



2/2 COMMANDO COURIER

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Editorial

VANDALISM

The Association has at last got itself caught up in the current world wide wave of vandalism.

After much hard work the area in Lovekin Drive, Kings Park, has started to take on the shape that has been desired for years. Thanks to the fine efforts of a lot of good chaps who have spared no effort to achieve a worthwhile effect in this, our corner of God's Acre, the lawn appears to have come on in a big way and it seemed that our terrific and wearisome and at times desperate efforts had born fruit.

The Association has this year spent quite a large sum on top dressing the area with loam and on top of this certain members have also spent quite a tidy sum in the same direction and this appeared to be just what the doctor ordered in the sandy wilderness of Kings Park.

But it also afforded the mechanised idiots with too much horsepower and insufficient brain power, an opportunity to turn the area into "Skid Alley". The wet loam appeared to offer an irresistible challenge to these bird brains to try out their "skidability". The resultant damage to the young couch grass had to be seen to be believed.

One realises that to attempt to beautify the verges of what amounts to a public thoroughfare is somewhat of a risk but surely the fact that the roadway is flanked by memorial trees should be sufficient

to ensure its safety from vandals.

One never ceases to wonder at the type of human being who would wantonly damage a sacred area obviously with no other motive but to show off to another party, probably his girl friend.

Unfortunately this type of parasite is difficult to catch as it is necessary to apprehend him or her red handed. One member is practically certain that it is the same person who does the damage on each occasion as this member has taken the trouble to measure tread marks and other such signs and on each occasion these appear to tally. Surely such a person could not have been born, he must have been quarried, as no one with even low mentality would continually perpetrate these acts of vandalism if he were a normal human being.

Kings Park Board are alive to the situation and are taking all possible steps to try to put an end to the trouble but they too are hamstrung as the deeds can happen in practically a split second and it would be luck indeed if a patrolman were on the scene when it happened.

This article is being penned to put all Association members in the picture and to bring to your notice the necessity to see that this vandalism ceases. You can assist, especially in the weekends by driving through Kings Park and keeping an eye open for any one doing the

wrong thing in our area. You can also assist by keeping your ears open at your place of work, etc., as the type who usually do these things are inclined to be loud mouthed about it and "skite" about their latest "skid alley". Once the Association can get a lead the matter will be rapidly solved in a way we know only too well.

Association Activities

Since last a "Courier" went to press there have been a couple of Association meetings at Anzac House Basement.

The March meeting took the form of an open debate on the vandalism in Kings Park which is the subject of this month's Editorial, and of ways and means of overcoming this trouble.

Many and varied were the suggestions but most unfortunately could not be used in peace time in a civilised (?) community.

It was eventually decided that Kings Park Board be approached and requested to allow the Association to erect a couple of appropriate notices, one either end of our area, drawing attention to the fact that this was a sacred area tended by the Association.

The rest of the evening was taken up with games, mainly table tennis, quoits and darts.

We were happy to see "Robbie" Rowan-Robinson at the meeting as this happened to coincide with one of his many visits to the city on Co-operative business. Also noted among those present was Jack Hasson who is now a city dweller, having given away share farming at Ballidu, due to his children's education. Ray Aitken brought along a guest (another school teacher) who was a member of the 2/8th Coy. and he regaled the assembly with a nice assortment of completely new stories of the variety to which we are accustomed.

All in all a real good night with plenty of fun for all.

The April meeting was originally scheduled to be a rifle shoot but as Tommy Foster was in W.A. the opportunity was taken to allow Tom to show a film and a number of slides of the project on which he is working in East Gippsland, Victoria, for the Latrobe Valley Water

and Sewerage Authority. This proved to be most entertaining and instructive and gave us some idea of the magnitude of the task.

It is good to know that one of our mob is the King Pin in this rather wonderful project. Tom is a most lucid speaker on his subject and everyone present, I feel sure, went home with a much fuller appreciation of how to handle the waste water from large industrial projects.

Also during the evening we welcomed Lt.-Col. Ken Murdock, a West Aussie, back to this State, to advise the Commonwealth Games Authorities on Ceremonial connected with the Games.

Ken was originally O.M. with the 2/16th Bn. and afterwards on the Staff of 21st Brigade and other staff appointments. Since the war he had been O.I.C. New Guinea and it was on this subject that he addressed the meeting. He opened our eyes to the immense development of areas in which we had operated such as Garoka, Mt. Hagen, Chimbu, Ramu and Markham Valleys and Lae, Wau and of course, the ill starred Kokoda Trail.

Apparently the rural development in the Garoka, Chimbu, Mt. Hagen area is something to be seen to be believed. Although it was always accepted by the rural minded in our Unit that this wonderful area would eventually be opened up to agriculture, the speed at which it has occurred augers well for the Australian Administration of the area in general.

We are indebted to Tom Foster and Ken Murdock for giving us such an educational and instructive evening. Unfortunately the roll up was much less than such good fare merited and it further shows what members miss by not being regular patrons of these monthly meetings.

ANZAC DAY

All arrangements are well in hand for Anzac Day and once again the Association will be on the march. At this stage I would like to point out that the Service this year will be completely non-denominational and has been arranged between the heads of all churches so as to give offence to no one in regard to their religious susceptibilities.

Anzac Day this year could be for a lot of people at the tail end of quite a long holiday break falling as it does hard upon Easter. All State Public Servants and a good number of the trades have been granted the intervening Tuesday, thus making a five day break for quite a number of people. This may have the effect of thinning our ranks but then again it may have the opposite effect and bring even greater numbers to the parade and to the Re-union afterwards.

The Re-union, as usual, will take place immediately after the March, at 16 Bn. Drill Hall in Bazaar Tce., and will be in the same form as in previous years. Any person who has previously attended our Anzac Day show will vouch for the quality of the day, so please make every endeavour to be there on Wednesday, April 25.

EMPIRE GAMES RE-UNION

Since last issue of the "Courier" quite a few people, in other States have signified their intention of coming to Perth for the Games and of course the Re-union.

From Queensland Geo. Shields has stated he will be coming with a mate, making the trip by road, via Townsville, Mt. Isa, Darwin and the North West Coast. Paddy Wilby will also be representing the banana State but don't know yet how he will be travelling. Angus Evans and wife Jean, and their family of two have advised that they will be over here from N.S.W. Tex Richards and a mate will be flying in from Tassie. Max Davies and wife Grace, and a couple of friends, will be motoring over from Cobram, in Victoria. Harry Botterill, Bert Tobin and Gerry O'Toole will be training it from Melbourne. Ron Dook, Agnes and family will be coming from Canberra.

We will be most happy to welcome all these who have signified their intention of being among those present. There are quite a few others who are in the "high possibility" bracket and we hope that ere long they too will be able to make a firm decision and swell the interstate ranks.

We will have no difficulty in accommodating quite a lot more yet

so don't be put off on that score. N.B. All arrangements are well under way and we should have no difficulty with tickets for any of the "tough assignment" days such as all sessions of the swimming, the two Saturdays of the athletics and the Opening day.

This is the chance of a lifetime for a holiday and with a re-union with your old mates, so please make every endeavour to be in Perth in Nov.-Dec., 1962.

Committee Comment

The usual Committee meeting was held on Tuesday, March 20, at Anzac House. Due to many reasons the roll up was below normal standards but nevertheless quite a lot of business was transacted.

Arrangements for Anzac Day took up quite a bit of the evening and members can be assured that there will be nothing lacking on the score of organisation as far as this is concerned.

A further discussion also took place on the best way to overcome vandalism at Kings Park, and the President advised that he had prepared the signs and Mr. Carey undertook to have the signwriting done if this plan was approved by Kings Park Board.

(It has later been ascertained that Kings Park Board will handle this matter themselves.)

Mr. Doig advised that the Address Book was well under way and that the Victorian Branch had checked and returned proof but still awaited the return of N.S.W. proof. It was hoped that the book would be published in a couple of months.

It was decided that April meeting take the form of a miniature Rifle Shoot and Secretary to arrange with City of Perth Sub-Branch.

Due to unforeseen difficulties it was decided not to proceed with the cricket match at Harvey as this would most likely clash with the finals being played by the Harvey Association at the most desirable dates.

Mr. Carey and Mr. Doig gave a resume of the meeting of Unit Associations with R.S.L. on Anzac Day.

"LEST WE FORGET"**MARCH**

Mitchell, Pte. E. H., killed in action Timor, March 2, 1942. Age 35.
 Stewart, Cpl. Alex, killed in action New Guinea, March 19, 1944. Age 24.
 Mulqueeny, Pte. G., killed on service, Queensland, March 22, 1943. Age 37.
 Knight, Pte. P., killed in action, Timor, March 2, 1942. Age 31.

APRIL

Barclay, Tpr. C. J., died of illness, New Britain, April 6, 1945.

Personalities

It is with great regret that I have to chronicle the death of Harry Foster, father of our member Tom, and an honorary life member of our Association. Harry was a real friend to our Unit and the late Tom Murray, Fred Gardiner and a number of mothers did much to form our Welfare Association and help the Unit in many ways. He was a really good bloke who in a million ways set out to assist his fellow man and did not hang any signs on his good deeds. The world is definitely the poorer for the passing of such people as Harry Foster. We extend our most sincere condolences to Tom and to Mrs. Foster and other members of the family and hope that time, the great healer, will bring them solace from their sorrows.

It is a sad thing that it takes an event like the death of his father to bring Tom Foster back West briefly, but it was none the less very nice to see him once again. He and his wife both look very well and Tom seems to relish the responsibility of his big job at Sale in Victoria. As mentioned elsewhere Tom was able to give the boys a talk on his project and to have a few convivial drinks with the gang. Saw he and Merv Cash pounding their ears over old Section days after the meeting.

Another first for our Association! Don May, ex Sig, has been elected M.L.A. for Canning in the recent W.A. Lower House election. Sincere congrats Don and we know

you will prove a most worthy member for your constituency. Don hails from a long line of legislators his father, Harry May has been member for Collie for 15 years and his maternal grandfather, the late A. A. Wilson, was member for Collie for donkeys ages prior to Don's father. The Association can now boast practically everything in the way of professions and jobs as this was about the last stronghold to be invaded by our members.

With King Football under way again we will hear the stentorian tones of Arch Campbell giving out from 6IX every Saturday and also from 6PM Jack Sweet of 2/7th will be doing business in the same line. Arch and Jack have acquired a lively reputation in this State as commentators.

Saw Arthur Marshall briefly the other day. He was in the city on business and took the opportunity of showing me one of his bulk super trucks with all the many Marshall gadgets for lazy loading and unloading. Quite an eye opener for me and was pleased to hear that "Marsh" was doing so well both with his spreading business and from royalties from his many "patents".

Another of the gang still branching out is Don Turton who recently took delivery of a new type Horwood Bagshaw clover harvesting machine. This machine is quite revolutionary in type as it works on a suction principle similar to a vacuum cleaner and does away with quite a bit of the drudgery normally present with the old method of sheep skin rollers. In the brief time that he had had the machine Don had picked up some fantastic tonnage of seed and was hoping for continued fine weather to carry on the good work. Says this machine could cut costs of seed considerably.

Real great to see Bill Drage at the April meeting bandying words with all who cared to take up the argument. Forget the actual reason for the visit. I lost that somewhere in the grog fog of the tail end of the meeting but do know his car was in dock for a bit of dust proofing, etc. That Drage never changes and what a trap! Just as well he lives as far away as Northampton for the good of

my health! Still I wish I saw the old blighter more often.

Ran into Reg Harrington briefly the other day on one of his visits to the city. He looks as well as ever and sends his kind regards to all the gang. Reg was seeking a good general farm hand, don't know how he got on.

Have had letters of a personal nature in recent weeks from Tony Adams, Gerry McKenzie, Bert Tobin, Harry Botterill and Max Davies. All said they were well and hoped the same applied to the gang in the West. I was sorry that I couldn't publish Gerry McKenzie's letter but it was mostly of a private nature and of great length. Hope to hear again from Gerry in the near future as he tells me he will be retiring from the army in May of this year and back to civvy life. Hope this will give him a chance to pen me one of his excellent epistles for publication purposes.

Jack Penglase was telling me that he would unfortunately not be in Perth for Anzac Day as he and the family are taking advantage of the long break to head up to Kalgoorlie. This will be one of the few Anzac Day parades Jack has missed since he came to the city.

Another absentee from Anzac Day for the first time ever will be the ever-green Mick Calcutt who, on that day, will be on the high seas on a cruise to Darwin with his old mate, Skipper Jack Richmond of the "Kojarra". Have tak-

en the liberty of notifying the police at all northern ports that this pair are on the rampage and to take all action short of war to keep the towns intact.

Should any of you country folk require that film of our "Men of Timor" don't be afraid to ask for it. At present Arthur Marshall has it to show to a group at Harvey. To date Robbie Rowan-Robinson has had it a couple of times, Bert Burges and Mal Herbert have also found use for it to groups in their home towns. You might just as well make use of it as have it gather dust in my office.

With the bowls season now drawing to a close we can expect to see a bit more of members Mick Calcutt and Fred Napier who are truly bitten by the "disease".

Keith Hayes was telling me that he was going to be a very busy man during the Empire Games as he would be running a great battery of duplicators for all the press types who will be here to report the Games. He said this looked like being a 24 hour a day job for the duration of the Games.

Arthur Smith also will be tied up to a big extent on the communications for the Games with the P.M.G.

Fred Gardiner was telling me the other day that he was off to Melbourne on P.M.G. and Postal Institute business and hoped to meet some of the gang while he was over there.

Random Harvest

R. L. DOOK, Commonwealth Hostels Ltd., P.O. Box 396, Canberra City, A.C.T., writes:

This letter will serve a double purpose. Firstly, to let you know that I will be taking my family to Perth for the Games, and will be requiring tickets, but no accommodation. Secondly, to notify you of my change of address. I look like being domiciled here for a while as I have been appointed Assistant Canberra Manager for the Coy. We operate nine establishments here ranging from Hotel Karrajong (the M.P.'s home in Canberra) to one migrant hostel.

From the tourists' point of view Canberra has much to offer but I

myself would not care to reside here permanently. The development is terrific. Work on the proposed Canberra Lake is well under way and will be a terrific tourists' attraction as it will cover some 1740 acres at an average depth of 15 ft. and approximately seven miles in length with a shoreline of about 22 miles. Its width varies from 1000 to 4000 ft. In the words of Bob Menzies: "London has its Thames, Paris its Seine, Rome its Liber, and Canberra its Lakes!"

I would be grateful if you would pass on my regards to all—and God willing, I will see you later in the year.

TEX RICHARDS, of Bradshaw St., Latrobe, Tasmania, writes:

At long last I can tell all about my trip to Perth. Myself and a mate, Barry Sayer, will be leaving Melbourne sometime Monday, Nov. 19, for your fair city. We will be leaving again on Dec. 3, a Monday. My mate has some extra good slides of this island he will be bringing with him. We have booked our seats with T.A.A. and are paying £5 a fortnight. All will be paid up on Sept. 7. So look out the Sappers, Tassy is on its way.

We want to see the opening day. What's the drill on the other days? Enclose find list of our ticket requirements. Let me know what goes on. Well that's all on the Games.

I am in pretty good health of late so is the family. We have had an extra good summer. The two boys have had a good season with the trout. They have caught 40 and poor old Dad hasn't done so good. Have had a few trips to the lakes—did all right.

Am painting up the old home at the present, that's when I get the time. Am flat out at work of late. Don't mind a little extra for the trip. I haven't much to write about this time, mates, so I will say Cheers, be seeing you.

If any of these dates clash with any of the 2/2nd dos, scrub the games part of it.

SHORTY STEVENS, of Yallunda Flat, writes:

Have been intending to pen a few lines for quite some time and the February "Courier" arriving in the last mail has done the trick. How long I'll stick to the pen I don't know as I've a little finger in splints. Put it out of joint badly riding a young horse through the scrub (no, I was not thrown) and after putting up with it for a week finally went to the doctor who told me off and put it in splints and believe me it is damned difficult to write with.

Must comment favourably on the Address Book idea—only wish it had eventuated earlier.

On August 27 last a mate of mine rang up and invited Marg and I to go to Darwin with him and his wife as he wanted to inspect two cattle stations up the top end. We

were packed and on our way by the 29th, so I had no time to check up on addresses, etc., but a little book would have been very handy. I made a few enquiries as I believe Arthur Cullen was last heard of up that way but I had no luck.

Incidentally the mate, Vern Hill, has since bought "Mallina" Station up Port Hedland way but I missed out on going over with him to inspect it.

We had a good trip up through the centre by car and saw the country in the grip of one of the worst droughts ever and believe me it was a drought.

Called on Litch and spent a day and a night with him and had a good old yarn. He asked me to let you know his address when writing: L. H. Litchfield, Mundowdna Station, Marree, S.A. He has been there through three years of drought but still gets his "Courier" through his old address.

In reading the list of "Lost" I remembered there was a H. Bache set up business in Warooka some years back and so I've written him a short note and enclosed a "Courier" just in case he is the H. Bache concerned.

Which reminds me that a mate of mine bought in at Broomehill in 1959 who also came from Warooka. Alf Barrett, of Waralee, Broomehill. Some of our chaps may have met him ere this.

We will be unable to make it to the Games but W.A. is definitely on our programme for the future. When, is the unknown X, but get there we will one day.

Had an average year here. No complaints really. Our crops got drowned out. We had nine inches in seven weeks during July and August just after they got up nicely, but they did not like all the water and responded accordingly. Still the feed was good.

Well, I've had it. I hope you can decipher this as I don't feel like re-writing it. Regards to all the lads.

P. V. WILBY, of Durong, via Tingoorra, Queensland, writes:

It's raining again. Oh well we are getting it for nothing. Much different from the southern States where they go to terrific expense in putting in pipe lines so that they

can get a drink of water and they pay through the nose for the privilege.

The lucerne is as high as an elephant's eye and soon we'll need a helicopter to find the bullocks that are hiding amongst the feed and this isn't America where they exaggerate.

Went down to Brisbane at Christmas time and called at Fred Bryant's place. He wasn't at home and his neighbour told me that he wouldn't be back from Warwick for a week, so I drove down to the Gold Coast to fill in time till he got back. Whilst down there my foot swelled up and I had to go into hospital. No, it isn't gout, caused by the high living in Timor and other tourist resorts. The Repat. calls it a war complaint so we'll let things go at that.

I didn't get back to Fred's place as my holidays were up and I had to get home again, so that another bloke could get away for a spell.

Christmas day in hospital. What a Christmas. I suppose I can be thankful I got out alive. Some blokes don't even do that.

Noticed some new 2/2nd addresses in the Brisbane area. I suppose this is happening under the Queensland business pattern. Let me explain what that is. It's the policy of some firms to move young men around outlying areas and when they approach the 40 mark they are gradually brought in closer to the city, so that the rising generation can benefit from their experience. Well, that's my theory.

Now these members of ours who are returning may be looking for new interests and trying to pick up the threads of their youth. The Association could help out there. That is, provided we had a branch of the 2/2nd over here. Fred Bryant has been trying to re-organise one, and as yet I don't know what response he's getting. At Anzac time I hope to get down to the city and support anyone who agrees to form up a branch. Well, stay with it Fred. You must win out in the end.

I'm writing this from afar, And I wasn't designed, To read the other man's mind, So Queenslanders of this Show, Sneak up and let Fred or Col know What your intentions are.

JEAN EVANS, of "Galathra," Narabin, N.S.W., writes:

Angus has requested me to write on his behalf re the Empire Games Re-union.

We would like four seats booked for the opening day. We will also want accommodation for the family—Angus, myself, Fiona (7 years), and John (1 year).

Hoping you will be able to help us with this matter.

I will conclude hoping to meet all you folk that we hear so much about.

VERNA BINGHAM, of West Pingelly, writes:

Just a correction to the name of one of our off-spring. The third member is Kerry, not Cary as listed, and is definitely a girl. Mostly she's received boy's gifts at the "Tree".

KATHLEEN SPRIGG, of 60 Hill St., Albany, writes:

This is just a few lines to thank you very much for Stanley, Judy, and my Christmas presents. It is a bit late but Dad has been on to me about it but I haven't had time to write.

We have always enjoyed getting the Association's Christmas presents and this year we found them very pleasing and useful.

Once again thank you very much

JANETTE and FRANCINE CUNNINGHAM, of 182 Augustus St., Geraldton, write:

Francine and myself sincerely thank you for the lovely gifts that were sent to us for Christmas.

My sister is a real book-worm and she is particularly keen on the Sally Baxter books, so she was real pleased when she received one of them which she had not read.

In Geraldton at present the weather is terribly hot and the beach is very tempting, so we'd best sign off.

Write to Your Secretary:

Jack Carey,
Box T1646.
G.P.O., Perth.

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

Historically Yours!

CONTINUING THE STORY OF "H" FORCE

During the currency of "H" Force in the east of Timor we met up with "Z" Special Force.

This comprised two Capt. who had previously been in the Malayan Police force; one Capt. Wyllie, the other Capt. Broadhurst. Sgt. Jack Sergeant was the signals man and one other chap Gordon — (surname escapes me at this time) who had previously been in Port Timor as an agricultural adviser to the Government and knew most of the island like the palm of his hand.

Although the task of "Z" Force appeared to be to a large extent superimposed on the duties of the Coy. they did seem to have a terrific "pull" with Army H.Q. and could get things that we found nigh impossible. For instance on one occasion they were able to get a force of bombers to come over and do a job of bombing when Coy. H.Q. had been battling for weeks without success. As a small Unit they were superbly equipped and had just about everything. Their rations were all in sealed four gallon containers and every now and again one of these tins contained a bottle of Corio Whisky which we had no qualms in helping them to empty in the cause of sobriety, working on the basis the more to a bottle the less drunks.

The wireless set that "Z" Force had was contained in about a 20 inch suit case and was a beauty with terrific range. It appeared to us that we were doing all the recce work and they were feeding off the results.

Capt. Wyllie, who was C.O. of this small force, had apparently convinced H.Q. in Australia that it would be a good thing to arm the natives in this area, he having convinced himself of their loyalty. Just how he arrived at this decision is open to much doubt but apparently "Z" Force were a law unto themselves and could get things done. The main leader of the natives in this area was one Don Pedro, a tremendous man for a native, who had been to Portugal

as the guest of the Government and was held in high esteem by all about the place. Eventually a shipment of .303 rifles arrived. Can't remember how many but in excess of 100, and "H" Force set about teaching the natives how to use them. At the end of the first day the alleged famous words of the Duke of Wellington sprung to mind when he is supposed to have said: "I don't know what they do to the enemy but they scare hell out of me!" Small matters like safety precautions just didn't occur to either Don Pedro or his vassals.

We didn't find one native who could close the disengaged eye when sighting but the cunning Don Pedro overcame this by tying a huge knot in a piece of thick rope then tying this around the native's head in such a way that the knot fully covered this eye and about half of his head. With the language problem (the writer spoke Tetum like a native—a native of Australia) the story was to teach Don Pedro and then watch him get it over to his gang. A stage of bamboo was built to enable the Don to get the message over both vocally and by sight and he ramped and roared around this with it bending and buckling like a wire mattress much to the delight of our gang and the white masters of "Z" Force.

We all had vantage points behind trees and rocks, etc., as this "ragged army" was considered capable of anything.

A rifle range of sorts was laid out and the great day for a try-out loomed up. Each native had one of our blokes next to him and this was the only way of ensuring that the loaded rifle was pointed in the right direction. The shooting was appalling they could not hit a haystack with a bucket of wheat at ten paces!

About this time there was a change in command. Doig was ordered to report to H.Q. and take over "D" platoon from Capt. Turton and Capt. Boyland was to take

over "H" Force. This exchange was effected in October, 1942, and Capt. Boyland continued in command of this unique Force until the Coy was evacuated in December.

There was no "take over". Doig and Boyland met about half way between Force H.Q. and the "H" Force base and yarned about the general situation for a short while before going their respective ways.

The job of "H" Force was a watching brief only with strict instructions to report Jap movement (if any) and to keep out of any trouble. The Japs remained considerably quiet and life was a real rest cure after the hurly burly of movement at the other end of the island.

Boyland had been entrusted with delivery of a present from a grateful Australian Government to Sousa Santos who was then living near Viqueque. On arrival there, however, he discovered that the family had left for Aussie the day before by boat and he was left holding the parcel.

A message from H.Q. arrived that the contents useful to the troops could be retained and the balance was given to Don Pedro. From then on the lads revelled in the use of scented toilet soap and powder and luxury of luxuries, sugar.

"H" Force was camped at Ossu Rua a bit north of "Z" Force and overlooking Ossu. A well defined native track ran south from Ossu through the camp and part of the job was to act as a "distant early warning line" for the "Z" Force blokes. There were the usual "alarms and excursions" and hardly a day passed without boong rumours of Jap movements towards the area from Bancau. However, recce patrols failed to confirm any of the rumours. The only "Jap" seen comprised a sub section from "B" Platoon under Mick Morgan, who enjoyed our hospitality for a short while.

The main road from Baucau to the south coast passed a little to the west of Ossu Rau and was a matter of some concern. It was in good condition as Timor roads go and would present no obstacle to transport if the Japs decided to move that way. In an effort to prevent this, the idea of blowing and otherwise destroying a road

bridge south of Ossu was considered. The bridge crossed a foaming torrent running through a deep rocky gorge but proved to be so solidly built that available material would make no impression on it.

Little contact was had with "Z" Force—it was decided expedient to keep away from an area where trigger happy boongs were playing at soldiers.

One bright spot was the possession of a "Transceiver" (pedal wire less) which, although uncertain in the transmitting and receiving of signals, was excellent for receiving short wave broadcasts. News bulletins were eagerly awaited and the music sessions were a delight to all—especially the creados.

As the "wet" approached, observations became difficult and it was necessary to rely to a large extent on boong rumours. It was apparent that some movements were expected in the area when a signal was received during November to move to the west of the road. There was no thought in any minds that evacuation might be in the offing.

The first day's march ended at Be Manus—a place of hot sulphur springs. Everyone revelled in a good hot bath and it was some time before it was realised that the oddly mis-shapen and deformed inhabitants were in various stages of leprosy. A smart move was made the next morning.

New H.Q. was set up on a large bluff over a river which gave some views of the north-south road but was not an ideal position—apart from availability of food supplies. The usual rumours of Japs in the area kept coming in but the local boongs were not alarmed (which seemed a good sign).

One day firing was heard to the south-east but a patrol found no evidence of Nips. Perhaps it was some of "Z" Force's boongs having a party.

Discussions these days centred mainly around the possibility of ever seeing Aussie again. Some were inclined to the view that we might as well settle down and make the best of things—the boong shield as at this stage were merely looking sunburned instead of coal black. Then came the dramatic message which threw everyone in-

to a fever of excitement. The message, which arrived in the evening, gave instructions for hiding the radio, mapping its position, and moving smartly west to a rendezvous. The message concluded: "You know why, but keep secret" or words to that effect. How silly can you get? Everyone knew in a stride what the message pretended—and the shielas turned black again in a second.

It was worked out that by leaving next morning—after hiding the radio and erasing signs of occupation—48 hours would be available to keep the deadline at the rendezvous. The only difficulty was that the journey east originally took two days and now they had the "wet" to contend with.

The first move was south to Luca, a very large native village presided over by a King who was very friendly towards the Australians. Here it was hoped to obtain "kudlas" to ease the strain of the long trip. Alas for plans! The cross country trip was more like an obstacle course and when Luca was reached about 1 p.m. it was found to be deserted. After some time a lone native appeared who explained that a party of Japs had been there the day before and all the boongs had gone bush. Eventually the King was summoned and living up to his reputation, soon had his subjects rounding up horses from various hiding places. By 5 p.m. all but two of the party were mounted and set off west. Capt. Boyland and one other remained and did not get horses until after 6 p.m. by which time it was pitch dark. They set off to catch up

with the others and did not find them until about 10 p.m. They were bedded down on the bank of a river which was running a banker. Worse was to follow—dawn found that the river had divided in the night and instead of being on the bank they were now on a small island.

Aussie called, however, and away they went. The river proved to be less of an obstacle than it looked and was soon forded—not without a few narrow escapes as the ponies stumbled. This set the pattern for the day and a flooded stream was encountered every few miles. It was not without a modicum of humour! Geo. Timms an accomplished horseman, was tossed in the middle of one particularly bad stream and Boyland, the veriest tyro, laughed so much that he was soon in the water too.

The worst feature was a series of water courses up to 12 feet deep which became raging torrents after every shower. Luckily the water subsided as quickly as it rose and there was nothing for it but to wait for the rain to cease.

This was possibly one of the hardest trips of the whole campaign but no one complained. It was all in a good cause and the thought of home spurred them on to such good effect that the rendezvous was reached that night—12 hours ahead of schedule.

So ended the saga of "H" Force. Not a really great effort but typical of the type of work required of a unit such as ours and showed the benefit of a versatile training and how we could operate in a small command to good advantage.

HIGH FREQUENCY, TOO!

Most girls are very similar to radios, you get the best reception when there isn't much on.

* * *

Bumpsa Daisey, the Burlesque queen, has a tremendous hypochondriac and at the least symptom would run to see the doctor.

One morning she appeared at a doctor's office and described all kinds of horrible symptoms to the patiently-listening physician:

"Doctor," she wound up, "I'm real sick. Will I die?"

The doctor smiled: "Se here," he said, "it's all your imagination. Nothing could kill you! . . . Now just to be sure, take off your clothes."

Bumpsa Daisey reached for a shoulder strap then looked at the elderly physician for a moment, then said:

"Doc . . . it might kill you!"

REGISTER OF CHILDREN'S NAMES AND BIRTH DATES

Denman, Peter, M., 1949.
Jenniter, F., 1950.
Kerry, F., 1955.
Greg, M., 1957.
Dinwoodie, Julie, F., 1948.
Ian, M., 1949.
Doak, Michael, M., 1948.
Kerryn, F., 1949.
Peter, M., 1950.
Erica, F., 1952.
Drage, Rosemary, F., 1950.
Epps, Peter, M., 1950.
Finklestein, Peter, M., 1950.
Paul, M., 1954.
Fowler, Lynn, F., 1952.
Friend, Jean, F., 1948.
Robert, M., 1951.
Kay, F., 1952.
Griffiths, Max, (M), 1950.
Richard, (M), 1953.
Gorton, Gail, (F), 1948.
Stephen, (M), 1950.
Giles, 2 girls, 1 boy, no ages.
Gowns, Lyndall, (F), 1949.
Green, Janet, (F), 1949.
Hairst, Mary, (F), 1952.
Hancock, Robyn, (F), 1948.
Maxine, (F), 1950.
Cheryl, (F), 1954.
Harrington, Laurence, (M), 1948.
Paul, (M), 1950.
Terry, (M), 1952.
Glyn, (M), 1954.
Mark, (M), 1957.
Barbara, (F), 1959.
Hasson, Ken, (M), 1948.
Kaye, (F), 1950.
Douglas, (M), 1958.
Hayes, Leonie, (F), 1949.
Hylton, (M), 1951.
Trevor, (M), 1956.
Hodson, Stephen, (M), 1950.
Clive, (M), 1952.
Holder, Frank, (M), 1952.
Fravener, (F), 1950.
Holly, Gregory, (M), 1949.
Linda, (F), 1952.
Holland, Pam, (F), 1953.
Lorraine, (F), 1954.
Howell, Lee, (F), 1959.
James, Murray, (M), 1949.
Jarvis, Denise, (F), 1957.
Annette, (F), 1959.
King, C. H., Stephen, (M), 1951.
Charles, (M), 1959.
King, S. E., Trevor, (M), 1949.
Kirkwood, Beverley, (F), 1951.
Lawrence, Kelsey, (M), 1948.
Carmel, (F), 1954.
McKinley, David, (M), 1950.
Kathleen, (F), 1952.
Lindy, (F), 1958.
McPhee, Kevin, (M), 1950.
Colleen, (F), 1956.
Maiey, Frank, (M), 1951.
Suzette, (F), 1958.
Mathews, (M) 1948. (M) 1953.
March, Karen, (F) 1948.
Marshall, Terri, (M), 1948.
Donald, (M), 1951.
Gillian, (F), 1955.
May, Janette, (F), 1950.
Zoie, (F), 1956.
Morgan, John, (M), 1949.
Monk, Barry, M., 1949.
Moore, Robert, M., 1956.
Murray, Evelyn, F., 1948.
Vicki, F., 1949.
Nichol, Janice, F., 1950.
Murray, M., 1951.
Nisbet, Peter, M., 1949.
Margaret, F., 1952.
O'Connor, Liam, M., 1949.
Brendan, M., 1952.
Eileen, F., 1956.
Palmer, Bruce, M., 1949.
Helen, F., 1950.
Prendergast, Norman, M., 1949.
Kaylene, F., 1955.
Penglase, Raymond, M., 1948.
John, M., 1952.
Poynton (J.C.), Robyn, F., 1949.
Richard, M., 1952.
Poynton (Joe), Julie, F., 1958.
Ritchie, David, M., 1953.
Neil, M., 1956.
Rogers, Janice, F., 1948.
Barbara, F., 1949.
Carol, F., 1955.
Elizabeth, F., 1956.
Rowan-Robinson, Janis, F., 1949.
Trudy, F., 1951.
Rowley, Judith, F., 1948.
Joan, F., 1955.
Ryan, Robyn, F., 1948.
Sandra, F., 1949.
Brian, M., 1950.
Peter, M., 1955.
Vicky, F., 1961.
Sadler (C), Kay, F., 1949.
Don, M., 1950.
Sadler (S), Peter, M., 1949.
Margaret, F., 1951.
Smythe (E), M., 1949; F., 1951; M., 1953.
Smythe (B), Bradley, M., 1948.
Susan, F., 1960.
Sparkman, John, M., 1950.
Servanti, Beverley, F., 1950.
Smith, F., 1953.
Sprigg, Kathleen, F., 1948.
Stanley, M., 1951.
Judith, F., 1954.

Victorian Vocal Venturings

Committee meeting held at Bert Tobin's office on Tuesday, Feb. 20. Present: Johnny Roberts, Charlie Brown, Harry Botterill, George Robinson, Bert Tobin, Jim Wall, Bruce McLaren (in chair), Jock Campbell (secretary), and John Sheldrich (Adj. No. 2 Commando Coy.)

Main topic was discussion and plans for Anzac Day Re-union to be held at the No. 2 Commando Coy. Drill Hall, same venue as last year. Same procedure to march in the morning, meet at the Shrine after the service at the Commando Memorial and then on to the Drill Hall. Transport will be available at the Shrine for those without cars. So make it the best ever, boys, and turn up and have yourselves a good time. Refreshments will be available at the hall.

Our Treasurer, Jim Wall, has requested me to ask the boys in the West for our statement for the "Courier" for year 1961. Jim is doing a very good job on the books bringing them right up to date and he will be right on the boys' backs soon for their subs.

We are appealing to somebody in N.S.W. around Sydney preferably, if they would be prepared to volunteer for the job of helping out with the Cup Sweep tickets which we send over each year. Jack Hartley has been doing the

job up till now but Jack has been the willing horse far too long—even doing it under great difficulties and it would be nice to see somebody else help out. All it entails is being responsible for receiving the tickets, then sending them out to all your own chaps, and getting them back in time to send down for the drawing. We are at present holding monies to the value of £33/4/8 which is your share of cup drawings but we do not have anyone to send it to, so we would like to hear from some willing body. Bruce was up in Sydney recently where he met Curly O'Neil hoping that he might take on the job, but Curly is going to England very soon.

Jock Campbell says that business at Seaford is only fair. The summer has been very fine but not enough real hot days and nights that makes people go down to the beach to raise a good thirst to spend money at his shop, but he has made some progress locally but not enough to smoke cigars yet.

Pete Krause has gone into business for himself. Pete is in the steel game and we all wish him success in his new venture.

Well, mates, that is all the news for now so until next issue, all the best.

—HARRY BOTTERILL.

SNOOPER DROOPER

Two high fashion models were discussing their boy friends one afternoon, over a couple of martinis in a cocktail lounge. The willowy blonde began to describe her newest conquest:

"Why," she said excitedly, "this boy has got Lincoln's Gettysburg Address tattooed on his chest!"

"You louse!" snapped the other. "You've been peeking at my male!"

* * * *

Junior and Squirt, age ten, were passing by a nudist camp and as kids will, they looked for a hole in the fence to look through so they might view the happenings on the inside.

"Hey!" Junior exclaimed, his eye glued to the knot hole, "lookit all them people in there!"

"Men or women?" asked Squirt, trying to get a look, too.

"I dunno," Junior answered, giving his friend a shove, "they ain't got no clothes on!"

* * * *

Fox—a guy who manages to get what a wolf is always after.