



2/2 COMMANDO
COURIER

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JUNE, 1961

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ANNUAL
GENERAL
MEETING

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1961

BE THERE PLEASE!!!

LADIES:
A Few Suggestions Regarding Ladies' Night
Would Be Most Welcome

Editorial

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS

At this time every year it is necessary to take an objective look at the Association's finances and decide just what funds will be required to see the organisation through the year to come.

The Association is not broke by any manner or means, but the ordinary year by year 'carry on funds' have reached a rock bottom and it is essential that steps be taken to place ourselves in a fluid position once again. The yearly outgoings in the way of Annual Re-Union Dinner, Ladies' Night, Children's Christmas Party and losses on normal monthly meetings make fairly large inroads into the year's income which is mainly derived from subscriptions and the Annual Sweep but by far the largest single expense is the publication of the "Courier". Year by year members have shown that they are pleased to receive the paper and are keen that its publication be continued. To be able to carry all the above expenses and keep our reserves intact means that the Annual Sweep must succeed to a greater extent each year as all forms of costs rise.

Another and more urgent expense is about to confront us with the Empire Games' Re-Union. It has been estimated that not less than £150 will be required to finance this project. It is anticipated that £50 will be available from the sweep conducted last year and the target is £50 in each of the two years available before November-December 1962.

The whole purport of these remarks is to bring before you, the

member, the vital necessity of making an outstanding success of the Annual Sweep which will be conducted this year on the Kalgoorlie Cup, raced on Saturday, Sept. 9, 1961. Books of tickets will be issued and in your hands prior to the receipt of this "Courier," and you are requested to make an even greater effort than your wonderful efforts of past years. If you are one of those fortunate chaps who have a flair for selling tickets and can handle more tickets than you have been apportioned in the original distribution, please send in an immediate request for a few more.

You chaps in N.S.W., Qld., S.A. and Tasmania are once again being requested to assist in an effort to more correctly apportion the publishing expenses of the "Courier". If you help as you did last year then the future of the "Courier" is assured.

Another facet of a successful sweep is, from an Editorial point of view, the fact that most members take the opportunity to write a letter when returning their butts and this is excellent grist for the mill. Last year the inflow of letters was such that at least four "Couriers" contained a goodly portion of correspondence which after all is the most enjoyable portion of the paper.

Please make every post a winner this year and make this sweep the greatest effort ever and put the Association's finances in a position whereby your Committee can plan without having to count every penny.

SWEEP:

**Your Best Possible Efforts For A Big Success
And Early Return Of Butts Is Beseached**

ANNUAL RE-UNION

**ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19
KEEP THIS DATE IN MIND**

West Australian Whisperings

Committee Comment

The usual Committee meeting was held at Anzac House on Tuesday, May 15, when an excellent attendance of Committeemen attended.

Arrangements for the June meeting were completed and as this was to be a guest speaker with an invitation for wives to attend it was decided that a light supper be provided. The services of Mr. Lincoln Wilson, of Wilson & Johns, as a guest speaker was advised by the Editor.

Mr. Epps advised that the Kings Park Board had made an excellent job of cleaning up the back of our area in Kings Park and it was decided that a letter of appreciation be despatched to the Secretary of the Board.

A post mortem of Anzac Day revealed that attendance had been well up with previous years and if anything there had been a greater number of our own members. It was decided that next year a drummer be obtained and if possible this be obtained from one of the Boy Scout groups and we would subsidise the troop's funds.

A good deal of discussion took place on the matter of a Country Convention at Geraldton and it was left to the Secretary to get in touch with Mr. Barden with regard to this matter.

The following resolution was agreed to with regard to lining up the conduct of the sweep with the "Courier" costs: "To line up conduct of the Sweep with the cost of the 'Courier' books of sweep tickets be forwarded to N.S.W., Qld., S.A. and Tasmanian members at the discretion of the organiser and that for this year N.S.W. be not debitted with any costs of the Courier." To make the sweep a bit more attractive 40 consolation prizes of 5/- Lottery tickets were added to the prize list to enable more prizes to be spread among sellers.

As our Hon. Auditor, Mr. Jack Poynton, had been transferred to S.A., Mr. Dick Geere was appointed Auditor to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Green brought up the matter of arranging a sports day in the way of a picnic cricket match with country members on the first Sunday of Show Week. The suggestion met with most favourable reception and discussion was deferred to the June Committee Meeting.

Meeting concluded at 10 p.m.

Association Activities

JUNE MEETING

This meeting held at Anzac House on June 6, proved to be a great success. Guest Speaker, Mr. Lincoln Wilson, of Wilson & Johns, gave a talk on Gardening. As the subject was likely to interest the women more than the men the opportunity was taken to invite the wives who responded very well. The talk which was mostly confined to the preparation and growing of roses was well received and then question time got under way and many and varied were the questions but Mr. Wilson tackled each one and gave most instructive and informative answers and it was evident that all those present gained immeasurably from the evening. Liquid refreshments and a light supper added to a most pleasurable evening.

Those attending included Arthur and Mrs. Smith, Keith and Mrs. Hayes, George and Mrs. Strickland, Bill and Mrs. Epps, Bob and Mrs. McDonald, Ron and Mrs. Kirkwood, Len and Mrs. Bagley, Col and Mrs. Hodson, Jack Carey, Col Doig, Ray Aitken, "Slim and Mrs. Holly, Dick Geere and Percy Hancock.

Mr. Wilson indicated that he had a big selection of colour slides which he could show at a later meeting if desired and all present were agreeable that such an evening be arranged very soon.

The thanks of the Association go out to Mr. Wilson for providing such an informative and enjoyable evening and also once again to Jack Carey and "Spriggy" McDonald for their provision of supper.

EMPIRE GAMES RE-UNION

Arrangements are well in hand for this function and all attending can be certain of a wonderful time. The provisional programme of the various events to be held at the games has been issued by the organising committee and will be printed in full in the July issue of the "Courier". This will enable members to peruse it in plenty of time and if possible advise what events they would like bookings for.

The Olympic Village and Stadium are well under way and on present appearances should be finished well on time. The stadium now the seating is starting to take shape, will be a real beauty and a good view from all parts of the arena is assured.

All other venues apart from the swimming pool are well in order. The City Council are most confident that the pool will be finished with plenty of time to spare to enable potential teething problems to be overcome. The City Council has done such an excellent job on all other venues that one must have confidence in their ability to have the pool well and truly ready in time.

Interstate and country members can be sure that the accommodation is secure and you can go ahead and make arrangements to be in Perth for this great event. This should be the holiday of a lifetime so be in it and have no regrets when it is over that you were one who could have been there and wasn't.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held in the basement of Anzac House on Tuesday, July 4 (American Independence Day). This should be the most important meeting of the year to members as it affords them an opportunity to hear and see how their Association has been conducted in the past 12 months and provides them with a chance to shape the programme of the future by providing ideas and constructive criticism.

As the Office Bearers for the year are elected at this meeting it behoves all who can be present to be there and thus ensure that the best possible team are elected to further your Association.

Printed elsewhere in this issue is the statement of Receipts and Expenditure and you are requested to have a good look at this and bring it along with you to the meeting so that you may have any points of which you are in doubt explained to you by the Committee.

A big roll up is requested to show your faith and interest in the Association.

ANNUAL SWEEP

This is now under way and tickets should be in your possession by the time you receive this "Courier". The reason for this sweep is adequately covered in the Editorial but it must be reiterated that the success of the sweep is essential to Association finances. To assist the poor harassed organiser and to save the necessity for "following up" please return your butts as soon as possible and if you can possibly sell more tickets than originally issued please request a further issue from the organiser.

ANNUAL RE-UNION

This function will be held on SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, at a new venue—the Basement of Anzac House, Perth. This is a very convenient spot as it is sufficiently remote from housing to allow for high spirits to be given good rein and has excellent parking available and is centrally situated for all to be able to get there quite easily.

Country members are sincerely requested to keep the date in mind and if possible arrange for a car load to come from their particular area. City members are particularly asked to keep the date open and try and make every endeavour to be present, as in the past any lack of numbers can usually be traced to a poor city representation.

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President's Annual Report

Gentlemen,

It is with pleasure that I submit my report for the year just passed. We believe great progress has been made in the fellowship of our Association during the past year even though we had a shaky start.

The new R.S.L. rooms of the Association have been most popular, after having many a good meeting at Monash Club. Many members have had enjoyable evenings at our old, and new premises at a very low cost. My thanks to Bill Holder and other members of the City of Perth R.S.L. for continued assistance.

It is only natural that a small number of persons are really regular. However we are endeavouring to increase that number so that the Association can prosper and grow as we desire.

During the past year our Committee took steps to run many social events such as the Annual Dinner which to me was a great success. Our Commemoration Service was another of our great days and equal to those of the past.

Ladies' Night I regret to say was one of our failures. I lacked the backing of our city members and to have a failure on this night after so much work and time had been put into it by the Committee was very disappointing to me, but steps have been taken to rectify this and to make sure of success in the future.

Working Bees this year were mainly confined to our area in Kings Park, with the endeavour to make our spot a place to be noticed and proud of. This to me, has just about been achieved for the progress in the year has been the great test since we first laid down the water scheme. The purchase of

the Pope lawn mower and the great effort on the part of Bill Epps in keeping the area mowed has been one of the many instances of such encouraging advancements in this field.

Christmas Kiddies' Party:

The new venue at the Zoo proved an excellent move and the day a great success. Thanks to organisers Messrs. Green, Varian, Smythe and Kirkwood, also to the parents of the children who attended.

Annual Sweeps:

A financial success without such the Association would not succeed. Thanks to Col Doig, Bill Epps and Treasurer George Boyland for their great effort.

Anzac Day was attended by about 50 members and a great day was had by all. Well catered by Jack Carey and Bob Smythe with many fine dishes and crayfish which turned out most popular with the men.

We have in mind the Empire Games for 1962 and advances are being made for an enjoyable year.

I wish to sincerely thank the Committee members for the excellent co-operation that I have had during the year. The Secretary especially, who although used to this type of work, has done an admirable job and helped to keep the Association on a very high standard.

I also wish to record my thanks to the many voluntary helpers who have carried out various duties for the benefit of the Association during the year.

Finally, I would like to personally thank the members for their support and hope that they can see their way clear to continue their support in the coming year.

—R. H. McDONALD, President.

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Personalities

The volumes of the Official War History edited by David Dexter, are now on sale at practically all book-sellers and provide most interesting reading. Having read all the previous volumes I can say with certainty that this is the most interesting as apart from the fact that we got a good factual write-up the whole work bristles with excellent anecdotes and the writing is much more interesting than in the other volumes. This should make an excellent addition to your library. Our congrats. to Dave on a really great effort.

The 16m.m. copy of the film "Men of Timor" is available to members who may wish to show it to other organisations. "Robbie" Rowan-Robinson has used this film

on a couple of occasions to show organisations at Bridgetown and says the reception has been quite good. At the present time Bert Burges has it to give a talk and film night to the Police Boys Club at Katanning.

Geo. Boyland has recently returned to work after three weeks annual leave and says the collar was fitting a bit tightly.

Afraid the response from the ladies for suggestions regarding Ladies' Night has not borne much fruit yet. Apart from the ladies at the June meeting the correspondence has been nil. This is now assuming proportions of urgency so please let us have your ideas as soon as possible.

Afraid this has been rather a flat month from a point of view of seeing or hearing of people and therefore the personality column is a little thin.

Random Harvest

**SGT. J. E. FENWICK, 130 Corps
Loc. Bty., Padstow, N.S.W.,
writes:—**

Just a few lines to give you yet another change of address for my copy of the "Courier".

I have been moving around so much lately that the "Courier" arrives slightly tattered and with a dozen or so addresses, so please take note of the above address for future copies.

For the first time, thanks to the army re-org., I have got a posting to my home State and hope to see out my time here until my time is up.

I am attached to an artillery unit as a signal centre supervisor. As it is a C.M.F. unit I have to train artillery men in signals work and raise a total of one officer and 30 men for the signal troop. This troop will be Royal Aust. Signals and not Royal Aust. Artillery.

The unit held a 14 day camp recently at Holdsworth. As this is my first experience of being attached to a C.M.F. unit, it was interesting and gave me a good idea of what I need to know about the communications side of the unit.

Since my return to Sydney I have been in contact with Harold Newton. The rest of the Sydney-siders I hope to contact on Anzac Day.

Whilst in Brisbane I made enquiries about Fred Powell but found that he is a patient at Repat. suffering from some type of nervous disorder caused by the war. I was unable to contact him personally.

I had a five months' school last year in Melbourne but was unable to contact any of the chaps as generally when I rang any of them they were either out or their phones were engaged.

At the moment I am thinking about writing a book on the stunts, etc., I have come across in my search for a place for my family to live in. If it wasn't a best seller at least it might help as a guide to other house seekers.

Well enough of my troubles. My best wishes to all over in the West and I hope to see you again one day.

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

**B. J. (Peter) BARDEN, of 6GN,
P.O. Box 310 Geraldton, writes:**

I have discussed with Eric Smyth and Jack Denman the suggestion of what would be the best long weekend for a convention at Geraldton should the Association decide to choose our town for this purpose.

It is suggested that the long weekend ending Monday, Nov. 13, would be the only suitable time during 1961. It is understood that this is at present not a general holiday as far as the Monday is concerned, although I understand that a move has been made to make it a general holiday for the Queen's Birthday.

Anyhow, as the convention at Geraldton a few years ago (before I came here) was apparently held during the November long weekend and was I hear, a tremendous success, it's felt that there's no reason why the same state of affairs should not apply this year. It would, of course, mean making accommodation arrangements possibly in beach camps and caravans because there won't be the empty houses that were available on the previous occasion. However, Eric Smyth feels that the accommodation can easily be arranged, as there are no school holidays at that time.

We are all enthusiastic about the suggestion of a convention at Geraldton, and Eric Smyth and Jack Denman say they would be only too pleased to help make the local arrangements if you decide to go ahead with the proposal. Eric added, with a smile: "There's only one proviso—that Drage & Co. return home at a reasonable hour when the conference is over." (Eric has vivid memories of their delayed departure on the previous occasion, when they "marched on" until a late hour.)

Eric also has vivid memories of a couple of "double red diamond" types arriving at Geraldton on the Saturday and getting into "fine form" for the convention as a result of doing their boy scout deed by helping at a hotelery, and then having further happiness added to their already delightful mood by being advised that they had shared second prize in the lottery or some such thing. (Was it "Curly" Bowden and "Spriggy" McDonald?)

I was very delighted to have a

yarn with Col Doig during my recent holidays in Perth, and it also provided me with the opportunity of meeting my old "china plate" Bob Burns and his wife, for whom I was best man at their wedding soon after we returned from New Britain. After hearing just a little of Bob's exploits in the parachute corps, I feel sure he would make a good guest speaker for one of your meetings.

Eric Smyth is continuing with his endeavours to have Geraldton included in Zone "B5" for taxation purposes, despite the fact that their original application was knocked back by the board of review, and quite a number of local organisations are now backing this move, which, if successful, would mean a saving of thousands of pounds a year to Geraldton taxpayers. Eric, like those of you doing yeoman service with the 2/2nd Association and in other organisations in your respective communities, are continuing to serve in peace as you did in war.

Well, it's almost time for me to broadcast my regional news, so I must away (we'll be moving into remodelled premises in a couple of weeks.) If any of you are up this way, don't hesitate to call in at 6GN in Eleanor-st., close to the Post Office, opposite the Murchison Inn Hotel. (There's a big Neon sign outside 6GN.)

P.S.—I understand that a decision has been made to make Nov. 13 a general holiday for the Queen's Birthday. If November doesn't suit the majority, Eric Smyth suggests that the Labour Day holiday, March 6, 1962, would be the best time for a convention at Geraldton.

MAL HERBERT, of Box 41, Nungarin, writes:—

Some time ago you asked in the "Courier" for information on the W.A. Rifle Team's trip to Tasmania. Well, we had a whale of a time and I am pleased to be able to report that we did not come home entirely empty handed. We ran last in the Commonwealth Match on the first day but came into the picture on the second day in the Service Match winning the Northcote Match and the Dewar Match. We were very pleased with the result particularly

the Northcote as we had put in a lot of hard work practicing for it. It was that long since a visiting W.A. rifle team had won an event that we have not yet established if or when.

Anyway the selectors must have been satisfied with our efforts as I have again been appointed in the same capacity to take the team to Queensland in August.

I failed to make contact with any of the boys when passing through Melbourne. We ogled Chloe intermittently most of the afternoon, but no result. I wrote to Jock Campbell and Chas Browne. Had no reply from Jock but heard from Charlie some time later.

He had moved from the Rosanna address you gave me some four years ago, his present address being 103 Main Rd., Lower Plenty, Vic. He says he is still in the produce brokering business but says his main occupation is bringing up his family, one girl 13, then four boys the youngest six. Almost in Reg Harrington's class.

W. F. BRYANT, of 319 Stanley-rd., Carina, S.E.7, Brisbane, writes:—

A worthy word of thanks to you and the lads of the "Courier" who run it, and of course the old boys of the Unit. I do sincerely hope you had a good Anzac Day and a fair roll-up for a few grogs and that your day was as good as the old Foster days. I do sincerely thank you for the "Courier" you sent me, but a little late as it was for Anzac Day. Had it come by then I'd not been able to pass it on to the lads for I have been in Greenslopes Repatriation since April 17, and still am sometime in but Monday, June 19, will be the day I have been waiting for, for I go under for a short circuit operation for ulcers. I've had these quite a few years since 1946 but only in the last three years I decided to have a go at Repat. and they gave me 80 per cent but I've been pretty crook of late. The last 12 months in hospital three times so they decided to take them out. I agreed because I don't want to have to put up with the pain any longer. I am going for T.P.I. this time because I am real buggered now. I can't keep up to my own work, so something will have to be done. Still, enough

of my troubles for I am one of many and I guess quite a few are worse than I so why worry?

There's no doubt about the "Courier". It's a grand paper and I was quite surprised to see how it was put together. When out of hospital I will get all the lads together and get things really moving over here. If I get T.P.I. I will be able to put all my time into it. Gee, it makes one think how you were and how you are these days in looks, I mean. I can't imagine what times you do have together during the year and years of the past. Of course I will catch up with Paddy Wilby and Hooper. I had known for quite some time he was Mayor of Roma but never was able to get up that way. Thanks very much for the addresses I asked for and if and when you send me another copy of the "Courier" let me know the amount it costs to become a member and I will send my dough over. Also we could fall on the same lines as you have over there. It seems "The Bull" gets around quite a bit. Good C.O. that fellow. Bernie Callinan and Dave Dexter seem to do quite well with the writing. I must get that book they both wrote for I know all is true and my kids will be able to read all about it instead of telling them of it. I must write to Harry Botterill for he seems to be the main boy of the Victorians.

Well, I must say cheerio for now. My regards to you and the lads of the Unit. Good luck and may I hear from you in the near future.

P.S.—If you get in contact with Dr. Dunkley ask him if he knows of a Dr. Frank Anderson last known at Nedlands. A mate of mine who was a P.O.W., Johnny French, would like to contact him. He was not in our Unit.

(Thanks a million for your efforts in Brisbane, Fred. Hope you are well on the way to recovery by the time this reaches you. If you can do something towards getting a small branch under way in Brisbane we will be everlastingly thankful. Will see that you are issued with a book of our Rules and Constitution and also will write you regarding other matters. In the mean time it is good to hear from you again, you old blighter.—Editor.)

New South Wales News

Times may change, seasons come and go, the world becomes warmer, discoveries and scientific wonders are common-place—but that bastard O'Neil never gives way to progress and his friends never give him away and I for one hope he never wears away to change or time because he is part and parcel of times we all know so well and only will be forgotten when we all cease to exist, that is we of the 2/2nd. So don't worry, Frank, you can't wear us down or turn us away.

The above trilogy, bastology, praisology, was as you probably gathered brought about by an exceedingly enjoyable (oh my poor stomach) Anzac Day get together with, amongst others to be mentioned further down, Frank "Curly" O'Neil.

How two people can regard each other so much as Ron Hilliard and Curly and get so heated and steamed up over one little word or maybe a hundred or so, only shows how the past holds us together. For a change (not so good, perhaps), noted for his quietness was Paddy Kenneally a man of few words this year. How in the hell did you keep out of the discussion or discourse of the fire-eaters above?

Roll up at the march was not as good as we have had and for the first time on record Jack Hartley was missing but turned up at Arncliffe with his brother Frank, and an excuse for his earlier absence. Another absentee also turned up at the R.S.L., Bill Coker, with a rheumatic leg (as his, and accepted, excuse). John Darge also turned up.

To give a few facts and names of those we saw. Don Woodhouse, Merv (Squirt) Clarke, Ron Tregrove, Bill Bennet, Tom O'Brien, Ron Hilliard, Bill Hoy, Jim Hallinan, Shadow Old, Alfredo De Santos, Frank (Curly) O'Neil, Sam Fullbrook, Snowy Went, Eric Herd, Paddy Kenneally, Jim Fenwick, Don Thomas, J. Hartley, Jack Keanahan, Doc Gallard.

As before said quite a few were not at the march but all mentioned were seen or turned up after. The march went off in dull but no rain weather and was comfortable for all

We broke away at our usual place at St. Marys and after Curly nearly broke his neck to get somewhere to have a Johnny Bliss, we took some three or four taxis to Alfredo's home to see him, as he is not in the best of health these days, where he supplied the first drinks and eats of the day, his good wife fussing around us like as if we were all her children (no cracks). Muccan, tuac barrack, diac.

It was here with very straight face that Don Thomas asked Curly was he doing anything besides comic strips these days.

Repatee? Wise cracks? Oh boy unprintable. Someone else later in the day asked very similar question to same party about gardening notes. Just goes to show his pen is mightier than his diabolical sense of humour.

Once again more taxis (more money than kings) to R.S.L. where more kai and tuaca taken aboard and the usual brass band and entertainment was given. I might add that up to about two o'clock that there were more 2/2nd than there were anyone else. We were the only table nearly all chairs occupied. Pity we can't do as well at a get together of our own.

One entertainer's joke. Seductive island girl approaches Digger eyes agog, speaks: "Me Nan. S.I.G. woman." Digger: "Me Bob." S.I.G. "Me thirty bob."

Now I am no spy or indulge in putting people in but there is a certain lady by the name of June may be interested to know what her better half was doing for some considerable time on Anzac Day. Well in most clubs these days there are machines which have wheels inside them and when one puts a coin of certain denomination in them this allows one to pull a handle towards said one and these wheels turn furiously then stop. If said one mutters: "Bastard!" everyone knows the result is no return. If said one says: "You beaut!" then a tinkle as of falling coins is heard and said one is reimbursed for his labours. But mark my words, more B's are heard than Y.B.'s. Not for one moment do I suggest that Bill Bennet mut-

tered more of one than the other, but that he was seen at a later time to pay out for some grog so saying this is the club's money so what the hell. He had some left when he was dropped outside his home. I know. Money not grog.

By the way Jim Fenwick can be contacted at Padstow Drill Hall.

Guests of Tom O'Brien were C. Elvin, A.I.F., B. Ellis, B.E.F., T. Holland, R.A.F.

Sam Fullbrook's address: 2 Bay-st., MW5039.

After much ale had been consumed and much good food put away, singing and talk, talk, talk, we then at six o'clock wended our way to Ron and Pat Hilliards' abode just about all of the previous named were once more in attendance where the usual Mum English soup was dispensed by Mum English, Pat Hilliard, Meryl Woodhouse Mrs. George Warn, you all know "Silent George", and a lovely 11 year old Kathleen Warn (somebody wasn't so silent around the Warn home some years ago). To see that mob eat you wouldn't think they had had a feed since they left New Britain. I had my usual bowl of soup and one cup of tea, despite the fact that the ladies did their best to force five more cups on me in the ensuing hour or so. God loves a cheerful liar, girls.

Well, the great argument started somewhere around this time and lasted quite well but after many of us stuck our bibs in things were back to normal and neither of those b's had given an inch. Well, that's what 1962 is for, so roll on 1962.

Panic stations were taken by the ladies and I saw Pat put a rolling pin behind the door, but she informed me it was for next day. Now I wonder who was going to be there next day?

The other party was well and truly dobbed-in to Betty when we got him home. Can he talk? He should have been in the American Senate. I have a blistered ear drum as I sat between him and Jack all the way home. Filibustering would have been his long suit.

Before I forget I saw Bill Tomasseti on T.V. a few weeks ago having talk-talk with natives.

An absentee from Anzac Day was Jim English and Jean. I saw Jim the week before and had a talk with

him and his news about his daughter is very saddening. Wishes do not help much Jean, but we all feel for you when we look at our own and realise how lucky we are.

Various blokes gradually wandered away or were skulldugged away from Hilliards and we left about 8.45, we being Jack Hartley as the usual pilot, the Curly, one Squirt Clark, Frank Hartley, the infernal machine player Bill Bennet, and Yours Truly. I was in the front to keep the quiet one from interfering with the pilot. What a job. It's worse than being married to it, at least a wife would have some peace when it went to work. Yak-etty yak, you're going the wrong way, pull up there's a pub, pull over yer mug, get out of the so and so way, you would be the worse driver, why don't you come and see us, I did, you're a liar, you're like the rest of this mob you won't go out, frightened you're going to get wet, etc., etc.

We called in to see Eric and Heather. Not the slightest effect on the quiet one. Can you imagine two people less alike? Squirt sits, drinks and sleeps. Curly drinks, argues and drinks.

Once more on our merry way to North Narrabeen. Dropped Bill Bennett at Dee Why. Very noisy drop I may say. Who made it? Need you ask?

A thought for those who pray. Spare a prayer for little Miss English, it won't go astray. Jack, as usual, took me home from Betty and Frank's home where we had had a lovely meal as usual.

For me, Jack, thanks once again for seeing me and the others home.

Someone who was missed this year especially by Eric and myself, was John Rose. I suppose now that Nance has free access to a country store she has been able to secure a much stronger chain. Seriously though, I guess 400 odd miles is a bit rough for one day, particularly when it is in the middle of the week. By the way, you Rose's red or blue, you could let us know how things are with you. Now you have no T.V. you must have time of an evening besides swinging in a hammock, billing and coo-ing. 46 Hillcrest-ave., Mona Vale, is the address.

If I have not mentioned anyone

who we saw on Anzac Day forgive me but it was not intentional and the mention of one frequently was intended. However he has greater commad of pen and Queen's English, it may provoke him to reply if there is no other way to get a reply from him in the "Courier".

As this is about all this time maybe we will see us all before so many moons pass. My phone XX3629.

—RON TRENGROVE.

* * *

Commonwealth Day, that's the day you old fellers used to call Empire Day. Anyway the evening of the above day was the time for a very cultural group of seven to get together at a very cultural place known to all and sundry as Adams's Marble Bar where some very remarkable pieces of sculpture in marble and paintings of male and female in various stages of undress, adorn the walls. Something of a more modern art is delivered to one in various shapes of art in the form of glass containing there-in an amber liquid which has the remarkable properties of lubricating the tongues and voice boxes of those partaking of the cultural benefits of the said place.

The aforementioned seven hereafter named in order of appearance, were Kev Curran, Bill Bennett, Ron Trengrove, Alfredo De Santos, Bernie Dias, Jack Hartley, Kevin's host Laurie Crispin.

It is 17 years since I have seen Kev and it was very good to see and hear him again. Not being able to write shorthand I could not take any of what was spoken down but I do know who knocked the turkey off, who ate it, and who put the bones outside the officers' mess. From what was said about that particular section they would have taken the horse from under Wellington and left him marking time in the air.

I learned from Alfredo that Hariz of Beco (Jack Denman will recall him) was killed under very doubtful circumstances. Bernie Dias said that he investigated and the two of them believe that he was not killed by the Nips but by some other Portuguese official, in any case he was shot in the back. Jack Denman and myself would find it hard to believe that he was running away as we both think that Mariz by his

calmness in going out in the open the morning three Zeros gave Beco the once over, it was his action which stopped us from getting shot up.

A nonagenarian, chaps? The only man who lives long enough to do all the things his wife wants him to do.

Time, gentlemen, please. Closing time at the house of culture, whereupon it was decided that the cultural group welcoming the distinguished Professor Curran (the artist with rifle and tooth pick) should continue the enlightening all round conversation at Goodchap-st. Larry Hills, at the home of Alfredo and his good wife who provided some welcome eats and to further our interest in the arts we dipped in and provided a small donation for Sydney's Opera House. Of course we will donate another grand each after we win the £100,000.

Jack Hartley has brought himself a Falcon station waggon, red, and it sure looks nice. Hope it means bigger business, Jack. I don't know if I mentioned it last letter but Jack and Maria have sold Hartley Mansions. Jack told me that Maria never seemed well whilst they were there and it seems as if it had a jinx for them. Now Jack tells me he's thinking hey might come down round Warriewood way. Well I guess he will save in one way as he acts nursemaid to certain people round this area on Anzac Day.

Speaking of Anzac Day I believe Curley was in to see Kev Curran but didn't mention himself being the star turn of the day, but we did expect to see Frank last night but Jack said that he couldn't make it.

After consuming large quantities of food and ale the select seven bade goodnight and departed their various ways.

Kev Curran informed us that the official war history volume which deals very well with us compiled by Dave Dexter who I hear is no longer with the Department of External Affairs.

ALAN LUBY, of Box 82, Crafton, N.S.W., Writes:—

Once more I take up my pen to write you a few lines to bring you some of the more recent news of doings in this part of the world.

For the local boys, Harry Fredericks, George Mathieson, Sandy McCulloch and Kev Garvey are all tip top.

As for myself I've just about caught up on the back work after spending three weeks down at the Civil Defence School at Mt. Macedon, Victoria, from April 23 to May 11. After earlier experiences of training in that freezing state I had visions of a cross between Tidal River and Cannungra, with Bandy McDonald and B—Gurdam popping out from behind hedges and with the old story of marching around with a triangular bandage at the "slope" or forming fours with a stretcher at the "high port"—remember those glorious days?

However, there were pleasant surprises in store—first, our transport was all arranged, train to Sydney with sleepers, thence by TAA airliner to Melbourne, where Harry and Olive Botterill were waiting to have a natter while we waited for our bus to transport us the 42 miles out to the school.

In the cold light of a dying day, set high on the slopes of the mount covered in cold cloud, the school buildings looked cold and uninviting. Then our bus became bogged at the gates, and the old thought returned: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

But there was a complete change in the "atmosphere" when we entered the huge home building and the welcome we received was as warm as the air conditioned rooms. Our school—for Casualty Section Instructors consisted of 24 representatives from various ambulance or allied services from all States except Tasmania.

From there on began a most interesting and instructive series of lectures, films and practical work under the hands of the most competent band of instructors I've ever struck, and with everything one could think of in the way of equipment.

Unfortunately Anzac Day was a work day so I was disappointed that I couldn't join the boys in Melbourne for their re-union, but went up to the Cross at the top of the Mount for the Dawn Service. Unfortunately no one could find the switch for the floodlights and someone forgot to line up a bugler to

sound Reveille, so it was a dark, cold and dismal service. However it was certain that the rum and coffee was remembered and we were able to thaw out around a roaring fire.

Having an invitation to spend a weekend at Bendigo I accepted and took the opportunity to call on mine host Kevin Curran at the Fleece Inn. Am not quite sure whether the name derives from the fact that the pub is opposite the saleyards or if it is a warning to the customers but the big fellow sells a nice drop of brew, managed to see him three times in all, until finally the customers complained about the dead Japs lying all round the floor.

Our host for the weekend, the local Ambulance Super, Les Jacobs, showed us around in no uncertain manner and with his friends turned on that old southern hospitality.

The following weekend Harry and Olive were the ones to throw open the door—the second time I've ben privileged to be their guest and again the reception was of the highest order. Soon after meeting Harry in town we dodged over to the other side of the water-hole to join Bernie Callinan in a round of Melbourne Bitter. Thence to home where we smartly had Dave Dexter on the phone.

Saturday morning by a stroke of luck "Bowyang" Baldwin happened to be in the near vicinity with a team of junior footballers so the Sig. and I trekked out and pinned him by the ears to the club house for a couple of hours.

Staging a quick recovery from that bout, I poked my neck out and agreed to go to the footy in the afternoon, where I found myself in the middle of a miniature war. What with Harry (a South supporter) on one side, and Bert Tobin (an ardent Carlton fan with two cadet reinforcements) on the other, I was in strife whichever way I baracked.

Thence on to the bar of the London where it was a real treat to see the big chief G.G. "Sitting Bull" Laidlaw looking a picture of sartorial elegance. We were shortly joined by Jerry O'Toole and Bert Tobin once more.

Sunday morning we were on patrol once again with a visit to "Pete" and Alvina Kraus, who, in spite of

four live wire "Jabaracs" look as youthful as ever. After lunch once more on the trail, this time way out the other side of town, just short of the "black stump" to see the old "Bomber" McKenzie who also hasn't changed a bit.

What a treat it was to see you all and enjoy your hospitality—my very sincere thanks to Harry for the opportunity to get around so many in such a short time, and to Olive for making me so welcome.

I hope that we will have the opportunity to see any of these folk and any others who might wend their way along this sunny corner, and then the jacaranda juice will flow.

Have a couple of screeds to enclose, one a poem written by Alan Stewart somewhere in New Guinea, don't quite know where, but the smell is familiar. Also a copy of the Lord's Prayer in "Pidgin". They may fill up a space somewhere in our inestimable "Courier".

Congratulations on your efforts with "Historically Yours". It's a big job to do after all this time, and brings back many memories. Will try to do something for you as soon as time permits. Till then I must away and strike a blow.

Kindest regards and best wishes to all.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Poppa belong me fella 'e stop on top
(Our Father which art in Heaven)

Name belong you 'e good fella tumus
(Hallowed be Thy name)

You catchim place belong you, suppose you like mefella can do something, mefella can do 'im down below allesame on top
(Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven)

You givim mefella kai kai along tудay
(Give us this day our daily bread)

An suppose mefella makim something no good maski you cross
(And forgive us our trespasses)

Allesame mefella no cross time alegeda 'e do something no good
along mefella
(As we forgive those who trespass against us)

Suppose mefella like something no good makim you fasim me
(Lead us not into temptation)

And loosim alla fella something 'e no good
(And deliver us from evil)

Cos alegeda place belong you, You strong fella tumus, you savvy vvas
(For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory)

Alletime finis.
(For ever and ever, Amen.)

HE'S MINE!

Two old maids spending the night together, were ready for sleep when one suddenly nudged the other in the ribs.

"Did you hear that noise?" she demanded in a hoarse whisper. "It sounded as if a man were under the bed."

"You bet I heard it," replied her companion, "and I want it distinctly understood that I heard it first!"

THE SWINE SONG (By Allan Stewart)

It was somewhere in New Guinea, near the battle ground,
That a team of toiling niggers with their odds and ends are found,
They bring in all our cargo, and they haul our lines of kai,
And they take us over mountains that reach the flamin' sky.

Now the Doig, our Lieut., insisted that we treat them well and fair
For he watched their every need with a mother's loving care
While we doctored up their ulcers and bandaged up their toes
He showed Miss Din's cunning, in smoothing out their woes.

Quoth the Doig in manner dashing, as a trained querilla band
If supplies are on the bugle, we'll live well off the land
So the Maries brought in Kai-Kai, left their perfume on the breeze,
With their dirty stinking lap-laps and their tits below their knees.

Our administration flourished with an air of welcome cheer
The boss in all his glory and old Askap in the rear
The ration shortage hit us, made the need for succour big
So rounding up the Boss Boys hopped the skill upon a pig.

As the pig's a household body, the pride of every heart
Like a Jew and all his money, coon and pig will seldom part
But our Col's a man of action, not the type to let it rest
Informed the helpless savage he was a ——— at the best.

The black ones read the meaning, with their chieftains on the spot
So it wasn't many days before we had a porker in the pot
While rarely sugar touched the cup and ne'er a smell of jam
The menu on the table quite often boasted ham.

Now the all important question was one of payment then
Diving deep into the pockets, turned out dollars, pounds and yen
But the wily cunning savage not awake up to his needs
Grabbed the filthy lucre, scorned a knife or string of beads.

Now the lads at K——, getting hot upon the track,
Roped a porker for a deener, and a sucker for a zack
Just to show their friendly spirit, and to keep the trading brisk,
Gave them good St. Peter stamped upon a metal disc.

But we got a sudden message and its meaning sounded hard
You must dig your trenches deeper and double every guard.
You have robbed our coloured ally, he has suffered fearful loss
He has reached across the river and will bring the Nip across.

So the Kiap came from ——— on investigation bent
And he livened up proceedings with sarcastic comment
The beongs were summoned to the spot, they came from far away
King Sol in all his glory never witnessed such array.

Now our Jimmy has his job at heart either near or far remote
And this wicked exploitation fairly got upon his goat
So he pieced the facts together from the last down to the first
Robbery was proven, black slavery at the worst.

So he swiped the useless coinage from the natives one and all
Gave them shells and Kena, worth practically sweet nothing at all
Now I am strange to shells and such, but knowing what I'm told
These homes of long dead fishes must be worth their weight in gold.

Now stranger passing ———, if you value limb or life
Never mention pigs or money or you're sure to end in strife,
You may dream of ham and eggs in the sweet bye and bye
If you brave the subject now, you're a gamer man than I.

You have read of Fuzzy Angels, with their cheerful friendly smile,
The gentle faithful service, the darlings of this isle,
This idle childish burble is enough to make me swoon,
I will la da da da dah and never see another coon.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Once again the big event of the year has been and gone, namely Anzac Day Re-union, and as always it was a terrific day. Our numbers were slightly down but we saw some new faces which is always a pleasure. We had a little rain in the morning mainly fell while we were waiting to march off, but the weather behaved during the march only a couple of light showers. Only had a few members marching, the smallest I can remember. Must be hard getting out of bed. Geoff Laidlaw, Gerry McKenzie, Smash Hodgson, Johnny Roberts, Len Mitchell, Bruce McLaren, George Kennedy, Alf Grachan, Phil Allen (2/3rd) who came over from Adelaide for the event, Ken Monk, Bill Tucker, Des Williams, Bert Tobin, George Veitch, George Humphrey, Bernie Callinan, and self took part in the march. We picked up Kev Curran at the Shrine. Kev came down from Bendigo for the day. We adjourned to the No. 2 Commando Coy. Drill Hall for the re-union and a very good lunch of pies and sausages, etc. Some of the Commando boys joined us and we had ourselves a whale of a time. We had our simple but very touching ceremony to remember and honour our comrades who paid the supreme sacrifice. Major Love said a few words and Geoff Laidlaw laid a wreath. The names of the fallen were read out and a two minutes' silence was observed. A very short but essential service, which most visitors commented on.

Major Love was very pleased to be able to come along. He is getting older but looks forward to this day each year, and his memory is still very much alive. Jock Campbell and Bluey Sankwell were on the job making painless (?) extractions from the boys for their subs., etc. George Robinson, Rod Dhu, S. Smith, Mam Smith (good to see you again, Mam), he is still teaching the kids, must have a lot of

patience, Jim Wall, Bill Rodger-Davison, Leith Cooper, Paul Costello (1st Coy.), Jack Fox, Vin Bristow (1st Coy.), D. Elling, Vin Bristow, Wally Kerr, Sandy McNabb Ken Doak, Gordon Watson, S. Jamieson all of the 1st Coy., were there enjoying themselves. B.T.C. Smith (Bruce) made a very welcome appearance especially as Bruce who is a salesman for Hoadleys was going up to Sydney the next day to look around for a house as he is going to live in Sydney and represent Hoadleys up there. Bruce is looking the same as he was during the war. He has three kiddies and says they are all well. All the very best to you in Sydney Bruce. Peter Piper and Jack Pying both of the "Vigilant" the little boat that did a lot for us while we were on Timor, were having a good time and intend to be regulars from now on.

During the afternoon we took tape recordings of messages of our boys to their mates over in the West. We owe our thanks to Alan (Darby) Munro for this and he and Bruce McLaren did a very good job organising the boys to come up and send a message. The result, a very good tape that you characters over in the West will thoroughly enjoy.

Baldy arrived up from Geelong later in the afternoon with a friend of his and hot on his heels came Dave Dexter with a couple of mates. Dex said that his book, Vol. 6 Official War History, The New Guinea Offensives 1943-44, was due off the press late in May and recommends it to all the boys. Our Company gets a very good mention in it.

I left the re-union about 7.30, it was still going strong and it was a terrific day. There were a lot of familiar faces missing, but hope to see them next year.

Geoff Laidlaw was a busy man meeting the boys he hadn't seen since the war. All in all a very good day and one I wouldn't miss for quids. —HARRY BOTTERILL.

WHO WOULDN'T?

"If I'd ask you to become my secretary at £25 a week, would you say 'yes'?"
"A dozen times a day, if necessary."



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1961

BE THERE PLEASE!!!

ANNUAL RE-UNION

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19

ANZAC HOUSE BASEMENT. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19

KEEP THIS DATE IN MIND

