are prepared to billet interstate and country visitors who have not been able to make other arrangements. By this it is meant if you are already arranged to stay with relatives or friends then you are O.K. It is the others we will look after.

2. We will make advance book-

ings for the events at which it is considered desirable to make such bookings owing to their popular appeal and consequent difficulty to arrange from a distance. It is to be clearly understood that these must be purchased from the Association and are **not on the house**.

3. Entertainment will be provided to make your stay as enjoyable as possible and provide as much of the Re-union atmosphere as is commensurate with an enjoyment of the Games themselves which will always be accepted as the primary object.

These are the three major points and will assist intending visitors to have a cheap and magnificent holiday and happy Re-union. If you can see your way clear to give early advice of your intention of coming all things being equal then you will assist the organisers in a big way. We look forward to a few letters on the subject.

## Personalities

Geoff Laidlaw after a stay of 6½ years in W.A. has been transferred to Melbourne as manager of Ampol in Southern Victoria and this is a big rise for him. We would like to congratulate Geoff on his promotion and wish him luck in his new position. Here is the opportunity for the Victoria Branch to grab a new member. Had a couple of beers with "The Bull" and he was happy about the promotion but said he was sorry in a lot of ways to leave W.A. where he had a very happy time, made a lot of friends, got his foot firmly on the ladder of promotion and enjoyed the fishing. Just another one of the gang on the way up.

Jerry Maley has returned to W.A. and has gone into business with his brother in an Ampol Service Station. He has enrolled his lad, Anthony, at Modern to complete his education and he will be under the fatherly eye at this school of another of the Jerry's in Jerry Haire. Jerry looks extra fit and it was real good to see him come along to a meeting as soon as he arrived. Having done great work for the Association in both N.S.W. and Victoria we most sin-

cerely welcome him to W.A., think ing our gain is Victoria's loss but they have gained Geoff Laidlaw.

Jim Corney told me at the February meeting that on medical advice he has given up work and is now on the retired list. Hope this means that Jim will now become a regular at monthly meetings as he is one of the nicest blokes I know and always a pleasure to yarn with him. Hope your health gets right back to normal with your retirement, Jim.

Another of the boys on the move is "Rocky" Williams who has departed for Sydney. N.S.W. here is your chance of another member. "Rocky" is with D.C.A. as a foreman boat builder and it is in this capacity that he goes to Sydney. Good luck "Rocky" and thanks for all you have done for us in this State.

Good to see "Herbie" Thomas at one of our monthly meetings. Herb lives at Medina and finds it a bit more than difficult to get up to Perth for meetings. Says he will try and be in it as often as possible. On the square and looking the better for it, too.

Ray Aitken managed to make the last meeting and added to the enjoyment with a good discourse on education problems. Also managed to assist the Editor with a bit of factual stuff for "Historically Yours!"

Saw Robbie Rowan-Robinson briefly the other day as he was down in the Big Smoke for a directors' meeting of Wesfarmers. Said his boy had done well in the recent University Junior Examination, getting eight subjects under great difficulties as he was ill in bed with a minor form of paralysis during the exam. and found writing difficult. A great performance Robbie, and you should be rightfully proud of the lad. Robbie himself had a most unenviable experience recently on a trip down to Perth. He was bitten by something or other, as yet undefined and finished up being rushed to hospital having adrenalin pumped into him. Legs and arms swollen up, throat muscles restricted and unable to talk. Chest seemed about to burst. Said next morning he was O.K. but a damned frightening experience. Robbie was to

give a talk on Timor to the local Rotary Club at Bridgetown and took advantage of the opportunity to borrow the film "Men of Timor" to add colour to his talk.

Arthur Marshall has made his usual pilgrimage to the Big Smoke for the annual Country Week Cricket and to time of writing was doing extra well. The first day he took seven wickets for eight and four for 24 and after three games had taken 24 wickets at next to nothing. Pretty good for a 40 year old. He was also getting his fair share of runs. Had not actually contacted the "Marsh" but hope that is a treat in store.

Noticed the name of Hasson among the run-getters with Wongan-Ballidu and think it is probably Jack of that ilk and wish him bundles of luck if it is. Just shows that quite a few of the lads still capable of a bit of good sport despite increasing amo-domini.

Eric Smyth was in town recently but once again was unlucky and could not contact him. He rang me but unfortunately was in the throes of an interview and he could not wait.

Don Young rang me the other day. He was down in Perth and staying at the Rivervale Hotel. Had contacted "Dutchy" Holland and was furiously arranging a minor reunion at the Rivervale for the next night. Couldn't make it personally but hope Don was able to get a few of the boys together. Cunning Alec the "Youngie" arranging a neck oil party at his own dung-hill. All he had to do was stagger off to bed, the rest of the gang would have to get home.

Don Turton, now the proud owner of a Falcon station wagon, recently purchased. Probably reckons that after quite a few years in Land Rovers a bit of ultra comfort is desirable.

Sorry to hear Fred Napier is back in hospital at Hollywood again with

his leg. Fred has had a long, long bundle of strife with that leg and we sincerely hope this time he gets a cure. Any of you mob who have any time should head down to Hollywood and see him.

It is with regret that we report that Jack Carey has had an accident and broke a small bone in the shoulder. We all wish you a speedy recovery, Jack.

Would like to hear from Mal Herbert with regard to his recent trip to Tasmania. I did notice that Mal did quite well with the rifle being well up with the big gang of outstanding shooters.

Rumour has it that Isobel Servante has recently remarried. If this be a fact we add our felicitations to all others.

It seems that some of the boys have traded Owen guns for spearguns. While spending the long weekend down the southwest Bill Epps bumped into Joe Poynton and Roy Watson one day at the Caves House Joe and Roy were with a bucks party camping out and doing a bit of spear fishing while Bill and his family were with friends at Galway Bay. So far we haven't heard how Joe and Roy fared but Bill claims it was a holiday and a half as he and his son brought home quite an assortment of fish.

### Heard This?

"Did you give Anne that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?" asked the father.

"Yes," replied mother, "and she is writing to the author suggesting a score of corrections and the addition of two new chapters."

\* \* \*

Mother (putting Sonny to bed): "Shhh—the sandman is coming."

Sonny: "A penny, Mum, and I won't tell Pop."

### SPECIAL MENTIONS:

#### APRIL 25 — ANZAC DAY

Get a leave pass and remember, wear those medals

#### APRIL MEETING

RIFLE SHOOT AT ANZAC CLUB

## Random Harvest

**HARRY BELL, of Wentworth Chambers, 180 Phillip St., Sydney, writes:—**

Would you be good enough to address my copies of the "Courier" as above in lieu of old address. I have left the latter address but hope to continue receiving the "Courier".

I'm sure you don't mind my borrowing snippets of news for the N.S.W. Commando News.

With best wishes to your Association—and to my old O.C. (2/9 Sqn.) Major Nesbit, not to mention Arch Campbell (who was at Training Squadron in my time, likewise Alf Hillman). They're unlikely to remember me but maskee that.

### "LEST WE FORGET"

#### FEBRUARY

Airey, Pte. Donald H., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 21.

Alford, Pte. Frank J., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 21.

Gannon, Sig. B. I., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 29.

Lane, Pte. A. J., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 21.

Murray, Pte. R. H., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 23.

Pollard, Pte. J. A., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 22.

Simpson, Cpl. J. F., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 36.

Walker, S/Sgt. J. W., died as a P.O.W., Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 23.

Chalmers, Pte. R., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 23.

Chiswell, Sgt. G. A., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 23.

Stanton, Pte. C. L., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 22.

Marriott, Pte. H. W., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 35.

Hogg, Pte. K. T., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 22.

Crowder, Pte. F. T., killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 25.

Alexander, Pte. R. G. Killed in action, Timor, Feb. 20, 1942. Age 24.

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

**W. H. ROWAN-ROBBINSON, of Bridgetown, writes:—**

Little pieces of news have come to hand over the last few months, so, now having recovered from my holidays, I will pass them on.

Going back to November. The day before our local show Gordon Rowley was up at the show-ground selecting a space to demonstrate his chain saws the following day. None other than Don Murray was to be seen wandering up and down the footpath outside "The Bridgetown" on the same day. Gordon and I had to forcefully carry him in, Don protesting all the time. It was pretty late when we left.

A week later I ran into Tom Crouch at Manjimup show but did not have much of a chat with him. Said things had never been better so I hope they stay like that with you, Tom.

Langridge and family were up here for New Year's Eve. One of the boys was a bit off at the time but others, including the twins, were all well. Bernie is looking somewhat thinner but perhaps the better for it.

Next day my family journeyed to the house and home of George Timms who is farming in the Kojonup area. We had a great day as it is some time since I had seen him and his six children. We drove round most of his property, had a good chat, and it was after dark when we left. The children having had a swim in the dam and played tennis in the evening. George is running wethers with a few fat cattle, and growing a few oats to help fill the local bin. Takes quite an interest in local affairs which include shooting roos to pay for the local hall, playing tennis in the local club and is captain of the Bush Fire Brigade (complete with radio).

While on holiday in Perth I was helping the "man over the fence" put down some concrete in the back yard when who should turn up with his ready mix truck but none other than George Strickland. He looked well and invited me to join the boys that afternoon, it being Saturday. Unfortunately I had other engagements so could not

make it. I understand business is going well with him.

That is about all the news. The children wish me to thank all concerned for the Christmas presents.

**B. J. "Peter" BARDEN, of 6GN, Geraldton, writes:—**

First of all I must apologise for not writing for quite some time, but I must say I was disappointed when two letters I wrote about happenings in these parts at the latter stage of 1960 did not appear. Anyhow, now that I have resumed writing you can expect regular letters from me again. First of all my 11 year old son Rex wishes to say a sincere "thank you" for your splendid Christmas present. Please find enclosed a couple of "smackers" for my subscriptions.

I spoke to Wilf March the other day (he was enjoying a "quickie" with his wife in one of Geraldton's nine hotels) and he says they are liking our fair town. Wilf is Assistant Manager of Geraldton Newspapers Ltd., publishers of a tri-weekly newspaper (we also have a weekly newspaper), and we are looking forward to his presence at our monthly R.S.L. meetings as we are hopeful of winning the Colonel Collett Cup for the fourth consecutive year. This is awarded for the best country Sub-Branch in W.A., and we made it a record by winning it for the third time in as many years last year. With such an impressive record in an official capacity in the 2/2nd Association Wilf can't help but be a valuable acquisition to our Sub-Branch.

I hope to see some of you when in Perth next month. We will be travelling to Perth on March 22 and will spend 16 days' vacation at Claremont.

Syd McKinley, who has been at Cocos Island with Shell, recently spent several days in Geraldton, and Jack Denman, Eric Smyth and myself had an enjoyable re-union with Syd. He looked well and was moving on soon after for relief duty at Esperance.

Eric Smyth as usual, performed well at the yatching regatta at Cockburn Sound recently, and also tried out Rolly Tasker's famous yacht. Eric assured me that he was in no way responsible for Rolly's yacht "falling to pieces"—as

the press put it. In fact, Eric said the yacht was not damaged at all; that newsmen saw it when part of the boat was dismantled and jumped to conclusions.

I understand there was quite a re-union of "double red diamond" types at one of Geraldton's beach camps during the Christmas period. They were the guests of Bernie Giles and his wife, but because of prior engagements Jack Denman, Eric Smyth and myself were unable to be in the fun. I spoke to Bernie and his wife the other day and they appear to be enjoying good health. I often say "hello" to Nip Cunningham, and he too, is "in the pink".

Well, I must be off now to broadcast my bulletin of regional news. Kind regards to all the boys.

**PADDY WILBY, c/- P. Swain, Durong, Queensland, writes:—**

From time to time our Editor and Committee men have asked us for ideas for the Big Shivoo of 62. Here's one. How about a tug-o-war in some secluded picnic spot during the Empire Games. East versus West or some other arrangement along similar lines. In my travels I've seen some strapping blokes, namely Jim Fenwick, Kev Curran, Cliff Paff, Jerry McKenzie, and many others who have been grazing in good paddocks. I'd never make the weight but could make them pull by jabbing them with a pin. I'll sign off now and give you a chance to either absorb or throw this balderdash in the waste paper basket where it rightfully belongs, but you can rest assured that I'll be back again next month with another issue. I'll give you something to go crook about.

**A Later Letter from Paddy says:—**

Sorry to annoy you sand gropers but you asked for it. This article is mostly about Lofty Hooper and Oil. As you all know Lofty is Mayor of Roma where currently there is a lot of interest in oil drilling and natural gas wells.

I was out at Roma about 18 months ago and ran into Lofty. I was looking around for a job cutting cypress pine. He battled around for me and lined up a two million foot cut for me, but as I didn't have my own transport and chain saw with me at the time I

missed out as the bloke wanted an immediate starter. I'd left my old Brums in the bush. Oh, well, bad luck.

That night I met him at the local and had a few ales. It's a funny thing when I'm in a pub I get hazy. I forget things. I don't know what is the reason for that. It must be the cigarette smoke, but I think he said he was going to stand for Parliament, and damned if I know what party he had his sights on. Anyhow it's immaterial as this paper isn't interested in politics. He has a bit of a job to get the locals interested in civil defence matters, probably in the same boat as Jack Denman.

Lately out at Roma district they are sinking holes all over the place and the prospects of striking oil are very encouraging. The Queensland Government are very interested in this as the State gets a percentage cut out of any oil found, and such moneys would go into the betterment of roads, railways and other public utilities, so they tell us.

A news flash has just come over. They have struck natural gas at Tara and the gas is rushing 75 feet in the air up the oil drilling derrick. An encouraging sign for oil.

Roma is about 100 miles west of my shack and Tara is about 120 miles south east of Roma, that should give you a pretty clear picture of where everything is.

The authorities have envisaged a plan of pumping this natural gas to Brisbane and have feeding stations for towns en route. That is when a suitable supply is located. Some thing like that Yallourn-Melbourne pipe line.

Hoop is as big as a house—no rotunda, and youthful looking. The years have treated him well by all accounts.

You may wonder why I am do-

ing all this writing, well it has been raining cats and dogs for days. I'm flood-bound and a bloke has to do something to pass the time away. There's not a decent book in the camp hence the scribble. Anyhow my pay goes on just the same.

**PETER MANTLE, of P.O. Box 120, Biloela, Queensland, writes:—**

No particular news, but as I've so much enjoyed the jokes in the "Courier" I'm sending one I hope you haven't heard.

Teacher told a class to make a drawing representing "Panic".

Most kids did something suggesting flight, atom bombs, etc., but Johnnie handed in a square within which two small circles were drawn.

"But Johnnie, you were supposed to draw "panic".

"That's right Miss. This square is a calendar. Well on the calendar at home my three sisters each draw a circle round one of the days of the month. This month there are only two circles—and boy is there a panic in our house."

### Heard This?

A politician was electioneering in a thickly populated section of the town. As he reached one house he was met with the noise of what sounded like a family fight. As he paused to listen, the door flew open and a small boy rushed out.

"What's the trouble, son?" asked the politician, "are your parents fighting?"

"Yes, sir," said the kid, "they're always fighting."

"Who's your father?" demanded the politician.

"That's just what they're always fighting about."

### SPECIAL MENTIONS:

#### APRIL 25 — ANZAC DAY

Get a leave pass and remember, wear those medals

#### APRIL MEETING RIFLE SHOOT AT ANZAC CLUB

# Historically Yours!

A saga of the early Timor Campaign which to date has not been adequately told, was the wounding and rescue of Signaller Jerry Maley.

Sometime in the middle of March 1942, Sig. Maley was at Hatolia with the Sigs. attached to "C" Platoon. A patrol led by Cpl. Alf Walsh, comprising Ptes. "Rocky" Williams, Carl Maher, "Slim" Elder and Sig. Jerry Maley, were detailed to go into Alieu to rescue Merv Ryan who had been reported by Timor rumour to be in the vicinity of that Posto. The patrol got into the vicinity of Alieu but somehow or other the whole plan went awry and anyhow word was received that Ryan had never left Dilli. The patrol came back to Hatolia.

Orders were received for Sigs. "Taffy" Davies, "Rip" McMahon and Maley to wait in Hatolia and join another Section coming through. The rest of "C" Platoon moved on to — (not known).

At this time the Nips came through from Villa Maria and Jerry Maley had time to contact Capt. Callinan by party phone at Asabe and Bernie told the Sigs. to move to Calaco. The Sigs. requested permission to set up an O.P. over Hatolia. Permission was readily granted as Callinan was particularly keen to get the best possible information at this time of Jap movement and the methods of operation. This O.P. was set up on a spur (Timor absolutely abounds in spurs overlooking something or other) overlooking Hatolia. The Sigs. were still watching for the Section which was to come through as they did not want them to march into a nest of Nips. From the O.P. the party saw a small body of troops in khaki moving along the track towards the spur. They covered these but they turned and went below the spur. Natives who were with the Sigs. said: "Australie." Jerry and Co. exposed themselves and waved to indicate their position. Jerry used a beaut white hanky to do the waving. Soon as the other party saw this they smelt a rat and broke up. Our boys soon woke up this was no Aussie

party but a small band of Japs on the prowl. Jerry, Taffy and Rip dived for cover. Rip was a little slow still firmly believing it was some of our boys. Taffy whipped behind the biggest tree that could have grown on the island. Rip scrambled for cover behind Jerry as the fire opened up. Bullets everywhere. One grazed Rip's forehead and the very first burst of machine gun fire got Jerry through the knee and shoulder. The three could not move as they were pinned down by Jap fire. This all happened about 8 a.m. in the morning.

There was nothing for it but to wait and see just what the Nips would do. They did not advance on the position so Jerry told Rip and Taffy to try and fashion a stretcher. With a couple of bamboos and stuff they made a stretcher of sorts and put Jerry on and carried him to a native village not so far away from the O.P. As the stretcher party came into the village the Nips opened fire on the village.

Jerry suggested to Taffy and Rip that they open fire on the Japs to draw the Jap fire and leave Jerry to the natives to look after. The natives were the staunchest of allies. They got Jerry into a hut, into the darkest possible corner and covered him up.

The Japs moved in, occupied the village and searched right and left to try and find Jerry. They stayed in the village a day or so.

Jerry was in this village for several days. He then sent a message to Calaco by the natives advising of his plight and where he was. All this time he was in terrific pain with the wound in the shoulder and the broken knee.

Jerry's message was acknowledged by Lt. Arch Campbell.

After a few days nothing happened so Jerry got the natives to build a strong stretcher and talked them into moving him to another village. All this was done while the Japs were having a siesta!

The loyal natives carried Jerry to another village after dark. This

village was situated on the Atsabe side of the ridge from Ailue.

At this time 5 Section who had gone back to Nasuta to recover gear which had previously been buried, had returned to Atsabe. Also there was Cpl. Ray Aitken and Pte. Charlie King who had gone with 5 Section to recover the gear, including a 108 set. Capt. Dunkley had set up his hospital at Ainaro.

Lt. Campbell had got word to Major Spence that Maley was badly wounded and would require assistance. Capt. Dunkley got wind of this, God alone knows how, and suggested that he go and handle the rescue.

Dunkley was firmly told that Sgt. Major Craigie would handle the evacuation of Jerry Maley from Calaco. What Craigie did about it nobody will ever know as nobody who is aware of the incident ever remembers him lifting a finger to start anything.

Dunkley was never the type of man to take no for an answer or an order and promptly set off from Ainaro to get on with the rescue. He moved to Atsabe and contacted Lt. Don Turton who was there with a small number of Sappers, including Spr. "Smash" Hodgson. Dunkley left it up to Turton to decide the best method of going about the rescue. "Smash" told this writer many months after that the cool, calm and collected manner in which Turton and Dunkley set about going after Maley, who for all they knew was still in a Jap occupied village, made his blood run cold. "Smash" said if requested by Turton to accompany him on the venture he would have gone but he was just as pleased when he wasn't asked.

As dusk started to fall, Turton said to Dunkley: "We had better get going," and the two just set off for the village.

It was pretty dark when they ran in with some natives and managed to make them understand that they were seeking a wounded "Australia" soldier. Lucky they were that these were natives of the particular village and they led the two officers into the village to the hut where Maley was hidden practically unconscious with pain.

Dunkley immediately set about setting the leg and splinting it

while Turton arranged for a strong stretcher to be made and a party of natives to carry it. The ingenuity of natives in fashioning stretchers had to be seen to be believed.

Afraid neither Dunkley nor Turton would win any awards as great native handlers, the Doc. especially being short on patience. The course pushed and prodded by Dunkley got away from the village and headed for the hospital at Ainaro, via Atsabe.

Aitken and Tapper went on to Ainaro to try and get someone to assist with the crossing of the river which ran below Ainaro. They weren't very successful and returned to the river just as the Doc and his party arrived.

Aitken hailed Dunkley who said: "Is that you Aitken?"

"Yes."

Dunkley returned: "And that is Tapper with you? Where are the others?" Then: "Don't tell me," and proceeded to give tongue.

The river crossing was effected with much incident. All Timor streams are strewn with big boulders in the bed and flow at a rate of knots. Every jerk of the stretcher was sheer hell to Jerry and the poor native carriers got an impatient cuff from the Doc. for their trouble.

Once over the river it was plain sailing and on reaching Ainaro the Doctor had a few well chosen words to say in a few pink ears for the lack of assistance.

The hospital was probably the best one used by Dunkley during the whole campaign and was built for hospital purposes originally. The beds were hard but there was one mattress normally used by the Doc. but Jerry soon found himself in a comfortable bed on the Doc's mattress.

The writer also remembers, at a later date, having the use of this self same mattress smartly surrendered by the Doc. when he came into hospital a bit the worse for wear.

There remains little more to tell of this incident except that Jerry had his knee properly set, his shoulder dressed and after contact was made with Australia, Jerry, along with Alan Hollow, Eddie Craghill, the Brigadier and Col. Van Stratten, was evacuated to Austra-

lia with the first landing by a Catalina. It was not long before he was back in hospital at Hollywood.

The whole of this epic from the time of wounding until evacuation deserves a better pen than mine. It shows the terrific endurance of Jerry Maley. It shows the intense loyalty of the natives who not only secreted him from the Japs but acted as his stretcher bearers. It shows the rare medical skill combined with outstanding courage by Capt. Dunkley who, with no regard for his own safety, went after a wounded man in what was thought to be Jap occupied territory. It shows the strength and dependability of Don Turton a thing so much in evidence then and always as the various campaigns went on. If ever a show deserved recognition by way of a decoration, this was it. Properly handled Dunkley should have received a D.S.O., but once again we missed out and all that came of Dunkley's many epics was a C. in C.'s Commendation Card and an M.I.D.

All that can be said in passing is that we were as a Unit, singularly fortunate in our Capt. "Cadbury" as our M.O.

\* \* \*

**PADBY WILBY, of Durong, Queensland, writes:—**

Recently Fred Otway sent me a heap of old "Couriers" and I see in one of them that Bill Tomasetti suggested that I might be able to write my version of that trip to Duth Timorc with him and Capt. Callinan (B.J.C.). Sorry I'm late with my effort but we've all got to do our bit at sometime or another. I'm a little vague on happenings in those days, but here goes.

Coinciding with events of possibly Chapter No. 6 in "Historically Yours".

I think that Capt. Callinan and Sgt. Tomasetti took me with them to cart back anything that might be of use to our Unit in their stand against the enemy. According to some the acquiring of horses seemed to be my long-suit and I was expected to live up to the reputation.

Nothing interesting occurred in my line till we met up with a party of Dutchmen on the outskirts of Lahoose Mission. They had a few likely looking horses.

The next night I nabbed a couple of them and added them to our line. There was a rumpus when they woke up. At that time I did not understand Malaysu too well and acted dumb, and got away with it.

Whilst at the Mission I had a bout with the old pug, Johnnie Malaria and went down for the count. A couple of Nuns revived me and stood me on my feet again.

The next day we met up with Capt. Parker's party and headed back towards Cailaco.

When passing through Memo where a squad of Portuguese comic opera cavalry were based, I spotted two nice big pack horses. Seeing that our needs were more pressing than theirs they also had to lose a couple of ponies. I added them to our train.

Further on Tomo nodded and pointed. I knew what that meant. "Sapper, do your share." Three more ponies joined the train. Tomo rode up to the lead and rejoined the Council of War with the two officers. Then Tomo rode back to the rear, nodded and pointed to the right. I acted, boom, and five wild ponies were shepherded towards the train. They travelled along nicely.

A bloke with Capt. Parker's party, with a name that sounded something like Andy Harriett, soon caught on to the idea. Rather a handy sort of a lad where horse wrangling was concerned. It would have given me much pleasure to have been able to introduce him to Paddy Kenneally who was at that time operating a pack train up near the front lines. What a double they would have made. They might even have shifted the stores in a day.

But Andy was valuable in another capacity, and was sent on to join the Sigs.

Again Tomo nodded and pointed. I pounced, and another four ponies were ours. New ideas for new territory. Tomo rode on and rejoined the Council of War. Then five more horses came out of the scrub. The nodding, pointing and nabbing business was on again. It was becoming a habit.

We eventually rode into Cailaco with 35 pack horses. These escapades at the time were unknown to B.J.C. Later on he found out about

our high jinks and went crook. Oh boy, that kerosine language. Besides Tojo had sent him enough riddles to solve without us adding any more to the list. We thought that what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. We also had a job to do.

As the campaign progressed either B.J.C. or Major Spence introduced a system of promisory notes and we were then able to obtain pack horses with some degree of ethics.

That afternoon we reached Cailaco and were made welcome by Lt. Burridge and his Section, with what little food they could scrounge for us as the place was already overflowing with about 100 troops, but trust the Sappers. George Strickland and Alf Grachan came to light with a 13 oz. bottle of Clara beer. The three of us polished it off. The proverbial five loaves and fishes wouldn't have gone far amongst all that mob.

The various Sections were reorganising and forming up pack trains. The troops were taking their details seriously and joined in that grand old game of catch as catch can. It didn't pay to take

our eyes off our ponies for two seconds or we would be sure to lose a few, especially with the likes of Hooper and his mob hovering in the background ready to pounce on any unattended.

Tomo and I were detailed to shift most of the stores from Hatolia to Atsabe where in the mountains just above the town there was an ideal position for an almost impregnable and central ammo dump. We mustered up our ponies, and I tied a haphazard wrought cane saddle on each of our five wild horses. They played up a bit but would soon quieten down when I slapped a couple of cases of ammo on each of them the next day. Tomo and I were in business again and headed down the hill, then through the river and up into Hatolia. Though our train had only 35 pony power, given time, it would develop into a worthwhile set-up.

In comparison to the main events the pack trains were only a sideline deemed necessary for the welfare of the troops and if you would like to hear more about the ponies let's know and I'll see what I can do.

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

## Heard This?

You haven't had a real hangover until you can't stand the noise made by a Bromo-Seltzer.

\* \* \*

The doctor had concluded his examination and he turned to the young lady with a smile on his face.

"Mrs. Jones," he began, "I have good news for you."

"Miss Jones," the lady corrected him.

The doctor raised his eyebrows. "Miss Jones," he started again, "I have bad news for you."

Typiste's definition of "fur". If he doesn't give any, he won't get very.

\* \* \*

American is ear-bashing an Englishman.

"Trouble with you Britishers," says the Yank, "is that there's not enough mixed blood in your veins. Look at me. In me there's Irish, German, Dutch, French, Swedish, Italian and Spanish!"

"Gad," says the Englishman. "Jolly sporting woman, your mother, what?"

## SPECIAL MENTIONS

### APRIL 25 — ANZAC DAY

Get a leave pass and remember, wear those medals

### APRIL MEETING

RIFLE SHOOT AT ANZAC CLUB



## New South Wales News

Yesterday (Jan. 22) we had a picnic at Wallacia with a guest that did my tired eyes and memory the world of good. So much so that it augers well for this year of 1961.

It was a pity that more were not there but because of difficulties encountered so many were not notified. Had I been home I would have been able to notify four others who I am sure would have been there.

The guests of the day were Stan Sadler and his wife Blanche, and their two children, who were over this way on a tour of the Eastern States. To me it was like '42 all over again to walk up and shake hands with Stan. Time stood still, or should I say went back. I don't know if my face recalled to Stan a certain day in Timor as he recalled to me so vividly when his Section was surprised on the Maubissi Turasci track but it was as clear to me as yesterday.

A talk with Stan about some of the boys I knew so well—Sprocky, Wendell, Col, and more too numerous to mention, but still in my thoughts. Did me a world of good.

The most outstanding wonder of the day was everyone's surprise at how little Stan has altered. To me as to all, he didn't look a day older and considering how some of you other sebastians have aged I guess it's time we all went West. If it would do the same for us they sure have something over there but then they don't have such a rip tearing, busting way of getting around over there.

You know I had no trouble writing letters when we had a radio. It was easy to music, but try writing with television. What with a little dob'll do you, a spray of Morstein, and a ruddy dash of Trix, I don't know if I am Arthur or Martha.

Here's the roll call for the day: Jim Hallinan and Molly, Bill Coker and Coral, Snowy Went and Dorothy, Tommy O'Brien and Muriel, Bluey Harris and Mavis, Ron Trenchgrove and Dorothy, Norma Kenehan, Jack A.W.L. Later in the day John Darge turned up but went on to the Warragamba Dam to which

Stan, Roy and I, with wives and families, had been to earlier.

We had a picnic by the side of the river, various members having a swim. Later we went back to the Carley Vale Servicemen's Club and after gaining entry had some ale with the good ladies, then went our various ways.

Seeing Stan has made me hope more than ever that I can make the Games next year.

I mentioned the club we went to. Well I guess there are a few visitors from the West who will know it better than most of us Eastern Staters, and now I know why. Believe me next time you get the chance don't miss it. Unfortunately you may, to get in, have to mention you know Went or O'Briep or Hallinan, but the main thing is to get in. Incidentally when we got there Micky Mannix and his wife Elva were there.

By the time you read this we will have had a cricket match over there and I hope to be able to give you a resume of the battle. My phone, by the way, is XX3629 and should any more of you Westerners come this way if you can't raise them or those, ring-me.

My mother went along with us and had a very enjoyable day, including, for the first time in her life, a visit to the club. Someone suggested, as it was her first ever they should make her a honorary member, but I said that once she started on the "bandits" she might go to wrack and ruin.

—RON TREN GROVE.

### Heard This?

"Now, you salesmen," says the manager of the glass works, "we have 50,000 of these feeding bottles in stock and I expect you to go out and create a demand."

\* \* \*

An off-beat psychiatrist we heard about advertises: "Satisfaction guaranteed or your mania back."

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